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Hester Lynch Piozzi

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*RETROSPECTION:*  
OR  
A REVIEW  
OF THE  
MOST STRIKING AND IMPORTANT  
*EVENTS, CHARACTERS, SITUATIONS,*  
AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES,  
WHICH  
THE LAST EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS HAVE PRESENTED  
TO THE  
*VIEW OF MANKIND.*

---

A la vérité ce n'est ici qu'un fragment, mais dans les travaux les plus achevés des hommes il n'y a que des fragments. L'histoire d'un roi n'est qu'un fragment de celle de sa dynastie, celle de sa dynastie de celle de son royaume, celle de son royaume de celle du genre humain ; qui n'est elle-même qu'un fragment de celle des êtres qui habitent le globe, dont l'histoire universelle ne serait après tout qu'un bien petit chapitre de l'histoire des astres innombrables qui roulent sur nos têtes à des distances qu'on ne peut assigner.

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BY HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## P R E F A C E.



**I**F the Rambler is right when he says, “That no man  
“ever obtains more from his most zealous endea-  
“vours, than a painful conviction of his own defects,”  
how strongly must that conviction press upon her mind,  
who having collected all these facts together, presents  
them as an object of *Retrospection* to the Publick. Of  
those who turn them over, how different, how numerous  
will be the censures! while each expects his favourite  
hero, his best-remembered incident to be dilated and  
brought forward;—instead of which others perhaps ap-  
pear, and take the lead.

Different observers attach to every object, different  
degrees of importance. Taking a country-walk one day  
in a remote province, the steward advised speedy remo-  
val of an ugly stag-horned tree. “Oh!” cried out a gen-  
tleman in company who was taking views—“pray spare  
“ the

“ the favourite feature in my landscape.” “ You have  
“ been, sir, a friend to the distressed,” said another of  
our party, who professed natural philosophy—“ in fav-  
“ ing from the axe those old dry boughs, for there are  
“ birds which will not perch among thick foliage, mak-  
“ ing rather a stag-horned tree like this, their feat of  
“ delight all summer.”

This conversation has come often to my mind, but the die is now cast, and complaints are vain. If however, I should have made improper choice of facts, and if I shall be found at length most to resemble Maister Fabyan of old, who writing the Life of Henry the Fifth, lays heaviest stress on a new weather-cock set up on St. Paul's steeple during that eventful reign; my book must share the fate of his, and be like that forgotten: reminding before its death perhaps, a friend or two, of a poor man living in later times, that Doctor Johnson used to tell us of: who being advised to take subscriptions for a new Geographical Dictionary, hastened to Bolt-court and begged advice. There, having listened carefully for half an hour—“ Ah, but, dear sir!” exclaimed the admiring parasite, “ if I am to make all this eloquent ado about  
“ Athens and Rome, where shall we find place do you  
“ think for Richmond or Aix la Chapelle?” The perplexity

plexity was laughable enough—yet such are the perplexities of a compiler; and for a mere compilation stretched to two quarto volumes, the apology must be a serious one. It will be found however; but among things and situations so far from laughable and ludicrous, that they appear even awfully impressive.

To an age of profound peace and literary quiet I should have considered such an abridgment as insulting: to our disturbed and busy days abridgments only can be useful. No one has leisure to read better books. Young people are called out to act before they *know*, before they could have *learned* how those have acted who have lived before them. History is voluminous, and fashionable extracts are so perpetually separated from each other by verses or by essays, that they leave little trace of information on the mind: a natural consequence, and manifest disadvantage attendant upon *all* selections, where no one thing having any reference to another thing, each loses much of its effect by standing completely insulated from all the rest. Our Work, though but a frontispiece and ruin, contains between the two some shaded drawings, such as we find in rudiments of painting, and will, like them, be good for young beginners. Perhaps too, those who long ago have read, and long ago desisted from reading histories well-known, may like to please their fancies with the

the

the *Retrospect* of what they feel connected in their minds with youthful study, and that sweet remembrance of early-dawning knowledge on the soul.

*Their* criticism I not only deprecate, but hope, by dint of petty amusement, in some measure to disarm: a pleasant story will divert, a tender tale affect them. No insolently obtrusive opinions through these pages, no air of arrogance will offend, or provoke such readers to *say*, however they may *think*, that the necessity of dilating, as it advances, like an inverted cone or sugar-loaf, robs my whole building of that solid basis which many fabricators boast, on which, after all, little sometimes is reared. A moment's thought indeed will shew such criticks, that any other way would have been worse: and half a moment will suffice to prove, that whilst the deep current of grave history rolls her full tide majestic, to that ocean where Time and all its wrecks at length are lost; our flashy *Retrospect*, a mere *jet d'eau*, may serve to soothe the heats of an autumnal day with its light-dripping fall, and form a rainbow round. Did no such book catch the occurrences, and hold them up, however maimed and broken, before the eyes of our contemporaries, we really should very soon forget all that our ancestors had done or suffered. The fever of these last ten or twelve years has formed a heat sufficient to calcine the images upon our  
minds

minds to dust and ashes, which once seemed strong as if engraved on marble; and if some facts or characters have been called back, 'twas for the use of consultation they were fetched, then thrown again into the general heap, like papers we have done with, doomed to burn. In such a furnace, such an all-devouring crucible, events can scarce retain their proper value, and the mushroom of a night has equal chance to come forth unhurt, as has the oak of a century. Besides that our motto speaks fairly for the chapter it precedes, and says,

“ This work, I grant you, is at best a fragment; but what else shall we find in the most finished labours of man? The biography of one particular sovereign is a mere fragment, broken off from his own dynasty. The revolutions of a peculiar state form but a larger fragment; one piece, one page, torn from the great book, the general account of all mankind; which is itself at last no other than one species, one genus rather, among those uncounted millions that animate and people the earth, air, and water, of our terraqueous globe. That globe a fragment too, a trifling spot, of which the most exact and faithful narration would be found but a short chapter in the grand history, the universal volume of our Creator's works, containing the changes and chances of systems without number, rolling in illimitable space, at distances not to be judged of by humanity.”

But 'tis by darkening the glaffes that we look at  
brightest objects; and spots in the fun could never be dif-  
cerned unlefs we first *abridged* him of his splendour. Old  
Bradshaw, who wrote upon the origin of Chester, must  
in some fort serve as my model, who live near him,  
when he fays in his prologue to a work rather historical  
than legendary, and more valuable (as Warton tells us)  
for virtuous sentiments than splendid diction; how

To descrybe hyc historyes I dare not be to bolde,  
Sithe suche is a mater for clerkes conveynient;  
As of the sevene ages and our parentes olde,  
Or of the soure empyres whilom most excelente,  
Knowinge my lernying thereto insufficyent.  
And for wicket balades ye shall have none from me,  
Excyting lyght hertes to plesure and vanitye.

For though I borrow not the Doctor's chair, whence at my  
ease to dictate creeds and ethicks, 'tis my intent, that  
from this book be drawn nothing that can prove detri-  
mental to readers whose attention I am desirous to lure  
away from fiction to known truths, no less extraordinary,  
and at this moment far more interesting. To this end I  
have endeavoured not to press on them with my own re-  
flections, rather suggesting thoughts in their minds, than  
forcing forward those entertained by the author: yet if  
the



the chain of events here untwisted should lend them reason to be less surpris'd at what is passing now, there's no harm done; *the warnings have been given.*

Here then begin we a summary account of what has happened in these eighteen centuries. I thought to have given some importance to the work, by prefixing on its first page the name of one of my earliest and most respected friends—than whom no wit, no scholar, nor no man of general knowledge, ever had more reason to delight in *Retrospection*: but Pennant is gone, and I will search no further for a patron. The same kind and encouraging Publick which has ever looked upon my labours with a tenderness, and a good-natured desire of being pleas'd, more flattering far than hard-earned approbation, shall take as it is; and if they feel themselves pleas'd with the colours present'd in the varying changeful mass, will try to hinder some critick's heavy hand from breaking it; remembering that an opal loses all power of playing before the eye, soon as a crack is made in its thin surface.

But I will run down my own book no more. The duty of an author is discharged, when what the title promises has been performed. Yet let it not be said of *Re-*

*tropection*, as once by a French wit, when Ferrand's *Ero-*  
*tica*, a dull dissertation upon the passion of love, came  
out,

Ut titulum vidi sum libri captus amore,  
Ut librum legi, liber amore fui.

The title inspir'd me a strong inclination,  
But reading the book, I was cur'd of my passion.

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# RETROSPECTION.

## CHAP. I.

### CONTAINING THE FIRST CENTURY;

### FROM TIBERIUS TO TRAJAN.

**B**EING arrived at a fixed period, whence a new century rises to pursue its course, my contemporaries will not, perhaps, feel disposed to look with particular unkindness upon a writer who recommends, and endeavours to facilitate, *Retrospection*. When Regnard\* and his companions had made many voyages, had seen three continents, and wintered in three different zones, they came at last to a point in Lapland, beyond the Arctic Circle. There with no small labour erecting a rustic column, they engraved on it their names, and the names of some places they had visited, ending the inscription with this impressive line—

Hic tandem stetimus, ubi nobis toto defuit orbis.

So, it appears to us: the vulgar æra (and I will not teize my readers with any stale arguments against its authenticity) calls this the 1801<sup>st</sup> year since our redemption was accomplished. That portion of our time which is to come, rolls in a rapid descent before Imagination's

\* There is a life of Regnard, with the story of Zulima in it, somewhere—and these lines; but I quote from memory alone, and Dr. Johnson's repetition of them. "Gallia nos genuit, vidit et indica tellus," is another, or like it; but the rest have slept my recollection, and I know not where to find them.

eye, like earth viewed from its polar region by the travellers, and whilst Hope and Fear, bent forward with anticipating haste, are seen explaining to their eager votaries the shadows as they follow one another fast into the impervious mists of futurity; *Heic tandem sistimus*—and cast a *retrospective* glance behind. That glance will, at our Saviour's resurrection, find the surface of our habitable globe delineated by Strabo with deficiencies enough, but yet with care well worthy admiration from its present race of inhabitants—who will observe the great geographer's own country, Greece, with all her virtues, arts, and arms, and excellence of every kind, lost, not quenched, but like a fixed star by moonlight, scarce discernible through the superior blaze of Roman glory. Egypt and Babylon meanwhile extinguished, and Tyre even literally tumbled in the dust, exhibit proofs that those scriptures were indeed of divine inspiration, which promised Messiah to a sinful world—a world become *so* sinful, that less than the blood of Christ could not have cleansed it.

The characters of the six first Cæsars, given by Tacitus, too clearly shew, that good parts act not as natural protectors to virtue, unless religion regulates their powers; whilst in Julius the most eminent orators (says he) found an illustrious rival, and the dignity of Augustus's mind was revered in his diction. Precise Tiberius too, though terse in his expression, never was undesignedly obscure; nor did the fiery temper of turbulent and restless Caligula discover itself, in compositions previously written down and delivered before the Senate, where even Claudius's discourses made no mean figure; nor could his *style* be charged, even by those who laughed at his *behaviour*, with wanting elegance, interest or learning. That Nero's first speech was dictated by his tutors, the praises bestowed on *them* in it, sufficiently evince; but Nero was then a boy: the tenor of his future life betrayed a passion for the fine arts, which cruelty could not stifle, nor vice dissolve. But contradictions in these early days so mingle, or at least so cross each other, as greatly to disturb our general *Retrospect*, where the first fact  
that



that offers may be called the conduct of the unbelieving Jews, who, without scruple, could condemn the Lord of Life and Glory, out of an unmeaning zeal for Cæsar ; to whose imperial standard they roughly refused admittance in their temple, and being pressed by Pilate for compliance, offered him—'twas all they had—their throats to cut. Tiberius, indulgent of their antipathy, commanded his Governor to see the colours carried safely to Cæsarea, and moved the Senate to deify our Saviour, while he refused divine honours to his own person, polluted by a long course of far beyond brutal depravity. In this *one* instance the Patricians manifested their ill-deserved independence ; in this *one* instance their dissembling master shewed himself sincere. He never would be worshipped. It is from one of this Emperor's speeches that the allusion, now so trite, was originally taken ; how the body politic resembles the body natural ; and the state was by him first called the *Constitution*. To his good sense we owe the admirable adage, since by imperial use well known—That honesty's the best policy—nor can more perfect testimonial to its truth be found, than that such was the fixed opinion of a prince, consummate master of dissimulation. Machiavelli borrowed one of his *earlier* maxims ; *Chi non sà fingere, non sà regnare* ; and keeps, I think, possession of the sentence.

It is, perhaps, not less important what Pliny tells us, that the disease, now called a bilious cholic, in his reign was new ; and he the first who suffered by its rigour :\* some old physicians speak of the chordapsus. Tiberius had bad health when he retired from business, and probably his mode of life increased it—if half what is related of him *can* be true. Voltaire, indeed, does doubt the possibility of many accusations, but Voltaire never was at Naples or Capræa. The general *Retrospect* of evil however ; the strong mixture of madness with mis-

\* Pliny says it stole in upon us, *irrepsit* is the word he uses ; and I have heard that a famous passage in Celsus tends to corroborate the opinion.

chief: and of gross folly with those false refinements upon sensual pleasures practised in Rome; head-quarters of human residence, excite at present no sensations but disgust, mingled with some little esteem of modern manners, which thus could prompt a wit of our own days to deny what ancient learning so steadily confirms. But whilst he sought in groves and grottoes, a shelter for his own depravity, new cities rose around the extended empire, and Ratisbon was named Tiberii after him. Aventine avers, indeed, that it was originally the work of Ingram, a Scythian chief; who, when Rhameses ruled in Upper Egypt, and Joshua led the Israelites to war, laid the first stone, and called it his Harminia, from Hermione, the wife of Cadmus, names familiarized to us by Ovid, but who are considered by Fourmont, and other antiquarians, as leaders of a troop of Hivites—serpent-worshippers, driven from the Promised Land by Moses' successor. Mr. Bryant says that Cadmus means oriental, the man who comes from the east. The city called after his fair companion was afterwards better known by the name of *Rhætabona*, from its inhabitants the Rhætians, and this appellation has been scarcely changed. But we must hold our eye firm to the first century, which has produced such deathless writers, heirs of immortal praise—

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow.

Among these may be counted Pomponius Mela, though to that great geographer the limits of the Caspian Sea were all unknown, and much of what we now call India was to him terra incognita.

The polished Romans seemed to care but little what those vast regions of the world contained, except wild beasts to combat in their amphitheatres; yet had the supreme state commendable attention to make a topographical survey of the places they subdued. Cæsar had given an elegant account of his own conquests long before, and Vel-  
leius Patrculus, with nice penetration, found the true cause of Quin-  
tilius

tilius Varus's, so ill success in the martial character of those Germans, who, like their successors in later ages, dreamed not of judiciary determinations, but ended private as public quarrels by the sword. Feigning, however, to admire the newer mode of settling between plaintiff and defendant, they contrived to occupy the Roman General's mind with causes of dispute; then, suddenly setting on his legions in a furious onset, cut them all to pieces.

Historic powers indeed were frequent in the age presented to our *Retrospect*, that age which had seen Livy and produced Tacitus, and may be justly considered as fruitful beyond all others in genius, eloquence, and majesty. Although the account given of their own original, by the first named of these great men, is nothing less than accurate, we own, while Strabo himself scrupled not to tell mankind how Pater Æneas stirred not beyond the walls of Troy, as Bochart best confirms. That Livy gloried in his partialities; that he adopted one still nearer to self-love, by clinging to his own provincial dialect, despising, as do modern Venetians, the charge of patavinity, may stand as his excuse: but who shall make apology for Tacitus, when he relates peculiarities of the Jews which, we all know, could never have had existence. Yet, in accounts of every other nation, we must content ourselves with such a portion of veracity as they, in their omnipotence, shall think proper to bestow; for who can contradict Roman historians? The world was then all Roman, born so, or so adopted, so become; for conquest led but to incorporation. In that enormous, that amazing city, centered all knowledge, all pleasure, all wealth, all power. What wonder then if, midst a heterogeneous mass of inhabitants, raked out from every country under heaven, plurality of gods and variety of worships, licentious masters and permitted slaves, republican ideas and elective empire, all contrarieties of custom and of climate, miraculously accumulated in one vast swelling town, which Vossius says, though I believe him not, contained at one time fourteen millions.

millions of residuary dwellers? What wonder then, should fermentation act upon the foul congeries? What wonder then,

— Should Nature breed  
Perverse! all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abominable! unutterable! and worse, &c.

That so she *did* breed, we are unable to doubt or to deny. Imperial Rome having consented to his death who lived alone to bless and purify mankind, became herself accursed, like sentenced Babylon, in scripture language, a cage for every unclean and hateful bird. A rapid succession of rulers now seemed striving for the palm of wickedness. Frantic Caligula, invested on his grandfire's death with the long sighed for purple, seemed chiefly diligent to dip it in human blood; and while he meditated its last disgrace, by giving his country a favourite horse for Consul, he robed himself in the dress sacred to divinity, and pushed to an unheard-of excess his studied profanations. To this mad master of an abject world succeeded heavy, sluggish-minded Claudius; whose soul, a fullen prisoner, seen but seldom, peeped out unwilling from its cage of clay, and viewed, unmoved, the vices of his Empress. When the last agonies had first broke in upon this preternatural tranquillity, the care of humankind, in evil hour, devolved upon nefarious Nero, whose name, first on the rolls of guilt and infamy, was pushed up by deliberate parricide to that abhorred pre-eminence. The murder of a mother was, in those days, a crime particularly detested, even by those who, in Macbeth's phrase, had *supt full with horrors*; and when at last this wretch dispatched himself to avoid punishment *a more majorum*, it was chiefly for Agrippina's death he dreaded to meet his own. Rome looked on tamely, while for his diversion he stuck the Christian martyrs up alive, in dresses daubed with tar, and set on fire to illuminate the town, when day hid his head indignant; or when he hunted them about his Colisseo,

lisseo, wrapt in the skins of some wild animal, thus to deceive the dogs into a cruelty their gentler nature would have shrunk from: but beasts appeared abroad, as if permitted to reproach *our* species with their superior virtue. Aulus Gellius relates the story of the lion whose grateful recollection spared the slave, observing, he had often met them in the streets together, during the reigns of Caligula and Claudius, collecting money from children and passers-by.

Mankind, meanwhile, was sunk in sad degeneracy, and seemed as if deserving of these dreadful leaders, who, although tyrants in wickedness, could not boast privileges exclusive of their subjects. Caius Cheræa, when he killed Caligula, massacred, with unfeeling rage, his infant daughter in her mother's arms. Tacitus relates of many nobles a conduct little behind that of the Emperors themselves; and Pliny, like a good naturalist, calls Aquileius Regulus *omnium bipedum nequissimus*. Penurious Galba, and his gay successor, who had presided long in Nero's court as minister of pleasure, shewed, indeed, as some odd plants, most beautiful in death; for Otho, though immersed in sensuality, retained some trace, some latent spark of Virtue's unquenched flame, when the surrounding gloom shewed it to all advantage. He alone, for the first seventy years of *Retropection*, he alone, till the tremendous day when a licentious soldiery lorded it in the metropolis, and tossed the bloated body of pampered Vitellius into Tyber, had proved himself not totally negligent of that overgrown state, which their best care could scarce have rendered happy; while ardent only to chace affrighted Vice into the arms of impossibility. In that strange cause they rushed on suicide, and braved assassinations, which few escaped, till Flavius Vespasian, rough, honest, artless; born near the Sabine farm, so famed for the simplicity and temperance of its possessors, tried to recover the credit of humanity, and prove that a hot soil, however strangled with its waste redundance, will yet, among the weeds, produce some flowers. Thus we see Titus, brother to Domitian, and reflect that the wife of Pætus was cotemporary with Messalina.

lina. Nor was depravity confined to southern climates. Our British Cartismandua, justly for other crimes buried alive by Corbred, exhibited a steady, cold perfidiousness, scarce to be matched in any nation's annals, when she betrayed her gallant son-in-law, Caractacus, then greatest—when turning from the shows of Rome with scorn, he displayed soul of superior mould, not to be awed by mere appearances, after having contested with and conquered rough realities. Let *Retro-spection* too survey with pride the daring Boadicea's bold appeal for injured innocence, when aided by the Scottish hero, who punished perfidy in Cartismandua. She forced the Romans to confess our island, savage as it was, could not be subjugated by less than their best troops and wisest General, Agricola. That excellent commander, object of Tacitus's personal regard, an Emperor's envy and a nation's gratitude, after penetrating through the Caledonian forests, passing over what was called the Dolorous Mountain, and building the bridge and castle there near Stirling; after making way for the sacred truths of Christianity, by driving from druidic Mona its frantic superstitions, and softening the rugged Cambrian's fullen virtue by his urbanity; this great Agricola selected for himself the most delightful spot our variegated country boasts, and fixed his settled residence in Gloucestershire, leaving to Mr. Lysons' diligence the praise of having discovered traces of his grandeur, and giving to the retrospective eye an opportunity of observing how much the present times exceed the past, in powers of bending divers latitudes to the conveniences of human life, and forcing accommodation from rebellious climates, and seasons adverse to our vain desires. Voluptuous, rather than luxurious, an old Roman made small provision for his change of country, but set his feet on tessellated marbles alike at York or Baia. Accustomed to seek pleasure from his senses merely, he saw no method but to spur them forward: our English, who now visit every continent, learn to approximate their comforts by contrivance; wishing to gladden nature, not fatigue her. Pliny, indeed, speaks of a *subtle* method that Nero took to cool his water, by sinking a glass

a glass vessel full in snow: but Nero did understand philosophy, and in the ceiling of his golden house displayed the planetary system. How little did he dream that not one stone of it would now be standing, while the fine temple dedicated by brave Vespasian to peace should yet remain, like its great patron's virtuous character, model of modest excellence! How little, too, did Columella think his book on agriculture would be read in Britain, when that deep science should be grown a toy, subservient to elegance, almost even to caprice! The sciences and arts, however, were not neglected, while Seneca taught wisdom, and Pliny studied nature; Lucan's bright style glistened in the beams of general illumination, and Persius added point to his sharp satire. Medicine, though innocent of many late discoveries gained by dissection, and waiting yet for Galen's sanguinary improvements, was well attended to; Hippocrates's aphorisms contained enough; and though Macrobius says too much of their perfection, that seems to have been no bad set of rules which could keep men alive, who sapped and battered their constitution by habits of intemperate grossness. Let something however be allowed to different customs, and let the *Retrospectors* of past ages own, that those nightly prowlers through our London streets, who dig up the peaceful mansions of the dead, and those unfeeling surgeons that dissect them, would, by their conduct, have awakened Claudius to command some punishment for such offence, and roused Tiberius to resume his post; that impiety like theirs might not be passed over in silence. Thus, though Celsus and Epictetus graced these times; though Juvenal censured, and Josephus wrote; though polished Martial seems particularly to delight in displaying a keenness of remark and acuteness of observation, to which, by future ages, so little can be added; we see the spirit of enquiry in some things repressed, from delicacy little to be expected, and Ignorance laying her successful traps for Study to drop into unawares. Suetonius, for example, whom Mr. Gibbon calls the diligent and accurate, tells how a mule foaled on the investing old

Galba with the purple, a fact by which philosophy and common experience are alike insulted. But that biographer introduces no sovereign though but for weeks, not years, without a string of prodigies unworthy even of a woman's story over a winter's fire. Witness the ass, whose lucky name of *Nicon* \* is brought in as omen of Augustus's prosperity. Tacitus's amazement at the lengthened nights in the north, so sweetly, so poetically expressed, betrays his scanty knowledge of astronomy ; † and Pliny verily believes the existence of a phoenix, which was but going backward in discovery : Herodotus despised that fable long before. The jack-daw, well instructed by some shoemaker to compliment the Cæsars with Good-day, Tiberius, Good-day, Drusus, &c. was the true phoenix among birds in those times. A rival shoemaker, however, wrung his neck off, because he had obtained the Emperor's notice ; which the more liberal populace resenting, pulled down the spiteful fellow's house, burying the crow with great solemnity. That the British channel ever flowed with blood, *must* have been false ; although related about the 60th year after our Lord's ascension, by historians ; and at the very close of the first century, it is said Decebalus deceived the warlike Romans, by causing a forest to be felled in the night, and armour stuck upon the stocks of trees. Xiphilinus, patriarch of Constantinople, is our authority for this fact, apparently incredible, although some stratagem of the kind seems to have obtained belief in the world ever since Abimelech ; who made

\* *Nicon* means victorious, I have heard. Do we call an ass *Nicky*, from this fortunate one seen by Octavius ? The statue, recording both beast and driver, was one of the antiquities destroyed at Constantinople by the Latins, and lamented by Nicetas, in a fragment preserved in the Bodleian Library. It proves the accident known to be no *fable*.

† Juvenal seems to have known the peculiarities of our islands well enough.

Armo quid ultra

Littora juverne promovimus et modo captas

Orcades, et minima contentos nocte Britannos.



his foldiers each of them cut a bough, and carry before them to conceal their numbers; thus unperceived advancing to the tower he meant to destroy, then throwing the wood at its feet, soon set the place on fire. Shakespear makes this familiar to us on the stage; but Cæsar's veterans could not surely have been so imposed upon. Of the Christian persecutions during all these reigns, more has not been asserted by history, however, than daily examination amply confirms. Gibbon, with triumph, pretends to find out what Jortin, with candour, had before allowed; that the neglect shewn by bad princes towards all religion was less unfavourable to the progress of ours, than that active zeal for Paganism which distinguished the pious ones. Jortin is indeed generous to the scoffers, and they have repaid him as he says the Romanists did Grotius, with such gratitude as might be well expected. He who delights in stroking a tyger with intention to hear him purr, will probably lose a finger in course of the experiment. The ears and eyes of English travellers to Rome, turn away disgusted with the proofs of cruelty authorized by the mischievous wantonness of wild Caligula upon a race of harmless mortals, who, had they *not* been Christians, would have engaged the tender pity of every modern infidel, for the disinterested bravery with which they were well known to have sheltered one another, while they exposed themselves; contrasting the courage and virtue of St. Paul against the profligacy and cowardice of Nero, a dissimilitude not to be matched for remoteness within the limits of humanity. When that detested wretch, however, destroyed the house and lineage of Cæsar, by striking with his heel his own half-formed image in the womb of his once-loved Poppæa, who owed the dreadful death, it is said, to her soft pleadings for a Christian martyr.\*—Offended heaven sent a sudden

\* Those who attribute Nero's sudden fury to his wife's teizing him, because he staid too long at the chariot race, seem to think he took strange liberties indeed with so tremendous a tyrant. I rather fancy, with our early church writers, that the poor Empress leaned towards Christianity. Be that as it will, the family of Julius was

thunderbolt, and dashed the gold cup from the tyrant's hand. Thunderbolts at Rome are certainly no prodigies, though that perhaps had its peculiar commission. Unnatural sins cry out for vengeance out of Nature's bounds; and that portents do mark important incidents sometimes, though many pass without being so noticed, it would be very difficult and very useless to deny. All Titus's army saw the meteor which, resembling a flaming sword, hung over Jerusalem's devoted walls; the gates of whose temple burst open seven years before at Pentecost, when voices were heard in the air, and evident miracles proclaimed *their* destruction who helped to crucify the Holy One of Israel. The great prophetic word had said expressly, that mortals then alive should see that temple's final end whence he, its SHEKINAH, was chased with ignominy; and before fourscore years were yet expired, one stone was literally not standing on another; whilst the heroic youth appointed to destroy it, resembling in character and manners Cyrus, who overthrew the Babylon they hated; was called, in admiration of his superior excellence, Delight of human kind. Now too, as if the world would fain repose after the bloody contests between Otho and Vitellius, and after this still more striking vengeance on the Jews, 110,000 of whose lives were lost during the siege, and 97,000 prisoners carried to Rome; Vespasian shut the temple of Janus, and dedicated his heaven-permitted spoils to peace. Much of the fabrick where they were deposited is standing while I write; and the fine arch, perpetuating the triumph of Titus, seems to have acquired beauties, not lost them, by time. Assisting *Retrospection's* sight it stands, and waits His second coming whose former mission it confirms. Holinshed and Buchanan say, that Christianity was in these days carried to Britain by St. Joseph of Arimathea—a tincture

extinguished by the blow which killed the unborn infant. Suetonius wrote the lives of twelve men, who have for ages since been called the twelve Cæsars; but 'tis in compliment to the writer.

of whose love for riches pervades us still. That opulence overwhelmed not *his* faith, but rather confirmed him in practice of beneficence, seems hitherto not wholly forgotten by those who are descended from his converts; and if the religion he planted is really taking flight from other countries of Europe, *here* may it leave its last remains! and angels roll the stone to keep it in, till the great day of general resurrection. Vesuvius meanwhile inflamed his neighbouring plains, so justly called Phlegræan; the mountain raged with unexampled fury; hot ashes, tost in air, darkened the sun at Rome, 113 miles from the explosion; causing a temporary, and for some time, an incomprehensible eclipse.

On the same hour a dreadful pestilence begun that waste which lasted many weeks; and, ranging through the contaminated town, thinned in some measure the immense numbers, and lightened the mass of mankind which tumefied it even to bursting. Such was the state of the metropolis. Around warm Naples and her polluted environs, indignant earth is seen by *Retrospection's* eye (much like the deity they worshipped, Saturn) swallowing her sons alive. The shaggy cavern which conceals a murderer, opens by power unseen; the rocks divide; sudden destruction drops on the inhabitants. The peaceful villa, retreat perhaps of study, sinks below the ground: the gaudy amphitheatre becomes a part of it; nor lets one fruitful season pass away, before, new-clothed with useful vegetation, it learns to supply posterity with food—Comus and Momus fly disgraced away, and laughing Ceres re-assumes the land. Boundless curiosity too, daughter of affluent wealth, and parent of general knowledge; impatient of delay, and ardent for immediate gratification, now robbed the world of Pliny's future labours: and while hot Parthenope panted amid volcanic fires, and flames of accident or strange caprice devoured the streets of Rome, burning for three nights and days with unremitting violence—up from the cooler ocean in the north rose the low rudiments of Rotterdam, destined to be the birth-place of Erasmus. Nearly with

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her coeval sprang in Spain the places now known by names of Bilbao and St. Jago di Compostella, first fabricated however by Titus, who, in honour of his father, called it Flavio Briga, and Flavio Brigantum. Yet then, and *before then*, was London *copia negotiatorum, et com-  
meatu maxime celebre*.\* Chester and Leicester were in being, I believe, and York a favourite residence of Romans. Lanquet would make us think *that* town cotemporary with Sesak, king of Egypt, and Jeroboam, king in Israel; he says 'twas built by Ebranck, probably † Eyanck, a British leader, of whose works yet remain part of the castle of Mayden, in Edinburgh, and some stones at the castle at Dunbar. Pliny calls the first Castrum alatum; but 'tis best worth *Retrospection's* glance to observe, that this old chieftain's name is *yet* preserved, in signatures of our archbishop. ‡ Strabo places gold and silver among the products of Britain, and Polydore Virgil says, that cherry-trees were planted here in the days of Marius and Sylla. The building of *Billinggate* by *Belinus*, brother to Brennus, who sacked Rome, is not so well authenticated; but as the word Brennos means a king yet in the old British language, one may conclude that word was rather his appellation than his name, among the Cimbri whom he led to Italy. But our immediate eye is fixed on the Vespasians, and on the joint triumph of father and son, united in glory, in excellence, and in affection—A light heart, and a sort of unimperial cheerfulness seems to discriminate the character of Flavius, among whose odd replies, full of soldier-like humour, I cannot help relating, that when his courtiers told him of the comet, and expressed fears for *him* as a bad omen, I rather think, says he, it must relate to the king of Parthia, for my own

\* So says Tacitus himself. *A place particularly celebrated for the number of its merchants and for trade.* This was in Nero's time, towards fifty years after our Lord's ascension.

† Eyancke, in Welch, means the young *now*.

‡ He signs his name John or Thomas Eboracensis.

part: you see it has long red hair, just like his—and *I am bald*. A freedman of Nero's too, Phœbus by name, had seen the old General fast asleep while his master was acting a lady's part upon the stage; and leave the city, said the insolent spy, or you'll repent this nap. Where must I go? replied Vespasian, waking. *To the gallows*, returned the pandar, and said no more. When Flavius was made Emperor this fellow came cringing, and offered him his head. Leave the town, said Flavius, mimicking the voice he had spoken in. Where would Cæsar command me to retire? *To the gallows*, answered the Emperor in good humour, and forebore further to punish a creature, who, perhaps, added he, saved my life from his tyrant's rage, by his neglect.\* So much for peculiarity of manners. His heart shewed resemblance to that of his favourite son, when, though Vitellius was his greatest enemy, he sought out the daughter of his foe, and fortun'd her, marrying her splendidly to a patrician house. Forgiveness is a virtue too good for Pagans somehow—I feel as if I grudged it them. Titus meanwhile ever studious to ascend the heights of moral perfection, lived in the practice of self-denying virtue from the first day of his association to power: he had, when prince, protected a favourite dancer, but the figurante expecting marks of favour from past fondness, was instantly dismissed; that admirable youth thought only how to live and how to reign, and drove seduction from him with diligence, whether it bore the form of Bathyllus or Berenice.† Having been saluted emperor fifteen times, he died, expressing regret for only one action of his life. Historians think that he repented pardoning his most degenerate brother, young Domitian, whose impatience for the purple

\* Vespasian had little care for *La petite Morale*—witness the well-known tale of his bidding Titus smell to the coin which was paid on his tax upon urine. And when he was *Ædile*, in Caligula's time, he kept the streets of Rome so dirty, that the Emperor calling him up to his horse's side, purposely splashed the mud into his face.

† Bathyllus 18 years old, Berenice 48—Gibbon says 50. 10th vol. 8vo. edit. p. 129.

had led him into plots against the state. On his accession, Rome with surprise, beheld Agricola recalled from Britain, and heard her timorous tyrant confess his worth; but sending him into retirement, poisoned him sily. This odious sovereign over hapless humanity, hated all excellence, and feared all power. Lucullus, sent lieutenant into Albion, instead of seeking pearls, which were, I know not why, expected from the coast of North Wales—began a manufacture of spears near Sheffield,—and those who used, called them *Lucullians*. This was enough; Domitian heard of it, and the poor deputy was strangled in his tent. 'Twas to the same pusillanimity that senatorial Glabrio owed his death—the lion he was thrown to yielded up the contest, and the unworthy son of brave Vespasian had him immediately dispatched, for fear himself might suffer by such giddy valour. St. John rising unhurt out of the boiling cauldron might well amaze a mind so meanly constructed. An anecdote of that Apostle, told by some early ecclesiastical author,\* will shew that painting must have been at a low ebb in those days, although Domitian loved the arts, and was a literary character. When the irrevocable sentence was gone forth, and our Lord's favourite disciple was preparing for his banishment to Patmos, at one of the christian houses where he had visited familiarly, and went of course on the last night to take leave of his friends—he saw a large head hanging up. You will then never be weary of these frightful figures, Jupiter or Pluto, or whatever you call them, cried he; it breaks my heart to see this hideous face set up so, just upon my going away. Dear father! exclaimed the mistress of the mansion, 'tis you that break *our* hearts. This head is neither Jupiter nor Pluto, but your own portrait in your own dress; drawn by my cousin Caius, who is famed for never missing a likeness, and he did this by memory—knowing you would not fit. The Apostle laughed, and begged them to take it down. A story Hegeſippus tells is better known; how reports having been long current, that from David a quondum

\* Leucius.

king of the Hebrews, should spring in future times a sovereign of the world and judge of all mankind. Domitian felt himself tormented by suspicious fears, and caused a close enquiry to be made, if any of that race yet remained alive: two grandsons or nephews of St. Jude were found; well pleased to own the son of Jesse for their ancestor, and claiming kindred with Messiah's human nature. The Emperor called them to his presence and was consoled; they possessed thirty-nine acres only of earth between them, their hands were hard with labour, their backs bent with toil; curiosity, however, prompted him to ask, of what nature was the *kingdom* he had heard and read about. They replied that it was neither terrestrial nor transitory, but celestial and everlasting; that Christ, with whom their uncle had conversed on earth, should come to it again at the consummation of all things, and judge mankind according to their works.

Domitian thought little concerning heavenly kingdoms, and sent the two men quietly away. Vices are often punished by their contraries, the miter hoards against a day of want, which he accelerates by self-denial: whilst wilfully perverse, unbelief is frequently the dupe to credulous superstition. Thus the notion of second sight was fondly received by an anxious-minded sovereign, who rejected with scorn the truths of Christianity. A battle, for example, was fought upon the Rhine, and on some day, when all were expecting the event, a mad fellow ran naked through the principal streets, crying *victoria* as he danced along. Domitian commanded rejoicings to be made, as if a courier had come from Germany with the news; which, on arrival, did indeed confirm the crazy vagabond's early impresson. Second sight was now gaining ground among all ranks; but the best instance of it, for benefit of all his subjects, was that of their unworthy Emperor's own death, presented preternaturally as many thought, before the eyes of Appollonius Tyanæus, then teaching philosophy in his own school at Ephesus; where, stopping in the middle of the lecture, he suddenly cried out, *Now, courage Stephanus, and strike the tyrant.* Stephanus, one of the chamberlains, had indeed, at that very moment,

contrived admission to his prince's presence, wearing his arm in a scarf the better to prevent suspicion, and conceal a dagger, which, while Domitian was employed in reading over a list of names, the bold assassin struck to his heart, and ended a life which had long kept mankind in perpetual alarm. The strolling conjurer, who saw in Asia what was at the same instant acting in Rome, is the person to whom we are obliged for the hack phrase *He has the black dog upon his back*, when people are oppressed by melancholy and ill-humour. Dr. Henry More says, that this Appollonius told the Greeks he had a spirit following him about in form of a black dog, which leaping on his back, would make him atrabilious. The learned Hugo Grotius gives credit to this second sight with regard to Domitian. I know not whether he believes in the *black dog*. A better proof that the world was grown weary of such a ruler, was the frequent repetitions of the word  $\alpha\rho\chi\epsilon\iota$  written on the Emperor's statues, triumphal arches, &c. it means *enough*; much like the modern Italian word *basta*: and the trick was in the spirit of modern pasquinades.

And now the first *hundred years* after our Saviour's appearance upon earth drawing fast towards a conclusion, the *retrospective eye* views with delight some seeds of his newly founded worship, dropt almost into every country here in Europe; seven churches of Asia too openly professing the faith, besides Antioch, where Christians first were called such. That these seven churches, which were written to by Saint John—by name; and which ranked neither with those of Antioch or of Rome, did actually at that time represent the seven Protestant churches, which have in later days dissented both from Greek and Roman rituals; professing purer manners, and a less embarrassed creed—it is not my intention either to assert or to deny. Certain it is, that of these last seven one has apostatized, who once gloried in her riches like that of Laodicea.\* Our attention meantime being di-

\* 'Tis odd enough that Laodicea, like Holland, was a maritime situation—its name means *ad mare*, as scholars tell me.



rected to the first century after our Lord's ascension, will observe that, although persecuted by repeated tyrannies without, and clouded by acknowledged heresies within, the silent growth of that wide spreading tree beneath whose shade the world finds all repose, worked unobserved its way. Trodden down by tyrants, warmed by the blood of martyrs, the grain of mustard-seed cast into an unheeded spot of that vast iron empire, which the first Cæsar and his successors so long maintained over oppressed mankind—in Nerva's gentler day ventured to unfold its beauties. The pall and cross, now instituted by Clemens, adorned the infant church, where *he* first set the bishop's rustic throne conspicuous from the rest; and having preferred to himself that Linus, mentioned by St. Paul in one of his epistles, modestly accepted the dignity of president, and post of peculiar care, just time enough to suffer for his elevation, when Trajan exiled him into Iberia for not having sacrificed to the immortal memory of some dead emperor, raised to the rank of gods by Pagan folly. Nerva was the first we read of who would have no statue at all erected to commemorate his soft serenity. Rome had made great advances in her adulation since Augustus's time. When a player called *him* Dominus, we are told the people all stared and the sovereign chid; but Martial speaks in another strain to Domitian, and Pliny tires one with My Lording Trajan. Vitellius had pushed flattery as far as it would go, to stupid Claudius and crazy Caligula, whose madness, when he made love to the moon, that courtier contrived to encrease, by swearing he saw encouragement in Phœbe's eyes; to Nerva none could gain access by such tricks. Tranquillity of mind and unoffending meekness of spirit marked his peaceful reign, yet he encouraged harmless sports, and called theatrical professors home, who had fled affrighted from his predecessor. Character is always uniform if well understood. Nerva was a grave man, yet he liked a pantomine; Domitian was a proud man, he hated dancers and actors, and stage exhibitors of all kinds; Nero was a vain man, he would be a public performer himself.

But now St. John returned from banishment in Patmos, published those prophetic wonders which were there revealed to him ; leaving the mystic veil that covers them from common sight, to be gently removed or lifted up respectfully by Time's slow, certain hand, which gradually disclosing some feature yet unseen ; inclines mankind from observation of what's already understood, to venerate and expect confirmation of what remains. Now too, a certain Jew, converted to our faith, seems to have written, as it were, a commentary on the Apocalypse, which loses credit among Christians chiefly because composed under the fictitious name of Esdras, and extant only in Arabic and Latin ; although many beautiful and evangelical sentences may certainly be found there, and some strange predictions, we must not call them prophecies ; which are in our own days as strangely come to pass. The large mixture of fables, however, like those afterwards collected into the Thalmud, destroying all possibility of the book's being authentic, and our church having agreed with that of Rome to vote it as it surely is, apocryphal ; hinders many from reading, what would at least contribute to render the Revelations better understood, as the eloquent author was coetaneous with St. John. Here then may *Retrospection* rest awhile ; and if the next chapter should present few things to the reader's eye, except some characters, *and those compressed*, of future emperors ; let us confess they are the leading features—the luminous spots : since upon *them* the world, and all which it contained, depended. When the chain breaks and the parts falling, separate ; Rome will have smaller share of our attention.

## C H A P. II.

## CONTAINING THE SECOND CENTURY;

## FROM TRAJAN TO CARACALLA.

WHAT was once said of the style of some writer by his contemporaries, is true of the imperial throne of Rome, *Ubi bene, nemo melius; ubi male, nemo pejus*. We now are to enjoy the pleasing *Retrospect* of five princes in immediate succession, who ran the race of excellence with ardour, no way surpassed by that which their predecessors (all but the two Vespasians) shewed in the cause of vice: nor can the lofty powers of high-graced humanity be further carried towards philosophical perfection, than these five admirable mortals pushed them. Had the last public deed of Nerva been his *sole* act of royal authority, the world would have united to applaud and thank him; when he united with himself in all the honours and the cares of state, immortal Trajan—a Spaniard, like himself; but with more energy of mind and character, to put his virtues into active motion. The pupil of Plutarch then, the familiar correspondent of the younger Pliny, the cheerful comrade of his gallant soldiers, entered the world's metropolis on foot, surrounded by his hardy veterans, who in a few years more attended his triumph when Rome rejoiced 120 days together; having seen her sovereign, and that of the whole earth; to his endowments in the arts of peace, add a reputation for military glory, undiminished by the fame of any who preceded, unrivalled by all who followed him. The veneration consequent on such decided superiority was not a transient or a temporary passion. When Theodosius was invested with the purple, 300 years after the times we are reviewing, *Sis felicior Augusto, melior TRAJANO*, was the cry. His firm and steady courage kept both  
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the capital and provinces in awe. No plots darkened his brilliant reign, no cruelties (except against our Christian faith) were suffered to stain it; nor was the royal ear deaf to supplications, even for what his strong attachment to the religion of his ancestors forbade him to encourage. At suit of Tyberianus, governor of Palestine, he stopt that persecution which Pliny had before then persuaded him to relax; although too late to save from the fury of wild beasts the good Bishop of Antioch, who was sent bound thence all the way to Rome, and there thrown, with unrelenting severity, to lions. Scaliger can scarce believe *this* possible; yet why not? In the year 1796, probably later still, we know that Spaniards made it their sport to see noble and innocuous animals mangle each other; when the generous horse, returning at command to face the horns of a justly enraged bull, trailed his long entrails after him round the arena, in consequence of the first wound, yet giving not the cruel contest up till death. Lisbon too, scarce half a century ago, exhibited an *Auto da Fé*, where human criminals were burned alive for entertainment of the first nobility; when *Christian ladies* expressed their delight in such amusement, no less sensibly than Roman matrons and virgins felt in Trajan's time, when naked gladiators, groaning, died, and panthers tore each other's spotted skins, to please a multitude made more ferocious by the frequenting of such exhibitions.

Rome qui prodiguait par un mépris bizarre  
 A tout peuple étranger le titre de barbare,  
 Ne repaissait ses yeux que des pleurs de mortels,  
 Et de sang inondait ses théâtres cruels.  
 Là, sous les dents d'un ours, l'esclave méprisable,  
 Ne sçait que faire entendre une voix lamentable;  
 Mais le gladiateur mieux instruit à mourir,  
 Semble percé des coups expirer sans souffrir :  
 Si la nature en lui plus long-temps vigoureuse  
 En retardant la mort la rend plus douloureuse ;  
 Hâtez-vous d'applaudir avec une joie égale,  
 Vous graves senateurs, et toi jeune vestale.

RACINE.

And Lipsius does say seriously, that no war ever took as many lives off in one year, as did the shows of Rome under their favourite sovereign, who was however, justly denominated *optimus bonorum*.

It was he who threw the beautiful bridge over that branch of Danube called Iantra, of which some fine remains are yet existing; it once consisted of no fewer than twenty arches, and, by Mr. Du Tems' mensuration, exceeded ours at Westminster 2146 feet. He likewise built the city Marcianopolis, called so in honour of his sister Marcia. It is now known to the Bulgarians by name of Prebislaw, but the Venetians still say Marzenopoli. The town erected on purpose to commemorate his truly warlike exploits retains its merited appellation Nicopolis, or, as we should say, *Victoria*. The pillar set up at Rome for him, adorned with all his feats of arms in Dacia, death never suffered him to see; but before it had robbed the world of such a hero, he had adopted, with judicious care, a successor from his own nation, which may not only boast the best and bravest of soldiers in him, whose high renown will long outlast the column erected to his memory; but also may in Adrian, who succeeded, admire, with equal justice, the most eloquent and all-accomplished prince that ever adorned the imperial purple. *He*, not content with common marks of esteem and gratitude shewn to his predecessor, placed his best statue in the curule chair; and, as the sad procession rolled along, Rome saw her favourite warrior triumph *after* death. This duty once discharged, the present Emperor being, as he said, persuaded that a sovereign was only made such for the people's good, began his reign by instantly forgiving the forty millions debt to government. His next act was to punish the rebellious Jews, who really had ravaged the fine isle of Cyprus with a fury worthy beasts or birds of prey; having not only wasted the whole country, and massacred 240,000 inhabitants, sparing neither age nor sex; but forcing those few wretches whom their rage had rolled over, to eat their own dead friends; and purchase, by concessions no Christian can describe, a hated though short existence. Such conduct excited

Adrian's

Adrian's detestation ; and he resolved not only to chastise, but mortify a people, whose ill understood religion he confounded with our own ; and set a swine's effigies over the gate at Bethlehem, consecrating a grove to Venus not far off, whilst he prophaned the spot their temple stood on with every thing he heard the Hebrews most abhorred ; rebuilding some of the decayed suburbs too, as an excuse for changing of its name to *Ælia*.\* There he failed ; the name was never altered, nor the people ever destroyed. The bush of Moses still burns on from age to age, still unconsumed, a beacon to the world. Let us a moment turn aside, like Moses, and take a *Retrospect* of that great sight. When King Agrippa went to Alexandria, about the year of our Lord 39 or 40, with a great train and pomp, somewhat exceeding that of a tributary prince, the people caught a fancy that his face resembled that of a tame idiot who ran about the streets, his name Carabbas. The populace, sensible that such a joke would not displease Caligula, dressed up the wretch in a long purple gown, and putting on his head a paper diadem, hunted him up and down under Agrippa's windows, crying, Hail, King of the Jews ! Hail, King of the Jews ! Usher and Tillemont have not left this circumstance without the remarks natural to a Christian ; but a worse fate would have befallen him, had not that Emperor's assassination prevented the punishments destined to Petronius for delaying, at request of Agrippa, to set the tyrant's statue in the temple ; all Israel had resolved on general migration, meaning to leave their province, so prophaned, for famine to desolate, or beasts possess. Titinius Rufus, next after Vespasian, trode down that district in a dreadful manner ; and Adrian's governor, Julius Severus, so wasted the whole territory, burning

\* Jerusalem was known by the name of *Cadytis* to Herodotus. The word means holy, or holy residence, as I have been told ; perhaps they considered it as sacred, from its being the dwelling place of Melchisedek. D'Anville tells us, that the Arabs now call it *Beitel*, *Makdés*, and *Kads She it*,  
 or *Bethel*, or *Cadytis*. } The Holy, in their language.  
 or *God's House*.

their

their castles, and ploughing up their strong places, after dispatching 58,000 of the inhabitants—that Fuller says it never *did* recover; and in his book upon the Holy War observes, that “ ’tis no marvel if so thin a meadow were quickly mown by him who had plenty of hands to work.” But we return and follow Adrian to Britain, which, to say true, suffered some little from his displeasure; though Selden says his general, Coilus, built Colchester in Essex, if it was not even then known by name of Caer Colin among the old inhabitants. Some traces too of his turf-wall, or mound, may be seen in Cumberland still: and perhaps he, whose spirit of travelling prompted him to visit such remote parts of the Roman empire, might have been induced to pass more time amidst our northern provinces, had not his dainty minion, fair Antinous, been hastily knocked down by some rough British hand; an insult his great master could not be pleased with, yet had more magnanimity than to resent, except by leaving the island. That taste for seeing various life, however, which suggested his journey hither, prompted him to continue it through his own native country Spain, to Afric, where he rebuilt Carthage, and visited the Nile. But although he erected a monument for his horse *Borysthenes*, and set up a pillar to his memory near Barcelona, we must remember that the ancients often paid funeral honours to their favourite animals. The epitaph on Crassus’s mule is preserved by Porcacchi, a Tuscan writer, who found the stone between Rome and Tivoli. Her name was *Cincia*, if I remember right: and although Adrian filled half Europe with fine statues of his less valuable favourite, the beautiful youth who fell into the Nile, and there was drowned; yet suffered this philosophic sovereign no idle whims, no vicious propensities, to mingle with his studies or his state affairs; but apparently triumphed in the almost boundless capacity of a mind which could solve the hardest problems of Euclid, and plan with elegance of architecture a temple to Love: who encouraged all artists, and was excelled by none: whose powers of rhetoric kept pace with the firmness of his logical disputations: and whose

progreſs through his widely extended empire was marked in every part of it by ſome benefit conferred.

Adrianople, the old Oreſtia, he repaired, and called it after himſelf; becauſe, having been built by parricide, he deemed it of ill omen. But though he delighted in the baths of Aix la Chapelle, as Granus, a general of ſome former reign, had originally diſcovered the waters' efficacy, he confirmed the appellation Aquis *Granum*, and by that name the town is ſtill called by Italians, with very little alteration. A deſcendant of that General's (called Nero's half brother in Iſaacſon's Chronology) *Serenus* Granus, wrote about the year 127 ſo excellent an apology for the poor Chriſtians, that Adrian had thoughts of building them a church, but ſuffered other occupations to intervene. Meanwhile Anacletus had prohibited, in Trajan's time, that any biſhop ſhould wear long curling hair, as did the gay young Romans, upon which the clergy were ſoon diſtinguiſhed by a *tonſure*; and Alexander I., ſtyled by his own deſcretary *Archbiſhop* of Rome, inſtituted holy water for purification of thoſe who ſhould come unprepared to church; ſome ſalt was added in a natural ſpirit of imitation; the luſtral water had ſalt mixed with it. By his command, likewise, water was mixed with wine in the ſacrament, moſt probably becauſe from our Redeemer's ſide flowed blood and water. This hapleſs primate was martyr'd, contrary to Government's intent, during ſome accidental abſence of the Emperor; who now cauſed Pompey's tomb to be repaired, ſet up an honorary remembrance of Epaminondas in the plains of Mantinæa, and erected for his own the Moles Adriani, now Caſtle St. Angelo;—whiſt Sixtus I. in thankfulneſs to heaven for that remiſſion of miſery which our church enjoyed, ſung the Trifagion, or hymn, of Holy! Holy! Holy Lord God of Sabaoth! in open day; and ſent public miſſionaries into Gaul for conversion of proſelytes, at which the court connived. Ill health now ſtopt the ſovereign's further travels, yet would he not yield to its enfeebling power: he ſtill, as uſual, bathed in a crowd of people, where he one day perceived a poor old



old soldier (whom he had formerly observed in his own legion) now so friendless, as to have no one to perform for him the common office of a bathing guide, to scrape or curry his back, as it was then the mode, so that he was obliged to rub himself against the wall, as beasts do. Adrian, who recollected both his person and good services, asked him the reason why? 'Tis, said the soldier, Sir, because I have no servant. The Emperor immediately sent him three slaves, and a small pension to maintain them. Such an action soon drew its natural consequences; for fashions alter, but human nature is the same. Numberless old men took the same method of obtaining notice from so charitable a Prince. Our Spaniard, not duped however, nor as it appears much disgusted by such conduct, quietly provided those fellows each a *strigil*, and laughingly advised them *to curry one another*.\* It was time though to be serious. Many disorders gathering round his constitution, he had, some months before the time we treat of, adopted Lucius Verus Commodus, who died before his friend, leaving an infant son. Of this man nothing is I think recorded, but that he lay on mattresses of roses, rendered elastic by their quantity and number; and that he first brought up the custom of making footmen run before a carriage. Those destined for his use were boys, eminent in personal beauty, dressed like the four winds, and their Lord called them *Volanti*—they were so dressed at Rome when I was there, and called so then. Adrian next sought an heir among the Stoics, though he himself and his immediate favourites were of the Epicuræan school. His last selection lighted on the man, whose pure morality casts that of every other monarch into shade; and fearful lest death should rob the Romans soon of such a parent, he wished him to entail the succession on still further; then, having provided posterity with the protection of the Antonines, retired to Baïæ, consulting his health only. In that

\* The operation of champooing, in the east, seems another manner of producing a like effect.

delightful retreat it was, that he composed the well-known lines addressed to his departing soul; and as he had lived a philosopher, desired to die a poet.\* His last act of authority almost, was shipping off incredible numbers of Jewish captives into Spain, where they subsisted by working in the gold and silver mines, both in the character of labourer and trader, till some time about the year 1500 they were expelled either by Ferdinand or Emanuel. A *Retrospect* of that peculiar circumstance is useful, to elucidate the cause of jealousy which Spaniards have been always apt to display, concerning the antiquity of their own families; of which the true source is, fear lest they should be suspected of sharing this old Jewish, or else Moorish blood. When Sancho is asked about his master's genealogy, *De los Christianos mas viejos*, is his reply. That country, which was to Italy in Adrian's time what Mexico has since been to all Europe, afforded no ill-devised retreat to Hebrew avarice and genius for mean traffic; but one wonders why those mines should now rest quiet, whence Pliny says 20,000 pounds weight of gold were annually received at Rome. There is indeed a tradition, that the shepherds who kept goats in Galicia or Asturia, having made a fire to burn some stubbed rosemary, never could quench it; and having often tried, left it at length to end as chance directed; the fire then catching volcanic matter, fused all the metal by its violence, and carried away to sea. Some rivulets there, as in Peru, are now called *Lavaderos*, from having washed ores and minerals in their stream: some grains of gold are yet to be found too; but they consider the mines as ruined by some accident, and can relate none but this. Titus Antoninus meanwhile, so justly surnamed Pius,

\* Animula vagula blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca!  
Pallidula rigida nudula,  
Nec ut soles dabis joca.

Gentle Soul! a moment stay,  
Whither wouldst thou wing thy way?  
Cheer once more thy house of clay,  
Once more prattle and be gay:  
See thy fluttering pinions play—  
Gentle Soul, a moment stay!

the

the successor of Adrian, and the sixteenth emperor of Rome, fought for no treasures, except in his own heart; desired no conquests, unless over himself; no wars, but with those appetites and passions, which however he wished not to annihilate but to restrain; inasmuch as they lead men to heroic actions, while under the dominion and guidance of that reason which, as heaven's last, best gift, this wise and virtuous Prince misused not in subtle disputations or rhetorical flowers, but exercised in a perpetual attention to his duty, in an active and paternal care of that state he was called to command—preferring, on all occasions, modesty to wit; well-judged beneficence, to ostentatious display of sentiment. In proof of his liberality, he gave up, on his accession, the immense civil list appointed for the maintenance of imperial splendour; desiring to live frugally, after the old Roman fashion, with one woman only, his wife, the first Faustina; depending on his own superior merit to awe that world which he disdained to dazzle. But, though he encouraged learned men, particularly Appollonius Chalcedicus, his tutor, though he rewarded Justin, and received, well pleased, the dedication of his epitome; he considered goodness as much nearer in claim for favours, than either personal prowess or mental endowment. He would rather hear, he said, of one citizen saved, than of a thousand enemies destroyed. In his uncommon character was verified the saying of that sage, who pronounced her the best woman of whom least could be said out of her own house—while it is the reign of Titus that we are told, affords of all others the fewest materials for history. In his day Lent was first instituted, as an observation of our church; Telesphorus chanted the *Gloria in Excelsis*; and Hyginus, a Greek by birth, called himself *Pope*. His successor, a native of Aquileia, consecrated Christian virgins, in imitation of the vestals revered by Pagan superstition: their having been priests to some heathen deity themselves, before conversion, might lead their thoughts perhaps in the same track. I take the commonly accepted chronology, and will not lose my time to prove or disavow it. Many mistakes have been made by the wisest, concerning

concerning the years when such events befell; and we are now at such enormous distance, that *Retrospection* may easily be deceived. Remoteness has the same effect upon the mind as on the eye; and as the traveller to Italy looks back from the first heights of Savoy he has climbed, and sees the fertile provinces of France approximated by the eminence from which he views them; the Rhone contracted, till he cries with Dyer,

A step, methinks, might pass the stream;  
So little distant dangers seem.

So feels the reader of this trifling summary. But let him, like the traveller, feel good-humoured too, and so amused by the variety of objects, as not to quarrel with the glass he sees them through. Much has been said by authors about Quintilian, and whether he lived now or long before; but there were three of the same name and family, and all supremely eminent for talents. He who said, *Natura nos ad mentem optimam genuit*, must, one would think, have lived under the Antonines. But if the baptismal font was in their day, though not by their desire, erected to purify mankind from that original and native sin, of which even they, transcendent creatures as they were, had sure a taint; we must remember that Crescens and Cerdon \* flourished in that century, and Apuleius wrote his Golden Ass. He wrote, beside, a pretty allegorical fable of Cupid and Psyche, in which the theory of man's fall and restoration are elegantly alluded to, with embellishments both from the true and false religions; but Apuleius had been much among the Platonists, who mysticized every thing. Marino hands down the same tale to modern times; Moliere took it from Marino, and I have myself seen it represented in a pantomime ballet. Diogenes Laertius gave to mankind the lives of the philosophers during that century; whence Menage's notes grew up in France, and Stanley's

\* Two notorious heretics.

folio in Great Britain. Ptolemy too attracted notice from the world in those days; and if his new invented system was not better than that in use before, it had at least the merit of more deep research. The old hypothesis however, gained more lasting praise, protracted through Pythagoras, Copernicus, and Newton; but *Almagest*, so the Arabians afterwards called the Ptolomæan labours when digested, continued the contest many years. This writer drew from Egypt his skill in the science of astrology. The *rainbow* and *dove*, symbols of peace since Noah left the ark, were known by familiar names at Alexandria: Cleopatra's maids were called Charmion\* and Iras, even in Mark Antony's time; and the favourite hieroglyphics which those names denote, the dove and rainbow, may this day be seen on the great obelisk brought by Caligula (chiefly for that reason, I believe) to Rome. Egyptian superstitions obtained exceedingly among the emperors. Adrian had one room filled with their deities; and Caligula had once a mind to massacre the Roman senate, quit his country, and make himself a god in Alexandria, where, as they worshipt crocodiles, says Crevier, they might perhaps have worshipt *him*. But we proceed to the progress of science; for Jamblicus, in the second century, wrote his *Babylonica* so much praised, so famously abridged, and now so completely forgotten: and Galen, called to Rome upon an illness of the *young* Faustina, daughter to Titus, and lately married with his adopted heir, left it no more, till every effort had been vainly tried to detain the invaluable life of Antoninus Pius, whose purity of morals, integrity of heart, and spontaneous liberality, gave his subject world a constant and almost a perfect example of consummate virtue for twenty years together: the greatest stretch of it was, perhaps, the adoption of Aurelius, in compliance to the will of the deceased Adrian, and the desired benefit of all mankind; in opposition to parental feeling, and the warm wish, which he forbore to gratify, of making the purple hereditary, by leaving it his own two sons. It was by *their* hands, however, that the dying Emperor sent the

\* Charmion means dove, and Iras is Iris still.

little golden image of good fortune to his beloved Faustina and her husband ; commending it *to their* bed's head, as it had always stood up at his own. The new Cæsar hastened to receive his sovereign's last command, and took upon himself to soothe those justly afflicted multitudes who lamented the death of their common parent and benefactor, with piercing shrieks along the streets of Rome.

Historians have observed how the different characters or modifications of excellence prevailed in the first kings of that amazing nation; and how the opposition visible in the manners of Romulus and Numa, of Tullus Hostilius, and Ancus Martius, promoted sensibly the general good, and matured the state's prosperity. A like variety, for spring and autumn have a strong resemblance ; may be said to present itself to readers who contemplate the dispositions of gentle Nerva, and of warlike Trajan ; the steady and domestic habits of frugality practised by grave and pious Antonine, who never slept but two nights from his palace ; and the high-polished elegance of travelled Adrian, whose voyages and remarks would of themselves create a useful volume ; but it is less difficult to discriminate the virtues of the good emperors, than it is to separate the vices of the bad ones. These last are really so much alike, I never know which reign I have been reading, except by some trait more of the author than the man described. A modern writer says the reason is this, " Virtue has proportions, but vice has none." When in his Paul et Virginie, the old man teaches a young solitary what passes in social life ; the boy is at no loss while they are speaking of good people, but soon as he begins upon the wicked ones, what could they mean by acting so ? says Paul ; I do not understand you. Our *retrospective* eye may now repose on the great successor of these great princes, who uniting every quality that can adorn a throne, with every virtue that exalts humanity, has left the reign of Aurelius a finished model for all future monarchs. Such were the barriers lent by heaven awhile, to stop the progress of decay ; yet all they did, and all they suffered to support an empire, already grown unwieldy

unwieldy with age, and tottering under the weight of ills brought on by a too rapid influx of wealth, and a too wide dilatation of power, evinces that they lived in ancient Rome's autumnal day, when full repletion sinks into satiety, and the broad sun, though rich and radiant, sets at an early hour, leaving the sad horizon black with thick gathering clouds, that seem to presage a rough and stormy night. How, indeed, could it be otherwise, when pleasure was so completely considered as the sole business of the Senate's care; that when Aurelius went out to war, he said to them, I go to relieve Rome from all solicitude; attend to your amusements, frequent your circus, let all anxiety be mine alone; think you of self gratification only. His colleague, Lucius Verus, was indeed willing to push such permission as far as it would go; for having thought it indispensable to associate *him* because Adrian had chosen his father for a successor, and had recommended the boy to Pius and himself; the present Emperor found much embarrassment from a companion, whose manners were in every way a contrast to his own. Many schemes of public benefit being frustrated by one, who, with equal power, used it so perversely, poisoning by his pernicious example the conduct of those whom his virtuous partner was studious to reform; among the rest Lucilla, daughter to our philosophic Marcus, but disposed to resemble her husband, not her father, who had vainly hoped that marriage might perhaps reclaim them both, and tame a silly spirit of frolic gaiety, which overleapt all bounds of duty and decorum. Thus was renowned Aurelius, an example of *his* assertion, who so seldom erred in knowledge of life, or precepts of morality,\* when he tells us that "as it is always less difficult to do evil than good; although the wisdom or virtue of an individual can very rarely make many happy, yet may the folly or wickedness of a single mind serve easily to make all around him wretched." Whilst, therefore, one sovereign meritoriously fought only to exhibit in his own conduct a pattern for posterity to follow,

\* Dr. Johnson.

though ever at an immeasurable distance; and the other as incessantly displayed mischievous pranks, of easier imitation and stronger allurements; the wiser part of the world saw its approaching change. Cities sprung up in regions remote from common observation, and *Frankfort* upon the Oder, was the work of Gauls; who wished to perpetuate in that town's appellation, the memory of their favourite general, Francus, so called because he freed them from Augustus Cæsar's yoke, who permitted the family to take on them a name, by which they are now but too well known, over the four continents; and Turks seem even yet to fancy all Christians originally sprung from *France*. 'Till the time of Octavius, part of what we now call so, seems to have been denominated *Sicambria*, from *Cambria*, wife of Antenor, son to the first Marcomir. Her name was probably Gomaria, Gomrah, Camrah, Cambria, from the great fountain of Teutonic families. Some of the French yet retain words from the Welch, or *Cambrian* language. The inhabitants of Bas Bretagne understand a native of Anglesea or Caernarvonshire, at the hour I am writing, and comprehend us when we say *ycymrodorion*, in English, *countrymen*; or rather *gomerodorion*, meaning brothers, descended from one stock *Gomer*. Brandenburg likewise before this time had reared his gloomy front, and Brando, their chief, set up that strange thing in the street which stood there safe towards fifteen years ago; of black basalt it seemed, its size colossal; I could get no one to tell me what it meant. The Germans had no cities in Tacitus's time, but Marpurg now called itself capital of the Cattiens; and *Castellum* has yet scarce sunk in the word Cassel, its ancient appellation. Horrid concussions too shook the wide empire on its eastern side, and a portentous inundation of old Tyber frightening the metropolis, left behind it a dangerous contagion. But Lucius Verus at length falling a sacrifice to his own mad excesses, left his colleague unfettered and active to provide for all. Descended from Numa, he like him delighted in all the tranquil and domestic virtues; soon by adoption to Antoninus Pius, he desired like him the civic crown rather



ther than the laurel ; but the late Emperor's pacific temper produced some consequent vexations to Aurelius. Nor squeezed for tribute by the hand of power, nor crushed and trodden by the foot of despotism ; the barbarous nations grew more insolent : while a revolt in Britain, and a still more formidable rebellion against the Emperor in Parthia, forced out those talents for military glory which had till then, by his own wish, remained unknown. *They* succeeded however, and *he* returned in triumph to his capital : where the fine statue of him still remained in the year 1786, sublime in princely beauty ; displaying still that dignity of character which language labours vainly to express, and setting before us the majestic warrior, of whom those who have only read his acts in story, form a too faint idea. And now believing that one of his most signal victories had been won by the vast efforts of his Christian regiment, called on that great occasion *Legio Fulminatrix*, he listened the more willingly to Melito's apology, and seemed disposed rather to encourage than oppress a faith he could not prevail upon himself to embrace. The cruelties exercised on Polycarp, however, were truly dreadful, and his endurance of them preternaturally, perhaps, heroic. When urged to renounce our Saviour, these 86 years (said he) do I serve him ; and I pray you bind me not to the stake, for what you have power to inflict, that will he give me strength to bear. Away with the impious ! exclaimed the proud Proconsul ; away with the impious ! replied the half-consumed Christian from his flames ; and if great Aurelius, when he heard the tale, was moved to pity such behaviour, and to say that no more of that sect should be punished for their opinions—Jortin need not have wondered so, or tried to teach the Emperor four words, in which he might have comprised with neatness the intent of his decree.\* Marcus Aurelius must have understood Latin as well as Dr.

\* *Nolumus Christianos amplius vexari*, are the words of our Doctor's prescriptive Latin. Marcus Aurelius seems fated to occasion offence to modern pedantry. It was the sport of the French wits to plague Monsieur and Madame Dacier, by saying, Ay, ay, your Marcus Aurelius was a fine man ; but by whose order was it that the saints were martyred at Lyons ?—to see the comical rage into which they both would fly, particularly the lady.—Vide all the French *Anas*.

Jortin, we'll suppose, but retaliation *was the way* in those days ; and when the prince permitted resistance, he knew his own people would torment them no more. He therefore wrote, to assure his too zealous governours, that if they persisted in disturbing innocent men concerning crimes themselves scarcely pretended to understand, their bodies should be condemned to bear the pains that their severity should insist on. New wars and new commotions meantime calling him out once more to defend the limits of an empire, exposed to hourly encroachments, and grieving his good spirit with the thoughts of obligation to lay on fresh taxes, he disposed of the imperial jewels for the payment of his troops, having reduced his own establishment even to a primitive simplicity—'spite of the Empress's extravagant desires, which, though supposed by all to have brought false heirs to his crown and dignity, he suffered not to disturb the public welfare. As daughter to Titus he deified her when she died ; nor would suffer any one's information to cause a word between them during the life of her, through whom he became the son of Antoninus Pius. Her genius for expence required his tightest curb, and something from the civil list was still reserved too for the reward of useful talents ; witness Polyenus, the Macedonian, who for eight books, containing an account of nine thousand stratagems employed in the art of war, received a royal present. Casaubon bought the Greek copies many ages after, and I myself saw them advertised in English not seven years ago.

Such was the uniform excellence of this sovereign, that the commonwealth seemed revived under his administration ; which always left the senate (as of old) to determine without appeal, and certain of their preference in all matters of moment, he chose rather to guide their councils by influence of his superior intellect, than to rule their determinations by dint of acknowledged authority. In return for such admirable, such exemplary conduct, the Fathers decreed him an enemy to the state, whose house should be found without a picture or statue  
of

of their divine Marcus Aurelius; and it was *then* first settled to a common proverb—

*Libertas nunquam clarior extat quam sub rege pio.\**

Speed says that a Christian king at this time ruled in Britain; but Speed is hasty in his firm assertion, for Lucius, whom he speaks of, the Emperor's colleague, had long been dead, and never was baptized. Yet that there was a king Lucius many old ballads attest, and he, perhaps, hearing of the miracle shewn before two armies in favour of our faith, might possibly desire and receive baptism. Pope Eleutherius is said, at his request, to have sent over missionaries here; who, some think, founded our first bishop's sees, where the Arch-Flamens before them resided; at London, metropolis of Britannia prima; at York, the capital of Maxima Cæsariensis, and at Caerleon-upon-Urke, in Wales, chief city of Britannia secunda. Papal command near the same time prohibited the superstitious refusal of any thing that was man's meat, and a church was built in Cornhill dedicated to St. Peter. Meanwhile Rome's bravest General, yet unfatigued, pursued his conquests over the barbarians, which, like hydra's heads, rose in still greater numbers to his sword; and having left a set of political lectures behind him with the senate, for whose use they were composed, and who, when listening to his last directions, interrupted them only by tears of anxiety or acclamations of rapture—he quitted Italy and returned to it no more; catching a scarlet fever from some prisoners in Pannonia, where the physicians, see'd by Commodus, took care he never should recover. Suffering, however, no dangers to controul his truly intrepid spirit, no sorrows to awaken his stoical tranquillity, internal peace contemning outward ills, beamed on his serene majestic countenance, till this fresh proof of his young successor's depravity; *then* the son's crime forced

\* An adage Claudian consigned to poetical remembrance, by adaptation, many ages after.—*Nunquam libertas gratior exstat quam sub rege pio.*

from the dying patriot a groan of anguish—To what a guide, said he, I leave the world! and died. When Phœbus could but with difficulty poise the seat indeed, well might light Phaeton fall headlong from the car. The Roman power shewed evident symptoms of incipient decay: corruption could no longer be restrained, whilst opulence flowed in with every tide, and vice as certainly sapped the now-softened foundations of a structure, battered by invaders from undiscovered regions, and barbarous multitudes who fought but to devour and destroy. Commodus cared little for their acts or their intentions. Herodian describes, with great spirit, the boyish haste he made to get to Rome, where his uncommon beauty secured him admiration. Effeminate and gay, he soon dismissed his father's musty counsellors; furnished his imperial house with six hundred human creatures devoted to his pleasure; powdered his own fine auburn hair with gold dust, to encrease its brilliancy; spent on his toilet, in ten weeks, more than his predecessor's whole establishment had cost the public in the last ten years; and took arms in his white hand only to kill wild beasts withal—a diversion that displayed his elegance of mien and accuracy of eye, and in which he was eminently skilful, cutting off the necks of ostriches as they ran swiftly round the arena, with arrows curiously constructed and headed with a half-moon. It seems as if tyranny and archery had some unaccountable connection: not only this Emperor but Domitian was surprizingly certain of his aim; and it had been his sport to make a child stand with his little fingers stretched open against a wall, and then stick a dart between every two of them, shot from prodigious distance. The story of William Tell preserves the memory of our last renowned Toxophilite and tyrant of modern times: there was an intermediate tale of the same kind told somewhere about the tenth century; and our ballads celebrate *their* William of Cloudesclie for the same act of heroic skill. Truth is, historians serve the dish up again and again, and one fact gains belief in very separate ages. Philip of Macedon pushed away a woman who was troublesome to him with some petition,

tion, as he journeyed along: Be not our king then, if you will not hear us, replied the woman: the monarch then granted her request.

Augustan History relates this of Adrian, and it was told me for a truth, at Vienna, of Joseph II. Query, Was it ever true at all? One thing is sure, however, that the church of Christ gained firmness under the reign of this light-hearted profligate, whose best praise is, that he first instituted a company of corn merchants for the prevention of famine at Rome, where a medal, still extant, was struck on the occasion; Africa presenting the Emperor with ears of wheat, and a Greek inscription, that all were happy under the reign of Commodus; who, among his numerous new titles, took the name of Fælix, and says he would renew the golden age. This sovereign erred less through malice than mere wantonness; and when he slit an old senator's ear, under pretence of having his hair cut fashionably, we must needs know that half Eton school would play the same trick, were they, like *this* boy, invested with illimitable power. Making Aurelius's worthy old præfect dance naked among his young concubines, and letting them hoot and ridicule, and at length throw him in the mote to feed tame lampreys, was a *little worse*.—That poor fellow found his *no* golden age. Oppian the poet, in these times, projected his well-known poem on the Chace, as likely to recommend him to Commodus's favour, who was so successful in the destruction of wild beasts; he afterwards dedicated it to Caracalla, the dreadful hunter, whose chief game was man; while Julius Pollux composed his Onomasticon, of which Pinnelli possessed a fine edition, A. D. 1780; and some Slavonian tribes laid the first stones of Utrecht. Nor were the schools of religion or learning discouraged, though whim, and gaiety, and silly pranks were all the Emperor thought of. In order to support such profuseness, all places of trust were set to sale, and treasures quite inconceivable were lavished upon the Prince's dissolute companions; among whom all his sisters were comprized, except Lucilla, widow of Lucius Verus: *her* husband, a Roman senator of ancient mould, and friend  
to

to philosophic Marcus, refused her company to Commodus's command; the next day, of course, saw him and his wife expire upon a scaffold.

Lightning now struck the capitol at Rome, and the great library collected by Adrian, of immense value, was burned to the ground. Two thousand people died in one circle of twenty-four hours, from a new pestilence, caused by the heat and crowd in this thick-thronged metropolis. Plagues raged at home, and famines wasted the *limits* of the empire; whilst the young sovereign, intent on a new frolic, purposed to fence naked in the amphitheatre, and there exhibit his symmetric form to forty thousand admirers at once. This shameless project, this unheard-of folly, revolted the delicacy of his most favoured *female*, Marcia; and prompted her to represent the meanness of such conduct, in terms her uncontradicted paramour was little likely to forgive. He wrote her name on the dead list immediately: but a fondled baby picking up the paper as he played about the apartments, and bringing it the lady by mere chance; she resolved to prevent her own death by her master's; and easily engaging his chamberlains' assistance, who saw themselves marked down with her for execution—threw her zone round his undefended neck while bathing, and, helped by two assassins, soon destroyed a prince who, had he met with any other death, had scarce deserved compassion. Commodus seems to have approached modern exuberance more than any other sovereign we have mentioned yet; he had a genius for mechanic arts. Unlike Flavius Vespasian, to whom, when some one presented a machine for useful purposes, the Emperor saw him rewarded, and the mechanism burnt; for how, said he, must my subjects live by labour, if all their work is to be done by engines? On the contrary, *this* youth, elaborately voluptuous, gave immense sums to the inventors of umbrella chariots, which, I believe, had springs to them besides. When Pertinax afterwards made a sale of his effects, the people, lost as they were to virtue (say historians), were ashamed to buy. Thus in this heedless, though flagitious

reign,

reign, more evil of every sort had been disseminated, that the past five-score years of excellence could counteract: nor were his successors, ephemeron monarchs, likely to support the dignity of that dominion which dropt from the hands of five or six pretenders in course of only eight months. Though this much must be said for Pertinax, that he had been a senator, a præfect, and a commissary; had taught language in the schools, and carried colours in the field; had suffered hardships without complaint, and acquired rank without meanness of solicitation; yet, though a man of incomparable understanding, stiled by his intimates the tennis-ball of fortune, and earnest to shew she had at length been just; his name would never have descended to posterity, had he not worn the purple eighty-six days, and seen it torn from him on the eighty-seventh, with life, which he valued less—for no fault he had committed, or was even suspected of. Mean Didius, who had bought the seat of rule with money, parted from it, as might be expected, with more reluctance, like a miser from his hoard; which Niger arrived not at possessing, till after the British and eastern generals had for a while disputed the dangerous pre-eminence. Accident, concurring with the spirit of riot and impetuosity that now determined every great event, placed Septimus Severus on the throne. The reins of government were held with difficulty even by this active and vigilant commander, *Verè Pertinax, Verè Severus*, as he was called; who saw astonished, new tokens of rebellion mark various parts of the tumultuous world; and had the affliction to use, in his own camp, coins with effigies of Donald, king in Scotland. Harassed on every side by a variety of opponents, who, though often conquered to outward appearance, were never—*never* again completely subdued in reality; and, more attentive to retain the sovereignty for himself and his two sons, than to support the authority of the parent country over nations rising in resistance every hour; the gout seized and confined him to a painful bed at York, when some flatterer expressing surprisè that he could rule so vast an extent of dominion, being so lame, sick,

and unwieldy—I manage the empire, said Severus, with my head, and, tender as they be, I will yet strive to keep it down with my feet. The gout however laying hold upon a vital part, he died here in the north of England, where he had long kept a sort of court, in order to be near at hand in case of any disturbance from the Gauls: and though an indefatigable general, eminent for the necessary virtues of soldier-like courage and manly fortitude, he felt in death the imperial power crumbling from his throne, a seat more highly raised than deeply fixed in his day; not as it stood in time of Augustus Cæsar, to all appearance rooted in a firm and seemingly immoveable stability. Two hundred years about this time elapsing since our religion first was founded, the *retrospective* eye rests for a moment upon St. Irenæus's martyrdom, and will observe Origen, surnamed Adamantius, adding new lustre to his great profession, while the warm eloquence of bold Tertullian\* enforced those truths which neither heresy could choke, nor persecution kill; though controversy raged between the eastern and the western church with a degree of violence incredible. One may observe, indeed, that early discussions in faith or politics add energy and strength both to the church and state. When both are founded safely howsoever, he is the greatest blockhead who disturbs them, and tries to raise a dangerous fermentation; but when decay begins to *taint*, or atrophy to *numb* their constitution, talking their merits and their faults again over, revives a latent spark once more perhaps, and animates them to a longer continuance.

\* Of Tertullian's eloquence, suffice the fine allusion to Christ's miracle, when sleeping in the little ship betossed with storms—he waked, rebuked the winds, and there was a great calm. So, says the orator, 'tis with our Christian Church, beaten by persecution's roughest waves. Let but our Redeemer arise and speak the word, all shall at once be still. The affinity this has to Horace's ode, "Oh navis refert in mare, &c." is surely no discredit to the passage; yet says Balzac, "On appelle obscur ce génie énorme; il faut pourtant avouer que l'obscurité de Tertullien comme le noirceur de l'ébène jette un grand éclat." It is natural for Balzac to like Tertullian.



## CHAP. III.

## FROM CARACALLA TO THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER SEVERUS.

## FIRST PORTION OF THE THIRD CENTURY.

WE still are chained to biographic anecdotes, few general facts occurring in these times on which to fix our *retrospective* glass, through which indeed the Goths are seen dividing on each side the Weser, then Visurgis; and called *Eastphalians* and *Westphalians* for that cause—while the Jews closed the book they called the Talmud, and Christians openly and without fear celebrated the day the Saviour of our world was born. Of politics, as of an art, little can be predicated, while to the care of one mind only the great and general whole was seen committed. Mankind had hitherto been influenced to good or ill chiefly by the example set them by their rulers,\* on whose immediate fiat all depended; nor did the best among them spend much time in making laws which the next sovereign's lips could on the instant abrogate or confirm. The *lex talionis* was their best standard of moral rectitude; and when Augustus, supping with a senator, had seen him enraged against a slave for breaking one of the glasses that they drank out of, he watched how far passion would lead the man, resolved to make him suffer the next day, and see how he should like retaliation. But when the poor slave was flung out of the window by his master's order, the Emperor chose not to go so far, but sent an officer early the

\* Cassiodorus, two hundred and fifty years after *this* period, says,

Facilius errare naturam est, quam principem formare  
Rempublicam dissimilem sibi.

next morning to break every glass in this senatorial house; a punishment that makes a modern reader laugh. Nor could Aurelius manage any better, although his must have really been a faultless character, could he have prevailed upon himself to have set worthless Commodus aside. But if he fell in the snare of fondness for his son, how must mankind agree in condemnation of mean, self-interested Severus' cares, when dying, he advised his boys to love each other, to revere his memory, to pay their soldiers well, and laugh at all the world besides. Such counsels sure almost deserved what followed; when the monster Caracalla, soon as his father died, pursued into the weeping widow's arms his brother Geta, whom he murdered there, forcing the affrighted parent not long after into an impious marriage with himself; and erasing every *alto rilievo* in Rome, erected to perpetuate remembrance of him who had shared the pleasures of his childhood. The *arca degl' orifici* remains even now a monument of this unnatural hatred, which the inhabitants of Alexandria, with more indignation than it was prudent to express, ventured to ridicule, and when the Emperor came there in progress, *Œdipus* and *Jocasta* was acted for his entertainment—a jest, said he, for which I will soon make their boasted river run red to the sea with blood. Nor was he backward to execute the apparently exaggerated menace: when the next night the theatre was opened, a band of soldiers watched the audience out, and murdered, without sparing age or sex, all who had seen the luckless representation. When it is reflected on, that these old theatres held from four to five thousand souls at once, we wonder not that such tyrannic measures soon taught the terrified subjects a new lesson; they hastened to take out the name of Geta from medals, coins, &c. nay even from the comedies of Terence, substituting quickly some other in its room; nor dared a private man, making his will, bequeath a legacy to one who bore it. Yet could not Caracalla, though temperate in his diet, and delighting in rough exercise, drive from his anxious mind the horrors of a wild distempered fancy: the figure of his father still pursued

fued him, and still the figure cried, *Omnia fui, nihil expedit*. Now, of his brother's partizans and friends fell twenty thousand in one night at Rome: all who had ever served him as domestics, all houses where he ever visited, were marked; yet, spite of all that murder, all that massacre, some courage and some virtue yet remained. The stoic advocate Papinian, commanded to plead in public, and assert the necessity of Geta's death, refused to do so—offering his head to the executioner, who cut it instantly away, after having heard him observe only, that it was easier for an emperor to commit fratricide than for professors of the law to justify it. Helvetius Pertinax too, son of the momentary monarch, hearing how the name of Parthicus had been decreed to Caracalla, for some advantages gained by gross treachery over Artabanes, said, that he thought the appellation *Geticus* might not be much amiss (there were a barbarous people called the Getae), and for that witticism he was content to lose his life. And now his favourite female was no more, who partly had restrained this rage for blood; the lumbering dead-cart, as in days of pestilence, knocked nightly at some senatorial gate, demanding victims to his fell revenge; who, after burning Aristotle's books, and putting down all schools throughout the empire; after having long deserved and secretly received the title opposite to that of Titus, accursed of all mankind; was at last assassinated by command of Macrinus the provost, who succeeded him, and reigned a year and half. He was lamented by his soldiers however, who loved a hard hand and a generous purse, and despised effeminacy more than they feared inexorable strictness. The physicians no doubt thought his death *their* release: when teased by sickness upon some occasion he had ordered three of them for execution, because, he said, they did not cure him sooner, who never retarded the success of medicine by habits of intemperance; his passion for the memory of Alexander was supposed to have inspired him with some of these freaks. A man at Rome pleaded a cause of property before him: Who are you? said the Emperor.—A Macedonian, Cæsar.—And your father's name?—

Philip.

Philip. He raised that fellow to the rank of prætor, and gave his competitor's fortunes into his hand. The son, says he, of Philip of Macedon, shall never acknowledge a conqueror. In these days the village of Emmaus, celebrated in sacred writ from our Saviour's appearing there after his resurrection, was made into a city by the Emperor's command, and called Nicopolis, in honour of a victory over the barbarians: that name remains to it still. Of this unrelenting Prince it is observed, that all his busts and statues have a mean character. Though not deformed, he was particularly ugly; and when Italians employed to shew foreigners the curiosities of Rome, clap a round English hat upon his head, as they delight exceedingly to do, he looks like Tom Nero in Hogarth's prints, called the Four Stages of Cruelty. Meanwhile it signified every day less and less *who* was created emperor. Severus was an African, Macrinus was a Moor; and since the noblest Roman had taken on himself the character of gladiator, the gladiators might, with not much less propriety, aspire to the first offices of the state. When high-born Commodus publicly took his title of Secutor, and fought to engage the Retiarius on a common stage, reminding men of his mother's passion for a prize-fighter, perpetuated by still existing statues of Faustina and her lover, with the insignia of Mars and Venus; disgracing the purple was no more a term, and it was of smaller consequence who wore it. Sciences too seemed to have past their acme; and as the people grew slavish they grew dull. Critics accuse their best historians of growing prolix and languid; and though Dion does certainly describe the dreadful eruption of Mount Vesuvius with much spirit, having himself heard, even to Capua, the hollow presaging roar, by which was followed an almost unexampled burst from the mountain; we find convulsions of the state told tamely, either spun out in tedious cold narration, or broken into points equally ill-placed, by a puerile desire of becoming brilliant, which are as often blunted too by native inspidity. The fifth edition of the Bible, commonly called the Vulgate, I believe, was about this time found near to

Jericho,

Jericho, hid in an empty wine cask : church-yards were consecrated for Christian burying-places ; Zephirinus, a Roman Pope, made the communion chalice *glass*, which had till then been wood, and his successor, Calixtus, ordered ember days to prepare clergy before their ordination. He forbade marriage to the fourth degree. These anecdotes we have from Platina and others, but that Caracalla was the man mentioned in Ossian's poems, as *Caracul*, son to the King of the world, merits, as the phrase is, confirmation.

It is certain that the old records of our modern nations are enveloped in mist, like the grey dawn when it rises slow and sad from behind the mountains of Morna ; when, feeble and blind, the bard listens to the wind as it drives on a low-hung cloud, and voices are heard above. Dark among wintery storms, and difficult to understand are the tales of other times, while the echoing stream of Duvranno seeks the black-rolling sea, leaving no trace of the poet's pride. Macpherson is gone, and Johnson went before him ; and to ascertain the authenticity of Fingal, men of less genius than they were, must be left. If Scotland did *then* produce heroes and bards, it is strange that we should read of them as cannibals in Campden or Ammianus Marcellinus, two hundred years after Caracul is mentioned : but different districts might have different manners, and barbarism *might* return again whence it had once been driven. It is strange too, that the Caledonians should call this Emperor by a soubriquet, when Bassianus was his real name, and Antonine his assumed one. *That* appellation now went forward as the name Augustus had done before, expressing the greatest honour a subject world could confer upon its prince. The silky Syrian of Emesa, indeed, who, when Macrinus dashed himself headlong from his car in desperation, for the death of his only son, mounted the seat of power at thirteen years of age, despised all nominal distinctions, except that of his own god Elagabalus Thammuz I believe ; or Adonis, whose absence was wept by women, with a thousand strange polluted mysteries shewn in vision to Ezekiel. The scholiast upon Pindar says, that the sun was of old called a stone, and Anaxagoras

goras of Clazomenæ had prophesied, that a stone should fall from the sun; *betros* or *petros* was shown as the very stone; perhaps by analogy or by corruption, *petra* at length was name for any stone: there was a prohibition given the early profelytes to Christianity no more—*ad petras vota reddere*: be this as it may, Rome saw astonished her new sovereign bring his new deity, a great unformed stone, with triumph to their ancient capitol—backing the six milk white steeds that drew it in, for purpose of shewing the idol more respect. The people gazed, yet could not chuse but grieve to see the tutelar divinities of Rome neglected, while hecatombs were weekly offered to this eastern intruder, by a weak, vicious boy, dissolved in vice, who practised debaucheries of every sense, in every possible, every impossible mode, till folly failed, and slavery could supply no more. They would have sooner shewn their aversion to Elagabalus the priest, had they not feared to offend the god he brought with him: they recollected how the famous Cybele was fetched from Pessinus, during the second punic war, and supposed to bring happiness in her train; though, on arrival, she, like this new comer, was found to be only a large conical stone, called of the place she came from, Pessinuntia. Such was the image that *fell down* from Jupiter, the great Diana of the Ephesians—effect of a volcanic explosion probably, ill understood, and carried in the atmosphere to some spot where ignorance regarded it as an object of superstition. Shapeless stones had been set up for worship in several places, and called *Betylia*, probably from those the patriarch Jacob slept upon when on his journey to Syria. The event happening at *Bethel* confirms the idea by its etymology, and it was in all times a Syrian object of adoration. The Syrians of Emesa were Surians, Surus was the Sun, Dea Suria was Dea Solaris. This divinity ripened their gums, fruits, and spices; and its absence was mourned of course, though not of long continuance;\* it was sometimes god, sometimes goddess, but *Adonis* was

\* I thought it strange the Syrians *should* lament a loss so soon repaired: and Monsieur Bailly (as Sir William Jones tells us) said the same thing. Jones laughs at Bailly.

the person chiefly alluded to, favourite of *Venus*, and *Heliogabalus* we must acknowledge a proper priest for *him*, who instituted a senate-house for female debates, and entertained troops of bacchante girls and empty parasites, with feasts which cost sixty thousand guineas of our money each, for many nights together, making a hair-dresser head of the privy council, a dancing-boy præfect of the city, and at length, forming a procession through the degraded streets, drawn by four women, the most beautiful that could be found, in honour of an idol to which he sacrificed rarities of quite inordinate expence, while he himself and his immediate favourites were diverted by weighing the cobwebs of the capital, in order to judge the better of its population: Many of his tricks and whimsies are recorded—the dinner set for eight blind men, eight deaf, and eight so fat they could not sit at table, was given in the true spirit of licentious childhood, laughing at human infirmity; and possibly it might have been from his caprice of suffocating people with perfumes for sport, that modern ladies in Italy have such a dread of scented powder, and every kind of vegetable fragrance. Till his time sweets were fashionable in Rome; *Otho* had so flung perfumes about the chamber, when *Nero* dined with him, as to endanger his own safety from the tyrant who had esteemed himself happy in procuring a small phial of this inestimable odour, perhaps the now well-known otto of roses, extracted from those flowers in the east even then. The eating rooms, we know, were strewed with lilies, a very powerful and overbearing smell, and they sat with garlands of flowers on their heads at supper, throwing them into the bowl of wine for frolic and convivial merriment.

Those luxuries were driven down into fatuity by the weak head of

Bailly for fancying they worshipped fire most fervently in cold countries; he says, Calcutta is cold enough in some months; and that the tradition of a warrior bard, named *Antarah*, expiring upon a high mountain in Arabia, for want of warmth to drive the blood along, proves they had cause enough for lamentation, when *Thamuz*, or the sun, kept out of sight.

childish Heliogabalus, who, whilst his cooks invented a new fauce, more to the taste of the mad girls, his gay companions, forced them to live on that they sent up last, and saw that the command was obeyed even to rigour. Till tired, at length, with repeating tales true and false, concerning the marriage of this painted minion, who certainly did at the altar wed in a female dress his own he-slave, one Hierocles, who was called publicly the Empress's husband, by whom they said he was contented to be beaten too, that the wife's character might be completely acted; they massacred the effeminate voluptuary one day, under whose horse's feet they had strewn silver dust some weeks before, that he might tread more softly. With him his mother Soemis was killed, who held her darling clasped in her faithful arms, when the indignant soldiery, enraged at hearing he designed to take his cousin's life, young Alexander; set *him* upon the throne, and finished the fanatic revels of despicable superstition, by tying the silly priest and deity together, and throwing them into Tyber, where the black stone sunk the fair youth at once; leaving their common name to swim along the stream of time, with that of Sardanapalus their countryman, who died nine hundred or a thousand years before. Helvicus, the great theological professor, says, that the Targum of Jerusalem was compiled about this time; but Scaliger sets it earlier, and I suppose his is the least controvertible authority; he tells us, the Targumists *might* have seen Jesus Christ—if so, we are a century too forward here. The Targum was a collection of Chaldee paraphrases on the Old Testament; of which Fourmont has given a very curious extract; but *Retrospection* cannot turn aside, where learning calls, though loudly; our little book must gather common occurrences as it rushes on, and straws will stick sometimes instead of pearls. Meanwhile Baden was built in Germany, either by Septimius Severus, father to Caracalla, who had received benefit from the warm bathing there; or else by Alexander, kinsman, countryman, and successor to Elagabalus. These Syrian princes attracted the notice of a Roman camp



camp fixed at Emesa; and as they were nephews to Julia Donna, mother of murdered Geta, were deemed worthy of the imperial purple, which seldom descended on in the same family for any length of time. The emperors had seldom sons to live, or if they had, some accident almost perpetually intervened, that caused succession still to change its course, and this votary of soft Adonis was now no more. Those then who are skilled in the strange mechanism of the human mind, and tell us that every man, popularly speaking, would rather be called rogue than fool, may, from the horrible portraits preserved in this last chapter, deduce an observation not unlike it. 'Tis that the world seems to have felt more offence at having been, though but awhile, made miserably subservient to the gross appetites of brutal Vitellius, the wild caprice of mad Caligula, or the depraved wantonness of a wicked boy, their last contemptible ruler, than they appeared to feel under the iron sceptre of timid and inhuman Domitian; or when the stoutest heart palpitated with apprehension under the sanguinary reign of Caracalla, who, after his death, was quietly enrolled among the gods, whilst his young successor was tost into the river, as loathsome Vitellius had been long before. Like him too was he followed by an exemplary prince, whose purity of manners needed no contrast to set off its whiteness; on this luminous spot the eye of *Retrospection* rests delighted, and sees at length a worthy character gracing the seat where fate the half celestial Antonines; but Alexander Severus modestly declined a name no mortal should he said presume to accept, but who had first deserved it. The earliest step taken by him for that good purpose, was to separate the male and female bathers—a measure set on foot by Domitian, and perfected, in spite of resistance from the scoffers, by Adrian's desire of polishing his people. Till time of Elagabalus they had been kept apart; and his time was but short. All his extravagance, and all his folly, was compressed within the space of three years and ten months at most, from his ridiculous entry into the city with his idol, to the blest day, when the

Prætorian bands rescued his virtuous cousin from fears of execution, and invested *him* with the supreme command. His next care was to throw down the indecent statues set up by his lascivious predecessor, particularly one of exquisite workmanship and colossal size, representing Voluptas trampling Virtue under feet. An old Greek Jupiter and Leda was preserved, because of its uncommon excellence and smaller size; 'twas taken care of once again when Attila sacked Rome, and carried to Venice, where the tale was told me. An hospital was now set up, the first upon record, like our Asylum, meant to preserve the children of poor people from any necessity of their prostitution. Mammæa the queen mother, was made president—happy if her son's pious gentleness had carried filial consideration no further, than to have furnished her with means of doing good: but to her avarice he yielded somewhat, and to her ambition sacrificed himself, repudiating at her command the lady he proposed to marry, and never taking to himself another wife, for fear of giving her a moment of uneasiness. Women bore immoderate sway in Syria, where to refuse the sex regard, was considered as an offence to heaven. Mæsa and Soemis had been admitted to councils of state in the preceding reign, and that Mammæa might be stopt from requiring public honours, the Emperor loaded her with private emoluments; while serious study or elegant arts divided the days and nights of this praiseworthy Prince, who sought, as it should seem, to rescue human nature from the disgraces brought upon it by his cousin. His talents seconded his application, and he was eminently skilful in painting, sculpture and architecture; yet, ever ready at the call of war, he faced revolting provinces with active valour, and by dint of a discipline worthy Fabius or Fabricius, his camp resembled a well-regulated city, till by reduction of Ctesiphon and other districts in the east, the Roman empire certainly resumed, with a false show of pristine virtue, a short but fallacious hope of spreading to its ancient limits. Imitating, though distantly, his admirable conduct, we see his generals, like himself, victorious: Celsus drove back the Mauritanians

tánians in Afric, and Palmatus returned with conquest from Armenia ; but all except himself were weary of practising self-denial. The Romans had been temperate in old times, because they could not be luxurious ; but opulence like theirs is antidote to virtue, and it was to make their court alone, that individuals had, under the Antonines, preserved a show of it. Their ruler's steady rectitude sprung from a nobler source ; brave, chaste, and merciful, he set the best example to his subjects ; he stopt all persecution of the unoffending Christians, and though a polytheist by profession, kept a picture of our Saviour always in his closet, a crucifix at his bed's head ; but better far than all exterior reverence, he kept the divine precept, which he delighted to repeat, *Do ye to others as ye would have others do to you*, not only in his lips but in his heart ; not only in his heart, but in his actions. Upon this great, this governing principle, the youthful monarch was first to refuse the slavish homage practised to his predecessors, of kissing the imperial toe or slipper ; a custom, as he said, unworthy men, and Romans. He loved his people, and lamented only that the time was past in which he could have served them ; resolving however, that if they did wrong, he would at least do right : this amiable, this incomparable character, set his doors open both in camp and town, nor feared the censure of observing eyes upon a life so blameless. To him virtue proved, notwithstanding, no invulnerable shield. From the rough violence of insulting soldiers, Ulpian, the upright counsellor of his youth, vainly sought shelter for his venerable age under his master's robe, whither, pursued by cruelty inveterate, he at the last retired to die, pierced by a thousand wounds ; in vain wrapt round by the now, no longer sacred purple. When rank sedition next appeared abroad, encouraged by this ill-deserved success against an honest, rough, but useful minister, it was to attack the Emperor himself. He received the tumultuous, not unexpected roar, sitting on a temporary throne within his tent ; and for a moment the effect appeared to justify his conscious intrepidity. Citizens ! cried he, unworthy the name of soldiers : Citizens, I say, desist, and

and go back peaceably this moment. The Prætorian legion shouted: reserve your shouts, said Alexander undismayed, for victory over our common enemies; me you may destroy, but never shall intimidate. Retire, I tell you: the impulse of a customary obedience conquered; they did retire; but, in that same night, under their favourite Maximin's command, returned to kill, by black assassination, the hero whom they dared not face, though undefended, when in the sight of open generous day. Thus, by the hand of a vile Goth, whom he had raised for personal courage shewn in that German war, fell before the town of Mentz, which they were then besieging, the all-accomplished Syrian of Emesa. Like the palmetto, where his graceful shade, well sung by Thomson, hangs a high canopy betwixt the teeming earth and burning sun, this gallant leader showed his superiority only in acts of beneficence to Rome unknown before. Like that fine tree too, round his roots, and under the protection of his spreading boughs, grew up all poisonous, all baneful weeds, thwarting the ends of his so fair creation, and leaving him an ornament for futurity to admire, but hindering immediate use from his example.

## C H A P. IV.

FROM THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER SEVERUS TO A. D. 300,  
THE RETREAT OF DIOCLESIAN.

**T**HE man who fell'd this cedar of Mount Lebanon; the spoiler before whose grasp faded this bright rose of Damascus; the gigantic Thracian who succeeded him, is called by all his historians an usurper, I guess not why. Where no hereditary succession is established, a man may seize the sovereignty by force, or procure it by artifice, or as Didius Julian did, purchase it with money; but it is not easy to see how he can usurp it. Maximin was made emperor by those licentious soldiers, who were become so radically corrupt, that tyranny alone could restrain them; for young Severus's exemplary virtue had only skinned and filmed the ulcerous place, which on his death broke out again directly. Not only members of the army were become vitiated by those immense donations which, since Aurelius, had been lavished on them by each new candidate for public favour; but every rank in Rome partook the infection. Females sought guilty methods to avoid being mothers, and men disgraced their own sex by effeminacy, till they became objects of just abhorrence to the other. Whilst the mornings of rich people, no longer spent in study or improvement, were consumed in riding up and down the streets, at risk of breaking their empty heads upon the pavement; not in the same manner as our London youths gallop along Bond-street or Piccadilly, dressed like their grooms, but with a long train of domestics after them, that scarce was the cook left at home to get dinner, says the satirical historian, or the buffoon to prepare new jokes for gracing of the feast. This  
bright

bright example was soon followed by ladies, who hurried from house to house in open litters, with a deformed groupe of antique eunuchs round them, returning late to dress for the evening show, where public dancing was so prized by them, that when, for fear of famine, foreigners were ordered suddenly to quit the city, three thousand were detained by the nobility, as having parts to perform in a new ballet. The soldiers were no less disposed to gross voluptuousness. From a new sovereign they were in expectation of new largesses, and when handfuls of gold were to be thrown amongst them, he whose vast palm was most capacious best suited their idea of merit; but the *perfections that are placed in bones and nerves*, amaze the vulgar only, and amaze *them*, only for a moment. Two years and a half ended the reign of Maximin the wrestler, who fearful of nothing himself, sported a while with the terrors of mankind; and as he, waking, could have overthrown any seven men at once, and broken a horse's thigh by one stroke of his foot, the sly assassins stole upon him sleeping, and gave his body up to dogs and beasts of prey: while the Senate, justly ashamed of such a ruler, caused the two Gordians to be elected in his stead. Descended from the Gracchi by their father's side, the people willingly supported their pretensions, whilst every regiment in Roman pay, took pleasure to relate how the mother of old Gordian was granddaughter to immortal Trajan, a name still dear to all. Faction and fury, however, deprived the world of these commanders in less than forty days. The son fell in the field, covered with countless wounds; the father, seventy-six years old, I think, unwilling to see more sorrow, killed himself, leaving two others, equally impotent patricians, to dispute the prize of momentary power. Yet perilous, as we should at this distance, seeing but with *Retrospection's* eye, deem the sad state of those who stood, as it were, on tiptoe, with wild haste to watch into whose hands the imperial sway should fall: Pupienus and Balbinus were so earnest, each to retain the whole without participation, that both were massacred, in three weeks time, by the Prætorian bands, who, viewing

viewing their mean quarrels with almost merited contempt, took up another Gordian upon their shoulders from college, where he was placed by the dead uncles to finish his education. About this time Buda began, but not under that name, to display her growing graces; they now adorn the fine hill which overlooks the Danube, in that most beautiful part of its course between Hungary and Turkey; while the inhabitants persist in saying Buda jugo, Venetæ pelago, Florentia campo; and travellers say they are right. 'Tis now called Offen, I believe, a sort of suburb 'tis to the great town, as Southwark to London, or Pera to Constantinople; and in these warm pools which there receive waste water from the warm baths, I'm informed that many sorts of fish live and grow fat, confirming Mr. Bruce's assertion which, when he published it first, revolted so many readers. Herodian here concludes his history, and Dion Cassius ends with his own consulship, after which he considered all as of slight importance: like Cicero, who eager to begin his own exploits, proposed writing his narration backward from the time in which they were performed. The Roman commonwealth indeed, and those of Greece, which I will call contemporary states; as Pericles and Coriolanus flourished the same year: like clumps strewed over an immense large park, break in some measure the tedious uniformity, and serve to attract our mental telescope to those particular though tiny spots, dropt as by accident upon the long flat prospect of single and out-stretched dominion, which formed one vast, one widely spreading plain round the sole monarch's palace, to whose care, whoever he might be, the whole of our terraqueous globe seems to have been consigned for the first four thousand five hundred years of its existence. Of these so thinly scattered clumps the boundaries were necessarily contracted, and the duration short: each from his fellow shrub draining that general moisture given to support one single timber tree, so that such groupes could neither much aspire, nor spread far.\* A proof of their

\* Lucumon was a Greek, he was son to Demaratus, king of Corinth, with whom having quarrelled, he left his own court in disgust, wandering away to Italy, where he was well received, and called Lucius Tarquinius; this was about the time when Josiah

contraction lives in our last sentence, that Coriolanus returned in triumph from his exile, threatening the gates of Rome, while *Pericles*, victorious in war, and promoting at polished Athens the arts of peace, never seems to have heard that such a man had being. Though grave philosophy had then attained perfection, tragedy trod the stage supported by her great master Sophocles; and theatres for musick, exhibitions for painting were erected in Greece, the patroness of science, and model for succeeding ages: soon! how soon! to become subservient to a nation then so barbarous, that although close to them they thought not of; while the fine statues Flora, Venus, and Apollo, were doomed to deck Italian palaces in future times, and witness the wondrous revolutions that took place in the next short, but eventful period—west of the Adriatick. Among these clustering plantations then it was the Roman republick lasted longest; but conquests daily extending *their* possessions, all was again concentrated under one sceptre's sway, of dignity inferior to those which had gone before it; but heavier far and harder of command. Thus Babylonish Nebuchadnezzar was the true *head of gold*; rich, brilliant, powerful beyond all the rest; but having offended Heaven with his pride, Cyrus the Great was called, and called by name, five hundred and forty years before his birth; when the almighty Spirit that spake by the prophets, predicted that *silver* empire which Alexander clad in *brazen* arms destroyed.\* A rougher metal represents the Roman power, which hung her *iron* fetters on mankind; and towards the year 250 after Christ, the eye of *Retrospection* will be guided so as to discern a new authority closing like *potter's clay*, in manner most miraculous around the rusting steel. Stability had lately been bestowed upon our church by partial ten-

was king of Jerusalem—living very long, this Lucumon was surnamed *Priscus*, which means the old. He sent the sons of Ancus Martius out o' hunting, and procured himself to be elected king in their absence. He was husband of Tanaquil, and grandfather to Tarquin the Proud. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and all the old historians, tell the same tale.

\* See Daniel, chap. ii. verse 31, to the end.



derness from young Severus, who, with his mother, favoured Christian doctrine, and granted immunities to some of its professors. Urban the Pope then fixed the dignitaries, and wisely appointed that no man should be bishop who had not first been deacon. Some vessels belonging to *our* altars now were gilt, ministers were maintained, and registers of martyrdoms kept, out of the money spent on the general stock. That rapid succession of sovereigns invested with the purple, stained by the blood of gentle Alexander, afforded indeed ample scope for records of intolerable torture, practised on martyrs that pressed for the appellation; and it was on this sixth persecution, if I am right, that the beautiful virgin Cæcilia was slaughtered. Whilst in more northern climes the Anglo-Italian Carausius called himself emperor, and killed Alectus, though some defer the exploits he did to Dioclesian's day. The medallists are best to settle these disputes: they have preserved his effigies who, finding that maritime strength was the true *vis Britannica*, built ships, and besieged Boulogne-sur-Mer, the new-born daughter of our natural enemy: disgracing his heroism with cruelty however, the Britons set up Asclepiodotus against him. He set his forces down encamped near London, which was defended then by Livius Gallus, a Roman general, whom the new-made Duke of Cornwall killed, and threw into the running stream, from him called Gallus' Brook or *Wallbrook*. Speed places this event in A. D. 228, but Isaacson, from Cooper, sets it earlier. Scotland, beside, was filled with strange occurrences. Athirco, the prince; violated all laws of hospitality, by forcibly carrying off with him, next day, the two daughters of Natholocus, a dependent noble, who had entertained one night the chieftain at his castle: but who, feeling no disposition to forgive the insult offered to his house, rebelled immediately; and having driven his antagonist to suicide, seized on the power himself; and killed so many of those Thanes that adhered to Athirco, that a furious war was kindled against *him*. When eager to know what chance he had for success, he dispatched a trusty, and,

as he thought no doubt, a *faithful* messenger, into the Hebrides, for the purpose of learning his future destiny from a witch or angekok residing there, who sold favourable winds and told fortunes. Her answer to the man who came for consultation, was simply this—'Tis *you* will kill Natholocus. The messenger, who had not such a thought before, *now* entertained it; and fearing to relate the dangerous prediction, resolved rather to accomplish it, preventing his master's anger by his death—whilst Ostrogotha, another tributary of the Romans, drove all the Gepidæ before him on the continent, chased many Vandals from their ancient seats, and so increased his wide and wild domain, soon to be called after his name their founder; that all the northern districts of the empire felt justly fearful of these gathering storms. Nor was the east more quiet: Agathias, whose Persian history serves as a supplement to the works of Procopius, tells us the acts of Sapor, and his battles oft repeated with young Gordian, a virtuous, literary, and martial character, who solemnly opened the temple of Janus, and wedding the daughter of his preceptor Misitheus, conducted himself with wisdom and propriety, till an Arabian chief, skilled in the poisoning arts, drugged the unhappy tutor's posset; little doubting but that a boy of those years, let alone, would soon commit some juvenile excesses, that might be urged to countenance rebellion. Gordian however did not disgrace his family, all three who bore the name were scholars and soldiers, magnificent in peace, and eminently fearless in war. So that Philip the Arab was constrained to excite the guards by donatives, to murder a young man who deserved better fate; and coming to the throne on his decease, kept it a while against various pretenders set in opposition by the senate, who saw with no delight a Christian prince invested with royal robes, and placed in the first situation of the state. Eusebius says, the infant church even then displayed her power, denying entrance to their proselyte, though they existed but by his protection, till he had made a public penance for his sins. As Scaliger however doubts this fact, we must wait other evidence.

evidence. Truth is, the captain of a band of robbers, whose name denotes merely *the lover of a horse*, did small credit to any faith, and might possibly have been mistaken for a professor of ours, if, having been born an Ishmaelite, he had retained some traditionary belief in the Old Testament—for Pagans were perpetually confounding our Christian creed with the Mosaic dispensation. I guess not indeed, what could have deceived Eusebius. His celebration of the secular plays, when in the general gaiety and riot Pompey's fine theatre was burned to ground, prove him no very scrupulous believer; since at those games (when the grave herald's voice called the whole town together, crying, Come see the sports which no man now alive ever *did* or ever *shall* see more) the Emperor himself acted as *pontiff*, sprinkling the victim's head with salt and wine—a ceremony no Christian convert would have submitted to, as for the non-performance of similar rites numberless men were martyr'd every day. At these particular plays, exhibited once every hundred years, *sæpe facias!* answering to the oriental compliment of *O King, live for ever!* was loudly repeated to the presiding prince, from the day when Vitellius, then an adulator in his court, flattered lethargic Claudius with the expression—since when it passed into a common form.\* But Philip's reign lasted five years only; in which time, having taken from poets some old privileges, on account of their obscenity, and built a town confining upon his native country, which still retains the name Phillipopolis or Filliba; revolting Decius called him to dispute the empire near Verona, as the Turks call it, where the Arab, by forced marches, brought his army, which on arrival fled treacherously to the newer favourite, bearing with them their general's head upon a pike, the better to secure pardon from the conqueror, who lived not indeed to enter his capital, though by his order the hottest persecution ever seen was begun there, inasmuch that Nicephorus says the crowd of martyrs grew so truly immense, that sand on the sea-shore might as easily have been numbered.

\* *Sæpe facias* means do it often: preside many times over this amusement.

St. Lawrence's superior torments and constancy give him peculiar claim for distinction; the gridiron's form on which he suffered, is at this day perpetuated in the Escorial palace at Madrid.

Meanwhile the Roman empire passed swiftly through the hands of the two Decii, Priscus, Valens, Gallus and Volusian—who seemed vying with each other in cruelty towards our brethren, on whose obstinate denial of *their* gods and goddesses, was now charged all the misery of Rome—war, famine, pestilence, and dread of utter ruin from the barbarous nations, vainly bought off by Gallus with disgraceful gifts; and still returning fresh to the attack, armed with new powers, and eager for new plunder. Civil commotions too shook the metropolis, which, in the bosom of voluptuous folly, was enduring all the horrors of a contest caused by Æmilianus's revolt. It was not *then* that the exhausted state required copious bleeding: Montesquieu says how such internal broils strengthen the nerves of government, and tells how people accustomed to dispute at home, become forsooth invincible abroad. This doctrine men are preaching while I write; but the precept is dangerous and fallacious: Montesquieu meant a *young* state, not an *old* one.

Our first King James (I have read) was seized with an ague in the close of life; and feeling low-spirited at death's approach, some courtiers reminded him of a proverb used in England; and, Oh! said they, your Majesty must recollect, that *an ague in spring is physic for a king*.—Aye, but the adage meant a *young* king, replied the expiring monarch. The event in both these cases is the same.

Whilst one half of the Roman subjects, in all parts of the empire, were diligently cutting the throats of the other half—many falling upon religious accounts—and those who cared not about piety were contending for power; their helpless emperor, the once tyrannic Valerian, served the Persian prince Sapore for a footstool, whence every day he mounted his horse: till, tired with asserting this uncontested privilege, he flayed the wretched prisoner yet alive, and strewing with salt, revenged unconsciously on his pampered body, the agonies

he had delighted to inflict on Christians. The Roman empire next saw itself split and ruled by thirty tyrants, who could not however protect the limits of dominion, while each separate general fought for himself, not for his undone country—and the bold Ostrogoths spoiled all Bithynia, loading themselves with treasures of which they could not comprehend the value—nor seemed to know, while they were wasting Macedonia, that in that country had been born the sovereign of the world.

Gallienus meantime, a sensual prince, held the slight reins of government at home, and seemed (whilst slavery from mere habit ministered to his pleasures) so little disturbed by what had chanced abroad, that he gave himself wholly up to gay voluptuousness, making, as Shakespear says, his loss his sport; and senselessly delighting to hear his name recorded with that of Commodus, his model. Let him not lose his well-acquired fame; 'tis to the skill of Gallienus that we owe the first good plan of a fine hot-house, ice-house, and conservatory\*—but the rough Goths hindered its execution. And now, disgusted with the sight and hearing of such ill-timed, such surfeiting absurdity; which, not confined to courts or palaces, spread among all the ranks of men at Rome—Paul, the first hermit on record, retired; fled from society of human kind, and living in a desert upon herbs and fruits, gave rise to the idea of obtaining favour from God, by voluntary exile from the company of those who debased their nature, and contradicted their reason; refusing the offered mercies of a Redeemer too, and destroying the effects, so far as in them lay, of his so great salvation. On this example afterwards were founded monastic orders—within our own remembrance nearly innumerable; and subject, for that cause and many others, to inconceivable abuses. Meanwhile the hierarchy held

\* I have read somewhere, that Alexander had the secret of cooling his liquors by ice, while he was in India, though Pliny speaks of it as new in Nero's time, and says that emperor boiled water first, that it might freeze the easier. If Alexander was acquainted with ice, what could the story mean of the spring Nicotris, whose waters were so cold they burst all vessels but a mule's hoof???

firm within the church, and copes and holy vestments now adorned it; though various heresies disgraced these early times of Christianity; when tares were sown which yet perplex the field. An enemy, our Saviour told us, was the planter; he said they should grow up along with the good corn, and who knows but that the harvest may be hard at hand.—But we're engaged not to anticipate, our business is with *Retrospection*; nor must lose sight of the vast Gothic irruptions which at the hour we treat of, more frequent and in fuller tides, rolled o'er the habitable globe, amazing all, but chiefly overwhelming Peloponæus and its contiguous classic countries. Athens and Argo; Sparta, Thebes, Dodona; theatre of glory, virtue, valour, elegance: consecrated scenes! where Plato taught, where Sappho sung; where Phidias gave to their resemblances in marble so warm an animation, so discriminating a character, they hoped from him a second immortality. But from this flood of barbarism, far worse than that which their Deucalion and Pyrrha were fabled to survive—not even *stones* escaped. The temple of Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world, was burned in this confusion; and by a pillar which may be seen at Pisa yet, its general merit may in some measure be estimated. But when the unfeeling north poured forth her waste inhabitants, and bid them roam for prey, regardless of the ruin left behind: onward they press'd in countless multitudes, unconscious shoals; as when old Ocean half acquires solidity from life that stirs within; bringing, at stated times, innumerable fish down from the fertile Baltic, to be lost in that capacious aggregate of waters that clasp around the southern continent—so burst these Goths and Vandals on mankind, sparing no place, no sex, no age, and no opinion. The dragon then indeed disgorged a flood out of his mouth to destroy the woman, well representing our Christian church, but the earth helped the woman, as St. John saw in his Apocalypse; and that religion meant to be swept away, escaped the violence; strengthening in spite of oft repeated blows, prospering in spite of oft repeated plunder.

Councils had long been held, and some few years before, under the  
papacy

papacy of Anterus, a Grecian martyr, had been made the rule of translating from one bishoprick to another, after the example of St. Peter, who (said he) we know resided first at Antioch. Yet modern Romanists assert their church to be the very *earliest* on record—Strange, wilful ignorance, or inconsistency. Claudius meantime, a bold Dalmatian, who succeeded to the dissolute Gallienus, found business enough to employ all his thoughts, without disturbing others in their worship.

Trebellius Pollio tells us how *his* general, so justly surnamed *Victor*, slew in one day by stratagem and war three hundred thousand Goths, near *Lacus Benacus*, now *Lago di Garda*, in Italy. That the man himself died of the plague there, is much less incredible; such slaughter must have infected the air. Renowned Aurelian next invested with the purple, soon proved how well plebeians might deserve it: his mercantile extraction, and inordinate love of wealth, prompted him to *gild* the first, and display the power of the second. Orleans yet stands a monument of his munificence—a *golden city* still, and still preserving his name who built it—*Aurleian Aurelian*. It has perhaps in these later ages given title to the best and worst of all the princes professing Christianity. But Rome was not forgotten; he compass'd her round with a wall fifty miles in circuit; he numbered the people, reformed gross abuses, pardoned with unexampled greatness of mind his rival Tetricus, and subdued the rebel Zenobia by his generosity, after having triumphed over her armies by his success. 'Tis said her having signed her own name *first* in letters that pass between them, was the original and deep-seated cause of Aurelian's rancour, though it appears to our eyes on *Retrospection*, that there was no need of aggravation after she had erected an independent throne, and called herself solemnly Queen of the East. In times of refinement however, as there are more vain men than interested ones in the world, incivility produces stronger aversion than does injury: among savages there is no offence but a blow, and among mere monied people, no offence but a robbery.

'Tis told by some historians how, when he would have signed an edict for persecuting the Christians, his uplifted hand was preternaturally arrested: happy had such been the fate of that traitor's arm who basely assassinated this gallant sovereign, able to govern with dignity and wisdom, although with rigour and roughness—a world so turbulent, and subjects so corrupt: a general—who had driven the invading Franks from before the gates of old Ravenna, and in the course of many victories, had killed by his own personal prowess nine hundred enemies of Rome. Longinus, now inspired by the muses, wrote criticism with poetic fire; and Porphyry collected with such spider-like diligence every argument against our faith, that no enemy since his time has been able to find a new one—

Destroy their fib and sophistry, in vain,  
The creature's at his dirty work again.

Nor has the old cobweb, first well fastened by this adhesive tormentor, been ever (we must avow) completely swept away. But Tacitus and Probus next for awhile detain the *retrospective* eye; as by their indefatigable efforts they checked the progress of approaching ruin. Carus, Carinus, Dioclesian too, delay our advance from these far distant periods, by their splendour; while Gibbon, whose scruples of incredulity never perplex him, when dilating upon the favourite theme of Pagan virtue or of Pagan greatness, believes implicitly that the whole furniture of that prodigious colosse, which he himself has seen, and known to be 584 feet long, and 487 broad, was of solid gold, silver, and amber; that a belt studded with precious stones, divided there one rank from another, reaching all round it, as do the boxes in our English theatres; that nets to keep off the wild beasts were of gold wire, and that a silken canopy was drawn over the top to shade performers and spectators from the sun. This may be true, but nothing in Scripture is so hard to believe; because silk sold for its own weight in gold, when Aurelian, who denied his Empress a robe of it as too costly, led queen Zenobia



Zenobia through the streets in triumph.\* Tacitus, the historian, indeed, does mention *vestis serica*, and Mr. Murphy translates it into silk apparel; but I fancy that must have meant thin muslin, *vestis bombycina* rather; unless 'twas gauze; for Mr. Murphy says in a note, that Seneca censured the Roman ladies for wearing transparent dresses, and he knows perfectly that silk is not transparent; he knows too, that Englishwomen, in his own time, rejected silk clothes, because they were *not* sufficiently voluptuous or transparent, substituting muslins of cotton substance in their stead. As to the belt studded with precious stones, I doubt whether the diamond mines of South America, then undiscovered, could have furnished it. *Balthus in gemmis, et in lita porticus auro*, is to me no proof; the poet would have said with Prior—*Odd's my life, must one swear to the truth of a foug?* Besides that, modern Italians have a way of calling many stones *gems*, to which our English annex no such idea. Jasper, granite, pavonazzo, and carnelion; nor are the writers of Augustan history scrupulous, as it appears, when relating the follies or gaieties of the moment. Who can believe their tale, that Elagabalus built a lofty tower, whence to throw himself in case of an attack: when we all know the creature reigned not four years in all; and of them surely was not in fear from rival power four months, during which time no such high fabric *could* have been constructed; and they cover the steps with gold and pearls too; they cost us authors nothing. If any such tower ever did exist, it was a toy, I fancy, fit for an emperor of fourteen years old to play with. The very extraordinary donative and show presented to the Roman people by Probus, appears less improbable, when he transplanted two hundred forest trees into the vast arena; then turning loose to frolick in their shade one thousand fallow deer, one thousand boars, and half as many ostriches, with many tropical birds from Africa, threw the

\* Vopiscus says so.

doors open to permitted plunder, and diverted himself by seeing all suddenly devoured, and swept away by an impetuous populace. Something of the same spirit of amusement subsisted since my time in Italy, and called Coccagna. A light scaffold is not seldom, even now, erected on a holiday at Florence or Bologna; and lambs, calves, kids, cakes, loaves, fruits, &c. placed on its shelves, adorned with ribbons, flowers, &c. on a signal given, in burst the mob; and 'tis the sport of more elegant spectators to see the havock that they make, all in a moment. When Heliogabalus made a Coccagna, he set up for pillage, fat oxen, camels, horses, asses, stags: The Augustan history says, *servos*, servants; but Salmasius wisely thinks they were not *slaves*, but rather *cervos*, deer. I have seen a print of this diversion in a house somewhere in the west of England. We have no entertainment of that kind, unless the sudden carrying off what was provided for our King's dinner at Westminster-hall, after the coronation, may be called such: or the taking of Pocklington Island, upon Derwent-water-Lake, which every 28th of August may be seen covered with boats and barges for a mock attack upon the little fort, raised by its generous proprietor on the morning when he puts his ramparts in a state of defence, with barrels of strong beer, hams, and pieces of beef for a while, then suffers all to be stormed and plundered for the amusing of his rich neighbours, and for benefiting his poor ones; surrendering the castle, after six o'clock, at discretion of the ladies, for whom a ball and supper is prepared. But Dioclesian's acts recall us back to Rome, where, having defeated all his competitors, extirpated the Quingentiani legion, and made a horrible slaughter of the Goths in Pannonia, found leisure to set on foot the fiercest persecution against Christianity which its professors had till then endured. 'Twas he too instituted or approved the method of outlawing his subjects accused of this persuasion, so that justice could always be had against them—never for them: a Christian's evidence was not to be accepted; nor had they any protection

tion from society ; whence, hunted now in every shape from every place, throughout the empire, he destroyed hundreds at once ; whole clusters and communities, fired like to nests of vermin or of insects, and tortured individually beside ; by governors willing to delight the Emperor's fancy, encouraging in him false hope of their possible extinction. Christians were now scarce to be seen by day, during which hour the catacombs and mansions of the dead concealed their pious fervour : while Caius, a pope nearly related to Dioclesian himself, redoubled his attention to keep within bounds of necessary prudence, that spirit which prompted many to provoke the hand of power, and seek the crown of martyrdom.

Perpetual pondering upon one subject will produce something not unlike insanity : our hapless predecessors meditating in solitude upon those *mysteries*, for truth of which they suffered so much sorrow—ended their round of thought oft times in error ; and wandering in wildernesses of conjecture, the Manichæan heresy made itself known amongst us. Manès, a Persian empiric, mingled the Zoroastrian mythology with our religion, and set up a new origin of evil in contradiction to Moses's account, making two co-eternal principles in imitation of Ormuzd and Ahrimanius. Had not this fellow, from want of skill in medicine, mistook the case of Prince Varanes, son to the king of Persia, for which his father had him flayed alive, and his skin stuffed with chaff, *more* mischief had been done : his errors have however lasted long enough ; and Voltaire, perhaps in sport, appears by his romance of *Candide* to have believed them. I mention of the many wild opinions which pressed upon, and would have strangled our religion in its cradle, had it not been truly of divine original, only those few which have remained till now ; counting dead serpents would be loss of time,

Tho' swarming then  
With complicated monsters head and tail,  
Scorpion and asp, and amphibæna dire.

The Python's self however, paganism, now swelled even to bursting with the divine honours lately assumed by Dioclesian, made dangerous attempts almost untried before ; and servile Rome saw that bright diadem which she had refused to her *first* emperor's merits, tried on by the irresistible despotism of her thirty-ninth, a plebeian by family, by original profession a scrivener, yet by the coincidence of military prowess, with uncommon turns of fortune in his favour, we see the *era actiatica* in this reign put an end to ; and mankind counting all events from his birth, who had no name but what the place supplied that he was born in Dioclea. This is strange ; but far more curious still the tale told by Vopiscus, how Dioclesian, when in Mona once, meeting a druidess, gave her a small donation ; but the woman said he need not to be so sparing of his money, for after he had killed a boar he should be emperor. The young soldier delighting in field sports killed many boars ; and laughing, used to say, the sybil was mistaken ; for his fortune mended slowly : I kill the boars, said he, but others eat the brawn. Time rolled away however, till at length Arrius Aper,\* father-in-law of Numerianus, treacherously grasping at the purple, murdered his daughter's husband. This traitor was consigned to Dioclesian to dispatch, who asking his name, and hearing it, soon sheathed his bright sword in the assassin's bowels, crying, *et hunc aprum cum cæteris* ; † which done, the soldiers without deliberation, praising his decisive stroke of justice, took him suddenly upon their shoulders, and saluted him *Imperator*. The life of this man then was marked by wonders, among which the strangest far was the rare project he conceived of building a new palace at Salona, whence to retire, like Sylla, from the adulation of subjects whom he suspected, and from the vengeance that he dreaded for his crimes. 'Tis said the taste in which his house was built, proves that the arts as well as sciences decayed ; and when historians relate the wonderful occurrence, language itself, like other branches of lite-

\* Aper means boar.

† And *this* boar among the rest.

ature, seems sinking under a rushing torrent of barbarity, very difficult to be accounted for even by the wisest authors who have written upon the decline and fall of the Roman empire : a theme of cavil now, a subject of contention, for modern petty wits and demi scholars ; an object to be peeped at through my smoaky glass of wretched *Retrospection*. Enormous land-slips thus confound the naturalist, and crush the farmer ; whilst vile attorneys only find account, by urging on disputes for deluged or for dislocated property.

## C H A P. V.

FROM THE DEATH OF DIOCLESIAN TO THE DEATH OF  
CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

## PART OF THE FOURTH CENTURY.

**H**AVING now climbed up the first three hundred years after our Christian æra, speculation begins to stagger at the height; and *Retrospection* stands herself at gaze. Lighter than Phaeton my whirling car seems shaking under me at every step;

Nor will my steeds for observation stay,  
But hurry on—too fast to mark our way.

A moment however must be bestowed on the retreat of Dioclesian; who, after reigning twenty years or more, whether fatiated with un-availing triumphs over yet unsubdued barbarians, or disgusted by perceiving that all his subjects blood spilt in that sanguinary period availed nothing towards preventing perpetual conversions from paganism; or whether he was afraid of being assassinated like his predecessors, an apprehension by no means ill founded, quitted his crown, his purple, and his pomp, and settled at Salona as he had long intended. Let the effect on *us* be what it will, the example struck his colleague Maximian with such force, that he, from imitation or caprice, adopted it, having first built the beautiful amphitheatre at Verona, which I saw in admirable preservation about the year 1786, and some thermæ at Milan made with immense expence: those fabricated at Rome by Dioclesian yet remain so as to afford a very good idea of their grandeur. Cæsars however had been long created by both Emperors, in  
order

order to divide the cares of government, some time before their retiring from its fatigues, and those two youths naturally and quietly ascended the throne together. Galerius Armentarius, so named of the flocks he fed in early life, was choice of a prince sprung from plebeian stock. Constantius Chlorus, a collateral descendant of the active and spirited emperor, Claudius, was the man chosen by Maximian a low-born soldier, and so completely illiterate, that when his panegyrist compared him and his colleague to Scipio and Hannibal: Those men, said he, I never heard about *till now*; they should have likened Dioclesian and me to Jupiter and Hercules. Wit will sometimes stoop to servility; the orators took the hint, and did actually, the next opportunity, so compare them. The appellations remained in use ten years ago; we saw some pillars in the street at Milan belonging to a temple set up in honour of the Hercules Maximian. They were about removing them, I remember, for purpose of widening the way, shewing no attention to poor Aufonius's verses—

Et Regio Herculei celebris, sub honore lavacri.

But that the battle of Actium, so long perpetuated by a calendar, should now be expunged, and the æra of Dioclesian substituted in its place, was a greater wonder, and a greater labour too, than any recorded of Hercules or Jupiter. The Abyssinian Christians are said to reckon by it still; and Mr. Gibbon says, that whole nations residing in the interior parts of Africa, do even yet retain many laws and usages of a *much earlier* date; those of the Mosaic dispensation. Should the ten tribes at length burst from those regions yet unsearched by avarice, yet unexplored by curiosity, more credit would be given to fictitious Esdras, who plainly says that they retired to Arsareth; and when the slave trade shall be finally abolished, their fears of advancing to the coast may fade away, and the sea be in that sense dried up for their return; but we must not forget our work of *Retrospection*. Whether our half countryman, the half emperor Carausius, lived in these days

or before them, Doctor Stukely and his antiquarians may determine. Amphibalus, long supposed the friend and fellow martyr of St. Alban here in Britain, where he was put to death, about the year 300, or soon after, was A. D. 1742, suddenly found out by Conyers Middleton to have been nothing more than an ecclesiastick's *cloak*, from which circumstance the Doctor derives much source of empty triumph: yet now that the joke is over, some one will perhaps find out in their turn, that he caught up this cloak of bishop Usher's somewhat too hastily; for Frizius and Bale both speak of Amphibalus as of an author who left several tracts behind him; and sure the last named of these writers, though not perhaps an acrimonious Calvinist, as French biographers would wish us to believe, was yet unlikely to lose so good a story against popery, by which he had himself been persecuted under the reign of Queen Mary. One may observe indeed that all the arguments urged by Doctor Middleton, have much less in them of learning than of satire; more of plagiarism (I have heard) than of originality; and much more gay asperity than solid good sense. A town made famous in 1520, when Lutherans entered their necessary protest against the tyrannous innovations of the Romish church, first raised its head by command of Constantius Chlorus; 'twas called Nemetum then; the Germans name it *Speyer Spires*: and while this Emperor repaired or fabricated new cities in Europe, Galerius his colleague revenged upon revolted Persia some of the indignities offered there to unhappy Valerian. This *Ré Pastore* however seemed to possess few of the shepherd's qualities: implacable and fierce; the rigour of Aurelian's well-judged punishments became sharp cruelties when dictated by ferocious Armentarius, who having succeeded to a sceptre more glittering to sight than extensive in the stretch, held it no long time; and seemed himself aware, that like an island of ice, though sun-beams played on its top, and created colours of immense variety; though the structure still appeared rocky, and danger waited on its every stroke against those whom accident should drive across the course of its current; his em-  
pire



pire wasted imperceptibly below, and the world, waiting but a little while, might see it topple by its own weight, and perish from internal thaw. Galerius had however *one* amusement; the groans of tortured martyrs to Christianity diverted his cares of state, and coarse severities dispensed among his own immediate servants, supplied some momentary gratifications to a temper made sourer by a loathsome and incurable disease. The *morbus pediculosus*, of which Sylla and Herod died, and for which Galerius, finding no relief, killed himself in despair, does really seem by all one hears or reads of it, a singular judgment reserved for singular offences against Heaven. One hundred and seventy-four thousand mortals were in this last reign sentenced to die for religious opinions merely; but the world was either more thickly peopled then than now, or population, like wealth, was more concentrated: indeed, the great destruction of two hundred thousand souls by an earthquake at Antioch, some time after these events, contributes to persuade me that one town did, in those days, encircle a larger number of the human race than present modes admit of. Perhaps the country too was more deserted; they are hot latitudes of which we speak, and readers who have never left this island will scarce conceive how vermin, insects, and other petty vexations of warm climates, drive men to seek shelter in large cities from that fervid sun which glows in a wide horizon. Like that hot sun, so blazing, so intolerable, shone the last years of this successful Emperor, whose terrors drove our panting predecessors to seek, in caves and subterranean recesses, some repose for their weary feet, some quiet moments in which to model their then plastic church; of whose stability Caius, first cousin to Dioclesian, had already been careful, and regular dignitaries had been by him appointed: deans, and sub-deans, and presbyters, as if some secret assurance had been granted him that such would soon be wanted; for little reason, founded on fact, had they to hope deliverance was so near. In those black days when after Caius' death, sorrow pervaded the damp vaults where sad Marcellus fate, and mourned his murder'd friends: yet out of those that still remained alive, elected fifteen mortified and melan-

choly, yet resolute and active servants of their Saviour: these he called cardinals, and put them on scarlet stockings for distinction's sake, and likewise for propriety; their office being not only to bury martyrs, but of course to bathe their feet and legs in blood of their companions, among whom the institutor of their appropriated employment soon was numbered, being by Galerius' command closed up alive in human excrement; a new torture, chiefly inflicted upon such offenders who had refused when called upon to incense or perfume the heathen temples. How little did the Christians then foresee the changes to be made in their temptation! How little hope the happiness at hand! How little too did Dioclesian dream of finding at Salona the death he had so mercilessly dispensed at Rome! He died however, and the great Constantine, fearing some treachery from Armentarius, escaped to York, where tidings were soon brought of that suicide by which he reigned sole emperor, Maxentius only at first trying with any prospect of success to impede his passage to the purple. On *his* exploits, how willingly will *Retrospection's* eye repose! On him who in the midst of victory thought on the God who gave it; till the warm heart kindling in religion's cause, followed the visionary banner through the world. *In hoc signo vinces* was verified, whithersoever he turned his arms. Maximin, Maxentius, Licinius, sunk before him. The most renowned in war were found unable to support the contest: and Constantine acknowledged master of mankind, now fought to civilize, convert, reform them. Proclaiming himself a Christian, all persecution ended in an instant, and the sorrows of our suffering fathers were turned into encouragement. Servile Rome followed implicitly her leader's example, nor could Jupiter and Juno assert their cause at all, when unprotected by imperial power:

Nor all the gods beside,  
Longer dar'd abide,

Not Typhon ending huge in snaky train:  
Our babe to show his godhead true,  
Could even in swaddling bands controul the damned crew.

MILIN.

No

No martyr, unless Sopater the historian may be called such, offered to seal his faith in pagan deities by blood, and all *their* worshippers dropt off apace. The sovereign called from banishment and drew forth from obscurity such as best could teach and most adorn the new religion, and his first proof of being well confirmed in it was his refusal of a Roman triumph; loudly ascribing his apparently preternatural successes to a superior agency and power. The race of gladiators next slowly and fullenly withdrew—Marcus Aurelius had endeavoured to suppress them, or make them fight at least with foils, not swords—but his too feeling propositions were rejected. The Empress Helena, of Cambrian origin and gentle blood, detested these diversions; she had been long before baptised in Britain, where the high road yet remains called by her name *Rhwydd yr Helena*—ending with the place now called Pont Aberglaslyn; then known by her having cross'd the water there, whence it was long denominated Fordgham *Helen yr Luedhog*—the ford of Helen the puissant, near Kader Idris. How peculiarly pleasing to *us* must be the thought, that softening the heroic bosom of her son, 'twas *she* prepared it to receive with eagerness, the mystic truths he was now ardent to defend and propagate. But still destructive inroads from the Goths disturbed his peaceful projects; they invaded Thrace, they even approached Nyssa, birth-place of our heaven-protected hero; whose rapid, well-concerted march to meet them is celebrated, even by those who least delight in doing justice to his merit. One hundred thousand barbarians however, hemmed round by stratagem, died nearly all at once, through famine, in the plains of Thessaly, whilst Clodomir of France made himself duke of all those districts now called Brabant, Holland, and Westphalia, and reigned there thirty years. The Allemanni or Germans resisting these incursions, won sometimes, sometimes lost; but the times we are reviewing considered acquisition as the only right of tenure; and I have read that the name *Getae*, perhaps *Gothi* too, formed itself from the verb *getan* to get, got, gotten. 'Tis certain the Brigantes of South Britain, Ireland, Spain, and the Alpine regions,  
derived

derived their common name from *Brigand*, a robber, in Celtic languages; and the Franks or French retain it as such still. Germans or *Wer Mans* means a *man of war*, and Mr. Pinkerton quotes Herodotus to say, that there was in his day a people so called among the Persians. There certainly were *Teutons* in Peloponæsus—but *Teuton* and *Titan* mean spreaders over, or coverers of the earth.

Rebellions on the Rhine next called Rome's conquering general to Cologne, where he obtained a signal victory, and deferr'd destruction to a future day. And now the church and state indissolubly united, had reason to expect true happiness from the alliance, had not such viscous and thorny heresies perplexed our Christian councils, each struggling to gain over the Emperor to their opinions—oft times, and indeed chiefly dividing upon points which human reason cannot settle, because human comprehension cannot reach: the Nicene Creed grew necessary for this cause. Till Arius and Donatus arrogantly, with their frivolous though daring disputations, disturbed the sweet comforts administer'd by Constantine, that comprehensive symbol of belief called the Apostle's Creed, contented all. St. Peter and St. John had required no more from their followers, who by subscription to the articles of which it consists, obtained originally at Antioch the honourable appellation of Christians; and those who refuse that title to such as willingly receive that creed, wrong them, and should be told so.

Meanwhile great Constantine's innumerable virtues, his high heroic deeds, his glowing zeal, would surely have effaced still greater faults than was his leaning towards the heterodox side of a sharp controversy little understood, concerning the grand mystery of hypostatic union, meant for man's veneration, not dispute. Lactantius now grown old, published his Institutions, confirming to himself the title of our Christian Cicero—Tullius Christianus; he was preceptor to the young prince Crispus, whose morals did the tutor little credit; but manners lagg'd behind, while doctrine earnestly employed itself on points so little practical. Rostoch now raised its head upon the Var, Jerusalem was repair'd

pair'd; *sicut in principio* was gratefully added to our *gloria patri*, and the hands of hangmen felt a long repose. St. Anthony then fearing temptation from a new quarter, prosperity's warm beam accelerated his departure; and having collected other individuals seized with the same sentiment of danger, and the same notion of escaping it as 'twere by force—flew to the desert, where they erected the first convent upon record, calling its inhabitants Monks of St. Basil, but binding them with *no vows*. Our Saviour's precept, *Swear not at all*, was as yet fresh in every Christian's memory; the more so, as he condescended to give a reason for his command—because you cannot, says he, make even a hair of your head white or black. The sudden and violent overthrow of convents in our time proves our Lord's position; men should not swear unless they knew that they could keep their oaths: for yourself you may promise, but not for another; his power may compel the breach of them. A literal obedience then is best and safest, *Swear not at all*. Mere mortals indeed, without this injunction, might have been easily justified in thinking, that when they swore to remain poor they would not have been hindered, and hindered too by them who never wished they should be rich:—experience, while I am writing, shews the contrary; but we have here to do with *Retrospection*. The church meantime, soon to be styl'd the Church of Rome; resounding with music and choral singers, illuminated by day as well as night with gaudy tapers of a thousand colours, and crouded by statues, emblems, pictures and devices of various holy men and martyrs, departed this life in true faith and fear, acquired soon not only strength but splendour, not only splendour but a solid opulence, not only opulence but that which follows it—*influence*; hardening the *potter's clay* into a firm and fixt authority. Living zealots poured their profuse donations on the altar, and dying misers bequeathed to a community the wealth they could not bear to part with during life, or leave to enrich any individual.

The general taste too of times so propitious to softness and luxury, infected even the good and wise among us, and gave a tincture of polytheism's

lytheism's ambitious gaiety to fabrics destined for the worship of an humble Saviour, who had not while on earth, though all his own, a place where he might lay his sacred head. While from such scenes St. Anthony, in pure aversion to their pomp, retired; under imperial protection now rose up on every side majestic edifices, that vied in all exterior ornament with pagan temples—dedicated to tutelary saints beside, as *they* were to subordinate divinities. Saints who had sung their hymns in hollow catacombs, or wandering houseless among barbarous nations, had disseminated with diligence that faith they were prepared to die for; propagating the most dangerous of all truths from the most disinterested of all motives. Among these Kebius, son to a duke of Cornwall, and pupil to Hilary bishop of Poitiers, is thought to have given the name of Hilary Point to a protuberance of rock, near Holyhead in Anglesea, still called *Caergybi* by the Welsh inhabitants, meaning the camp, or castle, or residence of *Kebius*. These taught a strenuous rejection of Arianism in the north, 'spite of all courtly terrors—but other snares from that hour compass'd Christianity around, and the seducer took another method;

For Satan now is wiser than of yore,  
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Having, as the famous fable well expresses, blown vehemently against our then erratic worship with the rough winds of cruelty and rage; and having found the cloak of righteousness clapt closer to meet every blast and brave it, the warm sun of seduction now soothed the weary votarist of virtue, and wooed him to throw off what seem'd superfluous, unnecessary defence. Set free by supreme command, consoled by maternal fondness and personal indulgence, the Christians next (and surely without impropriety) availed themselves of Constantine's permission and his mother's wish; and set about removing the polluted shrine of Venus, which Adrian had erected on our Saviour's sepulchre, purposely to prophane it. So far was well—but when the venerated spot was seen,

seen,

seen, was visited, a strong devotion, more fervent far than delicate, kindled at the view. Respect was lost in the wild bursts of passion; nor could decorum's self subsist an instant under the pressure of such crowds that crushed it; when hundreds being attracted by zeal, and thousands by curiosity, many unjustifiable whims took place: till the more prudent Emperor covered the ground, building upon its consecrated surface a beautiful church, expressing at once his piety and his munificence. St. Helena beside, by her unlucky, although natural and even praise-worthy propensity for collecting reliques of the tortured martyrs, while she surveyed their tombs with veneration; encouraged various, vexatious, and to say truth, *numberless* impostures, that have done more injury to our common cause than her warm feelings suffered her to fear, or the cold scoffers of our later days could wish.

Among the countless tricks and fraudulent devices of the time, I will just mention the idea of Jesus's swaddling bands being found, because the examiners she set to work lighted on cloths which fire had no effect on. These were made of the asbestos or *linum vivum*\*—salamander's wool, as 'tis not improperly termed: this curious mineral has, it should seem, in all ages seized strongly upon female attention; the lady of the manor of Auchindoir, near Strathbogie, had a petticoat made of it in 1760 when first discovered among the Scottish rocks, and Ciampini gained a pension from Christina queen of Sweden by shewing *her* its wondrous powers in 1678. Pliny describes it as of intrinsic value, equal to pearls (Nat. Hist. lib. xix. chap. i.). Giambattista Porta tells us, that an hundred and fifty years before his time it was so common in the isle of Cyprus, that ignorant old women there could spin and manage it with great dexterity; and the oriental Christians shewed rags of it in 325 from their *dolorum archives*, as reliques of inestimable value; but 'tis to be found in mines of old Mona,

\* There is a way now of making *faëtitious* asbestos.

as easily as in sublimer or more classic latitudes. The ancient Britons understood its use too, calling it *maen ystinos*, and *urael*; which last word gives me pause, and makes one for a moment think that *urael* might possibly have some reference or some concealed analogy to *Uriel*, the angel of the sun, who lives in fire; but 'tis better be deceived by pious easiness of belief, than drawn out of our way by love of derivation. While the good Empress then fought sedulously upon Mount Calvary for some remains of the true cross, or any fuel to keep up the sacred flame so kindled; Constantine her son made a decree to supersede the ancient Jewish Sabbath, and establish Sunday as our weekly festival; preferring that day on which our Lord arose to the original rest from creation. He ordered Saturday to be a fast, because Christ's body then was in the grave; and this drew a strong line between our new professors of what was then called emphatically the New Religion, and those who still observed the law of Moses. With *them* the heathen for three whole centuries persisted to confound us; yet notwithstanding all their efforts, nor soft credulity nor callous unbelief, neither the biting frosts of sharp severity, nor any idle channels cut by mild encouragement, have been permitted yet to check the progress of that hallowed stream, whereof who drinks, quaffs immortality and joy. The spring, like that of Nile, rose silently and unperceived; like that, it has diffused health, happiness, and cultivation; the mouths too towards the end, are divided; but acknowledge the same head, and roll to the same ocean of everlasting bliss.

Among the numerous pilgrims which came flocking to the lately-opened sepulchre, St. Jerome mentions Britons; though partiality must own our island produced few inhabitants worth noticing in these so early ages. Most of the English youths had been drawn into Gaul as recruits for Roman armies, ever fighting to retain provinces and possessions that crumbled hourly from their grasp. Humanity could do no more than Constantine was doing, towards holding up a sinking sovereignty, which plunged a little deeper in its quaggy bottom every day:



day: and seeing that Rome was become no central post where to stand best at bay, whilst barbarism burst in upon the limits of the empire on every side, and oftentimes on all; he turned his thoughts upon removal of the royal residence to some place nearer the middle point of his dominions, widely, but weakly extended towards the east. It was now little less than seven hundred and forty years since the great General Camillus, by persuasion, had hindered the people and senate of Rome from transmitting to Veia the seat of that government, destined to bear rule over the whole earth: the charm was broken, so were the spirits of the ancient inhabitants, whose gay descendants, far more flexible, had learned to treat as vulgar prejudices all opinion of a local influence; their capitoline Jove too was quietly carried away; and where the court was, there would be the courtiers; who willingly abandoned the city of their ancestors under the conduct of Constantine their king. He, not a native, viewed rather with abhorrence than delight, a land drenched in the blood of murdered innocents, and rank with every noxious poisonous weed that could by him have been supposed to spring from a warm soil so watered: besides that, Mr. Gibbon observes wisely, how the original professors of our faith lived and expired in a firm persuasion of Jesus's intent soon to destroy the mystic Babylon, they had such ample cause to hate and fear. Add to all this, Byzantium was acknowledged the most excellent and lovely situation in the world—it is confessed so still, although another hemisphere has been discovered, and that Christianity dispersed around it, which cost the tyrants of mankind such vain, such endless labour to destroy. The new chosen residence, like Rome, was built upon seven hills, and extended far beyond the ancient town that Byzas called after his own name, when he led forth a colony out of Megara, in the Peloponæsus—what time Manasseh reigned over Judea, and Pſammethichus drank out of his brazen helmet, by command of the oracle, which foretold he should be king of Egypt. Constantinople, though now called by the Turks, Stampoul, has not *quite* lost the original designation.

signation. Poul comes from Polis, the generic term, as who should say the *city* by way of eminence—thus *Nicopolis*, *Phillipopolis*, and a hundred more. To this great city then, was somewhere about the year 340 transferred, and carried clear away the imperial throne; and from that moment may we safely date the impossibility of Rome's recovering the mode or substance of her pristine sway. Near this Constantinople too died, full of days and honours, her great founder, leaving his name for ages to a town which, at the end of eleven centuries, we shall see renouncing the religion she received with it. From his death likewise we must add with sorrow, that though future princes faintly opposed the insults and incroachments which prosperous barbarism continued to repeat, *their* opposition was *too* faint and feeble, whilst from the abandoned west shrunk the once swelling surge, the plenitude of power.

Thus, when the sea ebbs on a sandy shore, the watchful fisher sets his mark of *Retrospection*; and if some bolder billow than the rest is sometimes seen to wash up against the pole, as if indignant at the thought of leaving that place dry, which his preceding waves had covered; yet will the experienced mariner inform you, *The tide is going out.*

## CHAP. VI.

## FROM CONSTANTINE TO THEODOSIUS, A. D. 400.

THE successes of Constantine seduced Mr. Gibbon to an epifode; his death irresistibly draws me into a digression. Like Balaam, blessing where he meant to curse, that great historian's book is found of use to those who desire and are earnest to deduce the truth of prophecy from ancient story, as an adversary's testimonial can never be suspected. He has, indeed, given us many land-marks, or set up *termini*, a phrase he would like better, whence our *retrospective* eye may see more clearly how religion and politicks have advanced, proceeding slowly on from station to station, till they arrive at the place we now find them. He fixes the time when oracles expired—he points the period when heathen sacrifices ended—he names the very day when papal power begun; and he asserts with equal sense and truth, that when contempt of the religion long established by law pervades a whole community, revolution cannot long be kept away. He tells from old times, what is completely verified by modern ones, that when the majority secretly loses strength, however clear the numbers may remain, without even possibility of contest; that state has suffered a most fatal symptom, and her destruction cannot be far off. His doctrine of the out-spread labarum, or sacred standard, said to be displayed before the following eyes of highly favoured Constantine, and deeply venerated by all primitive Christians, evince the antiquity of that form of words yet used by our Anglican church in baptism, when we promise manfully to *fight under his banner* who redeemed us; on which I trust was seen the *sign of the Son of Man*, which will appear

appear again before his second coming. Vide St. Matthew, chap. xxiv. verse 30. The *red cross*, the cross of Christ, dipt in his sacred blood, glows on our British standards still. Atheists and infidels strike to it as yet; Oh, may we never desert it! The words  $\tau\epsilon\tau\omega\ \nu\iota\kappa\epsilon$ , *hac vince* however appeared on the mystic colours, shewn in a dream to Constantine: he told Eusebius the tale himself; Eusebius saw the banner that was made from his description of it, but says not in what language the encouraging sentence was written. Fabricius tells us, 'twas in Greek—as that was the Emperor's native tongue, it seems most likely that it should be so: Philostorgius says, the words were *in hoc signo vinces—in this sign thou shalt conquer*; but he saw it not, and perhaps only means himself to *translate* the sentence, not to *copy* it. Whether the sign was an illuminated *cross*, as one would think by Constantine's placing one near every statue erected to him in his lifetime, or whether the Christian's monogram,\* with which the Emperor was well acquainted, having doubtless worn one about his person in his youth, much as the royalists of France, in 1794, carried in their pockets seals or tobacco-stoppers, wherein were concealed effigies of their murdered prince, is not decided—ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ being *Christ* in Greek, the first followers of our Saviour took the two first letters of the name, and striking the second through the first, made out this little cypher  $\rho$  incomprehensible to heathen examination; for Jortin says, that many martyrs, who never, in days of persecution, thrust themselves forward to offend the civil power on purpose, suffered death, when called upon, better than those, who to obtain some notice from the government, rushed against torments, which in the hour of agony they shrunk from. This is natural, and Jesus seems on all occasions to prefer a fearing to a presumptuous disciple. Peter, who promised loudest, was first of all the eleven to deny his Master.

But we return to our summary. Lake Constance, and the pretty

\* *Transversâ literâ x summo capite circumflexo Christo in scutis notat.*

town upon its borders, built in Switzerland, perpetuates the name of our great sovereign's *eldest* son—the word *Pagan*, yet in common use, records a practice of Constantius the *younger* son, who, when he first cashiered his heathen soldiers, quartered them upon the villages, *Pagi*, and thus the appellation spread from them to all who dissented from the legal and authorized church, preferring the old mode of polytheism. Cæsars were in the days we treat of, and long before, created generals, and considered as presumptive heirs; and now the regular division had taken place, and the two brothers shared the world's troubles, rather than its dominion between them. A proof that real power was no longer concentrated, as once under one head, may be produced in the numberless Imperators, Cæsars, *Domini* as they were styled since Dioclesian's reign. Monarchy, properly so called, was fading off, and a way paving fast for the new method by which mankind, weary of early and simple institutions, wished to be governed. Meanwhile a strong concussion of the earth, at Nicomedia, added to an eclipse of the sun, which quickly followed, with storms of unequalled hail, made many think that the last day was coming, although St. Paul's Epistles had assured us, that *Anti-Christ* must first appear on earth; that Man of Sin, who as God, sitteth in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God; and although good Lactantius bid them wait with patience the expiration of the next two thousand years, from Christ's appearance in the flesh until his coming again in glory. This last opinion, held by the early church, originated probably from St. Peter's quotation of king David's words; how to our Lord one day was as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; inferring thence, that as creation ended with the sixth, so would these periods of duration also, and the sabbatical, or seventh millenary, be that of our Saviour's visible reign on earth. Two thousand years were certainly allotted for obedience to the moral sense, and for conviction to such as should come after, that this same moral sense or law of reason was insufficient. These feeble fences against sin and sorrow being all swept away at once

by

by the Deluge, mankind had Moses and the Prophets for a guide about two thousand more; at which time Christ appeared, and the gospel dispensation has now, whilst I am writing, been so long in force, that one man and his son both living to the utmost stretch of permitted existence in this sublunary world, may see that portion of eternity expire, which reason and prophecy, apostle and evangelist, seem leading us to consider as the *last* allotted to the use of humanity. All this on supposition that no mistakes are made in that chronology which well we know is most exceedingly defective; many years have been devoured and sunk during the dark night of those Gothick ages at which our *Retrospection* peeps, at best through cloudy telescopes: when we reflect, beside, on the gross errors entertained by ancients of the very first rate abilities in other sciences, sciences of far easier attainment, 'twere difficult to be quite satisfied with their accounts of time. Wild opinions, strange anecdotes, and almost inconceivable facts strewed up and down the Augustan and Ecclesiastical History, might stagger many a reader. We moderns are however, most disposed to sneer at what is related of the *Christian* martyrs, and think it witty to ridicule the idea of throwing princeesses of that persuasion—virgins, to be deprived of that name by the hangman, if they refused burning incense upon a heathen altar, Venus's for the most part: although Diana's processions at new and full moon were often as great a snare. Yet why controvert so probable an occurrence! The great Sejanus's daughter, upon her father's fall from imperial favour, was so served, only because *she was* his daughter; nor could the cradle's self prove a sure shelter to the unhappy infant of Caligula. The common punishments where no religious prejudices were concerned, exceeded far our limited ideas of times in which vice and virtue, severity and sweetness, knowledge and ignorance, were alike gigantic. A gentleman complained in Germany to Aurelian that one of *his* officers had violated hospitality by personal insults on the honour of his wife, who entertained the General at her house—no more was necessary; this rough commander calling the wretched culprit before him,

him, had his two feet fastened to the top of two trees forcibly bent together, which being then suddenly let loose, tore the criminal asunder at the moment of recoil. Nor was young Alexander less severe, when he caused the sinews of a judge's fingers to be all cut through for taking bribes, and as he had after all given the cause against the plaintiff lady who had bribed him, the final punishment was suffocation; for smoke he sold, observed the Emperor, and with smoke should he be paid. A stake being prepared therefore, surrounded by wet wood, Taurinus, though of consular dignity, was fastened to it, and smothered in her's and her protector's sight. Constantine threw some Frenchmen he had taken near the town of Bonne, in Germany, to be devoured alive by dogs, for theft and treachery: they deserved not, he said, to die the death of soldiers. But the time was fast approaching when these black clouds were doomed to roll away. The lesser light of human reason, says an admirable preacher, had been long appointed to rule the night of darkness, doubt, and gloom; the greater light of revelation's sun was sent at last to illuminate our clearer day; and He who sent it, made the stars also. Confucius, Epictetus, Plato, shone but by his permission, whilst with acknowledged difficulty, and cautious step, their followers stumbling, trod a narrow path. But Julian the apostate preferred, upon mature deliberation, the perishable taper of philosophical perplexity to the broad light of our reveal'd religion; his character arrests our *retrospective* eye, now for the first time contemplating the imperial purple clothing a disputant in deep theology. A person of whom more contrarieties may be recounted than ever lodged in any mind except his own; a prince, who although personally valiant, shrunk meanly, in his cousin's life-time, from avowal of that religion which he was afterwards ardent to establish, merely because danger then attended its confession; a man, who although bigotted to his own opinions, wished not to punish those who differed from them; and who, though all must own him a stoic, a soldier, a scholar, and a wit, had the strange weakness to endeavour at finding out future events, by

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marking grains of barley with Greek characters, and throwing them before a fowl to see which he would pick up, and what words those letters left or taken would compose. A kind of divination had, 'tis true, been practised, by considering, from time immemorial, sometimes the *corns* of barley, sometimes the *dough* or matter of the cakes offered in sacrifice: it was called crithomancy. Virgil represents Dido as offering up a barley cake in her last rite, when Chaos, Erebus and Hecate were invoked. This mode of forcery to which Julian was addicted, had for its object the *infernal gods*; for *Ceres* still had influence over *Proserpine*; they were to tell who sought the Emperor's life, and he was to send such traitors, when he caught them, swift to the shades below. Thence the fallacious as magical encouragement he thus received, determined him notwithstanding, to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem, and by so doing shake our faith to its foundation, which had so completely in many parts of the empire dislodged *his own*. That this temple should have been twice destroyed upon the same day of the year; that day the very one upon which Moses had broken the tables of the law so many ages past; that it was still venerated in its anniversary, as giving birth to that ever blessed Virgin who, daughter to David, was made mother to Jesus Christ, escaped not the notice of apostate Julian, well instructed in the religion he forsook. Instead then of renewing persecutions against the professors of Christianity, he contented himself with shunning their society, laughing at their manners, and pointing them out as objects of general and deserved contempt; to increase which, he employed all his imperial power to prove the scattering and destruction of the Jews merely accidental. Builders and architects in consequence began the work of fabrication; but that strange hindrances rose against it (even in the eyes of Pagan spectators), neither ancient nor modern infidels deny. Julian, not easily repulsed, sent other men to Palestine, whence they returned baffled in every attempt by volcanic eruptions, that like masked batteries protected the ruin, prohibiting all approach, and rendering it incapable of repair; a circumstance



circumstance which became daily more astonishing to the philosophical apostate, from consideration of the neighbouring soil, that as he well-knew contained no fiery particles, nor was ever known to exhibit appearance of being combustible, except on that occasion. The laugh ran now against the Emperor, and his project; polytheism had lost her charms, and Julian's efforts to restore it were in vain: his own example, although seconded by virtuous conduct, excited no contagious piety in the multitude, who looked upon his slaughtered hecatombs with coldness, and only said horned cattle would be dear, when court devotion grew so sanguinary. A man who knew the world as Julian did, must have perceived this fatal symptom of his faith's decay; before the sarcastic sneer of derision beauty fades, wit is silenced, and even wisdom's self—*loses discountenanced, and like folly shows*. Ourselves have in our own time seen his'd forth same, honour, excellence of every kind from Paris; when too soft Lutetia, known by that name in the third century, corrupted sunk into her destined quagmire of melting dissolution—unlike the town preferred by Julian above every other for its rough manners and bold honesty. Its then coarse but courageous inhabitants, formed a strong contrast to the voluptuous Syrians, a race the Emperor delighted to show his scorn of; purposely shocking the dainty residents of Antioch with his philosophic negligence of their long robes and curls, and paint and perfumes; adopting, in direct opposition to such manners, the uncouth customs of those rugged Gauls, which had the territorial appellation of *Parisii*, receiving visitants, petitioners, &c. with uncombed beard, tann'd skin, and inky fingers; but forgetting the good precept *nequid nimis*. 'Tis curious meantime to see France set the fashions even in this early age: she sets the fashion still. With levity unexampled having in these last fifteen years been considered by all Europe as a model: first of gay splendour and ostentatious elegance; next of brutality and ferocious rage; once eminent for loyalty little short of partial foolishness; then giving the astonished world a sudden exhibition of murder, treason, regicide. May this last

horrible fashion find no followers! Could her admirer Julian see Paris now again, he would *again* perhaps find out one quality worthy his admiration, namely, her philosophical apostacy from that religion which he, with as little reason as herself, was prompted to desert. But the character of this Emperor has carried us too far; the closing scene is nigh. Sapoors, king in Persia, who called himself brother to the sun and moon, had put the Romans to intolerable straits, since death removed his great opponent Constantine: and warlike Julian now, after menacing *our* predecessors with the severities they should suffer on his return, set forward to meet the storm which gathered eastward. Eutropius the historian, who followed him a soldier, and fought by his side, saw him fall before the siege of Ctesiphon, and bears undoubted testimony to his martial conduct in the field, and to his courageous death in the tent, many hours after the fatal wound was given. But Julian considered himself as going to unite his soul for ever with those deities from whom he held it to have been an emanation, and hoped reward for having promoted their service. As a philosopher he could not be an atheist. For our age of reason, as 'tis falsely called, was finally reserved renunciation of all future hope; the consideration of death as an eternal sleep was far from *his* opinion or belief.

Ah! que fausement, fausement courageuse,  
 L'ame doit te trouver affreuse,  
 Quand le néant est son espoir,  
 Quel espoir de ne rien pretendre!  
 Quel bonheur de n'en point attendre!  
 Quel secours de n'en plus avoir!

'Tis most remarkable perhaps that Julian should leave his life upon those plains of Dura where Nebuchadnezzar, just a thousand years before, had set up the famous golden image to Bel or Baal, but representing, I suppose, the sun; for not adoring which colossus, the three Israelitish captives were thrown into a burning fiery furnace, and came out thence unhurt, under the visible protection of the Son of God, whose eternal

filiation

filiation was become; three hundred and sixty-five years after his appearance upon earth; a cause of such perpetual stumbling to his followers, that the heroic Bishop Athanasius newly restored, after incredible struggles and vexations, was at length half compelled to lend his name to a new creed, a fresh compilation of articles, a symbol of belief still upon stated days repeated in our church, though he himself assured the Emperor Jovian who succeeded, that there were creeds enough already. This truly Christian Prince, obliged to make somewhat disgraceful terms with haughty Sapor, reigned but a short time, during which period hailstones of enormous size fell at Constantinople, while ten cities in Crete were overturned by an earthquake. Upon his death, designed or accidental, there is a curious letter from St. Chrysostome, to the imperial widow Chariclo, a Grecian lady, saying, that of nine successors whom he had known invested with the purple, two only could have been supposed to pay the debt of nature by a common course of events. Jovian's demise however, might certainly have happened by neglect or ignorance of those about him; who left a chafing dish or brazier filled with charcoal in the apartment where he slept: thus making way for Valens and Valentinian, two brothers of opposite characters and manners, held together, as it should seem, by mere convenience of governing the empire by division. Its eastern possessions fell to Valens' share; while Valentinian resided at Milan, where his excess of veneration for good St. Ambrose is still remembered by its rich effects. The church, the library, filled with inestimable rarities, were in high preservation A. D. 1786; and 'twas remembered then among them, how when the fiery spirit of an emperor more zealous for the honour of our meek religion, than studious to obey its gentle precepts, was disturbed: it was St. Ambrose only, the *mellifluous* doctor who could sooth it to a temporary calm, and mitigate its wrathful violence. When that imperial anger was exerted against the strange propensity to witchcraft, which helped in those days to obscure men's reason and obstruct their virtue, one hardly can condemn it—less still when we reflect

reflect that Theodosius the warlike, the pious and the wise, escaped as 'twere by miracle from snares that were laid to dispatch him, only because that fatal cock before whom the letters of the alphabet were placed, had selected those with which his name begun. The town of *Valenciennes* however, rose to light about the time we speak of; and Britain had well nigh been called *Valentia*. Should one be led to observe that there was a fate in it, for that *Britannia* could not change her name, 'twere well we lived there in the present day, not *then*; this zealous ruler of mankind would have accused and punished us perhaps for onomantical propensities. Truth is, *Raff Assian*, collector of the tales of the Talmud, is answerable for many of these silly fancies of conjuring by names, which originated from that source. *Cabbala* or cabalistic mysteriousness has left the world but a short time. There is a way of telling fortunes *now* in many parts of Italy called *la cabala*; and there was an odd lucky reference to the word in *both* senses of it; when *Clifford*, *Ashburnham*, *Buckingham*, *Arlington*, and *Lauderdale*, in *Charles the second's* time, with the initial letters of their names, formed the word *CABAL*. *Addison* refers to it as familiarly known in our *Spectator's* time, and the *Abbé Villars* alludes to it in the name of *le Compte de Gabalis*. What wonder then, if the fourth century found it a serious matter? The Emperor *Valens* was himself infected, and put many innocent mortals to death for no worse crime than a truly luckless initial. The times were full of terror and of danger. Disputes between *Urficinus* and *Damafus* for the papal chair ran so excessively high, that an hundred and thirty-seven men were killed fighting in a Christian church at *Rome*, with fury ill becoming either party; till the sovereign himself interfered, and confirmed *Damafus* in the see. In gratitude for this event the *scut. in principio* was added to *gloria patri* after every psalm, which he commanded them to chant in alternate verse, as is the usage still in all cathedrals. *Damafus* was a *Portugueze* by birth, a poet and historian, who wrote the acts and sufferings of his predecessors, and though accused of some moral faults; he cleared himself;

self; and St. Jerome, to whom he dedicates his book, records him as of pious memory. The great Basilica of St. Syricius where they fought, is now *Santa Maria maggiore*. But heresy and luxury did then too sure combine to shake the faith of such new profelytes as were most easily offended, and felt themselves disposed (as many since) to charge upon Religion's self the excesses committed by her professors. That Damasus fought not the good fight, Jortin considers as so good a joke, he has it both in the preface and the work—yet is there little need to suggest subjects of derision to those who are ever willing to deride us; and if great Theodosius did afterwards approve the purity of this Pope's faith, he certainly no more approved of battles in the church than Dr. Jortin docs. Irregularities of conduct, and haughtiness of demeanour wholly inexcusable, do doubtless mark the moments we are writing of, when gilded cars, prancing steeds, and numerous retinue attendant upon Christian bishops, began to fright St. Gregory Nazianzen; and ill-instructed votaries to the ever-blessed Virgin propagated collyridianism in Brabant, where she was directly and positively adored—not with dulia merely, but pure latria, and incense offered to her as queen of heaven. The source of that mad mischief rises in polytheism, whose *Mater Deorum* was easily confounded by young converts with our *Mater Dei*, and there is now a bronze figure of the Madonna in the Vatican—or was in 1786, with a high tower on her head, and all the insignia of Cybele, to whose honours she succeeded; and this explains the reason why mutilated priests officiated before her shrine at Loretto, as eunuchs or semi-eunuchs were of old appointed to serve the mother of the gods. These people had indeed, during the times under our *Retrospection*, an almost boundless influence upon the world, which influence increased since Asia became seat of universal empire: for no longer contented with sway obtained as formerly through the vices of monarchs addicted to criminal pleasures, they resolved to secure it now by means of ill-understood devotion, ruling the hearts and consciences of the religious princes, who put

put themselves and families under *their* common guidance. But whilst enervate softness mark'd the east, a rougher scenery displayed itself in Scotland, whence Eugenius and Euthodius were cruelly thrust out, and exiled to perish with hunger in the Isle of Man; till Romachus, the petty tyrant of Caledonia, having offended his barons by this act of treason against youths of a royal blood, they cut his head off, carrying it in triumph upon a pike's end, according to the true spirit of such irregular and turbulent times. The sons meanwhile of Cynetha Welledig, whose mother Gwawl\* was sister to St. Helena, ruled on the shaggy top of Mona high, where the Loegrian Britons had retired from fury and encroachment of the Saxon chiefs; having first cleared the island from piratic rovers from the Irish coast, they settled, and Caswallon then obtained (some say) the appellation of *Draco Insularum*. I thought the *dragon crest* and perhaps *rouge dragon* had been derived from him; but Pennant, who best knows such matters, brings them from Uther Pendragon: he has himself a right to bear it, as I have read or heard, deriving his long-traced lineage from Vortigern; and it should seem that dragons were not new to the world after crusading times, *by this*: though Warton thinks they were. Yet 'tis hard to believe, because *Brescia Brixia* gave it for an ensign in early days, if we believe the testimony of Rubæus. Be this as it may, science had certainly begun to dawn among the barbarous nations; and a faint distant light, as Rome began rolling back towards opacity, might be discerned to promise day among the Goths, when Athanaricus, the Cecrops of modern ages, fixing in Thrace, encouraged Ulphilus, an Arian bishop, to invent runic characters, and had the satisfaction of seeing those arts of civilization sown, which were destined to revive after the grand deluge of darkness, urged onwards by the Huns and Vandals, should be dried off. But before then the timid Valens was consumed in a small house he had retired to from rage of

\* Gwawl means Giulia, Julia, Juliana; the Gillian of our English ballads.

war, which soon pursued him there and burned with fire. His rugged colleague Valentinian died in an agony of passion, bursting a blood-vessel with his own violence at seeing himself forced to receive ambassadors from savage leaders of armies he at once despised and feared; but having associated Gratian his son and successor, the loss was felt the less; while furious Maximin, a name that ever calls to mind ideas of tyranny, ruled but a little while. One of these semi-barbarous emperors, I forget which, had for his favourites two shapeless bears, probably less ferocious than himself; and excellent at ridding their master of friends or of petitioners he liked not. That nothing may appear impossible, I can myself recollect hearing of a country gentleman residing in Lancashire or Cheshire some threescore years ago, who had the same taste of domestic amusement; and when more wine was called for than he wished to give, Call Dolly in, said he, to sweep the room. Immediately a high huge female bear, walking on two hind-feet, with a long broomstick between her fore-paws, entered the door, and quickly sent away the terrified spectators. But we return to feeble Gratian, who, as might be expected, soon fell before such force as Maximin's, but like Nerva, he had been careful to provide the world a master—rich in every endowment, strong in every ingredient that constitutes true courage; wise to conduct these gifts to the best purpose, and learned to obtain new lights from reading, should his own prove insufficient. In Theodosius, a Spaniard like himself, even the remembrance of Trajan might be sunk; he was the last emperor that went out with the Roman armies, and he lived till four hundred years were past since our redemption. Various in talents, though single in excellence; he encouraged piety, he practised morality, he rewarded valour, and supported for a while expiring knowledge. *He* called the Church of Christ the *catholic*, or general, or comprehensive Church *Universal*. Happy and pleasing and fortunate appellation! which she will wear yet to the end of time, and against which the force of men or of dæmons never shall prevail.

## C H A P. VII.

## FROM THEODOSIUS THE ELDER TO THE DEATH OF ATTLA,

ABOUT FIFTY YEARS.

THE new Emperor's earliest cares were exerted to maintain unity in the church, solidity, if possible, in the state. He appointed the Nicene Creed to be read after the Gospel, as we have it now; he procured condemnation of the Macedonian heresy, and reconciled the bishops Paulinus and Meletius, at Antioch. The Goths till his time inflexible, humanized apace: Athanaricus felt the impulse of taste; residing by the Emperor's particular invitation at Constantinople, his manners softened, and having once been made sensible of the charms of civilization, he desired never to return, but died there, a convert to Christian customs; and after the Arian mode of receiving it, to our faith likewise. But no efforts of imperial power, no writing of St. Gregory Nazianzen, no eloquence of good St. Ambrose, could root out *that* firmly-fixed heretical opinion, which at first seemed to have originated from desire of opposing errors promulgated by Sabellius, rather than with any intent of forming a separation in the church, whence nothing has ever been able to dislodge it—like the Jerusalem artichoke, which once planted, keeps perpetual possession of the ground. The north now filled apace with bishops and pastors, expelled from the capital by orthodoxy, which we shall soon see shrinking and ridiculed by triumphant Arianism, that viewed with scorn those who strove to enter at the strait gate, while St. Augustine lent his inimitable talents for a short time to the Manichæans, and Syricius, the Pope, paved the way for future pontiffs to require celibacy from their clergy,



clergy, whom he first restrained from marrying widows, or taking a second wife. Claudian, meantime, adorned these days with poetry, which scarce by us seems to have been praised enough—he makes the shade between classics and moderns somehow, and naturalists scorn the animal *qui forme la nuance*, as Buffon calls it, between one genus and another. A Tuscan friend told me, that though his works were first printed at Florence, he was by *birth* a Spaniard. Vicenza disputes the first of these claims however, and boasts the earliest edition 1482, in folio: The younger Heinsius published an Elzevir, in 12mo. 1650; and having, in some favourite verses, called the Nile *fluum*, critics believe that he was born in Egypt.

Theon, the sophist, flourished about this time; he was a famous mathematician, and Marcellinus, Ammianus Marcellinus wrote his interesting story; but controversy began to swallow up literature, and a new sort of barbarism deluged all works of fancy. The Emperor translated from the Hebrew into Latin, a tract, called *Pseudo Evangelium*, or the Fabulous Gospel; supposed to have been a composition of Nicodemus, the Jewish Doctor, who came to Jesus by night: Bishop Turpin, in Charlemagne's time, translated this imperial work into French, and from that version sprung *the mysteries*, acted in every Christian country, till about three hundred years back, from the moment in which I recommend *Retrospection*. Meanwhile, such was Theodosius's attention to learning in all its branches, and such his care for the dignity of its professors, that having observed Arsenius, tutor to his son, who was associated at eight years old, teaching his royal pupil bareheaded and standing, while the young Cæsar sat covered at his ease upon a chair; the Emperor made them change places instantly, obliging the instructor to sit, the learner to stand in future.

Coeval with these occurrences, King Snio ruled in Denmark, where dreadful famines had prevailed so long, a law was made to lessen the number of inhabitants, by putting children and old women to death;

but by advice of Gambarà, a lady much listened to on account of her wisdom and virtue, milder measures were adopted, lots were drawn and those on whom they fell, were driven from the country to seek for themselves other habitations. From families thus migrating southward, sprung the Lombards, first known by the term Winili, or Wanderers; but after, from their long beards, not trimmed upon their march, styled Longobardi: The name of Gambarà was not only extant among them, but highly venerated as late as A. D. 1786. Basil, or Basse, in Switzerland, was built about the time we are reviewing, and drew, from a Basilisk killed by their new wall, the appellation it has never lost: but Cologne, where Marcomir defeated hapless Gratian, whom Theodosius afterwards so well revenged, was even then a place of wonderful antiquity, having been only repaired by Agrippa, who found the ruins of an old town there fabricated, as they told *him*, by Colonus, a Trojan chief, in almost fabulous times, for which the noble Spaniard felt so much respect, he could not be induced to change it; and it is said, that the yet common word to *colonize*, in every language, comes from that ancient source: 'Twas Claudius added those few structures, of which some vestiges even yet remain; *he* called it Colonia Agrippina: That Mary de Medicis died, and that the immortal Rubens was born there, are boasts of its later existence. It was a custom to nominate the conquered places anew, in sign of subjugation, and reverence fills our *retrospective* eye, when it can fix on an original designation given them by leaders long ago laid in earth, or by accidents as long ago buried under fiction. Such is the word *allemands*, at this very moment the name by which an immense number of our bravest Europeans are well known; and Aven-tine persists, and so does Helveticus, their historians, that the distinguishing appellative came from Allemannus,\* the Hercules of the

\* Allemannus conquered a lion in single combat, tam'd him, and led him about in a chain; when arms were given in the holy wars, (for distinction's sake) the Bavarian Duke, or leader, chose a chained lion for his device.

north, from whose chained lion the Bavarian nobles of this day claim some heraldic privileges, though he was contemporary with Moses, and of course with Erichthonius. A more fashionable etymologist says, they were first called so in the days when to oppose the progress of Caracalla, the *Germans*, or *war men*, rose in a mass from all surrounding districts, and gathered *all men, allemanni*, together for their own defence. This would do, but that Hunnus, Noricus, Boius, and Helvetius, the four sons of the half-fabulous hero, still live in the names of Hungary, Bohemia, and Helvetia. Noricum lasted a pretty long while too, but 'tis now Stiria, or Carinthia, Mr. D'Anville says, or both. The true Slavonians indeed, resident in what is now Bohemia, claimed that their irruptions into Italy were founded upon ancient just pretensions; nothing less than an old charter, said to have been extant in 1644, and running thus:—"We, Alexander, founder of the Grecian empire, conqueror of the Persians, Medes, &c. and of the whole world from east to west, from north to south, Son of great Jupiter, by fair Olympias, or so called—to you the noble stock of brave Slavonians, and to all of your language; because you have been a help to us in war, and valiant in faith and honour: we confirm all that tract of earth from the north to the south of Italy, from us and our successors, to you and your posterity for ever; and if any other nation be found there, let them be your slaves. Dated at Alexandria, the 12th of the Goddess Minerva. Witness Æthra, with the Eleven Princes, whom we appoint our successors."

Æthra, who is called to witness the deed, was mother to the Hyades, and daughter to Ocean and Tethys: it means, I suppose, that all was signed in the rainy season—*Pluviasque Hyadas*, Virgil calls them; but they are more familiarly known by name of Pleiades, or seven stars, in the neck of the constellation Taurus, of which six only are ever visible to the naked eye.

But an establishment far different from any made by war or politics claims, in the fifth century, a glance of *Retropection*. St. Augustine being

being converted and baptized, obtained a garden plot without the walls of Hippo, in Africa, where he and eleven friends formed the first order of mendicant friars, from which innumerable ramifications branched abroad, and made the world of monks a large and separate class of humanity. So differently, and so widely from the original institution ranged this new current of imaginative piety, that ceasing to murmur near the solitary paths of serious individuals, it came at last to roll in torrents of licensed beggary, and stagnate in pools of offensive ignorance. How little did the great founder of this idle fancy dream that such could ever have been the case! when with his virtue, his learning, and his leather girdle, he fought only to shun the temptations of riches, and obtain more time to converse with heaven. But these strange facts must teach us to beware of human institutions, specious though they be, when such genius, directed by such intentions, failed of their purposed effect. St. Augustin's conversion to orthodoxy by St. Ambrose, was however the most desirable of all triumphs to the church, which now displayed that influence and elderhip over the state which its great ruler willingly submitted to. Some new but necessary tax had been imposed; the populace enraged, threw down the Emperor's statues, insulted his officers, and manifested a disposition towards resistance, totally new to the world, which may be observed then *first* to have put forth the more than half invisible germ, encouraged by mildness in the sovereign power. Theodosius sent forces to punish the insurgents; but Flavian, their gentle bishop, interposed, and saved them from the threatened resentment. Fresh offence of the same nature was, in seven years after this indulgence, given by the people of Thessalonica, who finding resistance permitted at Antioch, resolved to push the same principles up to rebellion in *their* city, where in a popular tumult they killed their governor, and, if I remember right, fired his house, with other acts of unexampled insolence. Imperial dignity would brook no more, and Theodosius, in the spirit of his predecessors, permitted a massacre of the guilty town-folk by his soldiery.

St.

St. Ambrose justly alarmed at so much bloodshed, censured the indignant Emperor from his pulpit, whence he admonished him of the wide difference between a Christian and a Pagan spirit; and fearless in the cause of true religion, inculcated the doctrine of forgiveness, declaring the cruelties lately performed criminal, without palliation or softening. Such truths affected the generous bosom of the sovereign, such conduct inspired respect towards the prelate, inclining the prince to condemnation of his own behaviour. That his repentance might be public he wore mourning eight months; and when the *double* quarantine was over, he was admitted as a penitent to the communion. That compensation might be made for that rash storm of anger in which no fewer than seven thousand people perished, a law was made, irrevocable from that day, that no execution should again take place, till four weeks after sentence was pronounced. Thus had the world-long cause to bless the church, which for the noblest of all human purposes controll'd the kingly power. That monarch too, who being set by heaven high above all apprehension of sublunary punishment, submitted his imperial state to censure of a subject, and humbled his greatness before the throne of God. That Theodosius should perform a moral act equal to this religious one is less surprising: he set Valentinian (second of the name) upon the throne of the West, from motives of mere moderation; and to revenge his death, faced with heroic courage the rebel captains Eugenius and Arbogastes, whom he defeated by superior knowledge in the arts of war; for rebels were no new phenomena; but they were individual chiefs who stood in opposition each to other, and led th' imbattled multitudes along to perish in their cause. Till Theodosius's reign, an insurrection without a leader is not heard of; 'twas a non-descript in history or politicks; but experience has since made us acquainted with the beast. And now Alaric and Rhadagistus, who had been tearing each other to pieces during the life-time of this last sovereign, watched the moment of his death to fall on the deserted world, and fright his despicable successors.

successors. Of these poor creatures, the eldest Arcadius, found a traitor in the man who should have served him, one Ruffinus, who leagued with Alaric, but lost the reward of treachery; he died, and weak Honorius endeavoured to secure his western division of imperial power by wedding the daughter of victorious Stilicho, who had killed 10,000 Goths under Fiesole, and was a character of energy enough, but could not resist the temptation of endeavouring to obtain the empire for himself, which he defended with so much activity. Meanwhile, Cedrenus says, the olympiads ceased in Greece; new customs, new terrors overwhelmed mankind; new nations over-ran it, and nothing proceeded forwards with any appearance of regularity, except church establishments. St. Jerome translated the Bible into what is called the Vulgate version, about the time we speak of; Pope Anastasius commanded the gospel to be heard standing, and the third council of Carthage decreed, that the eucharist should be received fasting—two good usages, and as yet complied with both by Romanists and Lutherans. Stilicho burned the Sybil's books, on which, says Mr. Murphy, in a note on Tacitus, paganism groaned and expired. One wishes, however, that the mystical acrostic of Erythræa had been spared, which began every line with the next letter of our Saviour's name, and while she prophesied his birth, formed the words JESUS CHRIST.

Ausonius lived in these days or near them; he was a Frenchman, born at Bourdeaux, then Burdigalá, but of Roman parents; his nativity cast by Arborius early in life, determined possibly his future studies. The grandfather was persuaded he *must* be a poet, and a poet he became.

Judicial astrology was believed in by all ranks through the fifth century, men seem as if they *would always* take unlicensed peeps behind the curtain of futurity; the Delphic oracle and Dodonæan grove were silenced—and as the east was the true seat of empire, oriental magic arts succeeded to Pythian imposture and ambiguity. But *Retrospection*

*trospetion* must be turned unwillingly towards the uxorious prince and trifling boy that swayed the world's great sceptre ; for whilst Rome's danger from the Goths drew near, and Stilicho with all his active genius could but procure a momentary armistice, Honorius having sought inglorious shelter among the deep morasses of Ravenna, built him a terrace there and aviary ; and equally incapable of virtue or of vice, fed his favourite birds, dogs and poultry, in quiet, an unconcerned hearer of all that past. Arcadius, yet more conscious than the brother of his own small powers to fill up his station, committed his infant son to care of Isdigerdes, the Persian prince, for education ; and put himself under tuition of Eutropius, the first eunuch on record, who arrived at the patrician and consular dignity, and who headed the armies of now degenerate Rome. For though the hero that opposed the rush of Gothick fury seemed to revive some hope from martial ardour ; while his panegyrist shewed the fire of wit in epigram and mythologick verse, not yet extinguished, it was a paper flame, and plainly by its short and sudden blaze betrayed th'expiring taper's end, fast following to utter abolition. Stilicho fed his ready-kindling heat with the coarse nutriment of personal interest, and desire of empire for his own worthless son, instead of his old master's Theodosius : he too was disappointed in his aim by death—but the bold Eunuch now came forward, and in his consulship enacted a law against protection of civil offences by sanctuary. St. Chrystome, for this insult against church power, refused him the communion ; and with a zeal less regular than rapid, reproached the daring favourite from the altar. In two years time his own excesses having armed some injured hand against him, this Eutropius flew to the shelter he had himself denied, and from the church was dragged away to suffer ; but Socrates, a Greek writer of the fifth century, says that St. Chrystome's true charity rescued the wretched life, forfeit to his own law, and sent him safe into perpetual banishment. The word *masse* was now first introduced into ecclesiastical ordinances ; we know not if it meant

oblation from the Hebrew *missach*, or from *missâ* and *demissa*—mere *finish* or *dismission*. The Pelagian heresy meanwhile never dismissed, now raged with exceeding violence. It was first founded by Pelagius, a monk, born in Armorica, or Little Britain—the province of Bretagne, in France, and consisted chiefly in the denial of original sin, and of there being any necessity for the grace of God, supposing man wholly sufficient to his own salvation.

This Pelagius was a Welchman, Howell says, and his name Morgan; he was called Pelagius, à *Pelago*; he was born by the sea-side. There were four kings of that province named Howell, and one of them was called Howell the Great. They all derived from Adrian, whose family name was *Ælia*, say the letters *Hoælianaæ*. But we return to Arcadius and Honorius, who were compared by Gibbon at the end of his third volume, fourth edition, to the kings of France and Spain, who, he said truly enough, slumbered upon their thrones. Louis XVI. lamented the insult; and our historian good-naturedly declared in his memoirs, that the offensive passage was penned before he came to the crown—so it might, and yet be intended for him ne'er the less. He was dauphin, he was uxorious, and apparently conscious of his own small strength to hold in a headstrong people, irritated, although pampered by his predecessors. The sons of Theodosius, degenerate as they were, had nothing to fear from their own subjects' aversion; but Sueves, Goths, Huns, and Vandals, kept pouring forward in repeated torrents from the same populous regions, whence had rushed the Cimbri and Teutons, repelled by Marius five hundred years before. What is most observable in this fresh swarm of them, is the term Chagan or Khan, given to their leader. The word is yet familiar to us in Tartar annals, if such they may be called.

*Teutons* have not forgotten their early designation: I bought a map at Lintz in Germany—the corner calls it *Teutcht* land, and the people exhorted me in vain to study *Teutsch*, now by corrupt and close pronunciation become *Dutch*—of course divided into high Dutch and low;



low ; the languages of Holland and of Germany. *Teuton* however, though an early appellative, was not the original one. *Titans* they were, *spreading o'er many a rood*, and thought for that reason in early days *gigantic*. *Tūd* earth, and *tan* spreading, are words yet understood on Mona, where they resided as I may say metropolitarily. They are still Cimbri, Cambrians *there* ; Cymri, (pronounce *Coom*, Gomeri) perhaps from the son of Japhet, the Jâpetus of history and fable. *Coom* means a valley in the Saxon language. Our ancestor chose the vales possibly for residence ; he was a lowlander likely enough. But my readers would rather get forwards with the story, and see tremendous Alaric return and blockade the city of Rome, then filled, as Gibbon and Nardini think, with about 1,200,000 souls, not more than London at the present day, nor very, *very* much richer, I should suppose ; only that their wealth, as still obtains in Italy, was concentrated in churches, palaces, and senatorial residences ; unlike to ours, which from the nature of our government is all diffused, scattering its comforts upon common life. The savage prince who sacked it afterwards, once raised the siege for 5,000 pounds weight of gold, and 30,000 pounds weight of silver, to which other articles of luxury were added, that bear in different times a different price ; and famine had so wasted the inhabitants, their deaths by hunger caused a dreadful plague—on hearing which the fierce barbarian retired a while, observing he was sorry for that pestilence, as *thick grass was easier cut than thin*. During the dreadful scarcity preceding it, must be remembered the charity of Læta, widow of Gratian, who bestowed three parts of her princely revenue to feed the poor, and deserved better fate than death at last by hunger. Serena too was strangled by the populace, who hoped to appease the treacherous Alaric by murdering the favourite wife of his ally, brave Stilicho, who had before this been assassinated for his intention to usurp the diadem. Serena was a second consort to the General, not mother to the Empress *Mary* first we read of—*she*, as her name implies, stretched out her neck with fortitude to meet the blow,

and follow, as she said, her warlike husband. But women now press forward on our notice: little is said of them during the prosperity of ancient Rome, where they were considered merely as appendages to greatness, or necessities of domestic life, or at most as toys of pleasure for the men: but constant nature will preserve her level; and as one half the human race grew weaker, the other half appeared to strengthen in proportion. Eudocia, Proba, Falconia, now wrote verses, or at least compiled verses already written, and tacking them into centos, obtained admiration for their wit—whilst Hippacia taught the mathematicks publickly in the schools of Alexandria, after the death of her father Theon; for improvements in mechanism flourish as philosophy decays, and tottering science clings close to demonstration. Hydraulic organs had been long in use, supplying the place of manual exertions in musick, whence taste and feeling were of course precluded; and polygraphic pictures helped to extinguish the painter's art. Laziness is a certain symptom of ill health to any and to every state: and Ammianus Marcellinus had, though himself a Syrian, reproached the Romans before this period for being contented with having their game driven into toils for them to catch more easily, chace being become too great a fatigue. The kings of Spain and Naples hunted just so in the year 1785; for though there has been much fluctuation in our globe, there has been but little change. Italian ideas of justice fifteen years ago, were exactly like those the satirical historian describes in his own time, when, says he, Should a slave bring the warm water somewhat too cold to table, three hundred lashes on the back admonish him to shew more care for his fine master's nerves: should the same man commit a wilful murder, provided always it was on his *equal*—My Lord will say perhaps, He's a good fellow; but we will punish him, if he is catch'd repeating such offences. That similar opinions prevailed at Milan A. D. 1786, I had myself opportunity to observe. Two persons there were committed for examination; one had killed his fellow-servant in cold blood, the other was seen breaking some new lamps  
lately

lately set up to illuminate the streets and square. I hope, said I, the assassin will be hanged.—I had rather see the other hanged, replied a friend in company, for the first only stabbed his companion out of revenge, poor fellow! whereas the wicked creature who broke our pretty lamps, did it, I'm persuaded, only to spite the Archduke. To rectify the Roman notions a merited and dreadful chastisement was at hand. Let the Milanese determine if one much less severe was hurled upon their haughty nobles by Bonaparte, than when stern Alaric, bought off to temporary removal of his forces, returned again before their gates for plunder; and as he had on his last visit demanded all their property, they now, in a debate for peace, inquired not how much he would take, but what he'd leave them.—*Their lives perhaps*, replied the rough barbarian, and press'd more closely round Aurelian's wall; which, far too wide for their shrunk forces to defend, gave way; and saw the city it had once scarcely surrounded, given up a helpless prey to ignorance and grossness; to Gothick greediness of immediate gain, and wanton delight in unnecessary destruction. Amidst this shock of contending passions grief and rage, Christianity, and Christianity alone, survived. The soldiers who respected neither rank nor age, looked on the church with reverence, and forbore to touch whatever had been there deposited. The sacking of the town lasted three days, and in that time innumerable were the precious monuments of science that sunk beneath the victor's fury: much was yet left for future pillagers, who learned the road to riches from Alaric, while he contrived various though unsuccessful methods of carrying his spoils away to Africa, where, like a true savage, he had purposed to retire, and growl over his prey in solitude. The vessel they embarked in was however still driven back by storms, till over-laded with extortion, down she sunk; and the now disappointed conqueror, who had refused granting ought but life to those who had once employed him in their defence (when Stilicho paid him as a subsidized ally), left his own shipwreckt corpse at last upon the sea-beat shore of Calabria.

Thus

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day ;  
 So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow  
 At other's good, or feel for other's woe.

POPE.

So perished arts and elegancies and knowledge ! Crevier says hastily there was no Roman orator after Pliny, no historian after Tacitus, and no poet after Juvenal ; he might as well have said there was no emperor after Marcus Aurelius. Crevier says well however, that to polite literature succeeded empty and disputatious theology ; and that for love of such subtleties barbarism was contented to drive taste and convenience, and common sense quite away—

A second deluge learning next o'er-run,  
 While the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

Athaulphus now (*Adolphus* in our closer pronounciation) ruled over the Visigoths, and wisely fixed his seat at warm Thoulouse ; while Britain, now denied assistance from the Romans, suffered incredibly from barbarous invaders, and kept the Christian faith alive in the land, almost as we may say, by miracle. Caerleon was even then an archbishoprick, with suffragans : these, when they went to council at Avranches (Arausium then 'twas called) and Arles and Nice ; had honour paid them there, and took precedence. For 'spite of force, and fraud and folly, the church of Christ flourished in every clime : *that* stone not made with human hands, could never be dislodged by human power. Ignatius Auda with his hasty zeal would have undone all, had it been possible, when at the Persian city Ecbatana he threw the old pyraeum down and trampled on it, an insult that Warranes was not likely to forgive ; and 'twas no time to force the empire upon wars, when every battle tended to dismember it. But ecclesiastical affairs alone attract our *retrospective* eye, which turns disgusted from the names of Maximus, Jovinus, Asper and John, of whom some forgot the world, and others were forgotten by it ; while Valentinian III. is best remembered  
 by

by his worthlessness and ill-timed triumph over the violated virtue of his brave general's wife. It is indeed much more remarkable, for tyrants were no phænomena at Rome, that at the moment when Pharamond at *Salheim* made the *salique* law to exclude females from the sovereignty of France, the astonished east saw the great sceptre of what had formerly been called *the whole world*, swayed by a virgin queen, sister to the son of weak Arcadius, Theodosius the younger; who, bred at Isdigerdes' court, and of a flexible and tender nature, willingly sunk his own renown in her's, received *correction* at her hands, and even submitted to accept a wife, the lovely Athenais, by her choice; while he, sequester'd from all cares of state, sought only to improve his talents for theological speculations. The young Empress too after conversion, having received the name Eudocia, turned all her thoughts to pilgrimage and piety, and leaving Pulcheria in complete possession of all power, died in a voluntary exile from her fine palace at Constantinople, to a poor hut at Old Jerusalem, nearest the place where once was laid her Saviour.

Events clapt close together thus in an abridgment or short summary of historical occurrences, although the execution itself were good, wear by necessity on the first glimpse, a somewhat distorted appearance. The picture of truth rising up to meet the morning sun, as painted in the cieling of the Costaguti palace at Rome, is apt to revolt cursory observers, who I have seen turn away displeas'd with the foreshortened figure, till called back by the connoisseur who better knows to value useful labour. 'Tis thus my work begins to show already, and almost to repel me from performance. In a small field the figures scarcely can appear proportionate, and a moment's consideration must be allowed, that writer and reader both may be convinced, how all is in the inevitable state required by an epitome like this; and how the abrupt transition must be pardoned which brings us suddenly from scenes of culpable and frantick violence, to characters of voluntary feebleness and half unaccountable submission; from manners, loosened by a  
gros

gross indulgence, till nature staggering sought relief in phrenzy ; to modes of meagre melancholy existence, where we contemplate cold humanity parched by repeated penances to dumb forgetfulness and oblivious solitude ; while cænobites and anchorites disputed the palm of willing misery with so much eagerness, that emperors and princes chiefly sought renown by practising severities on their own silly persons, and paid regard to others chiefly as they excelled in arts of self-tormenting. Syrus and Silentarius, which last was so absorbed in divine contemplations, that Baronius tells us he never had been *heard to speak at all*. Simon *Stylites*, so called from his *pillar*, carried away the palm of wretchedness however, living on the top of some tall column sixty feet high, Evagrius says, and drawing up his bread, his fruit, and his fresh water, like a tame goldfinch on a perch, for thirty years successively. The western climate, less favourable to such folly, tried at other. Our Welsh folks tell how one Siroliis, a Roman monk, lived upon Puffin Island, or Priestholme, opposite Penmaenmaur, twenty years ; Leland says 'twas in 378, but most authors make him of later existence : it was a dreadful one all winter long. The tiny spot, almost of a circular form, consists of rock alone, yet bears the hermit's name still, *Siriol* ; some screaming sea-gulls haunt it for three months ; then leave the dashing waves to toss around and celebrate his self-created misery. The headlong Donatists meantime more troublesome, but not more lunatick than these, with their unnatural desire of dying, frightened and plagued the peaceful passengers ; when meeting them they begged a blow or beating, with such inordinate and insupportable pertinacity, that they did now and then obtain their wish in desperate earnest from people who could not escape their importunities, nor keep their own passions under just controul ; and had not St. Augustine, with every argument of reason, supported by learning, opposed the wild fanaticks, their frantick zeal would longer have disgraced Christianity. That great author having tried all he could to confute by his books, *de civitate Dei*, the numerous sects of polytheists, who all united in supposing Rome's calamities

mitics to have been caused by the neglect of heathen worship, and the offences given to heathen gods: next turned his strength and skill to weed the errors from our own religion, and pluck away the thorns of separation which, hourly starting up under fresh names, distressed but never wearied this champion of our church. The monster-tamers of fabulous antiquity were but the types of these no less heroical and useful civilizers of the newly redeemed, as *they* were of the new created world. Cadmus and Hercules who sow'd the warrior seed, saved long-devoted souls from hell; and hapless in his likeness Orpheus, who fell a victim to female resentment, as did St. Chrysostome, dying in exile by the bitterness of Eudoxia's implacable and unforgiving spirit. About that time too, an æra pregnant with fanaticism, the Jews, misled to think the end of all was come, and that old Ocean would be dried before them, made an enumeration of their tribes collected from a variety of countries into the Isle of Candia, and there, under command of a false Moses, rushed, like the herd of swine possessed by dæmons, into the sea, where sunk the impostor and his stupid followers. Meanwhile the Empress Pulcheria sought an associate in those cares of state from which her pious brother was abstracted, and pitched on Marcian, a young Roman soldier, whom Genferic the Goth found sleeping under a tree, an eagle perched above him: he was a gallant warrior, worthy of being born when history was faithful to desert, and of an appearance so strikingly advantageous, that the rough chieftain who surpris'd him in the hour of repose, resolv'd to extort from so symmetrical a creature, an oath that he would never be his enemy; remaining perswaded by his form alone, that beautiful Marcian was the care of heaven. Such too were apparently the lady's sentiments; in defiance of which, she bound herself by vows of chastity; and though *she wedded* her associate, *never broke them*; but the imperial votress

passed on  
In maiden meditation—fancy free.

Of Roman characters however, and Roman names, as of old Roman manners, take we leave, and bid a long adieu to the past sounds of

Caius and Lucius, Titus and Sempronius; now ill exchanged for Alaric and Attalus, Hunneric and Genferic, who laid commercial Carthage in a ruin, destroyed the triple geryon of the isles Majorca, Minorca, and Yviça, and fixed his Vandals in their favourite spot, calling the province after them V'Andalusia: the word we see has lost only one letter yet. The Alans and *Catti* seized upon that district called from their seizure of it, *Catalonia*; and these enjoyed the beautiful rich vineyards planted by the Emperor Probus long before; when in some interval of Gaulish conquests, he set his soldiers to adorn the place subdued. Unlike to him rude Genferic rushed forward, and ravaged helpless Rome of all that Alaric had spared. Implacable and fierce, his soldiers mercilessly destroyed all public and all private property; nor sex nor age, nor rank, nor even religion protected ought from his rapacious hand: for fourteen days these horrid scenes continued, while Gunderic profaned the church at Seville, birth-place of immortal Trajan; a town whose first foundations were coeval with Lacedæmon, the *Sparta* of historians, the *Sarepta* of the scriptures. *Sevilla la vieja* still 'tis called by those who say, and justly,

Qui no hà vista a Sevilla,  
No hà vista maravilla.

Juan Vazæus, in his *Hispania Illustrata*, tells us that the sacrilege was in the very spot visibly punished by visitation of God on hostile Gunderic. But all these names give place to Attila, son of Mundizuchus, grandson to Nimrod the Great, King of Huns, Medes, Goths, Danes, the terror of the world, and scourge of God. He, like another Romulus, at first shared government and possessions with a brother, whom like him he murder'd, changing the city's name he built, that so poor Bledt might be no more remember'd. A neat-herd too, we're told, found a rich sword under the earth when ploughing, and presented it to Attila, who in the spirit of the times exclaimed, that 'twas the very sword worn by Mars, and with it he would conquer all the world. From this ferocious founder of new empires, the oldest of the Roman families



families fled for refuge to the Adriatick Sea, and as the conqueror's boast was, that no grass grew where he turned his steed, expiring freedom sought another element, and like a sylvan stag hunted from earth,

Takes the deep foil, and plunges in the wave  
Precipitant ; where on some sandy isle  
Sure anchorage he finds, and skulks immers'd.

The flatterer of Theodoric, Cassiodorus, calls the retreat of these self-exiled nobles a flight of water fowl ; be it so : they spread their halcyon wings over the billows, and proved a presage of some happy hours, when science seeking shelter in retirement, true liberty might breathe in peace and safety, carrying with them their old country's favourite form of government, and justly sick of emperors and kings, they in a few years fixed a lasting aristocracy, and were, as Shakespear calls them,

The toged counsellors of Venice.

There are who say the word Venetia derives from Heneti, an Asiatick people led up to these lagoons by old Antenor after the siege of Troy ; but that ground sinks under the antiquary's spade ; and Mr. Bryant has shaken the foundation cruelly by saying, (for ought I know) by *proving* that there was never any siege of Troy at all : there was a port called Venetus however, from time quite immemorial. While this new town, rising in beauty from her clustering isles, seemed to inlay the bosom of the deep, hapless Britannia devoured by Picts and Scots, and shoals of Saxons too, which never again quitted the country they set foot in, sent out their well-known melancholy message to Ætius thrice consul, the groans of the Britons : nor was the dismal answer less impressive ; that distant colonies could have no help, while the metropolis herself subsisted but by permission of those northern nations who were expected hourly at her gates. It must be mentioned likewise how in Africa the Vandals were renewing all that Paganism could have inflicted on Christianity : Numidia had been bestowed on these wild

creatures, fierce as its aborigines, wolves, leopards, panthers ;\* and 'twas at that time that they tore in pieces that once well civilized Roman province. It was the age of general invasion, and Attila, proud of his style and title, did terrify the world which shook before him ; and was in very deed the scourge of God. Epidaurum in Illyria, supposed by Scaliger to have been built two thousand years before, was now spoil'd by the Goths ; when 'twas repaired the name was called Ragusa. But above all the siege of Aquileia affords a theme for bitter exclamation. While that unhappy city suffer'd sorrows incredible ; and a distress unequall'd but by that of Jerusalem, Theodosius sent the victor 6000 lb. weight of gold, a promise too from worthless and tyrannick Valentinian, of annual tribute value 1000 lb. weight of the same precious metal, would he but spare the capital. Attila laughed, but took the spoils of empire, whose strange fall having produced a temporary chaos, shews to the *retrospective* eye how the church strengthened as the state decayed, and grave authority slipt almost unperceived from the stretched diadem, to the close-clasping, high-aspiring mitre.

Whilst Attila then, striding o'er ravaged provinces, advanced to Rome, upon his way the guardian of the holy see opposed him, great Saint Leo ; not with such armour as the fierce barbarian was well acquainted with, and of which he best could know the force, and all the force : but with a peaceful air of firm assurance, and trust in celestial aid ; with pious, and men may call them enthusiastick threatenings, which so impressed the headstrong conqueror, that he turned suddenly about we're told, with a face fuller of alarm and agitation, at the strange thought of seeing the apostles Peter and Paul come flying

\* This Numidia was then the granary of the world ; but so was it wasted by Vandal fury, tearing vines and fruit trees, and devouring the green corn, &c. leaving cities without *one inhabitant*, and suffering no country to escape their hostile rage, that 30,000 invaders completely finished the whole province. It is now, and has been ever since, nearly a *desert* ; or only inhabited near the shores by pirates and banditti.

in the air to Rome's relief,\* than all her troops could ever have produced, had they been general'd by Cæsar's self. Raphael has so designed this picture in the Vatican, that none can miss an accidental strong resemblance between the present pope Pius the sixth, and Leo primus, so truly termed the Great. Milan and Florence then endured the shock of Gothick fury, but Attila went back, however fullenly—back to his native Scythia; where, at his marriage with fair Ildico, he drank so freely of the nuptial bowl, that in the night he was found suffocated.\* The wretched woman's dangerous situation, reminds one of the monk who was found locked in the study, when our Charles the second, during their talk together, fell in an apoplectick fit: to his innocence the monarch lived to bear a melancholy, but honourable testimony. Poor Ildico was torn to pieces between four wild horses.

\* As Attila was frighted from Rome by the idea of St. Peter and St. Paul defending it, so Zosimus says, was Alaric long before driven from Athens, by thinking he saw Achilles shaking his spear at him from the walls.

† Attila's nuptial bowl was hydromel; wine was a liquor not known in the north, nor easily obtained. From the Ghælic custom of drinking a beverage made with honey for thirty days feast after a grand wedding, comes the expression of the *honey-moon*; 'tis a Teutonic phrase; you have it not in the warm wine latitudes. Taliessin tells of this inspiring cup; *confector mulsi*, the confectioner of the emulsion, was I believe, a great officer of state in Wales, ranking with master of the horse, and the king's bard. From Howel Ddha's laws, and our Saxon annals, much of this knowledge may be drawn; I quote only from quotation or memory. Mead however is still drank in our country, and I never tasted it in any other, except one evening some in Polish Prussia.

## C H A P. VIII.

## FROM THE DEATH OF ATTLILA TO A. D. 500.

WHILE Goths and Vandals wasted a willing world, that scarcely made resistance to their power, pleased *Retrospection* rests a little moment upon the virtues of the priestly character. Sixtus the third, immediate predecessor to St. Leo, had been accused by Baffius or Baffianus, and accused falsely, of a mortal sin; from which the synod cleared their worthy primate, condemning his accuser, and sentencing him to perpetual exile for the calumny. The gentle Pontiff begged remittance of so harsh a punishment, and when his enemy died of a broken heart, buried him with his own hands. This man had learned the hardest precept of our meek religion; he knew how to love, and to forgive a foe. The institution of St. Peter *ad vincula* is given to him. The Empress Eudocia sent from Jerusalem to Rome, something which she was willing to believe were the true bonds dropt from St. Peter's arm, when the releasing angel drew him from prison. 'Twas natural that something should be done to keep alive the memory both of the saint and of the lady, and in those days 'twould have been difficult not to have done too much. This seems to be the first striking act of devotion towards St. Peter, at least it is the first that strikes *me*: scholars must correct such mistakes when they meet them: the correction of a scholar is an honour, not disgrace. Meanwhile a strange imposture took up that attention which had been better paid to truth and virtue, yet 'twas not to be called imposture either, for there seemed no intention to deceive. The Emperor of the East, about the year 450, when Attila was employed in besieging Aquileia,

Aquileia, and Rome was running hastily to beg retreat in Venice, heard with more interest a curious story, how seven men had been seen wandering about the streets of Ephesus, dressed in strange dresses, and speaking an obsolete, almost an unintelligible language. On more enquiry, coins of the Emperor Decius were produced, said to have been presented by these men for food, which had no good effect on them however, for they returned into a cave near to the town and died, and there were buried. Theodosius, delighting in a tale like this, soon went to see the bodies, and persuaded himself that these seven people had slept there for two hundred years; in that lone hollow place, whither he thought they must have run to hide themselves from the hot persecution in Decius's reign; and Leo the Great, justly so called too, complying with the Emperor's fancy, canonized them as saints,\* because of their apparently miraculous preservation; although we must confess that never mortal could attain that honour by a less hazardous or painful conduct than that of sleeping for so many years; but to the deification of paganism now succeeded the canonizations of popery, for men would have an *apotheosis*. Besides, that in every strange thing there is some odd appropriation of character to make it the more easily endured. These sleepers would not have been cared about, by Hanno and Hacko, Vortigern and Rowena, had *they* been ever so much disposed to superstition: there has always existed an obscure credit, or rather a degree of voluntary submission to the possibility of these suspensions *in the east*. Addison and Steele have noticed one or two, of which the most elegant advantage has

\* The dog who followed these men was deemed holy all over the east, and in Sir Paul Rycout's time, who mentions him, was held sacred by *Turks*, and considered as forming a venerable triumvirate with the ass ridden by Jesus Christ, and the camel who carried Mahomet in the Hegira.—*Note*, That whatever camel carries the Alcoran in procession, is made happy here on earth, dismissed from all employment, with this speech, Live long and merry under protection of the celestial camel thy brother, who carried the prophet Mahomet.

been taken; and Mrs. Sheridan's *Nourjahad* improves upon them all. Poor England now (while these saints slept and waked) was become quite a prey to her auxiliaries, the Saxon chiefs, whom she had called to help her against the fierce barbarians who drove her people to the sea, while that rough element still drove them back again on the barbarians. Those who came last however were most welcome; they resolved never to leave a land they liked so well, and soon incorporated themselves with the subdued inhabitants, who quietly submitted to their tyranny, and learned their language. English is still called Saxon by the small remnant of the old inhabitants, the Welch, as we must now begin to call them. *Dim safneg*, we speak no Saxon tongue, is still the language of our Ordevices in the year 1796; these, chusing freedom on their barren soil rather than servitude on the green banks of the Thames, flew to their yet half inaccessible mountains; where, building upon every rock a castle, and almost upon every hill a fort, they made at last their utmost stand, and found their final refuge in old Mona; where settling the prince's seat at Aberfraw, they wept the hasty and too fierce revenge taken by his indignant countrymen on hapless Vortigern, who, soothed by silly hopes of fair Rowena, made friendship with the faithless Saxons, and lost his honour and his life at Nant yr Gwerthyn, in Caernarvonshire, a place named Gwerthyn from a British leader—in English, Ironsides. In Anglesey these refugees few retained the Christian faith, as they still boast, pure from all innovation many years. Tertullian had said long before that they were among the first to receive Christianity. *Britannorum loca Romanis inaccessa Christo, vero subdita*. That among us the Christian doctrines anticipated the Roman sword, a cloud of witnesses do certainly attest; so much swifter were the dove's wings, carrying joyful tidings of peace on earth, good will towards men; than were those of the eagle, who brought both war and desolation in his train. St. Patrick, when the dreadful siege of Aquileia frightened the Romans from their capital, and sent the most part of the fugitives to beg asylum with

with the wise Venetians, scorned all idea of sheltering himself in the salt court of Amphitrite, and sought a place where he might do some good as well as find it. He came to Ireland where Gwillamore reigned king, and there converted the inhabitants to Christianity—he was a noble man as we believe, a *holy patrician*, who, in consequence of a religious vow, wandered from home when the Goths plundered Italy, having sworn to make profelytes wherever he should be received with hospitality. Ierne's humid coast is still super-eminent for that old fashioned but respectable virtue. She entertained, and still reveres his merit, and the *Sanctus Patritianus* became *Saint Patrick* by an easy corruption. He built a church on Anglesey, *opposite* Ireland, on the sea shore; the town and parish is called *Llan-Badrack* now: but when possessed of the confiding hearts of his new converts in our sister kingdom, her best historians say he burned three hundred volumes of heroic songs, written by their *bards*; I fear he thought them poisonous as the serpents. They had been held in high and just estimation, wearing a robe of royal colour—it was not purple though, but green I think; our Welch protected their's for ages after. *Trer Beird*, the habitation of the Bards, may yet be seen at Llanidan, and *Bardsey* Island is even now covered with itinerant singers. Tale-telling, however, kept its ground in Ireland in spite of St. Patrick, and that he could not chase all poetry away—witness, my old familiar friends, Murphy and Goldsmith; but we are engaged in works of *Retrospection*.

When thus the church of Rome had, by the interference of St. Leo, deferred for a short time the ruin of the state, and freed its wretched Emperor from fears of present destruction, he might perhaps have held the sceptre still, but vice, still more than Genserik or Attila, contributed to shake the feeble nerves of wicked Valentinian, who yet ruled the west, (if we may call him ruler who never unsheathed sword except to stab his own heroick General at a feast); and although Marcian dreamed that the great Gothick bow was broken, on that same night excess had in reality ruptured the heart-strings of the chief who drew

it; he had no power to lend his assistance, for death fulfilled the oath he took to Genferic; Marcian, the last of Roman warriors died; a short but nominal succession of princes, most of them unworthy of their situation, though that was bad enough, disgraced even this last shading off of the now faded purple, which Majoranus only wore with dignity, and wore but a short time. Valentinian was not assassinated till in the thirtieth year of his reign; but Majoranus ruled but *three*, and after many a useless victory won with hard toil, and celebrated with much elaboration, few traces yet remain of his renown, or that of his panegyrist, Sidonius Apollinaris. The acts of many Roman emperors, collected by Zosimus, are chiefly lost too, the French translated what was left of it; Possidius Afer, better known perhaps by name of Possidonius, gave the world a life of St. Augustine twenty years before; and Philostorgius fulminated his thunders at the reputation of St. Athanasius: we must recollect however that he wrote against Porphyry. Orion of Thebes composed collections of wise sentences, and dedicated them to Eudocia, Valentinian's empress; but little can be gleaned from these dull days to gratify a classic reader either in wit or history. What strikes one most in this fifth act of Rome's amazing drama, is the growing ascendancy of her priesthood, conspicuous on the inauguration of Anthemius crowned by Pope Leo, and accepting the western empire as his gift, styling him *Dominus et Pater*. When that unhappy prince was killed by Ricimer, the same Pontiff anointed, with more ceremony than hope of good success, the young Olybrius, who held his seat about three months, I think, having been tempted by Genferic into a fatal war. He married Placidia daughter to Valentinian, by Genferic's consent; for the Goths now endured a Roman on the throne while they were settling their own concerns, and trying to drive Leo I. a Thracian monarch, from Constantinople. But now Severus, the assassin of that last pleasing character we read of, Majoranus, being himself poisoned, our attention is arrested chiefly by the great fire at Constantinople which burned



200,000 volumes, among which was a Homer, which Cedrenus says was written in letters in gold; but Basiliscus, Zeno, and another Leo, son to the first, disputed for the purple with such fury upon the banks of the Propontis, that Remismund and Hilderoc had but to look on while the Greek emperors injured their own dominions. Theodoric now king of the Visigoths completed the expulsion of the Roman arms from Spain, which they had held a tributary province for above seven hundred years, till Torrismund drove out the last of them, and then they even *requested* Theodoric to take and keep that kingdom for himself. He extended his kindness by perpetual extension of his dominions so acquired in old Celtiberia, whence Euric had driven the Catholics with violence, raising high quicksets round each place of worship, as I can with difficulty understand from Mariana, who says he kept them safe *with thorns*. Julius Nepos, made Cæsar by Olybrius, or Glicerius whom the Goths permitted to rule at Ravenna, deposed the last of these, and set up for himself: but Orestes, king of the Heruli, approved not his independent spirit; opposing his pretensions with a formidable army, Julius fled to Placentia, and there lost his life. The exploits of Odoacer, late squire to Orestes, now claim our *retrospective* glance. He, though a transient, was a shining light, doomed to absorb and swallow up the western empire in his blaze. That immense power then, founded in *Romulus*, and after seven hundred and sixty-six years receiving as it were new birth and a fixed seat under the great *Augustus*, ended in a voluntary abdication of the man who, by a curious combination of circumstances, possessed *both their names*: and we observe *Augustulus Romulus*, last of the Roman emperors, quietly yielding up his no longer tenable dignity to the Scythian hero, four hundred and eighty years after the birth of Christ, five hundred and twenty-four years after the battle of Pharsalia, and very near one hundred and fifty years after the removal of the imperial residence to Byzantium.

The very name of Rome was now lost to its conqueror; who sacked

and left it to fight the last decisive battle with Genferic, whom he defeated and killed ; and like a wise man, despising all style and empty title but the true ones, he flung aside the unimpressive ornaments of the no longer revered emperors and imperators, calling himself King of Italy, the country he subdued : out of which tract of land he chose Ravenna for his court and residence, as best provided with natural defences, the strong fortification of a marshy ground ; whilst *Augustulus Romulus*,\* wretched proprietor of the two first names on earth, ended his tranquil existence in a half-forced half-voluntary confinement to the demesne of Lucullus's villa, not far from Naples—an interesting spot, still shewn to travellers as the dwelling of rough Marius once, and once of gay Lucullus. Yet so were the Roman emperors faded to a phantom before the Gothick chieftains fixed in Italy, that scarce any one ever recollects its *last* illustrious inhabitant, or even bestows a passing sigh upon its inoffensive prisoner, seldom presented either by historians or even by walking guides, to the eye of general or particular *Retrospection*. If we would follow this sun till it sets completely, it will be necessary to watch the gradual and gentle decay of light and heat dispensed from Constantinople, where Zeno, at the time under review, ruled the east ; and received with just indignation the offer of the once conscript fathers to chuse a master for them himself, or to confirm the the *patrician* Odoacer in his dignity. The *order* had indeed been debased by the admission of Moors, Goths, every successful barbarian in his turn ; yet did the name of senate languish on, nor pass the limits of our *camera obscura* till after Leo IV. in 759 I think, who put a final end to it. But it had then scarce one true symptom of existence left, a mere half body and half corpse, of which the last weak sigh is scarce discernible to the tired and unfeeling attendants. One thousand two hundred and sixty years, or thereabouts,

\* In the same manner Philip, son to Antiochus, in times long past, established the Macedonian monarchy, and Philip Antigoni lost it irrecoverably.

we may consider as the life of the Roman senate; who resigned to Zeno their last privilege, that of *appearing* to approve their own tyrants. But Zeno himself deserved nor rule nor power. Cruel and riotous, his wild excesses ended at length in epileptic or apoplectic fits; one of which held him so long that Ariadne, his unfaithful wife, desiring soon to wed his favourite Chamberlain, buried him hastily; nor regarded the cries which, when he waked, issued from the coffin; but heaped earth on him to drown his shrieks. That earth being removed some years after, it was discovered that the hapless prince had gnawed his own arms under ground from hunger, grief and rage. But the conversion of Clovis the Great, first Christian king of France, allures our *retrospective* eye: 'twas near the end of the fifth century when, in compliance to his Queen's request, this barbarous ruler of a pagan host renounced the superstition of his fathers, professing our purer faith. The bishop who baptized him had, we must own, but little care for treating him with delicacy, if it is certain that he used these words, "Come, now kneel down Sicambrian, and learn to worship what you are used to despise, and to despise what you are used to worship;" the phrase accompanied by a contemptuous casting away some images he wore about his person, late objects of his aukward adoration. Such anecdotes evince at once the needless roughness of the prelate, and the strange flexibility of mind joined to untutored manners in the catechumen.

'Twas now that bells were, among other ornaments and conveniencies, introduced into the church by Paulinus bishop of Nola in *Campania*; 'tis from the last word they are supposed to take their name. There were none known before his time at Rome, except the little tintinnabula. These were baptized formally, and blest, in Italy and Brabant, down to our own days; and I have half a notion, that since the Reformation, bells have been solemnly and seriously christened here in England. Two yet remain at Lincoln and at Oxford: their names are *Thomas*; I know not their age. Their uses are not ill summed up  
in

in the old Latin distich written on some bell of great eminence, on *many* perhaps,

Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, congrego clerum,  
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro.

The baptism of inanimate things seems strange to us, yet 'tis certain swords\* underwent the ceremony. King Arthur's *excalibar* is famed in ballad story, though he lived not till the *sixth* century. Uther Pendragon was his father, and wore the dragon as a crest upon his *head*: pen signifies head in old British, now Welsh language. He was contemporary with Hengist and Horsa—both which words mean a horse, as I have been told, in different dialects of the Slavonian tongue: it may be so. The house of Hanover has that old impresa on their coins and coat-armour still; and there are those who have suggested a possibility that the great pile of *Stonehenge*, in Wiltshire, was set up as a monument of commemoration of the victory won upon Salisbury plain over Aurelius Ambrose. Polydore Virgil lays the first stone of this explanation, and I believe there is a place yet called *Ambresbury* in the neighbourhood, which corroborates the notion. Neckham and Camden tell however, that many natives fancy those stones set up by Uther Pendragon himself, aided by his brother Merlin the conjuror and famous mathematician. Busy conjecture thus in our cold latitude fills up with fable and wonder those blank years, of which neat and connected accounts cannot be obtained: in like manner as the geographical maps and globes of about threescore or fourscore years back from the present day, were wont to have lions or elephants painted upon those spaces where little was known of cities, towns, and rivers. The effect was certain—the baby students fix'd attention there.

\* *This* is awkwardly expressed; swords were baptized before bells were: these last came in use about the year 468, but were not christened and solemnly consecrated till 970, when John XIV. (not the wicked John) baptized the fine new bell in the Lateran, and called it after *his own name*, which it still wears, with the above inscription.

Be this as it will, Hengist and Horfa laid the first stone of Leyden, celebrated for her learning; but whose best praise is having, in these latter times, been Boerhaave's residence, whence he dispensed health, wisdom, and an example of patient cheerfulness under bodily distress, which can be followed only by a few. Ella too laid foundation of a kingdom called in our island that of the South Saxons, now the beautiful counties of Surry and Suffex. *Sac* and *jacæ* were words expressive of that spirit of wandering which in those days possessed the northern nations, and, as I have heard, were synonymous to *wimili*; whoever travels Saxony at present will think upon a nearer derivation. The precious stones abounding in that district seem as if the Romans had denominated the place from *them*, *Saxa*. Carnelions, opals, onyxes are common, and some extremely fine jaspers and agates. That the phlogiston is liberally distributed, although the region be a cold one, is proved by that fine earth which forms the well-baked porcelain.

But the five hundredth year of our great Christian æra now approaches, so does the term of Odoacer's power. Theodoric, long a hostage at Constantinople, sent there in infancy as pledge of peace, by bold Theodomir his father, had been a thousand times excited by Leo, then emperor of the east, and afterwards by Zeno, to withstand incroachments from Orestes' squire. He, now returned to his own court, came forward with rapid strides; and while the last named sovereign was buried living by his queen's haste to get another husband, Odoacer who refused not the challenge, went to meet him, was defeated terribly near Verona, and from thence, fled to his marshy refuge. Ravenna long resisted the conqueror's sword, which gained him Italy's wide surface and long extent from Piedmont to Calabria, yet could not make him happy or contented whilst his rival remained alive. The bishop of Ravenna offered his mediation, and drew up articles of peace which, although neither party could read, both were well pleased to sign; so implicit was their confidence in ecclesiastical virtue, so deep their ignorance in all but the art of war. A gold plate

was

was prepared to strike the papers, and these chiefs who disputed the feat of Julius Cæsar and Marcus Aurelius, drew the style or pen, or implement whatever it was, through the word so marked, *and swore to it.* Their reconciliation was sealed by a banquet, they eat and drank together to excess; and the third day of this half savage half solemn feast, a sudden dagger stabbed the heart of brave and unsuspecting Odoacer. His Heruli, driven back to the flat countries between Milan and Turin, under the guidance of his only son, found those plains occupied by Lombard families, with whom they mixed, and lost their Scythian appellation: that of their chieftain, soften'd into the name *Udazio*, was fixed at Brescia in 1794; but our wand points to those days when Gildas was born, abbot of Banchor Isacoed: that place must not be confounded with the bishop's see, which lies in a different county; he was surnamed the Wise, and was considered by his countrymen as an oracle. Leonard Aretine too began his history, Coluthus, and Candidus Isaurus by their writings evinced the strange decay of style and spirit in authors, which unaccountably kept pace with the decline of empire; and the strange sickness that in a manner held down literature, and sunk her almost to deliquium, dates its commencement from these Gothick kings. Theodoric was often heard to say he hated learning, and condemned all schools: the boy who trembles at a rod, said he, will never make a man to shake a spear. The women then and priests, who only needed not to fight in battle, preserved alive the vestal fire of science, which often sinking to the socket's edge, threatened its total loss; yet glimmering on, in the sad sepulchre of general knowledge, waited a purer air, when its weak languid rays might try to expand, and cheer benighted man with its revival. But *Retrospection* now must fix her glass, for sight will hardly penetrate the gloom; upon the popes, not emperors of Rome: which city since, under another form, attracts and well deserves our notice of her conduct. Like the gallette or silk-worm, that strange town appeared at first upon the world's wide range, a small black speck, scarcely discernible; a creature

creature next peculiar in its hunger, voracious and devouring every tree, soon stript by its predaceous habits, causing an artificial winter round. Laborious then, and studious to adorn its injured neighbours; but soon weary with that employ, we see her next, torpid and dark, and dull and spiritless; a fly at last, seeking alone to propagate itself, and to obtain possession for its progeny, in every soil which can afford them food.

Leo the Great, by whom two helpless princes were inaugurated, and one invading warrior driven back, was, if I am right, succeeded by Pope Hilary, born in Sardinia, who filled with warm ideas of that high independent spirit which finds an island its propitious soil, made the decree, and rendered it irrevocable, by which all future pontiffs should be hindered from naming their own successors; he left the see elective. Till his time, ecclesiastical like civil power, seemed by consent of all mankind, transmissible by the command or dying breath of its possessor; and care of souls, or empire of a universe, was given and accepted as a legacy. Breaking this link shewed men their chains were fragile, and the same liberal heart suggested that they might not be hinder'd from knowing their situation.

He was by no means of Theodoric's mind, he encouraged cultivation of literature in his clergy, and even insisted on their producing some proofs that they knew *something*, before he permitted them to take holy orders. Simplicius next succeeded to the papal chair, and wrote to Zeno, endeavouring to procure the banishment of hereticks, known by the name of Eutyches\* their founder, who troubled greatly by their subtle reasonings the uniformity of that church which he was *chosen* to protect. Felix, from being cardinal, was next raised to the first ecclesiastical dignity. I recollect no pope before him who went through

\* Of these Christians some yet remain in the world; and it was to shew their rejection of Eutycheian heresy that the very, *very* old painters represent our Saviour with *two* fingers elevated in act of benediction, expressing his *two* natures; which *they* controverted. The three depressed fingers represent the Trinity.

that new appointed stage of preferment ; but veneration for martyrs naturally ended in profound reverence towards those whose business it had been once to bury them, and scarlet stockings, linings, &c. formerly badges of misery, and mere appendages to distress, were now become distinctions of honour, and gradations towards magnificence. The church had not as yet required celibacy from her members, and Felix, justly so called, was immediate and lineal, not collateral ancestor in the third degree to Gregory the Great. Gelasius upon his demise enjoyed supremacy over all his own clergy, and claimed it from the patriarch at Constantinople, but was refused. He made a decree to exclude lame and blind, &c. from the priesthood, he burned the Manichæan books, and banished those who had been hopelessly misled by them : but although he claimed, and persuaded many to think him possessed of infallibility, he tried, but was unable to abolish the lupercal, a gross institution of pagan origin, which Christian emperors had vainly endeavoured to annul, and 'twas Gelasius who distinguished canonical books of scripture from apocrypha. Meanwhile the *retrospective* eye will, in the days when Symmachus adorned the papal chair and chanted aloud the *gloria in excelsis*, observe the still blinded Jews collecting their civil and canon laws into a thalmud or repository,\* regardless of the letter, but mindless of the spirit in which they were at first composed. Unobservant also, or strangely prepossess'd against the true sense of those prophecies which long before had so minutely described their miserable state ; and promised future, though distant release from it ; a sure if late recall to their inheritance, from amongst all the nations they are scattered over ; a congregating of their tribes by a *greater* than Rabbi Asser. Since his appearance upon earth incarnate, and condemnation by these his infatuated, and every way peculiar people, five hundred years have now been in this little superficial work

\* *Thalmud* means (as Sir William Jones tells us) people existing in *secret* excavations of rocks ; whence perhaps *thalmud*, a secret repository for their law : thus thalmud of Babylon.



slightly reviewed; and the twelve vultures seen by Romulus on his Capitoline Hill, have winged their destined flight twelve centuries with the addition of about half another, past since his first foundation of the city, to that melancholy but scarcely noticed day, when the last prince who ever bore his name, yielded that city tamely up to Odoacer; but if I remember well the augury, those vultures\* wheeling round *pass'd him again*.

Rome while I write, has for twelve centuries more, and half another, ruled o'er her subject world *a second time*, and clothed in papal, as once in imperial purple, has *again* held in severe subjection princes, potentates, warriors.

But we return to *Retrospect*.

\* And I do fancy these swans were the old vultures *whitened* by Virgil, as a compliment to Augustus.

—Ni fallor.

*Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes,  
Aspice bis senos lætantis agmine cyncos  
Ætheria quos lapsa plaga Jovis ales aperto  
Turbârat cælo; nunc terras ordine longo  
Aut capere, aut captas jam despectare videntur.  
Ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis,  
Et cætu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere:  
Haud aliter, &c. &c.*

## CHAP. IX.

## TO THE EXPULSION OF THE GOTHICK KINGS.

## FIRST PORTION OF THE SIXTH CENTURY.

WHILE Goths and Vandals, with devouring rage wasted the once well-cultivated Roman empire, so that scarce a trace of civilization remained either in Spain or Africa, our *retrospective* eye will be accounted happy in not having time to dwell upon such scenes as Procopius (no scrupulous historian) forbears to relate; left from my book, says he, should in some future day be learned, lessons of yet unheard-of inhumanity: but 'tis agreed upon by all our writers, that no period of this globe's existence ever equalled, or even approached near to the fifth and sixth centuries, for complicated afflictions, and distresses stopping little short of despair. Famine and pestilence followed the Gothick wars, of which indeed they were considered as instruments; when, if a garrison held out too long, the besiegers made no scruple to kill all their prisoners in cold blood, and piling them up in heaps—poison the wretched creatures of the town, and force them to desert it.

Authors persist in saying, and with truth, that every province under Roman protection was grown effeminate, and in some measure, we may say enervated, by the free commerce entertained with the capital, and thus fell unresistingly before the Barbarian troops: but before such troops Cæsar must have fallen. There was no art of war, no energy of mind, that could possibly withstand enemies who professed rapacity and murder, not contest; and who laughed at the feeble ties of honour and humanity. When Stilicho had taken some  
Goths

Goths into his pay, hoping their assistance against invaders from other countries, not their own, what was the consequence? Only this; that adding treacherousness to ferocity, the brutal mercenaries turned all that skill and discipline they had learned, against the people who employed them: nor did their rage of devastation cease, till all their northern hive was drained of swarms, that migrated like myriads of ants in India, when the whole earth for miles appears to move; and while the lordly elephant is covered, incumbered, and even his bones picked by the black army, as 'tis emphatically called there, the gazelle or the kangaroo alone escape, by swiftness and light bounds.

Thrace, Hungary, France, Spain, Italy now, and Greece were gone, divided among these nations of new names, new manners, new ideas. A revolution was about to take place in men's minds, as well as in their government. Oriental customs had, since removal of the royal residence to Constantinople, infected the southern parts of Europe, but now the Septentrionists came forward, and brought with them other notions. A soldier and a freeman with *them* were synonymous; and none were counted base but such as were inactive. Women too had privileges not dreamed on in the east, where some princes, passionately addicted to the sex, began to take up these opinions, and release their female slaves from confinement. Cabades, who ruled in Persia, was of this mind: pleased with the respect paid to their domestick companions by the Germans, he gave more open licence to the ladies, and by that innovation, irritated such of his subjects as were attached to the old way; till rebellion became the natural effect, and Cabades was dethroned. Imprisonment of course followed degradation, but one of his women, who had early profited by these new regulations, made herself an object interesting to the gaoler, who could refuse nothing to such a solicitress, and by her arts gained freedom for her indulgent sovereign. Dreadful was the revenge he took on all concerned, nor was his fury likely to spare Anastasius, ill surnamed *Decorus*, then emperor of the east, late chamberlain, now consort to

hasty

hasty and unfeeling Ariadne, who having buried one husband alive, exposed his successor to Cabades' resentment, by persuading him to refuse money requested by that prince, for purpose of reducing his tumultuous subjects to obedience. This he effected soon, without help from Constantinople, towards which he advanced; attacking the strong fortress of Tzundadaer, where much treasure was deposited; and 'tis, for ought I have learned, on *this* occasion that we are first introduced to the acquaintance of dæmons and spirits—poetical machinery! which has succeeded in a certain manner to the heathen deities, in modern epick and dramattick tales: and which now with various devices, and under innumerable forms, *dragons* especially, guarded the magick castle against Cabades. That king unable to find out, he said, or Persian soothsayer, or Jewish rabbi, capable of breaking these charms, and binding these aerial combatants; had at length recourse to some Christian bishop, who by prayer put his army into immediate possession of the fort; on which, converted suddenly of course, he turned away his thoughts from hurting the professors of that religion he had now adopted. Thus in these gloomy days did misty superstition magnify each object, and cast a halo round each trifling or common occurrence, till our once pure and simple worship dimmed, though enlarged to eyes of common observers, seemed as if assuming fantastick shapes, which frightened many, and confounded more.

The standard and criterion of our faith, *God's holy word*, was sunk or lost: disregarded quite, and more than half absorbed in dull though wild traditionary tales, while fierce opinions battled in the dark. In vain the virtuous Pope employed his powers, relieved the bishops banished to Sardinia, and set up alms-houses the first upon record. The Emperor himself was a fanatic, and accused *him* of leaning toward the Manichæan heresy. The Manichæans all were driven away, no matter: Anastasius's warm head could not be quiet. He wanted Tribulation, a character in Ben Jonson's comedy, to cry out, I do command thee, spirit of zeal but trouble, to peace within him. Like

Ananias

Ananias in the same play—he would not 'peace. The people looked on images with too much veneration; the Emperor tore them down, but not content, he caused a painter to make representation of monsters, which he exposed for adoration. Will the fools worship *these*? cried he: the people were offended, not unjustly; seditions were excited, which he could with difficulty quell. He had not yet enough. To the sublime Trifagion—Holy! holy! holy Lord God of Sabaoth, the *sanctus Deus! sanctus fortis! sanctus et immortalis miserere nostris*, was added, upon feeling some shocks of an earthquake under the reign of the younger Theodosius, and had been annexed to the litany ever since; but while 'twas singing, Anastasius in his fervour against Arianism exclaimed aloud, *Qui propter nos crucifixus est*—words which drew on him the appellation of patripassian. The uproar was disgraceful, the insurrection dangerous, and seeing the Emperor not long after this struck dead by lightning in a public place, many were confirmed in their ill opinion, although when first invested with the purple, *reign as you have lived* was all the cry. So exemplary had been for years the character of this too busy and restless prince.

But nothing then was cared for scarcely, except what it was strictly impossible for man to comprehend. Homouousians and Semi-Arians, Sabellians and Tritheists filled the mouths of all, though the minds of few if any were capable of splitting such differences, and explaining such unrevealed niceties. Language, when at its best perfection, sinks under the difficulty of discriminating subtleties that escape its greatest vigilance: and language now was superannuated, and unable to follow metaphysical arguments through all their labyrinths of perplexed enquiry; yet nothing else employed men's minds, or was thought worthy of their notice; while

Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,  
And none were wise enough to be confuted.

'Twas in this reign, I think, we read that St. Matthew's Gospel was found hid in the sepulchre of good St. Barnabus, held in his hand, says  
one

one writer; lying on his bosom, says another. Ill understood devotion went so far, that many people prevailed upon surviving friends to bury in their tombs with them the blessed sacrament—and all that was not war was piety. But while compassion of such error fills a modern reader's breast, disgust rankled in that of Proclus, who saw in living truth the follies we only view in *Retrospection's* glass. Proclus seems to have been an *esprit fort* of the sixth century, who collected the sun's rays into a focus, and appeared, by his promise of securing the Emperor's person from thunderbolts, to have some notion of a conducting rod. His project failed however; Anastasius, who had always expressed his apprehension that such would be his end, fell down lifeless during a great storm. The populace looked on Proclus with aversion, and he on their credulity with contempt. Meanwhile Severus the Eutychian bishop of Antioch, sending some missionaries to gain over Alamandurus to their newly-broached tenet of a quaternity, he told them there was news which claimed their more immediate attention, for that St. Michael the archangel was dead. Being replied to, that such news was nonsense, because angelic nature cannot die;—nor can God Almighty, rejoined the ready controvertist; and if Christ was pure deity, as you say he was, and not made man, he could not have been crucified for us. Severus was condemned to lose his tongue by a grand council held at Illergetum, soon from its first name corrupted to Illerda, and thence to *Lerida*, by which appellation 'tis at this day familiar to us all. Chichester and Abingdon were built about this time by Cissa king of the South Saxons, and Cambridge founded long after, and enlarged by Sigebert; but Camden *ex Cais* I believe, says it may boast an earlier origin, even from *Cantaber* a Spaniard, born three hundred and seventy-five years before Christ. It is observable *his* name is yet unwittingly transmitted down from generation to generation; young students of that university are in colloquial chat still called *Cantabs*. Shoreham is scarce less ancient, the work of a British chieftain Khrynnen Shore, perhaps Brennin Shore, meaning King George. I  
recollect

recollect George II. prayed for in Welch churches by name of *Brennin Shore* perfectly well, though now they leave it off, the English name being understood in most congregations. But Cherdicke consolidated many counties under his wide domain, Wilts, Hants, Berks, Devonshire, Dorsetshire and Cornwall, beside Somersetsshire, all which together formed the kingdom of West Saxons; whilst the half-fabulous records of our half-known history delight in stories of the fair Igrene, and Merlin the magician, who shewed her in a shadow that he raised, the figure of her future husband. This might perhaps give the original rise to the trick of ladies looking in a darkened room to see the destined lover in a glass. I know not whether yet the British or Pictish poem was composed called *Gododen*, which celebrates the day when the merry men, whose drink was mead, hurried to Cattræth. The adventure recorded was at beginning of the sixth century: they had three hundred and sixty-five *horn* cups, one for every day of the year, and every cup had a chain of gold to the cover. "Fetch the drinking horns," they cry, "which are glossy like a wave of the sea: our Llewellyn is like a *dragon* in fight." These *dragons*, Warton thinks, came from Armorica, propagated there by Arabs; he says that we had no allusion to dragons till after we were connected with the east. Fairies came in at the same time, but they prospered best in Ireland: there is a tract there called *O'Ferri Land*, or *Fairy Land*, at this day. The Arabians saying how fairies built the city of Esthekar is curious: that the famed Persepolis, burned by Alexander at instigation of Thais, should be rebuilt by fairies, strikes one as singular enough. The Elfin queen Morgain le Fay, who held her chief court at Messina, exhibiting from time to time the favourite vision called after her *Fata Morgana* still, and so sweetly described by Father Angelucci 1643, preserved Prince Arthur too on some occasion. See learned notes on Upton's Fairy Queen. Meantime the death of honest savage Clovis divided once united France again, among four sons and a daughter named Clotilde; She being wife to Amalaricus, leader of

the Visigoths, had the rich province of *Languedoc*, possibly *Langue de Got*, assigned her as her portion; and fixing her residence at famed Thoulouse, proved a suspension of the *loi salique*. But this shews France to have enjoyed even then a form of established government, under their Merovingian race of kings; and 'tis observable the *first* has been the favourite name of Gallic sovereigns through thirteen centuries, Louis being different in nothing but mere pronunciation. Llovis is the word, whether the U or V be upright or not; and the original manner of pronouncing double Ll being difficult to Englishmen, they write *Clovis* as they write *Cluid*: the vale of *Llwyd* is the way we natives spell, and it occurs easily to a Welsh reader that the French monarchy began and ended just as the Roman empire did, with the *same name*. Clovis I. during his extreme long reign, on many occasions interests one's heart: his odd scorn of St. Martin's miracle, who for a sum of money moved the enchanted steed, which he saw plainly was a trick to plunder him, with his docility toward those very priests who were apparently parties in the imposture, suggested by what he deemed indispensable reverence for the religion they professed, engages one's tenderness: and 'tis with grief we read of those excesses permitted and practised during a life of fourscore years and more, which ended at Paris, first by him settled into the metropolitan city of that great empire. His bones remain there still, under the never-finished church dedicated to *la Sainte Genevieve*, and lately profaned by infidels unworthy such a king as Clovis; false reasoners, who in cold blood reject that blest Redeemer, whose bitter agonies endured for us, roused on first hearing of them *his* lion spirit to cry out, "Had I been near Mount Calvary that day, with but five hundred of my trusty Franks, I would have soon revenged such sufferings, and taught those rascals to repent their cruelty." Barbarian virtues are however of small value, like wooden cuts, prized for their rareness and antiquity alone; they fail in all the finer strokes of course, and leave the work imperfect. Tiraboschi observes well, that barbarous eloquence is never clear, plain,



or perspicuous; 'tis the most polished nation that excels in pure in-artificial brilliancy of language. The excellency of glass, on this same principle, is to be transparent; those who flourish it, and wrinkle it, and draw roses on it, are doing something very pretty certainly, but they are spoiling the glass. Rude Theodoric knew not how to write, yet was he brave, honest, and provident by nature; honourable too, and magnificent by starts. He supplied Rome with corn, he conveyed water to Ravenna; and when a catholick courtier, in hopes of preferment, suddenly professed himself willing to renounce his belief in Christ's divinity and to turn Arian, because that was the persuasion of the Prince, the generous though brutal Goth spit in his face, saying, that a man who was false to his God would never be true to his king. Yet Clovis we know deluged his land with blood; Theodoric suffered Odoacer to be stabbed treacherously at a banquet; and afterwards took deliberately away that precious life which animated the purest heart, the wisest head, perhaps the completest character that can be found, if we except St. Gregory the Great, between the first Theodosius and Alfred. By death of Boethius was dimmed the bright flame of genuine patriotism, of orthodox belief, of classic elegance, and true philosophy. Learning, her last clear light obscured by interposing clouds of black suspicion, hung round the vaults of Symmachus and his great son-in-law, conglobed and red—a meteor, not a star, lowering and rayless.

But Justin's reign attracts our *Retrospection* to the east, detaining it a moment by his cunning in use of money given him by Amantius for purposes of chusing another person, who, together with his ill-advised friend, were soon secured and silenced, and Justin fixed in the imperial seat. Under this Emperor the General Belisarius began his great career, and manifested his future claim to laurels, which at length by too luxuriant growth shaded his merits from favour of Justinian, nephew and successor to the last-mentioned ignorant though artful creature, best remembered by his falsehood and fondness for the purple, which he grasped closely

even *in articulo mortis*. The Circus to which the new sovereign was carried in triumph at his first accession, proved, though he reigned near forty years, I think, a perpetual plague to him and to his successors, with their blue and green factions supporting one set of chariot-drivers against another set, who quarreled, fought, mutinied even in presence of a despotic king that might, for all that has appeared to us, have crushed them in a moment. These chariot-drivers succeeded to the gladiators, and I believe had somewhat of a deeper meaning than one is now aware of: contention possibly between the land and sea, or perhaps students in alchemy might find out the allusion; common sense can but revolt against their factious folly. But grave Justinian, pious and orthodox (for many years at least, was easily overpowered by pantomime and show: he married a *fille d'opera*, as we should call her now, the fascinating Theodora; raised her to the rank and to more than usual privileges of empress, which she used as many a *bella buffa* would have used them, protecting her own worthless friends from justice, her favourites from detection. Witness her partiality shewn to the unworthy wife of gallant Belisarius, who drove the Syrians before him, brought Persia once more under controul of Constantinople, and performed prodigies of valour with his single arm. The Goths began to fear, the Vandals to *feel* his fury; every battle now produced a victory, and every victory paved the way to useful conquest, and hope of re-establishing a solid lasting empire. While the sovereign, attentive to propriety at home, thought proper to crush what was left of Paganism by abolishing the publick schools for sophists, and what was called heathen philosophy; he punished the voluptuous clergy, whose vile conduct brought a disgrace upon *our own* religion, with unrelentless sternness; converted the publick stews into an hospital for penitents, a Magdalen like ours, and subscribed 180,000*l.* present currency out of his own privy purse for the rebuilding of Antioch, nearly overthrown by an earthquake; besides erecting pious fabricks without end, and with a degree of magnificence surpassing all

all example. One million sterling was sunk in the vast edifice dedicated to Santa Sophia, the sacred wisdom of God. Nor was commercial interest neglected; Justinian established trade with the east for silk, till then a rarity, even in the seat of universal empire. He did too what is not less worth recording, as it has more reference to present times—he instituted the method of swearing which we now use in England on solemn occasions, by taking the four Gospels, *quæ in manibus teneo*, into both our hands, and making on them a steady asseveration before some lawful magistrate. 'Tis said too, that when this ordonnance was effectuated, the Emperor observed it never would be abolished in the Christian world, for, added he, if this regulation is once broken in upon, confusion will necessarily ensue. As this great legislator was surnamed *Franciscus*, it is particularly to be presumed that he introduced the custom *there* whence we have seen it publicly driven away in the year 1793, and we have seen confusion follow after. Mundus meantime, another successful general in the eventful period we review, conquer'd the coasts of Tunis and Tripoli, left ill defended by those loathsome Vandals, who had ravaged the northern provinces of Africa with harpy-footed fury: and penetrating further into the desolated district, once more subdued it to the gentle dominion of Constantinople, and its sapient sovereign. Dalmatia next flew for protection to the same strong steady hand, who after extirpating the remains of vandalism, triumphed in that country whither Dioclesian had retired two hundred and thirty years before, but which had been long lost to the Roman empire, till this new leader of their active armies (who with the celerity of thought itself traversed the globe) restored it to such peace as poverty can give; and having defeated the Bulgarians in Thrace, and having drawn his troops southward once again; died bravely under the walls of Salona. His death relieved the anxiety of multitudes, who witnessing such new and interesting changes in the torn system of *mundane* affairs, failed not to recollect the Sybil's words, who said, that when Afric should recover Mundus should end; a sentence

tence they explained by supposing that this whole sublunary world, Mundus's—sudden conflagration must necessarily follow the expulsion of such invading powers in Africa, and its recovery from their galling yoke, with a consolatory restoration of those once fruitful territories to *their* dominion, who were considered as rightful possessors and lords of the whole earth—the emperors of Rome. A narrow notion! Could we confide in oracles, 'twere wiser to think the word *recovery* implied a shaking off of that hereditary oppression by which the black inhabitants of one continent have so long been held as slaves to their lighter-coloured brethren in the three other quarters of our earth. In that sense Africa may be recovering whilst I write, and Mundus daily does give signs of his approaching dissolution to all such as have not their perceptions swallowed up in appropriate distress, or general astonishment. But the grammarians Festus and Priscian, claim a *retrospective* glance; Cappadox too, with his infidel associate Trebonianus, who assisted in forming the celebrated code of Justinian, suffice to prove that learning, as she set westward behind the mountains, dropt not down all at once, below our sad horizon, but left a twilight mild at its commencement, useful certainly, when Dionysius made this reign remarkable for wise dismissal of all former chronology, and for the fixing a true Christian æra, dating in future all events from his appearance in the flesh, by whom, according to divine appointment *all things were made*. Is it in this place worth our while to observe, that the word *Dionysius* means, Dios, God—*Nufos*, Restorer of Mankind in Noah. The man who persuaded Justinian to adopt a new mode of counting time, was known by name of *Dionysius* the Less; he was a Roman *abate*. One might indeed wonder why Pagans called any man *Dionysius*, but we see Christians daily calling men Emanuel and Salvador; though one means *God with us*, and the other *Saviour*; and perhaps it may be more to our purpose to observe that this æra, now kept sacred for 1260 years, a period marked by Pagans and by Christians, was only broken in upon by modern arrogance in 1794. Theodoric, a far more tender-hearted barbarian than Robespierre, received it willingly; and

less

less attached than formerly to Arianism, felt such compunction for the death of Symmachus, by him unjustly doomed to suffer torture, only for having bewailed the ill fate of his accomplished son-in-law Boethius, that his strong northern nerves never recovered their due tone again; but strange thick-coming fancies robbed him of food and rest. After some weeks of dreadful perturbation, the Gothick sovereign starting suddenly from table, protested that he saw and recognized, in a large fish served up at supper-time, the features of unhappy Symmachus; whose innocent, and even praise-worthy conduct, seemed in the pale bones of that dead animal to stare on him with looks of sadness and reproach for the unfeeling haste he was condemned with. From that hour remorseful Theodoric eat no more; his death, preceded by imaginative terrors, grew even to himself desirable, and Amalsontha swayed the sceptre during the childhood of her son; for whom she, as sole parent, sought a literary education, providing tutors and instructors from all nations, language masters in particular, adding her own example, which she enforced by a style of command that she expected not to see or hear disputed. Gifted with a variety of endowments, this lady's awful carriage claimed respect from her young pupil, as possessing in her own person those talents she wished his heart to sigh for; and sister to Theodoric, her Scythian blood bestowed on her but little flexibility of mind, or disposition to procure by influence, what her station gave her right to enforce by authority. Pulling her knot too tight however, the cord broke; for Athalaricus at eleven years old stepped forward, and complained to his Gothick nobles at a feast, that his mother had that day dishonoured him, their lawful sovereign, by a blow: a blow to *me!* exclaimed the sturdy prince, and from the hand of a woman! His chieftains praised the premature boldness, and the boy obtained instant emancipation. Tutors meantime fetched in from softer climates and of more supple tempers than the regent, soon saw the way to hinder *their* dismissal. They then began to teach their royal pupil lessons less difficult, and more attractive: exciting

exciting and supplying his precocity with pleasures fatal to virtue, and ruinous to health.

Amalefontha first indignantly withdrew, and wedding her first cousin Theodatus, was with him crowned queen to the king of Italy. In two years she returned, and being once arrived at Ravenna, put her son's vile preceptors all to death: revenge was gratified, but nothing more; young Athalaricus, debilitated by early debauchery, knew little of what was going forward; his powers of mind and body all were weakened, and a consumption, 'spite of his mother's care, destroyed him in six months after she came back. The lady tore her hair with grief and rage, but Theodatus liking not an associate of such spirit, tricked her into an island of the Lago Bolsena, strangled her there with his own hands, and threw her into the water; not without difficulty, and ill-applied violence; so rough and vigorous was her resistance. Justinian took his time; invincible Belisarius, after conquering in every other corner of the world by his own valour, was made master of Ravenna by the Gothick dissentions. Spain, Sicily, and Sardinia owned his power; and Gilimer, the Vandal, who had deluged whole provinces with blood, being dragged in chains to Constantinople, declared before the throne there, *that all was vanity*.\* The victorious warrior next attacked Theodatus, whose feeble and ill-managed opposition hastened his own end: he fell at last in flight, not battle, and his unmanly cries rendered his death despicable, whose life had been mean and treacherous: but Vitiges, who forcibly married Amalefontha's daughter, kept up in her right for some years longer the show of Gothick kings in Italy. This year, or about that time, was Paulinus consul at Rome, and he was the last. The eastern empire chose consuls for ten or fifteen years afterwards, and then that dignity and the name of it, *burned quite out*. Vandalism, completely driven from Numidia, where they had forced the people even to eat each other, and where

\* *Vanitas vanitatum!* exclaimed the captive—*et omnia vanitas.*

the conquest of Belisarius over that swarm of locusts left only a sort of desolate tranquillity, removed back to Europe, where they cast lots for districts not only in Spain, as Idatius tells, who was eye-witness of their cruelties in that country, but in the north too. They clustered in large bodies along the banks of the *White River*, *Albis*, the *Elbe*, and beyond there among the Pruzzi or Borruffi: there is a province called Vandal Prussia yet; while many Lombards fixed at Mecklenburgh, and many were spread over the Venetian terra firma. The last irruption of a new shoal was under Totila, and Mr. Gibbon does not wait for his arrival and failure, to pronounce Rome freed from her runick tyrants, and reposing all confidence in the popes alone. This, now more than ever, interesting epocha, he calculates to have happened upon the 10th day of December, 536, when a strange mixture of Christian and Pagan rejoicings seem to have taken place, if we believe that the old lupercal was not even then abolished, and that the savage gaieties of such a festival were going forwards even upon Christmas day itself; all this under the reign of a most pious emperor, and under the auspices of a general famous for scrupulous orthodoxy. That it was really in the year 536 the change was made, appears, says our historian, not only from Procopius, whose authority, the text having been corrupted, is of small value; but from the series of events. The month December is ascertained, it seems by Evagrius; and that Belisarius entered the town upon the *shortest* day is admitted upon the evidence of Nicephorus Calixtus, I believe, a Greek historian of the fourteenth century. I have myself seen a remark somewhere how *St. Peter's* dominion began when the sun was in the sign *pisces*, alluding to his employment as a *fisherman*; but that sets it very little later. Jesus is represented with a *fish* in the cathedral church of Ravenna; with an *anchor* on some gems at Capodi Monte; and the *madonna del pesce* is a favourite picture of Raphael. A subterranean temple discovered lately in England led people to recollect these occurrences; all its ornaments are *fish*, but the Christian monogram proves it to have been no Pagan

place of worship. *They* never admitted our insignia into their temples, but the Basilides held that it was not evil to suffer heathen symbols in a Christian church. We are of their minds still as it appears, or sculptors would not be encouraged to set up Hercules and Minerva in Westminster Abbey. Meanwhile St. Peter's profession as a *fisher*, and his command from our Saviour to *fish* for men, naturally struck his attentive followers; and that the last words of the seventeenth chapter in the Greek Testament should be analogous both to the Apostle's employment, and to his Master's name, produced this pretty epigram printed in Walton's Angler.

Unicus est medicus reliquorum Piscis et istis  
 Fas quibus est medicum tangere certa salus.  
 Hic typus est Salvatoris mirandus Jesu  
 Litera mysterium quaelibet hujus habet,

Hunc cupio, hunc capias bon frater arundinis *ixθιν*  
 Solveret hic pro me debita teque Deo.  
 Piscis is est, et piscator mihi credite qualem  
 Vel piscatorem piscis amare velit.

ΙΧΘΥΣ,	<i>Piscis</i>
Ι. Ιησῦς . . . . .	Jesus
Χ. Χριστός . . . . .	Christus
Θ. Θεῶν . . . . .	Dei
Υ. Υἱός . . . . .	Filius
Σ. Σωτήρ . . . . .	Salvator.

But we are engaged in a reviewal of the sixth century; and if the papal power really did commence when Echard and when Gibbon say it did, small calculation will suffice to shew when it must end. 1260 years specified by the prophet Daniel, and appropriated again by St. John, may be easily added to 536

1260 they will make up the year

in which I am endeavouring, 1796, to form a summary of events for purpose of *Retrospection*.



## C H A P. X.

FROM THE EXPULSION OF THE GOTHICK KINGS BY  
BELISARUS TO A. D. 600.

**W**E must now, fixing our glass on the old metropolis, observe rough Boniface, a Roman pope, struggling, in spite of new regulations, to appoint as his successor in the chair Vigilius, who was however obliged to wait the death of three predecessors; the last of whom, Silverius, was banished and even starved to death, in consequence of having disoblged Theodora, by refusing to revoke the sentence of heresy pronounced against Anthimus her favourite bishop. When he, Silverius, was thus disposed of, Vigilius bought the see, paying for it two hundred pounds weight of gold to the fair Empress, whose parasites and pandars spent it among them, while the new Primate used his ill-gotten power with zeal and diligence, denying however to restore Anthimus, though he had bought the see on that condition. He was the first pope who commanded prayer to be made, and altars erected towards the east; but morals were run down so very low, that it was necessary for a council, held at Maçon in those days, to decree that bishops should not keep great dogs to worry beggars, nor see their servants kick the poor about for Christmas sports and gambols. Yet such at the same time was the spirit of pious enthusiasm, that many bishops held a consultation, whether they might or might not, without offence to God and society, pull a madman forcibly down, who would stand upon a pillar night and day, near Treves in Germany, to imitate Simeon Stylites; although such was the severity of that winter, that such a resolution must soon end in death. They got him away how-

ever, and put him in a monastery, much to his own disquiet and that of the people who delighted in such exhibitions of sanctity, and ceased not to lament our inclement seasons, which hindered people from performing penances such as oriental zeal inflicted on its votaries, and eastern climes more easily permitted. Fakirs and Bonzees are at this day trying to obtain future happiness by voluntary and self-imposed wretchedness in India; and I think 'tis Anson's Voyages which tell us how pious women at Peru, in his day, dragged heavy crosses up and down the street, and wore a waistcoat quilted with thorns within, to keep their anguish always alive; so favourable are hot climates to a spirit of deviation concerning sensual pleasures and sensual punishments. The women, in order to mortify themselves, sought for deformities which heaven had denied them, and to become loathsome, by never having washed or combed, was considered as a claim on Paradise. See the story of St. Mary the Egyptian, and many more. Such things are now *nearly* gone out of Europe, although I have myself seen ladies perform odd penances enough at Naples and at Mantua; and Jane Rogers, of Cumberland, was well known in the eighteenth century, for wandering about the north, in consequence of a religious vow; she knitted every part of her own strange clothing upon two wooden pins: the wool she gathered, carded herself, and spun. She accepted no alms except of food and tobacco, never touched money for fourteen years, nor ever slept in a place she paid for; but carried her whole possessions at her back, in a large bag, which was so necessary to her existence, and to her comfort as it should seem, that when she had nothing else to carry, she filled the bag with sand. But private memoirs are valuable, chiefly as they evince the state of publick manners; and what has been mentioned of the popes in this chapter, militates against the notion which closed our last; because we find that although Rome, now no longer the metropolis of a vast empire, was dwindled down into a mere bishop's see, Justinian's supremacy was no less acknowledged; on the contrary, it was submitted to with blind acquiescence,

both

both by the pontiff who protected Rome, and by the patriarch who had the care of ecclesiastical matters at Constantinople, and who, by the Emperor's command, accepted the second place after St. Peter's successor. The sovereign however growing old, and his head weakened by perpetual pondering upon incomprehensible speculations, began to think Christ's human nature a mere phantom, and that he never had eat and drank in reality. This heresy was called that of the Docetes, to which were likewise joined the Monothelites, who said that Jesus had but one will as God, and no ideas as man. To these fancies the Metropolitan refusing his assent, Justinian deposed and banished him without consulting pope or patriarch, and worse than all, growing jealous of those acclamations that resounded wherever Belisarius turned his steps, and wholly governed by Theodora, who loved the general's *wife*, not *him*; he, after all his services, exiled that loyal unresisting chief, content to end his days in such obscurity, that numberless fables were fabricated concerning the manner in which he spent his time. The strange notion however of his begging at the gates of Rome, is now considered by scholars as a mere fiction, ennobled by the rough sublimity of Salvator Rosa's pencil; enriched by the glowing colours of Vandyke; and rendered with an exactness worthy truth alone, by the minute nicety of Vanderwerff. But Clothaire, in these days sole king of France, after subduing Cranmuse, his haughty rival, burned him to death in the poor peasant's house, whither he ran for refuge, with his protecting friends; and having committed many other excesses, particularly the forcible seizure of a beautiful lady, wife to Gautier des Iveteaux, was suddenly struck with remorse, and of his own accord, made the lands of that nobleman, who died of grief, an independent state bestowed upon his son, whose family have enjoyed it ever since. There were princes de *Bellay*, the name of that territory in the seventeenth century; and a Monsieur des Yveteaux flourished as a French wit in time of Louis XIV. A general famine that affrighted all our continent however, lays closer claim upon our *retrospective*

*ſpectivè* eye : it was ſoon followed by a univerſal plague, a new volcano opened near the Rhone, and terrified the conſcience of Clothaire, while Totilas the Oſtrogoth, fought to ſubdue Rome by dint of ſtarving out the few inhabitants, and would have ſucceeded, had not her active biſhop Vigilius, gone himſelf to ſeek for corn to Conſtantinople. He died on his way home, if I remember, not without ſtrong ſuſpicions of being poiſoned. A comet too marked theſe tremendous times, and *that* was followed by an unuſual paleneſs of the ſun. But a ſtill ſtranger meteor than the comet, calls for our admiration. Not the wild northern conqueror, who ſeemed an *ignis-fatuus* alone, compared to his great predecessor Attila, whom he profeſſed to make the model of his conduct, in attacking that venerable city, which now nearly deſerted, was like to fall an eaſy prey to every furious foe ; but a new character in life and hiſtory. Narſes, the far-famed eunuch of the eaſt, by birth a Perſian, by profeſſion a courtier, bred literally to the loom and diſtaff, when in the female apartments of the palace, he had during his early youth held ſuch of the ſervile and ſubaltern offices, as had been appointed him by bed-chamber women and pages, little cognizant of the latent warrior they were commanding. He meantime, at leiſure moments from his work, ſtudied the art of war with ſuch ſucceſs, that he at length obtained, from influence of ladies in the train of Theodora, permiſſion to attend in the new regiments levied for purpoſe of driving the Oſtrogoths from Italy. Once ſettled in the army, Belifarius, who ſaw and owned his merit, gave him command and power : which poſſeſſed, Totilas, and Teias who ſucceeded *him* when killed, ſoon ſunk before the reſiſtleſs courage of Narſes, whoſe high prowels and victorious deeds amazed mankind ; and tried at leaſt to teach them, that ſoul, not body, conſtitutes the hero. Some Franks oppoſed, pretending to deſpiſe him ; but all oppoſition to ſuch gallantry was vain, and all contempt ill-founded. About that time or ſooner 'twas, that an internal cancer conſequent on her ill life, conſumed the vitals of once beautiful and lively Theodora ; who mingled virtue with her ſhameleſs

less vices, had shown fortitude on some occasions, fidelity on others, while grave Justinian, having outlived friends and enemies, and empress, expired with no disturbances at all, except those which the unfathomable and fruitless researches of the times afforded, and which these lines of Cowley seem made on purpose to controul, when he says—

In this wild maze let vain endeavours end,  
 How can the less the greater comprehend?  
 Or finite reason reach infinity?  
 Since who could fathom God were more than He.

Narces meantime made proud Pelagius pope, who was supposed to have given poison to his predecessor; while Britain cultivated commerce under Ida and Ælla, and Guthrie thinks London was even then a place of much note for its riches. Carlisle's gaieties, led by Queen Guinever, were, as we know, the theme of future song. That literature ran low among us\* may be proved by the last-mentioned author's ending his list of classics with Procopius, and leaving a just blank to venerable Bede. The monastery and bishoprick of St. Asaph in Flintshire, were however founded by Kentigern bishop of Glasgow, who having placed it on the river *Elwy* was called *Episcopas Elwenfis* for a time; but being recalled to Scotland whence he came, resigned the see to his disciple *Asaph*, from whom it took its name. The tiny spot called Icombkill this while, dispensed from midst our stormy Hebrides the *northern lights* of truth; irradiating Scots, Picts, and dwellers in those distant regions, with coruscations emanating from true religion, and consecrating the seat of science; where, in her hairy gown and mossy cell, she taught

\* It should perhaps be mentioned here, that the great emperor Justinian himself never learned to write. His secretary cut the letters for him to sign, in soft wood; then holding his master's hand, drew the instrument where the place was cut, thus **A V** These, Jacques Auguste de Cheyane thinks, were the *consec et rase literæ*. He takes all this from Procopius.

and practised virtue—late rewarded by the pathetick praise of Samuel Johnson, when in the year 1772 he visited those remote islands, and gave the best account of them now extant. St. *Columb* was perhaps so called from his devotion to the *holy dove*, perhaps from his spirit of *exploration*: *Columbkill* was *Columb's cill*, or *cell* very possibly, and something tells me I have heard as much. But Dr. Wallace, probably from Hector Boethius, has informed us, that the Orkney and Shetland islands were then occupied by two old nations, *Papi* and *Peti*. The first of these possessed the more northern islands, in the appellations of which the names are yet preserved: the last inhabited the southern cluster, thence called *Terra Petorum*; and the narrow sea dividing them from Scotland *Fretum Petlandicum*, the *Piel* Land, or rather Petland Frith. Hence we believe that the young prince whom St. *Columb* converted, when he met him at the wild court of King *Budæus*, was chief of these *Peti*; and there are those who think (See *Sibbald's Introduction to the History of ancient Scotland*) that these are the same *Peti* named by *Herodotus*, when he enumerates the Thracian tribes that went with *Xerxes* into Greece. *Bistones* and *Satra* are certainly mentioned by him. The *Bistons* and *Saters* are among the oldest families in Shetland now, says *Campbell* in his *Survey*, written about the year 1760, as I remember. But if few learned men graced these dark days, *Cedrenus* contrives to amuse himself and his readers with stories of a learned dog, observable chiefly for this, that he played over in the sixth century the same identical tricks that we ourselves have seen performed some forty years ago by the *chien savant*, and some time after by an English spaniel. This is odder than the continued existence of the *Bistons* and *Saters*: but perhaps a dog can be taught only such tricks; or perhaps the same ideas occur to the preceptors of dogs in every age; some narrowness it certainly does prove, either in pupil or tutor. *Gildas*, surnamed the *Wife*, however, should not be forgotten; nor should it pass unnoticed, that about that time the flegged *Polack*, as our *Shakespeare* calls him, began to feel the animating

inating principle; and whilst one half of the city Pompeiopolis in Mysia was swallowed up by earthquakes, Gnesna in Polonia started up dating its first foundation from a nest of eagles found there as he was hunting, by Leclius the legislator of the north: who took that bird for his imprese in future; and Poniatowsky painted it upon his coach so late as the year 1761. The town destroyed had formerly been dedicated to the sun, and was called *Soli*, till Pompey changed its name. It was from an old inscription upon the cenotaph of Sardanapalus found there, that his name has been consigned to infamy ever since. But Justin II. claims a momentary attention, as both the blue and green factions united in their preference of him, the most deserving nephew of Justinian: and in the days we tell of, it was chiefly the riotous partizans of different chariot-drivers in the arena, that disposed of empires and dismembered states. Rome seemed herself annihilated, but as the Pope Pelagius supported in some measure his sacerdotal dignity, he was the first bishop elevated to the papal chair since great St. Leo, without requiring the Emperor's consent; and the neglect was now more accidental than designed, for the church had not yet so formally shaken off the state's supremacy. Pelagius owed his seat and dignity to Narfes, and was the first Pope, as Gibbon tells, who required celibacy of his clergy: he bid the deacons and sub-deacons leave either their wives or their offices, and what deacon or sub-deacon was likely to hesitate in the choice? His patron abhorred a married priest, he said, and those who were abhorred by Narfes lived not long. The new Emperor however, wholly swayed by his young consort Sophia the Proud, had the imprudence, at her suggestions, to send the gallant leader an insulting letter; which the ill-advised lady wrote herself, thinking it a high strain of loftiness perhaps to bid him return and spin with her maids in the palace, and not think of setting himself up to rule the west. In effect he was immediately superseded, and his place filled up by a vicgerent, with the style and title of *Exarch*, the seventh form of government in Rome. This officer held his court at Ravenna, and

ruled the state after a new mode; which lasted on (*nominally* at least) till time of Charlemagne. But we must follow the fortune of old Narfes, who sent his thoughtless correspondent word, that he would spin her such a thread anon as she and all her maids never should untwist. To keep his word, he made immediate application to Alboin, a semi-barbarous prince, residing in Hungary, where the rough natives had with horror viewed him to their polluted altar drag by force his promised bride, the beauteous Rosmunda, whose father Conimundus having denied her to his arms after betrothment, he murdered even before the shrieking daughter's eyes; and forming his scalped cranium into a cup, obliged the wretched Princess to drink out of her parent's skull the festive, but to him, in future, the fatal marriage draught. Encouraged by revolting Narfes, this pitiless leader of Pannonian multitudes pressed forward into Italy; but the offended lady who followed in his train, and loved his chamberlain Count Helmichis, watched an unguarded hour, and betrayed her too-confiding spouse into the hands of that lord and another, Peridæus, who stabbed their master Alboin when asleep. The assassins were obliged to run however; and taking shelter at Ravenna, a town inimical to Narfes, were received, and Peridæus proposed the celebration of his nuptials with the widow, who had promised him *her* hand in order to obtain the benefit of his. Rosmunda was no rigid observer of her promises; the Exarch, to whom she applied for release of them, was himself sensible to her charms, Longinus, and sent his rival chained to Constantinople, where Justin and Sophia causing him to be thrown to a lion, the brave Croatian killed the savage beast, threatened the men who turned it out upon him, and having stabbed two noblemen at a time, using both hands at once, the Emperor commanded his eyes to be put out, and caged him for the remainder of his life. Count Helmichis meantime, her real favourite, being too much in love to act with prudence, saw the officious manners of the Exarch, and viewed them with a jealous eye: but teasing the lady too much with his suspicions concerning Longinus's zeal in her



her service, made himself inconvenient to Rosmunda's schemes, and she resolved upon his death immediately. Adding deceit to cruelty, she herself prepared the poison, and with an air of gaiety administered it to him in sherbet. The sturdy officer however, familiar with assassination, on the first taste doubted not the intent; and seizing his perfidious princess with a firm grasp, forced her to divide the fatal potion with him, and then expired in her lifeless arms. Etmuller says that soldiers have an idea whoever drinks out of a human skull shall thereby grow invulnerable. They must have been true descendants of the old Scandinavian deities who thought so: but Etmuller \* died only in 1732. Perhaps at Leipfick, his native place, they think so still. There are there, I believe; strong remains of runic and celtic ideas. The sublime ode composed by King Regner Lodbrog in the ninth century, has a stanza saying, "We fought with swords; I am still full of joy  
 "when I think what a banquet is preparing for me in the palace of  
 "the gods." Soon, soon in the splendid abode of Odin shall we drink  
 "beer out of the skulls of our enemies; this will secure us immortality.  
 "A brave man shrinks not from death, no coward enters the hall of  
 "Odin. Let no man utter expressions of fear; he shall perish by the  
 "bites of serpents; his abode shall be in Nastrand, where drops of  
 "venom distill through the lattices, &c. &c." But *Retrospection* calls us off to Justin, who now first persuaded he had done a folly, began to fear the consequences of his wife's imprudence, when thirty tyrants of the Lombard race divided Italy among them, leaving his Exarch far less power than pomp, and only that midland territory in obedience, which has been since known by name of the Romagna. Old Narses too, returning next from Naples, which he had stirred up to rebellion, helped to perplex the Emperor, too slow to take alarm: but age at

\* Etmuller was no infidel physician: he thinks with all his heart, that if you gather a root of cyanus upon *Corpus Christi* day, you may, by holding it tight in your hand, stop a hæmorrhage of the nose.

length checked, and death frustrated the projects of this indignant and revengeful eunuch. Avarice is the sole passion which can keep its ground at ninety. Stimulated by that, he stained his warrior sword; and having accumulated immense treasures, from plunder of the Italian states, he threw them altogether into a well; murdering the wretched men who brought it thither, that they might tell no tales. While Justinopolis, now *Capo d'Istria*, was built by the Emperor as a fortress against these barbarians, who under Clepho, son to Alboin, but not by fair Rosmunda, besieged Rome once again; but the imperial troops soon routed them, and killed the chief of that invading army. The thirty dukes now felt so forcibly the effects consequent upon divided power, they soon took up a new and strange resolve, making subscription for a king to whom they all should pay a voluntary homage. To this high station *Antharis*, a Lombard of venerable extraction, was elected, nor gave cause of repentance or even regret to his subscribers; while Chilperic and Sigebert, Frédegund and Brunchault, made France re-echo with wild tales of wickedness, and vice yet unexampled. A dreadful shock of earthquake in the east, announced the birth of Mahomet the impostor; and Justin somewhere about this period, I believe, fell into a state of mental incapacity. He had no son: his daughter named Arabia married a doge of Venice; her descendants inhabited that gay town as late as 1785. Another daughter married to Genoa: the house she fixed in, not being as noble or illustrious as the Venetian, sunk willingly its own original designation in that of *Justiniani*. I saw a lady of that family myself, and fancied she derived from Justinian I. till I was told what I ought to have known before, that he had no child at all by Theodora. *Casa Badoera* is the name of Arabia's descendants. Gibbon says that is the greatest private family in Europe; but it is very difficult to be accurate in such assertions, which Memmo, drawing his pedigree from the Roman consul Memmius, disavowed in my hearing. Upon a pestilence happening at Genoa long after this, the only surviving Justiniani was a priest; and

and was, in consideration of his noble blood, permitted to marry and continue the Emperor's race. He begged a female from Casa Badoera as alone worthy his addresses: they wedded; after five centuries had separated their consanguinity; and the old lady I saw at Genoa (See Piozzi's Observations and Reflections) was lineally descended from that pair, connected A. D. 1174.

Tiberius was now created Cæsar Augustus, second of the name for near six hundred years. He was a Thracian, as I think, by birth. His firm behaviour, and above all his zeal for abstruse speculations, the virtue of those times, dazzling the mole-eyed historians, they tell nothing of him but what is good, and dwell with pleasure on his submission to the priesthood—then for the most part deeply engaged in keen disputes, and ever earnest in their endeavours to ascertain the precise moment when Messiah was *in heaven first called so*; forgetful of his precepts here on earth, while Christian love and charity were lost in railing accusations of heresy, with which each combatant was hasty to brand his warm competitor. It were however good to recollect, that although council after council were summoned to decide in what manner Jesus was Christ, i. e. both God and man; and to make clear the hidden mystery of hypostatic union, by which a trinity of persons comprehends itself in unity of godhead; the good bishops who diligently assisted at and composed these councils, could not write, *not even their names*; as Clarkson, Warton, Jortin; hundreds more inform us: they very gravely set their mark to their opinions; while some attendant clerk, paid for the purpose, signed and subscribed *their* answers to enquiries which Newton and which Paschal chose to leave undiscussed. So much more bold is ignorance than science. It likewise is observable enough, that as these bishops\* mostly made a *cross* serve

\* Unlike to these our *Hasaph Venedota*, grandson, as Mr. Pennant says, to *Pabo pou Prydain* or *Prytan*, Britain, a cultivated character, wrote and studied; and left not only his name to our Flintshire bishoprick *St. Asaph*, but has been celebrated by Vossius among the *Scriptores Britannicæ*.

for the signature on such occasions, poor folks who cannot write *make a cross still*.

The proper time for keeping Easter served as a new subject of offence, concerning which the French and Spaniards made a dreadful contest worthy a barbarous age. Battles between Abares and Bulgares, ferocious tribes! remind one of Voltaire's *Candide*, and *Retrospection* in the ogres and ogresses, recognizes the entertaining fables, called *Contes de ma Mere l'Oye*,\* which frightened and delighted our babyhood. The Chagan too, no less detestable, who entering on the Venetian territories with a troop of Huns, besieged the beautiful Tomilda in Friuli; and promising her marriage, prevailed with her by messages, expressive of tenderest affection, to betray the town into his hands. Then seizing on the citadel, performed the ceremony, and thrust the weak deluded lady out to perish *literally* in the half-forsaken streets, of insults committed by licentious soldiers on her person. Lest we should be led however to suppose, that the eastern empire was in a state of higher civilization than the west, it will be necessary to relate how ill-advised Hormisdas, monarch and tyrant of Persia, enraged about the loss of a battle against Germany, sent a woman's dress, cap and gown, to his general, Baza, by way of reproach for his having shewn so little courage in the engagement. Baza rebelled in consequence of this affront; and assisted by Cosroe, the hereditary prince, to whom this officer was a *bosom* friend; they soon arrived at home, invested the palace with their soldiers, and suddenly deposed the father and the king. Making a show of equity however, a council was called together in the great square, and a proposal made there aloud by Baza, to elect one of their master's sons. "*Any of them but Cosroe!*" exclaimed the captive sovereign from his balcony; whence, though in irons, he had the strange fearlessness to recommend his own particular favourite, a youth, son to his best loved female. No more was necessary, Cosroe and Baza forced out the unfortunate sultana and her boy, who little  
conscious

\* Mother Goose's Tales.

conscious of the given offence, were *sawed asunder* in each other's presence; and all before the face of agonized Hormisdas, who chained to his sad station at the rails of his own balcony, cursed and reviled their horrid practices, with rage equally impossible to curb, to express, or to endure. His passion suffocating him at length, the rebel's club dashed at his swelling head, was by Cosroe considered as a *coup de grace*.

Et la courroux du ciel pour en venger la terre  
Nous donne un parricide en défaut du tonnerre.

Thunder no more affrights the guilty lands,  
Giv'n by avenging heav'n to parricidal hands.

A story of a gentler nature here makes a pleasing break, or change at least, amidst the annals of Gothick barbarity. Fair Theudelinda was the only child of Garibaldi, Duke and Prince of Bavaria, and the subscription monarch we have read of, meant to make her queen of Italy. He sent an embassy therefore to demand his bride, declaring his purpose to live the while himself in some devout retirement. Bent upon other thoughts however, he followed, closely disguised, the train of his own envoy, acting the part of subaltern to him who had commission to see, and to report the lady's charms. But when Theudelinda came down to supper with the nobles, and at her father's command, submitted those charms to view; Antharis scarce able to controul his rapture, presented the cup to his pretended lord, and when his mistress pledged it, took it from her: silently at the same moment, but passionately pressing her hand: and drawing the happy finger cross his lips, shewed evident signs of passion yet unobserved by all except the Princess, who when retired, told to her nurse the dangerous adventure; lamenting in pathetic terms the officer's audacity, and her own beauties, which had inspired so inadmissible, though not to her an undelightful flame. The nurse however, better skilled in heroick amours, consoled her patroness with a conjecture, that it might be the King of Italy himself. His port and personal accomplishments  
made

made this conjecture probable—the event next day proved her experience in affairs of gallantry, whilst the loves of Antharis and Theudelinda were celebrated by the bards, and sanctified at the altar.

About this period 'twas that Livigild, a leader of great note in Celtiberia, no longer to be called so soon, but Spain; seized with religious phrenzy, put his own son to death for being an Athanasian, not an Arian; to which opinion he was strongly biaffed, as having been newly converted to our faith from paganism, he had received it in *that* mode, examining no other; but hating, as he said, a *consubstantialist*.

Suffering himself afterwards however, to be instructed in those tenets, for which his matchless son had suffered martyrdom, repentance soon returned in tides of pious grief; and Livigild, made *king* and *proselyte*, embraced our purer principles with warmth, and for the zeal he showed in propagating them, obtained the title of *Catholicus*—style of the Spanish monarchs to this day, in honour of a man who forgave many taxes to the state, reduced his civil list to bare simplicity, and by immense donations to the church, joined with an unremitting care towards the poor, endeavoured through a long life of severe penitence, to perform that difficult task of quieting his conscience for the mad murder of an innocent, and praise-worthy child.

There are who say, that having killed Hermenichis, the father abdicated his command immediately, and Reccaredus, brother to the martyred prince, performed these meritorious actions, and was the first catholic King of Spain, while Livigild buried his affliction in a monastery; but these were days of darkness, and *Retrospection* must forgive the gloom.

Latin ceased almost to be understood at Rome, once seat and even throne of classick elegance; but quick returning to its former character of an asylum rather than metropolis, all who were persecuted in other realms for their adherence to the true faith, according to the orthodox opinions concerning the controverted mysteries of trinity and incarnation,

nation, resorted thither ; and from the Prince's neglect of this once sovereign city, joined with its nearness to the Exarch's court, and immense distance from imperial presence, all care on't dropt insensibly upon the popes, who must at length be cleared from any appearance of settled or original intention, to seize on or exert their temporal power for any other purpose than that truly blameless and pious one, of comforting so sad a residence of wretchedness, and in some measure of maintaining a necessary police for the security of its few inhabitants. John of Castile, who finished two half-built churches begun by his predecessor, reigned thirteen years, I think, if reign it may be called ; and Benedict, contemporary to the thirty Dukes, who subscribed to finish their own tyranny, died of a broken heart from seeing the miseries of his native land—

Qui miseranda videt veteris vestigia Roma,  
Illa potest merito dicere—Roma fuit.

Among the various heresies infesting the five or six first ages of our church, one sect I think retained the doctrine of Pythagoras, and fancied they believed in a metempsychosis : such surely must have thought the soul of the first Antonine transmigrated into the sacred person of Gregory the Great, for consolation of the Christian world, and for the honour too of human nature. His unaffected refusal of earthly honours, his serious resistance against sitting in the papal chair, manifested a pure and humble heart ; his homilies, his sermons of moral and religious instruction, to a besotted people ; the sweet familiar letters that are still extant, betray his inward feelings, and evince a sincerity of unfeigned virtue, almost without an equal. While his extensive liberality and redemption of captives, continually made by the Lombard princes, particularly Agilulphus, merit the acknowledgment of all mankind.

His kind remembrance too of *our* poor island, remote in every sense from happiness in this world ; and filled by pagan follies, barbarous

practices that obstructed the foundation of true faith, and persecuted its professors who vainly promised us felicity to come; ought surely to engage all *Englishmen* to look on *his* life with peculiar pleasure: nor did he limit his cares to the procuring necessary comforts for a suffering world. He watched over the fine arts, paid money, he could ill spare for drawings, to keep that sickening science from complete extinction; and previously composing airs well suited to devotion, is said to have pricked down with his own hand the *antiphonarium centonem*, by which the singing in the Roman church is, I believe, regulated to this very hour. Whether he *invented* the lengthened notation or not may be disputed; his uncommon talents, and versatility of genius have been proved. When he had once fixed in his mind that titles heaped on popes were *antichristian*, we wonder not that 'twas by his command that he was called *Servus Servorum Dei*—*such he was*, without hyperbole or exaggeration. His temperate life, marked by the love of God, and love of man, was spent in service of all Christian creatures. Yet did he take and transmit to his successors the triple crown as bishop of Rome, primate of Italy, and apostle of the West, called from that day the *three legations*, and unabolished till A. D. 1800, and haughtily condemned the patriarch of Constantinople for reviving the dispute about precedence, and for calling himself (impertinently enough we own) the universal bishop: so like Saint Peter in whose chair he sat.

He rather than not go before

Would forfeit heaven at the door.

We must however recollect, that his opponent who occupied the residentiary and oriental see, disputed for the *post* (as did Saint Gregory), not for the *individual*. He was a mortified and almost an emaciated skeleton, called Jean le Jeuneur *par eminence*, having never touched meat or wine since his ordination; scarce ever milk and eggs: so virtuous and sincere were these good pontiffs. That in their day prayers for the dead should be first introduced is strange, and contradictory; because



because at the same time other *dead* were now implored to bestow their prayers upon the living, who little reflected that "it had cost more to redeem their souls, so that they must let that alone for ever." These institutions afterwards degenerated into a commerce gainful to the church, although avarice tainted not the mind of this great Pope, who honest in his solicitude for departed excellence, was praying for the future happiness of Trajan, at an altar shewn to this day at Rome, whence people tell how a strange voice proceeded, and in a præternatural tone warned him to cease his unavailing suit, assuring him the object of his care was safe, and in the hands of his Creator. What he decreed, that images should neither be torn down, nor worshipped, but held in decent veneration, should have been written down in letters of gold: our commentators say *that* was a command which could not have been obeyed; for set up images once in your churches, they *will* be worshipped whether popes and councils will or not. In remote times perhaps it might be so; but I saw Nôtre Dame, at Dresden, loaded with devotional figures, paintings, and other ornaments, and no one dreamed of paying them adoration. The Lutherans know better; had Gregory's successors however, resembled *him*, Luther's reformation would have been superfluous, and Calvin never would have been heard of. With his pontificate we close this chapter, which has brought out to *Retrospection's* eye the first 600 years after our Lord's ascension; and shown how those wild rushing inundations from the north, ran as they subsided into a vast variety of fissures great and small; formed by the fury of their first onset; and broke the uniformity of *civil* life, as did the deluge 2500 years before, crack the smooth surface of our natural world, and loosen the separating parts from each other. Manners followed the general alteration, and states grew independent of their common lord.

## C H A P. II.

FROM GOOD ST. GREGORY TO THE BIRTH OF CHARLES  
MARTEL, A. D. 700.

FROM that great character whose Christian virtues relieve at length our *retrospective* eye, fatigued by following the fierce barbarians through indiscriminated scenes of blood and slaughter; our English ancestors derived their hopes of happiness in the next world, and of prosperity in this. The Saxons admitted no juries in criminal cases; still less in matters of property; nor was there any action so horrible that it could not be maintained by the sword, or compensated by the purse. Gifts were omnipotent, and made commutation easy to the rich for every offence. *Guilt* satisfied all demands; whence the word *guilty*, as I have heard, in our Old Bailey pleadings. But Pope Gregory, who had before his elevation pitied the poor children set up for sale at Rome, of whom, enquiring whence they came, he said, *non Angli sed angeli*; not Angles; but angels would these boys and girls be called had they but baptism and education; remember'd the pretty slaves he had observed at market, and sent over Augustine, a monk, with some assistant missionaries to England. To dispute whether or not we had at that time a church independent of papal authority, is a mere jest; the bishop of Caerlon upon Uske was, under God, our spiritual overseer, says Spelman; but he was so, I trust, because the island being forgotten and neglected, no other person thought of seeing over them. Gregory the Great never desired rule save for the purpose of exercising beneficence. A shepherd founded Rome at first; a shepherd and pastor now saved it from final ruin; and Gibbon owns what Howell had asserted, that in the  
fifth,

fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, the mistress of the world would have been a heap of stones, had not the popes preserved it. How happy had they kept the original character of their station according to this excellent example set them; then as kings have been compared to the lion, *they* might in like manner have resembled the elephant; majestic, grave, and wise, and whilst unoffended, innocuous. Meanwhile his missionaries landed on our coast, where Providence had prepared for their reception the heart of a prince who had just married a beautiful descendant of *Clovis*, and had agreed, with that spirit of toleration which ever marks an Englishman, that she should be allowed free exercise of *her* religion, though differing essentially from his own. The charms of Bertha added their influence to the preaching of Paulinus, domestick chaplain to the young queen's household, who felt himself happy in assistance from these newly arrived *religieux*; and as Canterbury was the place where Ethelbert kept his court, 'twas soon become the scene of his conversion, and then exalted into a bishop's see, where Austin was consecrated primate. London quickly embraced the faith, and St. Paul's cathedral was dedicated with due formality. A church had been built to St. Peter long before, but the last inundation of barbarism then stopt religion's progress: things were maturer now: Northumberland caught the flame of proselytism, and York was made the second residence to Canterbury. The high priest of the pagan superstition next, being from internal and external evidence persuaded of our redemption by Jesus Christ, facilitated the happy credence of an island, destined for the defence of truth in future ages. The Britons fixed in Wales had long been converted, it was the *Angli* whose state of ignorance and slavery affected the pope as he passed through the streets at home. His missionaries however, would not confine their cares to England; but not content to find our Welshmen Christians, insisted on their being Romanists, and just as eager to settle the right day of keeping Easter, as to overturn the worship of Woden, their violence produced resistance on the part of a people already well instructed

instructed in the principles necessary to salvation, and steady to their primitive simplicity. The verses of Talieffin, then bard or poet laureat to Maelgwyn, evince their fixed attention to preserve their spiritual pretensions purchased by long past contest with, and flight from foreign invaders.

Gwae offeririad byd, nys anghreiffia gwydd

An nys Pregetha.

Gwae ny cheidw el Gail ac ef yn fugail

Ac nys areilia.

Gwae ny cheidw ei adefaid rhâg Bleiddie Rhyfeniaid

Ay ffon guwppa.

Woe be to the priest that's born

Who will not duly weed his corn,

And root away the tares ;

Woe to the shepherd that's remiss

In watching of his flock—and is

Unfaithful to his cares ;

Woe be to him who doth not keep

With's crooked staff his harmless sheep

From Romish wolves and snares.

*Rowland's Mona Antiqua.*

Their refusal of the tonsure however, their abhorrence of the new doctrine of unmarried priesthood, and their rejection of the tenets by which the sacerdotal dresses were considered as of serious importance ; created an antipathy towards them in the monks, who easily incited their Saxon converts to massacre every ancient Briton who yet remained scattered up and down the richer provinces of an island once all their own, and long protected in possession of it by those Romans who now encouraged the invading Saxons to extirpate them. From the state of hopeless servitude those Welsh were placed in, who by infirmity or submission escaped this nearly general destruction, derives the ancient *villénage* we read of: the rightful lords of the country thus becoming its first *villains* or slaves,

slaves, a term in our happier days of mere reproach, both through the kingdom and the principality. But thus we see the seamless coat of Christ, said to have been found about that time in the city Zaphat, afterwards a Turkish residence, and called Sapat; but overthrown in the sixteenth century by an earthquake, inspiring the papists with additional zeal to preserve uniformity by any and by every method, willingly forgetting the adage often repeated by the old fathers of our primitive church, *in veste varietas fit—scissura non fit* ;\* but I suppose the colours all were faded. Be this as it may, that sovereignty which will ever be obtained by superiority of knowledge amongst unenlightened nations struggling for information, was here soon settled into monkish influence; and as power will be commonly abused, the possessors of that influence turned it to gainful purposes; what should they else? As *religieux* they could not reign themselves, and when precluded from the nobler passions, avarice, which ever feeds on dross and dregs, devoured well-pleased the leavings of ambition. Obedient Angles paid cheerfully a penny each house to their instructors; a tax known by the name of *Peterpence*: nor can we esteem that a hard one, if it be true that Withred, king of Kent, was able, not long after these occurrences, to pay the king of Wessex a sum in their silver equal to 90,000l. Nor does ought in the Saxon chronicles give reason we should doubt it; for though their coins are very mean and paltry, we read of a Northumbrian prelate served in plate not long after the year 700. Of what his *service* consisted, indeed I am at a loss; for silver haisted knives were new at Edward the second's coronation: perhaps he had one silver waiter or a cup. His feet were in the dirt we know, for splendour will come in before convenience; so much more haste makes to be distinguished than to be happy. The famous church of St. Peter's, Weremouth, built by Benedict Biscopius, was never floored or paved, though people were far fetched from Rome to build it; and

\* Let the vesture of our Redeemer exhibit variety of tints, but let no scissars divide the parts.

Eddius fays that bifhop Wilfrid *glazed* one fine window of a church in Yorkfhire as early as 669. The ftate of mufick in thefe days may be gathered from a ftory how Putta bifhop of Rochefter, being driven from his fee by Ethelred king of Mercia, in 680, went about the country an itinerant pfalm-finger, teaching children, and people difpofed to learn, the choral praifes of their Maker and his faints, according to the rough melody then in ufe; acquired probably from France, where Theodoric had, at Clovis's request, long before, fent fome of his beft performers from Italy. In thefe days St. Dunftan too was fo exquisite a performer, that his harp was accounted celeftial, and capable of producing founds without help of any hand at all: witnefs the old verfes made ages after:

St. Dunftan's harp faft by the wall  
 Upon a pin did hang—a;  
 The harp itfelf with lyre and all,  
 Untouch'd by hand did twang—a.

And this fuperftition fetting fome fly fellow to tune two ftrings in unifon, &c. putting the instrument in a place where the wind blew hard, fuggested the idea of Æolus's harp, defcribed by Kircher in *Mufurgia*. It was no new difcovery in *our* days. But our own ifland muft not engrofs all powers of *Retrofpection*: the plague which raged at Rome may well detain it, perhaps to admire the courage of the pontiff, perhaps in our prefent humour, to condemn as fuperftition what fcarce could even then have been enough praifed as piety. When the meek bifhop walked himfelf in proceffion, fearlefs for his fafety, along the infected ftreets, fing ing devout litanies to heaven, and requesting from God, not requiring from man, ceffation of the dire calamity. "While thoufands literally fell befide him, and ten thoufand at his right hand, yet was he not afraid either for the peftilence that walked in darknefs, nor for the ficknefs that deftroyed at the noon day." So did true Chriftian faith trample indeed upon the adder, and crush the poisonous bafilisk under foot. The pathognomic fymptom of this difeafe was sneezing, and 'tis not in Europe totally forgotten. Some ftill fay, God blefs

bles you, upon such occasions; others signifying the same intent, commute their prayer with a bow. But scenes of horror were not confined to Rome. Cosroe the Persian spoiled Jerusalem, and massacred, I think Cedrenus says, 90,000 Christians; as many Jews had been; in consequence of Sisibetus's edict, *forcibly* baptized the year before. Famines too, consequent perhaps on such a loss of men to till the earth, drove several of the last named race to seek a watery grave, and leap from the high cliffs of Calabria into the sea, rather than starve upon its barren shores; while something of a similar desperation is recorded of Anglo Saxons on the coast of Suffex. When I read this to an Italian friend however, and when he asked me why they did not rather go o' fishing? I had no answer ready. History herself is often ill prepared enough when sudden questions interrupt her eloquence; and my poor summary is willing to confess as controvertible the truth of many a fact recorded here: but with the facts, except as a compiler, myself have nought to do. 'Twas in this century at least that Isidore Hispalensis wrote *his* books of *Retrospection*, beginning with the earliest dawn of light, but leaving us in days of sad opacity. And how has that vaporous effect of distance increased since his time! How is the difficulty grown almost insuperable, of finding through the gloom decided objects on which to fix our mental telescope. My terror is lest readers should agree to throw it down at once, and think upon this huddled work no more. The ages now under review seem the November of our destined year; in which we travel through dark ages, and in the abyss of chaos and old night meet often, as did Satan once, a vast vacuity;

Or else a universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd.

Monfieur de Longuerue, speaking on this subject, says truly, that the first kings of his native France were strange creatures.  *Ils étoient d'étranges gens,* is the expression. Clovis and Clothaire (says he),

Childebert and Dagobert; Cardan should, for *our* sakes, have made their panegyrick instead of Nero's. 'Tis from him we learn however, that St. Cloud was so named after Clodoalde, who, to compensate the grossest possible immoralities, made immense donations to the church, and at some future time was canonized. Clothaire, made king of France at four months old, under the regency of Gontram duc d'Orleans and the old sinner Brunhault, felt when the short minority was ended (for princes then were at fifteen emancipated) his justice and his power mature. He called his wicked grandmother to trial; and at an age almost advanced to dotage and decrepitude, she was found guilty of the death of ten kings, or at least heirs to royalty; and many accusations of incest and cruelty being added, she was tied by her remaining grey hairs to a wild horse's tail, and gradually kicked in pieces. Her charitable institutions however, when enumerated, tempt some historians to mollify her crimes, and some readers to compassionate such sufferings inflicted by that favourite child, for whose sake many of the sins had been committed.

Clothaire was of a truly savage character: Dagobert his son alone could soften his furious temper; and *he* forced or persuaded him to give up half his power, getting himself created independent sovereign of Metz, with the title of king. The word *duke* had been disgraced by a nobleman of that rank, having submitted to act as preceptor to young Dagobert, who cut off his beard as a punishment for having sat down in his presence—So changed were the manners of princes since the reign of Theodosius!

This Dagobert, when seated upon an uncontrollable throne, overleaped all bounds of decency and honour, and at length tore Natildis, a beautiful young nun, out of her convent and married her, his own wife being yet alive. The bishop Amandus ventured to reprove him, and Dagobert drove him into exile; but on his son's birth called him back to christen the boy *Sigebert*, thinking such virtue in the person who administered baptism would be of some advantage to the child.

So.



So small were the benefits accruing to mankind since the disruption of the once firm-set world conglobed under one universal monarch! But 'tis thus we observe each passion of humanity made subservient to the new dispensation, the great end of Providence, in breaking, dividing, and parcelling out the earth, so long under dominion of a single mind. The huge aspiring tree which once had served as shadow for the whole, although fallen down, still put forth boughs that yet retained some verdure, and in the form of a Greek empire seemed "majestick" "tho' in ruin." A quick succession of those rulers at Constantinople, Priscus and Phillipicus, Mauritius and Commentiolus, with Phocas the centurion, chosen in lieu of Mauritius, a person of fearful aspect as 'tis said; have scarcely been rescued by their contemporary writers from oblivion, though each was severally invested with the purple. The vices of the times were black and fullen; accusations of forcery and magick arts, with unjustifiable severities practised on such as gave suspicion of their future conduct by luckless names perhaps, dreams,\* or initials supposed to be inauspicious. The principal virtue was redeeming captives caught up by the Huns, &c. Priscus paid three hundred pounds weight of gold to Chaganus for prisoners he had taken; and Commentiolus refusing to give five shillings each, of our present money, for a large lot of them, a rebellion was the consequence. The Pope said, if he had not had three thousand monks to feed daily out of his own privy purse, he could have bought more souls to orthodoxy; for his exalted station would not permit him to imitate the famous bishop of Nola, who, having nothing left to purchase captives, at last *pawned himself*; and by that stretch of heroism, to a poor widowed mother of mean rank restored her only son. The Croats, struck with such unequivocal signs of a truly charitable spirit, gave good Paulinus almost all he asked, and sent him home at the head of a small army of unpaid-for countrymen. But ecclesiastical, like Augustan

\* Phillipicus was exiled for *dreaming* that he was an emperor.

history, teems with strange tales, incredible almost to us, who live in days of more regularity than adventure; while wonder glows up to admiration one moment, and disgust evaporates into contempt another. Yet now and then

Bright angel forms athwart the solemn dusk,  
And voices more than human thro' the void  
Deep founding, seize th'enthusiastick ear.

Sabinian now succeeded to the popedom, and dying, left the see vacant eleven months. Of Boniface III. 'tis best worth noting, that he obtained an imperial grant confirming his supremacy, likewise a claim to exclude other bishops from the title of pope: till then the word was not confined to one.\* Guthrie dates all their power from *that day*, but Gibbon sets it earlier. In Diodati's time a marriage with godson or mother was made criminal; and although guilt in every possible modification infested the Christian world, this pontiff thought the dreadful earthquake which shook all its Italy to its foundation, was sent in punishment of some such nuptials. Such were the ideas, such the state of Rome. England, more rational, records a decree made about that time, that no bishop should keep glee-maids, *citharædes ne quecumque symphoniaca*, to sing him to sleep, or play to him on the harp after he was in bed. Such was the state of morals, when looking back we may observe, that as political life seemed never tired of multiplying its petty objects of divided attention, religion on the contrary simplified apace, and hasted to a fixed position, finishing all worship in a single point. Mankind apparently grew weary of kneeling to works of their own hands, wood and stone. Whilst they could be persuaded that these idols did actually represent some celestial agent, *æon*, divinity or emanation of invisible power, veneration was easily supposed their due; but when the mere creature was expected

\* 'Tis so in Russia still.

to occupy the whole of the adorer's mind, the meanest of those minds felt half repelled, and was without difficulty attracted to a more intelligent mode of preferring petitions to Providence. Thus disposed, the world divided quickly into three opinions; the Athanasian doctrine, the Arian system, and the Mahometan imposture: nor could Paganism stand its ground at all, which once had filled the earth with fancied deities innumerable. Of the others something has already been told, the third claims more than a glance of *Retropection*. Of this sect then, of this religion rather, the very extraordinary founder was born of idolatrous parents at Mecca in Arabia Felix, an old town, half consecrate to unity of godhead; where the retreat of Hagar is still shewn, and Ishmael's fountain watering the square is dedicated to truth. There the numerous servants of a rich merchant's widow, Cadiga, commanded Mahomet as slave to the house; and her eye alone discerned his superior genius through all the disadvantages of situation. Yet though to his marriage all future advancement was originally owing, his laws, when promulgated, sunk the female sex so low in the scale of creation, that their state in the east just forms a shade between mankind and brutes. Cadiga's choice justified no such degradation: she was persuaded he had some peculiar communication with the world of spirits, and when apprized of his immense designs, she saw him fall in real or pretended trances, her heart would not permit her to doubt or to deny that they were caused by oppression of angelic presence. Christians have called these perturbations upon commencement of his celebrity mere epileptic fits; but as we hear no more of them at all, either when he fled before his new-raised enemies,\* or when he drove before his conquering army all who opposed his new-formed legislature; I rather think they were a true and forcible impression on the brain, heated to agony by hopes and fears, of what he wished and what he dared to do, operating upon an ima-

\* Whence Turks date all events from Hegira or the Flight.

gination naturally combustible. The Turks have to this hour an uncommon and peculiar veneration for *madmen*, among whom Mahomet, had he only *projected* his future elevation, must have been ranked: but action, business, bustle, soon kept every moment employed, and to such energy of character such plans were alone proportionate; till not Cadiga alone, but Mecca herself, received the slave-born under her protection as lord and lawgiver; sole sovereign in this world and in the next, mediator between God and man. The Jews call his religion *Ishmaelism*, with no great impropriety. He was a Koraiter himself; descended from Korai or Koraiih, a son of Ishmael; the noblest of their tribes, but fallen into decay. His avowed purpose was to re-establish the worship of their patriarch, and abolish plurality of gods. His earliest followers pushed the new principles into what has been since called Spinozism, but they were known by name of Zendikites; believing God to be the four elements, and denying Providence and the resurrection, having mingled some Zoroastrian tenets with those of Mahomet. He then found it necessary to publish his Koran, and proclaim his code of laws, which he maintained by his sword so well, that thousands fell before his conquering arm. That he was assisted in compiling the Alcoran, &c. by a Nestorian monk, may or may not be true; it takes but little from that amazing power of invention displayed in the story of Misra, or his journey to the seven heavens, performed in the tenth part of one night, borne on the beast Alborak to Jerusalem, and thence conducted by the angel Gabriel through six inferior heavens to God's throne. Astronomy was at a low ebb then we find; for from the first heaven of pure silver, he saw the stars hang down in golden chains, as they do in Homer, and each star was large as *Mount Nobo*; but Adam there, on seeing *him*, gave God thanks for so great a son, and shewed him the rarities of the place, among which the radiant chalice shines brightest, when stretching his white neck up to the second heaven, he claps his rubied wings and crows aloud: heard by his fellow birds on earth they answer him, and sing the matin song,

song, pleasing to God. Next in the golden stage Noah presides. An angel of death, there described with wonderful sublimity, spins, draws, and cuts our thread of life, like the three sisters in pagan mythology. A heaven of adamant serves as the residence of Moses. Jesus dwells all in divine light, and to *his* prayers Mahomet *commends himself*; the others all press him to pray for *them*. Once arrived however at the throne of Omnipotence, he heard these words, which to impress upon his followers' minds was indeed the whole bent of his mission—*There is but one God* (said the voice), *and Muhomet is his prophet*. The sentence was besides delivered to him written, upon the skin of that same ram which Abraham offered in exchange for his son. So does the subtle Ishmaelite against his will acknowledge the progeny of his preferred brother *Isaac*, and the merit of his typical sacrifice; although the first tenet of Mahometanism teaches that Jesus was a prophet, not a Christ; nor in any wise to be called or considered as *Son of God*.

Concerning other parts of this extraordinary Misra, Hali and Omar split into two sects, the first who married Fatima the Impostor's daughter, seems to have been the lawful successor; his motto was, *I adore God with a sincere heart*. Omar however caused him to be assassinated; and that great Caliph 'twas who took Jerusalem, which then was given up to infidels for four hundred years; he conquered Isdigerdes, and put an end to that dynasty, finishing likewise the old Persic, or Perezic superstition. They had worshipped the sun since Zoroaster's time, fourteen centuries at least. Perez means the sun; they were Perezians, or Persians, now no more: 'twas time they were destroyed. The monster Cosroc had sacked Jerusalem not twenty years before, killing innumerable Jews, Christians, all he found; and carried Zachary, the primate, and the cross of Christ away. He flayed his own general, Sain, alive, and strewed him over with salt; he profaned the temple of the sun, and tried to make his soldiers worship *him* in it. The emperor, Heraclius, defeated him however, and he, too old to make more head, appointed his youngest son as successor.

Siroc enraged at that, as being eldest, killed *all* his brothers in his father's fight, who died of parental pain ninety-eight years old, remembering how himself had served Hormisdas. Siroc, the son, reigned but a short time, and 'twas his successor Ildigerdes that lost that country to the Saracens. Meanwhile the Exarch of Ravenna, concluding that his sovereign would find employment in these eastern wars, set himself up for king of Italy, without success indeed; he lost his head, and it was sent off to Constantinople, whither young Theodore, the Emperor's brother, was just returned from recovering the cross, carried for show of more respect by Heraclius himself, and placed with no small pomp at poor Jerusalem, which in eight years afterwards was lost irretrievably to all-subduing Omar. 'Twas strange however, that a Christian Prince who had himself on that occasion borne home the cross of Christ in a procession, should in a little time so heat his fancy as to think he who suffered on it a mere phantom, raised by Omnipotence for purposes of our salvation. This heresy of the Docetes owed its endurance (nor went it without punishment and heavy censure) chiefly, if not wholly to the just abhorrence in which true Catholics must ever hold the contrary extreme; maintained at first by Ebionites, who early learned a bold denial of their Saviour's godhead, and limitation of his powers; and which opinion, modified by Arius, drew after it innumerable seeders from our church.

Among the Lombard dissenters, the story of Ariowaldus here deserves a glimpse of *Retrospection*. He had a chamberlain, his name Adolphus, whom the young queen, fair Gundibert, commending for his uncommon beauty; this bold youth supposed her passionately in love with him, and offered caresses, which she repulsed with such disdain as to provoke his malice and resentment. Ariowaldus was soon informed his wife was false, and those who had accused her of adultery, added a feigned conspiracy agreed upon with Taslo, governor of Tuscany, to poison her husband. The lady was imprisoned, but at request of Clothaire, king of France, the Lombard leader granted her  
a cham-

a champion, the first I read of; and her near kinsman, Aribert, accepting the office, disarmed the groom, who now confessed his guilt, and said, her spitting in his face incensed him. Aribert was a catholic—the Arian Prince seeing him victorious in the duel was converted, and Gundibert restored to favour, after four years imprisonment, *for having been suspected*, though unjustly. To Ariowaldus Rotharis succeeded; he took Oderzo, then called Opitergium, and was the first of these who ruled by written laws; till his reign they repeated by memory what was called edicts of the Lombard justice, discountenancing all but active virtue, and scorning all but oral knowledge. Meanwhile the names of Marcello and Grimaldi grace the Venetian records, though Fortunatus, an Arian bishop of Aquileia, took some towns from them, and forced the young republick to request succours from Constantinople. The Emperor, to repair their losses, sent them a present of *St. Mark's chair* from Alexandria, where, to say truth, few rarities remained; and Omar now had burned the famous library, containing treasures of science, relicks of ancient learning, all that escaped from Gothic fury, while the great work of separation still went forward; Spain assumed in some respects the form we see it in; our own kingdom was a settled heptarchy, and Lent was rigidly observed in England, where Cambridge boasts enlargement by king Sigibert. Warton says too, that we possessed a Homer—the pope Vitalian, sent us here a prelate, rich in sound literature and valuable books: he had the homilies of good St. Chrysostome, he had Josephus too, and Warton does say his Homer was written on *paper*. Adrian, who came over with him, brought us two silken palls, and an arch chanter from Naples, and Bale very seriously censures our *voluptuousness*. But these events, although considerable in their effects on civil and on social life, are far too faint to hold the eye of *Retrospection* fixed on them, while giant forms come forward on our canvas, and names all new to fame fill her wide trumpet's mouth, which will resound with Othman and Abdallah, Hali and Saladin, down to the fullen echoes of latest posterity. Mesopotamia

conquered, Ægypt subdued, Arabia all astonished, Antioch reduced, and a new mosque built at Jerusalem for the Mahometan worship, might have made men justly regret their long-lost Bibles, where would have been soon found the prophecy of locusts by Joel, who lived near 800 years *before* and revelations of strange visions shown St. John 96 years *after* our Saviour's æra. Such pens alone could possibly describe this cloud of warriors as they rolled along, blackening the sun with their numbers, and afflicting the earth with their oppression, scorpions from the sandy deserts, stinging mankind to madness. "A fire devour-eth before them, and behind them a flame burneth; the land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; the earth shall quake, the heavens shall tremble, and before their face the people shall be much pained." So are they described by the prophet. St. John's visionary view of these invaders colours, has fixed interpretation upon *them*; for I saw, says he, the horses and those who sat thereon; having breast-plates of fire, of jacinth, and of brimstone; the heads of their horses are as the heads of lions, and they have a leader over them whose name is *the destroyer*. Scholars assure us, that such were in fact the decorations of these Saracens in war; and that flame colour and pale yellow were their distinguishing colours in the battle. A strict investigation of their leader's name might possibly throw light on that enquiry. I never heard the etymology of Mohammed. His followers' appellations were nearly Jewish. Jussuff and Ibrahim are scarcely changed from Abraham and Joseph; Solyman and Zara have suffered still less alteration from the scripture names Sarah and Solomon; Turkish Abdalla means servant of God we know; and *Abdiel* has the same sense appropriated to it in Hebrew. Milton, ever attentive to learning, makes the reception of his faithful angel, so called, echo his name; when a voice from the throne pronounces the hoped-for sentence—*Servant of God*, well done, &c.

Pope Severinus was said to have died of grief at hearing the progress made by these Saracens, though others say his health was most impaired by the Emperor's refusal to confirm him in the see, because



because he set his face against Monothelites. His predecessor, Honorius, had before this covered St. Peter's church with brass tiles, torn from the temple of Romulus; and Vitalian, who sent us the arch chanter, had in his zeal for musick set up organs in several places of worship at Rome. Yet were things still in a rugged state. Eugenius IV. who acted as vicar for unhappy Martin, did build indeed some sacerdotal prisons, that priests, if guilty of a misdemeanour, might not be confounded with common felons: yet Martin, a Tuscan pontiff, was, in despite of decency, seized by the Exarch, upon an order from Pyrrhus, banished, and starved to death for having opposed him and his emperor, Constans, when they persisted in the heretical opinion of the Docetes. A patriarch of Constantinople thus insulting St. Peter's successor, was certainly not soon, if ever quite forgotten: and Theodore, in his short papacy, wrote the anathema of the bold Pyrrhus, with a pen dipped in the eucharistick cup, the cup of general blessing; by this we learn at least, that the wine was red then; the Romanists use white now, and I think mix that with water. Meanwhile the emperors, enfeebled by domestick quarrels, for Constans reigned but by severities practised upon his guilty aunt Martina, who lost her nose and tongue for plots and poisonings, grew daily weaker; while the fierce Saracens increased in strength. Among their various exploits, our *retrospective* eye now sees the old Colossus of Rhodes fall before these invaders, who sold the bright Apollo to a Jew; and he, loaded, 'tis said, nine hundred camels with its no longer waste solidity. Thus ended the sixth wonder of the world—thus dropt at once from its preposterous elevation, the now more than ever inanimate mass of paganism, and sunk before the unity of godhead. Christians believed the end of all was near; and Gregory meditated desertion from his imperial seat, invested by these warriors apparently irresistible: his plan was to have retired to Syracuse, soon to be called Messina, but all the people rose up and detained him. Callinicus, a Greek priest, on this occasion found or revived the dreadful plague of wild-fire, and with it burned their fleet in the

Propontis. Africa, next invaded, gave itself up again a conquered province: Spain, Sicily, and Asia's best possessions followed; but no distresses cured the Greek emperors of exercising senseless cruelties on their own family: Gregory killed his brother Theodosius, only because he thought the people loved him; and they justly considered this fratricide more black, as Theodosius was a priest and deacon, and the Emperor had only a week before received the blessed sacrament at his hand. Seeing their fixed dislike, he flew to Sicily, having made momentary peace with the Saracens; and there his chamberlain or page assassinated him. A successor, Mezentius, chosen by the army, was quickly killed by a new Constantine, called Pogonatus; because, having no beard when he went to Sicily he brought one home with him to Constantinople; having first cut off his two brothers' noses, that they might not be called to share that power he was unable to defend, although the *ignis græcus* stood him in good stead, having destroyed thirty thousand Saracens at once in some great sea engagement. Broke down by foreign losses, he however resolved to think no more about the popedom, and signified to Benedict II. successor to Adeodatus, Donus, Agatho and Leo, all exemplary characters; that the election of supreme bishop at Rome should still stand good, whether or not confirmed by *mandate* from *Constantinople*. This decree contributed to cause, not cure, confusion: the Exarch of Ravenna now chose *one* pope, the people another: disgraceful scenes and sharp debates, called the ninth schism, followed; till Conon was inaugurated, and on *his* death Sergius was forced, with 100 lbs. weight of gold, to buy a *just* election, and appease Paschal the petty tyrant of Romagna. This Sergius was the first who ordered the Blessed Virgin's nativity to be kept holy, and added these words to the communion service—"Oh Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world;" keeping by this means Monothelites and Docetes out of the church, and obliging Christian people to reflect, that their Redeemer, though perfect God, was perfect man too, of the substance of his mother born in the world, when thus her birth-day was commanded to be held holy.

Justinian.

Justinian, successor to Pogonatus, disgraced the purple, not only by cutting off the noses, and thrusting out the eyes of his opponents, but finally, by having his own face disfigured by Leontius, who afterwards ended his life in a halter, while Justinian III. not disposed to hide, as it was hoped, his ugliness in a monastery, after death of Tiberius Absumarus reigned again; till now the birth of Charles Martel at Paris, gives us a glimpse of nascent civilization and recovering decorum, towards the year 700. Yet even *then* was Europe threatened with fresh calamity, the Normans, or Norwegians, bursting in full tides on France, retarded their felicity, and suggested to them a new deprecatory sentence, which they added to their litanies, and said—“From plague, pestilence, and fury of the Normans, good Lord deliver us.” With this sad and necessary petition we will close this long chapter; for now Pomponius Lætus leaves us, all is dark and cheerless, and like the embarrass’d knight in some old castle, when his sole lamp is blown out with a sudden wind, we wander over moss-grown fragments, watching deceitful lights through ivy’d crevices, yet stepping cautiously; for though our last faint glimmering guide is gone, readers will laugh, not pity when we stumble.

## C H A P. XII.

FROM BIRTH OF CHARLES MARTEL, A. D. 700. TO  
CHARLEMAGNE, A. D. 800.

AN incomplete history is a poor thing, says the Jesuit Le Moine, and a complete history, adds he, shall not appear but in that year which shall discover the perpetual motion and the philosopher's stone. We say with equal truth, a perfect summary of events and circumstances since the Christian æra would be, although a useful, no very splendid or respectable performance, while an imperfect one is good for little indeed. We promised only *Retrospection*, and even that grows difficult of performance. Yet a word must be said concerning language, that first gift of God, created single, but afterwards, to punish our misuse, broken into an endless variety. The early scheme of politicks however, while the supreme command lodged in a single breast, tended in some measure to synthetize what had been suddenly and preternaturally decomposed; and when the spirit of Omnipotence again descended 2250 years after, 'tis thought the variety was much diminished, by numbers crowding round one vast metropolis, as Niniveh or Rome. The last of these having subdued Greece, grew easily enamoured of the lovely captive, admired the arts and elegant speech of their newly incorporated citizens, and polished their old language by these models, till the tongue spoken 150 years before Cicero's time could hardly, in the days of Antonine, be understood without a comment; witness the *columna rostrata* set up to commemorate the deeds of Duilius in the second Punic war, with an inscription puzzling common observers, of which bishop Walton gave a copy and explanation not very long ago; but as the Romans took a tincture of the Greek expression into theirs, so they bestowed in return, corruption to that tongue

tongue which Aristotle taught, and Xenophon adorned ; till at last, mixing with various nations, and suffering barbarians to break in upon them from unknown, unintelligible regions, the Latin language sunk into decay ; *le* and *lo* came in as abbreviations of *ille* and *illo*, giving the modern cast to speech that daily grew more and more crouded with articles, whilst *us* being cut away from the ends of proper names by Apocope, Theodoric stood for Theodoricus, &c. giving them a Ghaelic termination. Abbreviating words is still a mark of illiterate grossness in Italy, where Tuscans tell how a foreigner observed that bread was called *pane* at Florence, at Milan *pan*, at Turin *pa*, at Brescia *p* only : I shall, says he, lose my bread entirely if I go further northward, we drop a letter almost every stage. But we return to the eighth century, when Greek, by the translation as we term it of Rome to Constantinople for so many years, began to lose her superiority, and sink into vulgar use ; while the bad Latin lately introduced, became the court language, and the law language, and kept the command where it did not deserve the dominion. Thus like a pure stream turned through a reedy pool stagnant and mantling, a portion of the polluted mass remained, vulgarizing that currency of flowing speech that had charmed Tully's ear, and excited Virgil's emulation : till Crusius, in the true spirit of a scholar, said that it would even pity a man's heart to see poor Athens, once so renowned for eloquence and learning, become the very head quarters of barbarous and corrupt philology. Crusius indeed, lived not till the sixteenth century, and we have now the eighth under reviewal, when Greek was still a living language to the Arabs. The accounts of their caliph's treasury and household were kept in Greek then ; the library of Saxe Gotha shows many rarities of this kind, and proves, from Reinesius's collection of valuable MSS. that in the year 758, Homer and Pindar were translated by the studious Ishmaelites, while *Frankis speche is call Romance, so sui clerks et men of France*. Till knowledge, like a well-pieced statue of antiquity was once more broken again, not in the old places merely, but in many other parts till then uninjured. Fragments were however here and

and

and there picked up; Morienus, a hermit near Jerufalem, wrote on the tranfmutation of metals; Boerhaave fays it was tranflated *into Latin* about the year 1182. Some few devotional trafts poorly written, perpetuate the name of an old Saxon monk or two; and fome *romances*, to the reading of which Damafcius, who lived under the laft Juftinian, had given mankind a tafte by his four books of Incredibilities; for fo fuch things were called, till towards the period we are treating of, they acquired the name *romant*, perhaps from having been compofed in the court dialect of the original metropolis, ruined as 'twas; in contradiftinction to the Walloon or Gaulifh dialect. We are told of a fynod fuppreffing fome of thefe romances very early, as being too loofely written: they were the compofition of fome bifhop of Tricca, who was informed that he muft either burn his book publickly, or renounce his church dignities; like a true author, he preferred the laft.\* That fome derive the word from *romansero*, *I invent or find*, in old Spanifh; (whence troubadours or finders) few are ignorant; but fcholars muft inform us whether that word was early enough incorporated into Caftilian diction for fuch an etymology to be poffible. On my epitome indeed, fcholars will fcarcely be induced to look: 'tis from their labours that I light my little twift of fwift-confuming candle to guide fuch only as have juft curiofity enough to wifh, and juft time enough to try for a glimpe of *Retrofpection*. That glimpe difcovers Cracow in Poland starting up early in this 8th century, and named after Cracus, a noble Pole, chofen king by the people, becaufe he alone was found able to deftroy a wild beaft which, living in a cave (ftill fhown to travellers) burft out at call of hunger from time to time, and did incredible mifchief; till this bold leader conquered him by stratagem, ftuffing the fkin of a dead calf with fome poisoned force meat, which the monfter greedily devouring, died. This feems a relapfe into the old ftate of fabulous anti-

\* This fear poffeffing the mind of Caftañeda, who lived in 1547, he made him a book of afbestos for fear of the inquisition: it contained an account of his travels to eaft India. Grouchy tranflated it from Portugeze to French, but it was little worth that trouble.

quity; but I suppose Poland now was hardly as near civilization as Crete was at the time when Theseus killed the minotaur. Spain, scarcely less barbarous, saw about that period Roderick the Visigoth, put out his father's eyes; and Julian, so justly called the traitor, fetch in the Saracens who over-run the country, persecuted the Christian religion, and so completely settled in their kingdom, that it took six centuries at least to drive them out: all were not gone till 1492. The Pope and the Venetians were amused meantime by reciprocating presents of reliques and of palls, and *trying* to keep peace between the contending bishops of Grada and Aquileia. While the young Duke of Frisia, a new convert, requested baptism, which was preparing, but as he put his first leg into the font, having unluckily asked where they supposed his late good father was—an exemplary prince; and the unfeeling priests bluntly replying—*Why in hell to be sure!* Radbold was shocked, and not proceeding further with the ceremony, enquired again concerning some old ancestor of eminence for virtue, although ignorant of Christian obligation—receiving the same unqualified answer then, *that all were damned*; he drew his leg quickly out of the water, protesting he preferred, in the next world, *their* company to that of men so harsh and so intolerant. The story says he died in three days after. While Venda, princess of Polonia refused all conversation on religious subjects; and when hard pressed, to avoid further controversy devoting herself to her own pagan deities, flew to the river's brink, and headlong dashed into the Vistula. She was daughter to the monster Tamer, whose two sons killing each other, left the realm to Venda their sister, who by this rashness ended the short dynasty.\* A Syrian impostor now

\* Venda flew from disputes to death; but she fled from tongue disputants only: in contests she better understood, Rittogarus, a German Prince, acknowledged her superiority: He had invaded her dominions under pretence of her having broken a contract of marriage with him; but the Amazonian dame defended herself so well, and defeated his troops so shamefully, that unable to endure the disgrace of flying from a woman in battle, he stabbed himself in the field.

prevailed on many to think him the Messiah ; he persuaded Ifgird the Saracen to pull down images, promising that prince a reign of forty years. Ifgird set bravely to work, but dying the tenth day by hand of an assassin, his son in revenge stabbed the impostor on the spot. This was not the wretch called Eon or D'Eon, a very proper appellation for dubious and mysterious characters. Jortin mentions one so called, but subsequent to this, four centuries at least, who set himself up for the Son of the Most High ; but these were days of darkness, and meteors, kindled by putrefying credulity, were easily mistaken for stars. Such was the melancholy state of general knowledge, that a priest of no small dignity did, in Bavaria, christen a profelyte *in nomine patriæ et filia et spirita sancta*. Some one who had more scholarship told the Pope on't, requesting that the person should be rebaptized ; but Zachary said it was no matter, the clergyman was orthodox and meant well. Meanwhile Gervilius, who had committed murder with impunity, was deprived and imprisoned for keeping a tame hawk. England seemed to enjoy more illumination than Mentz in this century however ; while venerable Bede gave us a bright example of blameless conduct, and of calm research into the deep-hidden stores of learning. Ceolfrid his tutor walked to Rome to get books for him, yet his chief care was about the proper day for keeping Easter. The pupil's fancy was not so restrained : his beautiful description of hell has been supposed to have been read with care by Milton and by Dante ; where he tells how a Northumberland monk died, and came back to life ; but in the interval a young man, in shining apparel appeared to him, and silently led him to a deep valley, one side formed of an entire sheet of flames, the other, enormous glaciers of piled up snow and ice. The restless souls with which the valley swarmed, were everlastingly shifting sides. This valley ended in a plain of solid fire we read : a large well in the midst, spouting flames up to the high vaulted roof ; this fountain surrounded too by dæmons who drew delinquents in, with fiery forks, whilst the refluent and fierce volcano forc'd them up again.

I have



I have seen a picture of Old Frank representing *Hela's* drear abode much in this manner; the name too is Runic: Italians, and the nations near, all say Inferno; but painters are obliged to Bede for another common subject, as Marvilliana tells. He first, dissenting on the three kings offering, observed that Melchior being old and having a long beard, presented gold to Christ as King; Gaspar being young, brought frankincense to him as God; and Balthazar, of dark complexion, made his tender of myrrh as to a man of woes.\* They are thus represented almost in every picture through the world even now; but after a laborious life well spent, exciting and communicating those ideas which, springing up in such a mind, fertilized all around him; our venerable Bede expired in 735, I think, and a poor pupil of his being desirous to compose an epitaph worthy so valuable a personage, and finding after long study, that

Hæc sunt in fossa  
Bede præbyteri ossa,

was no good verse, he resolved (as a likely method) to fast till he had found one; when having been much troubled in his sleep, the word *venerabilis* came luckily into his head; whereupon he waking, finished the nicely accomplished work with

Hæc sunt in fossa  
Bede venerabilis ossa.

It was then but fair that he should go to breakfast; yet was it to that silly accident, Calvisius thinks, that the honourable appellation was bestowed which our sage had so seriously deserved.

Such were the times with us and with the Germans, while the gay Franks enlarged their wide domain, improved their language, refined their manners, and were governed in much happiness and daily

\* There is a manuscript in the Harleian collection resolving the story of the three Kings into alchemy. They offer'd Christ, 'tis said, the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. The incense must have been *musk* by that explanation.

increasing splendour by the famed Maire du Palais, Charles *Martel*, surnamed so from his *martial* qualities, which inspired him, after acting the part of an illustrious general, by conquering Saxons, Bavarians, and a long *et cetera*, to seize upon Provence and Burgundy, and defying Rainfroi to single combat, put all upon the issue—and after his victory to rule the conquered nations with prudence; for Charles Martel, although never king, bore sway more absolute than ever king did, while Pepin's fame was lost in his superior blaze, and no man's sword surpass'd his long-remember'd hammer.\* Mayor of Paris was his only title; but mayor, or major, or *greatest* in every sense, was the fit title for so active and ardent a character. He instituted the Order of Genette in honour of his wife, whose name Janette he took delight in perpetuating; and when Pope Gregory III. and he corresponded, the pontiff put *his own name last*. A new dynasty however begins in Pepin I. of the Carolingians, who lost his sister to Odilo duke of Bavaria, but retook her, and subdued her hasty lover; while the emperors of the west, if such they might now be called, amused themselves with knocking down images instead of enemies, obtaining the soubriquet of Iconoclastes rather than heroes or legislators. They had to lament besides a great destruction among their subjects, who dropt down struck by pestilence, as their images fell before struck by the axe, and the priests cried—A judgment! but in vain. Luitprand, now wearied with the sight of exarchical tyranny, drove Eutychius the eunuch from his usurpation at Ravenna, and so the seventh form of government ceased, after remaining in force one hundred and eighty-two years. The popedom is the last. See chap. xvii. of St. John's Apocalypse, 10th and 11th verses. "For there are *seven* rulers; "five are fallen, and *one is*, and the other is not come; and when he "cometh he will continue but a short space. And the beast which "was and is not, even he is the *eighth*, and is of the seven, and goeth "into perdition." St. John wrote under the *emperors*. The first five

\* Some say he was so named of his battle-axe, which resembled that instrument; but *martel* was not the French word for a hammer in 750.

forms of government were past: the exarchate did, as he prophesied, continue but a short space: the papacy came last. That all referred to Rome we have the angel's word; for says he, "The woman that thou seest is that great city which reigns over the kings of the earth." Kings, consuls, dictators, decemvirs, triumvirs, emperors, exarchs, popes, were the eight rulers that he saw in vision, I suppose. Eight has been always a marked number.\* Eight souls were saved from universal destruction at the Flood, and eight more (of which those were perhaps a type) we see appointed to preach salvation to the newly regenerated world after our Saviour's death. Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, James, Jude, Peter and Paul, are the men whose writings have within them the key of our salvation. Their works were however strangely neglected, and I might almost say forgotten, in the savage century now under *Retrospection*, when a council held somewhere in Germany prohibited the eating of horse-flesh among Christians, and cutting off the ears and tail of cattle yet alive for men's meat. Slitting noses was a common practice. Ansprand, the Lombard prince, had a son whose eyes were thrust out by Aripert his rival; almost in mercy that he should not see his mother and his sisters' noses slit, so as completely to divide the feature into two equal parts. The Greek emperor Justinian's predecessor, Leontius, had his face thus disfigured by Absimar, who reigned seven years; and while the Saracens were wasting Romandiola and preparing to besiege Constantinople, these infatuated rulers of what they called the world, introduced a new custom of kissing the Pope's toe. A Syrian pontiff, Constantine by name, first suffered the ceremony to be performed at Nice, A. D. 710, by Justinian III. His successors of course continued it. And Stephanus III. a Roman pope, was borne upon men's shoulders with new and extraordinary pomp. Nor did he rest contented with mere show, having

\* We find the caliph Motasssem long afterwards, A. D. 850, assuming the name of *Osonary*, upon this not quite expired principle of eight being a lucky number. That its good fortune referred to scripture reasons originally, Mr. Gibbon will not inform us of course.

obtained no fewer than twenty-two cities from Pepin king of France, by threatening him with damnation on refusal. Fleury himself blames this proceeding, and says 'twas actual robbery, no better. But every thing continued to swell the now returning tide of Roman greatness, which soon drove Astolpho forcibly from the Romagna, and possessing itself of Corsica, Parma, Rhegio, Mantua, with the duchies of Spoleto and Benevento, grew up into a solid and formidable power; whilst on the other hand Mahometanism inundated all Persia and Armenia, threatening the empire's capital, where Leo Isaurus reigned twenty-four years, father to Constantine Copronymus,\* whom he married to the beautiful and wise daughter of Chaganus the Hunne. She was converted and baptized by name of Irene; but Leo, though an orthodox believer, was warm in the belief of sorcery, and scourged an officer of state almost to death for not condemning to die three hapless wretches accused of making a child, whom they never saw, deaf and dumb; and if such follies prevailed near to the seat of empire, well might our northern climates be infected.

Franckfort upon the Main was built about this time, and Cimbric Chersonesus grew better known as *Denmark*, divided into two dukedoms Blaking and *Hallant*, while Scotland exhibited scenes of tragical distress from Fergus their king's loose conduct, and the bitter revenge of his too jealous queen, who strangled him in his sleep, nor would confess her savage cruelty till many innocent subjects had been tortured. When her own favourite was brought forward to examination, she however owned her guilt, took all upon herself, and ended the dreadful drama by suicide. Their nearest neighbours followed the fell example; and Brithric, a king of Westex, as I remember, was poisoned by his wife Edburga.† This horrible event had indeed no consequences; for

\* So called from an accident which happened to the font whilst the infant prince was baptizing.

† Edburga meant the poison for her rival, and the king took it by mistake; yet such was the Saxons' horror of this crime, they made a law immediately that no female should reign in *their* country.

Egbert, sole surviving descendant of the old race, who boasted their descent from Woden, now was called from France; and considered as chief of the Saxon heptarchy. Stern in the field, and subtle in the closet; that prince vanquished them that opposed; and baffled those that conspired against him. The Britons in Cornwall and the ever hardy Northumbrians seem to have held out longest, but at length all submitted, and Egbert reigned sole monarch, being solemnly crowned king of Angle Land or England; by which name our nation has ever since been known. But Wales, protected by its mountains, remained unsubdued: and Egbert, though a wise and valiant, was I conceive a truly illiterate sovereign, over a people yet so generally unlearned, that an eclipse was reckoned ominous among 'em, and an idea of witchcraft poisoned that peace of mind which privation of luxury ought to have bestowed.

Incapable of intellectual pleasures, our unwatched nobles however rioted in sensual indulgence; and social sorrows being then unknown, they wept misfortunes caused by inevitable necessity as the work of some secret enemy, and punished an innocent neighbour for magic, if the heir of a great house became deformed or sickly: the bad Being was thought to have, and to exert prodigious power in opposition to the good one; who now and then restored a man to life by miracle, the grand proof of his superiority. All this was oriental superstition; but every thing shews that resurrection of a human body is accounted the greatest, as most desired, stretch of power. Medea's kettle, (a Chaldean incantation, as I've read) and Odin's song, all labour to effect that purpose. Abdalla the Saracen, indeed, set his face resolutely against these whimsies, and prohibited the study of demonology; nor can we deny that, after the calamities sustained by literature in consequence of those incursions which overwhelmed learning and almost common sense; the Arabs led the way to light again, and the star once more shone from the eastern world. The caliphs now procured Greek writers, which were translated into Arabick; not poets, except

Homer,

Homer, which Edeffenus, a Maronite astronomer, rendered into Syriack in 770; nor orators, for what had a Bassa to do with Athenian exclamations in praise of liberty! Political reading interested them still less, and ethicks were superseded by the Koran. Mathematical, metaphysical, and physical knowledge, was however not unwelcome, and Boerhaave has borne testimony to the exactness of Jeber's experiments; but we return to our summary. Alphonso of Spain resumed the long dormant title of Catholicus; he drove out Arianism from his dominions, to which he added newly recovered Navarre, and many valuable towns in Portugal. His son Froila was the first who, abbreviating the title Dominus, changed it to Dom or Don; but Poland yet remained far, far behind. When Lescus Primislaus died, who had succeeded upon the self-destruction of Venda, a controversy arose concerning the succession; nor could the diet, for there was a diet then, contrive a more equitable mode of decision than that of erecting a pillar on a high plain, and fixing likewise the starting post, they next issued a proclamation for all candidates to repair thither, and whoever should gallop first to the column on a given morning, was to receive the crown as his reward. Many nobles prepared to run for such a plate, and one of them named Lescus, cousin to the last king, having, says the story, shod his horse *with iron*, a new invention, and throwing little spiked balls like hedge-hogs out of his pocket to embarrass and retard his competitors, won the race; but a young man keeping close to his side, discerned the fraud, and Lescus was condemned to be torn to pieces by four wild horses; and did not, like Darius Hystaspes ten centuries before, obtain a kingdom by his mean deceits. 'Tis strange that such a method of election should have been twice adopted by mankind; nor can we suspect the Poles of imitation. They had, I think, never heard of the occurrence as 'tis related in the Persian history, so that the fancy must have been original the second time as well as the first. Let its repetition reconcile those who read on't to quiet acquiescence in hereditary right; since people who try to hinder God

Almighty

Almighty from appointing them a ruler, only put their choice as it appears into the power of their horse. About that period was built or repaired; for it was Seleucia\* before, the well-known city of Bagdat, and distant far, and far less famous, was founded our beautiful cathedral of Wells, in Somersethire, dedicated to St. Andrew. Valois seems to think that 'twas about this time Isnard, a monk, wrote his martyrology, a book esteemed in that day, and despised in this beyond its real standard of desert. An odd thing too was related and believed near this period—how a stone coffin was dug up in Thrace, containing a man's body quite entire—this inscription lying on his bosom, in characters completely legible, *Christus nascetur ex Virgine Mariâ, et ego credo in eum. Sub Constantino et Irene imp̄p. O sol! iterum me videbis.* “Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, and I believe in him. Oh “fun! thou shalt see me again under the reign of Constantine and “Irene.” That hour was arrived, and Leo their son, was born two years after the dreadful pestilence; when the disputes concerning images ran high, and Waliph, a Saracen leader, cut out the tongue of Peter, bishop of Damascus, for preaching against Mahometanism. Constantine had more success against the images than against the infidels however; the Bulgarians beat him shamefully by land, and his fleet against the Saracens was lost in a tempest; he associated his son Leo, commanded the monks at Ephesus to marry or lose their eyes, and died universally detested and despised. His son reigned only a few years after: he too wedded a princess named Irene, eminent for loveliness and wisdom, a native of Athens, and known to history by name of Irene the Cruel: by her he had a son called Constantine, whose succession was accelerated by his father's avarice; for Leo the fourth seeing a rich jewel given as a votive offering in the church, seized it

\* Perhaps it was not actually *Seleucia* neither; Seleucus Nicator built his city a little lower; but I suppose that does not signify. Bagdat was called *Medinet*, or *Salam*, the city of peace, by the Caliphs afterwards. *Salam*, the oriental salutation, means *peace be to you*. *Irenopolis* is another of its names, for the same reason. *Irene* means *peace too*. *Pato y Gansoy Anseron, tres cosas suenen mas una son*, says the Spanish proverb.

himself, and putting it on his head within the cap of state, fell down apoplectick: the priests considered this death as a judgment from God, and his physicians attributed it to the sudden cold. By that accident the power dropt into Irene's hands, who, during her son's long minority, rendered herself justly famous for having fitted out a powerful fleet to check the Saracens' progress by sea. She likewise recovered the old Peloponnesus (now to be called Morea) from the Slavonians, who then were wasting Thessaly and Thrace: in that province she repaired the city Berœe or Beræa, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles as one of the towns converted by St. Paul, A. D. 53, and called it after herself, Irenopolis: 'tis *Eskizadra* at the time I am writing, and in possession of the Grand Signor. Her imprisonment of Helpidius, governor of Sicily, in a deep dungeon, where he, his wife and children, perished altogether, was but a slight specimen of this Princess's cruelty. She caused her husband's half brothers, sons of Copronymus by Eudocia, to be all killed or banished, or incapacitated, by which that race was rendered extinct which had so long ruled the east. Attempts were made at setting up the progeny of some remoter sovereign, long deceased; Irene blinded them and slit their noses. That she might, in Macbeth's phrase, "sup full with horrors," she next thrust out the eyes of Constantine her only son, and that in a manner so needlessly painful, that he survived the loss of them a few weeks only, and died, observing 'twas on that day five years he had himself, with her consent, so served his two aspiring uncles. 'Tis told us how the sun darken'd fourteen days together at that period; and if he did indeed withdraw his head not to behold such crimes, who can wonder? When the command to massacre a thousand men in one night, was by the same female fiend added to the mutilation and consequent death of her only child.

— Fugit aurea Cœlo

Luna; tegunt nigræ latitantia sidera nubes,

says Ovid, on the idea of guilt pursuing its nocturnal gratifications; and though history may term that mere poetick exclamation, yet surely



to relate of Christian potentates, actions which would pollute even a pagan page; must tend to fill the mind with strong conviction, that no hopes even of heaven itself, can allure fallen humanity to virtue, no terrors of eternal punishment itself fright us from vice, without that special grace preventing us, which good dispositions only can receive, and humble souls alone will pray for. Successful sovereigns are always favourites with their people. The fair Irene was eminently so; and had she forborne interfering with her son's love-affairs, she might have reigned long sole Empress of the East notwithstanding her known character for cruelty. But Constantine, in the true spirit of youthful independence, refused to accept his mother's choice, and wed at her command a base-born, though beautiful Armenian. He seized the reins of government himself, provoked by that encroachment on his free-will, and hearing that her forces had been defeated in Italy, catch'd the kind moment when minds were discontented; then gaining easy access to the Queen, dragged her away, deposed, confined, and would have banished her, but that the nobles rose up in a mass, and threatened the young Emperor with instant defection, if Irene the lovely and beloved was not immediately *associated*. Their prince complied; the lady once released, let loose her strong revenge; and Constantine's agonizing death follow'd swift on her restoration. But whilst morality appeared in this state of more than dismal decay, religious feuds distracted all mankind, and numberless lives were lost in the contest, whether the holy Spirit of God should be said to proceed *from* or *by* the operation of the second person in the trinity. Severities, authorized by a council at Friuli, alienated many, and caused the death of more: people were killed, they scarcely knew for why; till the Greek and Roman churches at length separated with a rancour unworthy Christians, upon a difference of opinion scarce discernible, and most difficult to be defined even by deepest reasoners; yet daily then discussed by ignorance, and pronounced upon by rash and precipitate piety, unknowing where 'twould lead to. If however, the Greeks could not

exactly comprehend their brethren's, nor nicely explain their own ideas of hypostatic union, all could now see and feel the vast encroachments of the papal power. The head of *your* church said the Patriarch of Constantinople shall never be supreme over *ours*; he is not now a bishop, but an emperor. The Turk's turban is as welcome to us as is the pope's tiara. This speech was gross, and insolent, and criminal, and has been severely punished by Providence; but the provocation was too great to bear. Pope Adrian however, displayed even in these days much of useful and undeniable merit; his nominal distinction was yet dear to Rome—or what was left of it: and to convince them he deserved his name, when Tyber made a furious inundation, this Pontiff spent his own wealth to repair the walls, as far as 100lbs. weight of gold would go; whilst in the Lateran, he daily fed one hundred poor folks from his own privy purse. He protected the arts too, music especially; and promoted literature, such as it was: his letters\* are still extant I'm informed, and prove his elegance scarce inferior to his virtue. Organs were now heard in several churches both of France and Italy; a bishoprick was fixed at Osnaburgh; the university of Pavia was founded, and Magdeburgh, spoiled by the Vandals, was repaired by Charles, soon to be called Charlemagne. This city stands upon the Elbe, and was called Parthenopolis in heathen days, from Venus, who had there a shrine of peculiar notoriety. She left none of her beauty in the place, I think, when her fine statue was taken away. 'Tis observable that Flanders began to break and divide now into Teutonic, Gallic, and Imperial; but England was a prey to Danish ravagers, who wasted the little Island of Shepey, returning quickly to their ships indeed, but heavy laden with spoil. They came again of course, making their landing good in Cornwall, where traces yet remain of their oppressive cruelty. I know not why invasion was so

In Adrian's letters to Charlemagne it is observable that he signs his own name last; this was no trifling etiquette: Zenobia put her name first in her correspondence with Aurelian—He said she should repent it—and *so she did.*

easy; England had been envied long before Egbert's time for naval superiority, yet these idolatrous and savage Danes made perpetual and successful incursions on our island, as if the sea had then been no security. Though King Offa, who died, as say some of the little books, at dear Offley, in Hertfordshire, where we used to try at tracing memorials of him in my early youth, had entered into a commercial treaty with France, whence Pepin sent him two silken vests, I think, and a Hungarian sword; all insufficient to keep out the Danes, who teased a prince more powerful than he was, and retarded by incessant hostilities, the consolidation of our realm under Egbert himself; but *Don Froila* of Spain, here claims attention, as he not only took that appropriate appellation himself, but bestowed it on all his nobles, partly to distinguish them from Moors and Jews, who occupied large part of his dominions. The Spaniards still calling our blessed Saviour *Don Christo*, seems to us, at first sight, ridiculous; they mean however neither more nor less than we do by *Lord Jesus*. In old editions of Moliere we see it printed *Dom Juan*, shewing that the word is a mere abbreviation of *Dominus*. This Froila had the epithet chaste bestowed on him for living (although married) in a state of celibacy, after the birth of his only child Alphonso, during whose reign the Moors, who deserved no such epithet, made war against his subjects for the demanded tribute of Celtiberian virgins, stipulated by some old treaty to be given up to them every year. Alphonso took up arms against these barbarians, destroyed 7000 of them, raised the siege of Lisbon, and made a league with Charles. To this young hero, son of Pepin the Short, and Berthalde the Fair, who won victory after victory from Saracens, Saxons, Lombards—all who opposed him, the fame of Charles Martel seemed a præcurfor, not a rival; like the aurora of Guido, when she scatters flowers before the glowing car of day, swift following where she leads and points his path. Barcelona and Huesca owned his power, the Huns and Abares trembled at his arm; Sweden and Norway blessed his missionaries, Pope Adrian begged to be godfather to his son, whose mother lived not to see  
half

half his glories; and Charlemagne, justly so called, took solemnly the names of Cæsar Augustus. These heroick exploits, with his repairing the Roman eagle, first splitting it in two, that the heads might look both ways, in compliment to the existing powers at Constantinople, with his severities to some unhappy Lombards, of which 'tis said, he decollated 4000\* in one day, might easily recommend his person to Irene, who offered him marriage, on which he, though the lady was much older than himself, took time to deliberate; when her steward, or chamberlain, by a sudden and successful conspiracy, seized on that cruel princess, and forced her into an island of the archipelago, Mitylene, I believe, the Lesbos of antiquity; where she expired of grief, and with her death, however well-deserved, died much of glory to the eastern empire. Some say that Charlemagne was the first Charles who ever wrote his name with a C. 'twas Karrulus before: but Mezeray thinks his name must have been engraved, for that he could not write or read *at all*, and said on some occasion—"There, I have signed the treaty with the pommel of my sword, and promise to maintain it with the point." This might, however, be mere *façon de parler*; I can scarce think that man so ignorant, who caused to be written the famous MS. of Terence's Comedies, still to be seen, or lately, in the Vatican. Mailros, a Scotsman, who had in his youth been pupil to venerable Bede, became in his age a sort of preceptor, assistant at least to Charlemagne: and when he founded the university of Pavia, this distinguished North Briton acted as his agent.

The year 800 then saw England united under one monarch; the cities of Dresden and Nuremberg, built by the King of France, and that Prince solemnly crowned by Pope Leo III. at Rome, as *Emperor of the West*, upon Christmas-day. The old Spanish historians men-

\* Say it who will, it must necessarily be a lie: the swift speeding guillotine alone could make dispatch like this. There are but 1440 minutes in a day, and 'tis easier to utter a falsehood every sixty seconds, than it is to take away the life of a man.

tioning these events, close them with an intended climax, that on the same great day of the same memorable year, St. Jago was acknowledged tutelar saint and patron of all Spain. Italians recollect how the Doge of Venice threw the Bishop of Grada from a high tower, because he refused consecration to that prince's favourite; and Frenchmen tell of the institution of their twelve peers.

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## C H A P. XIII.

FROM THE CROWNING OF CHARLEMAGNE 800, TO THE  
DEATH OF ALFRED, A. D. 900.

**L**IFE takes a new appearance under the reign of Charlemagne. Knights, jousts, tournaments, minstrels, ladies; characters which have yet scarcely crossed over our little *camera obscura*, now act their parts, and crowd forward to the view of *Retrospection*. Yet this new colour, if we call it such, that gives a future tint to manners and to life, is but the shading off to gentler orange of that blood red, which marked so long the now merely *nominal* Roman empire. When the inhabitants of Germany's black forests first left their native woods for the rich vales of Italy, they carried to the scene of action, with their resistless genius for conquest, a settled intent to bestow modes of living, not accept them. Their purpose did succeed surprizingly, old customs were broken up and died away, and a new system was establishing itself apace in all the nations of Europe. The earth was parcelled out to various individuals, who maintained their portions independent of superior power, and Charlemagne swayed a sceptre supported by barons—he shook not his truncheon over trembling slaves—the form of things was changed—

— The cease of Majesty  
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw  
What's near it, with it. 'Tis a massy wheel  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortic'd and adjoin'd.

SHAKESPEAR.

The

The feudatorial system of high-spirited nobles, who each commanded a large troop of vassals, and bound themselves to bring them forth at a great leader's call, for defence of their own territories, or for the acquisition of new ones, had a ferocious appearance upon the whole; but the general inclination for war was softened by the respect paid to beauty, which they considered as their just and bright reward. Each generous bosom beat at the call of valour, but could not by his own authority seize on the sighs for privilege, or bear arms without permission. Birth, age, and qualifications were to be examined, and while difficulty irritated desire, the lady languished for a gallant lover, distinguished by his martial talents, and the youth panted for the happy moment when once adorned by the bright lance and shield, he should throw at her feet a hero, acknowledged such by his comrades, a knight respected even by his sovereign. Christianity was likewise young in the world, openly and with violence attacked by Saracens, tacitly sneered at by unbelieving Jews, detested as a successful enemy by Pagans. The votaries of religion thought it was man's first duty to protect her; Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, fought valiantly in the field, by side of Charlemagne, and 'tis on that principle that we even yet see the sword drawn in Poland at the moment of pronouncing the creed.

Theology thus mingling itself with personal courage, and enthusiastick piety enflamed by romantick love, not only sent innumerable warriors to contend in the field of battle, for palms of valour and prizes of beauty; but disposed mankind to think beside that conquest denoted the *approbation*, as well as the *care* of heaven. Private quarrels were adjusted, not by cold equity, but martial prowess; a champion was granted to females, who could not defend themselves from injury, and the next kinsman commonly pressed forward to take on him the commendable office. Single combats whetted the general keenness for renown, and all concluded, that he who fell had merited his fate. When sword and shield were thus essential to existence, when they

were considered as sole arbitrators of honour, sole instruments of happiness; what wonder if we find them cherished to absurdity. Marks of distinction, devices, and imprese, were affixed upon the second, by which to know each other in the battle; and baptism was, I fear, very solemnly bestowed upon the first. Thus Roland called his favourite sword Durandal, we know—Joyeuse was the name of that worn by Charlemagne. Hamburg was built by this extraordinary character, and Halberstadt famed for its piper in 1376. Charlemagne's twelve peers are, by romance, given to our Arthur; they are indeed so necessary to the old writers of these times, that I question whether Sir Thefeus and Sir Alefaundre had not twelve peers each. Thefeus indeed, those authors made a faint of; but faints and knights were all that possessed mens minds—

With store of *ladies*, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence and judge the prize,  
 In wit or arms, whilst all contend  
 To win her grace whom all commend.

The peers were twelve, because the apostles had been twelve, appointed by our Saviour to sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. Christening swords\* was scarcely left off till towards the time of our Queen Elizabeth; our tutelary faint made *his* full famous in all ballad story,—

When George, he shaved the dragon's beard,  
 And *Askelon* was his razor.

But it was not peculiar to Christianity. Mahomet had nine swords, the name of one was *death*, of another *piercing ruin*; and Odegir, the

\* Odin's horse, and Odin's sword, had names; Sleipner (*Sleep n'eer*) and Tirsing; I don't know what *tirsing* meant. The daughter of Hjalmar comes in the night for Tirsing; it was made by the dwarfs, and had peculiar properties, disposing her to disturb the dead that she might obtain it.



Dane, a Pagan I believe, called his keen weapon *spatha*: whence spada, and espada, and *spath* buckler, corrupted in our old plays to *swash* buckler. Charlemagne meanwhile, though a mere soldier, scorned not those arts which he forbore to cultivate; but brought to France masters of arithmetick, and some say grammar. He was likewise, although a warlike prince, eminently gentle tempered \* and indulgent to his children. A pretty story of princess Imma and her lover is related in the Spectator from Marquahand Freher. The gallant was Eginhart, who says of his sovereign when he writes his life, that he could speak Latin as easily as his own native Frankish, but that in Greek he had a bad pronounciation. When at the death of this great man the empire was again divided among his children, he charged them to live well with one another; and having spilt deluges of blood in order to unite the west under one head, he willingly by testament parted it among his sons, giving to Pepin Italy alone, to Louis le Debonnaire, France, with the exception of Normandy, which went with Austria, Saxony, and Bavaria, to Charles. That there might be no murderous disputes among them after his decease, he left a strict command behind, that if they differed about any thing, the youth who should be able and willing longest to support the posture in which our Saviour suffered crucifixion, was to obtain without further enquiry the purpose they contended for. This mode of decision afterwards grew common, and was called *jugement de la croix*. The French language now began to supplant the Latin, on whose wreck 'twas raised; verses were written and songs were sung in praise of love and valour; while bards, troubadours, tale-tellers and minstrels, softening the ferocious temper of the times, soon taught each warrior-spirit how to bend before a distant and difficultly-acquired fair one; musick lent her aid beside to animate and to inspire devotion. The French

\* Charlemagne was himself of an amorous disposition, had many mistresses, and two or three wives. *L'Amour de Dieu et des dames* went together in those days.

fingers however, even then, had the characteristick roughness peculiar to their nation, and made the *tossè di capra*, as Italians still call a coarse bad shake. *Trilletaccio!* say they: at Paris Gluck in my own time said to his scholars, *ne chevrotez pas*.\* Our English have a joke on Wales and Welshmen that expresses this fault with much accuracy. *Waaaales*, replies the goat, when his Anglo Saxon neighbours travelling over Snowdon, ask him "How d'ye call this country?" and at the same time shake him by the beard. While thus the west began, at least in some respects, to emerge out of that sad Cimmerian darkness in which she had long dropt inert and lifeless, Irene's death hung heavy on her successor, who, born her vassal, was never by the Queen's subjects willingly obeyed. Bardanes was proclaimed emperor, but soon, after a fruitless contest for the purple, sunk *his* pretensions in a monastery. The rebel chamberlain however fared no better, and Michael, Leo, and Theophilus, were only other names for wickedness and impious folly. This last being born of mean parents, fired a rich ship loaded with merchandize, that no one might suspect his natural inclination for commerce, and made his subjects cut the hair from their heads, because his own was thin. Notwithstanding these mad caprices, he made war not unsuccessfully against the Saracens, although in these days they built Candy, and gave new name to ancient Crete, headquarters of pagan mythology. The labyrinth however yet remained upon their coins and arms: Rubæus says 'twas their device in his time, and he lived 1690. The popes meanwhile increased their influence daily; nor was it *influence* now, but firm authority. Charlemagne's sons could not agree, and Gregory IV. like Chaos umpire fate, and by decision more imbroil'd the fray.

Louis le Debonnaire, of gentle manners but resolute temper, who never had been seen to laugh at any story his tale-teller could recite, had nothing of his native country's levity: his wife Judith of Bavaria, though a German, had too much. Their son was Charles the Bald; but in consequence of this meekness, not agreeable to the spirit of such times,

\* Don't sing like a goat.

times, Louis issued a decree that no ecclesiastick should wear spurs. Gregory was displeas'd, and to evince his displeasure publicly *wore spurs himself*. This Pope certainly exercised papal or parental power with little prudence and with less controul. But to every other force, force might be oppos'd; the church was unresisted, because it was considered as infallible. Sergius II. availed himself of mankind's disposition to revere the visible head of it, residing at Rome: he built castle St. Angelo, altering it from the moles Adriani to a useful fortress: nor was the step unnecessary, when Moorish plunderers spoiled the suburbs of the once-renown'd metropolis, and robbed the churches dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. Sergius's name was Porci: his family still subsists at Rome now, and a subject of Great Britain married into it about twenty years ago. In the ninth century however he did well to change it, and accept a sort of ecclesiastical appellative, a practice future popes adopted willingly. His successor Leopold IV. joined the Neapolitans, and beat the Saracens by sea. He built Leopolis, now Civita Vecchia, and even forces himself to be a favourite *with Voltaire and Gibbon*. During that time a monster of impiety, Michael by name, ruled with his mother Theodora at Constantinople. This wretch profaned the Eucharist, ridiculed the sacred office of carrying it to sick and dying persons; killed his innocent old tutor, and thrust his mother into a monastery, all before he was eighteen years old. Venice joined the general league against the Arabian locusts, and Alphonso of Spain married Chimene a French princess; he called her Ximena of course. And having heard that a human body was dug up near Compostella, the king and queen assured themselves it was St. James; he was therefore St. Jago di Compostella: and story tells that a church of *stone*, not *earth*, was immediately dedicated to his peculiar service. This was the season for unchecked imagination. Cromerius and other Polish writers tell of their leader Piaustus Rusticus, who was promoted to sovereignty, and lived an hundred and twenty years, in consequence of his having, when a Pagan, entertained two Christian pilgrims.

pilgrims with share of a fat hog killed in honour of his son's birth. The saints, in return for such good cheer, hindered the hog from lessening. This was a useful miracle, in Poland; and Rusticus was converted, and in due time chosen chief. That such tales should be credited is strange; 'tis stranger far that invention should be so confined, and when men are not restrained by even a *desire* of telling truth; that no new fables ever can be found. Another duke of Poland, Popielus by name, used to wish himself and his children devoured by mice, when he meant to enforce belief by strong asseveration. And the good bishop of Varna, who wrote in the fifteenth century, tells gravely how the wife of this king's son, a German princess, advised her husband when he came to the throne to feign illness, and send for all his uncles to a council: she there took care to poison them in drink; nor would permit their being even buried, having accused them of intent to murder the reigning prince. Out of their bodies however, adds the bishop, grew *mice* innumerable, which followed the young Popielus wherever he went; and notwithstanding all that could be done, at length devoured him and his wicked consort.

Denmark went on no better: Olaus there encouraged civil wars to spite his mother, whom he suspected of having hired an assassin to murder his good father in the garden as he slept, and of rewarding him afterwards with her hand. 'Tis possible this tale, better known then than now, gave Shakespear his idea of Hamlet. These stories, with our English law that whosoever killed a cat should lose his right hand, while to purchase so valuable an animal as much wheat was required as would cover the cat when held by the tip of her tail, prove the multitudes of mice in the ninth century to have been a serious and intolerable plague. Destruction of predatory beasts great and small was once more, as in the fabulous ages, become a duty: and so was the world thinned of human inhabitants since the days of Constantine Copronymus, that instead of punishing prelates for keeping a tame hawk, Charlemagne, towards the end of his reign, granted a right of hunting

hunting to the abbots and monks of Sithiu, partly for the sake of clearing the country, and partly that the skins of wild animals might serve, he said, as covers to their books. They had been rolled before; whence the word *volume* still; and literature now excited care from royalty. The race of Abbas too, being caliphs of the Saracens, encouraged literature in Arabia; and while commerce was carrying on at Bagdat chiefly by Jews, attempts were made by these orientals at renewing some taste of poetick imagery. Under this warm sky grew up the new machinery, phantom forms of giants, dwarfs, genii, and enchanters, which followed and succeeded to the old heathen gods in every work of fancy. Spain got them first of European nations, because of its connection with the Moors. France chanted the praises of herõick Roland, and told the truly romantick tale of Charles the Bald. His daughter Judith, in her fifteenth year, was destined to have married an English prince; but he dying, the lady on her way back to Paris being too slightly guarded, wished to walk among the shady trees somewhere in Picardy, and was indulged. A young forester struck with her beauty, unknowing who she was, seized and carried her off. This was Baldwin of Flanders, who took her to his castle near St. Omer's. Charles having found it out by stratagem some years after, and finding they had children, subdued his resentment and made her husband *Erle*. But his descendants were not esteemed of the true kingly blood: and we shall see the Empress Maude, mother to our Henry the first, despising one of this man's progeny for want of noble birth. The famous quatrain,

Cloth of gold do not despise  
 Tho' thou be join'd to cloth of frize;  
 Cloth of frize be not too bold,  
 Tho' thou be join'd to cloth of gold:

was made many centuries after, when Charles Brandon, wedded to royalty, took those lines for his *legenda*, and the ballad-makers adapted them to *this* much older story. (See Percy's Reliques). Whilst manly  
 vices,

vices, many virtues, thus characterised the dwellers in the north, such was the effeminacy of Pope John VIII. that he was called in derision, *Pope Joan* by his contemporaries; and when the encroachments of that holy see grew hateful, and its tyranny oppressive, under the harsh reign of many of his successors, a story was circulated that a woman had certainly sat in the papal chair. When they were got so far, 'twas most easy to add how she was detected by labour-pains, as she was carried in procession to the Vatican. This tale though Spanheim believes, Scaliger thinks incredible, because he says her voice would have betrayed her; and Baronius denies it of course. Our best writers reject such stuff with indignation: yet was it strange, and ten times strange to think, that so late as in the year 1634 there did most surely exist a statue of her in the cathedral church of Sienna, among the popes, standing in her place: for Colomesius challenged Monsieur de Launoi about it at Menage's apartments, where Racan the poet and the Abate Marucelli the *Tuscan resident*, were present, and heard M. de Launoi confess that with his own eyes he had *seen* the statue in Sienna cathedral in 1634, notwithstanding Baronius's solemn letter of thanks to Florimond for taking it down twenty-eight years before; and notwithstanding Pere Alexander, in his Ecclesiastical History, affirms it was *then* no longer in existence. It might indeed have been taken down before *his* death, which was not till 1710. No modern travellers remarking it, I suppose it is gone now. My own empty head forgot to examine; but I remember observing that John VIII. had a particularly effeminate cast of countenance in *St. Paolo fuori delle Mura* at Rome, where their pictures in oil hang round the wall; and Porcacchi's edition of Gamucci's Antiquities mentions *his tomb, Senza alcuno artificio o architettura ed in somma molto diverso delle sepolture degli altri pontifici*—without any device or architectural distinction, and, in a word, extremely unlike the other papal sepulchres. Enough of this nonsense. Be Pope John what else he will, he ordered the Holy Scriptures to be promulgated in the Slavonian tongue A. D. 880. But *Lothaire* (whence derive our Lowther family)

family) duke or king of Lorraine, arrests our *Retrospection* for a moment. *He* being of the constitution of our Henry VIII. persuaded Guntharis bishop of Cologne to divorce him, on frivolous pretences, from his consort, promising in return to marry the bishop's sister; and Pope Nicholas, an exemplary pontiff, consented, though with difficulty; and then Lothaire married his favourite mistress *la belle Valdrade*. Excommunication justly followed such conduct; but the king, hardened in wickedness, derided all such punishments, and professed obedience to the Pope in spiritual matters only. The *Valesiana* says however, that this Pope, in his correspondence with the King of France, put his own name first, a custom never *after laid aside*. The patriarch at Constantinople tried the same trick with Louis VII. *Valesius* tells us, but the experiment did not answer, *Le roi s'en offensa et le patriarche corrigea sa faute*. The king was displeas'd, and the prelate mended his manners.

Photius the patriarch, to whom John VIII. had meanly submitted, was now deposed by the new Cæsar whom wretched Michael had appointed to govern the east, while he himself was sunk in debauchery; and the Pope, once firmly fixed in his seat, anathematized Photius, making thereby a lasting and incurable breach between the Greek and Latin churches; forced wild Lothaire to take his wife again, and when he went to Rome for reconciliation, gave him in pledge of peace the eucharistick *cup*, not then denied to the laity. The young Doge of Venice now, John Badoera, wedded the niece of the Greek emperor, and sent his brother to the reigning Pope, Martin, I think, a Frenchman, to request that Comachia might be added to the territories of the republick. The ambassador's being treacherously murdered on his way home, whither he returned only to die, did but accelerate the seizure of Comachia, which Badoera took by force. Anastasius wrote the lives of the popes about this time, and Heinsius prints a letter from Sarrau, saying that there was a copy of that work in the Ambrosian library at Milan *then*, mentioning the female sex of *Giovanni ottavo*. Those in the Vatican were all torn, he says, in that place where the

disputed life occurs. Salmasius had a copy, but it was got from the French king's collection of books, and supposed to have been interpolated by Martinus Polonus, who, though a learned Dominican, believed the tale, and told it clearly in his chronicle.

Wonders were easily credited in those days. That it rained blood at Brescia was nothing doubted: the writers of the ninth century faithfully record *that* event, and 'twas as likely that Pope John should be a woman. Among the marvels of the moment Motassem the *oEtonary* now shone a glittering caliph amidst the admiring beauties of Circassia. He was the eighth of the Abassides, had eight sons and eight daughters by eight wives—not concubines, princesses. He possessed eight thousand slaves body-guard, and eight millions of gold. When he had reigned eight years, eight months, and eight days, he said it is enough, my race is run, and died. His Saracens meantime burned the fine monastery at Monte Cassino, and exercised sad cruelties upon the catholicicks. But Basil, emperor of the east, kept them a little in check, till seized with a sudden fury on seeing his son Leo wear a dagger, he felt persuaded that he meant to murder him; and without giving any notice of his intentions, put the innocent heir of his crown in prison, whence he would never have come out alive, but for one of those combinations which all men now agree to call accidental. The young prince lately married, had diverted himself with teaching a favourite parrot to say *Leo loves you*, whenever his fair bride entered the apartments, whither the king hastened in great wrath, and called the terrified lady to examination. On *her* appearance the bird with an impressive voice cried from his perch *Leo loves you*. Such a sentence so pronounced struck forcibly upon the Emperor's feelings. He doubted not the words being miraculously addressed to himself, when the parrot once more gravely repeating *Leo loves you*, Basil embraced his daughter-in-law with a transport of fondness, called out her husband from confinement, restoring him to even more than pristine favour. A hunting match was made to celebrate their reconciliation, when the stag suddenly turning upon Basil gored him to death, and  
delivered



delivered the eastern world from *his* caprices; while the travelling of Danielis, a Greek matron, from Peloponesus on men's shoulders (as in a modern palanquin) strikes one with resemblance of manners between these days and those, when this lady waited upon prince Leo with presents out of the Morea, fit only for oriental luxury to accept, and compleatly distant from the spirit of ancient times, the times of Solon or Lycurgus, to bestow; but even the *name* of Peloponesus was forgotten.

In Mesopotamia, about this period, Al Bategnius observed, 'tis said, the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, A. D. 882; Dr. Halley calls *him vir admirandi acuminis*. He wrote a neglected treatise *De Scientia Stellarum*, which Plato Tiburtinus translated into barbarous Latin; it was printed at Nuremberg 1537. I have read somewhere that it was this miserable performance which inspired Tycho Brahe with a desire of studying astronomy. The science of the stars was, to say truth, not studied at all in these early ages, except as in the east there had been always a disposition to consult them about men's fortunes, and find out who was to be stabbed, or who poisoned, by the position of the planetary worlds. The tyrant Basil was deep in these conjurations, while runic forcery still kept possession of the unfeeling north, where Gothick bards and scalds had taken fast hold upon people's imagination, who willingly wish'd to drink beer from the skulls of their enemies, and hoped a future feast of *cerevisiam*, the *barley* drink, from *Ceres*, in Odin's hall. His fearful engagement with the wolf Fenris was easily credited by his descendants, who even after conversion to Christianity still appropriated a peculiar hell to cowards, and thought with horror of the hideous Nastrand, where filthy serpents vomit so much venom that it forms a river of *blue* poison prepared for perjured souls and liars, and black assassins, who seek a safe refuge, declining open battle.

Warton says wisely, that this train of ideas shews less affinity to oriental enchantments, castles, dragons, &c. than to the magick of Ca-

nia in Horace; and 'tis possible that the barren black heifer sacrificed to Proserpine in the old Greek mythology, and that musick by which Orpheus forced her to give back Eurydice from the dismal domain, might be originally of the same dark complexion as Odin's wondrous song, that made all chains to fall from him that heard it, whether on earth or *Hella's* drear abode,

Where the fell Prophetess abides,  
And Lok his horrid shadow hides.

Bartholin tells of a song called *Vardloker* which Godreda sung to Earl Thorchill by command of a witch, youngest of nine weird sisters, as full of prophecy, somewhat like the Sybilline oracles. Besides that Mount Ida is named in the Icelandick poetry as residence of gods and heroes. *Ida*, and *Edda* might possibly be synonymous, and that name given to the strange collection, because it treated of celestial and infernal deities, as we might say the *olympiad* of such a work, had it been written in Greek. Bartholine cites an ode that says expressly, how when the twilight of the gods shall be ended, and the new world appear, the agæ shall meet in the fields of *Ida*, and tell of the destroyed inhabitants. In the proem, or prelude to Reselius's *Edda* it is related too that Odin appointed twelve peers or judges at Sigtunc in Scandinavia, as erst at *Troy*. Thus then the Romans, Britons, Franks, all loved to deduce from *Troy*, and now Mr. Bryant pulls down our original seat. Such is the certainty of deep research. Let the thought reconcile readers to superficial information, and make them less fastidious, less offended at the thousand inaccuracies their eyes will soon discover in this imperfect *Retrospection*. One sure proof of a connection between the old Saxon and Greek mythologies in our little island yet remains in the names of every day throughout the week; *Woden*, *Thor*, and *Frey* holding possession of three, the *Sun*, the *Moon*, and *Saturn* keep three more. But England was the seat of mixture always, and in the century we are reviewing was crouded with strange nations, strange opinions—Danes, Saxons, Romans,

Romans, Britons: and from the vigorous fermentation of southern softness with old runic barbarism, levigated and sublimed by a warm portion of true Christian zeal, the generous soil teemed with that rare and glorious product, a *patriot king*. Alfred the soldier, the scholar, the legislator and the poet, whose character unites the separate merits of all other princes, as does the country he adorned the separate excellencies of every other nation. He formed alliance with the Scottish kings his neighbours, the better to make head against our new invaders. He fought seven battles with those pertinacious enemies, and when defeated found resources that shewed him no less formidable than before. When press'd by numbers and betrayed by treachery, he was compelled to bow before the necessity of the times, he with a band of faithful followers lived in the forests of Somerset and Wiltshire, sung to his pipe the praises of his ancestors, and animating himself by their example, resolved to visit in the dress of a minstrel the Danish camp. There he tried all his arts of pleasing, there he acquainted himself with all their schemes, witnessed their supine security in the thoughts of his own death, and after six months spent among his adversaries returned, and called his friends to the attack. Surprise and terror went before Alfred's army, valour and virtue followed it. He remained victor over all his foes, made their conversion to Christianity his sole condition of peace with some, and drove the rest to Flanders. Then, to prevent further depredations, we see him next equip a powerful fleet, and vanquish by sea such of them as tried to return. Prosperity and peace were the reward of glory, and Alfred used them to each patriot purpose; it was his only aim, he said, so to secure his subjects' prosperity, that a fair maid might walk unmolested with a bag of uncounted gold in her hand from one extreme of his dominions to the other. To this end he revived the use of juries, dropt into desuetude; with the division of England into hundreds and tythings; he encouraged business, and such extensive commerce, that merchants of London traded in his reign for East India jewels, whilst his discoverer Oeher explored at his  
command

command the coasts of Lapland and Norway, and established a whale-fishery in the icy seas. At home he founded the University of Oxford, built the towns of Shaftesbury and Godmanchester; and whereas on his accession to the throne he had scarce one lay subject that could read English, and scarce ten ecclesiasticks who understood Latin, so much was literature cultivated under his auspices, that before his death one of his *lecturers* translated from the Greek original some treatises of Dionysius the Arcopagite, into Latin, and dedicated his work to Charles the Bald, whilst Alfred himself gave an elegant version of Orosius's history of the Pagans and of Boethius's Consolations of Philosophy, beside other useful labours. He patronized the art of musick which he practised, and called professors from the continent to perfect his attempts at composition; while Affer asserts with rapture his abilities as a sportsman, and proves that though he led a studious, it was in no sense a sedentary life; for, says he, our king caught more game than any of his contemporaries; a circumstance the more to be credited, as the brightness of his eyes and active powers of his person are well known. To shew however in what a piteous state stood the mechanick arts at this period, we are constrained to observe, that Alfred had no nearer method of counting time, than by causing six waxen tapers to be made twelve inches long, and of as many ounces weight. On these he marked the inches, and finding one of these to burn two hundred and forty minutes, he had horn lanterns made to keep the wind away; and committed the care of all to his clerk of the chapel, whose place it was to tell him how the hours went. Abdalla king of Persia had indeed presented Charlemagne with the first striking\* clock upon record, a sort of clepsydra, such as the ancients used. The machine worked with water; which upon this occasion being, by oriental in-

\* Eginhart says he saw this clock himself, adorned with twelve figures of horsemen rushing out at twelve openings like windows, when the twelve hours were completed, and then returning in again, *as if alive*.

genuity, furnished with twelve little brass balls, dropt one of them upon a hollow plate below, and gave due notice when the hour was ended.

We take no note of time but by its loss;  
To give it then a tongue was wise in man.

Charlemagne was one of the few who could hear its solemn voice without a consciousness of self-reproach. To Alfred such an instrument would have sounded, even in *this* world, the sentence he perhaps of all men is surest to hear in the *other*: "Well done thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." But although Alfred died not till the year 900, he never saw so complicated a machine.

## C H A P. XIV.

FROM THE DEATH OF ALFRED, A. D. 900,  
 TO THE FOUNDATION OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE UNDER  
 TANGROLIPIX, A. D. 1000.

OUR *Retrospection* will have little pleasure hereabout in contemplating the affairs of the western empire and kingdom of France, where the progeny of heroick Charlemagne, Caroloman, and Charles, poisoned and thrust out one another's eyes, while Louis le Begue succeeded to that throne which Charles the Simple fate on at the time of Alfred's death. That Arnulph, a little time before that event, fixed *his* residence, and that of future emperors in Germany, is best worth noting. 'Twas he besieged fair Algitrude, widow of his competitor Guido, in Spoleto; but the revengeful lady, gaining access to his person, administer'd him such a cup as kept him waking in delirious horror, I forget how many dreadful nights and days. Meanwhile the Empress Zoe ruled the east, associating her young son Constantine, scarce seven years of age, who growing older put her in a nunnery, whence she was taken out no more. He was advised to blind her, but refused to commit such brutal folly; showing the world that all decorum had not wholly left it, although the examples now set by Rome were terrifying to virtue, and even to mere decency. Towards the end of the last century, *Formosus*, a young bishop of consummate beauty, had been elected pope, and crowned the aspiring leader Guido in Italy: but Sergius disputing the papacy with him, a dreadful schism ensued; and Boniface VI. enjoyed the dignity twenty-six days only: during which time his own best friends, frightened at his criminal excesses, lent their assistance

assistance to turn him out, and set Stephanus VI. in the chair. He, with unexampled barbarity, dug up the body of Formosus, dressed it in pontificalibus, produced it in synod, stript, cut its fingers off, and tossed it into Tyber, where he himself deserved to have been thrown; but Aldebert, marquis of Tuscany, had him strangled in prison. A quick succession of perverse rulers followed, till the insolent mistress of Aldebert, a haughty though insinuating Florentine, governed the see and city in face of all mankind, giving her daughter, Marozia to Sergius III. by whom she had John XII. Anastasius would have redeemed the honour of the priesthood, but his death made room for John XI. a martial pontiff, who crowned Berengarius for his good services against the Saracens, but quarrelled with his brother Alberic, and made a disgraceful league with the Hungarians. He first consecrated as bishop a baby five years old, the son of Herbert Comte de Vermandois: this offended all the world in those days, and John lost his life as his predecessor had done. Yet though its professors seemed as if conspiring to take away all reverence for the sacerdotal office, no virtue was esteemed truly meritorious, except bounty towards the church, where outward respect paid to reliques of departed saints made easy compensation for present sinners, among whom John XII. stands foremost, *pessimus malorum*, like Nero among the Roman emperors. What wonder! vested with unlimited power\* at seventeen or eighteen years of age, his sport was to exceed in wickedness and folly whatever went before him. Among other frolics he was accused, I think, of drinking the devil's good health; but he cut the accusers' tongues out, slit their noses, and committed so many acts of libertinism and riot, that an injured husband, or his hired ruffian, killed him before he arrived at twenty-three years old. Indulgencies for every crime had now their settled price from such a priesthood, and Rome became a custom-house as it had long been a sink for sin.

\* Quere, Was it not from him the character of Don Juan, or the Libertine, was taken?

Henry, meantime, a German prince, nephew, I think, to Arnulph, dreamed of an admonition given him while sleeping, that should he walk to an old wall hard by, he would find something there to touch him nearly. Impatient for morning-light he hastened to the spot, with which he was well acquainted, and examining found on a battered stone these words—*post sex*. His first conclusion being that in the course of a week he must die, Henry set his mind in a new train, making good resolutions as to morals, and studying to perform such acts of piety as might best ensure his salvation. The time however, passed by, and nothing happened; so did six weeks, six months: good habits grew agreeable, and though he now dismissed the dream from pressing on his memory, the love of virtue yet remained, and instead of voluptuous pleasures he recreated himself with the innocent and healthful sports of the field. *Post sex* however, when six years after the admonition were completed, Henry was, while hawking on his own grounds, suddenly presented with the imperial robes, and history knows him by name of *Henry the Fowler*. He first instituted grand and regular tournaments, which, though afterwards a matter of mere show, served at beginning so to discipline and train the warriors, that by this method the Emperor was supposed to gain those advantages which in due time cleared his country of invading *Huns*. Whilst these events passed in our neighbourhood, England was ruled by Edward, eldest of immortal Alfred's sons, and Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, married his daughter, Adelfrid: from her, fifth in immediate descent, was long after born, Maud or Matilda, *wife* to William the Norman; so that Rufus had English blood of its greatest native running in his veins, and that blood has been transmitted forwards through male or female even to the moment of this summary's being written, through all the families who have since his time sat on the British throne, each having power to boast descent from him, whose benefits to our island could not perhaps in this world have been more visibly, or more singularly rewarded, than by providing it with sovereign princes for



*nine* centuries out of his own illustrious progeny. It is perhaps no less odd or remarkable, that none of them ever thought to call a child after the name of Alfred, till George the third did about twenty years ago, and that royal infant died. But we return to Athelstan, the natural son and successor of Edward, who left in him such an encourager of commerce, that consenting to knight any merchant who should make three voyages to the Mediterranean, several attempts were made, but troubles from the pertinacious Danes disturbed and frustrated every great undertaking. A treacherous nobleman, being accused of intent to blind this prince, and deliver him up to the enemy, he appealed to Rome, and there solemnly attesting his innocence before the altar, dropped down dead, confirming all Europe in suspicion of his guilt, and giving the first example of what grew common afterwards, and was called *compurgation*.

Edmund, Edred, and Edwy, successors to Athelstan, were, if not weak, at best inglorious monarchs: every day fixed more firmly the power of the priests, every year saw fresh encroachments made by the Danes, till Edgar in some measure revived the naval glory of England: his adventures with fair Elfrida, concealed wife of Athelwold, and daughter to vindictive Orgar, an old Earl of Mercia, have given occasion to an elegant modern drama, where the conclusion is made more to the lady's honour than history admits:—no matter. His son by a former marriage, Edward surnamed the Martyr, owed his death to that ambitious lady's cruelty. She, a true step-dame, desirous that her own son should succeed, instructed one of her domesticks to stab the gentle prince while he was drinking; and Etheldred the *unready* sprung from Edgar and Elfrida, having thus basely obtained a crown;—as basely used it: buying off the hungry Danes with 16,000*l.* to infest his realms no more. A vain and idle purchase, to which, though Olave and though Sweyn feigned to accede, the composition gave but a short and restless interval to England's sorrows and increasing cares. The Danes returned in shoals more dreadful and more numerous, and

now demanded 25,000l. which our prince, unable to pay down, commenced a treaty, and I fear countenanced a massacre. This measure, too perfidious to relate, though executed with the utmost rigour, failed of success, and but prepared the island and its prince for new, and from that moment, well deserved calamities. St. Omer's now was built by Baldwin, and Brunswick by Bruno, kinsman to Henry the Fowler; Maldon, in Essex, has nearly the same date, and arts of civilized life did certainly creep on, though slowly. An old missal in the church of Modena shows how musick now called in distinction from colours, and the university of Louvain, founded by John of Brabant, offered premiums for those who should excel in mathematicks. Knights of St. Andrew and Knights of the Thistle were instituted early in this century, while Helena, queen of the Scythians, was solemnly baptized at Constantinople, and requested of Otho I. surnamed the Great, who then ruled the western empire, that he would send missionaries to convert her subjects, soon to be known by name of Russians. This sovereign made Old Cologne an Imperial city, and marrying Adelaide, became King of Italy. Harold, of Denmark, surnamed *Blaatant*, or Blue Tooth, opposed him, but in vain: after a furious battle 'twas agreed that Harold should receive the faith; he did so, and Otho saw his boy christened and stood godfather. In a sportive humour too, and trial of skill, the Emperor standing with the King on the sea-shore, launched his javelin from a strong arm into the gulph of Jutland; it stuck upon a place called Otho's Island from that day to this. Otho reigned more than forty years, and died at Magdebourg, where he was succeeded by the son he had associated some years before, solemnly crowning him at Aix la Chapelle. After intolerable vexations in the south, he saw John XIII. settled in the papal chair, and had the satisfaction to hear of bishopricks established in Denmark, where his friend Harold *Blaatant*, or Blue Tooth (whence envy with her blue tooth churning venom is by our Spenfer called the *blatant beest*) founded the society of Jomsberg in Pomerania, and such was the re-

spect

spect paid to their founder's memory, who had banished the word *fear* from his martial university, that sometime about the year 998, having made an unsuccessful irruption upon the territories of Haquin, another semi-barbarous leader, *his* general, Thorchill, took two or three of them prisoners, notwithstanding their vigorous resistance, and putting them to death in cold blood, ten days after the battle, the first and second died smiling, and saying to each other, "Let's be mindful, brother, of the laws of Jomsberg:" but the third, adding curiosity to fortitude, observed to Thorchill, that they often disputed among themselves at home, whether reflection could or could not, even for a moment, survive decapitation; "And now," says he, "you may com-  
 "modiously make the experiment upon *my neck*: I will therefore  
 "grasp this knife firmly in my hand, and if, after my head is severed  
 "from my body, I make a movement directing it towards *you*, that  
 "motion of my hand will show that all remembrance is not wholly  
 "lost. If I let it fall, oh then assure yourself that Suatho is no more." Thorchill, says Bartholin, who tells the story, hastened to decide; but the knife, as might be expected, dropped from the hero's hand. Munich, in Bavaria, was built in these days, and called *Monaco*, from a monk's head being dug up when the foundations were making. Ipres in Flanders, bears nearly the same date, so named from the river Ipra. Its manufactures, elegant as they are, have been well known for many ages. *Diaper*, of which our table-cloths are even yet made, had the appellation from the town d'Iper: but a coetaneous city of higher note elaims our attention, drawing it an instant tow'rd the Saracen empire, which, by the time we are reviewing, had been divided into seven kingdoms, ruled by seven usurpers, as they are called, I know not why, for all were alike usurpers. The only place they did no lasting injury to is England. They brought to us the Arabick and more commodious characters to count by—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Letters of the alphabet were in use before, according to the Roman fashion; and that mode went on upon clocks and watches till quite the other day:

Mean

Meanwhile one of these usurpers, *Alcahir*, about the year 970, laid the first stone of what is now so justly called Grand Cairo, calling it after his own name; it bears the appellation still, cutting but off the first syllable, by aphœresis, and adding an o to the end by paragoge, *Cahiro*. Bohemia exhibited scenes of horror in this period, or immediately before Otho the Great subdued it: when wretched Wenceslaus was invited by his mother and brother to a banquet held in the church, where they treacherously murdered him, in order that Boleslaus, afterwards surnamed the Cruel, might succeed. Some consolation however, is afforded by hearing Dubravius Scala tell how the lady was struck by lightning, and sunk into a fissure made in the earth as she was hunting, supposed to have been a sudden effect from thunderbolts, or concealed volcano. The fratricide succeeded better, had a beautiful daughter named Dumbraca, wedded to Miesko, a Polish ruler, who instituted the custom of crying out, Glory be to thee, oh Lord! on hearing the evangelists read in church. Hatto meantime, prince and bishop of Mentz, hard pressed by famine, shut up six hundred hapless wretches in a barn, and set the place on fire, that so there might be more meat left for those that remained: when their shrieks reached the palace, "'Tis only my starving mice," he cried. This was not worse than Sylla, who butchered as many thousands in cold blood, and said they were his pigs or lambs o'sticking. The pagan dictator was eaten alive by worms. Trithemius tells how our Christian bishop was pursued by mice, which following him even to a castle he had built upon a small island in the Rhine, there swam after and devoured him. A second Otho now made Italy resound with his exploits against the Slavonians, Saracens, &c. but dying of a poisoned arrow, shot by some treacherous enemy, was buried at Rome, leaving a son, Otho III. for his consummate wisdom called *Mirabile Mundi*. He subdued all opponents, he instituted the Palatinate of the Rhine, and from Henry the Lion, third of the new established princes, sprung the Dukes of Bavaria, who count no higher than the year 980. A memorable

memorable æra for royal genealogies; yet they take the lion of Almainus as coat armour, and consider him as the remote founder of their house. About this time Lothaire's disturbances split France in many parts, and at length by death of Lewis V. (called Louis le Faincant) poisoned by his wife Blanche, ended the Carlovingian race in that country. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, and son to Louis out-mer, having rendered himself odious and contemptible to the nobles by doing homage to Otho for his dukedom, the barons set up Hugh Capet, son of Hugues le Blanc, or Hughes le Grand: he was chosen for merit more than birth, although his being great grandson to a butcher or blacksmith was impossible; and Princess Anna Commena describes his progeny as proud of their high descent. Witichind, Duke of Saxony, had a daughter who married somewhat beneath herself, and offended Odo the regent, and Robert her proud brothers: her son by that marriage was father to Hugh Capet, so called from being *head* and leader of his faction: though others say 'twas from a hood he wore, whence *cape* to this day; but although Caligula and other princes were sometimes denominated from their dresses, 'tis more likely that the hood was called *cape* from Hugh, I think, than Hugh from his *cape*. His family has given kings to France ever since: 987 saw him crowned at Paris; 1792 saw the last spark of his illustrious line expire in a prison, with the glory and honour of their once loyal and gallant nation; and 'tis observable that Louis XVII. united the old Capetian and Carlovingian families in himself; Marie Antoinette being lineally descended from Charlemagne. Hugh Capet had his twelve peers: they are spoken of by Flodoard, of Rheims; but as his chronicle comes down only to 966, one cannot be sure. Fuller says prettily, that every historian keeps a clock of his own, and sets events to it; though Baker is very serious about chronological mistakes. *My own* poor dial, ill set up at first, for want of stronger sunshine, and difficult to adjust for lack of a better quadrant, and skill in mechanism superior to what I possess, may shew some few things perversely, but the reader was promised only a slight *Retrospection*; and of that Otho III. claims a proportionate share.

share. He set up Gregory V. a Saxon, in the papal chair, Crescentius rebelling, set up John XVII. against him; but the Emperor cut Crescentius into quarters, and took his handsome widow for a mistress. He gave the Venetians a sort of independency no other European nation enjoyed, that of keeping their own churches under their own jurisdiction, appointing a patriarch, as at Constantinople. That office in the east was not however, of the pope's appointing at any time, and Venice soon learned to chuse the head of her own church. The Morosini and Caloprini meantime, disturbed the happiness of that republick with their factious contests, of which Rome, to say truth, set the example; and Otho, having burned his wife alive for making love to a nobleman of the court, and then accusing him of ill intent towards *her*, found himself no happier in his illicit connection: for Crescentius's widow, ever resenting though secretly her husband's death, and her own degradation, poisoned the Emperor in a pair of perfumed gloves, and Henry, the limping duke of Bavaria, succeeded.

The Sweno, baptized in Denmark by the preceding Otho, not the wise one, did his royal sponzor but little credit; he soon apostatized from Christianity, and fought a famous battle with the Vandals, who took him prisoner, and as ransom, demanded his own weight in gold, Crantz says, and twice his weight in silver. Such was the fondness shown for his return, that all the Danish ladies sold their finery, and in a procession went to pay for and fetch him home.

Saxe Gotha was built some time in this century, while Mahomet, a Moorish prince, reigned in Corduba; but other provinces of Spain exhibited no fewer instances of vile depravity than Saracens or Pagans could have shown.\* Ramirez however, took possession of Madrid, 955;

\* A strange cheat is recorded by Vassæus, how Ferdinand of Castile bought a hawk and a horse for a *maravidi*, of Sancho, king in Leon; the small coin, a sixteenth of our farthing, I believe, was to be doubled by arithmetical progression (which Ferdinand understood, but the buyer could not be made to comprehend) as often as the seller could tie knots on the jesses. The string held thirty knots; and the king was forced to pawn all his crown jewels for the payment of this silly purchase.

and whereas his predecessors had been kings of Leon, or Castile, or Arragon, he fixed the metropolis where it is still acknowledged. Madrid was one of those early aggregates of dwelling selected in the fabulous ages for its fine air and wholesome soil; so wholesome, that 'tis said there never was a plague there; which privilege can, I think, scarcely be supposed to have been granted to its residents for their peculiar cleanliness or virtue. Sancho the Fat now poisoned his mother with an envenomed cup she had prepared for him; and Avicenna the oriental physician, or his recipes (for the man himself must have been dead sure) could not save her. He came originally from Sinai, *Evi Sinai*, easily changed to *Avicenna*, and I have read that it was he brought the Arabick characters among us first. They were very long in travelling, for Montfaucon says they were in common use when Egypt was made first a province of the Roman empire; yet England had not wholly adopted them in the twelfth century. Dr. Wallis in his algebra, chap. 4th, tells of a chimney *he saw* at Helmdon in Northamptonshire with the mixt characters *thus*, M<sup>o</sup> 133 for 1133. The adventure of Sancho and his mother Elvira is yet remembered in Spain, where I believe it is the custom still for women to drink *first* when the cool cup goes round.

But the Greek emperors have been too long forgotten. We have indeed seen poor Zoe, so called from tenderness of her husband Leo VI. perhaps, for *Zoe* means *my life*, sent off to a convent by Constantine VIII. and with her the old parrot who had saved his father's life. He, wedding a daughter of ambitious Romanus, associated *him* in the government, who soon made his own two eldest sons Cæsars, and secured the patriarchate for his youngest Theophilact, only fifteen years old. *He* lived a gay life, we are told, and kept two thousand horses for his pleasure; and having had the news brought him to church that a favourite mare had foaled, he set down the sacramental cup, threw off his robes, and ran away to the stable, where giving proper orders for the new-delivered animal's mash of wine and pistachio nuts, he re-

turned to the astonished congregation and finished the service for holy Thursday, that being the day of this extraordinary occurrence. Meanwhile his brother Stephen thrust unpitied Romanus into a monastery for life; Constantine banished the insolent Cæsars, and reigned alone, alluring learned men to his capital, till another Romanus, Constantine's own son, thinking his father had lived long enough, gave him poison; but the cup spilling he recovered, and lived two years longer: after which the parricide succeeded to the purple. His widow Theophania married Phocas Nicephorus, hated for grovelling avarice by all, most by his wife, who leagued with John Zimisces and destroyed him. This Emperor complained that soldiers were ill provided at Constantinople, and eunuchs alone regarded; *he* set his face against that intriguing set of people, and was in six years murdered by one of the very famous ones, Basilus by name. Here might we fill, or rather dazzle the *retrospective* eye, with the gold and glitter of those Saracen caliphs who were destroyed by Theophania's husbands. The accounts however both of their riches and their population, stagger much more than they inform such readers as will turn over these inaccurate pages, ill able to settle controversies concerning the old word *Ecbatana*, or decide if that could or could not be the capital of the Abassides; more willing to believe that dreadful earthquake which signalized the reign of Bardes, if reign it might be called, for he was emperor only over his own army which besieged Constantinople, but never took it from Basil, whose daughter married to the Doge of Venice, and was so proud, says Damian, that she washed herself in *dew*. It must have been her son, I think, to whom Otho as sponsor gave such rich presents of robes all cloth of gold. But Pietro Urfiolo's gifts to the church were greater: he bestowed on it one altar of pure gold, beside innumerable jewels to San Marco. The treasures of that building were unknown except to few: while I am writing we hear of its being plundered by Bonaparte.

The cold north now teemed with unattractive vices. One of the  
Norwegian



Norwegian leaders denied tribute to the Danes: they sent a fleet against him; and in order to obtain from the angekoks a tempest to destroy these invaders, they made him sacrifice his son to devils. Crantz tells another story hereabouts, late in the tenth century, how a bold archer there, boasting his skill in some rude chieftain's presence (Harold or Olaus), the prince set an apple on his little boy's head and bid the fellow shoot: he did so, and cleft the apple with its point. Our savage ruler observing two more arrows in his hand, asked their purpose. "With one of them," replied the bowman, "had my child's life been lost, yourself should have been shot, and with the next should have been killed he who first stirred to defend such a tyrant." These stories came to England, we may see, with little alteration. Fortunatus's cap is Prince Eric's cap, who had the winds he wished for: he was fortunate in *not* being sacrificed when his brother went to't: but Eric was a favourite with the wizards of the storm; they gave him a cap which, by turning, procured for him the winds he had occasion to use. The other tale we adapt to William of Cloudefelye (See Percy's Reliques); but 'tis an older edition only of *William Tell*, anticipated by four centuries, and with a less fatal ending; for the Norwegian king heard himself called a tyrant patiently, and filled the archer's bag with silver too.

And now, as Dr. Young says, What is the history of humankind? A haceldama sure, a field of blood; darkened with clouds denoting its uncertainty, through which, if any shining character beams forth from time to time, it shines but as the lightning does, leaving like that not seldom dreadful effects. If such be history, and such it has appeared on *Retrospection*, she should be painted as the *Wanderer* describes his allegorical figure, where he says,

A robe she wore,  
With life's calamities embroider'd o'er;  
A mirror in her hand collective shows,  
Varied and multiplied, that group of woes.

Such is our small epitome, a convex glass; and what, excepting for-rows, have we reviewed in these few pages which present a miniature and summary of ten centuries, one thousand years on earth, with their most striking names, events, occurrences! Some admirable mortals have indeed appeared upon the tiny stage, too close confined for such exalted characters, ten characters perhaps, *not more in the ten ages*; sent however to show what men by strenuous exertion might be; lent us to see how lovely human nature looks when animated by virtue, set but a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour.


## C H A P. XV.

## FROM THE FIRST FOUNDING OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE

UNDER TANGROLIPIX, 1000,

TO THE TIME OF THE FIRST CRUSADE, A. D. 1100.

A NEW description of men begins a new chapter; while the Turks, since then so famed in story, claim here a glance from *Retrospection's* eye. In the year 1000 after our Lord's appearance upon earth, that formidable though dubious tribe of warriors, deduced from Hebrew origin by some, from Trojan stock by others; shewed themselves of infinite consequence to all. They had two centuries back quitted the Riphæan mountains and heights of *Imaus*, which I am told means *Snowdon* in some oriental dialect, and left the cold abodes of Scythia for warmer climates. They too were *wanderers*, which the word *Turk* implies. But whilst the Vandals settled westward of *their* native regions, these wisely fastened upon fair Armenia; where once established, seeing the caliphs or successors of Mahomet dividing their imperial power, and by division falling into decay, seized their opportunity, and being called in as auxiliary troops to assist the Sultan of Persia, Togra Mucalet made himself too useful; and having by his archers driven out the Arabs, became a dangerous friend, if friend, to the prince who had entreated his *aid*, but could not now obtain what he more wished—his absence. The great heroick leader Tangrolipix placed his Sedluccian or Selduzzian family in Persia, keeping the strongest castles for their security. The Sultan, weary of this  
unrequested

unrequested residence, attempted next to drive him out by force. The Turkish bowmen made a feigned retreat; but lurking in the woods, burst suddenly upon the Saracen camp; destroyed in that one battle the flower of their army, their possibility of escape, and their hopes of conquest upon a future day. The invaders however made themselves less unwelcome in the domain which they thus wrested from its late possessors, by professing themselves descendants of Zadock or Sydyck, supposed Noah, from whom we are all descended, and by professing the faith of Ishmael as modified by Mahomet. Mount Ararat, they said, was one of the heights of Cathay, the northern district, and now scarce a district of China, which boasts *Fohe* or *Noe* likewise for ancestor, and since his sacrifice they seemed in that country to have been fire-worshippers; yet with peculiar veneration to the serpent, of whose adorers Bryant gives so succinct and yet so clear account in his mythology; the contemplation of the sun's path probably served for both. The *zodiack* being in a  serpentine form, one god moved in the other god's track, and confirmed them in their reverence for each. *Diack* means path, as I have been told; twelve divisions of which with twelve signs annexed portioned out the year, and twelve years formed their cycle, *jehach*, *giack*, or *diack*, each year bearing an animal's form and name, thus, *Mouſe*, *Bull*, *Lynx*, *Hare*, *Crocodile*, *Serpent*, *Horſe*, *Sheep*, *Monkey*, *Dog*, *Bear*, *Hen*;\* the favourite in the

\* Mr. Samuel Turner, whom Nambar Dco, the most high and mighty lion in the world, styles protector of the humble, from whose boundless knowledge nothing is concealed, publishes a list of names for the years composing this cycle, somewhat different as to the manner of placing them; but the *Snake* keeps its post of pre-eminence. And by the cauldron of fire produced for recovery of Mr. Saunders, and the never-dying flame of their lamps in Rootan or Thibet, I gather, that the religion of which Grand Lama is the perpetual priest, has for its object the renovating power which, having once survived the destruction by water in the person of Zadyck, *Noah*; will again preserve us from the expected destruction by fire under the person of Dalaï Lama, whose first minister is even now in the year 1800 styled Sadyck or Sadcek, as Mr. Turner says.

middle for pre-eminence, or nearly so. Al Suphi, the Sophy I suppose, who died just as these Turks came in; was said to have composed a catalogue of fixed stars too, but as he had no instruments that we know of wherewith to observe them, it was probably a scheme for casting nativities, rather than any attempt towards astronomy; though Costard thinks he fitted the old Ptolomæan catalogue to his own time, allowing for the precession of the equinox.

While the world's notice was strongly attracted towards this new tribe of wanderers, a wild enthusiast started up among them, predicting the felicity of *Turcism*, and extent of their domains, which shall not (says the man) be taken from them, until they scoop away the blood-red apple, and wrap their heads round in its scarlet skin. A modern reader coming to this passage exclaims, "Oh, let them then beware the *bonnet rouge!*" But we are engaged in *Retrospect*. Constantine IX. now ruled the eastern empire, and although worthless enough while he was alive and well, such was the state of matters on his sickness, that the successor, Romanus Argirus, found himself compelled either at once to give up his pretensions, or else to lose his eyes, or to repudiate his well-deserving wife, and wed young Zoe, daughter of the emperor. Few men would, I suppose have hesitated, and this prince had in his consort a convenient friend; she saved her own disgrace by voluntary retirement, ending her still life in a nunnery, and shutting out all troublesome intelligence concerning the nuptials of Zoc and Argirus; who, though he in compliance with court etiquette was married to one princess of royal race, banished her sister Theodora, and passed his time uneasily with Zoe, who fell in love with Michael Paphlago; and the first husband liv'd not long in those days when ladies fixed their fancy on another. This Emperor was very successful against the Saracens, but having ill health, dropsy, and epileptick fits, the monks got round him, and prompted his repentance of Romanus's murder; to penitence for such a sin was easily added aversion for his associate; and Zoe felt the punishment of seeing herself hated by him for whom  
alone

alone she became guilty. Death broke her second chain, but a new Michael, surnamed Calaphates, set up for emperor, shaved the once lovely daughter of Constantine IX. and banished her by a decree for ever. The people strongly attached to the old house, took up her quarrel, and rebelled immediately; seized the usurping prince, put out his eyes, and called their favourite Zoe home again. She was next married to Constantine Monomachus, who ruled the east in her name; but keeping a mistress with more pomp than prudence, the nobles, ever true to their first choice, resented this insult to the dignity of a family they revered, and setting people on to stone the emperor, resolved to vindicate those old authorities which they conceived to be ignobly trampled on, when the consort of a sovereign princess cohabited openly with a lady belonging to the court. The lady however, prevailed on Zoe, now old and blind, infirm, and almost in a state of fatuity, to shew herself in publick; protesting to the citizens that all was by her own consent, her own desire. This pacified the tumult, and Constantine reigned quietly twelve years, his favourite enjoying her post in peace; and both contributing to keep alive the empress, upon whose breath their dignity depended. When she died her husband was himself in *articulo mortis*, and the subjects fetched home Theodora from banishment, and although at this time the flagellants were so esteemed that rods were wanting to the severities of convent discipline; such was the dispensing power of the popes, that Zoe's death induced them to exert it, and force her sad sister out from that last refuge of piety and sorrow, to take (when scarce alive) the care of the Greek empire on herself. Her first act of power was exiling her ancient enemy Nicephorus, and showing that revenge was not, by twenty-eight years confinement, extinguished in her bosom. The next step was associating Michael Stratioticus, who had not spirit to keep the seat she gave him; but dying within the year, a new dynasty was at length begun in Isaac Comnenius, first of a family, rendered illustrious afterwards by talents as by virtue: but we must

must not forget Henry the Limping, so called, because in a sedition at Pavia he leaped a wall, and dislocated his thigh, which never could be set. His generals however, made successful wars for him; but a great pestilence so wasted Germany, that the old writers say serpents grew out of the dead bodies; worms I suppose, and frightened those who were yet alive from burying them. This might have cured their quarrelsome disposition, and given them all enough to do at home; but Conrad, successor to Henry, had no quiet reign: he crowned his son king of the Romans however, and that custom has gone forward ever since. Henry the Black was called to the Empire upon his decease at Maestricht: this Henry's consort is the first I read of who purged herself of all accusing stains by fire ordeal. Pontanus tells the tale, and adds how no repentance on her husband's part could pacify her injured honour; but resentful of an accusation she deserved not; that queen hid her vexations in irrevocable confinement, while her husband consoled himself by marrying fair Agnes, daughter to the Prince of Aquitaine, who reigned, or at least governed as regent to her son Henry IV, till being arrived at years of emancipation, fifteen, he thrust *her* into a convent. The rebellion of King Aba in Croatia however, had made a little change here in the western empire, where Henry the Black gave part of the re-conquered provinces to Albert, duke and prince of Bavaria, who from its situation towards the other imperial provinces, named his new acquisition *Austria*. That name remains to it still. Meanwhile the papal chair, which at the very beginning of this century had been adorned by Silvester II. a bishop qualified for his most sacred office by all that study could teach, or capacity retain, now groaned under ambition, ignorance, and folly, when after the death of John, and the deposing of Benedict, three pretenders lived at once in Rome, and Clement, who was elected in their despite was poisoned; but Benedict returning to the charge, next dispatched Damasus II. and Leo who reigned longest, was after five years imprisoned at Bene-

vento. Succeeding princes, all of noble blood, cousins to the Emperor, or brothers to the Dukes of Lorraine, disputed for the see with fury ill becoming ecclesiasticks. Honorius attacked Rome sword in hand, fighting for the popedom, and was repulsed, although he held the Lateran two years: but we shall soon see the tiara on a head able to keep it fast; at present Spain requires a glimpse of *Retrospection*.

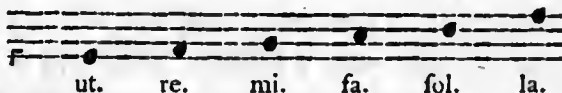
'Twas early in the eleventh century that King Ramirez settled at Madrid, lamented the disturbed court of his cousin Sancho, then King of Navarre, who gave up his innocent and well-meaning queen to the intrigues of *his* and *her* son Garcia, who with unnatural violence accused his mother of adultery with the master of the horse, because that officer had on some occasion denied the bold and young prince access to the stable, and refused him a favourite palfrey of his father's, on which he wished to pursue some adventure. His revenge however, drawing on the Queen's dishonour, with Carlos's decapitation, she demands the combat, and young Ramirez, a *natural* son of the King, offered to fight his half-brother, in defence of an injured lady. The lists were drawn, but guilt, and conscioufness of a bad cause, disarmed and overpower'd Garcia: he fell down suddenly at Sancho's feet, confessing his crime, and relating the provocation. To pacify Elvira was not however, an easy matter; she resolved to quit both court and kingdom; nor could the enamour'd, though jealous king, retain her near his person, till he had taken a solemn oath to disinherit Garcia, and leave all he possessed to Ramirez. Such hard conditions broke the parent's heart; but he submitted, and the young prince was sent to expiate his sins in solitude, while generous Ramirez succeeded to the sceptre, and was called king of Arragon. He reigned thirty-eight years, and left his dominions to Ferdinand the first, king of Castile and Leon. Seville now boasted a university, and literature was secretly working up towards the light. Guido Aretine, a native of Tuscany, and monk of the Benedictine order, being blessed with an ear particularly



particularly attentive to harmony, had the strange nicety to observe, in \* a popular hymn to St. John, the *emphatick* syllables,

*Ut* queant laxis resonare fabris,  
*Mira* gestorum, famula tuorum,  
*Solte* polluti labi reatum  
Sancte Johannes!

These *emphatick* syllables which had struck him as they chanted or *baw'd* out the litanies and Latin hymns, in an odd monotonous tone, much like blind men who beg alms; he had the curiosity to mark with points thus, and put a letter to each, A.B.C.D.E.F.



but because here were only six notes after all, his ear led him to add another; and having marked that with a Greek G, called *Gamma*, the scale obtained the name of *Gamut*, and keeps it still. This is Monsieur de Menage's account, but I believe Hawkins and Burney tell the same tale. The *tuono di chiesa*, is yet a word or expression common in Italy for that same chanting tone: and *deo auxiliante*, as one of the old writers says, we have obtained, through their toil a pleasure to our sense, which hardly can be made a vice of. Writing too, was facilitated by the commoner use of cotton paper than formerly—an improvement which probably travelled into Europe from the east: though it is hard to say when it was used first. Pere Mabillon says, it was an old invention revived, because St. Mark's gospel of the 5th century, kept in the Archivie Venetianæ, is on cotton paper; but all the arts almost were rather revived than invented, except a few, of which we shall have occasion to speak in course of this

\* The verses were written by Paul Diaconus a little before the days of Chalemagne. It was called *contrapunto* or *counterpoint* very properly, because the syllables were set *counter*, or *against* the points.

summary. Pens were made of *quills* now, as my competitors the little tablets of memory and such books tell; and I cannot contradict them. It seems as if they and the paper came in together, for pens write very ill on parchment, or *pergamino*, as Italians still call it, from Attalus, the king of Pergamus, its original inventor. France civilized apace, particularly in language; which is after all the leading feature—the strong band of social life; but the *imperial ink*, of a *purple* colour, with *green* to mark the dates, was used only in the east, I believe. Constantine Porphyrogenitus, begotten in the *purple*, i. e. after his father was emperor, and born in the porphyry chamber, used this ink for common purposes. I have read somewhere, that *other* oriental sovereigns dip their pens in it, only for acts of publicity. The Dictionnaire Diplomatique, tells a hundred such old tales, and there was a very fine one in the library at Vienna, 1786, but Ducange says enough to make authority.

A foreigner once asked me, why we called our country in tenderness *Old England* always? It is, added he, in my opinion, somewhat less *old* than any other country. Northern nations were certainly behind hand in the belles-letters, but their romances celebrated virtue and valour and early among these we read the history of Hialmar, in the year 1000, relating a challenge between two champions for the fair daughter of some semi-barbarous king, who fearful lest the world should lose two such warriors, neither of them being likely to relinquish his prize except with life; at length composed the fatal difference between them, by bestowing the lady without even a flock of sheep as a dowry, upon Hialmar, presenting Ulpho his rival, at the same moment, with a horn of inestimable value, on which was engraved the figures of *Odin*, *Thor* and *Frey*; which figures properly consulted (the stars being in favourable positions) would yield a sound from which future events might be on great occasions easily deduced. So here is the lady and the tripod again, as in the days of Homer, and the tripod went to the winner *then*.

It appears that there is a circle of ideas in which mankind *must* move. Cræsus published a reward for novelty, but no one claimed it;—and *Retrospection* of human affairs since his time, shows how few pretenders have appeared that could, since Homer's day, find out an incident that has not its original, either in his Iliad or his Odyssey. But observations must give way to facts for the present: in coarse ages we judge of manners by their history—refinement melts down history to manners, fusing facts into a stream of general similitude, or frittering the aggregate of information into particular and trivial anecdotes, like those of the Babylonian caliphs and Byzantine monarchs, dwelt on by Mr. Gibbon, with even prolix delight. Bringing together a profusion of learning, however, is always *great*, and in the eyes of unlearned people like myself, it is always *pleasing* to see the possibility of those old Arabian tales which charmed our early babyhood, lately confirmed by the mature knowledge or testimony of scholars, and such and so glittering, was certainly, in oriental annals, that eleventh century, which owned no merit but of a rude cast among our cold septentrionists the while; where Frotho, king of Denmark, had ordained, that whosoever solicited a post in his army, ought upon all emergencies to attack one enemy, to face two, to retire only one step back from three, and never to make retreat till set upon by four. These rules he said, he had always been careful to observe *himself*, whose common expression was, that Heaven must necessarily be taken by storm, and that the violent did indeed literally secure it by force; for, see you not, said he, how in judiciary combat, God always goes with the strongest. Frotho was son to that Sweno, whom the ladies ransomed by sale of their ornaments, in return for which kindness, he enacted a law that woman might (in defect of male heirs) reign in Denmark, a place of no new name, but called so from *Dantz*, contemporary, as I have somewhere read, with Romulus; and Dantzig boasts the same far distant origin. Sweden had a like trust in faith and valour—these were indeed the Scandinavian virtues; a Swede fights best, say they, when he sees

fees his own breath, meaning in frozen latitudes. The ode recited by the three bards of Jomsberg, is a characteristick poem—they were beginning the action: “You shall, says Hacks to them, not relate after this battle, tales you have heard, but fights you have seen.” The contest was with Fairlocks, king of Norway, he was called Harfagre: Regner Lodbrog boasts in his famous ode, ’twas he that killed him: “We fought, says he, with swords, in that day when I made to struggle in the twilight of death, that young chieftain so proud of fair flowing locks; he that loved to converse with the handsome widows. We fought with swords, for a man of arms marches early to the conflict, and makes ample food for the yellow-footed eagle—he who aspires to the love of a princess, will be dauntless in the clash of swords.” Of this complexion too was Harold, the hardy brother to Olaus. He to escape assassination, walked out of his own country as far as Constantinople; two ruffians watched him on the way, but he destroyed them both; finding however how things stood at home, no intentions of return entered his thoughts, and after a prodigious time spent on such a journey, Harold the Hardy entered the eastern capital ragged and wretched, as Ulysses arrived in Ithaca.

Little attracted by the gay appearance of a place so new and strange to him, our northern chieftain’s character broke forth by sudden quarrel with a nobleman in the street, whom having killed, the emperor unknowing, or unheeding of his quality; threw him in a dungeon where was kept an African serpent of enormous size, such as this northern leader never could have seen; they grappled, and the bold Norwegian slew him after short contest. Leo Tornitius then ruled at Constantinople, and hearing what had past, released his valiant prisoner, and informed him of Hardiknute’s decease just learned from Hamburgh; offering him money to provide his passage home, with just regard to rank so elevated, and prowess so prodigious. Harold however, disliking all he had seen of softer climates, and hearing of agreeable changes in his  
native

native north, walked him disdainfully back to the arctic circle, and gained there the just appellation of Harold the Hardy.

Such were the men who conquered England; where not unjustly provoked by a feigned peace and real massacre, Sweyn or Sueno, nephew, I think, to Frotho, and like him a new converted Christian, now began to meditate, as Milton says—dreadful revenge, and battle dangerous to less than gods. They had erected bishopricks in Denmark, and given a silver candlestick to the church; and having no doubts, of course, that they should receive heavenly aid, they drove our treacherous Ethelred down to their finely imagined hell for cowards, and forced him to drink of the hideous *nastrande* (whence *nasty*, I believe,) and though by dying, he left a most heroick son to contend with them, and well dispute possession of his kingdom, the genius of Canute the Great; who followed his predecessor's steps, acting with more skill and equal pertinacity, soon grew too powerful for Edmund, though surnamed Ironsides, to strive with: a famine too, occasioned by bad seasons, put his troops out of heart, and being at length murdered by his perfidious chamberlains at Oxford, Canute was left in *actual*, though we will not call it peaceable, possession of England, Denmark, and Norway, assisted ever by Earl Godwin, a nobleman, whose vast domain consisting of all Wesssex, and I believe much more, rendered him of immense consequence to whoever should sit upon our British throne. This was in the year 1016, when the king proved that his rough savage manners had given way to Christian humility, by the known speech addressed to his flattering courtiers, who as he sat upon the shore near Hastings, expressed their admiration at his greatness, who thus subdued, they said, both land and sea. Canute replied, "I'll issue a command then, that these waves *touch not my feet*," and so he did, sitting quite still, till a high tide came and washed over them: then rising, cried, "Now see, my right good lords, what little pow'r your king hath, and make no more blasphemous speeches in his presence, who seeth and ordaineth, and hath created all things." This prince

prince however, although humble before God, encouraged in himself a lofty consciousness of superiority over other men, for Loftunga, the bard or scald, the laureate of the day, having presented his sovereign with an anagram and acrostick, curiously devised on some great festival, when it was his place to celebrate his master's merits; Canute bid him do better, or *lose his head*, for daring to employ no more words in his praise, and for supposing such exploits could be contained in ten lines. The poet soon amplified his commendations, and so extended them on the second trial, that he received a cow for his reward, besides some marks in silver.

But Scotland now exhibited scenes of wickedness insufferable, brought daily before our *retrospective* eye by Shakespear's wonder-working pen, and Siddons's unequalled powers of representation. Macbeth's murder of exemplary Duncan, and subsequent usurpation of the throne there, marks these perturbed moments; nor can we sufficiently admire our great poet's use of the tale so generally believed, that witches first excited his ambition. Such scenes of superstitious credulity are with great judgment set forth, when he recalls to our amazed imagination ruinic tales and terrifying occurrences, suggested by Holinshed, Buchanan, or Saxo Grammaticus. Attentive to propriety, he calls no *spirits from the vasty deep*, when Cyprus is the theatre of action, or Juliet's warm and faithful passion brings early-blooming Verona to our view. But we proceed in our summary, which shews some alteration in the affairs of England, where by Canute's death and division of his empire among three sons, no small confusion followed. The attachment which our islanders felt for the father's merits was quickly removed by the young mens' conduct, Harold, Harefoot, and Hardiknute. The third youth owed his destruction to Earl Godwin. Ill chance and little skill on all their parts however, left the crown vacant, which was soon set upon the head of a most pious prince, Edward surnamed the Confessor, of Saxon blood, and manners eminently gentle; although his reign commenced with such an act as we should esteem cruelty

cruelty intolerable, forcing Queen Emma, widow of Canute the Great, to prove her chastity by fire ordeal. Leofrid, lord of Coventry the while, in order to shew himself no less severe, levied a tax upon his town, such as it could never have been able to pay. The lady Godiva intreated for her native city, but its tyrant would remit the impost upon one condition only, that the suppliant should ride along the open street without any clothes at all on; and she complied, covering herself with her hair; the people, out of respect and gratitude, keeping close within their houses, that she might not be looked at; although such was the small size of Godiva, and such the immense quantity of her hair, that nothing, if they had looked, could have been seen. This story, told by Matthew of Westminster in his *Florilegus*, is apparently taken *verbatim* from the Golden Legend, where the same tale is related of St. Agnes; and there are many pictures in Italy confirming my charge of plagiarism: but facts are scarce, and the same narration serves to hash up again perpetually. I know not where I have read, but somewhere I *have* read of an accident similar to that which befell the turbulent earl Godwin. Harold taunting him at a feast with some words expressing suspicion of his having caused young Alfric's death, brother of the reigning sovereign, that arrogant nobleman denied it, with oaths and strong asseveration, adding, he wished the bread then in his mouth might choke him, if ever he had cognizance of that tragical event. Anxious to be heard, and speaking hastily with his mouth full, the bread *did* choke him, and convinced all present of his guilt. St. Edward, though married to this earl's daughter, liked the family so little that he resolutely forebore to continue it, although distress'd to an extreme upon account of the succession, and sent for his nephew, son to Ironsides, from the continent. This prince unhappily catching a fever and dying ten days after his arrival, left his pretensions to a consumptive boy, unequal to the task of well maintaining them. The Confessor looked with grief on a nameless and fameless stripling as his successor, who has been known to history, I think, by no other appellation than

Atheling; Edgar *Atheling*, as we should say Edgar the *Prince*; Atheling meaning one of royal blood. Whoever killed an atheling was obliged to pay a sum as great as one who killed a *bishop* by mistake; but the primate's life was of equal value to that of the king, when taken wilfully, and bore as high a price. Our sovereign therefore, ill, timid, and irresolute; hung back from naming any heir at all; yet cast his eyes on William duke of Normandy, who being lately married to Matilda, fifth in descent from Alfred the Great, was likeliest to secure the crown and dignity from Godwin's insolent aspiring sons, who seemed to inherit that genius of turbulent and restless ambition which had inspired their father, and allied them all to the throne, pushing their sister to sit on it, however unwelcome to her royal consort. Grown sick and feeble, he but lived to hear that Harold was on his march to London, then died in the arms of his consoling monks; a race become so numerous in our isle, that they outnumbered the military even in Canute's days, who said 'twas upon that assurance he had grounded his hopes of a successful invasion. Thus ended the reign of gentle Edward, who, when one of his pages, thinking his master slept, applied himself to robbing the strong box kept near his bed, cried out, "Thou hadst best  
 " take care of Hugo the Lord Chamberlain, for if he catch thee, thou  
 " art a dead dog; I myself however will tell no tales," and kept his word. Yet little as this king confided in his own strength of body or powers of mind, he was, as it appears, firmly persuaded that touch of his hand would cure the scrophula, a disease which threatens to outlive monarchy itself, which Harold now came forward and boldly claimed, as a *king chosen of the citizens of London*. Nor were his early acts unworthy their approbation. Harold revised, reformed, and put in execution those laws which slept under St. Edward's half-raised sceptre, whilst a rebellion excited by his brother Tosti, called forth his martial prowess, shewing mankind that England had now no sleepy sovereign to protect her. William the Norman however, not so deterred, resolved to invade and conquer this fair island. He brought  
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with him sons to inherit his acquisitions, sons too who boasted high descent from the safe side (he was himself a bastard); he brought with him a heart full of hope, a hand excelling in all valiant deeds; he brought too what was then inestimable, almost irresistible, he brought the good pope's blessing and a consecrated banner touched by some sacred reliques kept at Rome. Pretensions had he none, but through his duchess and dying Edward's dubious approbation. Harold however had still fewer claims; arms could alone decide the contest, and to that decision both brave generals hastened their last appeal. That the English pass'd the night before that battle which was to determine their fate, in feasting; and the Normans in devotion and prayer; first gives an impression in favour of the invaders, with whom came visible improvement in all the arts and elegancies of life. The court of William contained volunteer princes and barons from every nation, cadets of every family, illustrious by birth and filled with martial ardour. Among them ancestors of various houses still subsisting among us, and various others of which the male heirs are extinct. Richard de Cave and Adam de Saltsburg, son to Alexander then reigning duke of Bavaria; these waited on the person of their leader William, who arming early on the decisive morning, reproved the fellow who, presenting him the breast-plate, for want of good light to see by, was fixing it between the shoulders. "Gramercy! good my liege," exclaimed the ready dresser, "this shall be accounted for high fortune to us, seeing "you came hither but a *duke*, ye shall depart a *king*, for I put that "which used to be *before*, *behind*." The event succeeding, William remembered what had happened, and the thing passed into a kind of proverb. It was a bloody contest. The Normans moving on at dawn of day, sung the gay song of Roland, and begun: Harold received the shock with valour, no less well tried and perfect than their own. When such chiefs meet, disputing such a prize, night-fall and death alone can end the struggle; among fifteen thousand faithful followers breathless upon the field on the next day the royal corpse was found, and

gallant William, justly called the Conqueror, gave it with decent sorrow to the countess. Bards, scalds, and minstrels, proclaimed their own and their new king's felicity; for good St. Edward had disgraced that tribe by prohibition of the poet's exercise by priests or princes: although a profession consecrated by Alfred's use should not, methinks, have been despised by any. When learning however, long pent up in the small ark almost miraculously contrived for conservation of those seeds soon to be sown on the regenerated earth, began to look out of her window with impatience upon the wild chaotic waves of ignorance and folly; first on excursive projects she appears to have sent forth her *black crow* Alchemy. After some unsuccessful trials *he* found footing, but not so Urania. Astronomy yet peeped unwillingly from shelter, returning soon again oppressed by clouds, that damped encouragement, and dimm'd enquiry. When she brought back the olive it was dusky, tinged with the brown hue of gloomy speculation: seeking rather to find out earthly events from aspect of the heavenly bodies, than forwarding our sublunary knowledge by observation of their invariable courses. Astrology was suited to the temper of such times; and science, on her first attempt at re-appearance, was in danger of being seduced to serve in a bad cause, by the resemblance this branch of her tree bears to the magician's wand. Arabian literature was of most worth. Perhaps the Arabs introduced some pleasures too, unknown in our rough regions; chess, for example, invented by a *sheik* of their country, and thence called *echecs* in French; but they themselves had it from Greece, I've heard; and Draco, the severe lawgiver of Athens, was said to have taught it to Dionysius, as an amusement to divert his mind from cruelty. Happy if so, had Rome brought that with other luxuries from Sicily; it might have saved some lives from Nero and Domitian. Nicephorus and Irene the Cruel are represented as alluding to this game in their correspondence, by Mr. Gibbon; but though he is usually liberal in quotations of authority, I can find none *to that*.

Soon after the accession of *our* Conqueror however, Johannes Grammaticus,

maticus, having studied polite literature at Paris, where the young men of rank from other nations were in his time sent for education, set up a sort of academy at Oxford, and took pupils from noble houses, in order to instruct them in the *belles-lettres*, explaining to them Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and writing a small treatise upon versification. Lanfranc likewise did his part with spirit; for whereas *one book* then served *many* monasteries in Spain, this prelate, A. D. 1072, enjoined his librarian here in England to deliver *each* of our religieus a book, and allow each man a year to read it in, and those who had neglected it so much, as at the twelvemonth's end to know nothing of its contents, were to do penance with other delinquents, in the church upon Ash-Wednesday. Of what was known concerning Greek in these days I can give little account: Hebrew had kept itself alive by William's edict, calling over Jews to settle here with a view chiefly to promote commerce; it had however some effect on learning. Painting was completely a dead letter; music breathed more freely; the difference between *b* natural and *b* flat extended her powers a little. The Gothick *b* was *natural* to us, no doubt; the Roman *b* was softer, and Italians call it *b molle*. *Faux bourdon* is a mere French term for a humming noise—*vous bourdonnez toujours* is their word yet, for one who hums a dull drony tune to himself as he walks along. But facts demand our *retrospective* glance, which, while it finds the sterile world *effete* almost to the production of either elegance or science, sees its rough rulers recreate their minds, wearied with plans of war and self-aggrandizement, by imitation of like fatal struggles, by tournaments without doors, by chess within. In evil hour did the Conqueror of England's two fierce sons, Robert and William, who had so often quarrelled with each other, sit down to this last game with Louis le Gros, hereditary prince of France. The youth who had unhorsed in fight even his own valiant father, was not of a turn to yield at chess; and Robert rose from table sworn enemy to Lewis VI. surnamed the Fat, nor did the consequences of the dispute end for three centuries after it commenced.

Robert

Robert Courthose however, neither deposed the Conqueror, nor even succeeded to *him*, who, as he himself expressed it, meant in no wise to put off his clothes until he went to bed. Lanfranc, the archbishop, who was so great a benefactor to the sees of Canterbury and Rochester, was much in the king's favour, and recommended him to chuse William, surnamed Rufus, as his heir. He did so; but being grown fat and unwieldy, having first built the Tower of London, settled the Doomsday book, and received homage from the King of Scots, found himself ill and confined: yet when Philip of France, hearing the news, said savagely—"That usurper of Britain; methinks, lies long in *child-bed*:" our Conqueror replied—"Ay, marry! and when I have been "churched once, there shall be much light seen at Paris." He kept his word, and on recovering, wasted the French territories with fire and sword, till the metropolis, as he had predicted, prepared for his approach, which a fall from his too fiery charger alone prevented; and our English people cried a judgment for having destroyed thirty-six churches and villages between Salisbury and the sea, merely that he might have more room to hunt in. Such was the character of this rough chieftain. Baldwin, of Flanders, who built Dunkirk, lived a life contrasting these harsh warriors: he made a vow never to wear a weapon. Godfrey o' Lorreyne had gentler manners than his coarse contemporaries. He built *Delft*, in Holland, so called of the deep ditches he *delved* round her: but having no sons, left his possessions to a beautiful sister, Countess de Blois, and mother to Godfrey of Boulogne, of whom much hereafter.

Gregory VII. meanwhile reigned at Rome, resolving even with Cæsarian boldness, to restore all the temporal dominions she had once possessed, to that proud city; whose devouring vultures, seen by old Romulus, when least expected turn'd at a distance, and *pass'd by once more*, promising a fresh career of power and rule over a submissive world. Of that world, half Europe and some parts of Asia trembled before the nod of Gregory the seventh. Michael Ducas, Emperor of  
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the East, was deposed; the King of Poland was excommunicated; so was every ecclesiastick too, who meanly held a benefice in any realm obtained by lay friendship, or confirmed by lay authority. Boleslaus, son of fair Dumbraca, was degraded, and his land declared no longer a sovereignty: England was threatened with invasion for having long neglected to pay tribute. The Pope seized Spain as his entire property, sharing it out among adventurers, who undertook its rescue from the Saracens, agreeing to hold it themselves in vassalage of the sacred see. Against proceedings which so stunned mankind, none dared protest but Henry IV. who called himself Emperor of the West, and felt enraged by these encroachments; but Gregory, disdaining to hold dignities under *his* jurisdiction, prepared for war, absolved the Hungarian subjects from allegiance, and took care to remind men that Rome alone was mistress of the world. Thus after many princes had been baffled in trying to obtain and keep the papal chair, this haughty Hildebrand, son of a Tuscan carpenter, taught all his successors to scorn imperial confirmation in their office, when, by that office, he could force the nominal ruler of our western empire to cross the Alps amid the snows of winter, and sitting barefooted and bareheaded for three nights and days at the unop'ning door of Castle St. Angelo; *there* solicit that absolution and reconciliation, which Gregory, after long pause and various ceremonies, at length condescended to bestow. Thousands of lives indeed, were lost in these hot contests; for Henry, burning with revenge and shame, set up an anti-pope, who drove his enemy before him to Salerno; yet nothing desirous to lose the temporal powers or possessions annexed by the last bishop to the see of Rome, *he* confirmed all his predecessor's decrees, which were collected now and called *Dictatus Pape*. Among them perhaps, is recorded the verse woven into that diadem with which Gregory presented Rodolphus, Duke of Suabia—

Petrus dedit Petro  
Petrus diadama Rodolpho.

The

The duke put it on, swearing to hold it on his head, or cut his hand off. In consequence of such a vow, he did fight no fewer than nine battles to maintain it; then finding himself hard pressed, chopt his right hand away, and with the other flung from him hastily the fatal gift, submitting to his lawful sovereign Henry. Meanwhile the active Gilbert, of Ravenna, set up by that Emperor against the Pope, performed in his turn prodigies of valour, yet never got himself confirmed in the succession, which Victor, their next choice, found so turbulent and dangerous, that he most earnestly requested their permission to retire and end his days in St. Girolamo's monastery. The event shews how wise was his determination, by which indeed he was not suffered to abide. Contending spirits forced him out again, and ill success drove him for last refuge to the Moles Adrianæ, or Castle St. Angelo, where he soon died of poison, and a Frenchman, Urban II. succeeded to the chair, not unmolested by still restless Gilbert, who called himself Clement III. till in the papacy of Paschal II. he died, leaving the popedom so increased in power, that this last prelate made no scruple to subscribe and date all public acts, *the year of his own reign*, not the emperor's; which anecdote serves as a little mark among the many crowding events that in this interesting century perplex the *retrospective eye*, which sees with wonder here reviv'd, a characteristick peculiar to the Roman state, against which all foreign efforts to obstruct her growing greatness, whether under Pagan or Christian dispensation, were found equally inane, inert, inadequate; while civil dissention's self had no effect in restraining the rapid progress of her conquests, either when Marius and Sylla disputed the dictatorship, or when, as in the times we tell of, schism disturbed her church, and ignorance seemed likely to undermine it. Ill conduct in the sovereigns of other states are apt to bring disgrace on their authority;—not so in Rome. The temper of the eleventh century so visibly co-operated with that martial spirit, that resistless vigour seemingly inherent in her princely city, that once more arrayed in pomp and pride, in purple and in scarlet, she said to the subjected world,

world, with confidence, *I sit as a queen, I shall know no sorrow.* We must however look back for a moment, and see *why* Gregory unking'd the fledged Polack. Stanislaus, bishop of Cracovia, and a man of learning, had stept in between that petty tyrant and his vices. Boleslaus had torn from one of his nobles a wife whose affections her husband had till then enjoyed, and the pope's legate insisted very properly that to his penance should be added—retribution. Stung with revenge, the savage prince, in his own chapel, caused to be assassinated a monitor whose conduct deserved praise, not death; nor yet contented with exercising such sacrilegious brutality, ordered the corpse to be carried up a hill without the city and cut in quarters. An eagle there, less inattentive to his suffering virtue, (says Cromerius) hovered around the palpitating members, protected them from further insult, and so amazed those who presided at the horrid ceremony, that they forebore th' entire execution on't, and Boleslaus yielded a sullen consent that the body should be buried. "The famished eagle screams and passes by," is then a beauty borrowed from historick fact. What wonder! Fiction never so impresses the mind, as when reality assists the engraver; and few situations afford a finer subject for the pencil than does old Rome's ever majestick emblem, thus even *literally* defending her sacerdotal dignity. Such kings required such popes to controul their cruelty; but when the power of investiture was lost, the sovereigns of Europe dropt into slaves apace, without much need of arms the quicker to subdue them. All learning too, possessed by churchmen merely, *they* grew the natural refuge of the poor, the terror of the rich in every country; and to that mental superiority, which by its own nature will procure command, and insure ready obedience, they often added superior merit too, and dazzled mankind by their appropriate excellenc.

The city of Loretto now was built, at least was founded; Suidas was supposed to have lived in these days, though the reign of Alexis Commenus boasts his writings. The historical and geographical lexi-

con of this author was edited by Kuster with immense care and notes beside, in the year 1700, and dedicated to the King of Prussia. 'Twas about this time too, that Spain cast aside her Gothick characters, Alphonso having commanded there the use of Roman letters. Urban II. now founded the university of Pisa; the order of Carthusians was instituted by St. Bruno, who wrote the story of the Saxon war, while Robert, of Hereford, in our own country, taught mathematicks, and diffused a spirit of knowledge through his diocese. The Norman kings, addicted all to war, or savage sports resembling it, bowed down before the sense of higher intellect, and William was even happy to look on, whilst Lanfranc, a Milanese, was primate of all England. Our old Saxon nobles now were roughly treated, and numbers of them forced to fly the realm, while not a finger was lifted up against ecclesiasticks of whatever origin, for in those days they only could not offend. The pope sent nuncios into every nation, protecting his own dependents against the laws of the place, compensating the celibacy which he strictly required of them, with private indulgencies and publick support. Alphonso, of Castile, was a favourite with his clergy; but Cid ruy Dias assisted Ferdinand of Arragon against his father Ramirez, and disturbed all that part of the world with his exploits, the theme of every song, the admiration of a wondering age. His being made governor of Toledo increased his renown. The Moors having had long possession of Valentia, could hold it fast from every force but his, and the Cid's entry is not yet forgotten. I have myself seen it represented in a ballet: Don Quixote makes his name familiar to us all, and Corneille has immortalized the story of Ximena. These were the days of *artificial* passions, and sentiment prevailing over nature. We have seen honour in Elvira of Spain triumph over and trample upon maternal tenderness: we now observe the heroick daughter of the Count de Gormaz in love almost to madness with the Cid; yet when she heard her father was fallen by his arm, regardless of all feeling, except filial fondness, she flew to demand his death



death from Ferdinand, pursuing her point with a vindictive fury that convinced all the world she was in earnest. That Prince however, recommended marriage rather than revenge, and assisted her valiant lover to intreat his pardon. She resisted their united supplications and the Cid's merits, and her own heart six years; and history tells us that the Pope's command was added to the King's request before Ximena would consent to the connection, or accept a hand stained, though by chance, with a dear parent's blood.

Such were the times, and conduct, and opinions, when Alnwick Castle was besieged in Westmoreland, and battled for between the King of Scots and King of England; when famine wasted the inhabitants of Denmark; when William Rufus rebuilt merry Carlisle, and proved he understood the English character, easily led as now by a single word, though difficult to be driven. He bid all loyal hearts repair to him, and swore he would himself call that lad a *niding* who should resolve to stay at home that day. Campden says, such was the crowd, that the place could not hold them: no man would be called a *niding* by his sovereign: it means a *nestling*, I believe, one who keeps home for fear. We say a *milksep*; but Rufus's word is nearer. This Prince now offered Robert his brother 666 lbs. weight of silver for a mortgage of the duchy of Normandy: a cruel bargain we should now esteem it, but plate was scarce then, and one pound weighed fifty-two ounces.

A slight *Retrospection* of oriental affairs will bring us to the close of this long century and tedious chapter. Isaac Comnenus being struck with lightning, was at the same moment strongly impressed with the necessity of a peculiar thankfulness due to God: he therefore devoted himself wholly to prayer, turned friar, and invested Constantine Ducas with the imperial purple. This Prince was called *Porphyrogenitus*, having been born after his father Isaac was invested with the *purple*. He married Eudocia, by whom he had three sons, Michael, Andronicus, and Constantine. The second was of a gay temper, kept fourteen

hundred hawks, I think, and seven hundred men to wait on them; and was the first who introduced the place of grand falconer. The eldest was the man expelled by Gregory. Their father finding he had not long to live, made his wife swear upon his death-bed that she would never marry; but in two years she begged the patriarch would dispense her oath, promising in return she would wed *his* nephew, and associate him to the prejudice of all her sons. Consent was soon obtained upon such terms, but the false lady called out Romanus from his prison, where he was put for treasonable practices against her husband Constantine, and celebrated her nuptials with him publicly. The new Emperor however, used her ill, which young Andronicus resenting, seized the usurper, and put out his eyes, placed his brother Michael on the throne, of which indeed he could not keep possession, and hid his silly mother's shame and sorrow in a convent. Turkish Axalla now braved the Greek emperors, and wasted all the frontiers of their once wide-stretched domain: Eudocia's *valiant* sons died in battle defending it, and Michael Ducas, the pious one, hearing their ill success, expired in his monastery of a broken heart.

*Alexis* \* Comnenus, next heir to Isaac's possessions, and uncle to the late princes, was now called to rule. He erected schools, hospitals, and asylums for the poor, and educated his daughter, the accomplished Princess Anna, in every branch of knowledge. The eastern world did indeed possess all the learning that there was in those days, for although William of England said on some occasion that an ignorant monarch was no better than a crown'd ass, which sentence Camden records among his wise speeches, few other princes were persuaded of such truths. Theodoric's gothick notion that valour and philosophy were incompatible, went on from father to son with few exceptions, and the popular song of Roland evinces that females alone lamented the literary famine which followed those dark ages. Ambitious Rome

\* Alexis means the lion.

promoted that opinion, because mankind's general want of light drove them to her as sole seat of illumination. She had even then (for Boleslaus' fault) forced all his subjects to pray in Latin only, and had prohibited the Scriptures in his realm (a strange method of curing immorality) but obliging the people's private as well as publick devotions to be made in that tongue, *kept its use alive*. Proportionate to ignorance, flourished credulity;—dreams were rather more thought of than realities, and when our Rufus died of an arrow shot by chance as he was hunting, it astonished no one who remembered how he told the pages when he waked that morning of a strange fancy which possessed his sleeping hours; having it seems dreamed that a cold wind suddenly pierced through his side. The loss of these rude leaders was indeed little felt among their followers, nor does it appear that subjects then thought any *show* of affliction necessary to decorum. His body, found by some fellows crossing the forest, was flung on a horse's back, and interred with little care at Winchester next morning. Future attention recorded the accident by a stone set up where grew the tree on which the arrow glanced. Lord Delaware erected the memorial, and Mr. J. P. Andrews drew the scenery for the Gentleman's Magazine, September, 1786, adding, that the family of Purkess, who carried the corpse across the forest *then*, inhabit to this day the neighbouring cottages.

England, though coarse, was not however poor in those days: the Conqueror's income was 400,000l. o'year, in those days, I've read, and his son William had not diminished but increased it. The cinque ports were begun, gold coin grew into use, corporations were established, the odious taxes laid on by Danish tyranny remitted, and though the curfew, or *couvre-feu*, revolts Polydore Virgil so, it was not first invented to torment our island: the Normans had submitted long before to put out their fires at their king's command. Domebooc, or Doomfday-book, had been begun, I think, in 1081, finished in 1087. It exists still, as I have been told, fair and legible. King Alfred made

one long before, which, if yet in being, must be looked for at Winchester. 'Tis called *Rotulus Winton*, and refers T R E for *Tempus Regis Ethelredi*. William the Conqueror, in his newer work, refers T R E likewise; but that means Edward the Confessor. *Valebat* so much for example T R E *Tempus Regis Edwardi*. It was worth such a sum in King Edward's time. The institution of our Court of Chancery, final division of England into baronies, and completion of Bevefton Castle, in Gloucestershire, with the buildings of Westminster Hall and London Bridge, all done before the accession of Henry the first, alone shall delay me from the Holy Land.

C H A P. XVI.  
 FROM THE YEAR 1097, FIRST CRUSADE, TO THE MIDDLE  
 OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY, A. D. 1150.

**A**ND now the troubled waters, which had deluged our world with barbarism, like those that drowned it in the days of Noah, subsided not all at once. A rushing and a mighty wind drove them into a new current; and its supernatural impetuosity was reasonably enough ascribed to the immediate hand of God. Gregory the seventh's powerful and persisting ambition first dug the channel; but the breath of a mean fanatick was employed to blow forward the tide that filled it. Peter the Hermit, born at Amiens in Picardy, made, as did many more, a devotional pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where it began to be supposed in Europe that Christ would, at the close of the thousand years mentioned by Saint John, appear once more on earth and judge the world. He saw there how the Turks, after wresting Syria from the Saracens, treated our brethren with peculiar cruelty upon that spot where their great Saviour's sufferings led many to contemplate the scene of their completion; nor will I much extend myself in arguments to prove, what in this day none will dispute, how men had better serve the Lord at home, obeying his precepts, and imitating his example; than by undertaking a tedious journey for the sake of seeing the place where his cross was first erected. Manners *must* in some measure change with times. There were then no scriptures publicly read and known, nor were the limits of duty ascertained as now, within the well-known precincts of the gospel; but piety delighted to

warm her languid virtue by closer approaches to the Sun of Righteousness, and sorrow hastened to that hallow'd spot, where first she rose with healing in her wings. Curiosity, eldest child of learning, was not then born, to turn the traveller's attention upon objects which, to the minds of pilgrims in those centuries, had no attractive power; nor did they dream, in the year 1100, of simpling upon Mount Sinai, where early man received the law from everlasting God, in thunders, and lightnings, and voices. Peter the Hermit then returned to Europe, flush'd with a generous and natural indignation at seeing that his Redeemer's servants were insulted, his holy sepulchre profaned, and all the mysteries of our religion derided, where their sacred institution first began. Hastening to Rome, where Urban II. filled the papal chair, he poured forth his torrent of complaints before it, and the pope called a council at Piacenza: no hall however was found that could contain the flocking multitudes, and their convention was held upon a plain. Such were the transports excited by one pilgrim's warm pathetick eloquence, that all present devoted themselves solemnly, though suddenly, to rescue Jerusalem from Turkish tyranny and vile oppression: and Urban, (whom Hume and Goldsmith call Martin, by mistake) desirous to engage the rich and powerful in such a cause, summon'd another council at Clermont d'Auvergne. Peter, whose vigour felt like that of fabled Antæus, renewed by touch of his own parent earth, *there* still more loudly reiterated his exhortations to a crowd of listening princes, prelates, nobles, knights, and pious women, who with one accord, as if inspired, cried out all at once "God wills it so, God wills it." Words from that hour consecrated as a signal of rendezvous and battle, whilst all united and prepared for war under the bloody cross, fixed as a badge upon the right shoulder, and painted on every standard through the continent. Artizans, priests, peasants, enrolled their names; and although *our* islanders seem'd the least heated by this contagious calenture of enthusiasm of any European inhabitants, many barons and nobility, high in both power and wealth through England, sold their possessions

sessions off, broke up house-keeping, and away for the Holy Land. Those who declined the service were soon branded with ignominy as avaricious, heretical, or pusillanimous. *Nidings* perhaps, till in those days of scanty population, when Domesday-book declares York to have contained but 1418 *families*, Norwich 738 *houses*, only, with others in proportion,—an army of 700,000 combatants from all countries were collected; *fighting men*: those who assumed the cross, and followed as assistant reinforcements, &c. were six millions. Of these, 300,000 troops went first with Peter to conduct them; while Godfrey, of Boulogne, who commanded 400,000 more, began to feel uneasy lest the armament should by its magnitude defeat its own great purpose. “All Europe (says the Princess Anna Comnena) torn up from the foundation, seemed ready to precipitate itself on Asia in one united mass.” Gibbon derides the female eloquence which thus expresses itself *in warmth, yet figure*; but such occurrences described by those who saw and felt them, will seldom be related neatly or tersely, or with that French *tournure* and delicacy of quick finish, that is no less remote from manly character and unaffected simplicity, than is the natural sublimity of the princes. Europe did indeed precipitate itself on Asia, like a vast *avalanche* tumbling from her snowy Alps; like that it suffocated for a time, but not destroyed, the foci on which it fell; like that too, it in due time dissolved away, leaving no trace of its own violence. That violence however, was not unprovoked: Fuller, whom we will not suspect of foolish warmth in a cause which he first ventured to ridicule, feels himself honestly obliged to confess that the Bosphorus was too narrow a ditch, and the Grecian empire too low a hedge for keeping out these astonishing invaders, who had already wasted Italy, conquered Spain, made inroads upon Aquitaine, and possessed many islands in the Mediterranean Sea. The war therefore (adds he) was partly offensive, partly defensive too, like a weapon fix'd in the bosse of a shield. Silvester II. tutor to Otho, had in the year 986, written a sort of pastoral letter, elegantly lamenting the fate of Jerusalem, but was

listen'd to by the inhabitants of Pifa alone, who armed against the Mahometans, but being single had no success. The truth is, Silvester possessed too much literature for the times he lived in: the mass of mankind did not understand him. Peter the Hermit's louder cries, and ruder manners, awakened those who slept at the call of rational and well-informed piety: besides that, at the close of the tenth century, a sudden alarm seized people's fancy, and many thought the world was in its last convulsions. L'Histoire de Languedoc, by Vaisette, preserves a French charter, beginning thus: *Approinquante mundi termino, &c.* As the end of the world approaches, &c. and individuals made themselves so certain that the closing scenes were near, it was a common practice to throw up all, and run to meet their Saviour where he suffered. Such disinterested conduct must clear them at worst from all suspicion of hypocrisy; but what was begun in honour was continued afterwards by many, certainly through a spirit of mean prudence, as coarse fuel serves to keep alive that flame which touch ætherial lighted. Those who assumed the cross were exempted from prosecutions for debt; they paid no taxes for a considerable time: they were not bound to plead in civil courts, but were put wholly under care of the church, and thus almost emancipated from the then hard pressure of some superior lord. These strange immunities were cause of temporary union; for debtor and creditor, plaintiff and defendant, baron and vassal, took the common badge; and shaking hands in friendship, set off together for Palestine. Our elegant historian Hume tells us beside, that the great nobles then possessed in every country the right of making peace and war, which above all other privileges they valued, and that they were engaged in perpetual hostilities with each other. He might have added, that as marriage was then forbidden as far as to the seventh degree of consanguinity, and all within that pale were *relations*, bound by blood to support *family* quarrels, so that the open champagnes were become theatres of contest, between bands of subjects fighting in their own causes, without the smallest regard to law,



law, justice, or kingly authority. Every man, popularly speaking, being by this system dependant either on his own, or on a kinsman's sword—What wonder if valour was considered as the only excellence? When civil sports were all connected too with mystick devotion, and scenick representation, returned to its first swaddling bands, attempted nothing but the narration of a sacred story, oddly assisted by grimaces of the relator, and sighed for a long procession, not yet in use, but half in contemplation—what marvel, or what harm indeed, if superstitious phrenzy did for a moment seize upon mankind, and set on foot one vast one serious and sublime procession in order to regain the Holy Land; the attendant multitude is at this distance of time difficult to conceive; women not mean of rank followed in the train for devotion's sake; and the word *volunteer*, then first adopted, seemed to include every description of men, from pardon'd criminals to barons of high birth; giving for benefit of all at once, to every idle individual a centre of union, and binding the irregular and shapeless mass into a determined, though ill-fashioned form. Arpin now sold the Vicomté de Bourges to Philip I. king of France, in full persuasion that our world was ending; but he who bought did homage to the Comte Sancerre, in whom 'tis plain piety had not deadened that sense of equality, as a knight and gentleman, in which nobles of those days stood to their nominal sovereign, who was only, as it were in some respects, superior lord at home. Europe was broken into various but tyrannick aristocracies, where the chieftain, whether king, duke, or baron, was judge in civil cases, and the church in all the rest. Reading was yet of difficult attainment, and no written laws could have had much effect, so that barbarism would have lasted longer among us, had not this sudden impetus driven, they scarce knew why, all conditions of humanity in one enormous aggregate to Asia. The Grecian Emperor there however, little delighting at sight of such a universal movement, began to fear lest they should lose their way, and fall upon Constantinople instead of Jerusalem. Had he been skilful in such things as we are now, he might have honestly enriched himself by contract; for 'twas agreed

that Alexis should supply the army, and have all they should win, except the sepulchre: but this prince, mean and treacherous, and hasty to be safe where there was no danger, after they had torn Nice and Exorgum, and Antioch from the infidels, basely betrayed their armies more than once, and forced rough Boemund to turn his sword upon our eastern brethren in belief, to the perpetual scorn of those who write in latter times on the crusade. When this bold prince was taken by the Turks, Tancred, immortalized by Tasso's pen, supplied his place and freed Edeffa, native town of Hester the patriotic Jewess, who was known to Artaxerxes only by that name *Hadassa*\* in the seraglio. The word means *secret*: she had been sworn not to *reveal* her birth till, for the safety of her friends, 'twas necessary.

But Antioch, the city where Christians first were called so, where Peter, the apostle of our Lord, was first installed a bishop—Antioch was the scene which witnessed the disgrace of his most wretched namesake, who having conducted millions to that spot, left it at flight of war and ran away; shewing how ill a hermit's education sorts with a soldier's coat. The spear, however, which had pierced our Saviour's side, found by some chance in a church dedicated to his earliest disciple, served as a rallying standard to our army, who fought valiantly to free the tomb of their Redeemer, while they openly disobeyed all his commands. In this cause it has been observed that Christians fought really less like men than lions, whose sanguinary rage was feeble when compared with theirs. The Amazon tribe were on this occasion distinguished, Fuller says, by carelessness of life, and ferocity in conquest; and where 100,000 Turks lay dead one day upon a field, to which we know that no artillery was brought, their savage valour must have been beyond conception. The Venetians signalized themselves among these combatants, 'twas they took Askelon, and did prodigious service at Ptolemais, Sidon, &c. When Baldwin was made King of Jerusalem, he presented them with the bronze horses which had drawn the car of

\* Pronounce Atossa. She was the first lady celebrated for epistolary writing: she wrote upon small leaves of wood closed with bees wax.

Apollo in pagan days; they had a street, a church, and other privileges, but the Genoese enjoyed more solid profit in being recompensed with the third part of all the maritime towns. I must here shock the *retrospective* eye, by placing before it for an instant only, the fierce assault on the devoted city which was taken by storm, Friday, 5th of July, last year of the eleventh century, after an obstinate and pertinacious defence. That the slaughter of resisting warriors should be immense, surprizes no one; but the decree of merciless severity, issued out by conquering Christians, to destroy every infidel found there on *the third day* after it *was taken*, drives the blood backward in a reader's veins. When pagan Rome had sacked Jerusalem, the gallant Titus gave command to spare, but the inhabitants forced on their own ruin. When papal Rome triumphed over the same guilty town, Godfrey and Eustace gave command to kill; nor turned their sight away when sucking babes, and suppliant mothers, sullied the pikes of soldiers with their blood. The inhuman massacre was Sunday's work, and the day on which our blessed Lord rose from the dead, was the time chosen to make a shambles of his sacred sepulchre. Yet although we confess these heroes disgraced Christ's doctrine while they avowed their faith in his divinity, let us be candid to their brave disinterestedness. Godfrey de Boulogne, when the crown was offered him, swore he'd not wear a coronet of gold where his Redeemer's brows were pierced with thorn: and Baldwin, whom they forced into the throne, said he would sit in it but to serve his brethren. A reign of fourteen years spent on that business only, proved they were no dissemblers, nor no hypocrites. Enthusiasm acting upon ignorance, produced a flame as when the chymist pours his aromattick oil on nitrous acid: the burst will not be hinder'd *even by vacuum*.

Rome heard the news with indecorous joy, and whilst (as a nation) they expressed desire of revenge insatiable upon the infidels, each individual now began to feel continuance of such destruction, as a cordial administered to meaner passions. Avarice prompted the Pope to persuade

suade secular princes, nobles, &c. to set forward on the bloody pilgrimage; teaching the sick or lazy to commute their journey by large sums paid to his treasury for service of the holy cross.

All the estates sold up by madly pious adventurers, fell quickly into hands of churchmen, who by these sales became temporal barons, possessed of fiefs to an immense amount, particularly in France and England, where sovereigns, by this new signal for a general chase, were easily diverted from all thought of struggling to retain the right of investiture, now no longer in their power, or to say truth, no longer in their heads.

Places of accustomed worship were deserted, cathedrals dropt into decay, prayers were no longer said in publick as they had been; and even private devotion was so much disused, that repetition of Pater-noster, and Ave Maria then supplied the place of those petitions to the Almighty, now known by the name of Liturgies, digested into settled forms of prayer; beads, therefore, grew needful, to remind people how often they said over the same thing.

The elegant word *rosary*, means a string of those beads like *dew-drops*, counted by morning light amid the fields, by innocent simplicity courting the ear of Heaven, when it sheds on wood and bladed grass *rosida mella*.

New dresses of a scarlet colour meanwhile adorned the ecclesiasticks upon days of gala,\* swelling their full-blown dignities, and expressive of firm resolution to maintain them as such with their *blood*; and if any high spirit was observed likely to oppose, or even complain of innovations, the Pope had a sure place to send them to; the pilgrimage to Asia was in such cases *compelled*; as Saul sent David against the Philistines to be rid of him, says Fuller. All this time Prussia, and part of Lithuania, were in a state of barbarism; that they had never been converted is not true: they, like the Danes, had in the very early ages

\* So called from *cala*, Arabick perhaps, meaning a *robe of honour*, as I have read.  
been

been taught true faith by an old set of missionaries devoted to St. Vitus; they therefore founded somewhat like a church, and dedicated it to him: but having never learned to read, succeeding generations lost the true meaning, and easily relapsing into idolatry, they made a gigantick figure of the saint with four frightful heads, and called it *Su-antovit*, dancing round when Christian strangers were sacrificed, all this in so extravagant a manner, and accompanied by gestures so wild and without meaning, that northern nations called by the name of St. Vitus's dance, a nervous affection, inducing odd vagaries of the limbs. A species of the epilepsy, is, I believe, called so still in England, Denmark and Norway.

When the crusades had taught mankind, however, that force might be applied with good success to propagate our religion, some was sent out against these wretched pagans, who disliking this second mode of conversion, opposed it stoutly; and treated those who now tried to instruct them, with no small degree of brutality. Military orders were therefore instituted, brethren of the sword, knights of Christ, of St. John of Jerusalem, with numberless others. The Templars devoted themselves to care of the police; all highways being infested with banditti, and these gentlemen protected passengers *fabre à la main*.

A Nestorian heretick, however, as 'tis said, regardless of these orthodox associations, set up for himself somewhere in Cathay, he called his rank that of a Presbyter, but his rule was, in his circle, no less despotick than that of the pope at Rome: and Milton said most wisely, ages after;

“ That you may read full clearly in your charge,

“ New presbyter is but old priest writ large.”

Wherever power is, 'twill make itself *be felt*. This man is known to history by name of Prester John; his sect grew numerous, and his successors so well knew how to maintain their ground, that they remained a body of themselves, firmly incorporated, till down to the later days of Gengis Khan. When after many *gehacks* or *zodiacks* had been

run

run through, they separated; and are now scarcely remembered in India. Quere indeed—Whether the *Dalay Lama* of our present day, is not the *Prefter John* of former times? Monf. de la Croze thinks so; and we knew nothing about the Gylongs of Thibet in the year 1100, I believe; but since commerce has made us acquainted with *their* oeconomy and priesthood, we have known less, or *talked* less about Prefter John. Perhaps his connection with Christianity, as it was originally slight, merged with a lapse of time in the gulph of Unitarianism, and sinking there, regenerated in the Grand Lama; who, by Mr. Turner's account, considers some particular places to be sacred, as witnessing his *first* appearance in our world. Marco Polo seems to have derived the word *prefter* from presbyter, naturally enough; but there is a fiery meteor so called in the east, which the orientals possibly connected with the man's title, and the more willingly obeyed his behests.

The bishop of Chichester has the figure of Prefter John for his coat armour: I have enquired the reason, but in vain. If however, one squadron deserted the true standard, another returned to obedience. Monothelites, who held only one will and action in our Saviour, tired of those subtleties they never understood, were reconciled in the twelfth century, and came pouring down in troops from the top of Libanus, where they had retired from persecution in days of controversy, to join the general crusade, by name of Maronites. After Saladin's conquest, they indeed lapsed again, probably from too much talk with the Mahometans, into heretical unitarianism; but Clement VIII. brought them once more to renewed communion with Rome, and I myself saw their venerable bishop distributing his palm branches the Sunday before Easter, 1786. Whilst oriental echoes, however, repeat the heroism of Baldwin and Boemund, Godfrey and Eustace, with praises not yet forgotten; the meanness and duplicity of Alexis, the Greek emperor, form a very striking contrast to their characters. He would do nothing for the cause which could in any wise be avoided,  
and

and for the little he *did* do, pressed the pope to unite both empires in *his* person. On refusal, this interested prince scrupled not the betraying a large body of leagued Christians into the hands of highly-provoked infidels. His son Emanuel too, having one day set upon a detachment of Turks, somewhere in Paphlagonia, putting them to the rout, and making a great slaughter: Alexis thought it necessary to make publick rejoicing, and create the youth a knight; but when the farce was finished, taking him sily to his own tent, he beat the boy with his two fists, calling him ass and gull, for doing the *Latins* work for them.

Truth is the *Latins*, so they called our western army, were much detested and despised by Greeks, who spoke of them on all occasions with dislike; and even complained that they had caused a plague in Asia, when from the scent of putrid carcases, joined to unusual heat, contagious fevers swept off no fewer than 50,000 Christians, the first half year after Jerusalem was taken. But we must see what follies were committing in Europe by those who staid at home: *Retrospection* will there be led to think, that people had a fixt design to *make* the world end by stopping future population, and murdering the present inhabitants. Twelve thousand Jews were massacred upon some slight pretence, and Bruges, in Flanders, not long built, was burned to ground, with a vast number of inhabitants. Yet no effects ensued: Fribourg was founded, and Utrecht was seen daily increasing; Dantzick too, must have been a place famous for trade, or else the story would soon fall to ground of the rich widow related in *Annales Belgicæ*, who gave the master of some ship commission to bring her thence, the most valuable commodity that could be found in that vast general mart. Her lover, the captain, loaded his vessel with *wheat*, which the proud dame disdainig, caused it all to be thrown overboard: heavy judgments, say the old books, followed such arrogance and folly. The haven grew a flat where they threw out the corn, at Staveren, a little port in Friezland; and made it dangerous landing

for the future. A strange disorder narrowed the widow's throat, and she was punished by being starved to death. The affecting story of Fagel, giving his lady her lover the brave Coucy's heart to eat, is of this period, if I remember rightly; she eat no more, but refused food and died. I fear the gallant Tancred set the example by his less justifiable cruelty. Fagel had jealousy to inflame his passions, yet Sigismunda's innocent attachment had scarce a lighter chastisement assigned her. Dryden and Furino have immortalized *her* sufferings—Howel and Burney vindicate *la dame aimée de Coucy*, from all but sentimental preference of her accomplished troubadour.

The names of Ubbo and Ingo, Nicholas, &c. fill up all Danish records with their struggles, to wrest that snowy region each from other. Ingo was a youth of slow parts, and his base uncle set him on a bough, which bending far over a rapid stream, broke with his weight, and he fell in the river; but having 'scaped with life from this misfortune, his tutor, bribed for the cruel purpose by Nicholas the heir, advised him to ride out upon a horse he could not rule, and by his death, in consequence of this experiment, made way for his patron. I well remember tales to this effect told here in England twenty years ago, when a young Irishman was tried for murder.

One worthie character relieves our *Retrospect* which sees with pleasure Charles surnamed the Good, first cousin to king Baldwin of Jerusalem, distributing at Ipres in a famine seventy-eight thousand loaves with his own hand, forbearing to touch bread himself seven weeks; and for this greatest of all publick benefits, because some private families were forced to suffer rough retrenchments on their luxuries, private resentment followed, and the Stratenses caused this incomparable prince to be assassinated in the market-place. The word *assassin* brings us back to the east. The name was new, and in that country coined: the thing had, I fear, always existed since the second man was born into the world. But about A. D. 1140 dwelt in six cities of Syria a band of Mahometan owning no lord, and paying no subjection except



cept to their grand-master, who lived at Antaradus, a cluster of small habitations upon a hill, and was called by his congregated assembly the Old Man of the Mountain; a name since given by Voltaire, in undeserved derision, to the pope. At his command the dwellers in those tents ran and returned, and his commands were seldom issued but for murder, as he lived safe in *Affassinia*, such was the name of this lawless district, and no power dared approach the spider in his web. This monstrous engine levelled at human society lasted as far as to the year 1257; till when most of the deaths which could not be accounted for among the great men, were justly enough attributed to these *assassins*, who stabbed in the dark and poisoned for hire, retreating to their inaccessible mount when the black deed was done. King Almerick once hoped to have converted the grand-master, and was about to entertain his ambassador for that purpose; but a hot-headed templar, little suspecting the purport of his coming, killed the *assassin*, and from that hour it was settled hostility. To contend for our faith, but yet contend with charity; to hate the error, but pity those who had been led astray, endeavouring to convince, convert, console them; are qualities which literally *could* not then have had existence: such virtues were reserved for Fenclon, for Fleury, dwellers in a gentler soil, and times grown temperate by the experience of fruitless concussions. A character like theirs, while these concussions lasted, must have been crushed at once, its merits all unknown. And on that principle Peter Waldensis, a merchant of Lyons, having taught his followers a sort of quietism, wishing to reform their own manners and let their neighbours' opinions quite alone, could not keep out of harm's way in the *Pays de Vaud*. Witness the provençal verses quoted by Voltaire and Mr. Gray in the notes to his Bampton Lectures.

Que non volia maudir, ne jaura ne menti,  
 N'occir, n'avroutar, ne prene de altrý,  
 Ne s'avengear de suo enemy,  
 Los difons qu' es *Vaudes* et los *fesen morir*.

And witness the terrible crusade set on foot against these same innocents long afterwards, by name of Albigeois; they were the relicks of the Vaudois: their sect never critically known, perhaps; but when they laboured for peace, like king David, the others made themselves ready to battle.

Peculiarities of good or ill practices seem entailed upon particular nations for a vast length of time. Alphonso Henriquez was the first sovereign who styled himself Duke of Portugal; but after the bloody battle of Orichia, where he overcame Ismarus and three other Moorish kings, whose heads at the moment I am writing adorn the arms of Marie Françoise Isabella, he was saluted king by his whole army. This man married his aunt by papal dispensation, and she, when a widow, wedded *his* brother Ferdinand; who, when she died, took Theresa, that very brother's daughter, to be his second wife. It is observable how such connection between degrees of kindred usually forbidden obtain in that still, more than in any other Christian land. Alphonso Henriquez had a fabulator, whose business in his bed-chamber every evening was to tell stories (*fabula*) till he fell asleep. Complaining however that the stories were too short, the disour invented one so long that during the recital he fell asleep as well as the king: "We will, says Henriquez, have this tale every night." The harper had a privilege to sit down, but the fabulator *stood* always when in royal presence; such was the etiquette. Physicians had fate down before the king ever since the year 1214. (See Warton). *Contes à dormir debout* is an expression growing out of this custom, when the tale-teller himself *dropt asleep though standing*. Spain and Portugal were always nearly allied. Farinelli, almost in our own time, sung the *same* song, *Per quel caro amplexo*, every night to the king of Spain for eight years together: the Italians call the air by his Majesty's name at this moment. That pompous self-sufficiency which is supposed to distinguish Spaniards from other Europeans, was first observed in the twelfth century. Alphonso of Arragon was called Alphonso the Arrogant, *par equivoque*, and his successor,

successor, Peter de Taros was deposed in four months for excess of pride. From Ramirez gentler manners were expected, but he proved as haughty as his predecessors. A severe illness indeed brought him to humbler thoughts; he made long penance, and at length turned monk. But health and superciliousness returned together, and the distich

Dæmon languebat, monachus tunc esse volebat;

Ast ubi convaluit, mansit ut ante fuit.

When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;

But when the devil was well, the devil a monk was he—

was made on that occasion. A daughter of his, before he turned friar, named Petronilla, married the Earl of Catalonia, and added that province to the crown lands. Soon after which Alphonso, surnamed the Good and Wise, king of Castile and Leon, who being present at many battles saw the death of one hundred and twenty thousand Saracens, and who regained from his ambitious neighbours all they had torn from him, instituted the order of *Calatrava* or *Slip Fetter*, upon taking that town, by which act he considered his dominions as finally rescued from fetters long imposed on them. This prince made Toledo the metropolis; and calling it an imperial city, wished, but in vain, to be acknowledged *emperor* of Castile, &c. another curious proof of Spanish pride. Alphonso was oddly jealous of a lady whom he loved, and set a nobleman of high rank to court her; but the experiment being likely to end ill for all, it was put a finish to as oddly as it begun; for a troubadour who came to divert the king and grandees upon his birth-day, recited a tale like that in *Don Quixote* called *El Curioso Impertinente*; with which his Majesty being much struck, said to him, “Minstrel, your tale has good sharp salt in it, and excellent morality, “it shall be called *Le Jaloux Chatié* :” and so it was, and served the great Cervantes as a model. We ought to add how Alphonso presented the bard a bag of crowns; changed his conduct towards the lady,

lady, who married her new lover the nobleman, with a large dower bestowed by the sovereign, on condition they should neither of them ever more appear at court.

But Venice attracts more than a glimpse of *Retrospection*. While she was gaining laurels at the Holy Land, her province of Dalmatia rebelled; Michaeli and Bolani his son-in-law, dukes and doges of that day, reduced them however in a short time to obedience, Spalatro being taken; although the Padoani mischievously endeavoured to forward the evil by changing the course of the Brenta, then better known by name of Medoacus. After a slight punishment they too returned to their duty, and the republick kept prospering exceedingly, keeping in their own hands all trade with Grand Cairo, and having close connection beside with other powers, to whom they sold spices from the east with very great advantage. Gems now grew into an article of luxury in Europe, and to the Venetian ships or gallies all merchandize and all naval resistance to the common enemy was confided. At these crusades much therefore was found which our western inhabitants went not thither to look for, and some of their importations are now unobserved, because they are grown so common. But 'twas in opposition to these Venice gallies that the Turks always sent out an *emir* or *emeral*, whence Christians from that time called him an amiral\* or admiral, who headed and commanded any fleet. Mosaick work was new learned on these oriental excursions; and Italy, ever first to adopt the elegancies of life, displayed such diligence, that old Falcandus the historian of Sicily informs us, how in this century the cathedral church at Palermo had its walls decorated with that ornamental incrustation. But Constantinople had preserved many arts after Rome had lost all sight of them, the sovereign still residing safely *there*, while Goths and Vandals sacked the *deserted* city, and left few traces of its pristine greatness. About this period likewise, upon some dispute between the Duke of Bavaria

\* Milton says *amiral*, without the *d*.

and Conrad III. emperor of the west, sprung the first germ of that long-lasting feud between the Gwelfs and Gibelines, which, though it distracted and even desolated Europe for so many years together, seems to have left at last only a faint remembrance of the folly upon the mind of an historick reader, like the old contest of the centaurs and lapithæ upon that of a classick and mythological student. Conrad meantime, who built Ulm in Suabia, so called *ab ulligine*, from the quantity of *elm* trees that grew there on the banks of the Danube, took the town of Winsberg in Germany, granting only the women's lives; and as much household stuff as they could carry away with them. Those who were married coming out each of them loaded with a rebel husband to fling at the king's feet, the gallant sovereign rewarded their fidelity by pardoning *all* the inhabitants of a town possessing such conjugal virtue. Our sweet Spectator calls the city *Heusberg*, and makes the prettiest story of it imaginable; but he, as Johnson says of Goldsmith, touched nothing he did not improve.

Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.

Had I *their* powers to make *Retrospection* pleasing, I would endeavour to draw on my readers so as to give the remaining part of this long chapter to the affairs of France, whose king Philip went not to Palestine, detained by Bertrade wife to Fulke of Anjou, who had left her own husband and prevailed upon her lover to betray his son Lewis le Gros, whom she dosed afterwards with ineffectual poison, *and was forgiven*. This Lewis displayed the standard of St. Denys, the celebrated *oriflamme*, in his disputes with neighbouring nations, and on his death-bed drew his ring from off his finger and put it on that of his son Louis le Jeune, who married Eleanor of Guienne and Poictou; and accepted the trust of a great kingdom, which his father told him should be governed only for the people's good. Truth is, they had as yet little to do with any arts of government. The barons there, as in England, were all feudal lords; but the crusading fever and consequent delirium having impelled

pelled many of them to sell up their possessions, Lewis purchased ; and the small towns having besides bought their freedom from their chiefs, dropt to the king of course, who becoming protector to them, became master too ; and the chain of aristocracy began to rust in that country before any other throughout Europe. The *Franks* were from the beginning first to be *free* ; and now in an old deed, preserved till lately among the the treasures of St. Denys, appears for the first time to our *retrospective* eye the word from whence comes the *dauphin* of France : *Guigo comes qui vocatur DELPHINUS* made some exchange of lands with Hugh Comte de Grenoble ; the date was 1142, and after the middle of the 12th century the title was become fixt and hereditary. Soon after this, or perhaps seven years before, the house of Bourbon took its rise from Archibald Comte de Bourbon, or *Borbonius*. His device when in the wars of Palestine was a globe, and written round it *orbi bonus*. But we must not forget old England.

## C H A P. XVII.

## TO THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1200.

**W**HEN the soul of our second William, furly to maintain his rights, and faucy with hope of extending them, was fled; his next brother, and heir of course to a prince who had no children, was Robert duke of Normandy, who had approved his valour both in Europe and Asia; but he being engaged among the chiefs who leagued for the recovery of Palestine, heard not what passed, in the New Forest Hampshire; while Henry, the Conqueror's youngest son, was, happily for him, *upon the spot*. Active and vigilant, and as it appears wholly unrestrained by fraternal affection, or principles of justice, from seizing what of right belonged to another, he hurried to Winchester, and sternly demanded the keys of a castle there, where the regalia were in those days kept. Breteuil, to whom the dead king had confided his treasure, remonstrated a while and then resisted; but Henry drew his sword, and the Earls of Warwick and Meulant swore to abet his pretensions, which Breteuil dared no longer dispute, and the coronation was soon performed in St. Peter's church, now Westminster Abbey. A general council, the origin of parliament, was summoned; and to those who composed it the new sovereign made a speech, giving as a reason for his aspiring to command them, that he was born after his father was crowned here and acknowledged, alluding perhaps to the favourite distinction among the Greek emperors, when they had a son born in the purple, as they called it, *porphyrogenitus*. Henry was graced with learning, and knew these things; he had been furnamed Beauclerc for his accomplishments; but his auditors found themselves more

easily persuaded by an argument of greater solidity : he offered them a charter, mitigating in some measure the royal prerogative, and annulling as it was express'd, evil customs and *illegal* exactions, by that very epithet expressing that there were existent laws, and that his father broke them. Princes well assured of their own just title, are seldom forward in appealing thus to the immediate interests of their people, while those who accidentally, or by favour of concurring circumstances, come in to suddenly acquired or scarcely expected dignity, willingly part with a small share of power to preserve the rest inviolate; nor does this trick of conciliation often answer as to purchasing affectionate regard, which ever naturally follows the true heir; and the resiliency towards Robert of Normandy was seen the moment he arrived in France; but by loitering on his journey with the fair daughter of Conversana, the soft climate of Naples relaxed his martial spirit; and though many barons from here deserted to his standard, he wished only for peace he said, and that on almost any terms. Whoever says so, shall be sure of bad ones; he lost England and Normandy both; but I believe, although he died in Wales, that he was buried at Glo'ster: there is a recumbent figure of him there in the cathedral. Henry meanwhile shewed himself no hypocrite; he granted a charter and privileges to the city of London, which they have kept with more attention than our kings bestowed on prerogatives imagined less liable to violation; he willingly gave up the right of investiture, which placed all power over churchmen in Rome alone; and flattered by Pope Innocent's admiration of his literary abilities, compromised the matter by making the bishops pay homage to *him* as their superior lord for their *temporal* baronies only. Much was enjoyed by individuals under this reign, which had been harshly enough denied in the foregoing; for we see Rufus dispose of ecclesiastical preferments plainly in the old story of two monks coming to court for purpose of purchasing an abbot's place, offering each of them magnificently, sedulous to outbid each other, nothing doubting but he should have it who gave most. A  
third



third stood by however, and said nothing: "And what wouldst *thou* do to obtain this rich living?" said the king. "My duty," replied the friar. "And what wouldst *give* then?" "Not a penny, my liege, such gifts are against my conscience; but here I stand to wait on him whom my lord shall ordain abbot." "Now by my soul thou only deserv'st it," cried William, and sent the other two *to wait on him*.

But these prerogatives no more existed, and Henry never seemed to regret their loss. It is the nature of knowledge to wish its own diffusion, and 'tis its nature when diffused, to seek an empire over the *minds* of men, forgetful of all rights over their *persons*. Innocent II. had indulged this prince with a dispensation to marry Matilda, only child of Malcolm, King of Scots, by a daughter of Edgar Atheling. This united the Norman and Saxon blood once more; and the old English families found daily cause of rejoicing in the Queen's influence, who brought from her convent a strong attachment to family notions, and who brought an heir of uncommon promise for our future sovereign. Henry recollecting how easily crowns may be usurped, sent this youth to the continent for education, and likewise for the purpose of having him recognized as lawful heir in Normandy; Duke Robert's valiant son, William Longsword, who raised rebellion there, and is sometimes called Clito by historians, having been at length subdued. As they came home however, in order to be happy, a boat overloaded with princes of the blood founder'd at sea, and not one soul was saved except a butcher from Rouen. Fitzstephen the Captain, called out to that fellow—"Is the *Prince* safe?" Hearing him answer *no*—"Then I will not survive him," was the reply: when quitting suddenly the mast to which he had clung, the faithful loyalist dropt in despair amidst those flashing billows, which swallow'd up a parent's, and a nation's hopes. Henri de Beauclerc never smiled more; his various acquirements supplied him with no comforts for such an unexpected, unprepar'd for shock; but piety soothed what learning could not divert: he founded the monastery at Reading, in Berks, the priory of Merton, in Surrey, and built the church at Chichester, part of which still subsists; then

dying, bequeathed his kingdom to a daughter Matilda, now his only child, and married to the emperor, but left by him a widow without children. This lady, though her father's sole surviving progeny, never gained settled possession of her inheritance, to which Stephen earl of Blois pretended, being grandson to the Conqueror by Adela: he succeeded; and like his predecessor, tried at securing his new power by concessions. But Henry, a wise and politick prince, desirous to control his barons' insolence, had freed of those below them *all he could*, and granted immunities to commercial corporations; sure check on aristocratick pride; while Stephen, perpetually harassed by his cousin and her partizans, courted the nobles to support *his* claim, and willingly tolerated that injustice and oppression in others, by which he himself had risen to the throne. Truth is, *la loi du plus fort* was best worth listening to in days like those, when bishops, lords, &c. built castles for defence, and dug dungeons in which to throw such hapless mortals as ventur'd to oppose their tyrannous proceedings. Hume says all England was then filled with petty fortresses, of which I believe some yet remain as specimens, particularly Arundel Castle, where the queen dowager resided, widow to Rufus, having honoured the Earl of Suffex with her hand, considering that connexion as no disgrace at all, while proud Matilda\* wedded to Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of the Duke d'Anjou, seemed to consider her own second marriage as a serious misfortune, although her husband was a sovereign prince, lineally descended from Charles *Martel*. His mother had some *cloth of frieze* about her indeed, being of the family of Baldwin earl of Flanders, before the arrival in it of Judith, daughter to Charles the Bald, and Matilda had a son by his descendant: for whose sake, after battling against Stephen unsuccessfully for eighteen or twenty years, she resigned those pretensions she never could maintain. David king of Scots abetted his great nephew in his claim, and 'tis astonishing to

\* But although he, Maire de Paris, was the first man of the eighth century, this lady liked a *lance*, she said, better than a *hammer*.

think how our own warlike sovereign supported himself through a long reign of everlasting contention. When his sole offspring *Eustace* died however, there was no more to contend for; and the empress thought when *her* son was promised the succession, her toils to obtain a present crown might cease. Stephen was permitted to enjoy it for his life, which lasted but a short time after his child's decease; and Maude, or Matilda, made her own epitaph before her haughty spirit fled, and left the imperial clay. The words express what probably was all she ever thought upon, her own dignity; but they express it very neatly—

Magna ortu, magnoque viro, sed maxima partu,  
Hic jacet Henrici Filia, sponsa, parens.

Young Henry now married to Eleanor, divorced wife of Louis le Jeune, King of France, who brought with her an enormous fortune, Guienne and Poictou, which her first husband gave back to be rid of her, ascended our throne with wishes of prosperity from all, and such advantages, by his queen's vast dower, that he resolved to have rich pageants exhibited, and tales told at his coronation both of *Wepying and of Game*. Historians therefore, jongleurs and diseurs, (jesters were not come in) assembled at the English court in troops—minstrels and troubadours. The king himself knew how to touch a musical instrument; he had a harp value 120 pence, and the tuning hammer cost 20 pence more; and both were kept with the drinking horn and chess board, as secondary to the regalia alone. These drinking horns had names given them, as we see by *Hirlas*, celebrated in a poem of *Owain Cyreillog*, Prince of Powys, in the year 1160. The song is like those of Ossian. "Pour out, oh cup-bearer, sweet and pleasant mead from the horn of wild oxen; *Hirlas* shining with brightness: we will drink to the souls of departed heroes." The bugle or *bengle* horn is so called from the lowing of oxen. *Bengler* is to *low*; an ox's horn is a *bengle* horn. Such was the state of belles-lettres and society, while castles of independent barons, bold and turbulent, maintained whole armies of fighting

fighting men for their defence, long trains of people too for their diversions; wretches who lived but by softening the ferocity of their benefactors: fools, dwarfs, and monsters increased the domestic groupe, till he who owned the house was even unable to enumerate his own devourers. Internal commerce was then scarce a name; connexion with the metropolis was difficult; friends who resided in Wiltshire sent a token\* to tell those in Norfolk that they were yet living; and little was known in one county of what excesses were committed in another. Famines, consequent on such a system of life and manners, happened frequently; and the wonder is how Henry should have felt a wish of adding Ireland to his already extensive but ill-governed domain. Whilst other princes however were engaged in the crusade, our young monarch thought less of empty honour than of solid profit. His rich wife, although much older than himself, brought sons; and for soft moments, the bower of fair Rosamond at Woodstock was constructed: Eleanor was of a jealous temper however, and having been in former times suspected of fondness for a young Saracen, when she accompanied her first husband to Palestine, she watched the second with unremitting diligence, and poisoned his pleasures if she did not dispatch his mistress. Louis le Jeune was the gayest among the leagued princes: Fauchet tells how he took a troubadour to the Holy Land among other *gentilleffes* and expensive articles of show. The gems he brought home with him were seen by me at St. Denys in 1774. His queen Alicia, who survived him after his long reign, inclosed his body in a silver coffin, knowing the king's taste for splendour, and forgetting, says Fauchet, the simplicity of our ancestors. Our English monarch meanwhile, preparing to subjugate Ireland, obtained a bull from the Pope, with permission to convert them, his holiness not knowing that they had long been Christians, and Henry suppressing

\* There is a tradesman's token (or was in 1786) still extant in the cabinet of a Mr. Southgate; the figure is in a Gentleman's Magazine of that year, but I saw no date to it.

the intelligence, that he might be surer of leave to invade them. The pontiff indeed, happy to find that this young sovereign, though negligent of religion's interests in Asia, was watchful over them at home, granted him all he asked, and charged the Irish to receive Henry as their liege lord, paying the regular tax of a penny a house to Rome. This bull was accompanied by a ring in sign of investiture like that Pope Alexander gave the Venetians; but although we were not then married to Ireland, it appears that our union with that island will long outlive theirs to the Adriatick.

At this critical moment, O'Rourk and O'Connor, Dermot the boisterous, and Torlogh, surnamed Righ O'Fresaura, *a king with reluctance*, or but half-willingly obeyed, were princes of Breffney, Leinster, and Connaught. They were engaged in furious contests about the beautiful coquet Dervoghral, daughter of Meath, but wife of O'Rourk, meaning Roderick: from whose arms the noisy valour and pretended piety of Dermot had seduced her affection. When this last named chief had secured Heaven's blessings by enormous donatives to some religious houses, he, with help of a bastard brother, confederate in his schemes, put the lady in a sack, her head only out, threw her across a horse, and rode away with her, whose faint cries, say historians, evinced the feebleness of her resistance. O'Rourk, however was not inclined so to submit, or endure without resentment the tyranny of gigantic Dermot; seventeen of whose lords, we are told, had died by his cruelty, or lost their eyes, whilst O'Loglan protected him in his pride. The Breffnian chief then resented, opposed and conquered; and baffled Dermot fled to England, giving Henry the opportunity he had long sighed for. Troops were prepared and sent, but our king had no leisure to put himself at their head, although the false pretence of reinstating the prince of Leinster covered his real designs commodiously enough. Strongbow was sent over, and our king remained at home, having quarrelled with Thomas o'Becket, companion of his youth, and friend to his ripper years.

This

This nobleman, of ancient lyncage and good Saxon blood, had long enjoyed court favour; having been made provost of the Tower, secretary of state, and high-chancellor of England. Happy for both had his preferment stopt even there—but being sent ambassador to France, he amazed all Paris with his pomp and opulence, making himself served with a degree of splendour never observed before in any subject's retinue. Yet although for forty days Becket maintained upon the frontiers of Normandy 1200 knights and 4000 vassals which composed their train, Fitz-Stephen tells us, that his apartments here at home were covered with good hay alone in winter, and in summer green rushes, which he considers too as no small luxury: for fear no doubt is his expression, lest the great nobles who paid court to him, being too numerous to sit down at table, should soil their gay clothes sitting on a *dirty floor*; by which we learn that benches were the sole accommodations then even in a house of such magnificence.

Wales seems to have been more civilized—Watson quotes Powell to prove, that at the carousal made by Rhees ap Gryfydd, A. D. 1176, in the castle of Cardigan\*, *fools* were set; when the bards tried their wit and strength of song against each other, and rich gifts rewarded the overcomers. Rhees's own folks were observed to win most prizes, and the next year he attended the parliament at Oxford, where with his numerous retinue he was magnificently entertained by Henry, who loved the bards, and was the first of all our kings who kept a regular poet-laureate: he was called Maistre Henri d'Avranches, his grace's *versificator*, and had 100s. a year pension from the privy purse, more than 100l. now. North Britain was behind hand; when Alexander, surnamed the Fierce, was called so for endeavouring to suppress a band of half-licenced robbers, called the Thieves of Ross: he might with greater propriety have been called *Alexander the Just*. A poor woman having on his return from this expedition begged a boon at his feet,

\* Abertivi.

saying that the young son of the earl of Mornai had killed her husband, a man of mean degree, only for his amusement, that he might see what death was: Alexander swore he would not leave the spot he stood on, till the youth had been very severely *punished*, and kept this word. Coming home fatigued from his long journey he fell asleep, but waking, found the bed-chamber all filled with the surviving thieves of Rosse, who, in revenge for that roughness with which he had used their fellows, corrupted the king's chamberlain, and were about to murder *him*, had he not, with fierceness and strength equal to his courage and wisdom, seized the traitor by the throat, strangling him instantly by the firm and sudden grasp: then falling on the others sword in hand, killed six before assistance was collected, and two fled.

This brave prince, husband to Sybilla daughter of William the Conqueror, was by her father to David, who built Holyrood-house, punished corrupt judges, and in his dispute with Stephen king of England, obtained a grant of Cumberland, which had been since Macbeth's time lost to the Scots, and which his son Malcolm, surnamed the Maiden, lost again to Henry II. of England, of whose kindnesses to Becket we have taken a short *Retrospect*, without obtaining yet one glimpse of reason for them. But to superfluous and uncommon bounty, some undiscovered motive may be almost always suspected. Europe mean time polished apace; Haffnia in Denmark was built, since called Copenhagen, or the town of trade. *Cophen* means cheapening, I've heard, and *hagen* a small aggregate of houses, whence *the Hague* in Holland, first village of the world: quere, notwithstanding, if it was not *Copenhaven*, a nearer etymology, and I suppose it was.

Alexandria in Lombardy, was founded and named by Pope Alexander III. who gave the ring to the Venetians, and reserved the right of canonizing departed saints to the see of Rome; but from the days of Paschal II. who first signed the year of his own reign not the emperor's; papal power had been every day increasing, 'spite of pretenders, anti-popes and schisms, which, though they troubled the peace, were not permitted to check the prosperity of the church. Some of them

indeed appear to have increased it. John de Gaeta, otherwise Gelafius II. reigning but six weeks, prevailed upon a princess of Etruria to leave her whole possessions to the holy see. Calixtus learned to laugh at imperial power; Innocent II. took towns and changed the forms of government at his pleasure—Lucius was killed in an affray fighting for his prerogatives, and Eugenius maintained and augmented them by intrigue. The king of England supposed to be a penetrating character, (though 'tis plain he knew not the heart of either his son or his friend) saw with alarm, that Rome was about to govern the whole world, a discovery which needed no penetration; and he resolved to make Becket a stumbling block to its advancement. The chancellor became archbishop of Canterbury by his desire, who from that moment gave himself a competitor, not a companion.

Filled with ideas of his new duties and a deep reverence for his high and sacred office, Becket *now* thought all complaisance derogatory to the station he was placed in, and considered himself as guardian to rights more important than those of a monarch. His gaiety was fled, and his good humour dried away by pious austerities, which Henry, his old intimate and playfellow could scarcely believe sincere; but which were dictated by the most solemn opinion of their being indispensable, and were at last of all sealed with his blood. The pope had long been appealed to in all ecclesiastical cases, and of late his decision had been sought in civil disputes, which when Becket was chancellor, he joined the king in objecting to, and signed with all his heart those councils of Clarendon forbidding such appeals, of which the moment he was made archbishop, he claimed the resumption. His master was enraged—the more enraged because duped by himself and grievously disappointed; but the prelate now openly declared, he owned no master except God and the pope, who was himself an Englishman, Adrian IV. surnamed Breakspear: of whom there is now in the library at Lambeth, a paraphrase of the pater-noster, beginning

Ure fadyr in hefen riche,  
Thi nam be halyed everliche;

and



and who expected compliance, not resistance from his countryman, Henry; his conduct towards Becket now was such however, that he left the kingdom in disgust, and retired to Rome. The king more irritated by this step, drove all his domesticks and relations after him—prohibited all future appeals to the holy see, making himself supreme head of his own church, and cutting off the feet or thrusting out the eyes of refractory priests; enforced by cruelties a momentary obedience. Adrian 'tis true, meditated a rough revenge, but swallowing a wasp in his glass of wine, left the execution of it to his successor, who received Becket with more than equal politeness, appointed him a residence, pension, &c. ; but what provoked his sovereign most of all, he sent him back to England once again, commanding him to resume there all his former functions. Henry now tried to terrify the pontiff, by leaguings with his worst enemy Frederick Barbarossa, emperor of Germany, and by shewing symptoms of intent to support Paschal III. as anti-pope. But Alexander having triumphed over all his foes, and made Frederick hold the stirrup while he mounted his mule, as protostrator, so the Greek emperors called that office, 'twas the king of England's turn to feel alarmed, lest by excommunication all his projects might be ruined. To secure his throne then, although his person might be insulted, he hastened to associate his eldest son; not doubting but it would always be in his power to direct the *boy*, and see things going his own way at least, if not by his own immediate authority. But Henry was again the dupe of his own refinement in politicks; for in order to give additional splendour to a ceremony by which this *very* young prince was to receive into his hand the reins of government, his father waited on him *pro forma* in the hall, where 'twas remarked by some of the courtiers, that never mortal could have been more royally attended:—"Why marvel ye, lords? (was the youth's prompt reply) ye see the son of a *count*—do ye not? serving the son of a *king*."

Thus every thing tended to force refractory Henry into a reconciliation with his bishop, who having had the better through the whole

contest, wished it sincerely: they met therefore, and parted civilly, not kindly; the monarch's swollen soul refused the kiss of peace. He went to his occasional court at Baieux in Normandy, and Becket settled on his diocese in Kent. Hitherto our hearts have gone against the sovereign, for one can on no occasion pity *him*, who seeking to make a man his tool, finds him his scourge: but Becket now accustomed to church splendour bustle in a new character, had lost all taste for tranquil duties and an evangelical life: he felt that part of his office as most important which best suited his own restless and impatient spirit: some errors had been committed in his absence, and eager at least, if not criminally hasty to evince his fiery zeal; he drove out and confiscated the effects of all the luckless ecclesiasticks who had been temporizing no doubt, perhaps resigning some privileges which they ought to have retained. The banished clergy hastened to Baieux, and kindled Henry's temper to a flame: in the first transport of his anger he exclaimed—"Have I no friend to free me from this haughty prelate?" and perhaps thought no further on the words he had uttered. By four gentlemen of his bedchamber however, they were construed into a signal for assassination: they swore secrecy to each other, and revenge of their master's quarrel; took ship immediately, and proceeding to the archiepiscopal palace at Canterbury, followed, and with inextinguishable rage, murdered the heaven-confiding priest of God upon his altar.

Whoever was in fault before, this stroke united all men's minds against Henry, who had encouraged a black and sacrilegious massacre, and it is above all things curious to observe, how by his death the bishop gained that ground, which his hot spirit was in danger of losing to the church, like Sampson killing more enemies in his last moments, than in all the tenor of his hostile conduct; but the king was in earnest shocked at *this* proceeding: the recollection of past friendship, and their youthful intimacies all recurred, and whilst a character so open and intrepid claimed admiration from a warrior-prince, a sanctity once pure, and always venerable, demanded it of every Christian hearer. Henry endured

endured the heaviest penances without repining, submitted his hitherto inflexible spirit to Pope Alexander's discretion, gave up at once all he had gained of independence from the see, and glad to escape personal pilgrimage to Palestine, commuted his journey with enormous sums, and turned his thoughts once more to the subjugation of Ireland.

Frederick Barabarossa meanwhile, emperor of the west, having long contended in vain against the establishment of that power to whose dominion over the whole world force, fraud and accident alike combined; began to sigh for peace, seeing that whatever side Rome took, she as of old was sure to be victorious. St. Mark's church Venice was the theatre of *his* submissions. Having borne up the Pope's train to the altar, he prostrated himself there before it and before him, received the holy sacrament at his hand; and in that place is the stone yet to be seen where Alexander III. 108th bishop of Rome, set his foot on the throat of Frederick emperor of Germany, saying, "It is written that thou shalt tread upon the asp and the basilisk, and trample the lion under thy feet." The potentate last trampled on, manifested a lion's spirit. When Saladine had retaken Jerusalem after the death of Godfrey, Eustace, and Baldwin, Frederick, by command of the Holy See, and to atone for former opposition to its authority, took the field for Asia, covering its plains with one hundred and fifty thousand followers. He defied the sultan to single combat, took Iconia by assault, and after performing prodigies of valour, died bathing in the river Cydnus, where he was seized with a sudden cramp and drowned in sight of numberless friends, who thought he was diving, as he often did, to shew them his dexterity. The King of France meanwhile, somewhat disgusted of these oriental expeditions by the past gallantries of queen Eleanor, and somewhat weary of submitting to that whimsical tyranny of the monks who made him shave his beard, and by that means revolt the fastidious heiress of Guienne and Poictou from his disfigured person, returned to Paris; there cultivating the fine arts, and filling his realm with poets, minstrels, troubadours, &c. A court  
of

of love, and I believe a court of honour too were instituted: knighthood was the sole happiness desired by men of rank, and amorous passion the grand pledge of their existence. Romance, and love and chivalry were the pastimes of a gay nation, who, in the days we speak of, gave the *ton* to Europe; whilst old Rome, completely revived under ambitious Alexander, gave the *law*. The mixture of devotion with worldly interest produced the colouring we have seen given to political life, and *Retrospection* will observe the tint taken by literature from the odd effervescence of piety and romance, in the prelude to the epistle upon St. Stephen's day.

Entendès toutes à chest fermon,  
Et clair et lai tutes environ;  
Contès vous vueille la pation,  
De Saint Estieul le baron.

Listen to this discourse profound,  
Ye clerks and laymen all around;  
For here St. Stephen will be found  
A baron suffering many a wound.

'Tis curious enough to see that not even a saint could excite their compassion in those days, if he were not a nobleman, a knight, or a hero; nor could the most eminent character of antiquity engage their attention, if he was not a saint. Thus, in defiance of Anachronism, they had St. Thefeus, and St. Alexander, and the *Baron* Stephen, who, while *Count Paul* took charge of the knight's garments who *jousted* with him, was unfairly robbed of his life in an appropriate field, not *Campo Franco*: such was the state of *belles-lettres* under Louis le Jeune. Our Temple church yet standing was dedicated in this reign by Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem; and when King Henry went through Wales to Ireland, he was entertained at Pembroke castle by a company of Welsh bards, who sung, as Selden tells us, extemporaneous compositions of their own, in praise of King Arthur and his exploits. As they

they must have known that the sovereign was on his march, I would not be sure that all was improvise. There was a metrical history of saints' lives however compiled now, or within a few years after this time, for St. Thomas o' Becket is among them, and our rainy patron too,

Seinte Swippin ♂ confessoure was here of Engellhonde,  
Beside Wyncheſterre was ibore as ic understode.

The MS. was given to the Bodleian library by a Mr. Vernon in Charles the first's reign, as I remember, and is eminently curious and beautiful. 'Tis called *ſewlhele* or *ſalus animi*, foul-heal; and some odd accounts of the female saints, their temptations and escapes, were selected thence by the tale-tellers for recital, when their patrons were sick or low-spirited, or going early to bed could not sleep. The Golden Legend was written afterwards by Giacomo di Voragine a noble Genoese. He borrowed some facts from Sowlhele, and Matthew of Westminster in 1375 made a sort of recueil, or, as we call them now, beauties, from both, and entitled it aptly enough *Florilegus*. But the saints began a little to lessen in number, and of course the tales; for Pope Alexander wisely decreed, that no one should canonize except himself, a step become quite indispensable: for till his time all the high-church dignitaries bestowed this honour at their own discretion; and *Hugh*, archbishop of Rouen, had solemnly commanded *Gualterius* to be prayed to, and his reliques to be worshipped, though a man in many respects objectionable; besides that the sovereign pontiff found it impossible to enumerate, much less judge the merits of candidates so distant and so various. This aristocratick privilege therefore of his ecclesiasticks he very discreetly broke, and ended the catalogue with our St. Thomas. And now *Roma triumphans* saw her unopposed dominion over the *ſea* completely acknowledged by the republick of Venice, on receiving the famous ring with which their doge for six succeeding centuries annually espoused the Adriatick, upon the day

day and with the words suggested by Alexander III. *Heaven* was become by this last act of selecting and arranging its inhabitants, this pope's exclusive territory, and those who had tried to resist the papal power on *earth* were not likely to resist it long. The lordly lion thus divides a slaughtered bull: "The fore-quarters are mine, you see (speaking to the beasts who hunted in his train), because I am strongest to struggle with a prey; the hind-quarters, because I am swiftest to seize upon it; the head and neck are mine in right of sovereignty, being acknowledged head over all quadrupeds; and for the rest, if any yet remains, *dispute it you who dare.*" Alphonso Henriquez was a favourite with the lion; he had a passion for being emperor, at least *king* of Portugal: they were all dukes till then. This fancy found encouragement at Rome, whence a grant was made out to this wise fellow, bestowing on him his own dominions as a gift, and permitting other potentates to style him king.

At no distant period one of the Alphonfos of Castile was inflamed with a luckless passion for a *Jewess*, surnamed Hermosa, of her astonishing beauty. When the nobles however had agreed to massacre this new Esther, from horror at the idea of a Christian prince's connection with one whose ancestors were stained with their Redeemer's blood, they entered her chamber, and felt themselves nearly disarmed by her soft supplications. Death or immediate baptism were offered her: but the warm-headed infidel, steady to her strong persuasion, sprung up from the humiliating posture she had been using, and when she heard the word Baptism, rushed with sudden violence upon their swords. Her royal lover hearing how all had ended, put on a friar's coat, leaving the world and throne, and died of grief and abstinence in seven months. Pope Alexander, in consideration of his penitence, permitted his corpse burial in the royal vault; and received with no small pleasure the application of his mortified opponent, Henry of England, who was unwillingly forced to recur for Roman aid against the turbulent and ambitious sons  
brought

brought him by Elinor, who having injured her first husband by her intrigues, perplexed her second with that spirit of jealousy which naturally disturbs the peace of a woman wedded to a man fifteen years at least younger than herself. She inspired the two cadets with an idea that *her* possessions were at her own disposal, and promised to place them as independent earls of Guienne and Poictou, her own hereditary dominions, if they would favour and accompany her flight from a country she detested. Geoffrey and Richard agreed; and the queen's disguise, a man's coat, was prepared and even put on, when she was seized by King Henry's orders, and conducted to a merited confinement. The youths, already possessed of her instruments to concede the provinces for their use, and happy to leave so troublesome a companion behind, spurred forward, and were soon in a state of open rebellion; nor did the pope hurry himself to check the progress of what was likely to torment his old antagonist, who turning on his enemies, faced them on every side; fell on his false friend Louis of France, who assisted the children of his quondam wife; defeated him more than once, defended from all their attempts his Norman dominions, and entered Rouen in sight of the French army, where were his two sons armed in the field against him. William of Scotland meantime, at their instigation, making a terrible inroad upon the north, advanced to Alnwick, and was so completely routed, that as a punishment for having invaded England in her king's absence, Henry insisted on his paying homage to him as liege lord of the *whole* island, and even kept Edinburgh castle for a short time in his own hands, to prove his sovereignty over both realms.

Ireland was subdued meantime by Strongbow, earl of Strigul; but our monarch, jealous from proof of what mankind had shown themselves towards *him* at least, fancied the Earl's intent might be to conquer for *himself* and not his master. This suspicion being further confirmed by Strongbow's marriage with proud Dermot's daughter, he hastened over with five hundred knights, in order to receive that fealty

which on his approach was instantly bestowed, and the island annexed for ever to our crown.

Hume gives the wisest reason possible why this acquisition was of so little advantage: "Few people, says he, could be persuaded to go live on this new neighbour nation; so that men born there and never finally subdued, retained animosity towards those conquerors who only just kept them down, and not destroyed them; overwhelming by superiority of numbers, as was the true method in those barbarous times, so as to put it completely out of their power ever to rise again." The times were even yet *very* barbarous. Witness the story of *Lech Lavar*, a large flat stone, which had served as the top of a cromlech in druidical days, and to which a woman wildly apparell'd made a loud and sudden appeal for justice, as King Henry pass'd near St. David's in his return from Ireland. Her fearful cries and mad gesticulations affected our liege's spirits very strongly, adds Giraldus Cambrensis,\* who tells the tale. But such stones were not peculiar to Wales. Borlase, in his account of Cornwall, tells a story of a hooting karn, so called even in his time, from the prophetick sounds it was supposed to utter, when, as our sweet poet Thomson says,

Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm,  
And up amongst the loose disjointed cliffs  
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook  
And cave presageful send a hollow moan,  
Resounding long in list'ning Fancy's ear,

The learned Keyser, setting forth the superstitious notions of our septentrionists much later than this period, says with what solemnity

\* Giraldus Cambrensis, who is surely as proud of his family as any Welshman can be, says that Henry II. was jealous of him, and stopt his preferment because he was of a line so long traced and so princely. His tale of the bishop's discourse diverting his master with stories of sacred history, which after all were never to be found when sought for in the Bible, is exquisitely pretty and good for illustration. The servant turned out a *devil* after all: such tricks are always *devilish*.

they



they approached black and conical stones,\* abodes and oracles of demons, as they deemed them. We read in the Holmeria Saga of Norway, how Indridus, their chieftain, lay in wait for his enemy Thorstenus; and seeing him come out to consult the stone deity, he couch'd close behind it, and heard these words pronounced to his foe before the morning cock crew.

Tu huc	Hcedless of thy approaching fate,
Ultima vice	Thou treadst this holy ground ;
Morti vicinis pedibus	Last step of life ! thy guilty breast,
Terram calcasti :	E'er Phoebus gilds the ruddy east,
Certè enim antequam	Must expiate
Sol splendeat	Thy murderous hate,
Animosus Indridus	With many a mortal wound.
Odium tibi rependet.	

'Tis needless to say how Indridus, starting up, flew to the combat, and fulfilled the prophecy. Poland was a little and but a little more enlightened. When Miceslaus reigned, the barons spiritual and temporal, butchered his peasant subjects for their sport, and the king laughed at it. A woman was suborned to beg a boon of him—when granted, she told him, that her servants were so negligent and cruel, they suffered all her sheep to be devoured by wolves. The servants stood up and said it was her fault; her son kept hounds, and *they* killed sheep with impunity. Miceslaus, like David of old, gave sentence against himself, condemning the woman and her son; but when his worthy confessor applied the dreadful story to the state of society in Poland, its brutal Prince ordered him some punishment, from whence a popular commotion saved him: and Miceslaus, deposed afterwards

\* These stones were then supposed to have fallen down from *heaven*: and Sir Joseph Banks, even at this day, says there are existing proofs that stones *do* fall. See Mr. King's ingenious publication for conjectures how and where they are generated.

for ordering an ecclesiastick's person into custody, left Casimir the Humble to reign in his stead, who reinstated his predecessor in all things but the throne. So fared it in the north of Europe: and its second crusade, under the Emperor Conrade, in the south, was an unsuccessful one. Two hundred thousand Christians perished in the field, dissention and disease filled their whole camp; while Saladine, a virtuous and martial prince, helped by that treachery which prevailed among his enemies, gained a great victory at Tiberiade, retook Jerusalem, after some weak resistance, subdued Antioch, and contrived so as to annihilate each trace of all the boasted conquests which so many nations had united to acquire. Emanuel, Emperor of the East, had proved false to our common cause, supplied the army with bad provision, and poisoned their water, having adopted his father's mean policy after inheriting his throne. That throne now again empty, was soon filled by young Alexis, twelve years of age only, but already married to Agnes, the French King's daughter, not yet eleven. He had an excellent preceptor, and tender surviving parent, but his father's first cousin, Andronicus, actuated by mad ambition, strangled the queen mother, poisoned the tutor, hashed poor little Alexis in pieces, murdered an innocent sister of that most innocent child, and seizing the virgin widow young Agnes, forcibly married her. This tyranny lasted not long:—Isaac Angelo rebelled; Andronicus caught *his* brothers and put them to cruel tortures; Isaac fled to sanctuary, whence the nobles took and crowned him emperor, putting Andronicus to death. Henry the lion, meantime, husband to our Matilda, son to Frederick, and associated with him in the government, merited his title to the western empire by acts of the most distinguished valour; and from some ruins of old *Lanenburgh*, where the *moon* had been worshipped in pagan days, he built a new town, but did not change its name, though Bardewic, a fortress there, might have afforded one. It was he who, seeing a young Italian in his court bribing the pages, for no good purpose, as he deemed,

cut

cut off his nose, and sent him home so mutilated to the pope. Urban III. prepared to revenge the insult, but hearing at Ferrara of Saladin's successes, he was seized with a sudden shuddering, and died of grief. Our Henry in this pontiff lost an indulgent friend, who had shown him many marks of partiality, and had presented him a crown of peacocks' feathers, interwoven with gold, permitting him to bestow it, with the newly conquered island, on whichsoever of his sons he loved best. The King, reflecting how the other two had openly and in arms sought his life upon the continent, turned his thoughts towards *John*, and found, upon examining *his* pretensions, that young prince's name first on a long list of barons confederated against his person and government at home. The cup was full, and this addition made it run over. In 1190 therefore, died at Saumur Henry II. of England—his corpse attended by one *natural* son, properly so called, the offspring of fair Rosamond. Richard, afterwards surnamed Cœur de Lion, struck with the news, ran to Fontevrault in all speed, to see his father; and some blood at that instant issuing from the dead body's mouth and nostrils, a thought struck the youth that he had surely been his father's murderer, and that to expiate such an offence, he must immediately set forward for the Holy Land. Gregory VIII. employed his short pontificate in sharpening *all* princes' resolutions for *that* purpose, and Philip Augustus Deodatus, of France, after having driven Jews, Mimes, and many other descriptions of men whom he deemed heirs to everlasting perdition, away from his kingdom, where he endeavoured at a thorough reformation of manners, took the sacred banner himself, and fell upon the Turks with successful courage.

Venice was however the greatest gainer by these bursts of fury, which desolated Asia and exhausted Europe. The commodities *they* imported and exported were exempt from duties; *their* city was the place of general rendezvous for the crusaders, who appointed them vast possessions in the conquered country, and made the old Morea all their own. It is observable, that while I am writing no trace of what they gained

gained seems left in their now ruined and degraded city, unless the pillars yet stand upon La Riva de' Schiavoni, which were brought from Greece in the twelfth century, when the third fell in the sea. They were called Marco and Teodoro, and I believe *christened* with no small formality. Bonaparte has sent the bronze horses to Paris which once drew Apollo's car, and which escaped the destruction of many curious statues by the Latins, who in their turns acted a gothick part, plundering Constantinople as Rome had been plundered so many centuries before. But all the Italian states were, in the days here submitted to our *Retrospect*, enriched by these expeditions, and improved by them: lettered Pisa tasted the sweets of commerce, Florence felt the reanimating warmth of science, and Viterbo was built, or at least beautified by the popes; whilst Genoa, who seemed to live only on the pleasure of plaguing the Venetians, enjoyed that happiness in full perfection during those contests which impaired the Greek empire, and paved the way for its final capture by the Turks. Berne, in Switzerland, was founded by Bertoldo, and Flensburgh and Riga raised their heads in the north, where the two sons of Boleslaus, Primislaus and Ladislaus, disputed the sovereignty of Bohemia, after Casimere the good bishop of Prague's demise. After some struggles the first of these competitors was lost to Europe, and concluded dead upon the fields of Palestine; where baffled politicians, beaten warriors, and unsuccessful lovers in those days all ran, either to repair or lose the memory of their misfortunes, and many years elapsed before this prince was found. His brother Ladislaus however, feeling in advanced age the natural bent towards fraternal fondness, desired earnestly to see once more that figure which he had loved in childhood as companion of his sports, and feared in youth as candidate for his kingdom. He caused diligent search to be made, and having, in consequence of his daily encreasing anxiety, been disturbed by nightly dreams, in which this figure presented itself perpetually to his fancy, inquisition was strict at home, and requests preferred to every court abroad, for the purpose

purpose of forwarding inquiry. Assiduous application is seldom fruitless; Primiſlaus was discovered at length turning a spit in the kitchen of *Philip* the emperor at Ratiſbon. Ladislaus, old and childless, sent for him home *forthwith*, embraced him tenderly, and dying in his arms within a week, confirmed him in the succession. And now Philip, assisted by one half the world, contested the western empire against Otho, son to Henry the Lion, while Alexis Angelus in the east had the strange cruelty to blind his brother Isaac, who had saved him from Andronicus's tyranny, for which this worthless wretch deposed and mutilated, and thrust him in a convent. We read with delight however, that the earth opened with a sudden fissure and swallowed the usurper as he surveyed some buildings intended for his palace. The Mamalucchi too, apostate Christians, were formed about this time into a body by Saladin, imitating the orders of knights, Teutons, &c. with which the world swarmed, and which, to say truth, contributed exceedingly towards its civilization. Universities were founded every where, and at Montpelier was constructed a college for physicians. Their art indeed was deformed by magick, and airy notions of sympathetick powers, picked up in Arabia, where *gems* were recommended in medicine very strongly, sometimes for curing, sometimes for pointing out the pathognomick symptoms of disease, and treatises were written in *rhyme* upon subjects little susceptible of poetick beauty; but then *wounds*, the consequence of valour, were admitted to invigorate the design, and atrophy, produced by love, was called in to soften it. Learning too, assisted not a little the operations of physick, if we believe *Æneas Silvius*, afterwards pope, who tells how some bishop was cured of dropsy by reading *Quintus Curtius*, whose book they all assembled round on eve of some great battle, to consult; opening it casually, as in old times were used the *sortes Homericæ ut Virgilianæ*. Eustathius however, bishop of Theſſalonica, of whom we all hear so much in the notes upon Pope's *Homer*, seems to have been an astonishing scholar for his day. *Geoffrey*, of Monmouth, a contemporary

porary writer, tells how *Homer testifies* that *Brutus*, having ravaged the province of *Aquitaine* with fire and sword, came at last to the *city of Tours*; and *Warton* says that they considered *Virgil* as a magician. This may be so; but 'tis possible it might be a sort of compliment, as we say *Shakeſpear's magick pen*, &c. They hardly *could* think his *Æneid* a work of forcery, sure—but ſetting limits to long paſt abſurdities is beyond the power of *Retroſpection*, which will be better amused by ſeeing *Philip*, aſſiſted by his turnſpit ally, attacking *Otho* ſucceſsfully on every ſide, till being tolerably certain of his feat, he made him king, not marquis of *Bohemia*; and *Pope Innocent* confirmed the gift. They have been kings ever ſince *Primiflaus*, and the diadem with which he was crowned at *Mentz* is yet to be ſeen among the rarities at *Vienna*.

We muſt now return to *England*, where *King Richard* was never weary of making generous atonement for all his paſt offences towards a father whom he exceedingly reſembled and eſteemed, and imitated in expreſſing penitence, half unrequired, as *Henry* himſelf had done in *Becket's* caſe. But 'tis conſoling to a reader's mind that theſe rude crimes of ſemi-barbarous *Chriſtians* polluted not the ſoul, as did the ſtudied debaucheries of pagan wickedneſs. Our prince's diſpoſition, bent backward by aſpiring beyond its ſtrength, felt the elatiſtick force, and quick returned to virtue, ſoon as the chord was cut that held it down; where principle, the germ of excellence, remains unputrefied by mean voluptuouſneſs, the heart will clear itſelf of other ſtains, and regain its priſtine purity. *Queen Elinor* was inſtantly releaſed, and *Jews*, who often ſuffered from ſudden emotions of the ſovereigns they ſerved, were ordered never to appear at court: ſome rich ones, offering money however, ſhewed their ſincering faces at the coronation; *Richard* was enraged at their appearance, contrary to his expreſs command, and his expreſſion of diſpleaſure was conſidered as a ſignal for maſſacre. The rabble hunted them from place to place, nor did this phrenzy end in the metropolis: diſgraceful barbarities were practiſed

tised on them in every country, and 500 of them refuging in York castle from the attempts of a licentious mob, set themselves on fire there, like Deccebalus of old, and were every one consumed. More honourable victories were won over the infidels in Asia: the kings of France and England there, panting for military glory, and warm with the romantick spirit of the times, tore down many a Turkish crescent, and Richard gained his appellation *Cœur de Lion*. To reward those who fought bravely by his side, the privilege of what is now called *coat armour* was invented. The half moons were bestowed on those who had subdued infidels, wearing that badge of Mahometanism, and gryfons adorned the shields of such as seized a Saracen so called. Our monarch's battle-axe was named *mate gryphon*.

*Bel-kyng* Richarde I understonde,  
Or he went forth from fair Engelhonde,  
Let him make an axe for nones,  
To brake therewyth the sum Sarafyn's bones.

The Grecian fire was now used on the Turks' side, and with dreadful effect: it was an inextinguishable naphtha on which water had no power. *Beau fire!* exclaimed our sovereign in prayer to Jesus Christ, when he heard the fatal bags burst among his subjects; *beau fire! advertit le feu gregeois!* Against that dreadful weapon, indeed, not even Richard's lion spirit could stand firm; though he amazed both armies with his valour, took the island of Cyprus, and seized a ship (Fuller says) with 250 scorpions on board for purpose of poisoning Christians. A curious prize! but perhaps the scorpions were figurative, and meant Mohammedan instructors—I guess not myself what they were. Certain it is that Askelon was taken, chiefly by our king's personal prowess, which carried the cross once more close to the walls of Jerusalem. There, a sudden stop was put to their career—the crusaders themselves were weary and worn out; a large jar was carried about the field with this inscription—*I came out full, I go home empty.*

The Italians, hasty to enjoy their gains—the Germans, half desirous at length to heal their wounds, patched up a truce for three years, three months, three weeks and three days, a number supposed singularly lucky and fortunate.

Richard indeed, butchered 5000 Saracen prisoners in cold blood, and thereby offended Philip of France, on whose subjects Saladin wreaked instant revenge. Leopold, duke of Austria, had likewise been offended by our martial monarch, as they lay before the trenches of Acre, and he meanly exercised his vengeance upon an undefended pilgrim, for 'twas in that disguise that Cœur de Lion travelled home through his dominions, not trusting to the honour of Deodatus. At Vienna however, he was seized and put in prison, while his two enemies leaguings with ever-treacherous John, his youngest brother, invaded the Roman domain. Queen Eleanor wrote to Pope Celestine, lamenting loudly the indignities her son sustained in his captivity; but her activity in raising money to pay down that ransom which she carried to the continent herself, was far more efficacious than any correspondence held with Rome, which looked very quietly on, whilst Philip, and his worthless associates were laying snares for the perpetual detention of so troublesome a neighbour. By a happy combination of chance and dexterity, Richard escaped; and a letter from the king of France to John, has these words:—"Take care of yourself, for the devil is broken loose." His correspondent profited, but not in the way he wished, by this advice; for being at Evreux, he invited the French princes and officers who thought him firm in friendship with their sovereign, to a great dinner, and massacred them sitting round his own table; then seizing the citadel, put every Frenchman in it to the sword; and running next to meet his brother, threw himself at his feet.

Cœur de Lion abhorred such mean and cowardly behaviour, yet pardoned all at intercession of their mother, a lady, whose maternal affection seems to have been ever liberally and impartially divided among her children, although insensible to all ties of conjugal tenderness,



ness, and equally a scourge to the amiable husband of her youth, and the unconstrained choice of her maturer years. Duke Leopold meanwhile crushed his leg in a tournament, and the sever consequent on such an accident produced reflexion, and of course remorse. He ordered the English hostages to be released, and his surrounding ecclesiasticks forced the successor to comply with the dictates of a death-bed repentance—he did still more; he forgave the yet remaining sum which was to have been paid for Richard's ransom, and they agreed to fall on Philip of France with newly-revived violence. Fresh sieges, battles, blows, distain the page of history, and make us avert the glance of *Retrospection*.

*Dieu et mon droit*, was first used as a motto by Richard in one of these victories, where a warlike bishop of Beauvais, named *Dreux*, whence our English *Drax* derives his pedigree; advanced towards the front where our bold monarch mowed down whole ranks as usual with his sword; he was related to Augustus, therefore found no mercy: the rough king seized him as he slept, staggering on the bloody green-sword, and threw him into prison where he died. Pope Celestine demanded the liberation of his son, but Richard recollecting the coldness shewn by Rome when *his own* freedom was solicited, savagely sent the stained armour *thither*, with the relentless words employed by Joseph's no less cruel brethren. "This have we found; know thou, and see whether it be thy son's coat or no?" This anecdote however, proves that the scriptures were known to prince and pope at least, and there was a Lombard doctor in the same century, called *Peter Comestor*, because such was his knowledge of every chapter and every text, that it seemed, they said, as if he had eaten the whole Bible, and William of Sicily made Gualterius Anglicus archbishop of Palermo, only because he had taught *him* to make Latin verses; while John of Salisbury here in England versified, rather than translated into our rough language, the famous apologue of The Belly and the Members. All ecclesiasticks therefore were not warriors, though Dreux

was one: but in the year 1176, the pope's legate did obtain a grant, that clergy in this island needed not be *compelled* to single combat for a lady's reputation: those who took advantage of the grant, were notwithstanding, very meanly thought of.

The world was all romance, and love, and valour; our martial sovereign made as fine poetry in praise of beauty, as any minstrel or troubadour, says Savarie de Maclon, unless perhaps Faydit. Faydit indeed was highly famed in story: Dante has placed him in his paradiso, and Petrarch tells us, that his tuneful tongue was more than shield and helmet, sword or spear. *He* prevailed on a professed nun of Provence to quit her convent and follow him as glee-maid through the world on foot for twenty years of her life. *He* only was found worthy to make the *chant funebre* of Rudelle, the noble bard itinerant, who died for love of the *Comtesse de Tripoli*, having become enamoured from mere warmth of imagination only, and written the passionate and beautiful song of *Du Luench*, or *so far away*. Having walked from Picardy into Africa for the sake of viewing the object of his bright and faithful flame, he arrived there feeble and emaciated; but on beholding the countess, clasped his hands in thankfulness and expired; his last words, like those of general Wolfe, were, "I die satisfied." To shew her sensibility of such merit, his lady placed his reliques in a porphyry vase, gilt the words of his so famous sonnet with gold, borrowed King Richard's Faydit to sing his requiem, and then shut herself up for ever in a cloister. Some such adventures, but not so well authenticated as the story told by Beauchamps, befell our royal minstrel in the isle of Cyprus, whence he brought a large chest of martyrs' bones—*si tamen martyrum*,\* as St. Augustine said of such another prize, ages before: and whence he brought some gems *excellent for foreknowledge*. 'Twas an Arabian superstition, originating probably from the *Urim and Thummin*, two stones in Aaron's breast plate. Hawkesworth has made elegant use of the idea, where Sultan Amurath's ring is represented to blush or fade according to the emotions of its wearer's conscience.

While

\* If indeed martyrs they were.

While Genoa, Venice, Pisa, therefore enriched their towns and polished their manners in consequence of these crusades, William the Lion of Scotland, and Richard Cœur de Lion of England, came home together loaded only with laurels, and David, William's brother, not only accompanied them to Syria, Surrye, as 'twas then called; but had as many adventures to boast, as any warrior of them all when he returned: having been taken by the Egyptians, rescued by the Venetians, and brought to Scotland from Constantinople by an English or Hamburgh merchant.

These events, with the death of brave Richard and greater Saladine shall close this chapter, as they happened just in time to wind up the 1200 years we have reviewed since Christ's resurrection, and Christian princes might well learn humility from that virtuous and noble-minded Saracen, when by his last command they saw a winding-sheet borne before his dead corpse carried to interment, and heard his herald with impressive voice proclaim, "This shirt alone, after all his victories, could Saladine take with him to the grave."

## STANZAS DULUENCH.

Irat et dolent piez en partray,  
S'yeu nonvey est amour luench,  
E non fay q'uouras la veyray,  
Carfon nostras turras luench.

Dieu que fez tou, quant ven e vray,  
El forma est amour luench,  
My don poder al cor que bay,  
Esper vezer amour du luench.

Segnour tener mes perils vray,  
L'amour qu'ay vers alla de luench,  
Car per un ben my oril verog  
Hai mils mals tan foy de luench.

## IMITATION.

## I.

How will these vagrant feet be worne,  
That seek so wide from home to stray,  
Ere by their force I can be borne,  
To find my love so far away.

## II.

How often will my panting heart,  
Request from heav'n a smiling ray  
Of hope, which heav'n can best impart,  
To cheer me while so far away.

## III.

How will these eyes before whose fight  
Dangers their various forms display;  
Bear with th' excess of beauty bright,  
Beaming from hers so far away.

## IV.

Ja d'otr' amour non j'auzivray,  
 S'wray je veu le amour de luench,  
 Qui nay plu bella brileray  
 En luec que fia près ni luench.

Unrivall'd excellence ! to shine,  
 Be yours thro' many a distant day,  
 To follow and adore be mine,  
 Till found my love so far away.

## C H A P. XVII.

## FROM THE YEAR 1200, TO 1230.

THE opening of the thirteenth century found the world recovered from that general panick which was supposed immediately to precede her dissolution. It might perhaps occur to some of those who searched the Scriptures, that neither at evening, nor at night, nor at cock-crowing,\* nor in the morning was the hour appointed. The evening was past, and night came gradually on, ending in utter darkness during the gothick ages. Robertson points out the moment of deepest obscuration, which returned, he says, with redoubled gloom after Alfred and Charlemagne had shown the dawn at distance. The crusading times might be, I think, considered as the moment of cock-crowing, from which hour light made her gradual though slow advances towards that morning which seems to me ended with the eighteenth century.

This light broke from *the east*: the Latin writers lost in wonder at the superior glories of Constantinople, make use of exclamation to express their sense of surprize, and hardly can drop into cold narrative of matters which amazed them. Benjamin the Jew, and Gonthier the monk, say my readers, might be easily dazzled and amazed by sight, or even hearing of the golden tree filled with mechanick singing birds, coloured with precious stones after nature, which was said to adorn the Greek emperor's palace; while lions formed of the same precious metal, (there so near its birth-place) roared by inventive luxurious artifice at

\* Fuller in his Life of Hildegardis, calls the twelfth century cock-crowing time. I know not why, but his manner of understanding the passage was distinct from mine.

foot of his splendid throne. True; but *l'Histoire de la Conquête par Geoffroy de Villehardouin*, one of the highest noblemen in France, and accustomed to all the magnificence which our western hemisphere could show; bears testimony to that admiration which even Frenchmen felt, and Italians hastened to prove, by carrying thence to their own country, those arts of life which had in all ages found the foil of Florence and of Rome propitious. Innocent III. encouraged excellence in others, and in himself united various qualities which cannot without difficulty inhabit the same heart: but such was his peculiar care for justice, that by frequent recitation he learned to repeat over the pretensions of contending claimants, that he might be enabled to judge with perfect equity between them. The times were indeed past when persons aggrieved, ran to the sovereign's or pontiff's palace, and with loud outcries forced him to hear and to redress; men now decided every thing by the sword: which Innocent the III. lamented, and endeavoured to render unnecessary by hearing and getting every one's story by memory: yet was it no easy matter to adjust affairs between debtor and creditor, which last had no power of touching the horses, arms or hawks of a gentleman equal with himself; and as for artizans or traders, they came not within idea of receiving justice: and when we read of charters, immunities and franchises, we must annex no other notion to the words, than merely manumission from actual slavery. Under Frederick Barbarossa indeed, Otho Frisingensis complains that there began to grow up *free cities in Italy*, that affected to be governed by their own magistrates; but in a century more, the emperors seeing some great lords living among these burghesses, and swearing now and then to protect them with their swords, began to form palaces for themselves at the gates, with intent to awe the inhabitants and hold them in due subjection. The free cities however, would be slaves no more: after a thousand contests, they shook off all sovereignty except what they created for themselves, and at last ended in independent, though petty republicks:

Italy

Italy, with much addition to her wisdom, made much increase to her wealth. Companies of merchants and traders from Lombardy, settled in various nations; a bank had been some time erected at Venice; plants of the sugar cane had been brought from Asia, and cultivated in Sicily, whence they were carried to Spain, where we shall leave them till the *woody* islands, thence called by Spaniards Madera, by Portuguese *Madeiras*, were discovered: but Roger I. carried off many artificers in the silk trade from the crusades to Palermo; and while *they* were at work to *adorn* our western world, the Italians, trading in money, were diligent to *corrupt* it; exacting twenty per cent. interest at the lowest, and some times thirty in France and England, where people had little notion of punishing such crimes except by excommunication, for the criminals were too mean to be called out for duel. Foreigners indeed devoured England quite at their pleasure, and our commerce was yet at a low ebb; no treaty of that nature appearing, till one was made with Haquin king in Norway, about 1215. London, roofed with thatch, and containing only 40,000 inhabitants, as Peter de Blois asserts, who lived there long, could scarce deserve Fitzstephen's pompous description of it I think, while chimneys were unknown even to houses where the baron drank from out his silver cups. Day was however beginning to break even in the north: the coast of Schonon was observed to swarm with herrings; and Arnold de Lubec thanks God very properly for that discovery, which, as he said, fed the southern nations of Europe, and clothed the northern ones with manufactures—not with skins as formerly. Literature kept pace in advancement; and whereas a book had till near the year 1200 been esteemed a commutation for sin, if bequeathed to a church library, where many had been presented *pro remedio animæ suæ*, in order to obtain peace for the soul of him who gave it: the counts of Anjou paid 200 sheep, 5 quarters of wheat only, and 5 quarters of rye and millet for some sermons written by the bishop of Halberstadt; and paper being grown of common use, people were no longer obliged to scratch out Livy's Decades in order to copy

over on the same parchment the legend of Cecilia perhaps, or the romance of Sir Alifandre. Innocent III. was himself a scholar; and wrote a *Treatise de Contemptu Mundi*, beside the *Stabat Mater*, which is not even yet forgotten; the Spanish Saracens, and even Jews, contributed to dig up the germ of philosophy, the seed of which was after so well disseminated; and Martinus Scotus lent his assistance in the useful work of translating; and although private wars, carried on with rancorous hatred between private families in every nation, still subsisted, and quarrels of individuals were decided by single combat, *some* law was known, and *some* was accepted, and men did not in this century, as in the preceding one, when two grandsons disputed succession in a barony against their uncles, brothers to the deceased, look with perplexity on a case so intricate, and resolve that the gordian knot, which none could untie, should at length be cut; when choosing two champions, one for the uncles, the other for the grandsons, their relations set them out armed cap-a-pee, to settle it with their lives. Happily the right heirs' combatant succeeded, and brothers of a dead baron contended for his estate no more against the immediate descendants of his person. Riga and Flensburg had in the last century rear'd up their rough heads; the first stone of this last named city was laid by Waldemar, grandfather to Margaret, known afterwards to history by name of the Semiramis of the north: and universities starting up daily in various countries, shewed that war alone was not completely and positively, in the days we are reviewing, the sole concern of man.

Our own country's situation, brought nearer to *Retrospection's* eye by the approximating powers of Shakespear, makes one feel as if less far removed from learning's restoration than we really were in the days of King John, under whose reign flourish'd Bishop Grossthead, a man whose rugged manners, and cruel punishment of light carriage'd or refractory nuns, was well counterbalanced by deep and wide erudition, and by his commendable spirit of battling in favour of the English clergy against foreigners, for which he was very near incurring sentence of excommunication: although 'tis now supposed that the cause of general



neral literature was in such times rather promoted than impeded by rendering our island a sort of mart for distant professors, and encouraging that commerce in every branch of knowledge which importation naturally tends to produce. Yet Fleury, candid, elegant and amiable Fleury, whose piety emanates in gentleness, whose scholarship, a comment upon common sense, never yet overlaid one grain of it with learned lumber; laments the ill success and danger of a prelate, who in this early dawn of future day dared cry aloud against papal usurpations; in consequence of which, most of our rich benefices were occupied by Italians, notwithstanding the vigorous efforts of our own people, who now gave much of their time to study. Aristotle's ethicks, and I believe politicks had worked their way through Arabick versions from the east to England, and were at the time we speak of, translating into Latin: yet my readers must not suppose *all* the clergy could write and read that language familiarly: they were for the most part of a different cast; an old entry shows how an archdeacon of Richemont, in Yorkshire, came to Bridlington priory with ninety-six fine horses, twenty-one dogs, and three hawks—a *faire establissement* is the expression—he had also one *large book, unborrowed*: yet Velley says that cantadours and musars, violars and tale-tellers, were beyond all enumeration in these days. Thibaut, king of Navarre, composed and set the pretty verses preserved by Dr. Burney, and translated *totidem syllabis*, containing his adventure with a country girl, which I have heard an old Frenchman, native of le Gevaudan, sing to the tune printed in Burney's History of Musick. He was in love with Queen Blanche, as I remember, although 'tis plain he could not boast a rigid constancy like that of Rudelle. The kings of France and England set bad examples of conjugal deportment; and Innocent III. himself a Frenchman, descended from Lothaire, endeavoured a long time, with fruitless pains, to reconcile Philip Augustus with his consort Ingelburgha, whom he kept confined in her own private palace, whilst he lived publicly with Mary, daughter to the Duke of Bohemia, who usurped regal honours, and behaved as if actually queen. The Pope however,

finding no remonfrance, or even censure, had the least effect upon their manners, laid (as he had threatened) their whole land under an interdict, forbidding all ecclesiastical functions for six months; except baptism of infants, and absolution of penitents at point of death. Every church was hung with black, and the same colour cover'd all devotional pillars in the street: the crucifixes and images were laid on the floors, and a sable pall thrown over them. No preaching heard, no prayers read, no psalms sung, no sacrament administer'd, no procession permitted, no holiday kept. The people were shocked, were terrified; and flocked in frighted crowds about the palace, demanding their sovereign lady's restoration, and the dismissal of adulterous Mary. While such incidents are objects of *Retrospect* alone, readers will pause perhaps, and wonder why—but in the thirteenth century business and pleasure both depended on devotion. Those artificers who were not kept in some great baron's castle to work for *him*, derived their subsistence chiefly by labouring for the decoration of ecclesiastical dignity; all such were starving for employment therefore, a circumstance which might affect even an English bosom: while those who relied on festive shows for their amusement, sat pining and nerveless, and found no means of passing away the time, a case that should excite compassion in my female readers, for ladies loved diversion then as now, and were detained from it by the displeasing carefulness of mothers. A Northfolke dame's counsille to hyr childe, written not long after, advyses her thus:

And goe notte to the wreslinge or shootinge of the coc,  
 An as it werre a madde wenche or a giglotte;  
 And lough notte to scorne nodir olde, nodir yong,  
 But be of good beryng, and have a good tonge,

were injunctions as it appears ever needful in England, where to favorite their companions seemed always to constitute much of the women's pleasure in public places. A papal interdict was in short, such a calamity as no nation would long endure, and Philip felt himself forced by it to recal Ingelburgha, and drive the beautiful supplanter from

from his *arms*, however he might retain her in his *affections*. Certain it is, he never received the patient queen to personal favour or even *countenance*, till news was brought him that Bohemian Mary had accepted another lover. The French nation meanwhile, partial to Danish blood, would not receive the king's son by that lady, as heir to their crown. He was made Earl of Boulogne, and his sister, first affianced to our young Prince Arthur, was after his death, Duchess of Lorraine; during which time Lewis, sole child of Ingelburgha, was solemnly recognized Dauphin of France, and compensated his father's unkindness by every mark of filial affection to the Princess of Denmark, whose nature was softer than her name. The same year Innocent had the satisfaction of seeing Bulgaria and Wallachia, long under the patriarchal see of Constantinople, united to Rome; if submission may be termed a union. He sent his legate to reward their leader, Calo Johannes,\* with a diadem which *I saw* among the imperial treasures in 1786, adding permission for the new monarch to coin money, as a privilege obtained from papal authority, which had *till then* quietly looked on and seen every petty prince throughout Europe exerting that power as a prerogative inherent in the dignity they assumed. And now Peter of Arragon, inspired with like sentiments of reverence for the mistress of mankind, earnestly, though spontaneously, requested leave to wait upon his Holiness, and receive from his hand the sacred ceremony of coronation at the capital. The Pope, for some reason however, chose to perform this function at San Pancrazio monastery, where the youth swore faith and obedience to his *superior lord*, and promised to persecute all such as *he* deemed hereticks with rigour. This was an unlucky oath for the Albigenses; a dreadful crusade was set on foot against those Protestants, who, because they would not acknowledge that supremacy which they were unable to resist, were soon considered as infidels, and ranked with Jews, Turks, every denomination of men most obnoxious to Christianity. The Comté de Thoulouse, where they

\* *Calo Johannes* means Johannes or John the beautiful, like Philip le *Bel*, &c.

chiefly refided, became a fcene of blood and flughter. Numbers of harmlefs believers in our Lord were murdered, mangled, and thrown unburied to the dogs; while the red banner of that bloody crofs firft carried forth to redeem our Saviour's fepulchre from his profefs'd foes, was on this cruel occafion unfurled for the deftruction of men, who died crying to him for mercy, and who had lived in peaceable obedience of his gentle precepts. Raymond\* requested the Pope for very pity, to forbear this defolation of *his* fmall domain, protefting his own allegiance to the Romifh fee, and his approaching ruin confequent on this crusade. For having thus remonftrated, the Count was, by a nuncio from Innocent III. required to do public penance: it was alleged that fome monk had been killed by fome of his fubjects, and no atonement made; Raymond fwore on the *corpus Domini* his ignorance of any fuch event: no matter—the legate faw him ftrippt from head to foot, and fcourged upon his naked back nine times round the pretended martyr's grave. Not yet contented—on his unhealed wounds was buckled armour, in which he was condemned to follow the crusade himfelf, before he could obtain abfolution, which arriv'd not ere he had wept the fate of Bezieres, a new built town in his dominions, which, though divided between catholicks and thefe imprudent fec-taries, was fet on fire, and, with its inhabitants, completely burned to the ground.

Peter II. of Arragon meanwhile incurred the Pope's cenfure for immorality, although to his religion nothing could be objected. He, like Deodatus, took an ill-placed averfion to his confort; but Spain was faved from punifhment for *her* fovercign's folly, by one of thofe uncommon occurrences which keep the writers of dramattick works in countenance, by fhewing that among the combinations of this world fcarce any event is impoffible. Peter, young, amiable, and valiant,

\* This Raymond (fo called by Pietro della Valle) is named Sigifmund by Raynal in his account of Tholoufe—the ftory is the fame. Bezieres is 5 miles from Narbonne, 157 from Paris.

seduced a lady of the court who had been kindly treated by the queen on some occasion, and was supposed to resemble her in person. She feigned to accept his Majesty's addresses, but told her mistress of his falsehood, proving her own truth and gratitude: they plotted a scheme like that in two of Shakespear's comedies, then less improbable than now perhaps; and like fair Helen in *All's Well that ends Well*, the long-deserted queen proved pregnant: Peter accused her, and she called a champion—when he had disarmed his antagonist, and was on the point of taking his life, the *lady* rushed from her seat between their swords, swore to her own purity *upon them*, and revealing the whole mystery, Alphonso II. son to this stolen though lawful embrace, was born; and made himself renowned in war and wisdom. Here was an extraordinary tale for those who related sad or merry stories; and I doubt not but from the minstrels, troubadours, &c. much anecdote for history as well as drama has been collected. In the account given by Bonfinius, and the Hungarian chronicles, of what past *there* in the early part or period of this century, may be traced Lillo's impressive tragedy, called *Elmeric*. He was no better scholar than myself, and never sought for tales of classic woe; nor needed, while the adventures of Gertrude, wife to King Andrew, remained credible, and even generally believed.

Her husband resolving on a warlike journey to Palestine, felt desirous to leave his dominions in care of Count Peter, a character of rigid and untainted excellence, who promised to maintain the laws of chivalry, and support the administration of justice so far as it was there understood. Protection was even claimed by the queen herself, who submitted to receive it from the regent rather than accompany her consort to the Holy Land, as ladies for the most part were accustomed to do. Her motive was little suspected: she secretly hated Andrew and adored the husband of her cousin, who was united with Peter by every tie of duty and affection: such love was then considered as incestuous. Yet when the king was at a convenient distance she made her mad proposals to his substitute; and on his steady and severe refusal

fusal vowed vengeance on the wife whom he preferred to her, and set her brother on to shake that lady's allegiance. The regent learned the truth: the brother fled to a monastery confessing his impious intent; and rejoicing at his deliverance from the guilt. Count Peter then relating all to the wife bishop of Strigonia, received from him the half expressed permission to dispatch Gertrude by assassination. It was a short sentence, written without stop or point—*Reginam occidere nolite timere bonum est.*\* I have somewhere read this very thing related of our Edward second's murder, but Hungary lays claim to the original device. The Venetians and Genoese about this time were quarrelling for the island of Candia; but spite of petty wars amongst one another all Italy was growing rich, and Rome was once more arrived at its maturity of power. Jortin, in his coarse way, says papal impudence was at its height in 1228; an inquisition had been established in France in 1227; and in 1229 the Scriptures were prohibited in vulgar tongue. A psalter and breviary were by the council of Tholouse permitted to laymen, but he who had a Hebrew Bible in possession ran risk of being suspected for a Jew, and tortured as such by this new inquisitorial court. Cardinals were now made with the new brevet, *Creamus te socium regibus, superiorem ducibus et fratrem nostrum*—we create thee a companion for kings, a superior to dukes, and brother to ourself—and if a cardinal was accused of any fault, no fewer than twenty-four ocular witnesses were necessary to his condemnation. The good popes were diligent to crush incipient error as they deemed it, and persecuted Protestants as their predecessors the emperors, particularly the good ones, had in past days persecuted Christianity: but trampling camomile only makes it grow. Innocent was really an exemplary pontiff, and his domestick gentleness more than equalled his publick severity; though Almeric was deposed, as it appears, from reigning in Cyprus, merely by his caprice, who chose to set up Jean de Brenne as sovereign there. He

\* By placing a comma, or rather semicolon at *timere*; these words contain command to kill the queen—'tis a good deed, *bonum est.* If you put the stop at *nolite*, 'tis a direct prohibition; and *timere bonum est*—'tis good to be cautious.

married the daughter of the Marquis de Montferrat by the Pope's command, and was crowned at Ptolemais; while Isaac the eastern emperor broke his heart, and Ducas battled it a short moment against all his foes, till the Venetians threatening dreadful revenge for the death of their *protégé* young Alexius, Ducas attempted flight, but was brought back, I think, and thrown from a high tower; after which Lascaris, a name dear to literature, was invested with the purple. His efforts to defend his dignity from Christian enemies were ineffectual; Venice covered the sea with ships, and having stormed Constantinople gave it up to plunder. Baldwin earl of Flanders reigned in the east a while, and that divided throne now saw its end approaching. The Latins, as our European troops were called, controuled every election, and the Greek empire, dwindled almost to nothing, made to every fresh attack a more feeble and wretched resistance. Morosini constituted patriarch, shared a large portion of imperial power; and Innocent III. saw with no approbation the crusaders thus turning those arms meant to extirpate Saracens, against catholic Christians, more tractable and obedient than themselves. The Venetians too had torn a miraculous image of our Lady from the famed temple of Santa Sophia, and had sent it to adorn St. Mark's church in their own city: *a rash step!* because that image had brought victory with it wherever it was carried, and had appeared upon the field of battle on every trying occasion since A. D. 973. So here's a second seizure of the palladium; a new proof that nothing new can be either done or found, read or related; nothing new but as the moon is new, I mean the old moon with her face t'other way. 'Twas near this same eventful period that Philip and Otho disputed the possession of our western empire with no small degree of fury, till Innocent III. good-naturedly accommodated all their differences, by granting a dispensation for the marriage of Philip's daughter with the bold duke of Saxony, his rough competitor; although many and serious were the Pope's scruples, for they were *fourth* cousins. A more terrifying calamity followed the match however, than

what could have arisen from mingling blood so distant. Another Otho, palatine of Witelspach, to whom the princess had before been promised, waylaid her father, and revengefully murdered him as he walked undefended through the streets in procession, without any other benefit accruing from his treachery than that of gratifying a vindictive spirit; her husband being instantly, by papal decree, acknowledged as sovereign in Germany and king in Italy, in which character Otho was crowned by Archbishop Hubert at Milan with the *iron* crown, according to ancient usage, and I believe it still remains there to this day; a proof of the Prophet Daniel's heavenly inspiration.

But our *retrospective* eye has been too long detained from England; where selfish and usurping John obtained on Cœur de Lion's death that throne which ought to have been filled by their own brother's son, young Arthur Duc de Bretagne, whose short appearance on the stage of life shewed him well calculated to have acted a longer part on it. I know not why Shakespear represents him of so tender and flexible a temper, unless to excite compassion for his fate and for his hapless mother's, Lady Constance. Hume draws the portrait of a martial youth, who half provoked his own assassination by warm expressions of unyielding spirit; whilst the vile uncle, *and mean deserter of his brother's blood*, after having vainly sought a hand that would dispatch him, *used his own*. To murder he likewise added insolent self-gratification; repudiating his queen, he had already married Isabella affianced wife to the Earl of March, as soon as the crown was warm upon his head: nor did that nobleman, joining with Arthur's party in revenge, fright or turn *him* from an assault upon the lady of Eustace de Vesey, a bold baron, who first excited his fellows to rebellion, while Constance, mother to the murdered prince, and widow of saucy Geoffrey that despised King Henry, related to Philip of France how her false brother-in-law sent his own barge by night for the young boy, feigning intentions to treat with him; how at that dismal moment he had overpowered his weak years with brutal strength, mangled the body with  
repeated



repeated blows, and thrown it into Seine. The King of France, as his *superior lord* in that country, summoned, tried, and proclaimed John guilty both of felony and parricide, endeavouring to detach his dominions from submission to England, however that submission might be modified.

Against this enemy our worthless sovereign applied to Rome for help, offering the meanest submissions; nor was Pope Innocent a moralist so sturdy as to forbear accepting any terms which might increase the papal power in England. He then who we have seen lay France under an interdict for the ill usage of Ingelburgha daughter to Canute the fourth, contented himself with sending four mysterious rings to John; a sapphire, representing faith he said; a ruby, expressive of general charity; a topaz, whose splendour might impress on the king's mind the beauty of good works; and an emerald, the verdure of which was considered as an emblem of hope. Their number too, he bid him observe, contained a symbol of four cardinal virtues, and the gold they were set in signified the immutability of truth.

Of all these good qualities John possessed so few however, that when in want of money for his vices he pawned the gems, sent knights to make forcible entry on some monasteries, dislodged the *religieux* with violence, and seized their property, threatening to burn the convent if resisted. This outrage provoked the pontiff, and most justly. Our land was now laid under an interdict, and the dead were refused burial in consecrated ground. Lamentation pervaded every place, complaints against King John filled every ear. The prelates prostrate before him requested his submission to the Holy See; and one of them protesting he could not officiate in a realm of which the prince lay under an anathema, found himself, as he returned home, suddenly crush'd under a leaden cope constructed by the tyrant's command to kill an innocent and praise-worthy servant of God for having done his duty. The Pope now set his subjects free from their allegiance, and put our island up to auction. John drove forward, and called his ba-

rons to assist his cause. They, as he might have been assur'd, complied not. He had dishonoured their families by licentious amours; he had endeavoured to restrain them in their favourite amusement, *hunting*; he had demanded hostages for their allegiance, and seized upon one contumacious lady who had refused to trust him with her son, heir to immense estates, which John confiscated, starving the youth and widowed mother in a prison, the Barons de Braouize.

Philip of France meantime, newly reconciled to Rome, prepared with what was then called paternal consent, and under papal auspices, to invade this seemingly devoted country; and not one baron roused in its defence, though seventeen hundred vessels covered our channel, and manifested sincere intentions of immediate descent. Our worthless monarch now having long insulted that power which none dared oppose, and even half opposed what he was unable to subdue, caught the alarm; and spiritless in war as tyrannical in peace, began to deprecate the clergy's vengeance. Thus after having imprisoned all their concubines, forcing them to pay enormous sums for their release, with twenty tricks meant for the plunder of a body of men he detested; the time was at length arrived that he saw his very existence depending on their fidelity, which, with a stiffness of intellect peculiar to himself, he told them he expected at their hands. The clergy laughed at him; the barons stood immovable, but silent. Urged by Pandolpho, legate from all-conquering Rome, the tide of ruin rolled along, and sure destruction followed.

By the most ignominious ceremony John suddenly resolved to avert it. Under an agony of present terror, he without scruple or objection publicly resigned all his dominions, and by a solemn act gave them to Pope Innocent, *desiring* rather than *consenting* to hold them in future as mere feudatories of the apostolic chair; and stipulating, that should he or any of his successors revoke what he not unjustly termed a voluntary grant and charter, all claim to those dominions should be forfeited.

This

This melancholy function once performed, the *quondam* king continuing on his knees, presented a purse containing all his ill-gotten wealth as part of immediate tribute. This the proud nuncio trampled under feet, but stopt the progress of the French invasion; shewing the whole subject world at once the vast extent of sacerdotal power. Philip then, his prey thus pulled out of his mouth, churned at home his venomous ambition; and John, relieved from panic fears, sent to his favourite admiral the Earl of Salisbury, who was a bastard son of Cœur de Lion, and told him he was at liberty now to fight the French invaders if he would. Richard's brave progeny desired no more; he followed and attacked them in their very harbours; burned and destroyed three hundred sail one day of ships or transports, or whatever name the vessels of those times were known by: but the marine of Philip was destroyed. The exiled prelates next, led on by Langton, made up their quarrel with the tributary tyrant, who, to prove how well he had deserved every mortification that man can receive, dragged a poor wretch to death at his horses' tail, for having predicted the loss of England's crown to the wearer, two years before it was laid at the pope's feet.

'Twas soon to be endangered from a cause which, although dormant during the greater dispute's continuance, revived with vigour soon as that was ended. Eustace de Vesey inflamed all the barons, and formed a powerful confederacy against the king; of whose behaviour complaints were carried to Rome by a large deputation, of which he was head.

Innocent wrote letters to his degenerate *protégé*, and charged him mend his manners, but in vain. Submission may be extorted from a coward, but virtue cannot be hoped for where honour lies *effete*. Langton lent his aid, and shewed the charter obtained by Henry I. War was soon levied; and John had recourse to a banditti named Brabançons, which in those lawless days had no small power. The barons however continued to resist, and conquest followed their pertinacious efforts. The dominion which John had exercised so cruelly, all  
Europe

Europe was rejoiced to see curtailed; and the indecent fury he expressed increased the nobles' joy to find him humbled; while the leading articles of their demands only transferred to *them* a king's authority, without much benefit to England as a nation, or to the inhabitants of it as a mass. To colour their opposition however, other clauses were inserted; and to say truth, relieving the peasantry from *royal* oppression was a large step towards securing them from any oppression at all; as people will not be very long in learning, when once protected from the lion's paw, that they are at worst too good to be devoured by the wolf. At Runnymede then the king and barons met for conference, as it was called, but ended in submission of our irresolute sovereign, who on that spot swore positively to render them co-ordinate with himself, and equal certainly, if not superior, in every exercise of the executive power. All men were now bound, in pain of confiscation, to swear allegiance to their new lords; but the freeholders were in every county to choose twelve individuals for report of grievances felt by the subject; and from this embryon atom (such it was when *Magna Charta* was first signed and sealed) grew up within its egg to full maturity the animated aggregate since known to all the world, a British *House of Commons*.

Itinerant judges had long gone a kind of circuit to the distant provinces once in three or four years; but a vast number of what we should at this time deem dreadful crimes, laughed at all laws, and sought decision only by the sword. And it was, I think, after John's degradation, that the realm looked on quietly enough, when requiring an exorbitant sum of money from a rich unoffending Jew, the tyrant forced him to lose a tooth every day till the cash was paid. It was with greater provocation, though with no less injustice, that our vindictive monarch, flattered by his Brabançons, made himself suddenly master of Rochester, and letting loose these ravening and barbarous mercenaries upon the too confiding lords, laid their lands waste from Dover to Berwick, whence many refuged with the unhappy king of Scots, Alexander, who had married John of England's daughter, who re-built  
Perth,

Perth, a Saxon town till then, and named from Bertha; and who had the singular misfortune to lose a young child, that perished with his nurse in a great inundation of the Tay. Our sovereign however burning with revenge, which seemed, like the Greek fire, wholly inextinguishable, carried on his internal war with so good prospect of success, that the barons sent to request help from Philip of France, who was once more tempted to invade us. He sent the dauphin over with troops; but our old English families looked upon Louis with a jealous eye; and having heard that he had from his father secret orders to extirpate them all, they turned their thoughts to seeking better terms from treacherous John, whose death happening just at the moment of decision, relieved both parties from anxiety, and confirmed his infant son and successor in the throne. Innocent III. died about the same time. Those two princes began and ended their reigns together; and surely two characters more completely opposite never met upon the page of history. Violent, yet servile; one gave or threw unthank'd away his just prerogatives; the other, gentle, yet firm and resolute, increased the power confided to his charge till it was really swelled nearly to bursting. His last illness was occasioned by his kind haste to reconcile the Pisans with the Genoese; so that one died from raging hurry to destroy, the other from desire to prevent destruction. But it will interest a modern *Retrospector* more to observe this pontiff instituting; from zeal towards religion in France, the order of *jacobin* friars, appointing for their use those very convents which have within these last ten years been made the resort of atheism and nurse of anarchy.

But Poland deserves not to be quite forgotten, although the prince who ruled there was chiefly remarkable, *eminent* we must not say, for his diminutive stature: an unconquerable intrepidity in war proved however, that heroism has little to do with size. Ladislaus Lasconigus was a creature resembling Count Borolowki,\* I believe; and 'tis

\* A famous dwarf, exhibited in England towards the end of the eighteenth century.

observable that almost all the dwarfs were of their country, when, as some of our old writers lament, men disproportionately small were sought for to serve as pages to great ladies, and men disproportionately large were chosen as porters to great lords, so that honest fellows of a common height lacked masters. When sovereigns indeed chanced thus to be curtailed of human nature's regular pretensions, they were obliged to vindicate their claims by valour; and Charlemagne had always delighted himself to relate, how when his father Pepin the Short was crowned, they let loose a lion to seize a bull for diversion of the French court: "And now," exclaims the king, "who will take that beast off the bull?" Nobody stirred; but their young monarch leap'd himself into the arena, and with his sword stabbed the unsuspecting lion to the heart, releasing the scarce less enraged victim to his fury. *Oncques soi dign!* was the royal exclamation, while applause and admiration filled the whole assembly. And the fine statue representing this event was, in the reign of Robespierre, flung under heaps of rubbish, Mercier says, and broken in those paroxysms of rage against every king alive or dead, which distinguished Frenchmen in 1794.

But we return to Poland, which was in the thirteenth century scarcely as much civilized as France was in the eighth; and though Lafconigus fought no lions, he made head against innumerable foes, and came off conqueror in fourteen engagements. Poetry did not prosper in the north like personal bravery. Warton gives to the reign of Henry III., I think, our first love song in England: it is a very cold one, and its burthen "Blou, blou, blou northerne wynde, blou, blou, blou," is savage enough. Thiboult de Navarre and Rudelle were before hand with us; and if King Richard wrote gay verses, it was because had he kept gay company and lived among the crusaders. Wit wants more fire to warm it than does learning or courage: they are of every climate. But Louis IX. of France, son to the dauphin who invaded England, collected in his character a constellation of excellence, not to be comprized in what remains of this chapter, which

fees the great church at Toledo built and decorated by the successor of Sanctius the Idle, Ferdinand IV. by name, who drove the Moors from Andalusia, united the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, and was related to the dowager queen of France, widow to Louis VIII., he who is said to have been son to an admirable father, and father to an incomparable son. The siege of Cairo by the leagued sovereigns in the east, and their distress arising from ignorance of those periodical inundations that fertilize and protect old Egypt; with the taking Damietta by Andrew, husband to intriguing Gertrude, shall close this portion of the thirteenth century, adding only a slight and cursory review of those *soi-disant* emperors in the east, who reigning after the time when Theodore Lascaris and Henry parted the dominion; one living at Adrianople and the other at Constantinople, no hope could be entertained of any but a lingering and feeble existence to both. Iolanta, daughter to this last named sovereign, reigned with her husband Peter comte d'Auxerre, and during his imprisonment swayed the sceptre *alone*; but the Greeks could not endure to see *Latins* as they called them, ruling at old Byzantium. They weakened the throne daily by their disputes, and sometimes injured it by their union; when a new Lascaris, married to the daughter of Bulgaria, and named Theodore Angelus, wished to take up only the title of king, and fling the faded purple quite away. John Ducas however was of another mind; he took the Isle of Cyprus in 1230, where we will finish our *Retrospection* of a portion of time peculiarly unfavourable and perplexing to epitome.

## C H A P. XIX.

## SECOND PORTION OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

**M**R. GRAY says somewhere, and says very wisely, that the *Retro-spect* of error is serviceable when it tends to vindicate the lessons of truth. Our King John's strange behaviour contributed against his own intention to ascertain his people's future liberties—a baby successor coming to the throne somewhat accelerated the then distant moment; for although governed by the wise earl of Pembroke, justly so called, that earl of Pembroke was at most a steward; and who ever saw a steward yet, that would not favour tenants rather than their landlord? The tender prince willingly confirmed our famous Magna Charta, wherein clauses were added propitious to the poor, and of consolation to the people, not then deemed dangerous by their haughty lords, who each kept up a show of royalty within their separate castles, where the Seneschal\* and Chancellor, Constable and Chamberlain, lived as in petty courts; while mercenary exactions were by them practised on inferior classes, as [by the sovereign himself on the nobility; till the bribes openly given and received even shock a modern reader with recital: witness the story how Hugh de Oysel presented King Henry with two robes of a grene colore, for the sake of obtaining, through his in-

\* The Seneschal was a person of no small consequence. There is an old tale in *Gesta Romanorum*, how an old Baron left his favourite child and dog, both creatures of inestimable value, under the care of five knights, to be fed by the Seneschalle. This officer neglectful of his charge, and going out to visit a neighbouring female, the starved blood-hound devours the baby, whilst the knights were sallied forth in quest of food. The nobleman returning, and hearing this tale, burns the Seneschalle alive.



fluence over some Flemish merchants, 1000 marks which the said Oysel had left in Flanders, and could not get agayne : and Hoveden tells us how Richard de Neville gave one of our kings 20 palfreys for his grace's good word with Ifolda Biget, a beautiful French lady whom he wished to marry. King John had three greyhounds given on a like account, if I remember, and they had classick names, Achilles, Hannibal, and Hector : the last has been a common name for greyhounds ever since. We read likewise in some of the old books that dame Nichole paid 100 marks for permission to marry her daughter to whoever she pleased, the king's mimicks alone excepted ; nor can I find whether the exception was made because of royalty or conscience, for it had been decreed some years before, that mimicks must not be admitted to receive the holy sacrament. Such fordid desire of accumulating wealth sorts but ill, as it should seem, with military pride ; and even *l'amour des dames*, of which so much was said, appears to have been swallow'd up in avaricious rapacity, when records inform us how Robert de Veaux gave our sovereign six Lombardy steeds, and a famous hawk beside, to make him hold his tongue, and tell no tales of Henri de Pinel's wife, whose reputation seems to have depended on his silence. Such indeed was the frequency of bribes in those days, and such the necessity of an inferior's offering visible inducements to persuade nobles or princes to act as it is now deemed indispensable for every man of honour to do without persuasion, that Saint Lewis of France was canonized for having taken no presents to pervert the course of law ; and Innocent III. had been justly enough half adored for a like delicacy in all *civil* cases, although he scrupled not to sell indulgences without hesitation : angelick Fleury blames such conduct, but softens down the facts he is unable to deny. He says too, with what unjustifiable severity the court and church of Rome acted towards Bishop Grosthead, who opposed their usurpations about 1235. The pope of that day thirsted for his blood, says he ; and was dissuaded by a favourite cardinal from going to extremes, chiefly because the subtle and penetrating Italian had observed to him that Eng-

land even then fate loofer than other realms did towards the fee, adding, my heart tells me that ifland will quit or break from us one day; and fo it did, continues Fleury, 300 years after his true prediction. Warton mentions a book, called *Roman d' Antichrift*, about this period; and Grofthead gave broad hints that the character was faft filling up at Rome, which was now certainly become the fcarlet city, as fhe had long been the fanguinary. Red hats were beftow'd as a new diftinction upon cardinals, and the three pontiffs who followed each other in fucceffion after Innocent, added fplendour to their city without lofing ought of her authority. But every high mountain has a plain upon its top, where you run level for a while before defcent commences; and there feems to be a fort of folftitial paufe in governments, when they have reached their utmoft elevation: perhaps the appearance may be fallacious, owing to the *obliquity* of the fphere; thofe who live under the *equator* are not confcious of it; yet it was undoubtedly fo with pagan, and I think with papal Rome. Contentions concerning the bleffed Trinity, and its inexplicable nature, had ended fome time fince; yet were thofe difputes rather finished by fatigue at laft, than reconciled by reafon or reflexion: for however we fee fire, water, and air, creatures expofed to conftant obfervation, fubfifting in and for and through and by each other all day long; there never was wife mortal could *tell how*: and yet this limited and arrogant animal, this ftill more unaccountable *man*, will daringly prefume to pry into his Maker's effence, and refift redemption till he is made acquainted with the conftituent fubftance of his Redcemer, never difcovering by common fenfe, what indifference and apathy embraced as foon as found:

That points 'obfcure 'twere of fmall ufe to learn,  
But common quiet was mankind's concern.

Oh wretched ftate of poor humanity! While I am lamenting the fervour which glowed up into madnefs in the early ages of Chriftianity, infulting heaven by trying to tear down the myftick veil that keeps  
our

our fight from agony of knowledge, I am forced to regret that in the days I am writing no spark of fervour seems to remain at all; no warmth of love, no zealous spirit of defence, no desire of impressing our truly petrified hearts either with ideas of the glorious majesty of a judging God; or sweet remembrance of a meek and gentle Saviour. The sanctifying spirit seems far off too: is it too late to pray the Comforter for consolation? Let us make haste before the doors be shut. But I return to the thirteenth century; when transubstantiation first insisted on, roused up anew the sleeping genius of contention; and strange to think, those who accounted themselves good Athanasians were the most willing to adopt this notion, although the doctrine was most natural to Docetes, who held it not unworthy the God of truth to impose fallacious appearances on man, and cheat his creatures into faith and obedience. The Homoousians were, as the name implied, *consubstantialists*; and such the Lutherans of Saxony to this day remain, persuaded that Christ does certainly unite his own corporeal body to the eucharist for our salvation, which first induced him to assume it; but resolutely denying that at the priest's touch all particles of bread and wine forsake the cup and patera. Jesus on many occasions appealed to the senses of his followers, commanded them to touch him that they might be sure he was not a spirit, and even, for further conviction, eat with them after he was resuscitated. Yet the Docetes thought 'twas all illusion, and those who admit transubstantiation are as clearly of opinion as *they* were, that our own senses are not to be trusted. But there were other reasons for this credence; the *court* of Rome more than the church promoted the idea; priests were more respected when at their command a present miracle was wrought, and men were willing for *their* sakes to forget that our blessed Saviour's flesh is meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed, without interposition of inferior agency. The Roman senate now was once again a senate of which Honorius and Gregory, successors to Innocent III. were in every sense dictators, and to chuse a prefect the head of the empire was no more consulted: Pontifex

tifex Maximus was sole governor and happy 'twas for him who escaped the Dolabra. Romagna, Umbria, territory of Ancona, Orbicello and Viterbo, all rich and prosperous places, acknowledged themselves *immediate* subjects to the Pope, and every other nation was ruled *remotely* by his *agents*. Leipzig meanwhile, and Gravelines, were added to the cities of Europe; Padua and Naples boasted their universities, founded by Frederick II. Glanville's laws were read; Vienna would not remain behind; the college of Sorbonne was instituted, and learning struggled hard with her oppressors. Albertus Magnus enter'd the lists of improvement, and made an automaton of great celebrity, a man of brass, who spoke, and it was easy for contemporary wonderers to tell in addition, how he both asked and answered questions; till at length he grew so talkative, that Thomas Aquinas, afterward the seraphic Doctor, well known to fame, but then pupil to Albertus Magnus, knocked him down for disturbing his studies. Don Quixote's adventure of the brazen head alludes perhaps to this incident, and the belief on't by vulgar readers; perhaps the intended inference at first was, that mathematicks take a man off from metaphysical researches, and plague him by driving all things up to a demonstration, till the enraged ontologist silences their suggestions by violence. Be that as it may, civilization and improvement were surely creeping on; the windows in England were all glazed, and wind-mills erected for the purpose of grinding corn: while commerce might be discerned swelling the waves of science as she returned towards that coast where we set up our telegraph of *Retrospection*. The widow'd queen of Scotland had a jointure of 1000l. o'year appointed her in this century: and although Guthrie says that wine was sold at the apothecary's shops as a cordial so late as 1270, we know that William king of Scots, when he paid homage to Cœur de Lion, was allowed from our sovereign's table four quarts of wine every day, besides twelve *finnels*, a sort of plumb-cake with saffron crust, yet known by that name at Shrewsbury. I believe the wine was hock and rhenish, because sweeter and heavier produce  
from

from southern vintages was scarce arrived among us, although the customs brought 1000l. into the port of London, during one of the many years Henry III. reigned in our land: then honoured by the birth and labours of immortal Bacon, stiled, as he well deserved to be, Doctor Mirabilis, when like another Archimedes he discovered the occult powers of nature in her deepest recesses, with scarce a light to guide or to assist his search, save what irradiated his own superior soul; kindled by that unquenched spark of general knowledge, never yet *totally*, though often *hopelessly* sunk in the socket of decay, and long kept from expansion by the foul air of barbarick tyranny. This genius of gigantick mold lifting his head above surrounding vapours, saw soon how chemistry might be applied to her best uses, medicine. He discovered the powers of a burning glass and the proportions of a camera-obscura: he knew the spherical figure of our earth, and was (as one would think) by intuition well persuaded of what experience has since confirmed. He looked on science as Moses on the Promised Land from Pisgah, and discerned effects in their possibilities. His skill in mechanism may have been too highly praised; his conviction of its efficacy to purposes then unknown, cannot be sufficiently admired. We have done nothing since the time of Roger Bacon beyond *his* capacity of hope and of belief. Gunpowder, æther, electricity, are but new names for things easily, though faintly to be descried, by those who carefully examine his *opus magnus*, where it appears that he knew every thing except the vast extent of human folly, which after wondering at such wisdom, deemed it madness: and after mature deliberation, resolved to denounce it as witchcraft.

Those dubious days could not distinguish superiority from eccentricity of character. Five suns supposed to have appeared all at once, disgrace the remarkable occurrences of this reign, and disgrace it the more, because the grand conjunction of planets in Libra had been observed all over Europe in 1186. But the world, as Fuller says, sees  
most

most visions when she is most blind ; and fairies now, a new importation of semi-deities from the east, were seriously believed in. This is so true, that the Ashmolean collection of MSS at Oxford, exhibits “ A sure way to bind a faery, Elaby *Gathon* by name, and hold her to “ a Venicc glafs meekly and mildly, till she have answered all lawful “ questions.” Ireland, where this folly flourished still better than with us, is said to have named a whole district from these tripping elves ; *o’ferri land*, or *land o’faerie*, as *Gatton* in Surrey was called after *Elaby*.\*

There is a humorous story recorded too, how the earl of Devonshire, A. D. 1240, asked a farmer of his how he could bear his situation, seeing that his grange was reported to be much *troubled by faeries*, which, adds the nobleman, may peradventure be spirits from hell.— “ Right honoured lord, (replied the quaint fellow) there be verily two “ faints blessed in heaven which do trouble me more than all the de- “ vils in hell, and in true sadness those be the Mother of our Lord and “ St. Michael the archangel, because it is on their days that I am “ bound to pay his dues to the good earl of Devonshire.”

If Bryant’s derivation of the gryphons be a true one, *kir-ouph-on* pronounced quick and short, as is most likely : the *ouph* comes from the same country as that composite animal, which Milton, ever accurate though sublime, describes so properly :

“ As when a gryphon thro’ the wilderness  
 “ With winged course o’er hill or moory dale  
 “ Pursues the Arimaspien, who by stealth  
 “ Had from his wakeful custody purloin’d  
 “ The guarded gold,” &c.

\* From *Elaby* comes *lullaby*, *l’elaby*, invoked by mothers and nurses to watch over the sleeping babe, who safe in her protection, was in no danger of being changed by wicked spirits into an *ideot*, whence *changeling*.

About the year 1236 was published a romance called *Alisaunder or Escander's Atchievements of Knighthood*; he soared in the air by help of *gryphons* coming very near the moon, and with aid of a magical glass, dived in the deep and saw the fishes swim; perhaps *Shakespeare* alluded to this stuff when *Hotspur* says—

“By heaven methinks it were an easy leap  
 “To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,  
 “Or dive into the bottom of the deep  
 “And drag up drowned honour by the locks.”

The scholars say indeed, that even this book was borrowed from a Persian manuscript, and wits tell one that *Scuderi* drew many incidents from thence. Certain it is, that *Alexander's* exploits were remembered in the east a prodigious time, and with unobliterated veneration: his history by *Quintus Curtius*, although unmentioned for 1000 years after the author's death, was one of the earliest books on the revival of literature, and *Montfaucon* mentions a copy in the *Colbertine* library, as early as the year 800; the following extract from which, may be cited to excuse the numberless things to be forgiven in this summary: “*Equidem plura transcribo quam credo; nam nec affirmare sustineo de quibus dubito, nec subducere quæ accepi,*” but the awkward imitators add a story of *Alexander's bugle-horn*, which no wight but himself could wield, and might be heard sixty miles. *Boyardo* and *Berni* enjoyed this horn too; it dropt to them, but not till *Robin Hood* had done with it. He was a sort of secondary hero among us in the thirteenth century: *Dr. Stukely* thinks he was an outlaw'd earl of *Huntingdon FitzOoth*, easily corrupted to *Fitzhood*, and mentions his coat-armour. Whatever he was *before*, he was *after* his outlawry, as I imagine, *Robin o'th'ood*, meaning of *the wood* corrupted to *Hood*, and the manner in which he and his companions lived among *forests*, depending and providing for themselves with their bow, is interesting and

curious, and strongly marks the manners of the times.\* That 'twas by a gradual and long course of experiments that men's eyes opened to wisdom and decorum, may be exemplified by recollecting how Lewis the dauphin, (he who had invaded England) desiring a marriage with Urraca, daughter of Alphonso king of Spain, by a sister of Cœur de Lion, was turned from his purpose on its being represented to him that the princess, though fair, had a very *unlucky name*, and would

\* The old ballad which tells how

*The father of Robin a forester was,  
And shot in a lustic long bow;*

must, if this account be true, suffer dismissal from our *Retrospection*, and I should confess myself sorry, because when they brought

*Adam Bell and Clym of the clough,  
And William of Cloudeslye,  
To shoot with our forester for forty marks,  
Our forester beat them all three.*

Though the last saved his own and his companions lives long after by his archery, when the king hearing that his sheriff and justices were all shot at mercy Carlisle, attempting to take these outlaws, sent troops to bring them to London, but they were come of themselves, or at least bold William of Cloudeslye who brought his little boy beside, to beg a charter of peace, and now says king Henry they shall sure be hanged; but the queen requested their life; and her husband said, let us see them shoot which have cost us all this care. After many feats, William set an apple upon his own child's head, and standing 120 yards distance, cleft it with an arrow. The king had sworne that if he mis'd, the attempt should revoke his pardon.

*For if thou touch his head or gown,  
In syghte that men may see,  
By all the fayntes that fit in heaven,  
I'll hang you up all three.*

Success in that business saved and advanced them all, and the youth was made cellar-keeper to the queen.

certainly



certainly bring him no children. He accordingly wedded her sister Lady Blanche, of fewer charms but happier appellation, and on her was made the verse preserved by Camden in his remaynes of a greater work.

*Candida, candescens, candore in cordis et oris.*

While Urraca rejected by all, hid her unfortunate name in a nunnery, where she was called sister Teresa; and her sponsors' cruelty lay unremembered in men's minds, till her death, by fall of a slate or tile as she was walking in the convent garden, revived the recollection that 'twas indeed unlucky. Lady Blanche meanwhile, made mother of St. Louis, an exemplary prince, confirmed mankind in these fantastick notions; the more perhaps as being regent in her son's minority, she soon suppressed the barons' bold rebellion headed by Philip, the first duke of Orleans, uncle and competitor to his lawful king; from whom her forces took the castle of Blois, forcing him into submission, and I think to banishment. A marriage between her incomparable son Lewis the IXth. and the daughter of unhappy Raymond Comte de Thoulouse, produced another blessing to all Europe, the end of a truly savage war, long carried on in his dominions against the Albigenſes. *Languedoc*, so named from *langue de got*, as many think, being from that time united to the crown of France, some Huguenots have always sheltered there; we saw them inhabiting Grenoble and its environs when the communion was administered *in a cave* for privacy, so late as 1780.

But this inimitable sovereign turned his arms only against the Turks and Saracens; to them he shewed himself son of Lewis, surnamed the Lion, performing acts worthy a hero, while his own country flourished at home as under the protection of a saint. Such was his faith, says Bossuet, that one would have thought him eye-witness of his Saviour's sufferings, and such his works, as if he had made him the immediate, not remote model for his imitation.

Another of his panegyrist's says—"I have myself seen the faint sit " under a spreading tree, and patiently hearing his subjects complain " of mutual oppression or offence, render them the strictest justice."

He published likewise a wise ordonnance, known by the name of Royal Truce, prohibiting all persons from commencement of hostilities against an adversary till forty days had elapsed since the cause of quarrel had been given or found: this gave time for friends to interpose, and for the parties themselves to cool; and greatly contributed to restrain those internal and private wars which thinn'd population, drenched all lands with blood, and disgraced humanity during the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries. Monarchs were indeed diligent to stop a practice so ruinous to their realms, and so insulting to their authority; and the invention of giving bonds not to draw out their forces for such or such a limited time began to be adopted, to the no small consolation of vassals, who were till then obliged to follow their superior lord into the field, and fight against their neighbours in his quarrel. 'Twas kings who civilized the world a *second* time, by synthesizing what had been too much broken into small parts, and the peasant, artizan, &c. felt relieved from his too nearly approximated tyrant, in proportion as monarchy gained ascendance over the nobles, and kept *their* cruelties in check.

To accelerate that happy moment, we find Ferdinand of Castile fixing a yet existing seminary at Salamanca, and Alphonso the Xth. brother to Lady Blanche, seeking renown for his knowledge in astronomy; and composing tables for that science, which to this hour go by his name. The impious speech concerning his knowing better how to construct a solar system than God Almighty, was, we hope, only a strong and coarse expression of contempt for the Ptolemaic hypothesis. A prince who was said to possess a fine copy of the Holy Scriptures, which he had read six times through, was most unlikely sure to be an infidel, and he who made it his pleasure to contemplate the

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the starry-heavens, could never have been an atheist: while his quiet unresisting spirit of humility when his favourite son Don Sancho deposed and drove him into retirement, manifested less of haughtiness or vain glory, than of Christian resignation to an enemy still dear and cherished, however rebellious and unworthy.

Northern nations retained the frost upon their literature longer. The violent out-break of Gillespie Roffe stains the Scottish annals, when Caithness all rose up at once, and burned the bishop in his bed for having exacted too large a bribe from one of their nobility. Private wars went on fiercely in *those* countries, where the exploits of Percy and Douglas yet serve happily as materials for two beautiful modern dramas, and Thomas, a bastard of the high constable, Alan of Galway, invaded his half-sisters, to whom their father had left his inheritance, with no fewer than a thousand men, armed in his cause, who wasted their lands with fire and sword, much to the shame of gallantry and knighthood; till Roger de Quincy, married to one of the ladies, fought and killed this sturdy marauder, and in the same battle dispersed his adherents for ever. Women, not seldom enough to excite wonder, appeared on horseback, *with spurris sharpe*, as Chaucer afterwards describes his Wife of Bath, animating the men who combated in their defence; and if they were feudatorial inheritors, wore their father's device, or, as we call it, coat armour, emblazoned in a *lozenge*, (they were ashamed to bear a *shield*) on their breast. Hume says they acted, if possessed of lands, as sheriffs of that county they inhabited, and to say truth, Spenser's Lady of the Castle glances at this old custom. Meanwhile our third Henry displeased his subjects much by his offensive preference of foreigners, or as they were then styled, *aliens*; and I think we may date from his reign that spirit of claiming exclusive attention from their sovereign which in succeeding times has always marked an Englishman. When in the year 1250 he held a showy festival in France, a jocator, born in Hampshire, stepped forward, as we're told, and with a permitted gibe, said—"Send away Cœur de Lion's shield out of the  
" hall,

“hall, my liege, else your fine dinner will have no digesters. You see these French fellows are afraid to look on it: the thoughts of Richard takes away their appetite.” This was more than a biting jest, for ’twas a true one: Joinville acknowledges that when a Frenchman’s horse started under him, the common exclamation of anger was, “*Qu’as tu ? vois tu le Roi Richard ?*” What ails you ? do you see King Richard coming ? Such *pageantes* had been exhibited in Westminster however, in honour of the marriage between Henry III. of England and Eleanor de Provence\*, as made all Europe marvel: such pypinge and tabouringe, as the old bookes express it, with sports, gestes and diseurs innumerable.—Tales beside, new and old, of St. Thefeus and his hunting match; (whence Shakespear’s description of his hounds) and Launcelot du Lac, a story in high vogue, with a spiritual remembrancer of Jesus hanging on a roode, whilst a base and recreant knight came forth and *jousted* with him, fetching blood and water from his side with his lance; but Joseph of Arimathea, creeping out, holdeth a bottle under, and bringeth into Albion to cure all diseases, that precious relique.

Such was the renown of these celebrations, and so were the expences of their decorations admired at, that although the birth of Cimabue announced the nascent arts budding in Italy, Pope Innocent the fourth said that he half lamented that new dignity which hindered him from attending so very elegant and edifying a show: finding it however, wholly impossible to come over himself in person, he sent his old favourite fool to partake the festivities, and who received thirty shillings beside from our sovereign—*royal gift*: nor was it merely for the sake of such nonsense that the learned Genoese, so respected for his knowledge and virtue, while Cardinal St. Lorenzo, wished to witness our improvements in Great Britain; he desired to behold Divitias Londini as well as Delicias Westmonasterii, as he said. We had a mayor and aldermen established then for conservation of our city’s peace, and ster-

\* Second daughter, I think, to Raymond, Count de Thouloufe.

ling money coined for common use, called *so*, as some say, from the figure of a *starling* impressed upon the metal. Reading glasses and spectacles facilitated every branch of science, and commerce began to call in the arts and luxuries of other realms. The distractions of Ireland indeed, torn by the factious quarrels of Mac Arthys and Geraldines, yielded the conquering country little save disquiet, evincing ever the sad effects of a too feeble government, that wished for plunder rather than authority; while Wales, unwilling to yield up her independence, continued to oppose what she was unable to subdue, and the Dictum of Kennelworth confesses the melancholy state of society in provinces far removed from the capital even of England, where knights and 'squires *caught in robbery*, if they had no land, were doomed to give half their goods to the king, and find security for future good behaviour. This however was better than the mode adopted in the century *before* this, when no nearer method could be found to keep people safe from such banditti, than the fetching out some bishop who lived near, *to curse the thieves*, which he did by saying, "May your eyes be blind who see but to covet your neighbours' goods, and may your hands be disabled that seek to steal them." If this had no effect, the matter was hopeless, and the plunderers could be subdued only by superior force. Softer manners were gaining ground in France, where to the court of love and honour, now so long erected, all high and grave disputes of gallantry and heroism appealed, as the head quarters of amorous and valiant etiquette. Fontenelle acknowledges that the records of this court were the legitimate parents of French poetry, and that *Scuderi à puisé bien la dedans*, when the romances of Clelia and the Grand Cyrus were composed. But Lewis the ninth was born to confer happiness in this world, and receive it in the other: he maintained every institution likely to dispense comforts and blessings among his own subjects, and heard not without horror how the Emperor had corrupted Pietro di Vinci, page to Pope Innocent, and prevailed on him to seek his sovereign's life; but being detected by the fool before-mentioned,

mentioned, he had the strange presence of mind to escape punishment by running suddenly against the wall, and dashing his brains out before the pontiff's face.

But 'tis time to turn our *Retrospection* eastward, and observe Zingis Khan little aware that the days were gone by when universal monarchy was like to be endured, pressing forward with a conqueror's rapidity, passing Mount Caucasus, and having already subjected to his arms all Media, Parthia, Persia, and Armenia, began, when struggling in the fens of Meotis, to consider what next should be done by force, to which he had hitherto found little or no resistance. The result was founding a new empire, still known by the name of the Mogul's Empire, which owed its origin to this Tartar chief; nor were his descendants dispossessed of many valuable possessions in its vicinage, till Tamerlane arose, nearly two centuries after, and made a change in oriental history. The two sons of his first born *Toulchan* however, he who was left by Zingis or Gengis upon the throne of Persia, made a successful war on the Chinese, and *Coblachan* of the same line was (if I mistake not) ruler of *that* populous region in 1280. During the course of exploits which settled an imperial court at Agra and Delhi, under an emperor who professed *unitarianism*, and was, Mr. Gibbon says, of the same religion as our philosopher Locke, many believing Christians of the Greek church suffered extreme distress, though *Ducas* continued to sit fast at Adrianople, and even increased his dominions and authority; notwithstanding which *Nicephorus* the patriarch would not permit him to enter the church over which he presided, whilst a female favourite kept him from marrying and continuing the succession in a legitimate way, with Princess Ann, daughter of Frederick II. to whom he had been long contracted. The successful rival endeavoured but in vain to set her paramour against the patriarch. *Ducas*, more liberal, acknowledged the fault his passions permitted him not to amend, and quietly returned home from the church door, saying that *Nicephorus* had done his duty. She had better success in civil than in ecclesiastick

tick affairs—her lover making, at her request, *despots*, as they were called, of Angelo and his son, who obtained the favour through their influence with this pernicious beauty. A famine felt by the adjacent regions, from which the dominions of Ducas were exempt, gave him courage, as it appears, to continue in his course, notwithstanding his own disapprobation; and the profits made by sale of eggs alone, when they became so dear, grew in such a degree extensive, that Ducas made from them alone a diadem of prodigious value, and called it an *ovata*. Finding his subjects much disposed meanwhile, to barter away the solid gold gained of his neighbours' misery for showy apparel brought from far distant regions, this Emperor, often called in history Vataces, made a decree that all should wear the manufactures of their own country, obliging even the favourite lady to set an example, since imitated by many prudent and judicious sovereigns. 'Twas nearly coeval with these events, I think, that Baldwin II. pupil and son-in-law to John de Brienne, whom Innocent the third had made King of Jerusalem, presented the Venetians with the lance, supposed to have pierced our Saviour's side, the sponge dipt in vinegar at his crucifixion, and a piece of the true cross. These the republick sold to St. Lewis for an immense sum of money, and he deposited them among the *trésors de St. Denis*, where they were regularly shewn to travellers, with the shield fished out of the Rhone in time of Charlemagne, having the contenance of Scipio chased upon it, and being for that reason imagined, absurdly enough, to have belonged to Scipio himself. Their destruction by frantick rioters however, within these last ten years, affords small triumph to the levelling cause. For though men who despise all sacred relics may laugh, and those who delight in rare antiquities may weep; though cool examiners may reasonably doubt the genuineness of many—and the value of all, yet will each feeling heart sigh at seeing time-honoured trifles thus suddenly although deliberately destroyed. What Charlemagne had preserved, and Lewis the ninth had venerated, was it for Robespierre and Marat to destroy?

But 'tis time to contemplate another character. Frederick II. Emperor of the West, whose long reign of forty years almost was marked with many extraordinary events, began to attract attention from his contemporaries, and claims a glance of our *Retrospect* since the year 1230, when he had already driven the Saracens from Sicily, punished in a strange and cruel manner Pope Innocent the third's two brothers, French noblemen, who held some places in Apulia, and broke the great Count d'Isenberg upon the wheel. Eager to reign if possible in more forms than one, he crowned his forward boy Henry at nine years old, associating him in the empire, while Pope Honorius III. hoping to unite the three sceptres in one command once more, and by that means check the progress of Mahometanism in the east, proposed a match between Frederick and Iolanta, daughter to Brenne, commonly called King John of Jerusalem, and who had herself ruled at Constantinople during the imprisonment of Peter Count d'Auxerre, her first husband, who, after many vicissitudes of fortune, was at length strangled at a feast by Theodore Lascaris. In order to give additional splendour to such nuptials, Frederick and Iolanta met at Rome, where Pope Honorius himself performed the ceremony, all the clergy attending *in pontificalibus*, the magistrates in scarlet robes. The project failed however, the lady died in child-bed, in ten months, leaving an infant son; John Ducas stirred not from his seat at Adrianople, and all the effect produced was, that the Emperor called himself King of Sicily and of Jerusalem, and his descendants took the title as in course. 'Twas now high time that Frederick should set forward for the Holy Land, and see the misery that had befallen the leagued princes (of whom an army always remained in the environs) since the Sultan of Egypt had called them to attempt the Nile-defended city of Grand Cairo in vain. The king of floods surrounding that place with his protecting arms, frustrated completely such mad designs, obtaining the restoration of Damietta too, while Pope Gregory IX. successor to Honorius, excommunicated our western emperor Frederick, for feigning

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ing sickness in order to avoid the journey. He had however many cogent reasons for delay. The duke of Bavaria, on whom he chiefly relied for care of his home-concerns, was dead; so was Lolant, on whose account he expected to receive homage in the east: while Henry, the youth he was in such haste to crown, had contracted a marriage with the daughter of Leopold, *archduke of Austria*, a new title conferred by Gregory, who looked without displeasure on his attempts to depose his father, and reign himself alone, although not yet sixteen years of age.

Strong measures were now necessary. Frederick, with one hundred and twenty thousand ounces of gold, purchased his absolution from the pope; and after seeing his own active and dangerous son safe in a close confinement, set out for Syria, where during his absence Gaza, Askelon; and Jerusalem had submitted, and the Lord's sepulchre, till then unpolluted, had been purposely defiled: notwithstanding that the Templars displayed even ferocious valour. Thibault of Navarre lent for a short time his assistance, and our Richard earl of Cornwall distinguished himself among the foremost for high heroick deeds. 'Spite of all this however, victorious Turcism entered triumphantly the holy city; whilst our western emperor was, I believe, not unjustly accused of loitering his time away, though late in life, and widower to two Christian princesses, with the Circassian beauties of the east. Such was the ill-will of the Pope to this prince and his conduct, that he even wrote to the sultan not to treat with him. A truce of ten years was concluded notwithstanding; and Frederick having flung a young pike into the pool of Hebron, said he would return to that country no more. The fish had a gold ring round it with the date; and being caught alive one hundred and fifty years after, weighing fourscore pounds, is brought forwards as a proof how long such animals will live. The story however *must* be false, so far as relates to its immense growth at least, for the ring would not stretch, I suppose, and without that the fish's identity could not have been ascertained. Many lies have indeed been told

of this brave but impious, and often perjured sovereign, who now invaded Italy sword in hand, and being equally related to Gwelfs and Gibellines, expected the leaders of both factions would be with him. The first-named party, in contradiction to his ill-placed hopes, sided with Gregory in this unnatural contest: so did the Venetians, who burned all his ships, and possessed themselves of Apulia. For their good services against infidels of *all* denomination, as the Pope expressed it, he granted their patriarch a power of wearing a mitre of peculiar shape, and bearing upon solemn occasions in his hand a sort of pastoral staff. Meanwhile the Genoese, having fomented insurrections in Candia, Regner Dandulo went thither and soon quelled it. Morosini was elected doge, and is the first upon record chosen to that dignity by ballot: but his republick increased in riches and power every day, while commerce seemed to consider their port as the general mart of all Europe.

Primislaus of Bohemia indeed, surnamed Ottocar, from Othifgar, meaning, as Dubravius says, a partizan of Otho, who had opposed Frederick II. in his early days, endeavoured to extend his dominions nearer the Adriatick, and purchased Carinthia, Carniola, and other territories, of a childless Prince who had no heirs; his only brother being bishop of Saltzburg. Such a neighbour was not agreeable to Venice, as the same Ottocar tried likewise for Stiria, but was diverted from his purpose by jealousy of his queen, sister to Frederick: her he repudiated first, then poisoned, and took another princess who was barren. His last lady was Cunegund, daughter to the Duke of Massovia, the French writers call him *Roi des Bulgares*. Ottocar was about to dispatch *her* likewise; but hearing she was pregnant, spared her life, which she owed to her unborn son; while Margaret, wife to Viribolaus an earl of Cracovia, I think a Christian, was delivered, as Cromerus and Yagouin both tell us, of thirty-six boys at one birth. But much of Poland and of Prussia was relapsed into idolatry since the crusades had carried away their instructors; and Lefco, surnamed the  
Black,

Black, was a scourge rather than a ruler in that hapless country; which he delighted to desolate by hunting, chusing beasts for his subjects as it appears; rather than men.

The Semiramis of the north however must not be forgotten. About the year 1230 Margaret de Waldemar had married William of Dampiere, and bought the government of Bruges, which was burned down to the ground, and Antwerpen soon followed. Joan her original competitor in Flanders drove that whole party out, and reigned alone a while: but wedding Thomas duke of Savoy, he, though victorious, was in haste to return home after his wife's death, and Margaret reigned again, being a widow, with the young boy she had by Dampiere, named after his father *William*. John, her son by the duke of Hainault, rebelled, and after deluges of blood spilt in this quarrel the pope was appealed to, and confirmed King *William*, giving to John his father's dukedom only. Another contest followed, and Margaret lost Nemours to her eldest son, from whom she was forced to purchase peace with an immense sum of money. William earl of *Holland*, meantime, no longer *Hallant*, who built his palace at the Hague, and was set up by the pope as emperor against Frederick, having been crowned by his command in Syria, after his taking Aken from the Saracens; sided with John against Queen Margaret, and was soon struck at a banquet by an unknown hand with a poniard. The life which escaped that accident was lost by another: after this luckless festival at Utrecht, William went on a winter campaign against the Frizons, and riding away from his company upon the ice, his horse stuck with him, and they were not disentangled till after death. A marriage between his son and Margaret's daughter Beatrice, who brought with her all Zealand in dower, composed the publick contentions in that part of the world, where in a private war about the same period, the warlike bishop of Utrecht besieging a rebellious vassal in his house, was unhappily taken in arms by the enemy, his head struck off and nailed to the castle wall, as we do kites in remote parts of England.

The first league of Swisses marked these annals also. Aventine places the institution of the seven electors early in the papacy of Gregory X: and wearied with vexatious occurrences in our own neighbourhood, if *Retrospection* turns her eyes towards the east, what sees she there but the fierce sultan in possession of that hallowed spot, sanctified first by our Redeemer's sufferings, kiss'd with warm veneration by his servant Constantine, and rescued by Godfrey de Boulogne with millions of human lives? Sees too a nascent empire born with Ottoman its founder, destined when adolescent, to destroy and wholly extirpate all remains of Christianity at and around its first imperial seat. Here then let blushing narrative be still, or taking breath in a new chapter, seek for some scenes less likely to afflict our powers of *Retrospection*.

## CHAP. XX.

## TO THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1300.

**I**F we would console the *Retrospector's* eye, we must not let it turn to men but things: not to the blood-red page of historick annals, but to the verdant field where springing arts and growing sciences promise, by still fresh improvement, perpetual green. No period of time will shew people much *better* than those of another period: but the last years of the thirteenth century contributed exceedingly to make them *happier* than they had been, and give them opportunity of procuring knowledge and wealth, those great instruments of good to man; if for good purpose he will please to use them. About the year 1260 'twas that Marco Paulo, a Venetian, having made a journey to China, brought home with him the inestimable invention called the mariner's compass, a felicity so envied, that almost every nation in Europe has laid claim to the merit of first discovering a secret which *they* are now supposed to have possessed since the days of their famous astrologer Chiningus, who is computed to have lived eleven hundred and twenty years before the birth of Christ; coetaneous with Homer, and I think with Solomon. What confirms the conjecture of Paulo's importation is, that his countrymen continued for many years to use the compass in the manner the Chinese use it still, letting it float upon a little piece of cork, instead of suspending it to a pivot. Flavio Givia di Melfi, in the Territorio di Principato, forty years after, taught the *present* method;

thod; and to him has the original invention been ascribed; as America was named after the second, not the first adventurer who touch'd her shores. 'Tis certain that the district where Flavio was born, tho' a small portion of the Neapolitan state, has since that time given the compass for coat armour. But France claims the honour of the discovery too, and brings in proof of her pretensions, that every country as well as her own makes use of a *fleur de lis* to distinguish the north point of the card; and some old verses of Guyot de Provence, preserved by Fauchet, do certainly mention the *marinette* or *mariner's stone*, as early as the year 1202, or thereabouts.

That England might not be left out, Doctor Wallis makes us observe, that our word *compass* is the *word* by which all other nations know the *thing*; and as he says, to take a *compass*, means to make a circle certainly. These are however mere sports of learning; for if France knew so long ago, why was it not used? and as to the word, *bouffole* or *bussola* are oftener said than *compass* by all foreign sailors. Italy, where every thing either first sprung or was restored to second life, has the true claim to this invention, which facilitates commerce between distant nations, makes communication easy between friends, and propagates the gospel in regions far remote.

Poetry followed mathematicks at a distance: for embellishment is not sought for till necessity is satisfied. Our earliest love-song is a mean composition enough; our earliest pastoral ballad is pretty for the time 'twas written in; but there was no *affectation* in the joy express'd to see tokens of a bright season in latitude 54; all the thoughts are natural, and the description true. Hawkins has preserved the musical notes to these pretty lines: they were more complicated than the words, but musick had the start of both her sisters; she revived long before either painting or poesy raised their weak heads; and architecture, broken into small parts by the Goths, was hardly yet beginning to put those parts neatly together.

Sumer is i cumen  
 Llud sing cuccu:  
 Groweth sed and bloweth med  
 And springeth the wde nu.  
 Sing cuccu cuccu.  
 Awe bleteth after lombe,  
 Louth after calve cu;  
 Bullock sterteth  
 Bucke verteth,  
 Murie sing cuccu.  
 Wel sing thu cuccu,  
 Ne swik thou never nu.

Summer is coming  
 Sing cuckoo sing;  
 The meadows are blooming  
 The hedges in spring.  
 Hark! the ewes and lambs are bleating,  
 Calves the parent call repeating;  
 Answer cuckoo to their loo.  
 See our lusty bullock start  
 While to harbour lies the hart:  
 Cuckoo! be thou merry too,  
 Sing my bird, and cry cuckoo.

While these improvements cheer one's remembrance of England and Italy, Fleuri affrights one by saying, that in the year 1270, after St. Louis died, there we set up a sect of men in France who found out forsooth that the world was *ab eterno*; that in the Deity was no trinity, that a resurrection of the body was impossible, and that death was an eternal sleep. In 500 years this sect, which it appears never *slept at all*, burst out to the confusion of all human kind:—'twas reading Aristotle first turned their heads, and the present boobies, who scarce ever heard his tenets, take them up upon trust; but we must return from wicked and foolish opinions to facts not more consolatory. 170,000 Christians being slaughter'd in the east within one week or less, the pope made offer of Jerusalem to Louis le Pieux, which he refused; and our Henry of England said that perchance devotion had dried up all his cousin's ambitious humours—if it was offer'd to *his* son, the honour should not be despised. The Tartars meantime, under Haalon their chief, made shew of assisting the Christian potentates, and in pure good will toward them, as 'twas alledged, seized on Aleppo; but our people, nothing aware that the best temper is an assimilating one, and that gold, the richest of all metals, is most willing to amalgamate with others, chose rather to dispute and quarrel with these haughty Ishmaelites, than to conciliate their affections and convert them to our faith.

After committing a thousand rakish follies, they at length killed the nephew of Guirboca, lieutenant to Prince Haalon, in a drunken broil or frolick, set on foot by over-swilled Danes, and hot-headed Englishmen, amid the streets of Damascus: by this mad action provoking the deputy, who was beginning to solicit baptism, and making the man swear to renounce in future all communication with strangers whose morality tallied so ill with the religion they professed.

Guirboca therefore hastened to revenge his kinsman's murder, and falling upon Cæsarea sword in hand, burned it, and delivered up the inhabitants to plunder. Nor were our Europeans better treated by the Mameluc princes in Egypt, who took and destroyed the city of Joppa, having with some difficulty forced Antioch, the place where Christians first were called such, slaughtering no fewer than 20,000 in her streets. Such dreadful tidings from the Holy Land roused the last efforts of expiring heroism in the soul of Lewis, best, bravest, wisest, greatest amongst his contemporary sovereigns. The hoary warrior would immediately to Palestine, and with him take along his sons, his brother, and Guy earl of Flanders, likewise young Edward, eldest-born and heir to England, surnamed Longshanks, who had been presented to the throne of Sicily by Alexander that succeeded Innocent IV. at Rome. Whilst he and Lewis were upon their voyage, Prince Conrade, son to Frederick and Iolanta, disputed the succession of the western empire with Henry Landgrave of Thuringia, and William Earl of Holland: in these struggles Capua was dismantled, and Naples nearly destroyed by this ambitious youth, who not contented with success against his foes, murdered his elder brother Henry, once haughty and aspiring as himself, but become by time and sorrow a truly inoffensive creature; many years detained in close confinement, till sick and old and helpless, incapable of giving umbrage, he was at length forced to yield up his throat to an assassin: for this superfluous, as sinful fratricide, Conrade became an object of detestation to all Europe, most so to Manfred, son of Frederick the long-lived by an eastern favourite, a fair Georgian or Circassian lady, with whom he had passed his time in Pa-



leftine and Syria. This prince, under pretence of presenting Conrade with refreshment, administered poison to him in a bowl of sherbet, and looked on the tortures it occasioned with a savage delight. Such success had the progeny of impious Frederick ! to whom was attributed the famous book *de Tribus Impostoribus*, always talked of but never seen ; and which if it ever was composed at all, must have been a much more modern composition.\* At Adrianople now reigned a baby Ducas, son, as I think, to Lascaris the younger ; but Palæologus his preceptor, after defeating Angelo the Greek Emperor, in the lad's name, put his eyes out, and sent his infant sisters into Italy. Dante's birth there announced the quick reviving flame of literature at Florence, where painting resolved not to be left behind. All Europe gave signs of resuscitation ; arts, manufactures, commerce, felt the quickening spirit, and a new city, Stockholm, adorned the banks of the Baltic sea. The last of the crusades was now on foot, kings found employment growing up at home ; the world had been composed at first like fine Greek architecture of large masses, which with small pains produce a sudden and sublime effect. The feudal system broke it into small independent pieces ; gothick ideas in building run quite parallel ; yet when with ages of heavy toil they have at length formed their firm set and sharply pointed arches, and brought their numerous angles to cement—the whole makes no unvenerable appearance—and to lament its ruin is but natural. Towards the last years of the eventful period, which holds our *Retrospect* to 1250, and from thence forward till A. D. 1300 ; the last effort of union was made for purpose of regaining Palestine ; nor did the king of France find even *his* devotion swallow up all prudence, or care for his own dominion and that of his country. Edward of England had an active spirit, and soon was likely to possess a crown which had fate loosely on weak Henry's head for more than half

\* The king did indeed say that if God Almighty had ever seen Naples, he would not sure have bestowed that odious country Palestine on his profess'd favourites ; but I count little on such indecorous speeches, as proofs of infidelity in rough days.

a century: Lewis for that, as well as for more pious reasons, had prudently excited him on to the holy war, and to secure the Christians' passage forth and back from pirates, proposed that they should take and garrison Tunis by the way. That stubbed elder then, sprung from old ground where the majestick oak of Carthage had in former times been fell'd, was now to be cut up if possible; but by its filth defended, lasted still. A plague soon seized on the confederate army, of which thousands and ten thousands died; and greater, more regretted than them all, the French Josiah. Like him in martial and pacifick virtues, like him in a life spent in learning and promulgating the laws of the most High; not very unlike him in his death either, engaged in fruitless, uncommanded war. His son, though justly enough surnamed Philip the Bold, or Hardy, shocked at such a loss, and that of his brave brother too on the same day, was overwhelmed with unaffected grief, and resolved not to go further on a journey so unprosperous: although the town *did* surrender on conditions, agreeing to pay the king of Sicily and Jerusalem a fixed annuity of 40,000 crowns.

Theobald de Navarre, and William of Holland, were soon in the same mind for meaner reasons; they gained some pillage, and thought so little about honour, that they resolved to draw their legions back; but carrying the ill health of the country with them, died in a short time at Trapani, on their way home. Our Longshanks meanwhile struck his valiant bosom, and swore that he would enter Ptolemais in company of his armor-bearer only, if all the allies left him, ay, and the English too. His faithful and admiring consort, then big with child, *followed* his steps; some trusty battalions *accompanied* them to Ptolemais, where had he not arrived *that very day*, the city would have signed capitulating articles. The prince's presence however, gave new life and vigour to the cause, he marched his few men to Nazareth, and took the town, killing 1000 Saracens; whilst Lady Elinor, daughter to Alphonso, king of Spain, lay in, and called her daughter Joan of Acres, in allusion to the place of her nativity. Such were the exploits of this  
young

young hero, that an *assassin*, dispatched by the Old Man of the Mountains, having obtained his confidence by frequent visits, for he professed himself a Christian spy, struck at his heart as he lay reclining on a day-bed; Edward's quick arm alert in the hour of danger, being suddenly raised, received the desperate wound; while with his foot he felled the intended murderer, and wresting the knife from him, cut open his belly. The bard in waiting, or harper, now burst in, and found our British warrior bleeding almost to death upon the body of the not yet expiring Saracen, whose life was finally finished by the minstrel.\* To the dagger of this resolute assassin historians have added poison, and poets have represented the pious wife extracting from her husband's wounded arm a venom fatal to her own existence: but 'tis enough that Edward was so stabbed, recovered, and recalled to England, where the old king his father, and an infant boy left at home under female care, both died upon one day. Hearing this news so striking and afflictive, our gallant prince less naturally than truly, and with good sense exclaimed, that children of such a tender age were a loss easy to be repaired; but that parental tenderness could never be supplied by any future friend or servant, subject or son. The same post brought men and money for the holy war, 1000 marks I think from Scotland too, which had been invaded by the Norwegians with 100 sail, but those, brave Alexander happily dispersed; having baffled their leader, and retook the stormy Hebrides.

While now the eastern emperor meditated to make the long-sighed for submission to the Holy See, as best and likeliest method of confirm-

\* And those who wish to draw a parallel between our Edward I. and Alexander the Great, will be pleased with relating how *Musicanus*, the minstrel of those days, offended that capricious hero, who massacred, in consequence, all the Bramins or Brachmans he could find, as Edward did so many centuries afterwards the Welch Bards; supposing their enthusiastic singing animated their countrymen to defence against invaders.—Shaers or Persian poets, even in the 17th century, wore a peculiar dress, as in Darius's time, and recited extempore verses in the *maidan* or market places, like Italian *improvvisatori*.

ing him in his so ill-obtained authority; a quick succession of popes, already mentioned, followed on death of Innocent IV. Alexander, who created not a single cardinal, for fear (said he) of increasing our domestick feuds; *Urban*, son to a French cobbler, who took for his legenda the words *virtus est sola nobilitas*; who vainly strove to quiet the fierce tempers of Manfred and Conradine, Richard and Alphonso: and who is better known to fame for having instituted the festival of Corpus Christi, in honour of a miracle transmitted to all Europe by the pencil of Raffaele, when some priest doubting the real presence in the sacrament, suddenly exclaimed and fancied that he saw, the consecrated wafer drop with blood. After these Clement IV. who had been a lawyer and a soldier, had acted as a page in Lewis the ninth's court, had been some years married, and had two daughters living, Mabelle and Cecile; for they and he were French, of a good family in the Narbonnois: his charming letter is yet extant, to his nephew Pierre le Gros. "Learn (says he in it) to be more humble than you have been; promotion to the popedom is a burden, not an advantage to those who understand it rightly: congratulate me not therefore, but obey my commands, and dream not of gifts or preferments on account of your uncle's advancement to the papacy, although I love you and shall ever. Tell to your sister if she weds a *soldier*—Miletus; I'll give her 300 crowns, no more: if any man, except a soldier, *nothing*. As for my truly dear ones, bid them be good girls; Cecile has well bestowed her heart I know, let her hand follow it! I shall despise her else; and let no female of my name, Le Gros, meanly seek matches with men far above them, leaving their own worthy sweet-hearts, because marauding noblemen will strive to marry the pope's daughter." Readers will wish to see how all this ended; Mademoiselle Cecile's brave lover fell in a *private war*, and she retiring to a convent, died there. Mabelle set out with her husband for the Holy Land, but lost her life by a miscarriage on the journey. And though their admirable father's merit was greatly wanted upon earth for an example, heaven impatient

impatient to reward it snatched him soon away ; but not before Charles of Anjou did homage for his kingdom, being called Sicily on this and the other side the Pharos ; and these words used at his investiture gave rise to the well known style and title, *King of the two Sicilies*. He agreed at the same moment that his successors should hold their crown no longer than they were punctual in paying, upon St. Peter's day every year, 8000 ounces of gold to whoever was sitting in St. Peter's chair ; with a white palfrey, good and beautiful. There is a coin called an ounce at Naples now ; its value about a guinea or louis d'or : but these articles were signed in May, 1265, to the comfort of all who had seen the rapid strides made by ambitious Manfred, who was well known to have dispatched Prince Conrade, and half suspected of hastening, somewhat unfairly, his father's death, which was so ill accounted for and unascertained, that an impostor was publickly burn'd some years after it happened, for having personated Frederick with success in Savoy and other courts. The city bearing his name, *Manfredonia*, is however all that's left of *this* tyrant, who was at length assassinated by an earl of Rota, whose wife he had seduced or carried off by force. The death of Clement IV. happening not long after kept the pontificate in a sort of inconvenient state, not ill denominated abeyance, in which case remained likewise the western empire ; while the cardinals sat so long in conclave, unable to fix upon a successor, that the magistrates of the town until'd the place they sat in, but in vain. After three years more spent in fruitless and disgraceful contests which of them should be placed in the papal chair, the townsmen shut them up and kept them without food till they had quieted the minds of men and given the church a pastor : one only cardinal was absent, and *he* was pitched upon. When notification of the honour was conveyed to him, he was stepping into a pulpit at Ptolemais, the Christian rendezvous in Syria, and with a true Italian promptitude, changed his subject of discourse, and took his text from that verse in the psalms, which says, " If I forget thee, oh *Jerusalem* ! let my right hand forget her cunning ; let my

" tongue

“ tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, yea, if I prefer not *Jerusalem* in my mirth.” Gregory X. did indeed keep the promise made that day by Ubaldo di Piacenza, and soon as he arrived in Italy, sent stores of men, money, and horses, to the holy war : having observed while in the east, that the Greck Emperor Paleologus was well disposed to unite the two churches and end the schism which had too long kept them separate ; he without entering into motives took Michael at his word, and had the comfort of hearing in a short time that the Nicene creed had been quietly sung without objection, in the church of Santa Sophia at Constantinople, whither the seat of empire had been once more fix’d and settled. Rodolph of Hapsburgh now, descendant of the Gordians, and ancestor to Francis II. in a right line, was patronized by this pope against Ottocarus, king of Bohemia, who after much ado, at length consented to swear fealty to his competitor, provided the function might be performed in private : Rodolph consented, but at the critical moment a high and unexpected wind blew off the canopy of that tent where the princes were, and beating down the sides at the same time, discovered the Pannonian chief on both knees before his *sovereign* and *superior lord*, performing a vassal’s obeisance : enraged, and as his passion led him to suppose, tricked by Rodolpho, he suddenly rose up and called *to arms* ; some of his faithful followers attended, and the Duke of Austria hastened to quell the revolt, which ended in an hour’s scuffle only, over the body of Ottocarus, who lay pierced with a thousand wounds upon the spot where he was seen in act of humiliation. Gregory grieved but little at an event so favourable to the general welfare, and immediately confirmed the count of Hapsburgh in his new dignities, emperor of the west, and duke of Austria *for ever*. The pope having thus made his power respected, gave occasion likewise that his justice should be venerated, by depriving Henry, the famous wicked bishop of Liege, whose crimes stand recorded in a letter from Rome, exhorting him to mend his manners ; such a heart however, no exhortations could reclaim ; he was at length killed by a nobleman whose orphan niece he had violated,

lated, with circumstances aggravating even that offence, and Gregory generously absolved the nobleman, although to assassinate even a deprived bishop was in those days a sin extremely difficult to be forgiven. Another tale of equal horror marks this pontificate, and shows the state of society about the year 1272, which *Retrospection* must not let pass unnoticed. Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, who inhabited the Savoy, his palace, who called our Henry III. a liar, whose wild adventures and various exploits have served as the foundation of many a ballad, and many a romance, had two sons, Simon, and Guy; who after the well known battle of Evesham fled to Italy, and finding at Viterbo young Henry, heir to Richard earl of Cornwall, their's, and their father's enemy of course, being allied to the English throne so closely: they watched him to a church, and killed him undefended at the altar, during the elevation of the host. Edward, returning from Palestine upon his father's death, waited upon Gregory, with whom in Syria he had been intimately acquainted, and begged for vengeance on the bold assassins who had thus spilt the royal blood of unoffending Britain, adding the most impious sacrilege to murder: but Simon died before sentence could be pronounced, and Guy fled to the Aldobrandini palace for protection. The count, his father-in-law, when called to examination, satisfied all parties that *he* at least was in no wise privy to the deed. Pope Gregory then with severity as unaccustomed as the occasion of it was dreadful, drove Guy, like the first homicide, from man's society, rendered his descendants to the fourth generation infamous, anathematized whoever should receive him to their house, and laid whatever land he lived in under an interdict. With these proceedings Edward's grief and anger were appeased; he went home to take possession of his crown, and in due time forgot his valiant cousin's death. The pontiff then put himself upon a journey to Florence, where Gwelfs and Gibelines battled in the streets, and cruel contest with its sharpest thorns choked the young germ of literature at its revival. To quell these turbulent, these tempestuous spirits, as he journied on upon his milk-

white mule presented by Charles of Anjou, in a close lane a human figure stood, half overgrown with hair, naked and wild, and stopt the astonished travellers. His right hand grasp'd a rope, his left a crucifix; while mute amazement held the march suspended—Guido de Montfort, *thus* (exclaim'd a voice) greets Gregory his persecutor; but take the cord and strangle, or the crucifix and bless me, for life's a burden I no more will bear. The venerable bishop alighting on the instant, and praying fervently to heaven for direction, would make a noble subject for a painter, to whom a contrast more sublime could scarcely be exhibited. *Retrospection* has but just time to see the culprit tranquillized, and sent to Sicily, where faithful Charles had orders to detain him, the interdict for that purpose being taken off, and the good patriarch of Aquileia was permitted, in his dying moments, to absolve him. A reconciliation 'twixt the Gwelphs and Gibelines however, was what appeared on trial wholly impossible. *Compescuit ignibus ignes Jupiter*, said the Pope, and laid gay Florence under interdiction, though he himself delighted in the place, and meant to have passed some time there. Milan meanwhile was equally distracted; Torriani and Visconti there, tore each other's family to pieces, till after many years the latter at length prevailed, and the coiled serpent swallowing a child is yet the arms of Milan. The odd practice of borrowing devices from a conquered enemy, serves only to confound the antiquary, and distress the herald. Visconti had in the wars of Syria slain a Saracen of high renown, and prowess much esteemed, who had himself, or some brave ancestor, pulled out an infant from a serpent's mouth, and killing the vile beast, rescued its helpless prey from dangers not unfrequent in hot countries: but though our Christian warrior had, to commemorate his victory, taken the Saracen's impresa, and put on his own shield, propriety is violated, and enquiry perplex'd till the true tale is told. Candia indeed still gives the labyrinth of Crete as her coat armour, supposed the oldest in the world; and although such devices may be changed, crests have remained unalter'd even by the houses of Brunswick and Cologne.



Cologne, for example, as the horse yet remains with the first—the mermaid with the latter.

Our *Retrospection* has however been too long detained from Britain, where Edward hanged 200 Jews one day for altering and falsifying the king's coin. Hume says, his Christian spirit led him to tyranny, but 'twas no spirit of piety led him to another act which stained our island with its purest blood, and consigns his hated name for ever to all *poetic* curses. After ambition had excited him to enter Wales with unprovoked hostility; and with soldiers who pursued the brave possessors of sterility from rock to rock, resolving that no shelter should suffice to save, what could produce no benefit when once obtained; he determined to tear from them even the pleasures of memory, the sweet recollection of what once they were; and fraudulently assembling their bards in Conway castle, there massacred the unresisting recorders of excellence, the living registers of piety and valour, forgetful how to the faithful minstrel's hand his vital pow'rs were owing. Against this cold-blooded cruelty towards men respected, so that they sat next the princes at a feast, and had their harps presented by a royal hand, for whom the cup-bearer poured out in his king's presence the sweet methelin from a gilded horn, to the health of departed heroes: against the mean murder of these guiltless bards, fit plan for souls unsoftened even by music, let *Retrospection* next contrast a scene exhibited in the south of Europe: where John of Procida, and Peter of Arragon, who had already drowned his own elder brother with their father's consent, resolved to drive from his seat as king of Sicily the pope's tributary prince Charles of Anjou and Maine, who was at this time on a visit to Martin IV: at Rome, wholly unsuspecting of the meditated conspiracy. Constantia however, daughter to ambitious Manfred, delighting to revenge her father's cause, and set her husband Peter on the throne, heard with complacency the horrid tale, how on the bell ringing for vespers upon Easter Tuesday evening 1282, a general and inhuman slaughter of all the French upon the place began, but ended not till

midnight. With such unbounded rage the fierce Italians leaped upon their prey, that in those few short hours throughout the island, 8000 human creatures, women and infants, noblemen and vassals, fell a sudden indiscriminated sacrifice to faction and confederated fury.

When we are told that Charles was seized with paralytick stupor on hearing so dreadful and unprepared-for an event; no reader of the story can be much surprized, but some perhaps will wonder that Pope Nicholas, immediate predecessor to Martin, and successor of Adrian and Innocent, who came to the papal chair on death of Gregory, should have been capable of giving his consent to so enormous and horrible a transaction, only because being a man of mean extraction, he had sought to give his niece to Charles of Anjou, who replied "No, no, though Gaetan d'Ursino *does* wear red slippers now, and people kiss them—his blood shall never mix with mine depend on't." This incivility however, this poignant and superfluous reproach, cost him the loss of crown and dignity; separated the souls of 8000 helpless French from their defenceless bodies, loaded with heavy guilt the consciences of many clergy, who lent their aid in these tremendous scenes, but never would have lifted under the bloody-banner without their vindictive sovereign's approbation, and gave to lasting infamy the narrative of the *Sicilian vespers*.

For these occurrences so full of guilt and horror will Strasburgh steeple, 580 feet high, make us any compensation? A little it will, by shewing that *some* men must have been employed in somewhat less mischievous than throat-cutting: although no nearer method was found out to induce the wide district of Lithuania to prefer the Catholick religion to idolatry, than the old mode of forcing them into our pale by the valour of the military Christians. Till some such close-clapt summary as this be presented to a modern reader; he does not easily figure to himself that paganism was so near us in days when Dante sung and Cimabue painted, when Guido di Colonna wrote his *Historia di Bello Trojano*, whence in much later times our

Boke of Troye pillaged a multitude of incidents, mingling Arabian ornaments with Grecian fable, to the confusion of antiquarians and annoyance of common readers. While Vasco de Lobeyra wrote his far-famed *Amadis*, the laughing stock of this age, but much more justly the admiration of that in which 'twas written; when a mirror of manners very little exaggerated, was held up for amusement of such who, tired of truth's uniformity, delighted as now in fiction; but felt their pleasure arise from exalting their imaginative powers to somewhat above humanity, and not as we do in some modern novels, seek in the depression of our reason, the entertainment of a dreaming fancy.

Taste certainly did in its early culture, for want of skill in the agriculturist, run all to feed as soon as 'twas out of the ground, and science was already grown so faucy, that when Taddeo the celebrated physician was called to the sick pope from Florence, he asked, and Trithemius says, that he received one hundred crowns o'day, besides a present when the cure was perfected. Some change in the value of money however, must necessarily have taken place, for we see Edward allowing his prisoner, the earl of Murray, twenty shillings per week, when in the beginning of his father's reign, the primate of Scotland had sixpence per day only allowed him in the same situation. Our fraudulent, though valiant sovereign, having now pacified the Welsh with solemn promise of a prince born in their own country, and of an innocent at least, if not a virtuous conversation, sent his queen Eleanor of Castile, to lye-in at Caernarvon castle, and then shewed them the royal infant as future *Prince of Wales*.

Swift says, and says very sweetly, that "*Wisdom's above suspecting wiles*;" and conscious valour naturally softens into sentiments of loyalty at sight of high birth with harmless loveliness combined; soliciting protection, and ensuring obedience by smiles that must of pure necessity be genuine. The first-born son of England from that hour, has been acknowledged as our *Prince of Wales*. Meantime the king tried to subdue or cheat his Scottish neighbours, while feuds and broils

broils between the Bruce and Baliol parties scourged their whole country with domestick war, and prompted them to acquiesce in Edward's arbitration. That he should coldly give a false award, tells meanly of such times, and shows that the old adage *dolus an virtus*, still maintained its ground in certain hearts, while chivalry, with its nonsensical affectation of honour, did little towards purifying men from those base passions which will cling to some of us, in spite of education or descent.

It will however be proper to recall *Retrospection* to that field, where Charles of Anjou called out Peter of Arragon to single combat, soon as recovered from the *attonitus* occasioned by his people's massacre. All sovereigns then protected a *campo-franco*, or free-spot, where to decide questions by the sword: and this was appointed in Gascony. The challenger and judge appeared *before the moment*, but he who did the wrong lingered till the time was past. Pope Martin's ideas of honour being hurt by this conduct disgraceful to knighthood; as sincerely as his good heart was shocked by the strange murder of 8000 innocents at once: deprived Peter of his dominions so obtained, and set the island up for sale or contest, according to the genius that in those days prevailed. Poor Sicily was now again deluged in blood—a general crusade having been set on foot against Constantia after her husband's death, for steadily, against the pope's consent, maintaining her son James upon the throne, till a marriage between Isolanta, daughter of that prince; and Robert, great-nephew to unhappy Charles, settled the crown upon their offspring's head; and left on Europe no effect of the Sicilian vespers, except that frightful waste of human life, which was too little then an object of consideration. My wonder on reviewing of such scenes, is chiefly, that Europe was not totally depopulated: the *Annales Fuldensis* do indeed relate, (resolving not to be outdone by Polish wonders) that Margareta, countess of Henneburg, brought forth 365 children all at once, like the queen ant:\* and this

\* Among the *termites bellicosæ*, mentioned by Smeathman.

remarkable

remarkable occurrence is attributed very seriously to the bitter curse of a pregnant beggar; but natural philosophy was at a low ebb, while other arts made such surprizing progress, that Tafi had already set up the very beautiful mosaick work over St. Mark's church, Venice, which one would think was then completely civilized, did not we know that manners yet were regulated even there by the old Lombard code, making a man pay three crowns if he so beat a servant *wench* or a fine *mare*, that they miscarried in consequence of the cruelty. So much more flow of growth are morals than mechanicks in this world: and if such restraints were needful in the more delicate divisions of Europe, *Retrospection* will scarce wonder to see rough Ladislaus dragging his rude opponent Oldamir around the field at Pest, not like Achilles at his chariot wheels—but by the *locks* held in the hand of his vanquisher, who shook him up in air from time to time, glorying in brutal strength before two armies A.D. 1290. Bonfinius regrets indeed, rationally enough, that such gigantick powers of body, should be wasted in exertions of sensuality, and clogged by gluttonous excess: but even the good pope's repeated exhortations, all were lost on this unheeding animal; he died among the women he confided in, leaving the crown to Andrew, surnamed the Venetian, whose grandfather returning from Syria, wedded a daughter of the House of Este, and Stephen her son by him, connecting himself with the Morosini family, brought gentler manners into rugged Pannonia, where Andrew swayed the sceptre peaceably, softening his court with cantadours and violars, and polishing his people by degrees.

Andronicus the emperor in the east, meanwhile who blinded and imprisoned his brother John, only because the people said they loved him; after his first wife's death, married Irene, widow to Paleologus, who being attached to her first husband's children, lost the heart of her second, by too much care for their advancement: and Andronicus, chiefly to spite *her*, and shew contempt for *them*, created Ronzerius a  
common

common pirate—Cæsar; by this step offending all mankind, and drawing on himself a war in which the Turks were constantly victorious. This new race of wanderers, for so the name of Turk implies; whether originally Scythians or captive Jews, lost to all gazer's eyes when Pfalmanaffor carried many away and kept confined in Media, as Knollys thinks, who seems to have thought much about them, were first known to us as Turks, when Tangrolipix was called in—fatal auxiliary! after which event, Mamalucks and Saracens, caliphs of Syria, and sultans of Egypt, fought under their hot sun, which still renewed the flames of fierce dissent half a century. Neither mogul nor grand-signior, nor cham of Tartary however, could quite succeed in ought, except a general depression of Christianity, which daily lost ground in the east, as if to show mankind that very strange phenomenon which no one could have credited, had he not seen, for union is recommended by theorists of every age, who tell us 'tis invincible: once it appeared on earth—never *but* once; the grand crusade exhibited a *union* of compacted millions pouring forth from kingdoms, provinces, districts—the phalanx of the west: yet, all which that strange aggregate performed, was so perpetually, so miraculously counteracted by treachery and feuds, by accidental distresses on our part, and by that valour which none have ever yet denied the opponents on the other, that Syria, after all our efforts, all our conquests, fell into and remained in their hands near to 200 years after Godfrey de Boulogne made his grand exploit. The conquerors could not however, as they then proposed, conquer the world and keep it: metals once separated from their ores, may defy chemistry herself to make them any more amalgamate; the arsenical particles completely *roasted out*—oil, earth spirit and salt, maintain their several stations, but never can be made cohere again. God had expressly declared by his prophets, that Rome should be the last nation indulged with enjoyment of universal sway, and *Retrospection* may observe, that *she* had now for the second time,

past

past the precise point or summit of her power : when Boniface VIII. of that name, and 190th bishop, in his quarrel with Philip le Bel king of France, received from *de la Flotte*, the French ambassador, a strange and striking reply ; his Holiness during a conference maintained by that nobleman with what *he* thought an unbecoming spirit, threatened to *cut off*, that was his expression, from the body of the church, such as would not instantly acknowledge her dominion.

Your sword (replied the malapert Frenchman) is only verbal and figurative, I believe, but ours is *real*, and is *sharp*. The wary pontiff, who had not as 'tis supposed arrived at his high dignity without some frauds practised on his weak-minded competitor Cælestine, wished to call in assistance from men's *feelings*, when he perceived their *interests* opposed him ; endeavouring to strengthen authority by influence, a trick not tried by sovereigns, till the first gives indication of certain, although distant decay. An old visionary was therefore, perhaps, introduced about this period ; and in the presence of the pope, told how the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him, soliciting her own removal, and that of the holy-house where she had born her son, from Bethlehem, which was about to be profaned by muskmen. The pope sent messengers into the east, and soon proclaimed the arrival of our Redeemer's mother, borne by angels, as 'twas said, then through the air, and set down near the habitation of Lauretta, a pious lady, living on the Adriatic shore of the Romagna. That place has from that day been venerated with presents, and looked up to with pious awe for 500 years exactly ; the figure was set up in 1296, and and in 1796, was torn away with insults Ottoman never would have added—for Mahomet's followers revere blest Mary as parent of a prophet sent from God, though they deny her crucified son's divinity. When Rome then gave some sign of approaching change, what wonder England felt the spirit of emancipation !—The story of Edward sending the earl of Norfolk on some errand, and his refusal to go, is urged as proof of the spirit being kindled—but that tale is *no* proof

on't: the barons knew their power long before, and it was now (like the pope's) beginning rather to weaken;—"Sir erle Bygod\*, you shall go or hang—By God, sir king, will neither go nor hang," was our king's speech to him, and Norfolk's answer; sir erle and sir king were common expressions—all were knights, and as such *equals*; according to the gothick system, shewn in France when Clovis requested a vase from out some plundered city, and a chieftain sprung up, swearing he should have nothing but what fell by lot; shewn in Spain by the Aragon oath of allegiance preserved to us by Antonio Perez†, where the nobles say to their sovereign,

"*Nos que valemus tanto como vos, os hacemos nuestro rey e señor—*"

shewn again in England when Henry confirmed *Magna Charta*, and swore to observe its contents as *he was a gentleman, a king, and a knight*. The change in Europe's system first appears when Edward, unable to compel the barons' obedience, yielded to their demand of a new charter, securing our nation from further taxes without consent of Parliament. By parliament *they* meant a congress of nobility; but the subtle prince, as a new check on *them*, encouraged the boroughs to send up some deputies, who would of course be firmly attached to *him*, and give a willing support to his authority against these haughty barons bold and free, who living nearer, oppress'd small folks more than any king could have temptation to. Edward found out therefore, on this occasion, that what concerned *all* should be approved by *all*; thus bringing a new maxim into play, which has of late carried men more lengths and greater, than the wisest of those days could have wished, hoped, or feared.

Discoveries indeed are seldom made by virtue. The improvement adopted at the time I am writing by every common fire engine thro' Great Britain, was first contrived by a boy ten years old, whose busi-

\* We must remember the man's name was *Bygod*, without that there's neither joke nor quibble.

† Sec. to Philip II.



ness 'twas to watch the communication of the boiler and cylinder, opening and closing the same with his hand alternately. Of this charge however the lad being soon weary, and wishing rather to go out and play among his young companions, very wisely fastened a string from the handle of the valve to another part of the machine, where he had observed a correspondent motion: the valve then performed its office without manual help. *He* gained his *amusement* by losing his *livelihood*, and mechanism obtained a valuable improvement. When kings called in their commons to controul the nobility, they foresaw the end on't no better than the boy did. Meanwhile luxury increased prodigiously in this reign. Witness an act of parliament commanding gravers and cutters of stones for seals to give due weight in gold: witness too the *amusements* of the court, while deputies were fetched from the country to do our nation's *business*. Roger de Mortimer, knowing the king's taste, gave him a magnificent and martial show at Kennelworth in Warwickshire, whither one hundred armed knights with their ladies were invited, and all that romance could dictate was devised for their entertainment.

Banieres ils avoyente cointee et parée  
De or et dis sur toutes exchequereè,

says an old French poem. King Eric of Denmark had some time before given a match of martial sports, as it was called, at Rostoch, where cavaliers came from all parts of Europe to an incredible number. The Dane's caroufal was famous for the drinking horns, and loud repeated healths of their numerous and brilliant dames aroused the midnight echo. One French knight, renown'd for prowess, was absent and was missed: he was employed upon a great adventure.

Henri de Navarre died in 1274; and his only daughter Joan, by Blanch d'Artois, niece to St. Louis, was now thirteen years old, and many disputes arose concerning her education at betrothment. Two kings, Arragon and Castile, prepared to seize her; but the courageous

queen, supported by this one brave knight her kinsman, carried her daughter off by mingled fraud and force, bringing her safely, after many perils, into her own country, where in due time she married Philip le Bel, then fils de France only, and by those nuptials added Navarre to the French crown; for Philip the Hardy had been long dead of a malignant fever, the seeds of which it was supposed he brought from Syria, where similar putridity still taints the air. His sepulchre was lately to be seen at Perpignan, where he died, having rescued Gironne from Peter, the prince in whose favour was made the massacre of the Sicilian vespers. This king of France had given to his son Philip the Fair, when dauphin, an Italian preceptor of the *Colonna* family; so called because his ancestors had, in the first memorable crusade, rescued the column to which our Lord had been tied. Against this noble house however, Boniface VIII. had set his face completely; and great, and gross, and bitter was their revenge; exciting powerful enemies against the See, till such and so great were their conflicts and disturbances, they at length broke the pontiff's heart, which would not bend even before so rough a storm. "Since I am betrayed (said he at length) I will die at my post;" and putting on the old crown presented by Constantine the Great to Pope Sylvester, awaited the tumult in his papal chair. If it *can be true*, that when the enemy seized Boniface so attired in the Vatican, *Sciarra di Colonna* struck him on the face; it may be true that the same nobleman, upon the pope's restitution to dignity and power, disguised himself like a galley-slave, and worked on the sea three years to avoid the fierceness of his foe's resentment, from which no then known nation could have protected him. Although the papal seat, as erst the imperial, shewed evident symptoms of its being somewhat shaken, when Boniface issued his bull prohibiting princes to levy without his consent any tax or impost on the clergy, Edward of England openly scorned the command, and outlawed those who refused contribution, saying, if they would not lend assistance to *his* government, they should have no protection from it. He proceeded therefore

therefore against the priesthood, as some of the emperors had in old times proceeded against the Christians; doing justice to every body against them, and for them no redress against any possible injury. The Archbishop of Canterbury, for example, was robbed and beaten upon the highway; the delinquents were not prosecuted. Hume rejoices in this contrivance, as Gibbon does in that of Dioclesian, it was (say they) a species of martyrdom so mortifying to spiritual pride. It was indeed: but historians should recollect, whether rulers will or no, that when the church falls the state will not long remain behind. Edward tried the same virtuous method in Scotland too, denying the benefit of law or security for their estates to all who refused him fealty. But Sir William Wallace, great patriot hero! ill-requited chief! colossal in size, intrepid in spirit, and for personal bravery renowned above his fellows; undertook the Scots deliverance from an insidious tyrant, who detaining their lawful king in his own camp, and relying on the weakness of his unsuccessful rival, pretended that he was guardian to a nation which he had tricked by false awards when they had committed themselves to his decision, as arbitrator for their crown and dignity. Against a character so selfish and unfeeling, this Caledonian warrior's wonderful and ever disinterested exploits might well detain our *retrospective* eye; but it would soon shed tears for his hard fate. Edward returned from Flanders flushed with victory, and ready to dispute nearer possessions with a wilder foe. He soon, by dint of discipline, defeated Sir William Wallace, who, vanquished and taken prisoner, was shortened of his head on Tower-hill.

The non-submitting spirit of the Scots revived in Robert Bruce, son to the competitor of unwarlike Baliol; and our military monarch, though he added policy the most refined to a disposition naturally valiant, was forced to die, and leave them unsubdued. Disease drove him from life's large theatre at sixty-nine years old, when like Camilla he might have said,

*Haftenus acca foror! potui; nunc volnus acerbum  
Conficit, ac tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum.*

I am

I am disposed enough to think with Hume, that the crusades undertaken in early, and sighed after in maturer years, by this active prince, were less inspired by religious zeal than by desire of that martial fame, *field* honour (he possessed none in civil or judiciary transactions), which mark the manners of a sanguinary age. This spirit so bewitched the Comte d'Artois in the year 1300, as I think, when Philip le Bel gave battle to the English and Flamands near Courtray; that he proposed to Ralphe de Nefle, his constable and kinsman, a *brave device* of galloping forward and breaking the enemy's ranks. The other gently advised reconnoitring; but *no*: invoking *Dieu et sa belle*, according to the fashion of the times, this fool-hardy youth rushed forward on the instant, making an immense dust on that open plain, and hiding from his own eyes the broad ditch behind which a corps of Flemings had taken post, and which received his brave detachment to their ruin. The troops with one voice crying out *Ha! Ha!* when they saw count and cavalry all crushed together in a concealed fosse; the memory of this incident has been perpetuated till this hour by the French name of a sunk fence *Ha! Ha!*

And now Europe, amused by advent'rous deeds of fearless individuals, reflected little on those hot convulsions which had so broken up the whole continent into small separate parts. Still less were its inhabitants aware, that after the fierce spirits once began to cool, commerce would with her gently flowing lava connect, though distantly, each fragment with the other, till all our neighbouring states cemented, not united, should at length form a sort of turbulent republick, rough, not free; and saucy still, but never independent, from that hour when trade, though of a coalescing nature, shewed each its consequence to all the rest; and put into the mind of every share apart, that application to enrich *itself* which has since given to the signories of Europe an air of purse-proud self-sufficiency.

In Asia meanwhile, Ottoman the first, son to Ertogrul, and father to a new and formidable empire, assumed the style and title of Sultan in the East; fixing his seat of dominion at foot of Mount Olympus, regardless

regardless of the Greek emperor and his new Cæsar, who bargained with them for his worthless sovereign, now serving merely as a mark for scorn to point the slow and moving finger at; "till all Natolia soon revolting from him, sunk into misery of its own creating;" and this new power rose, in the scripture language, from the sea, or universal aggregate of all things, a new devouring beast, unconquered yet, though many times confined.

## C H A P. XXI.

## FROM A. D. 1300 TO THE YEAR 1350, OR NEARLY SO.

THE Emperors of the West have scarce engaged our *retrospective* eye since Rodolph, who liked Italy so little he would never go thither, because he had observed, he said, that those who went there merrily disposed, seldom returned home otherwise than sad. His own employment at home was no unuseful one: he destroyed sixty castles of the Brabançons, a sort of semi-noble and lawless banditti, whom the sovereigns had till his time in some sort encouraged, at least connived at, hoping they might prove a kind of check on the aspiring barons, that in each land thwarted the king's authority. This generous prince, disdainng such auxiliaries, tried to extirpate them entirely, which must have been no small step towards general civilization; not long retarded by the pope's choice of a Polish bishop for the see of Strasburgh. This prelate coming to Vienna, called for some ale, and being offered wine instead, swore he would go home again, *and so he did*. But Mentz boasted a more polished superintendant of their religious concerns. When Rodolph died, whose loss was long felt and lamented, the bishop's influence got them to elect Adolphus of Nassau, and Albert of Bavaria refused him fealty: our Edward sent him a large sum of money, for having accepted which, as well as for sacrilege and adultery, he was dethroned and slain by Albert, the worthy and warlike heir of Rodolph, who never would consent to pay him homage, and at whose coronation such was the crowd, that the Duke of Saxony slipping his foot, fell, and was trampled instantly to death. His son married Blanche, daughter of the French king: but an occurrence calls our *Retrospect* to Spain, where Lewis had lately taken Gibraltar from  
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the Moors, and was considering himself as happy in that event, when his eldest son suddenly accused two of the younger ones, positively swearing that he knew the time and place, and could prove they had imagined and contrived their sovereign's death by sorcery. The princes summoned Ferdinand to appear before what was then called the tribunal of Christ, and challenged him to judgment by the cross, a ceremony instituted first by Charlemagne, and already described in this book. Ferdinand accepted it, and went in good spirits to rest at his usual hour, but rose no more, being found dead in his bed, though without marks of violence next morning. The accused brothers went into a monastery, and the good king died in ten days of grief and terror, appointing for his successor an *infant* in the cradle, Alphonso XI. who reigned forty years. The royal children have in Spain been known by name of *infants* ever since.

The gentle Benedict meantime, maintained the papal dignity at Rome, while he forbore all claim to pomp or pride as individual. He was a man of merit, not of birth, and when, on his accession to the popedom, his mother came to court in robes of gold tissue, with ornaments of jewels blazing round her head, to him who introduced her he turned round and said, "My mother is no princess; guard this lady home again: my mother, I know, will come to-morrow morning: she has more sense than be in all this throng." She had in effect sense enough to take the hint, and waiting upon his Holiness next morning in her accustomed dress, Benedict ran to meet her, and threw himself into her arms with affectionate transport, requesting her to pardon what he had done as a duty due to his situation and to himself the day before.\* When this amiable pontiff, by intriguing

\* Gregorio Leti relates this same tale of Sextus Quintus and his sister Camilla, but without probability; for he established that lady a palace and a court, and delighted much in advancing his family—a thing studiously avoided by this humble-hearted Christian, whose character was opposite to that of Sextus V. in almost every particular.

courtiers, was removed by sending him a basket of envenomed figs, Clement V. whose active reign was filled by a variety of strange events, found himself forced to set a sort of crusade on foot against the order of Knights Templars, meant in their original institution to keep peace and protect pure religion, but who, by various crimes, had so disgraced their order, that to repress and punish them sufficed not; it became necessary wholly to destroy them. A council for this purpose was therefore held at Vienna, and I believe the pope returned to Italy no more. He was a Frenchman born, had a strange horror of Rome's Mal Aria, and was the first man who resolved to change the see's place to Avignon. Upon his journey thither the large carbuncle dropt out of the tiara, and could never more be found. This was considered as an unlucky omen by his Roman courtiers, but the memory of such an accident was soon effaced by his triumphal march from Lyons to Avignon, on which road the King of France led the Pope's mule five miles on foot, the crown and fleurs de lys upon his head. When that ceremony was ended, Charles de Valois and the Duc de Bretagne took the bridle by turns *bare-headed*, while Philip followed first of the train on horseback; and 'twas in this state that Bertrand de Gouth (so was Clement called before his pontificate) entered his native town of Avignon.

The progress of Turcism in the east however, having been accelerated by the mad conduct of the Knights Templars, an expedition was soon made to Syria, where Philo, cousin to the weak Andronicus, had happily saved Rhodes from being a prey to Ottoman. That island was therefore consigned to Hospitaliers, a new order, and fifty delinquents of the old one being dragged to Paris, were there burned alive,\*

\* Of these knights certainly strange tales were told, and stranger punishments suffered by them. Two that were roasted alive challenged Clement V. and Philip le Bel to meet them in our Saviour's presence on a given day. This appeal was loud, distinctly heard by all, and both these princes dying close to the days prescribed them, many hearts were smitten, and many ideas of cruelty mingled with the fear of a Templar



Their phrenzies, whether exaggerated or no, were soon forgotten; whilst Italy, being become a nearer theatre of horrors, occupied men's minds in that period, and claims from us in this a glance of *Retrospection*.

'Twas in or about the year 1312 when Henry VII. crowned at Milan, at Pisa, and at Rome, reigned a short time, and that most turbulently; burning Brescia, dismantling Cremona, and causing the prince bishop of Liege to be slain, with no fewer than two thousand followers. To these excesses more would have been added, but that a monk of Benevento, by a new deed of adventurous wickedness, poisoned him in the sacrament. Louis of Bavaria and Frederick of Austria were now both of them crowned by adverse electors, while Gwelfs and Gibelines eagerly taking sides, increased the slaughter of these fierce contentions, and left one thousand lives upon the field. Venice indeed having been interdicted by the pope for calmly looking on while such scenes were exhibiting, of which her nobles were accused beside of taking cruel and mean advantage, repented this act of power in the popedom: they had already seized forcibly upon Ferrara, and now affronted by their city's interdiction, rose against Clement's nuncio in a rage, excited by the senate, which tried not to appease them, till Rome's ambassador was obliged to run from what he called the refuse of her empire. The papal army however put itself into motion, headed by Cardinal Pellegruc, a warlike Frenchman, who at Francolino defeated the republican troops, retook by storm what they had lost, and killed six thousand Italians in Ferrara streets, forcing the inhabitants, generals, &c. to acknowledge themselves vassals of the Holy See, and recognize the Pope as universal lord in temporal, as in spiritual authority. To hinder the Venetians from forgetting this their duty, Clement commanded them to send him Francesco Dandolo,

pler in men's minds: Pennant thinks their wealth was their worst crime; but I fear some gross excesses were committed. It has been lately urged that the free-masons of the present day derive somewhat from these people; but the researches into deep iniquity afford less information than disgust.

their doge, to Avignon, where he was chained like a dog, under the pontiff's table while he dined. That ignominious ceremony finished, the quarrel was made up, and the kifs of peace bestowed. Clement's death following closely upon these events threw our whole continent into new convulsions, more if possible than did the demise of his great anti-predecessor Boniface, whose memory Philip of France very officiously contributed to blacken; without being able to substantiate the charges against him.

But Carpentras now witnessed disgraceful scenes indeed; where, while the cardinals were disputing within doors, all fast confined in conclave, their domesticks, adopting the prejudices of their masters, quarrelled, fought, and at length fell to plundering houses belonging to rich men, shopkeepers in the town; some vowing vengeance against French, some against Italian partizans, till the dead bodies lay heaped about the streets, which catching fire by squibs flung about, the flames reached that palace where the electors were shut up, so that it was with difficulty they escaped. Lyons next, appointed to decide the dangerous question, *Who should be pope?* had at last the honour of chusing John XXII. celebrated by Petrarch as a man whose business was devotion, and whose pleasure was study. His first care was to compose the German dissentions, which had so torn the western empire into pieces; while Lewis and Frederick contended for the sway. Finding however that gentle means would have small effect on such fierce spirits, and that distraction seemed to threaten Europe on every side through their vexatious feuds, John fairly told them they were *neither* of them emperors, and named himself vicar of th' imperial throne.

Sanuto, a subtle Venetian, now informed the pontiff that a new crusade would be the only method to unite all parties against a common enemy; but John listening a while, soon found his sole motive towards a holy war was bringing treasures quite enormous into Venice, the commerce of which state rendered already but too formidable a city, lately become the central point of trade, and likely enough to make herself

herself the focus of dominion. This son of a French vintner therefore felt no natural desire to aid intents or mercenary projects formed by Italian states. He saw with pleasure his court fixed at Avignon or at Carpentras, and meant to turn his arms against European hereticks, he said, regardless of oriental infidelity; which in the year 1320 flourished under protection of resistless Ottoman, to the complete undoing of our work in Syria, where some sad exiles from their native land were doomed to perish, forming the scarce-lamented or even remembered remainder of those multitudes which had inundated the east two centuries before, a deluge now dried off. John XXII. had however, in order to conciliate those who repined at the See's translation, as it were, to France; sworn solemnly while he was yet cardinal, that should the Holy Spirit chuse him pope, he never would mount horse or mule but for the purpose of being carried to Rome. Desiring, notwithstanding this vow, to be crowned, and to reside constantly at Avignon, he went by water to his coronation; and stirring from that town no farther than his legs would bear him out and home again for nineteen years together, kept his oath. Italy's improvements meanwhile depended not upon the court of her sovereign; she had her artists now, and underneath the pencils of Taddeo Gaddi and Buonamico detto il Buffalmacco, painting had made incredible advances. Besides that, while English, and French rhymists too, shock the ears and eyes of modern readers, Petrarch and Boccacio continue standards in elegance, and shew that Florence had nearly reached the goal before they had arrived at the first marking post. More than that; before the year 1350 no fewer than one thousand citizens of Genoa appeared in *silk* robes; when if *our* poor kings or queens had one dress of such precious materials made up for their coronation only, it was instantly laid by with the other regalia for days of pomp, and entailed forward to the successor with his crown and jewels. Dramatick powers likewise halted behind most strangely. The spiritual show in the beginning of this fourteenth century, described by Vasari as a prodigious exhibition on  
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the Arno, must necessarily have been a very gross and very tedious pageant, representing hell and the whole story of Lazarus called by our Saviour from his grave. 'Twas at the jubilee celebrated by Boniface some few years before, that the fraternity of Gonfalone amused all Rome by giving the passion of our Lord as an entertainment, where a live man was exposed naked on the cross, and a beautiful *Magdalen* weeping at his feet in the open square, caused great and shameless indecorums. Why plays should linger so long, after novels like those of the Decameron came in familiar use, I know not: but Boniface had his mind occupied with other cares than those for poetry and the fine arts. He apprehended some abridgment of that power to which he had been chosen guardian and protector; and in order to attract notice from exteriors, while yet exteriors might recall attention, he decorated the old custom of granting indulgencies upon the last year of every century, with all that splendor and gaiety could perform: and 'twas his having *two* swords carried before him in procession that day that offended Philip le Bel, as he knew perfectly how they were meant in allusion to the *spiritual* and *temporal* command of Rome over her subject world; whereas *he* broached the doctrine more agreeable to princes, that *they* ruled by divine right alone, and held their crowns from none but God Almighty; transferring the majestick claims of monarchs on whose heads heaven had indeed laid the bright burden at our world's commencement, to their inferior sceptres barons and dukes, such as the ancestors of Philip were, warriors and chieftains merely, gothick leaders of banded multitudes their vassals; for Clovis, founder of his petty throne, pretended to no more, when curbed and thwarted by his equals in degree, even at the hour he was inaugurated.

Clement V. however, a countryman and creature of the King of France, forbore the bearing of two swords to please him, and in return Philip, without objecting, led his horse; willingly giving up to the vanity of a short-lived individual what he steadily refused to the pride

pride of that individual's office and high station, which was no longer recognized as sovereign over a willing world. And we may here observe, that whilst John XXII. a learned pope, the successor to Clement, was writing upon the state of departed souls, and whether those who left the world worthy of all praise, should or should not see their Redeemer before the resurrection; Ockham, an English cordelier, controverted *his* power over living princes, from whom of course the controverter began to receive encouragement, and soon obtained the name of the *invincible* Doctor. His works were full of wit and subtlety, learned from his master Scotus, whose acumen baffled those he could not convince, when he disputed against the followers of Thomas Aquinas, called the eagle of theologians by Romanists to this day, and of whom Warburton says "that he was a truly great genius, the same in those blind ages for divinity that Friar Bacon was for natural philosophy. Less happy though in this, that he soon became surrounded with deep glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished the radiance of that great light which had pierced through the thickest night of monkery, the thirteenth century, when the Waldenses were suppressed, and Wickliffe not yet risen." But although taste and learning now revived apace, and Giotto, Cimabue's favourite buffoon, took up his master's pencil when he died, delighting to tell all mankind how he was taken first into his service; by having chalked a drawing of some lambs while he kept sheep on Cimabue's paternal estate, and cut some beasts in turf upon the mountain, like that on Whitehorse Hill going to Bath. It was his honest drollery, more than merit, which interested nobles and ladies in his favour. Giotto had struck by chance upon that least valuable branch of the painter's art, deception; and when Cimabue was from home, he drew a fly upon the picture of Benedict ninth's nose, and jumped about for joy to see his master go to blow it off when he came into the room again. The story of his tying up a live man to a cross when he was about to paint the crucifixion, was a trick worthy Giotto; and when the pope threatened

threatened him with punishment for endangering a fellow creature's life so, his drawing a dirty brush over the work was in the same vein of humour; he knew the sovereign would pardon, and set him to do it all over again.

The marble church we travellers all admire, now reared her head at Florence; but will not outlast the fame of her contemporaries Dante and Petrarca; though architecture suffered not her sisters to leave her far behind, while those twin geniuses Nicola and Giovanni Pisani left to the temple they were baptized in, a pulpit, yet existing, though finished the last day of 1304, ornamented with allegorical and devotional figures, to a perfection that might astonish a civilized, much more a barbarous age. That the verses on it should be no better than they are is scarcely less surprizing.

*Laudo Deum verum per quem sunt optima rerum,  
Qui dedit has puras hominem formare figuras.*

But we must turn our telescope towards Britain, where commerce yet ill understood, as Hume says, cramped (by an act of her expiring sovereign) the Lombard merchants Frescobaldi; and under a pretence that the exchequer had been robbed, drove many of them away. The son who succeeded to the throne however, made his brave father soon and sincerely regretted. Elegant, not warlike, and possessing more delicate beauty than becomes a soldier, Edward of Caernarvon was little disposed to enter lists with Robert Bruce, and to maintain those ill-gotten provinces which once acknowledged Longshanks for their liege. Our prince however was observed to prize in his first favourite Gaveston, that bravery he boasted not himself. The gay Gascon came off conqueror in every tilt and tournament: graceful as Paris, valiant as Troilus, and insolent beyond endurance of English nobility, they therefore planned and accomplished his banishment, but after a few years thought it not worth their while to hinder his return. The king, who had long pined in secret for his company, met him at Chester; melted to  
tears

tears by the very first embrace, the cordiality of which ensured his ruin. Guy earl of Warwick, in a short time seized on and dragged the hapless youth to his castle; and near that spot where he received the final blow, a stone yet stands perpetuating the baron's triumph. Edward soon comforted, sought his next minion among the sons of those very men who had opposed his early choice; but then Queen Isabelle objected, and that loudly, running to her brother's court, Charles the Fair, with her complaints: she had said nothing while his and her own countryman Gaveston had possession of all that England could bestow. Hugh Spencer, on the other hand, who had lamented his king's strange propensity towards favouritism, whilst it was all heaped on a foreigner, found it not ill conferred on his own son, whose avarice, no less than Gaveston's pride, disgusted all the rest of our nobility.

Lewis Hutin and Philip the Long, who had in turn succeeded to the French crown after their father Philip le Bel, were dead; and Charles their younger brother willingly took up his subtle sister's quarrel. Edward endeavoured to oppose the invaders; while the populace being let loose plundered London, and massacred every loyal subject who supported, or even wished to support the king's cause, proclaiming young Spencer a publick enemy, and joining the lords in a general cry for his extinction.

Against the royal family itself, followed by 3 or 4000 armed rebels from abroad, against the barons' power and the people's cry—no personal courage, no treasures could prevail. The victims of this uproar, Spencer and his father, were savagely murdered, and their bodies thrown to dogs, while the wife who first deserted, next invaded, and then dethroned her husband, lived in notorious intimacy with Roger de Mortimer, of ancient family but infamous character; who in some former riot had broke prison and followed Isabella to Paris, where she first placed him amongst her son's attendants, when his betrothment to Philippa of Hainault took place at the French court in 1325, although

the prince was then but thirteen years old I think ; and the intended bride but nine. Edward meanwhile fought 'mong the mountains of his native soil, an unfound refuge. Wales, by mere instinct, refused her protection to a sovereign given in contemptuous cruelty to a country which yet had too much virtue to insult or to betray him. Hunted however by the earl of Leicester with fatal skill, *his* vassals found and carried him to Kennelworth, whence he was driven forward to Berkeley castle : there the vile fiends of power forced from him shrieks that betrayed the horrid deed—*not new* ; for such had been the meed of many a wretch belonging to the odious court of Heliogabulus in early times, and such in nearer days the fate of Godfrey duc de Lorraine, uncle to the far-famed Godfrey of Boulogne : when Thierri, by the aid of Robert recovered Holland and killed the bishop of Utrecht. But we must follow up the gentler destiny of Isabella and her worthless Mortimer, now pampered with indulgencies arriving nearly to the same excess as those so momentarily enjoyed by Gaveston or by Spencer, till the young king, uniting maternal energy of mind with the accomplishments paternal resemblance had conveyed, resolved to rule alone, and rid the land alike of female influence and tyrannick favouritism ; he seized the earl therefore in his mistress's apartment, tried, legally condemned, and struck his head off, confining the queen-mother to her country-house, where she enjoyed the liveliest and the most innocent of all delights—hearing her son for many years extolled by every rank of men, yet not forgetful of her loved companion, called the place *Mortimer*, after the name which she preferred to Valois or Plantagenet : the name remains to it still. Generous and just, beneficent and brave, upon our young king's princely character would *Retrospection* dwell for ever, and still for ever find new themes of praise—but such a summary as this waits not for episode or for reflection. Coarse facts which show progressive civilization will not however be unwelcome—queen Isabella had an allowance *then* of 4000l. o'year, and when the elder Spencer's larder was given up to pillage, it contained



contained 600 salted hogs, as many sheep, and 80 carcasses of powdered beeves. Stowe tells us in his Survey, that the earl of Leicester's annual account with his cofferer, was 7300l. of our present money—the expences of the wardrobe not included. Possessions were concentrated then in England, as now they are perhaps in Transylvania: and I should feel myself little amazed, if in Prince Esterhazy's larder, something like this gigantick plenty might have been found in 1775; but our tired eyes must cross the channel now, and observe Charles IV. upon his death-bed—he who protected his sister Isabella, and who refused the pope's grant of the western empire. This prince leaving his consort pregnant, settled a regency for his son, if he should have one, otherwise confirming the succession to Philip de Valois his first-cousin, whose father was Charles de Valois, brother of Philip le Bel, by the beautiful Joan of Navarre, and who, although father, son, brother, uncle, and first cousin to a king—never was king himself. The royal widow produced a posthumous princess, and upon the head of Philip VI. was the French crown of course most rightcoulsly placed, according to ancient usages, confirmed by the testamentary disposition of expiring Charles. Our Edward alone refused to acknowledge him, and fitting out a navy of 240 ships, saw himself despised by the new king of France, who stationed 40,000 men in 400 vessels, to prevent the English invasion. Our troops and sailors were however so completely victorious, that ten of the enemy's ships alone remained: while Froissart owns the loss on our side so small, that no man dared report the news at court—and Philip's fool was the sole person who had courage to let his sovereign be truly acquainted with the sad disaster. Our king encouraged by such vast success, began the siege of Tournay, and in the true spirit of chivalry, hurled his defiance at de Valois' head, challenging him out to single combat, and felt perhaps this martial mood more irritated by the French monarch's angrily reminding Edward, how he had once done homage for the dutchy of Guicenne, and that 'twas contrary to ev'ry rule for a *liege lord* to duel *with inferiors*;

but adding, “ That if he would increase the stake, and set his island on “ the combat’s issue—the challenge might in honour be accepted.” These reciprocities of empty insult were put an end to by interference of *Jane*, countess of Hainault, mother to Edward’s queen, sister to Philip. The pope dispensed with her request on this occasion to quit her convent and its habit. She came arrayed in royal splendour, Froissart says, and with her beauty, elegance and wisdom, *charmed* those too fiery spirits into peace.

Th’ enchantment was not indeed of very long continuance : another lady, more powerful perhaps, because more young—lighted the flames of war once more in Europe. The countess de Montfort finding her husband imprisoned and oppressed by Philip, fled with her infant son to England, soliciting assistance from our warlike sovereign. Beauty in those days never solicited in vain : he sent her back with troops she well knew how to use; on every trying, every dangerous occasion; the countess charged her enemies on horseback, surrounded by knights devoted to her service, and when confined in Henneborne by Charles de Blois, till gallantry itself was wearied, and began to think of yielding up the town; mounting a high tower, she descried the English fleet—“ And now no more capitulation, no more cowardice, no more “ debates,” exclaimed the voice of female fortitude from off the walls, where she contended for a son’s, an infant son’s succession. “ They “ come—the succours are arrived,” she cried, soon as they were in fight. Henneborne heard, and her grave magistrates swore to endure famine till our victorious admiral sir Walter Manny should arrive indeed, and open their unhappy city’s gates to plenty. Five hundred chosen archers next followed the courageous countess in a sally, timed with consummate wisdom; our British hero stormed the place meanwhile, crying, “ May I never be beloved of my heart’s mistress, if I “ right not this beautiful dame !” Charles and his armies were soon beaten back—the lady accompanied sir Walter to her castle, and kissed him in face of all the troops, says Froissart, *comme noble et vaillante dame*.

’Twas

'Twas this Sir William Manny that first founded the Charterhouse (Chartreux in London) for twenty-four Carthusian monks—*whence the name*. He had first bought the ground for a burying place in time of pestilence, then not unfrequent. He afterwards built a convent on the spot. When monasteries were dissolved, a Mr. Thomas Sutton purchased it for the charitable use it is still put to; giving for it 13000l. 1000l. an acre: for the original ground was no more. Such circumstances and such actions, fix the *retrospective eye*, but had no influence on the fate of Europe, unless perhaps by whetting Edward's appetite to seize the throne of France for ever, abolishing the salique law. Domestic disturbances might with more prudence and propriety have called him back to London—but London was safe in queen Philippa's care, who had repelled one Scotch invasion in his absence, and was again prepared to give her dangerous neighbours a reception they little dreamed on, though so well deserved. The prince of Wales too, England's glory, England's heir, then half adored, yet unforgotten among us—the suffered to go learn upon the continent, to earn his spurs and emulate his father.

Philippa had more sons than one—all heroes. The eldest signalized himself so at the battle of Cressy, though a youth, that at the engagement's close, our martial monarch leaped into his arms, scarce able to articulate "*Mon fils, mon vrai fils, digne de l'empire du monde*.—My son, my true son, worthy to rule the world." Upon that bloody field, in fact—fell the whole flower of the French nobility, and their king, ill denominated Philippe le Fortuné, was borne forcibly from the battle covered with wounds. Retiring he saw the blind Bohemian John, exposing his venerable person in defence of the House of Valois: "When even the blind remain," exclaimed Philip aloud, "Why will you drag me hence?" "*Because we can see*," calmly replied his brother John of Hainault, and guided the king's courser to a place of safety.

The Scots during this period, had recalled David Bruce, long banished, who had married the late king Edward's daughter. Robert

was dead; and sent his heart under the care of Douglas to Jerusalem; whither he wished, but was unable to go. The faithful messenger assisted Arragon against the Saracens, and willing to retain memorial of his expedition into Palestine, bore from that day upon his shield a *bleeding heart crowned*;—the arms of Douglas to this very hour.

The incursion through Northumberland to Durham, was notwithstanding stopt at Neville's Cross, where the queen met, vanquished, and made David prisoner; then seeing him safely lodged within the tower, hastened away to grace her husband's camp, where all that military splendour could effect, was put in use for her reception. Edward was at that instant besieging Calais, and the brave governor's expostulation with Sir Walter Manny, stands on record in all historick annals. The high heroick fervour of the times inspired six self-devoted burgeses to claim the meed of dying for their town's deliverance; when marching up to Edward's royal tent bareheaded and barefooted—ropes round their necks, and the keys of Calais in their hands; our sovereign would have taken their forfeit lives, had not his lovely consort, new-arrived, made their forgiveness her sincere request: and given the eye of *Retrospection* a sweet pleasure; the sight of fortitude and female interference triumphing over pride and barbarous policy—for honour in those days was still supposed to rest in *noble bosoms* only—and Edward half-hated these gallant burgeses for stepping into lists marked for high birth alone. In proof it was not their resistance that provoked him, when in a future contest for that city, Eustace de Ribaimont\* stepped forward in the field, and fought a dreadful duel with him hand to hand; after his conquest, Edward invited the bold youth to supper, and threw a string of pearl about his neck: bidding him present that to his fair mistress as an acknowledgment of his vast prowess, bestowed by England's king. Things were however silently and se-

\* Eustace de Ribaimont, when he gave up the struggle,—called aloud to Edward, "Sir knight, I yield myself your prisoner."

cretly in some parts of Europe; openly and madly in some others: working round towards a new modification of its government. During the *last* portion of the circle round which our world had run for near *five thousand* years, and the last half of the *sixth*—not far off: monarchy, properly so called, had degenerated; and had been overthrown. Even the haughty baronial aristocracies were in the fourteenth century passing their meridian. The commons were obtaining wealth in England, and wealth (excepting in despotick\* states) leads distantly and unsuspectedly to power. The popes had been opposed in their authority, and Boniface's character was even openly accused of imposture, simony, and crimes of blacker dye, which had been patiently endured in person of his predecessors: who at worst felt the censure fall upon *themselves*, not on the see, deemed till these later times impeccable. But money now was necessary to a pontiff, and John XXII. left behind him eight millions of our present sterling pounds—to him Benedict the XIIth succeeded, a gentle inoffensive character; and of his successor, Clement de Rosiere, is related, the tale how when he was a travelling monk, he had been robbed and stript upon the road: but a charitable priest passing by, took care of him, and supplied all his wants. "How shall I ever make you amends, dear sir?" says Clement—"Oh, oh!" replies the other, laughing—"Make me a bishop when you become pope, to be sure." The event he thought impossible came true; and la Rosiere was no sooner inaugurated, than he looked out his old and worthy friend, and made him archbishop of Arles.

Neither virtue nor money however, were sufficiently powerful to repress enquiry, or to blind detection. Ulric the Dane had written some letters wherein were mentioned the beast with seven heads, the woman sitting upon seven hills, and various other texts terrible in

\* By *despotick* states I mean such as Turkey, where wealth is dangerous and not desirable.

their nature and consequences, during the reign of John XXII. who tried, but could not silence the murmurs which slowly, but certainly gathered in the wind. The Lollards made themselves remarkable in 1328, and wit lending his assistance to sharpen the arrows of learning, delighted to see Dante on the now popular side. In a diet at Mentz, it had been solemnly concluded, that the emperor held his right from God alone, and that a council was above the pope. The aristocracy which had long ruled the states of Europe, by this decree gave signs of intention to engross the church authority likewise, while the fierce schisms between popes and anti-popes, which in past times excited a spirit of contest merely, now appeared half-ridiculous to many, and perfectly and rationally offensive to all mankind. The removal of court residence to Avignon, was a preparatory step to all that followed, and the ignorance in which Rome had desired to detain her religious votaries, was now likely to prove dangerous to that religion's original seat—when Nicola, a mean citizen, was found almost the only person who could read, and explain the antiquities of the place, old epitaphs, &c. by studying which, he heated up his fancy to endeavour at restoring the old form of government, and was a formidable meteor for a moment. Mr. Gibbon has expatiated on the five years bustle made by this man, known by name of the place he was born in—Rienzi; but 'twere superfluous for an epitome like this to notice it, except as a proof that all were glad to see the cardinals Colonna and Ursini trampled on, and murdered with some shew of justice by a mean demagogue, whom they were likewise glad to see displaced again and banished, when count Minorbini restored things to their pristine order, and Clement VI. justly so called, poured the oil of tranquillity upon the swelling surges of rebellion. Petrarch, romantic in his love and ardent in his patriotism, assisted with even more than good wishes, this ill-conducted attempt at innovation: his far more reasonable, as more humble hope, was by his poetick eloquence to recall the bishops of Rome to their see, which seemed to be neglected

glected now by them as it was erst deserted by its emperors, the previous and remote, but certain prognostick and cause of its decay. If things do not go forward they recede: it was no longer high tide with the papal power. A diet held at Franckfort had decreed, that any bishop might crown the emperor as well as the pope: but what the ecclesiastick authority lost, the regal sway sought to procure for itself—in vain. The kings got nothing yet but such empty splendour as would have been justly derided by their ancestors, bold barons, who led embattled followers to the field.

Arts, sciences, elegancies, conveniencies, comforts, luxuries, *really* increased, and spread over Europe their softening, and at the same time their dissolving warmth. The first offspring of commerce, *curiosity*, sprung from the union she had made with learning on her late visits to the east; turned over with restless fingers leaves she could not yet peruse in the vast book of fate, and drove enquiry forward; nor could the strange calamities which depopulated Europe stop, except perhaps for now and then a moment, her rapid course: although five thousand souls perished in an inundation that overspread Holland, while the earl and countess amused themselves by seeking out a giant and giantess which they were told had amazed the surrounding provinces, and obliging them to marry, took them in their train to the marriage of Philip de Valois who lost the battle of Cressy, and who first laid a heavy tax on *salt*, inducing our Edward to call him le Roi du loi *Salique*, a regulation he had no small interest in wishing to overturn and to deride.

Things were beginning to give signs of a distant change in favour of the commonalty. William the Good, who made an advantageous peace with Flanders, obliged his governor or bailiff of South Holland to pay one hundred crowns to a poor woman whose only cow he had taken from her by force; and then beheaded him for having by that cruelty reduced her to want bread, and so submit her daughter to his ill-endured caresses. A century before this she would have obtained small

redress by appealing to the sovereign; but now the peasants began to find protection under a higher power, from the immediate and pressing tyranny of the nobleman next them. The Turks meanwhile, under victorious Ottoman, pressed forward, nor did his death relieve the Christians so completely as they hoped for. Orhanes took Nice by stratagem, and wasted the fine islands of the Mediterranean sea, seizing on Nicomedia, and at length marrying the daughter of Cantacuzenus, tutor to helpless John, son of the old Andronicus, who fate in Constantine's feat indeed, but was unable to poise the sceptre; while his false but powerful preceptor associating himself with his pupil, seemed as if selling the city to Orhanes, now become son-in-law to the Greek emperor. Gregory, surnamed the *authentick* doctor in the schools, tells us how a horse painted on the walls of the palace neighed three times at Constantinople this year, and well might he neigh at such news! The patriarch's excommunication of those who made this impious marriage, was disregarded as much as the dumb and painted steed: Venice alone ventured to attack the prosperous infidels, and the Venetian fleet was beaten at the Bosphorus. The Genoese, who always wished to thwart their immediate rival, joined with the Turk to tease her: Lewis king of Hungary called her attention homewards by his encroachments, and Solyman, son to Orhanes, repress'd their ardour in the east. Venice herself was shaken by a tempest. Her annals now record how fancy saw St. Mark, St. George, and the protector of babies St. Nicholas, uniting to sink a huge ship loaded with devils which were coming forward to destroy her. The great hall at Padua was built about this time however; for nothing retarded taste in its progress; and our Edward instituted, with martial pomp, the order of the garter. Learning saw her universities spring up on every side, and that of Pisa will be long remembered. Petrarch had been crowned in the capitol at Rome by the pope's vicar some few years before; and that trade might leave some lasting monuments of *her* improvements, the famous tun of Heidelbergh was constructed; although pestilence and locusts,

and



and other national evils, were strangely depopulating Europe. The world was even yet slow to consider these calamities as unconnected with blame; and the wretched Jews being always at hand, upon whose shoulders to lay every imputation, many were put to death under pretence that they had poisoned the waters; had men accused them of selling old clothes, stolen or purchased from infected houses, they had perhaps been nearer to the truth. But a Jew doctor, less discreet than greedy of immediate gain, had in the year 1339 undertaken to cure John of Bohemia, whose unhappy blindness had come upon him by degrees, a cataract perhaps, or gutta serena, which by the awkwardness of his unskilful though precipitate operator, was so increased that light was wholly lost. We have seen upon the plains of Cressy that his courage yet remained: not so the common sense of all his courtiers, who falling on the unsuccessful practitioner, hewed him in pieces, massacred many of his tribe, and drove the rest completely out of their dominions. On the king's death in battle his son Charles IV. was chosen emperor by some of the electors, who deposed Lewis of Bavaria, and broke his heart. No competitor rising except the Marquis of Misnia, *he* was bought off by a sum of money, and Bohemia consolidated as part of the western empire in person of this Charles; whose marriage with Anne, daughter to Count Palatine of the Rhine, extended its limits. About this time too the famous William Tell produced the freedom of Switzerland, by one bold though not original act of steady courage, when Grissler, governor of those provinces for the emperor Albert, had commanded him to shoot an apple set on his son's head. Tell remonstrated a while, but at length complied; and Meichtol his historian says, that Grissler observing in his hand a second arrow, asked its use. "For your extirpation," replies Tell, "had I been so unlucky as to have killed my son." I think the very first insurrection in the cause of liberty saw this tyrant fall by a shot of the same quiver.

Lewis of Hungary maintained his independence however, and

fought to obtain Naples by invasion. The pope would not endure to see such bold injustice, and protested that the plagues which desolated our continent, especially those caterpillars by which every green leaf in Hungary was eaten, proceeded from that wickedness which marked a degenerate age. Clement made peace, and by so doing gained Avignon for himself, annexing it to the Holy See of Rome for ever. He had before offended all the world by purchasing that town with money and flatteries from Joan the wicked Comtesse de Provence and Queen of Naples; who strangled her amiable husband Andrew in a silk thread of her own twisting. I think 'tis Collomescius that relates how this unhappy prince, coming to her apartment, said to her fondly, "How are these pretty fingers now employed?" "In forming a rope worthy to hang a king," said she laughing; and in effect that very night while he slept, she had the heart to slip it round his neck, so that he never spoke another word. The body being thrown out of a window in the city of Averfa where they then resided, Joan wedded her new flame the beautiful prince of Tarent, whom she permitted to die a natural death, consumption killing him in three years time. James of Majorca was her next consort; but him unfeeling interest soon beheaded, under pretence of jealousy, says Fuller: but it was haste to associate Otho of Brunswick, who adored her so, although then past her prime, that he solicited her hand with ardour equal to her own, and ventured upon a solemnization of her fourth dangerous nuptials. Her charms however could not operate against heroick Charles, poor Andrew's nearest kinsman. He vowing vengeance for his uncle's murder, and hoisting a black standard besieged the city of Dyrrachium, so gallantly defended by Otho, that thousands of lives were lost in the hot contest; beheld with agonizing anxiousness by Joan; who encouraged her brave defender from the walls, till breathless with his wounds, he looked up to the mistress of his affections and expired. Charles seeing this occurrence, cried out *Peace!* "Throw me (said he) the bright but impious cause of all this blood-

"shed

“ fled from her tower, and let fair Italy be healed from its fierce anguish.” Some pages to her person took his word, and threw the guilty princess from the battlements, when sadly contemplating her husband’s corpse: “ Sure *never*, said the victor, did a knight so valiant combat in the cause of so truly vicious a lady.” She fell like Jezebel of old, and was, like her, devoured by the dogs. Her death, which happened in her forty-eighth year, restored the world to peace; and though the event happened five years or more beyond th’ intended limits of this chapter, I could not bear to keep so horrible a tragedy from its catastrophe—told in such various ways, but ending always with the merited extinction of such a character; whether effected by suffocation or poison, by an assassinating hand, or by the Tarpeian method, as I have chosen to relate it.

## C H A P. XXII.

ENDING WITH A. D. 1400.

**T**HE death of Philip de Valois marks the year 1350. He was furnished the Prudent and the Fortunate; but neither sagacity nor good luck could enable him to make head any longer against the superior genius of Edward III. whose second attempt on France was but delayed, not set aside entirely, even by the contagious sickness which Stowe tells us dismissed fifty thousand souls at once from the city and environs of Norwich, an assertion which we will rather relate than investigate. A *retrospective* glance like ours affords no time for calculations, which are ever unfavourable to round positions confidently maintained. The plague in England certainly lengthened our suspension of arms against France, and that kingdom had a moment's time to breathe under their new king John; while Peter the Cruel, who succeeded in the same year to the throne of Castile, made Europe ring with his enormities, worthy of pagan days and Roman emperors. He married Blanche de Bourbon, and drove her from his palace the fourth morning after their nuptials, in a manner disgraceful to *knighthood*, say his contemporary historians. Her successor was the infamous Maria de Padilla, who lived with him as a mistress; but Jeanne de Castro had the misfortune to be his queen, and felt *her* days endangered by oft-repeated poisonings. His brother Frederick, who counselled other conduct, next fell a sacrifice to his vindictive fury: so did the great officers of state, and not a few prelates of the church, particularly the good archbishop of Toledo, who mildly and heroically had admonished him from the pulpit. That Christianity however might not be polluted by

by such a character of sanguinary despotism, Peter renounced it; joined with the Moors to waste his own dominions, and provoked his nobles to take up arms against him, under the conduct of Henry de Tristemar, his father's natural son. Peter now fled to the protection of our Edward, who wished to reinstate him in his dominions: but mankind would be no longer ruled by monsters; all ranks of people deserted the standard of avowed impiety, and some advent'rous cavalier or baron saved the imprisoned and perishing queen Jeanne from her dungeon to die at her father's house, in consequence of those cruelties which she had suffered during her long confinement. Though somewhat out of place, we won't lose sight of this insufferable sovereign till we see him, after five battles bravely fought, beheaded at length by Henri de Tristemar, who thus revenged his mother's death 'mong many others, and ruled in lieu of Peter on the throne; but died soon after he had freed Spain from her savage tyrant.

From such scenery our eye turns, not ill pleased, to Turkish Orchanes, happier in his native disposition to do good, and flattered by his son Solyman's ready obedience to a loved parent's order. Equally fired by ambition to extend their dominions, and carry their crescent's honour into Europe; returning, though late, the visit of the invading crusaders, 'twas agreed that the young man should explore the most agreeable situations on the other side those limits which had till then confined the Turks to Asia. Such was prince Solyman's behaviour that he conciliated many Europeans to his interest, and such was his valour that he awed the murmurers into obedience. Confiding in their kindness, or at worst secure of their acquiescence, he took up a temporary residence among them, and diverted himself with innocent amusements, till hawking at a heron one day, his eye fixed on the quarry, his horse fell with him, and broke his neck upon the instant. Orchanes, as might be expected, died of grief; and Amurath, surnamed the Great, reigned in his stead. *He* fixed his seat of empire at Adrianople, and was the first institutor of guards about his person picked from

from male infants required of Christian parents for the purpose, and called Janissaries, a name well known and formidable since that period. Amurath made peace with the Greek emperor at his accession, and sent two hundred of his subjects to assist the Thracians in erecting a pillar at Didymotichos, now Dimotuc. These traitors managed so well for a month, that the unsuspecting Christians requested fifty more. With these picked men the Sultan resolved to possess himself of the city; and having placed an ambush of valiant Turks near to the suburbs, the workmen pretended a quarrel among themselves; then leaping suddenly upon the warders of the armoury, who were at supper near the castle gate, seized weapons more in number than were wanted; and having given the signal to their companions without, began a fierce assault and took the town. It has belonged since that day to the Ottomans, although Amurath underwent many and bitter reproaches for the treachery, which he took care to lay upon his general Chafis, and offered the Europeans his head. They were more clamorous for reinstatement than revenge however, and insisted upon having their city again; but the proud Sultan told them then, "That where truth had been once propagated by the followers of Mahomet, error should no more return to plant her thorns." And to confess the truth, our Christian cause derived no dignity from its professors in those days, when the Genoese, ever ardent to gain all the trade of Asia to themselves, and diligent to distress Venice, who was pursuing the same plan, were base enough to help the Turks against us, and even assisted Amurath to possess himself of Phillipopolis, now Filiba; so deeply was baseness rooted in the world, even at a time when romantick ideas of honour pushed to excess, prevailed over its most enlightened continent.

Fausto the Italian relates many ridiculous tales of chivalry exercised during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but when military orders were first instituted, they had not always employment *in their profession*; and 'twas not much amiss that young nobility, armed, mounted, and

and provided with 'squires, did for amusement, or else in consequence of some religious vow, wander about the semi-barbarous countries seeking adventures, which the state of things in such wild times did but too often afford them. Rich heirs were not seldom forcibly conveyed away, that another more distant kinsman might succeed; while women were perpetually made the tools of avarice, or instruments of ambition, against their own consent. The oath of installation which these nobles took, obliged them to liberate such captives, and to redress such wrongs: when laws afford no protection the military *must* take up domestick quarrels, or still more dreadful scenes, and cruelties inspired by revenge will follow. Thus private wars, which had desolated Europe, seem'd as if dropping into desuetude, when rapine and insult began to expect due punishment from single hands, and when he who committed the violence no longer engaged all his relations to support it, but rather preferred answering the charge in duel, or shrinking by flight from the disgrace of refusal.

But every institution, however laudable, degenerates: what once was virtue faded into folly; and commerce regulated morals before the manners could prevail upon themselves to change. Gay amorous knights, warm in the cause of innocence and beauty, began therefore, when real occasions presented not, to offer voluntary combat in defence of qualities which cannot be ascertained by victory; and risked their lives, that futurity might acknowledge one lady more lovely or deserving than another. Not content even with *this*, another century saw what was now but empty vapour degraded to absurd and poisonous mischief; so that when legal ties grew firmer, and females of nice honour had fewer opportunities of imagining their delicate sense of it in earnest offended, the young and idle cavaliers, who burned for combat, carried their fighting humour to such a laughable excess, that some would go about with a company of damsels on palfries along with them, and used to stake one against his opponent, whom he sought for purposely to prove their mutual valour. Some letters of

defiance have been recorded, but would in this chapter be out of place, as they belong somewhat to a later period. I cannot however resist inserting *this*, knowing it to be genuine.

“ Not out of envy to your glory, Sir, but from desire to share it, I beg the favour of you to fight me, and am your most humble servant.” *The reply was*—“ Pray, Sir, dine in my hall to-morrow, and see my court-yard: we will meet at two o’clock and examine the lifts; I attend you after the banquet to victory or death.”

Can madness or fatuity go further? This disposition was however parent of many books, which kept up the echo when the sound and fury of the idiot tale was past: Don Quixote had the honour of finishing it for ever.

What chiefly may be learned by the use of *Retrospection*, is to observe, that wisdom as seldom cures folly as virtue dislodges vice. The first runs itself out of breath, and stands still only because it can drive forwards no further: the last is, I fear, never eradicated at all, but hunted down in one shape, escapes like Proteus under another. As a proof, Pope Clement VI. successor to Benedict, was obliged to suppress the sect of Whippers or Flagellants about the year 1350, because of the gross improprieties committed under this pretext, while he supported another order which gave offence to the rich cardinals, &c. in consideration of their care of souls during the time of pestilence, from which, when all secular priests and bishops ran away, some *Franciscans* remained on whatever spot was seized with infection, doing their duty towards sick and dying; many of whom, struck with a sense of gratitude, and deprived by death of all near relations, left to that order their estates or money; and ’twas this conduct which occasioned complaints disregarded by Clement VI. Of this pontiff much has been recorded good and bad, but all agree that he was wise and learned. My readers and myself should love a man so partial to *abridgments*, that he caused many great works to be epitomized, “ that the *busiest*, he said, might not be ignorant of what had chanced before their own times.”

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The Canary Islands being discovered during his pontificate, Petrarch tells how he appointed Lewis earl of Clermont king of them, styling him Prince of Fortunia, and crowning him with his own hand: as the day proved rainy, our Italian poet puns and quibbles about the *watry domain*. Such however was the superiority of Italy to England, both in point of literature and general knowledge, that when our ambassador at Avignon, hearing those islands were bestowed upon a Spaniard, he fell into an agony of passion; thinking the pope had given away England and Ireland; and difficult enough was it to persuade him that any except the *British* isles could with propriety be termed the *fortunate* ones—a better testimonial of his patriotism than of his geographical skill certainly; tho' we must not forget, that in a very few years after this event, 30,000 students were enumerated as appertaining to our university at Oxford. What they were studying indeed did not immediately tend to any purpose of benefiting this life, or obtaining happiness in the next: for notwithstanding scholars had left off disputing, and fools forbore to investigate their arguments, concerning the nature of the holy and incomprehensible Trinity, they wrangled in the days we are describing, whether, if one angel could stand upon the apex of a pyramid, many might not stand there too, and *how* many? This, though more innocent, was scarce less absurd than the recorded controversy of the same times, whether God best loved in his heart a possible spirit of great dignity, or an actually existent insect of the meanest and minutest kind?—Science however, if she did walk along angular paths, or in a serpentine direction, kept walking forward in every country. The king of Hungary was a good astronomer, so was the Genoese master to Boccacio. Prague and Cracow boasted a university, and Cantacuzenus, the Greek emperor, undertook a history of his predecessors, at least some of them. Higden and Mandeville grace our English annals; and although towns seem to spring up more slowly, we see Stutgard enlarged by John, the first elector (as I think) of Brandenburg. The year of jubilee was that in which Philip of France died, 1350: Clement VI. would have it pompously celebrated; but the people mur-

mured at Rome's rapacity : and as not above one in ten returned alive to their own houses, those few returned thither in ill humour, relating how travellers and pilgrims were plundered in the grossest manner by the Italians, who sold their food and let their lodgings at a price few could pay, so that rich people only could see the reliques, or partake the blessings held out to them as an inducement to flock thither. When once it had been said that absolution's self might be too dearly purchased, a keen observer could have descried, that by unforeseen and scarcely noticed occurrences, the way was preparing for Wickliffe.— This great man had, during the reigns our *Retrospection* has ran through, been employed at Oxford in carefully watching the moment fittest for his broaching doctrines not yet unlocked. He saw that they would now be not unwelcome to a large portion of the Christian world: he told them therefore what they till then had scarcely dared to tell themselves, that the Romish church claimed her supremacy to others under no better than false or feigned pretences; that Christ bestowed no temporal power on his apostles, and that he had expressly disclaimed riches and honours for himself; that prelates offending against God and man by their corrupt and wicked lives ought not to be protected from punishment by the vestments which their vices fulfilled, or the profession which their principles profaned. He fulminated predictions of ruin to those, who in defiance of our Saviour's precepts, strove for the highest place, and he taught how every king should be head of his own realms, independent of ecclesiastical authority, which extended no farther than spiritual matters; and shewed that auricular confession was insisted on only for the purpose of extending church power. Wickliffe had seen the blessed sacrament administered in both kinds to Philip king of France, to Joan his queen, and to John duke of Normandy their eldest son, by virtue of diploma from Clement VI. in the third year of his pontificate; the date, Avignon, 21st June 1344. The French monarchs have since that time availed themselves of this privilege at their coronation and at their death; but this new reformer found out that popes had no just right

right to restrain *any* person from partaking the blood his Saviour shed freely for *all*. These opinions published abroad, won the hearts of many who groaned under papal and priestly oppression; and several princes caught the new flame, lighted indeed from that small inextinguishable spark which had remained warm in the world since the Waldenses, and after them the Lollards, with indignity, but without adequate effect, had been trodden down.

John of Gaunt, heroick Edward's son, saw, as 'tis said, his father's death approaching in an illness which many years preceded it—he was, if not aspiring, at least turning his thoughts towards the crown of England, and he avowed himself convinced by Wickliffe, who found so many powerful protectors, that the pope was accounted wise in punishing him only by command of perpetual silence: although Gregory XI. was no pusillanimous character. That he removed the see back from Avignon to Rome, although himself a Frenchman, nephew to Clement VI. is a proof of his good sense; he saw the necessity of residing at the centre of his dominions: the dreadful schisms had, by starting up in various places, probably reminded Gregory of the old Prince in profane story and early days, who planning a removal of his royal court, a trusty favourite begged leave to bring a dried ox's hide into the chamber, and threw it down: then standing on it at the four corners alternately, observed he could not keep it to lie quiet and steady; but fixing his position in the *middle* of the skin, he shewed the king that none of the parts were *then* disposed to start up and be troublesome. In short, prudence became now a necessary qualification to the pontiffs. Urban, the *last* pope intermediate between the two of the family de la Rosiere, had exerted that quality with regard to John Palæologus, the Greek emperor, who came to Europe and submitted his opinions in theology to Rome, uniting as far as in him lay the long separated Greek and Latin churches. He had married Helena, daughter to Cantacuzenus, and Orchanes the Turk had taken her sister into his seraglio—his death however, and the succession of Amurath as sultan,

sultan, gave the Christians little hope of mercy. Those who resided in Servia were all driven out, while the Grand Signor, so he began to be called by the Genoese, increasing in power and wealth by conquests almost incredible, tore all the districts of Thrace and Mysia from their original possessors; took Gallipolis, defied the prince of Bulgaria to single combat, rallied his new militia of apostates round his person\*, chastised his insolent bassas, put out the eyes of the rebel prince young Aladine, who had abetted their seditious spirit; and after personally gaining thirty-seven battles, and marrying his favourite son Bajazet to the daughter of Jermenogli, died in the year 1390, and was succeeded, as he wished to be, by the furious youth celebrated, or at least consigned to long remembrance by Rowe's delightful play. 'Twas at *his* wedding that Eurenoses sent as a present one hundred beautiful boys, as many girls, the first eighteen, the last fifteen years of age, all richly dressed, each with a cup in hand containing of some rarity: gems, spices, pearls, worthy so great a sovereign's acceptance; while poor Constantinople, in a miserable state as Rome was under her last emperors, looked tamely on to see who next would invade, or who protect the fading purple—once so venerated by mankind, but now scarce an object worthy general compassion, when weak Andronicus went into Asia, a willing pensioner upon the Turkish court, leaving Emanuel, who succeeded Palæologus, as a kind of tributary sovereignty tied to a post no longer tenable, and feebly feigning to support a sceptre which daily shrunk from grasp of Christian princes. Among all these, England with justice names her own the greatest. Incomparable Edward's triumphant success at Poitiers over John of France, who inherited his country's prejudices against our island with his predecessors' obstinate valour in defending his own, settled those disputes which the cardinal de Perigord vainly attempted to compose before beginning of the combat.

The young hero's behaviour when he brought his royal prisoner to

\* The Janissaries.

that

that tent where victory fate on his brave parent's head, arrests, well-pleas'd, the *retrospective* eye, which sees, upon that memorable occasion, displayed all those delights that valour and virtue can either exhibit or bestow. Our Prince of Wales, warm with ideas of duty due to exalted rank, and full of tender feelings for dignity in distress, waited himself behind his captive's chair, while John in return, reposing upon his heroick foe's high sense of honour, willingly accompanied the English conquerors to London, where we read of his dining with our city magistrate, who had invited to meet him, David king of Scots, taken by queen Philippa—and her consort, Edward himself, first among the sovereigns of his century. Many gay tilts and tournaments were shewn in honour of such guests: a solemn challenge, thirty knights against thirty, was given and accepted, and the count de Beaumanoir cried out aloud—" *It should be seen that day who had the fairest mistresses.*" 'Twas seen indeed when only sixteen of the whole sixty combatants were left alive, and they *fore wounded*, says Knyghton. Yet 'twas to this spirit of chivalry we owed the gallant conduct of our Black Prince, so named, I think, from the colour of his arms in war: he married his cousin the Fair Maid of Kent, who brought him only one son and died; but among all the annals of mortality, none so affects an English heart as that of her valiant husband—or fills the British eye with genuine tears, like that death which defalcated our happiness, and threw a gloom over all our glories. King Edward could survive it but a year—he left the infant Richard successor, appointing a regency among his uncles: he left our language spoken in courts of justice, some new coins invented, and a great advance made in woollen manufactures. With the assistance of his commons, he prevailed on the nobility no longer to abet rapine and robbery, by affording open protection to thieves or murderers belonging to their numerous dependants; and was publickly applied to (but without success) to make no churchman chancellor or secretary of state; under pretence that they had no leisure to attend in *both* capacities.

capacities. Windsor's proud turrets now lifted their heads on high, and every thing evinced the progress of authority from barons independent of their sovereign, to a consolidated mass of king and commons, supporting royalty against the nobles of the land. Many things however retarded, though many contributed to accelerate these events, and *Retrospection* will need little more than one fact to shew, that if such a change was indeed coming forward, it was coming very slowly. This may be proved by my Lord Morley's killing the bishop of Worcester's deer in this reign, and the bishop making him do penance for it in Worcester cathedral, bare-headed and bare-footed: while the king interceded for him in vain, and even offered the bishop a *present* if he would remit the punishment. A continuance of the aristocracy for more years than it had reason to hope for, was afforded by the reign and character of Richard II. whose propensity to favourites, and whose rapacity for money to supply *their* requests, turned his thoughts to such practices as highly and even justly offended the old barons, and half forced them upon asserting their ancient privileges, insolently broken in upon by a king, who, though he could controul a lawless and senseless rabble, as in the case of Wat Tyler's insurrection, knew not either to conciliate by sweetness, or overawe by virtue, the nobles who had not yet forgotten their original equality with princes, who could not count ancestry higher than their own. Added to these demerits, Richard had no children; and Lionel, duke of Clarence, next brother to the Black Prince, had only one child, a daughter, of whom little seems to have been thought, while the great duke of Lancaster, third son of Edward and Philippa was cruelly and foolishly insulted by his reigning nephew, who banished the young earl of Hereford, his only son, and then seized the estates and personalty of the offended and expiring parent—such conduct could not long be tolerated: Henry, upon pretence of resuming his rights, and claiming the just inheritance of his father, hurried from his exile, and braved king Richard on his own island—where, supported by many of  
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the barons, and at the head of numerous and powerful partizans, the duke of Lancaster stretched his pretensions soon, and seized that crown, which his uncle knew not how to keep, how to enjoy, or how to defend; and from Henry of Hereford, became in a few months, without any opposition, king of England. That his weak predecessor should be killed in prison surprizes no one now, and it appears that few were affected by it when the affair happened. That his youthful consort was restored to her own country, where after only half a year's mourning, she wedded le duc d'Orleans, was another proof of the low standard our Richard had risen to, but that no one stirred in favour of the right heir, is stranger; for Philippa, sole daughter of brave Lionel, Edward the third's next son, had married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, and their boy ought assuredly to have succeeded upon demise of Richard. The young duke of Lancaster however, with *ayde of kyn*, as he called it, and good friends, obtained the throne about the year 1400.

Before that time sir John Philpot, citizen and merchant of London, had undertaken to clear the Channel of pirates at his own expence, evincing the spirit and opulence of *our* nation, while Germany boasted the birth of Berthold Swartz, whose inventive head found out new modes for the destruction of his fellow creatures: the use of ordnance in war is attributed to *him*, who first proved his cannon at Venice, where he resided during the time Germany was divided into factions concerning the choice of an emperor. That country had never been at rest since Charles IV. son to John of Bohemia had bought off Frederick the marquis of Misnia, with 10,000 marks, and made composition with Guntheris, earl of Swartzburgh, who was supposed to die poisoned, because four of the electors had preferred him to his opponents in 1350, when Mecklenburgh was first erected into a duchy: though Martinus Polonus tells of a brave leader from that district in 1274, or thenabouts, who fighting in the holy wars, was detained prisoner at Grand Cairo twenty-six years, and being then re-

leafed, went home and was obeyed by his subjects as usual. But our eye must be a moment kept on Charles, who reigned thirty years I think, having ridded himself of all competitors; and fastened his son Wenceslaus the ugly and the indolent, upon the succession, by making him in early youth king of the Romans. The odd seizure of his empress Anne, daughter to Count Palatine of the Rhine at Pifa, by some young madmen enamoured of her beauty, is related only by Du-bravius; I believe it was in order that the valorous knights who rescued her with the young princess, might be duly celebrated. Such an occurrence, however, shews the backward state of civilization in Germany and Italy, about the middle of the fourteenth century, which witnessed a violent insurrection of the French peasantry near Beauvoisi, and saw them burn, as Froissart says, sixty castles belonging to nobles who had offended, and grossly injured them, before the tumult was quelled: in this last occurrence, and in the manner of their behaviour, when for a moment the sword was their own, might have been traced the even *then* quickening spirit of democracy in France; but penetration had little place in those days, while the arts were making astonishing, tho' half unheeded progress—poetry gave hopes of perfection in a latent Ariosto, and painting threatened to shew in a few years more, that point of excellence which none have power to pass over.

These probabilities of future skill soon to be arrived at supreme eminence, were however contemporaneous with the tale of the py'd Piper: and such was the credulity of mankind in these times, that it was universally believed how a strange person appeared in the town of Ham-melin, dressed in a strange dress of various colours—how he would neither eat nor speak, but played upon his pipe a strain so sweet and so uncommon, that while all eyes were turned to gaze upon him, rats were observed running from their holes, and sitting in the square, careless of men or dogs, observant of his musick. This event seized on the imagination of the magistrates, and they bargained with such a piper for a sum of money, if he would call the rats out of the  
town



town—by signs the contract was soon made, and the musician rising and walking towards a large cave just at the entrance of the city, playing as he walked, the creatures followed after him, and he seduced them on to their destruction. Claiming his meed however, 'twas refused; the plague of rats infested them no more, and the old magistrates, like Pharaoh, being relieved, hardened their hearts—but like him they were punished. The py'd Piper stood once more in the square, and changed his mode of playing—but so celestial, so persuasive were the notes, from every house rushed forth a troop of children, and surrounded him; nor could the mayor keep his own sons at home—every infant from two years old to twelve, followed the preternatural musick to the cave, where the musician himself walked in with all his train of innocents: the mouth of the place closed, and they came out no more.

Such a tale should not have crossed our *retrospective* eye however, had not the writings of the town borne date even to the year 1700, *ab exitu puerorum*, and was there not even yet a pillar of stone with the story engraven on it at the cave's mouth. Musick was perhaps less understood than were other arts, or else her powers were thought less limited than those of her sisters. King Eric the Good, had a harper in Denmark, who boasted uncommon and immediate influence over his hearers; it is related of him, that the mild monarch challenged him to exert his energy to the utmost, confiding in his own philosophical evenness of temper. The musician however, like Timothy of old, is said by his historians to have so transported the king, (and courtiers of course) that Eric leaping from his seat, threw himself upon the harper sword in hand, and the attendants pretending equal passion with the prince, dispatched him in an instant; leaving an example for future artists to suppress such dangerous powers, and confine themselves to amuse their superiors, not drive them quite distracted. 'Twas after Eric's death and that of his successor, that time labouring with new births, produced the Semiramis of the north;

Margaret of Waldemar, who we have seen uniting under her own government the frozen realms of Denmark, Sweden and Norway: endeavouring, as it should appear, to synthesize some parts of Europe, and cement them; while the southern nations were breaking into parts.

The death of Gregory XI. threw all Italy, and those countries immediately connected with it into terrible confusion. The schism was tremendous. Urban VI. was inaugurated at Rome, to which place the late pope had transferred the seat of majesty; Clement VII. reigned at Avignon. The Italian populace had besieged and clamoured round the conclave, "No Frenchman, no Frenchman—a Roman sovereign or death," till the cardinals were frightened into their first election of Bartolo Bari, a native of Naples, but respected by the whole peninsula for his strict life and manners. His unseasonable severities however, incensed many nobles, who then complained of the undue election, and favoured the cause of a gentler and politer Clement, whose pretensions were abetted by Charles the Wise of France, a man of eloquence and learning like himself, and who collected nine hundred books placed in the library at the Louvre. The kings of Castile and Scotland declared for *this* party, while England remained with the Roman pontiff resident in Italy. Urbanists and Clementines divided all Christendom between them, and tearing the ecclesiastical power in pieces, tore likewise the veil which had till then concealed much misconduct. Disgraceful truths were told on both sides, and while the partizans of one pope *thought* they were only tormenting his rival—all aided in reality the sect of Wickliffe, which spared no pains in pulling out the black deformities of the *papal power*, regardless of any particular individual, and exposing them to open view. The commons too, in ours and other countries, silently won their way through this whole century, (for church and state are necessarily connected) and as the tiers etat of clergy gradually weakened, the plebeian order strengthened in proportion: for king and barons found *their* assistance useful, to counteract what each termed inroad in the other.

other. Nor were the characters of those who now contended for the command of every prince's conscience, less luckily designed for promoting the destruction of both.

When John XXII. had been opposed and thwarted many years by Corbarius the anti-pope, he ordered him on the very first appearance of submission, to be absolved and brought before him, when he received the kiss of peace bestowed with kind and Christian haste for reconciliation, manifested by that meek spirited and exemplary pontiff: *these* men on the contrary, had no spirit of yielding or of forgiving, and stood upon their own independence completely, reckless of the common cause, and persuaded of their own right to the submission of mankind.

Urban, who wore a hair-shirt next his skin, and mortified his flesh by voluntary torments, took seven rebellious cardinals, and tying them in seven sacks, threw them into Tyber; Clement received with elegance and splendour, those who inclined to run from so rough a master, and the schism lasted I think, fifty years. Meantime Spain seemed as if recovering from Peter's cruelty, her wounds closed under Henry's reign, surnamed the Gracious: but Mahomet, the Moor of Granada, poisoned him in a pair of envenomed boots: his son John, who succeeded, fell from his horse and died in less than twelve years after his father, and one of his unhealthy progeny, Henry, surnamed the Sick, wore Arragonia's crown, when the year 1400 saw England's peers disgraced by a new power, exercised now for the first time by kings, the making nobles by royal patent: a dreadful blow upon the aristocracy, admission to which body was till that hour denied to every possible merit, save descent—a prodigious prerogative acquired by monarchs, who in the beginning, as we may suppose, used it sparingly and with caution: but while sovereigns of separated states grew powerful, the western, and infinitely more still the eastern empire, was frittering fast away. Robertson observes, that although much splendour of appearance graced the court of Vienna, the princes and inferior

states

states of the empire were subjects only in name, each of them possessing a complete municipal jurisdiction within the precincts of his own territory. All these accidents combined to increase the power of the Turk, who, when he heard that the young king of France had taken the lilies (*fleur de lys*) for his device in coat armour, because emblematic of his youth and innocence; laughed and observed, "That the young king of England was sending over his uncle Thomas of Woodstock to mow them down." In effect, Bajazet, successor to Amurath, took that method with all whom he suspected of opposition, and his strangling Jacup, the next brother to the throne, set a savage fashion, soon imitated by succeeding Ottomans. The story of this tyrant allowing court fees for administration of justice, is likewise striking enough. His favoured fool Sinam, being excited to the work by Ali Bassa, one day when he thought his master in good humour, dressed himself up as an ambassador, and begged to be sent as such to the Greek emperor—"For what purpose?" said Bajazet—"To request some of his poor miserable bare-footed friars for us to make judges of—now my dear lords are sent to prison," says the jester: "I can, replied the sultan, supply their places with my own subjects"—"We have none as learned in our realms," answered the fool—"Well, well, *you* loved them," cried the sovereign, "but they took fees, and I will have their heads sent me to-morrow." "'Tis just for that reason," says the sly Ethiopian, "that I am going to fetch those foolish Christians hither, as no men but they who take an oath to starve themselves, will forbear accepting fees when you give them no salary." "The child is right," rejoined the Turk after a moment's pause, "'tis a false prejudice; I'll make my *cadis*, or crown-lawyers, a handsome appointment in future, and till I have done so they may take the fees—bring the lords here again."

But Tamerlane's\* exploits attract more forcibly the momentary glance  
of

\* Timur seems to have been this great man's real name, but his dependents called him *Timur Beg*, lord Timur of course—his enemies seeing him halt like Agamemnon of

of *Retropection*. A bright illuminated spot is he, irradiated by glories of superior worth to all the oriental heroes. A new character passing too quick across the confined field of our mental telescope. Nor Pagan nor Mahometan, nor Christian nor Jew; this wondrous pattern of excelling virtue, burst suddenly upon the astonished world; and added to his conquests the merit of discovery. An immense tract of eastern Scythia had, during all the ages we have reviewed, lain far remote and heedless of those struggles which changed the face of Europe, and disturbed the nat'ral apathy of Asia, ever disposed to slumber life away in the dull round of sensual pleasures, and to exclude care from her strong-built seraglio. The Chinese empire erected on her confines by *Fohe* or *Noe*, had rarely been approached, and little thought on. Trajan himself tried not to pass the sacred Ganges, though he had thrown a bridge over *Donaw*, and Pompey was easily contented with those limits which Alexander had been taught to think restrained the race of man. But Tamerlane now shook those worlds, the Macedonian chief once wept for, and shone a prodigy of valour and good fortune. He fell upon the unprepared and vainly-wise Chinese, won from them many provinces and districts, and on his return through eastern Scythia, or in more modern language Muscovy, he dropt down unexpectedly on the Greek empire, visited with admiration the neglected city of Constantinople, and meditated her preservation from the uplifted arm of Bajazet, just terror of terrestrial multitudes. John Palæologus had associated his third son in 1384, which preference having irritated the elder brother, *he* had declared war of course, and weakened the sceptre by civil dissention that ended in imprisonment of those who bore it.

old, surnamed him *Tamurlang* Polignac says; Timur the Lame, as in our western annals, Henry the *Limping*. This French writer sets his meridian later than does Isaacson, whose chronology from Berg. Ann. Turc. was in high reputation in days less distant than our own from the event.

The Turks however, on pretence of taking sides in this family-quarrel for scarcely-existent power, pulled the princes out again by threats, and Andronicus was given up to repent in the sultan's court, his hasty resentments against Emanuel. In this state were the affairs of Christianity in the east, when its tyrannick master had submitted all Theffaly and Thrace, and the Morea to his sway: not contented to conquer the king of Caramania, Bajazet hung *him* up on his own palace walls, and being as Knollys says, furious of nature, and in anger dreadful, was, notwithstanding, defied by the brave Comte de Nevers, who brought into the field 2000 chosen knights, Frenchmen, to fight against as many infidels, their tyrant at their head. The event was fatal to our fearless Europeans: Relentless Bajazet destroyed them *all*, and cropt the flower of Catholick nobility. In this courageous chief the virtuous Tamerlane descried an enemy fit for his sword to conquer and correct: upon the plains of Stella 'twas they met, where Mithridates had been beat by Pompey, and Belisarius, six hundred years after that, had drenched the arid soil with Gothick blood. The Turk and Tartar here fought hard for victory, which fixed at length upon the crest of honour; and Bajazet, yet unsubmitting to his fate, was seized, while his opponent scorned to take his life—but in a moving-prison brought him on, caged as a wild destructive animal, not to be tamed by mild or gentle usage. No entry was ever seen more glorious than that of Tamerlane into Constantinople, which since the days of its first founder, had never yet beheld so great a man. With matchless probity he there refused the offer of a town he so admired, a sinking empire he had so preserved; and leaving Palæologus in the throne, returned to administer strict justice in his native country, and keep his own persuasion unprofaned. 'Twas in or near A. D. 1400, when this brave prince resigned his soul into the hands of that Creator whom alone he worshipped, being in the most absolute sense a deist, theosophite or unitarian: without religion therefore, though graced with virtues that would have adorned the best

best: it is however, exceedingly observable, that as this heroick character tolerated all opinions, although his own led him to think no ecclesiastical establishments necessary, so with him his empire seems to have extinguished. A solitary star he shone, but unsupported by borrowed light, his own not being eternal, though inherent; heaven refused it: lest his example might be followed by those who would have imitated his errors—not his conduct.

## C H A P. XXIII.

FROM A. D. 1400, TO THE YEAR 1425.

WE must now turn our *retrospective* eye back to the western empire, where Wenceslaus, seized with a new humour of protecting the hitherto hated Jews from massacre in Bohemia, and not in the least studious to support, by strictness of morals, that extraordinary liberality which he professed in matters of religion; became ill thought on, and was at length driven out. His various escapes and odd adventures, marked with his own hand on his own Bible, I had the singular pleasure of seeing and examining at Vienna; where the pretty washerwoman's tenderly-requited kindness to her sovereign, remains recorded in a very neat miniature on a margin of the New Testament, with less propriety than gratitude. Wenceslaus therefore, though ugly, found friends among the sex; and although surnamed the Indolent when seated on his throne, ceased not by restless endeavours to regain it, after he had provoked his subjects to withdraw their allegiance. He died king of Bohemia in 1418. A terrible pestilence during this period wasted Polonia; and Casimir's unkindness to his queen, daughter to a landgrave of Hesse, was supposed to have called this vengeance down on a yet unenlightened nation. Her death gave him an opportunity of leading a life less offensive with Hedwige, a consort of his own country, who was less irksome to him with complaints of the coarse manners in Polonia, and the preference she gave to a more polished though less powerful court. By this lady however Casimir left only two daughters, whom Lewis of Hungary soon threw into confinement,



ment, leaving their aunt, his mother, guardian over *them*, and returning southward himself in search of pleasures, which Buda could better bestow than melancholy Cracow. There however the queen regent, sunk in sensuality, hid her enormous vices from mankind, while taxes and tortures so worried the poor subjects, that some lords sent a monk to let Lewis know that a rebellion was inevitable. He, at the instigation of his wicked mother, poisoned the monk, and made the vile bishop, her confessor, regent; associating him in power with the lady; who died in consequence of her excesses, whilst her colleague ran madly up a haystack after some peasant wench who fled his violence, and breaking his neck by a fall she gave him from the top, completed the aversion taken to Lewis and his friends. Some noble Poles now met on horseback, and resolved to pull the princesses from prison. Hedwigis the elder was married to Ladislaus, and reigned in peace over her native country; while Mary, scarce fourteen, was given to Sigismund, the impious but powerful emperor of the west.

John the Delicate and Henry the Sickly, had during this time feebly supported the Spanish sceptre; but Ferdinand, surnamed the Honest, brother to this last-named sovereign, redeemed the honour of the old Celtiberians, and taking Anquiterra, drove the Moors before him. Flushed with conquest, he attempted Sicily, and added it to the possessions of the house of Arragon. This sovereign encouraged learning and learned men, and had the happiness of seeing the Bible translated into the Portugueze tongue.

France meanwhile was a prey to civil commotions. Charles VI. surnamed le Bien-aimé, felt his reign in early days disturbed by a sedition of the *Maillotins*; for in every nation now symptoms appeared of strength and a resisting power in the *people*, not dreamed of by the antecedent princes of Europe, and too little dreaded even by those that in this fifteenth century courted their kindness, in order to balance them against the barons' power. The Flemings had revolted too, scorning *their* sovereign; and Charles the Well-beloved met and chaf-

tified them on the plains of Rosbach, where Frederick of Prussia gained a famous battle in our own times. The same places are naturally fought out for the same purposes, and more than one victory is boasted by many situations convenient for mutual hostility. A sun-stroke on the king's return to Paris robbed him for many weeks, months I believe, of his fine intellects, by bringing on a phrenzy fever, which left his nerves so shattered that he never more possessed the powers of mind or body necessary for governing a great nation. His sister Isabella,\* married to our Richard II. was sent home by the successor, and wedded in happier nuptials to the Duc d'Orleans. Henry IV. meanwhile pushed condescension to the lower orders further than any English prince before had done; and Shakespear I suppose exaggerated but little when he said, that

A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With thanks my countrymen, my loving friends, &c.

But Henry's title being more than weak, he made it a point to conciliate those whom Richard, more confident and secure, had scrupled not to oppress. His reign, like those of most usurpers, seems wholly spent in efforts to keep himself upon that throne by force, to which he had been raised by fraud and accident. Another circumstance arose to keep the right heir from his crown, by the hot passions of Owen Glendour, who in a private war upon the earl of March's territories, took the boy prisoner; for he, although but thirteen years old, was fighting beside his uncle and guardian, Sir Edmund Mortimer, in the field; and Henry, happy he was thus disposed of, went on to punish other rebels, the Archbishop of York being one. To the astonishment of mankind, *he* was executed, and Wickliffe's notions were visibly practised and realized in his execution.

\* It was King Richard's first queen, Anne, that introduced *fide-saddles* for ladies to ride upon in England.

The Commons, under this democratically-disposed sovereign, began to feel their own increasing consequence; and if, in order to tread down the nobles, they now and then did make unwary concessions to their subtle monarch, they proved their sense of such concessions' danger by diligent retraction of them. Against his dearest hope, of new-establishing the crown upon *heirs-male*, thereby tacitly t'exclude the house of Mortimer, the House of Commons, scar'd at the idea of a salique law, insisted on the succession of princesses and their issue; nor durst the king oppose such a request, for fear the earl of March's pretensions might be spoken of.

Churchmen next lent an excuse for their ill-gotten wealth to be examined into. It was their way in England to oblige their villains or vassals to marry free heiresses; by which collusion numberless small estates came into their hands. The people made a calculation of all the ecclesiastical property, and offered to possess Henry of 20,000*l.* o'year, dividing the rest among fifteen hundred *new* earls whom he was to create; and found out that the clerical functions would be better performed by fifteen thousand parish priests, paid at the rate of seven marks o'year. The prudent prince however saw plainly that things were not ripe as yet for such *large* depredations: he knew the papal power was not so declined as to have suffered these immense encroachments; he feared lest all the world should cry against him as a Wickliffite, and raise commotions that perhaps would end in setting youthful Mortimer upon the throne. He therefore burned a wretched *Lollard* of no family, as proof of his catholicism; rejecting the proposal of the Commons, and conciliating, in some measure, the half alarmed and much offended clergy.

One other incident demands a moment's glance of *Retrospection*, merely to prove the prodigious advances made by freedom under the reign of this great duke of Lancaster. His eldest son protected a riotous companion, who had been condemned by Gascoigne, the chief-justice, for some enormous offence, and found no safeguard from young Henry's favour.

favour. The prince, amazed to hear a man *he* countenanced was still detained in prison by the laws, flew to the bench and struck the judge who sat there. The judge however had so profited by the new doctrines, that much more mindful of his own place's dignity than of the petulant folly of a hot-headed youth; he gravely proceeded to commit the prince *himself*, and the king praised his noble-minded conduct. While by such methods our Henry IV. *bestowed* that independence which he fought to *obtain*, and bestowed it too on those who had been hitherto looked down upon as mere appendages to greatness, and treated like the cattle which their pastures fed; the commons of the realm rose each moment in respectability: their agriculture improved, their sheep increased; corn was exported, wool was manufactured; and when they grew important, they found out they were *aggrieved*. A reader of history, from this hour will find the lower order ever restless, ever uneasy: they had tasted the tree of knowledge, and knew all their wants. The solitary Indian thus, among the Cordilleras de los Andes, worshipt the invisible Naiad of the stream which cooled his grot and gratified his thirst; but tracing the rivulet up to its origin, which he expected to find paradisaical, he came, after long toil, to the foot of a tremendous glacier, the rough cataract pouring floods of foam down a black rock. "And is it so indeed, (says he) that keen research repays "her votaries?" It is so: Oh then let the spirit of investigating deeply rest a while: act well your parts, readers, each in your separate sphere; and for knowledge of past times, spare from the present only a momentary glance of general *Retrospection*. The irregular behaviour of an eldest son was not a misfortune confined to England's king: Robert earl of Fife, made regent of Scotland during his father's state of imbecility, imprisoned Alexander, a younger brother, for burning the cathedral church of Murray; and when at length he came himself to reign, the strange licentious manners of his heir, young David duke of Rothsay, were so offensive and intolerable, that he was forced to banish the boy, and some old authors say he died of want. The Irish had  
been.

been firmly hold together by Richard II. in despite of deeds which hourly provoked and invited insurrection. Our sovereign's daughter was the wife of Eric, the nephew and associate heir of warlike Margaret, de Waldemar; while Joan, daughter to the earl of Holland, queen of Bohemia and empress by her marriage with Wenceslaus, left a son William, surnamed the Young. This prince, wedded with Philippa of Flanders, being at dinner in the French court, an officer came forward and cut off the table-cloth before him, to separate his seat in a disgraceful manner from that of the company; because the death of Count William II. which happened *only* one hundred and forty years before, had never been revenged by his family. "It was pardonable," cried the herald, that his successor should forget an offence by which he came to the crown at six months old. William the Good likewise might have stood excused: his scrupulous mind, ever employed in framing penances for imaginary faults and fancied crimes, was unlikely to have prosecuted such an affair as that. William the Mad *could* not be trusted with the sword of justice; but that none should for a century and a half have undertaken to wield it, was a shame to chivalry." In consequence of this harangue the youth returned home, called together friends and followers, and stimulating them to the enterprise by an account of his own ill usage when at Paris, a war against the Frisons was begun successfully; the body of this injured ancestor was dug up, and brought in triumph to Valenciennes, where it was buried with pomp and pageantry, according to the spirit of the times. That spirit doubtless was excited and kept warm by metrical chronicles and pedigrees in rhyme, which Warton tells us of in the history of poetry, and which tended no little towards keeping in all countries the aspiring flame alive. 'Twas to extinguish such recollection in poor Cambria that cruel Edward I. had killed the bards. But Chaucer now refined our language, and wrote verses for the courtiers, of which he was one, being a kinsman to the house of Lancaster, that drove forward every possible improvement. The genius for devotion

votion, however, seems oddly mingled with all his ideas, though light and playful, often indecently so; but 'tis pretty and curious when the birds are made by him to sing mass upon May-day, the eagle taking *Veni Creator*, a popingjay *Cæli enarrant*, the owl *Benedicite*, whilst *Te Deum* is chanted in alternate stanzas by a *thrush*. Quere whether nightingales were then known in Great Britain? her strains would surely not have been forgotten. Our rougher dialect indeed now smoothed apace, and shewed itself capable of wit and elegance. There was a strong push made for a change of manners in mankind. Westminster Abbey was enlarged about that time, oil-painting arrived in sight of its uttermost point of perfection, and sculpture seemed revived in Italy, as once in Greece, where figures first began to live, and struggle too for immortality, so long as this globe shall last.

A company of linen-weavers meantime increased Great Britain's growing opulence, and London found herself well supplied with coals. The German genius hovering over the mines of sulphur and saltpetre, dug up destruction to the sons of earth, while cards were invented or imported from the east for amusement of the French king. This is national character. But the rebuilding Westminster hall, and the newly introduced usage of pleading in English an Englishman's cause, arrests our hurried sight more forcibly, because it paves the way, 'tis plain, for ampler reformation. He who can use his tongue to plead for property before his prince, will learn to plead for mercy in't before his God; nor long remain confined to utter sounds, of which himself knows not the meaning. Universities indeed were springing up on every side: St. Andrew's, Leipsick, Salamanca, diffused reviving knowledge round the world; and even northern nations now sheltered her shrinking branches: when lovely Hedwigis, the queen of Poland, left a large legacy for colleges at Cracow.

Alexander V. who attained the dignity of pope only through his virtue and learning, and who considered himself merely as an instrument of Providence to unite once more under one head a church lately divided

divided against herself, and in greater danger of falling than those who headed either party could foresee; contributed so largely to the cause of literature, that from a rich bishop (as he said) he became a poor cardinal, and was contented to die a very beggarly pope: escaping easily the charge of nepotism, for he had never known parent or brother, sister, uncle, or any tie of blood, nearer than some one who pretended to be his cousin, because like him he had been born in Candia; and Alexander, laughing, drove him from the door.

Such characters were now necessary to maintain the papacy, which Benedict and Boniface had shaken by their ill-timed contests; and which Innocent and Gregory had as vainly struggled to support with empty menaces and fallacious miracles. The first had been derided by the Florentines, who, when they refused corn to Rome, were threatened with an interdict, which never was laid on, for fear it should be laughed at instead of regarded: and as to the false miracles, they had been detected by John Hufs, confessor to Sophia of Bavaria, whom Alexander mildly exhorted to silence, but in vain. This busy spirit, warm with the notions that Wickliffe had instilled, scarcely despaired of converting the pope himself; whose candour and science laid him open to conviction, and who had himself written a beautiful treatise on the immaculate conception of our blessed Lady, which Luther many years after could not, and did not disapprove.

Cardinal Cosſa however, the trusted friend and favourite of this mild and virtuous sovereign, lured him away from Rome to Bologna, where he soon died, in tortures not much inferior to those suffered by Edward II. of England, having had death administered to him in a *poisoned enema*: while Cosſa was quietly elected pope, under the well-known name of John XXIII. His election was singularly bold, as his life was eminently wicked: he threw St. Peter's mantle over his shoulders, and cried " 'Tis *I* who am chosen now to the pontificate." *Ego sum papa*. The conclave was awed, and the unhappy choice confirmed. Sigismund, a character of no more virtue than Cosſa, elected himself

to the empire in a mode not much dissimilar. When Rupert of Bavaria died, and the electors met, he was first, as Marquis of Brandenburg enquired of, whom he preferred as worthy of the imperial crown. “*Myself, Lords!*” was the haughty and little expected reply; “for Sigisfinund is able (continued he) to rule the world, and I know not of whom else I can so say.” Sigismund however was apt to mistake confidence for ability. Surveying his army and that of the allied Christians near Nicopolis, “What need have we to fear the Turks falling on us,” exclaimed this impious prince; “if heaven itself were to fall, here are troops that could hold it up with their halberts.” From those plains however he made haste to run, when heaven, to punish such mad pride, forced his fine soldiers to fly before the infidels: yet was this emperor still self-sufficient, obtrusive, and injurious. When he was visiting poor Charles VI. at Paris, his curiosity led him to the courts of justice, where a cause of considerable property was accidentally trying before the judge, one Sigit having endeavoured to wrest it from the right possessors, but was at length baffled, because having made some pretence which none but knights could claim, the business ended, and sentence was about to be pronounced; but Sigismund, who sat as a spectator, and till then *incognito*, leaped forward and suddenly knighted the fellow, putting on his spurs himself, and swearing he should not lose his cause for want of that ceremony being performed. ’Twas on the honour of this emperor, who had in no transaction of his life shewn any care for justice or decorum, that John Hufs and Jerome of Prague, the new reformers, depended for protection; when by a solemn command, signed by himself, in a safe conduct given them to arrive at the council of Constance without let or hindrance, and with full permission to pass, stop, stay or return freely; he signed the same with his own signet, and pledged imperial faith for their kind treatment. All histories record the horrid perfidy; all nations acknowledge these unhappy men as martyrs to opinions now thought wisely of, even by those regions who then looked with calmness



calmness on the flames which burned the professors of them. *Hufs* had for three days preached against the enormous wickedness of the clergy, and maintained the right which all alike possessed to the receiving of the eucharistick cup; yet had he never presumed to administer it, though he said mass publickly at Constance, where pope and emperor, and four patriarchs, twenty-nine cardinals, three hundred and sixty-five archbishops and bishops, five hundred and sixty-five abbots and doctors, with no fewer than sixteen thousand princes, nobles and knights, made a temporary residence. That three hundred and twenty minstrels, troubadours and jongleurs, six hundred barbers and seven hundred common courtezans, should follow such an assemblage of nobility, need not be wondered at; but I think little Constance never could have held one half of them. History indeed makes slender resistance against the gripe of a rigorous computist. We will try to accommodate all sides, by supposing some buildings to have been erected which time or hands, the purpose once effected, have thrown down. There is a mention of the horses being in danger of starving for want of fodder; whilst all gravely attended the stake, and heard *Hufs* singing psalms in the midst of the fire, professing to observe the town's appellation in his own *constant* endurance of the torments foolish zeal inflicted, and telling his companion that the fathers were only roasting an old *goose* now (alluding to his name pronounced in the Bohemian dialect\*) but that from his ashes should in future days spring up a *white swan*, who should fly over all their heads. Protestants have since applied that happy prediction to Luther.

Something retributive however ought to be told, before we turn from such *Retrospect* away; and it should above all things be remembered, that Gregory XII. anti-pope, and resident, I think, at Avignon, accused John XXIII. of a long list of heinous and truly atrocious crimes before this very council, adding the murder of his amiable pre-

\* *Hufs*, gutturally pronounced like *Choos*, *Goose*.

deceffor to the number. John generously offered to plead guilty, and confefs all the charges; perfuaded that popes could only be depofed for *heresy*. In this however his friends over-ruled him, and he fled the town difguifed as a poftillion.

Sigifmund meanwhile, who betrayed the men, this cruel pontiff martyred, had an Italian favourite, one Pipo, a Florentine by birth, and whom no friendship could cure of prejudices againft a German fovereign. This man, that he made general in his wars againft the Venetians, underftanding *their* language, as he comically urged, better than the *emperor's* guttural pronunciation, took a long purfe from Mocenigo, then doge, and gave him an opportunity of cutting off the whole army. His perfidious prince however, detefting treachery in any one except himfelf, melted fome gold in a crucible, and pouring it hot down wretched Pipo's throat, punifhed a traitor, and at the fame time condemned his own paff conduct. A five years truce with Venice ended the difpute, and gave that republick leifure to adorn its growing greatnefs. Part of St. Mark's church was burned by accident, and part of the ducal palace. It was decreed that none fhould, upon pain of paying 1000 ducats, move for the building them anew. Mocenigo paid the fine, and began the beautiful fabrick at his own expence, which I faw exifting in the year 1786. "Whatever this happy ftate undertook," fays l'Iftoria Fiorentina, "commonly fucceeded even beyond its hopes; and if they loft by war they won by negotiation; fo that peace ftill found Venice happier, richer, wifer than before." *Venezia ricca, faggia, e fignorile*. The Florentines too, under their patriot ruler John de Medicis, were cultivating arts and fciences, not arms. Their dread of the *Bifcione*, or Milanefe, fo called from the coiled ferpent worn as coat-armour by Visconti, made them cling clofer to that ftate which had wedded and could rule the Adriatick fea, and called in commerce with every gale that blew. Their Tufcan artift Michelozzi was employed in making drawings from Venetian architecture. Their learned Traverfari played the interpreter in conferences

ferences with the Greeks; and every state of Italy, although in political interests disunited, appeared of one accord to resolve, that the peninsula which once had ruled the world should now enlighten, civilize, restore it.

Poggio\* dug out the classic authors from those ruins which gothic barbarism had heaped upon their heads, with diligence rarely attendant on genius like his own; and Aretine's *aquila volante* began to fly. His pretty quaint epitaph shews the esteem his countrymen had of him, when they tell us how eloquence was struck dumb by his death; history put on a black robe, and the muses ceased not to shed tears upon his tomb. Andrea Verocchio meantime employed *his* pen and ink in *drawings*, which will live as long as writing would have lived, had printing never been discovered. But this vast genius studied engraving too, and there are many pictures of his painting: every invention was welcome to his mind which could contribute to retain memorial of the human face divine, which tells the gazer that soul dwells within. 'Twas he first found the method of taking perfect resemblances with plaster of Paris; and late to recompence such powers so applied, his is the boast that Peter Perugino, a name for ever to be revered; and Leonardo da Vinci, philosopher, professor, *father* of the nascent arts; studied their rudiments under Verocchio's eye. Martin V. a noble pope of the Colonna family, confirmed the passion for knowledge by his example; and by a long exertion of mingled princely with Christian virtues, supported the authority whilst he increased the influence of the papal chair. But whilst the laurel new revived

\* He found Quintilian, Silius Italicus, and Valerius Flaccus, under ground at Porto St. Gallo, where he used to go out at Florence, *per pigliar fresco* (to take the cool air) as the Tuscans call it. His letter giving an account how those three MSS. were discovered under the tower of a monastery, erected on what was left of an old castle built in pagan days, *still exists*. 'Tis dated 1417, and directed to the Council of Constance, where all the wise men were assembled, to prevent (had it been possible) the revival of learning and of taste.

put forth fresh beauties from the layers which had so long lain concealed under a weight of earth, *that* branch, (in our day become so luxuriant) called scenick or dramattick representation; still lingered far behind. When to the great council of Constance flocked half Europe for curiosity and entertainment, great shows and feasts of course were made in the town; one of which being recorded for its magnificence, shews us the pitiable state of such diversions. A theatre however was here erected for the first time after the Vandal irruptions, and the first stage play exhibited had for its subject Herod and the Innocents. A knight came forward and begged the monarch's leave to take the adventure: the fool laughs at him; the women with their distaffs beat him off the stage; some children shriek, and then their mothers, making use of strange methods, drive away the baffled adventurer; and the king says he will commit the murders himself. Even *this* however was nearer to modern manners, than were the pageants set on foot in Italy some years before, when at Epiphany a large body of mendicant friars at Milan made the whole town subservient to their show, representing the three kings' offering to our blessed Saviour: an immense procession of horse and foot filling the streets, which were strewn with rushes for the purpose, pacing on to where the castle stands; and on that eminence a group was placed, habited in imitation of a holy family, destined to receive the presents of these magi. When I was last in Italy, 1786, the idea was not worn out: Naples exhibited the self-same device; but then the figures were in wood, or ivory, or silver, very small; but wonderfully elegant, neat, and expensive; whole terraces or suits of large apartments being allotted to this odd contrivance, and called *Presepio*. This one at Milan, related of by Flamma, must have been only a like fancy realized, a *live* Presepio, acted all by friars, instead of little figures from six to twelve inches high.

Edward the third of England's reign, famous for show and gala, produced at Coventry the Creation of the World, played by a society of  
grey

grey monks; one of whom was drefs'd up in a laced robe for God the Father, with a triple crown of gilt leather on his head: and the market cross fenced round served as a theatre. But *Retrospection's* eye is better engaged by his great-grandson Henry, the once wild Prince of Wales, who on his father's death leaped into his seat, like feathered Mercury, and nothing scrupulous to seize that crown which of due right belonged to his young cousin, heirs and daughter of the earl of March; invaded France, and so completely dazzled England by the bright splendour of his martial glories, that all objections to his title were forgotten, and the defects of it swallowed up and lost in the excessive personal regard paid to a youthful hero most resembling the never yet forgotten uncle to his father, Edward our Black Prince. There is a curious MS. extant at Cambridge, saying, upon the testimony of one Maidstone, that Henry the fourth's body was flung into the sea; and nothing buried but an empty coffin, which was solemnly interr'd, I think, at Canterbury. But I quote only from memory, and that imperfect.

Hume says, and wisely, that the predecessor of this military monarch, being incessantly employed to keep a throne on which he knew he was no more than an usurper, laid out much time in holding fast his friends; and suffered no man to enjoy court favour, but partizans of the Lancastrian house. Henry V. more confident and kind, threw open his protecting arms to all of honourable characters; and so strong seemed to be the fond attachment shewn his person and government, that when France bribed some nobles to assassinate him, the earl of March was foremost to detect the conspiracy. If such the fact, we plainly see how Henry was adored: if, as some authors say, the earl involved in it was freely pardoned by his generous sovereign, we see still plainer he deserved their love.

Unhappy Charles de Valois meanwhile, a prey to illness and inextricable confusion, which probably contributed to increase it; saw his once-lovely kingdom torn by factions, his family embroiled in dangerous

gerous contentions; the dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Orleans, armed all against each other, and Henry of England preparing to invade and claim the throne of France, regardless of their *loi salique*, established for so many centuries: although willing enough to wear the British crown himself, which in pure strictness did belong to Anne, surviving sister of forgiven Mortimer, who died unmarried, and was soon forgotten. But, like the gay rake in a modern comedy, our youthful king considered generosity as the first virtue, and left lame justice to halt after in the rear. That spirit of chivalry however, and genius for the field, which had outgrown and stifled the vices of his youth, conquered likewise or suppressed ambition in his kindred; and Henry felt himself truly irresistible both at home and abroad, whilst Edward Langley, earl of Cambridge, son to the duke of York, and husband to Anne Mortimer, fought by his side upon the plains of Agincourt. The victory won that day was so surprizing, that no annals within the reach of *Retrospèct* pretend to equal it. The king appeared a prodigy of personal valour; and Frenchmen, discouraged by their own hapless sovereign's incapacity, looked on affrighted and amazed, as at a comet; till ours had dictated the terms of peace, and had taken quiet possession of their princess, and in her (by new appointment) of the succession; to the strange detriment of their young dauphin's right. But Paris was in the victor's hands, and 'twas he there prescribed his own conditions; when on Whitsunday 1421 poor Charles VI. infirm and powerless, sat down to dine with him, too much disordered in his spirits even to observe the marked distinction in the honours paid to Henry from those few conferred upon himself; and in a few months more, too ill to feel the advantage when his successful rival died, leaving a new-born son, unable to protect the conquests made for him; conquests in themselves glorious, but wholly useless; serving to drain our nation of its heroes, and what an Englishman much more laments, its *revenue*: that had been calculated at 50,000*l.* o'year in Henry the third's time: and although later reigns had seen trade flourish and  
increase,

increase, young Henry, fifth of the name drove the national income back to the same sum, during the ten years that he held the sceptre. He pawned his jewels; and even pledged his crown, for money to supply his ruling passion; and careless of inducement or provocation to the battle, was with, or without reason, bent on war. His motto should have been the bullying verse in Congreve,

Fighting for fighting's sake's sufficient cause;  
Fighting's to me—religion and the laws.

## C H A P. XXIV.

## TO THE SACKING OF CONSTANTINOPLE, A. D. 1455,

## AND ITS IMMEDIATE CONSEQUENCES.

**I**N this short period many characters prominent beyond all the rest, pass through the field of our reviewing telescope, and crowd the glass of wearied *Retrospection*. But unity died with the destruction of monarchick government: and although the general blaze is heightened by the clustering of various qualities in numerous persons; 'tis but such effect as is produced by breaking a large diamond into small bits, and setting them the modern way, *transparent*. Circumstances make great men in little times, and 'tis the fact that forces out the character.

Our infant Henry being crowned at Paris, and his brave uncles invested with the regency, war entertained ambition with wide prospects, contracting on approach indeed, but still spreading again before the eyes of the great duke of Bedford, whose valour and accomplishments surpass'd his fellows, and crowded knights and 'squires round his standard. The duke of Glo'ster, his brave brother, ruled at home; and to the cardinal de Beaufort, legitimated son to John of Gaunt, was assigned the baby king for education. The House of Commons, growing in weight and wisdom every day, saw that a long minority might tend to increase the nascent power of the nation, while quarrels for high place amused those nobles who had not leisure to observe their own declension. Besides that, Charles le Bien-aimé being dead, and the young dauphin in no wise disposed to see his country lost, his claims  
 forgotten,



forgotten, gave the bold English infinite vexation, by drawing their armies down among those provinces where loyalty to the old house still resided, and every day produced new difficulty in keeping what our conquering king had gained. Charles VII. was, in addition to all this, a man every way pleasing to the French by character: his love of feasting, his romantick passion for Agnes de Sorel, his ever-unsubdued genius for hoping, and the vigorous renewal of hostilities after every defeat, endeared him to the nobles who surrounded his person; although, when one of them saw him looking over his bill of fare upon the plains of Vernœuil, he drew a deep sigh—"Why, what d'ye think of it?" exclaimed the monarch. "I think, Sir," replied Louis de la Hire, "that never kingdom was more merrily lost."\* In effect, the victory, and tract of country lost that day to his enemies, might reasonably have discouraged the bravest campaigner; and 'twas an accident, if ought in this world should be termed such, saved his crown.

Jaqueline, countess of Hainault and Holland, whose father, old count Egmond, died hydrophobous by the biting of a favourite dog; was left by him sole possessor of those realms, upon condition that she should marry the young duke of Brabant, first cousin to ambitious Burgundy. She submitted, and solemnized nuptials which she could not persuade herself to endure even three weeks, with a boy not quite sixteen years old. Foreseeing that his relations would confine her, she took the strange resolution of flying to England, and throwing herself on the protection of our duke of Glo'ster, a man she never saw; but who, charmed with the adventure, and seized with a violent passion for the countess, a beautiful woman of six and twenty years old, married her instantly, even without papal dispensation, and prepared to put himself at the head of an army to re-instate his fatal bride in her dominions. Such a step was certain to offend the court of Rome, and disoblige for ever the duke of Burgundy, on whose alliance our affairs

\* Je pense qu'on ne saurait perdre son royaume plus gaiement.

in France chiefly depended. It had still worse effect. The cardinal de Beaufort, our intriguing bishop of Winchester, had long watched a moment to attack the Lord Protector, and his mad marriage with Jaqueline afforded it. Feuds of this consequence called Bedford from his army at Vernœuil to quiet them, and the affairs of France bore a much better appearance.

We will not yet however lose sight of the lady, whose connection with England was, before a year expired, dissolved, by an express command of Martin V.: and she accepting her secretary's hand, the lord of Borfelle, he was soon apprehended, put in prison, and threatened with immediate execution, if the countess would not make her will directly, declaring Philip duke of Burgundy, first cousin to the duke of Brabant, her heir. She signed the testamentary disposition, and died of grief. The youth who had originally caused all these disorders was already dead of that consumption which he was struggling with at the time he wedded Jaqueline; and the good duke of Gloſter (so he was called) comforted himself in the embraces of dame Eleanor, made odious to us by Shakespear, and pleasing to no one by the pen of any historian.

Charles meanwhile, well named le Bien-servi, found himself a second time assisted by a woman, towards the regaining his original right: It seems as if the highest and lowest of our sex had been, without their expectation, oddly enlisted to serve as instruments towards this man's re-instatement on the throne of his ancestors: for in this place a strange phenomenon presses upon our powers of *Retrospect*, and claims a transient glance for Joan of Arc. This artless and illiterate maid, born in a cottage, bred a cow-keeper, and at the age of twenty-seven years advanced to menial service in a coarse-country inn; after some nights passed in strange perturbation, was suddenly, and, as she said, involuntarily impelled to seek the tent of an old French officer, then upon guard, and to demand of him safe convoy and entrance into a far distant church, St. Catharine, Fier à Bois, where, she informed him,

him, was deposited a sword and standard seven score years before, with which she was commissioned to defeat the English army, then lying entrenched before the town of Orleans; raise its siege certainly, and see the rightful monarch crowned at Rheims. Baudricourt, the second general in command, hesitated; but awed by superstitious veneration, after a short pause granted her request, and introduced her to his royal chieftain, who was no less astonished in his turn at her discerning him from all his courtiers, dressed in the same uniform; and at her steady and minute description of this all-conquering sword and banner brought from the Holy Land so long ago, upon a great occasion she ne'er heard of, and laid up in a place she never could have visited. The fame of Joan's strange enterprize and errand to the church at Fier à Bois, flew to the English camp, and facilitated her future victory by previous amazement. A supply of provision was sighted for by the garrison: the warrior maid covered its embarkation, and got in with her convoy. She next harangued both armies from the tower, and with impressive eloquence persuaded the duke of Burgundy's defection from the English. Enthusiasm inspired her hopes and seconded her views; at the warm instant she with joy displayed her heaven-sent standard from the walls of Orleans, and in a happy sally saved the town. Charles, freed from immediate pressure, pursued with spirit all his advantages; Joan too performed her mission in due time, and saw her lawful sovereign's coronation performed, as she had promised him, *at Rheims*. There she requested that her course might end, and begged retirement to her cot again. Not being permitted, she assured the king that victory would not in any preternatural mode further attend her steps. This sad assertion, never believed or listened to in the French camp, was notwithstanding verified too early; and our shocked sight sees with affliction their long-dreaded antagonist made prisoner by some French troops in English pay, who, under pretence of heresy and witchcraft, *burned her alive*.

All success followed their savage decision: our invading armies were driven

driven home baffled, or cut to pieces on the continent; and while Charles wisely employed, regulated the affairs of his own kingdom, and endeavoured to repress the rising insolence of his young son: our tutored monarch now married to Margaret, daughter of Regner, king of Sicily, seemed as if transferred over to her care, rather than emancipated from that of his uncles; whose mad quarrel and everlasting bickerings, ended but in the cruel death of Humphry, lord protector. This dreadful event to which it was supposed, that Suffolk, the queen's favourite was privy, roused the lords who loved the stock of Mortimer, to excite Richard, son of Anne, by Edward earl of Cambridge, to claim the crown: he was then duke of York in right of his father, who died before the title came to him, and he was only child besides of the immediate heirs to our throne; yet was he loth to stir in his own cause, or make pretensions which his nearer ancestors had waved: a Prince of Wales being born too within the last seven years, Richard lay dormant till provoked past bearing by the proud duke of Somerset, who since the death of Suffolk had alone possessed court favour, both from king and queen.

England meantime, wearied with continuing to lose in France what she of right ought never to have gained there, grieved and growled; and showed sure symptoms of that internal war, which rendered our island afterwards a prey to its own teeth. Her hapless sovereign ill-assured of loyalty among the lower ranks, or of any, except partial fondness from the higher, felt the enfeebling power of scruples creep on him, and gave the house of York spirit to dispute with pious Henry, that dominion it had contentedly yielded to the hand of his warlike father. What appears most offensive on a *Retrospect*, is to observe Richard the true heir of our crown, meanly fomenting popular insurrections under Jack Cade, the demagogue of those days, in order to fright his cousin from a throne the gentle prince had no strong inclination to contend for: while the Lancastrian partizans, not urged by justice, but heated with desire of rejecting dictates from other nobles,

nobles, no way their superior, took the new-fashioned method of resting *their king's title* on the *people's choice*, when by 'a sort of national acceptance, his anti-predecessor came to the regal seat. 'Tis thus we see the barons on both sides engaged, as 'twere without their own consent, to pull down their own power, and substitute that of the commons. While the yet unregarded peasantry, who were supposed to be represented by that house of parliament, ranged themselves under their superior lords, and took the field as Yorkists or Lancastrians—the leaders of one party, Margaret and her son, with Clifford, Somerset, and many more; Richard of York upon the other side, supported by the earls of Salisbury and Warwick—a white rose being the badge of honour on their part, a red rose on the other, according to the spirit of the times. By letters which pass then in private families, we learn how high subordination was kept up: Suffolk, in some hot battle on the continent, was struggling in the fosse of a fortified town, and forced to yield to his antagonist. *Etes vous noble?* was the question—*si fait* the reply; but the Frenchman confessed himself no knight. Our duke then fainting with the loss of breath and blood, begged his antagonist to kneel a moment, whilst he dubbed him *chevalier* with his sword; then yielding himself his prisoner, was borne off the field. The style of married women of the highest rank, writing to their husbands was, most worshipful lord, and I humbly and reverently request your lordship, to give me order and full consent for a new gown, in which to greet queen Margaret on her progress, &c. But we must leave our little island to itself; on the first blood being drawn in that fierce contest, which was on the 22d. of May, 1455, at the battle of St. Alban's, where Henry was taken by the duke of York, and yielded up to him his whole authority; but his proud consort was not so content: she and her friends continued this division of the roses for thirty years from its beginning; and in the course of those years were fought, with various success, no fewer than twelve battles, in which, and in their consequences, were  
lost

lost the lives of fourscore princes of the blood, with such a fall of British nobility, as nearly annihilated their existence in England, and effectually ruined their power. But whilst our British heroism thus partially, thus perversely wasted, unconsciously contributed to change the world's acknowledged authorities, and sap the feudal system long established; the growing elegance of the Florentine state, the accumulating riches of the Venetian dominante, and above all, the mean jealousy of the Genoese, promoted the same cause upon the continent; where that improvement, by which all others are recorded, that register of virtue and terror of vice; that best reward of every human excellence, *the art of printing*, now began to employ the mind of Faustus, a townsman of Maynce, who in partnership with Gutterberg, made some attempts, which for the first fifteen years hard study, ended at last in copper-plates. Schæffer their clerk however, inspired by his passion for Faustus's handsome daughter, after his masters had long toiled in vain, about the year 1448 obtained the girl's hand from her father, in cheap exchange for a discovery of moveable letters, and a new mode of inking them. Their method was at first to make fac similes from the MSS they were wishing to perpetuate, and some were sold for such, till copies being multiplied, Faustus was put in prison as a necromancer—he saved himself indeed, but with some difficulty, and our hack phrase “*The devil and Dr. Faustus*,” bears yet continued testimony to his danger. The Mazarin library at Paris, shewed in the year 1775, a Latin Bible of this kind, two volumes folio—a fac simile said to have been done in 1450; but Tully's Offices was the earliest book printed, as all agree. Thus Germany contributed to immortalize the praises of Italians, who under Cosmo de Medicis were trying to make young Florence rival ancient Rome; while nothing was wanting to his consummate, though temporary and unconfined dominion, except the title of king, to which he preferred that of *pater patriæ*, the father of his country.

But Spain and Portugal seemed now left single to go on quite in  
the

the old way : Henry of Arragon having married Catharine of Castile by force, and disobliged his nobles who imprisoned him, many disputes arose, till John's succession calmed them for a time, and all united to obtain a victory over the Moors, who were terribly worsted at Figuera. Under Edward of Portugal indeed they regained their ground, and Alphonso's long reign kept them in check only, till the famous battle fought by Don Pedro with them in Andalusia, about 1450, seemed to threaten their total extirpation. The title of Sicily having been refused by Pope Martin the Vth. to Alphonso, the Spaniards thought of it no more. That pontiff who swayed the world by his virtue and wisdom thirteen years, and on whose tomb 'twas recorded, that he was the felicity of his times, had so set his face against the ancient and dangerous superstitions, that when a half-mad minorite ran about Rome, exposing for adoration the holy name of *Jesus*, and calling on his companions and upon passengers in the street for sudden and immediate prostrations, the sovereign ordered him to be taken care of, but said, "The adoration of our blessed Saviour was "not to be thus transferred from himself to a painted board, which "served only as a snare to weak understandings;" and he punished the minorites by taking every picture from their convent, lest, as he said, "they should be tempted to idolatry." His death was a hard blow upon the court of Rome, whose power had been shaken even by his election : the general councils gaining every day influence, seemed upon that late occasion to have asserted authority too, and evince the incroachments of that aristocracy upon the church, which had long been in possession of the state of Europe; and which at this moment was beginning to yield in its turn to democratick principles, faintly discerned, and hitherto at no small distance. Amadeus of Savoy, under the assumed title of *Felix V.* contested the popedom with Condolirio, a low Venetian of Gondolier extraction, as his name imports. But *Felix* was unhappily worsted in the struggle, which soon terminated in favour of his antagonist, an active, though irresolute character ; and

known to history by the ill-chosen appellation of Eugenius IV. for *eugenius* means high-born.

This pontiff, ever seeking to recover some lands lost to the church, and ever fixing on the minute most unfavourable for his purpose, notwithstanding his having bribed the Greek emperor to acknowledge papal supremacy, by exalting his two favourites, Isidore and Bessarion, to the dignity of cardinal, was at length deposed. A council having now clearly decreed, that they had power to depose popes who possessed in turn no power at all to reverse decrees of council; a new doctrine, and dangerous in its nature to the essence of monarchick government. Be this as it may, Eugenius by their many mortifications imposed on his impatient endurance, lost his life: and that awful moment which seldom fails to make a man sincere, however hypocritical it may find him; forced from this primate the singular confession; that had he never been exalted to supreme power in this world, he never should have felt reason to fear for his situation in the next. Soon after his demise, the beautiful library of the Vatican was erected by his learned successor, Nicholas V. who had the address to persuade the duke of Savoy into the truly wise measure of withdrawing his pretensions, and sending him into Germany as legate with an immense retinue—the prince tranquillized his haughty spirit into peace. A jubilee announced the end of these schismatical contentions, and five hundred and sixty people perished passing over Ponte St. Angelo, so immoderate was the heat, and so prodigious the throng. Holland about the same period, saw no fewer than 100,000 of her subjects swallowed up in the remarkable inundation of Dort, and 'tis observable, that at no distant moment, a new phenomenon appeared in Europe, viz. a wandering tribe of people speaking in an unknown language, who peacefully, but resolutely, overflowed many parts of Europe, occupying the waste lands, and practising chiromancy on such as would lend their palms, in which these travellers pretended to foresee future events. Pasquier says; “ They were originally 12,000 souls; Christians they called themselves,



“ selves, from the Lower Egypt, who had vowed a long pilgrimage ;  
“ and some shewed passports signed by Sigismund, a circumstance  
“ which afterwards induced the French to name them *Bohemians*. Other  
“ countries agree to call them, and those who imitate their mode of  
“ life, by the appellation of Gypsies ; but some who being connected  
“ with them, learned their tricks, showing slight of hand, and telling  
“ fortunes as they strolled along, were excommunicated by an active  
“ bishop of Paris.” Bohemia was however, become odious to all Ro-  
manists, since John Hus and Jerome of Prague, had found and ren-  
dered it still more the focus of what one party naturally termed rebel-  
lions—the other reformation. Both were true.

The selling of indulgences, the preferment of boys to the highest dignities of the church—witness Gregory XI. who was made cardinal at fifteen years old, because he was brother’s son to the sovereign ; with the refusal of the sacramental cup to the laity, for the sake of augmenting church influence, had revolted many : the cruel murder of two innocent men who only preached against these and other enormities, never pretending to justification by works—revolted more. Wickliffe had translated the New Testament, and from that hour none would be forcibly kept ignorant of their Saviour’s general doctrine.

The Germans studied with peculiar pleasure every text that militated against ecclesiastical aggrandisement—reciprocal abuse between contending pontiffs too, served to detect many an artifice by which the world had long been kept in darkness. The blue mould of incipient putridity appeared at Rome, and Zisca was resolved *to cut it out*. Less a theologian than a warrior, this bold assertor of his and all his countrymen’s pretensions, had taken the field with 40,000 men, some few months after the council of Constance, and had set mankind against the emperor and pope, for decreeing death to those who really sought reform only—not resistance. John of Bohemia said, “ That his com-  
“ mission was to revenge their death :” I cannot find the true name of his family, which was soon sunk in that *sousbriquet* by which he

claims our glance of *Retrospection*, and which conveys his most illustrious deeds to late posterity, perpetuating the remembrance of his eye-lost, and his victories won against the abhorred and faithless Sigismund, whose mean desertion of the subjects he had sworn to protect, roused warm resentment in his angry bosom, while negligent of Jesus's command at the last supper, to love all those who called themselves disciples of the same crucified master—he resolved rather to wreak vengeance upon the Catholics for past abuses, and made it his immediate pretence, that he would never more lay down those arms he had taken up, till in both kinds the eucharists should be administered in Bohemia.

These were no empty threats, John Zisca kept his word, built cities too in several parts of Germany where Protestant settlers yet maintain themselves; one of these towns he called Tabor, and when he died, his followers were known by name of Thaborites: he died not however, till after a decisive victory won by him upon the plains of Ausfig, where having performed feats of renown so as to amaze the enemy, he lost his sight at once by an arrow's point piercing that single eye which seemed almost to penetrate futurity.

Sigismund now proposed a conference; but on the road to where they meant to hold it, his great opponent worn with toils expired: leaving strict orders that his body should be flayed, and the skin made a drum of: assuring his friends, that the weak emperor's armies would fly on every side when they should hear Zisca, though dead, sounding the fatal signal. I had the pleasure to be shewn an autograph written in a beautiful character upon ill-coloured paper, by this extraordinary person at Prague, in the year 1787. He signed his name, as 'tis transmitted down to us by the epithet *one-eyed*: Guercino the painter, who like himself immortalized a similar defect, signed his own family appellation *Barbieri*, in letters I have seen preserved of *his*. The Orphan Legions, so Protestants were called when their chief was no more, gained many great advantages in fight. The drum did in effect terrify the imperial troops, who tired of the contest, prevailed upon the emperor

peror and legate, after a long dispute, to pronounce at length these bold Bohemians true sons of the church, although they should receive the sacrament in both kinds, for which they obtained leave beside, and the pragmatick sanction confirming this decree, was published afterwards at Paris : while marble monuments at Prague itself, gave local perpetuity to this triumph over the Romish see : which could alone revenge itself in future, by calling all its Christian opponents *Picards*, a name of great to all, to *them* but undeserved reproach—Zisca had exterminated that whole sect as a disgrace to religion, and a shame to human reason, reserving only two to tell their opinions and vindicate their massacre. Sleidan says indeed, that his own followers were divided upon many dogma—but *Picards* were they not—all Europe frightened at *their* frantic behaviour, rejoiced to see them either cloathed or killed. But while sedition, schism, cruelty, combined with good sense, decency, and spirit of reformation to cut fresh channels in the western world, for the full stream of Christianity to flow in; by which, though it apparently refined its course, the tide lost much of weight and general force and power; we must confess that unity itself could not preserve the Greek church from being devoured in the east, where since the day that Morosini crowned earl Baldwin in Sta. Sophia's temple, A. D. 1205, the current even *visibly* lessened and failed, and gradually shrunk away under a series of emperors, some not unworthy of the place they fate in.

Theodore Lascaris, John of Jerusalem, with other names of note, brave though they were, could not withstand the crescent splendour of the Sultan's glory : which as we have seen blazed up to such a height in the year 1400, that no hero of inferior virtues and courage to Tamerlane, had it in their power by any means to keep them in check; and he *couched* only; not extirpated the rising cataraet destined to put out the light of ancient Greece and Asia, Egypt and Palestine.. His vigorous arm removed the fatal film an instant only : but under Isa, John VIIth, and VIIIth; Emanuel, and all the rest of the Andronici.

ſtronici and Palæologi, with mortal and destructive fury it returned, when Mahomet, ſon to Bajazet the Proud, ſpared not the brothers of his blood, but following a horrible and newly ſet example, murdered the youthful princes in the ſeraglio, who ſtood the neareſt to their father's throne, and hewed a paſſage through his next of kin. His ſeat once well aſſured, however, the ſubject had no reaſon to complain. Victory in war, liberality in time of peace, marked the long reign of Mahomet the firſt, and rendered him ſo perfectly obeyed by miniſters, that when he on his death-bed gave them a ſolemn charge to hide his illneſs till the favourite ſultana's ſon ſhould come to Adrianople, where his father ſickened, thoſe faithful ſervants, Ibrahim and Bajazet, ſent for the deſtined heir immediately; and although Mahomet expired ſome days before his ſwiſteſt ſpeed could reach the town, theſe baſſas, with a Perſick ſurgeon's help, deceived the anxious populace, by ſhewing them their darling ſovereign's robes covering a well inſtructed mimic, who, thoroughly acquainted with his maſter's manners, perſonated to perfection the royal invalid; till Amurath arriving, rewarded a deceit by which *he* roſe without oppoſition to fortune and to fame. A falſe Muſtapha but ſtopt his progreſs for a moment: ſoon as great Mahomet's intentions were divulged, the trembling competitor offered his own head to the Sultan, and was ſpared. *His* genius was awake to larger views: it ſoon impelled him on to conquer Hungary, where Albert duke of Auſtria, who had married Sigismund's daughter, and ſucceeded to his dignity, ſeemed incapable of making much reſiſtance.

Turkiſh power being quite uncontroll'd by any ſecondary or intermediate rank in the ſtate, which, like the Babyloniſh empire of old, admits but of two characters, maſter and ſlave; ſeems at firſt glance a moſt enormous body, a monſtrous weight of ruin to fall upon and cruſh a ſinking continent. But to all poiſons ſome latent antidote remains. This huge maſs feels its diffuſed animation flowing from one ſpringing mind alone; and if that ſoul lie long ſmothered in ſtupor  
tion

tion or dissolved in voluptuousness, the whole remains inert, innocuous, a compleat *caput mortuum*. That dispensation too, under which all the inhabitants of earth existed not uncomfortably during the infancy of this our world, was little likely to spread far a second time, when one whole quarter of it, broken by violence, had been again strongly cemented in small bits by commerce, gaining an artificial firmness beyond even its original strength. To such opponents Amurath displayed a temper of mind which made him very formidable. Inflamed with martial ardour, he press'd on; and sure of perfect and implicit obedience, was followed with alacrity by his incomparable captain the valiant Carambey. Those who withstood a torrent so tremendous, should not be shaded from our *Retrospect*. Huniades, well-named the Hungarian Hector, tempering valour with clemency, and animating the courage of his Christian legions by an example few could follow, was then Vayvod of Transylvania: his right arm raised by principle alone, fell not till it had gained from the Turks fifteen victories, chiefly by personal prowess, and an activity almost unequalled. It was he saved Belgrade long afterwards from the swift sword of Mahomet II. and signalized himself chiefly at the fatal, the memorable battle of Varna, where his endeavours to rescue the royal corpse (for Ladislaus fell early in the engagement) so attracted the notice of Amurath, that he erected a column on the spot, celebrating the courage of a *white knight* who bore no device upon his armour, but whose dauntless fervour in a sovereign's cause merited the praises even of an enemy.

It was however at Cunobiza where Mount Hæmus resounded with the clash of arms, that *Castriot*, by his defection from the infidels, who brought him up and called him Scanderbeg, meaning Lord Alexander, stopt for a time the progress of their hourly-extending empire. This young prince, an early prisoner from the Europeans, had been bred up a trusted favourite in the Sultan's court, where his personal graces and brilliant qualities had fixed the affections of brave Amurath during his  
father's

father's reign, and heaped upon his head since the accession of such a friend to the throne, every pleasure that boundless power can bestow. His birth, his baptism, and precepts heard in infancy however, although smothered under loads of kindneses, were never forgotten, or obliterated from a mind glowing with concealed desire to revenge his father's death, his own vile degradation, and the slavery of his country, which in him ought to have respected the blood of *Pyrrhus* and obeyed their sovereign. To accomplish these purposes, he maintained a private correspondence with Huniades and warlike Julian, our Christian commanders; told them the unsuspecting Sultan's aims, putting it often in their power to thwart them; and in the decisive day at Cunobiza, watched for the moment of defeat and left the field, hurrying with him the *reis effendi*, an old secretary who kept the signet of the Grand Signor, and who, confiding in their constant intimacy, little suspected the motive of such kindness, and clung close to the side of his imagined protector. Soon as they were out of sight however, Scanderbeg roughly seized his companion, forced him to sign forged letters from the king, demanding of the governor of Croya that he should give the garrison up to *him*, on pain of instant and imminent displeasure. This performed, he plunged his knife into the faithful secretary's heart, whose last crime towards his prince had been his first; and having hid the body, marched on swiftly to Croya with his counterfeited orders; where the governor, concluding himself superseded by Lord Alexander, quitted the city, and our artful *Castriot* taking possession, let in the Christian troops, who sacked the place, and left not there an infidel alive. Shall we lament that sad necessity which forced our hero on such treacherous conduct? and at commencement of his course obliged him

To wade thro' ways obscene, his honour bend,  
And shock e'en nature to obtain his end;

or shall we turn the indignant eyes of *Retrospect* away, and fix them rather upon generous Amurath, who after the great victory at Varna,  
when

when his mean courtiers asked him why he was so sad, the brave Turk, stroking his white beard, replied, "Because whoever triumphs here, "I find; 'tis death alone that conquers. How many gallant warriors, "Christians and Mussulmen, lie this day mute beneath his cruel "scythe!" The letter too from this wise sultan to his old acquaintance breathes warm a manly tenderness that glistens through all the odd invective it abounds in, and begins, "Amurath Ottoman, Emperor of the East; to the most hollow and ungrateful Scanderbeg, sends "neither health nor welfare—though once love." To which the wording of the answer is no less observable; but we can only note the superscription: "The soldier of Christ Jesus, George Castriot, Prince "of Epirus and Albania, to Amurath Ottoman, King of the Turks, "sends greeting." Of such a controversy the termination is less displeasing than the continuance: all charge of black ingratitude however ends with the life of the Grand Signior, who was particularly his friend, companion and protector. After his death, our honest admiration willingly follows the valorous champion of truth, the strenuous opponent of Mahomet the second, so truly termed the Great. We hear no talk of Scanderbeg indeed when that victorious monarch, his royal father's obsequies performed, set steadily to obey his last injunctions, and drive Christianity from Constantinople, which Palæologus endeavoured to defend; and such were the advantages of situation, that less than a despotick power, that power by willing multitudes obeyed, could never have reduced it to submission: for though the haven was obtained through treachery, it was industrious fortitude that took the due advantage of the foe's perfidiousness, and drew a line of gallies over land; a plan suggested by the fraudulent Genoese, who lived in constant fear lest the Venetians should gain or should enjoy that confidence from Constantine which he was not likely long to have in his disposal. They strove to burn this battery by night; but that the Ottoman vigilance prevented; and the next morning forty noble youths, natives of Venice, were, as a punishment for such at-

tempt, massacred in the Turkish camp, where they were prisoners, by Mahomet's command. The Greek emperor retaliated this cruelty, by sticking on the points of pikes the heads of two hundred Mussulmen, captives within the town, and set them on the walls for him to see: he saw and laughed, and looked with confidence upon two hundred and fifty thousand Turks bound to revenge their countrymen. And now, after a siege of *forty* days, a memorable number to both sides in those times,\* the town was taken by a fierce assault, for which prodigious preparations had been made.

Our previous measures bore another form. The Christian Emperor entered the dome of Santa Sophia's temple by torch light: through the vast edifice a solemn silence, a universal gloom struck to the heart: from the high altar only beamed those rays meant to illuminate the sad repository of our Lord's body, whose last supper was now, for the last time, celebrated there by his disciples. When the imperial lips had been thus comforted, thus strengthened, he addressed his followers, who recollecting they were spoken to by *Constantine* the son of *Helena*, burst into tears and audible laments; and prostrating themselves, swore all to perish in defence of the great name that founded their now-falling city, the second Rome, the aggregate of excellence, the envy of the eastern world. Justiniani only seemed obdurate: his private wrongs, fancied or real, rankled in his heart even at that awful moment; and history attributes the failure of the day to his desertion on the first wound received. A most unyielding spirit possessed the other allies, and caused the infidels incredible annoyance; while our brave Europeans sold their lives at a high price, and every fosse was filled with murdered Mussulmen, whose bold companions made of *their*

\* For *forty* days deluge was acknowledged by Turks and Christians; *forty* days of fast had been observed by Moses, Elias, and Jesus Christ; *forty* days of penitence were allowed the Ninevites, not then forgotten; and *forty* years war is, I believe, even yet expected by orientals before the end of the world.



bodies a step to raise them on, and scale the walls; in vain. No Christian arrow, no stone missed its mark: flung by our gallant knights, the invaders fell, heaped on their bleeding brethren; till great Mahomet, like Homer's heroes, resistless in war, drove to the breach, and with his iron mace burst every barrier between him and victory. 'Twas then from a high tower his dreadful voice proclaimed a three days pillage of the place to troops who should bear him in conqueror, and seat him on the throne of Palæologus. Constantine heard; and doubting not his destiny, tore the once sacred purple from his shoulders, the white plume from his head, and plunging unknown amidst a host of foes, soon found the honourable death he sought for.

Such deeds denote and render most remarkable the 29th of May 1453, when the great city, founded just 1120 years before, yielded herself up to victorious Turcism; and the fine church raised with incredible expences by Justinian was doomed to suffer horrible profanation, a turban being placed upon the crucifix, which they shot at with arrows, carrying it round in impious procession: while the great temple's self was made a stable of, only reserving the richly-adorned chancel for a mosque, according to their own superstition.

In the general confusion, while plunder, cruelty and murder stalked around the desolated habitations of the rich, the publick libraries by chance caught fire, and no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand volumes were destroyed. Mahomet, although no literary character, expressed his concern; he grieved at the excesses consequent upon his oath to yield such elegancies into brutal hands, and often expressed his wish that the three days were over. Observing in the interim a slave or busy Mussulman, breaking for sport the inlaid pavement of some church or palace, he struck him on the face with his flat scymitar, and bid him go seek some sensual pleasure for himself, and not spoil things which could alone delight that intellect *he* ought not to pretend to. "It makes a man's heart sigh (said he) to see the spider  
"weave her web in palaces, and hear the owls hoot from the soldier's  
"watch-

“ watch-tower.” This is the common feeling of humanity, expressed by oriental language. Mahomet had not studied the philosophy of *our* days; he had not hardened his mind by atheism to insensibility.

Constantine's corpse was his first object of enquiry: it was discovered by the Roman eagles embroidered on his shoes. The victor saw it buried decently, and turned his thoughts to enjoyment of the conquests he had made. In company of one distinguished female all that enjoyment for two years centered; and his hard-earned reward of toil and danger, was only found in a Greek slave, Irene; whose powers of pleasing, and consummate beauty; whose noble birth and elegance of manners, proved his discernment and superior taste: whilst warm returns of the most tender passion upon the part of a Pheacian fair one, shewed all mankind how Mahomet, in peace, could lay aside the terrors of his name, and charm those hearts which were born hostile to him. But the stern Janissaries, grieving to see their spirit of a universal conquest checked by the transports of voluptuous love, began to growl: a Christian captive now ruled over the Ottomans, they said, and sighed indignant; and not unlike to the prætorian bands some centuries before, murmured at distance from the throne their sullen but dangerous discontents. A trusty Bassa well-informed of this, and heedless of his own life when put in competition with his master's, now threw himself *uncalled* at the proud Sultan's feet, who listening to his tale with varying expression, told him he should not die, but call the troops to-morrow to a general and plenary review. Instant obedience followed this command, and Mahomet pass'd the remaining hours with more than usual gaiety and splendour in the apartments of his sweet Irene; where favourites alone partook a feast, made fascinating by talents and lasting by luxury. Their revels ended not till morning called; and the enamoured emperor besought his fair companion to hasten then, and adjust all her ornaments; for that she was to shine brightest at the review, and every eye bear witness to her charms. The hour arriving, to a temporary seat high-raised above the  
crowd

crowd Irene came, led by her royal lover, and sparkling in all the jewels of Golconda. When silent wonder held the assembly mute, mixed as it was of warriors and of citizens, the monarch thus addressed them: " Servants and soldiers! from this hour confess you are not slaves to an unworthy sovereign: behold this model of perfection here, and learn, that he who can thus master his own passions, deserves to rule the world, and with your help will conquer it." So saying, with his left hand he seized Irene by the flowing hair, and with one sudden stroke of his true scymitar cut off her head, and tossed it to the terrified spectators.

On this strange act of savage magnanimity must *Retrospection* pause a while; reflecting, that as it confirmed the Sultan in his dear-bought power, so it extinguished every distant hope of Christianity's revival in the east.

END OF VOL. I.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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# *RETROSPECTION:*

OR

## A REVIEW

OF THE

MOST STRIKING AND IMPORTANT

*EVENTS, CHARACTERS, SITUATIONS,*

AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES;

WHICH

THE LAST EIGHTEEN HUNDRED YEARS HAVE PRESENTED

TO THE

*VIEW OF MANKIND.*

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A la vérité ce n'est ici qu'un fragment, mais dans les travaux les plus achevés des hommes il n'y a que des fragments. L'histoire d'un roi n'est qu'un fragment de celle de sa dynastie, celle de sa dynastie de celle de son royaume, celle de son royaume de celle du genre humain ; qui n'est elle-même qu'un fragment de celle des êtres qui habitent le globe, dont l'histoire universelle ne serait après tout qu'un bien petit chapitre de l'histoire des astres innombrables qui roulent sur nos têtes à des distances qu'on ne peut assigner.

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BY HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI.

—••••—  
WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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# RETROSPECTION.

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## CHAPTER I.

CONTAINING

AN ACCOUNT OF JEWS, TURKS, AND ROMAN EMPIRE,  
FOR FORTY-SEVEN YEARS.

FROM 1455 TO 1492.

**I**T is said, that those land journies are most pleasant, which ofteneft treat us with a sight of sea; and that sea voyages are least fatiguing when broken by a frequent view of different, but not far distant countries. Those facts are, in like manner, most agreeable, which seem to border on Truth's utmost limits, and give a glimpse, or something like a glimpse, of Fancy's boundless reign: whilst all agree, that Fiction never knows to charm us so, as when she seeks resemblance with reality.

The events we have recorded in our last volume, gleaned from historic annals, all are true; at worst, accounted so for eighteen centuries. Although such is their character, and such their shape, that clustered closely as our book presents them, they certainly do seem almost incredible; and, what is worse, they now and then appear thick and impervious to a common eye. This is not quite the look I wish they had; but things will not look well when so much crowded, and I cannot enlarge the room they stand in without manifest inconvenience. If Milton, then, was forced to make his devils shrink, that they might

be contained in that great Pandemonium he provided them, I *may*, nay, *must* be pardoned for compressing all these gigantic shadows of long-past occurrences into my glass of general *Retrospection*. Nor will my readers require to be oftentimes reminded, through the course of a work so truly superficial, that they are not reading history at all, but only looking back, as from an eminence, upon the leading features of those histories which they have read full many a year ago. That few observations or reflections have been interspersed, will, I much fear, be no less easily forgiven, though nothing is more flattering to an author than that his own opinions should be called for. The scientific gardener thus is seen to recommend his hot-house bouquet, by separating carefully each rare exotic, and keeping them diligently disjoined from one another, with a profusion of leaves, for the most part, foreign to them all. My wilder nosegay blooms a mere rose campion, easily found, or in the field or shrubbery;—whose genuine blush alone attracts the eye to where each independent flower springs up, sole on its single stalk, and, unadorned with intermingling foliage, rears the head too near its equally alluring neighbour.

Among the nations which have been reviewed, not quite enough has yet, perhaps, been told of that surprizing, that selected people, who, on the first grand muster of mankind, stood foremost in the ranks of Humanity. Although their history is earliest, and best authenticated, their limited geography was first ascertained, though law had *not a name* in other countries when their code, yet extant, was compiled; and although commerce amongst *them* mentioned trafficking and paying, in times when they had not existed, we should have heard but little, I believe, concerning shekels of silver, current money with the merchant.

Voltaire was strangely overseen, to say, that Jewish annals must of necessity be false, because so little in their records may be read concerning monarchies of more importance: as for example, the old Assyrian, Chinese, and other oriental states, of dignity so far beyond poor Palestine.

lestine. He might have seen that no state was important, except as it related to *that one*. He might have known that the Assyrian, Babylonish, and Syrio-Macedonian empires are no more; faded like phantoms, melted like ice in summer; whilst the small family which they insulted, conquered, and carried away captives, still remain a people; and more numerous were they when Benjamin the traveller, of the twelfth century, journeyed the east over in search of their remains, than when they lived under their own kings, in their own land; a people peculiarly favoured by their God, who will once more, in the latter times reassume his best-loved title, and be once more acknowledged of his servants—the Holy One of *Israel*. That wondrous family, confounded among all nations, and yet distinct from any: which thriving in oppression *now*, as in the days of Pharaoh, is supposed by Bishop Law, to be even at this moment more populous than ever;—carrying our Bibles for us, as St. Austin says, reverent, although unconscious of its veiled contents,—mysterious tenets! to them dark and cloudy, yet still confiding in its hitherto *unaccomplished* predictions, though unobservant that the greatest is fulfilled, and senseless to the guilt of murdering their own Messiah when he came.—Strange! preternatural infatuation! yet scarce less strange or vain the weak attempts made by some modern Christians to convert them. God, who with his own hand blinded the Hebrews, will, in his own time and place, as suddenly restore their long lost sight, and they shall look on him whom they pierced. Soon as the call is heard, their tribes will congregate; no kindred, no connections will detain them; they are a separate set, unmixed with other mortals. No lands do *they* possess, no offices do *they* discharge, which can require their presence in countries, where to amass money for the destined journey seems all their occupation. No honourable badge of heraldic distinction was ever known to adorn a Jew, in any kingdom or government, although, unlike to every other aggregate of men, each individual may lay honest claim to those respects which were long thought due to high birth alone, and long

traced lineage. He who has seen a Jew, has seen a gentleman, if ancestry can make him such, unaided by education. Their land is like themselves, despised, not despicable; mislaid, not lost; forsaken or uncultured, yet not barren. The Greek Professor, Doctor Shaw, said, that the soil was far more rich and fine than the best parts of Syria and Phœnicia; fertile enough, says Wood, to tempt the husbandman to sow, although while sowing he is forced sometimes to take an armed friend with him to protect the seed bag. Such is the tyranny of their present masters—men who, in spite of a leagued continent, tore and held down the Holy City and the pleasant land, loading themselves and their posterity with the grand malediction first pronounced upon the newly regenerated race of mankind after the Deluge, when God appeared to Abraham, and promised, that whoso blessed *him*, should be blessed on earth; and those who cursed *him*, should be themselves *accursed*. His progeny, who are, even at this moment that I write, numerous as the stars of heaven, have already seen that curse most powerfully accomplished; seen their oppressors' vast estates destroyed. The Roman empire rots to nothing while we read this book; but the Chinese, who alone never offended them, remains apparently secure, firm fixed, and happy. The Turk subsists, indeed, but, as an old writer said judiciously, he is not so formidable as Christians think for; his head is lesser far than is his turban, and even that shews for much more than it is, swelling and puffing without, but hollow and empty within. Truth is, the Turks coming at first from Scythia, were abstemious and hard livers; but now that they have anticipated their Impostor's paradise, they become far less to be feared by foes of our persuasion, than when great Mahomet, second of the name, proved his unanimous triumph over a passion which boasts itself to have cajoled the wisest man recorded on the world's wide annals, enfeebled the strongest, and undone the first. *Amante barbaro! Soldato inumano!* exclaims Sagredo, when he tells the tale; but we must recollect the Sultan's principles: Irene was to him but as a favourite, a fondled *animal*; and,

at request of subjects who *had souls*, he suddenly, as *he believed*, annihilated (however dear to him) a creature which had none. That task performed, to lose in war the weight of grief which will oppress the noblest minds, this scourge of Christians and of Jews, this Mahomet, rushed to the hoped-for conquest of Belgrade. Defended by our Hungarian Hector, that fine city, key as 'twas then acknowledged of the Danube, refused to yield; and round its walls were piled a heap of dead, by which the assailants thought to scale their heights: but after deluges of blood spilt in the struggle, while dubious Victory fluttered from side to side, tempting men's hopes to madness of contention, the Turkish Emperor received a wound his followers thought fatal, and retired: upon recovery, he felt the impossibility to gain his point, and leaving innumerable soldiers; with all the flower of his Ottoman court dead on the field of battle, retreat was founded, and Christianity took breath once more. Human prosperity, however, still is found to confine closely on the limits of misfortune. Huniades received in this engagement his sentence of dismissal from the hard post he had maintained so long, and Pope Calixtus, when the news was brought him that the fierce Sultan turned his thoughts from *land*, to *maritime* contentions with all Europe, heard, at the same instant, that Europe's brave defender was no more. Morea now, in figure like the leaf of a plane tree, began to shake like one; but Scanderbeg, Prince of Epirus, for awhile protected with his arm his native Greece. Renowned rather for courage than sentiments of nice honour, he no sooner saw the islands of the Archipelago in danger, than hastening to break a truce, long time subsisting between his kingdom and the Turkish empire, he attacked them in every place, on every side; and having performed prodigies of personal valour in no fewer than twenty-eight bloody battles, began, after he had purchased the admiration, while meriting the enmity, of Mahomet II. to think seriously of converting his valiant antagonist to our Christian faith. The letters written on this occasion are exceedingly curious, and though, as a controvertist,

many

many might outshine Lord Alexander, who dared not even have *looked* on his exploits in war, they prove his zeal to have been in no sense hypocritical, and shew the tenor of the times to great perfection: so does the tale of Mahomet's desiring to see the scymitar with which, at three strokes only, this hero cleft three men down to the middle, as Pope's Homer relates of Pandarus, *while the shar'd visage hung on equal sides*. He did not wish to see the arm that wields it, replied our Castriot; and without *that*, the weapon is inert and good for nothing. This brave prince died, at length, in his bed at Lissa, a town of the Venetian state, bequeathing to that republic he so favoured, his fixed inveteracy against Mahometanism, which, to say true, they never lost at all; he left them, besides that, an infant boy, whom they could not protect, however, in his hereditary dominions so disputed. It is thus, therefore, that *Retrospection* sees the boasted descendant of Pyrrhus, son to Scanderbeg, quitting his first asylum for distress, living a pensioned courtier to the King of Naples, and lastly, dying without issue to redeem the honour of his race. *Stemmata quid faciunt?* 'Tis almost always so. Aulis and Athens, Eubæa, now called Negropont, with every place almost that history loves to record, or poesy delights to adorn, fell flat, during the next ten years, before all conquering Turcism; which, after our Christian hero was no more, found little opposition, save from Venice; and *her* best troops cut all to pieces round Barbarigo and Bragadin, the Ottomans seized, and, to confound his followers the more efficaciously, impaled the last named warrior in their presence. Yet though affairs never went worse than, at this period, in the Levant; the King of Cyprus left his widowed queen and island all exhausted to the Venetians, who gave her, as it were, her life in the estate, and then possessed it as true and lawful heirs. Whatever chanced, indeed, to other nations, *this* prosperous republic still increased in wealth and pride, in opulence and power. Milan was fallen to the Sforza family, when Mahomet II. first began to fix himself upon the throne of Constantine, last of that no longer dreaded name, and Phranza, the *philosophical*

*lofophical* historian willingly lived on; to describe thofe horrors his nobler-minded boy, although a child of thirteen years only, stabbed himfelf before the Sultan's face rather than endure. But if by fuidicide he faved *his* perfon from pollution, that of fair Anna, daughter to high-born and valiant Erizzo, was freed from difhonour by a Turkish feymitar, on which ſhe ran with haſty reſolution, impelled by dread of a long life in the Scraglio. It was the age of fearleſſneſs and fortitude. When women and boys ſet ſuch examples, what wonder the Grand Maſter of Rhodes ſhould follow them, and, warm with zeal, reſiſt the Ottoman army, though prodigiouſly ſuperior in force and numbers to his own? Summoned by Cali Baſſa, he replied, that he was ready to give up his life to God, for it was to him he owed it, but that he never would give up that fort to Anti-chriſtian powers while life was lent him; and, in effect, by vigorous repulſes, and oft-repeated fallies from the walls, his fierce invaders, wearied out at length, were called by Mahomet another way, for purpoſe of recruiting his own army, which he, and not unjuſtly, called invincible; and with which it was his intent to puniſh, if not deſtroy the King of Caramania. A grain of ſand, however, as Paſchal ſays, ſaved Europe from the vaſt deſigns of Cromwell; that grain of ſand how truly unimportant in any place but that, where it obſtructed life's neceſſary functions. A ſmall ſtone in the kidneys ſtopt, on the ſame principle, this Emperor's courſe, againſt which, when he moved forward in the elevation of conſcious greatneſs, like a vaſt elephant inflamed to rage by opium, mountains might have oppoſed themſelves in vain. Will it amuſe my reader's *Retrospect* to paint this Prince after Bellino's portrait, which ſhews him a ſtout ſquare figure, not much beyond the common height, but broad made, and of robuſt and vigorous beauty. His odd tranſaction with this Venetian artiſt ſhall cloſe the ſubject, and we'll talk no more on't. Giacomo Bellino's reputation had been carried, with ſome of his hiſtoric pieces, to Conſtantinople; and Mahomet the Second ſent for him to court, where he had apartments, often viſited by this Sultan, who

talked

talked with him familiarly, employed his talents upon various subjects, and not unfrequently sat to him himself. Bellino had one day, for his own particular study, painted a decollation of St. John. The Sovereign praised its peculiar elegance of colouring, admired the disposition of its light and shade, but told the artist how much too long the neck was; adding, that all men's sinews shrunk immediately, when once the head was severed from the spine. Bellino defended his error, till the King said he would convince him in a moment; and, asking how old St. John was supposed to be, bid his attendant nobles bring him up a man exactly of those years. They did so, whilst Giacomo and his royal critic stript his neck, examining the muscles, and conversing about their length, their elasticity, &c.—Strike off the head now! was the next command; which, being scarce pronounced, was executed. “And come here, Christian,” continued Mahomet coldly; “observe and look, but how the fibres all contract.”—He turned, and seeing his painter in a swoon, threw a gold collar of great value round his neck, and laughing, said, “Thou shouldst not, child, have repented that which thy *poor heart* makes thee afraid to look on.” The artist's nerves, however, were so shaken, it was long before they could regain their tone, so as to enable him to beg for leave, on some pretence, to see again his native country, Venice; where, in his garrulous old age, he told the tale to those who lived in the next century. When to this prince Bajazet succeeded, he placed, it is said, on his dead father's tomb these words:

Mens erat expugnare Rhodum, bellare superbam Italiam.

Sagredo is, however, I believe mistaken, because Paul Jovius outlived Bajazet; and *this* line seems to me taken from a long copy of verses, made either by that panegyrist of illustrious men, or possibly from Jean de Vitel, who dedicated them, with other Poems, to Cardinal de Vendosme, so late as 1588. Be this as it may (and I would rather trust our Knollys than Sagredo), great Bajazet kept the example of his  
proud



proud predecessor full in view, chastised his enemies, and gained, by invasion, the kingdom of Caramania : after which, he attacked Caithbeius, Sultan of Egypt, in the famed spot where Alexander conquered Darius ; and for three whole days, Mamalukes and Janissaries disputed with such fury every inch of ground, that of 178,000 fighting men, brought by their leaders into the lists of death, not 34,000 ever saw again their native homes ; nor could the Turkish Emperor resolve, from his own person, to dismiss (as had been his intention) a corps so valiant, and so loyal too, as the brave Janissaries proved themselves through those days contest, when night served only as a breathing time, and hours of repose were used but to excite desire of fresh slaughter. From scenes like these let us withdraw our eyes, which, through the red-stained glass of *Retrospection* have looked too long, till sight itself grows sick.

The Critical Reviewers, some Month in 1798—*horresco referens*—told us, and told us truly, “ That to trace back the history of any  
 “ country to a remote æra, to times which, from the prevalence of  
 “ fiction and romance, can only be elucidated by the faint glimmerings  
 “ of tradition, and the feeble aid of conjecture, to carry on a series of  
 “ historical events through ages darkened by ignorance and supersti-  
 “ tion, and supplying little more than a register of names, and a cata-  
 “ logue of enormities, *must prove equally unpleasing both to the writer*  
 “ *and the reader.*” This is discouraging indeed ; and such is my own persuasion of the fact, that had I not *half* performed the frightful task before this sad conviction crossed my path, I should have turned about and burned my book : but since we have together toiled through one quarto volume of a work, which has all these vile disadvantages to struggle with, we must now mount the modern side our hill, less like Parnassus, God knows, than Vesuvius, where all the various views a traveller hopes for, is change from flame to smoke, from flowing lava to internal fire ; from past *effects* to future *fears* of ruin : hot ashes too, of late departed heroes, scholars, wits, will soon begin to burn, as stand-

ing firm we trample them with our feet, or taking long strides, strive to avoid them. 'Tis thus, I am told, that they teach bears to dance; so when the ground grows treacherous and impracticable, a quicker pace will best relieve sensations too uneasy to be borne. When we have shewn, then, the still blinded Jews, near the close of this long 15th century, following some senseless Rabbi Lemlem as their prince, and after him vainly imagining the Sophi Ismael, so called from his great wisdom, to be their Messiah, we will have done with oriental follies; observing only, that it was from this Ismael Shah, as Prince Cantemir tells us, that the Persian sovereigns of his royal house were all called Sophies afterwards; a fact which Sir John Chardin has denied since, and says it would be laughed at in Persia, could they be informed we thought *that* their appellation. Mr. Gray mentions how, in Hebrew, the word *Sopher* implies one skilful in the interpretation of scripture, or sacred wisdom, and we still call a young student of divinity at Oxford or Cambridge, a College *Soph*. Mr. Pope uses the phrase deridingly in his *Dunciad*. But such reflections draw us too soon from Bajazet, whom we must leave employed in subjugating the east, while his accomplished brother, Zimzim, exiled, remained in Rome, and not ill treated: while the artful Sultan having made peace with all the Christian powers, or almost all, paid to the Pope an annual stipend of 40,000 gold crowns for his subsistence, besides the famous relique of the spear head, which pierced our Saviour's side when on the cross; and Zimzim, conveyed from Rhodes by Daubuisson, its valiant master, into Italy, was seen to kiss the slipper for protection. Bajazet felt a peculiar respect toward this young Zimzim, as some authors fancy, because he was porphyrogenitus, eldest son to his father after he came to the throne, a recommendation yet warm at Constantinople; but that distinction merely relative to the old Roman purple, was no longer regarded on the banks of Bosphorus. In Italy was now concentrated all that was left of empire, which, born at Rome, seemed destined to die there; but, before death, to bloom and flower again, reaping the rich,

rich fruits of autumnal fulness, in this its second season. There, under the protection of Nicholas V. the sciences were risen to a degree of sudden perfection, hopeless to past ages, and totally invisible, unless looking from his Pisgah, like Moses at the Promised Land, our Roger Bacon, through his new-invented glasses, might have, perhaps, distantly descried them: but printing now facilitated the progress of every branch of learning. Ficinus and Politian, then known by name of Messer Angelo di Monte Pulciano; Naldus, the physician; Laurentius Valla, who translated the old Greek historians; Æneas Sylvius, afterwards pope; and Platina, who wrote the lives of the Roman pontiffs; all flourished in or about the time we are reviewing; and *Retrospection* has chiefly to lament, that Nicholas himself, who built the Vatican Library, and spared no pains, no money, in restoring and rekindling the generous flame of literature, expired with grief in 1455, at hearing that Constantinople was not only lost, but that all Europe blamed him as an accomplice, an accessory, at least, though perfectly without his knowledge, and certainly without his consent. Truth is, Nicholas had provided a sufficient fleet and army, ready for relief of the besieged city, but delayed sending them, in hopes the distressed Greeks would, for the sake of receiving those succours more speedily, accede to terms proposed long since by the Latin Church, and sign the desired union, without further conditioning or objections. In the mean while, however, Mahomet sacked the city, and the remorseful pontiff was never seen to sleep or smile again. His last short portion of existence was employed in seeking from piety that comfort which talents and learning never can bestow; in reforming court abuses, feeding poor families, attending devout exercises, and giving an example of every christian virtue. To him succeeded a more worldly character, the first Borgia Pope; who, by Alphonso, King of Spain's intrigues, was raised to power, and whose first use on't had for object to check Castilian pride. His second thoughts turned to the east of course, found that the time for hot crusades was over, and that from

European zeal or diligence, but little could be hoped against the growing empire of Mahomet. Calixtus, therefore, such was the name he took, sent Lewis of Bologna, an artful friar, with rich presents, to the Khan of Tartary, the Sultan of Egypt, and to the Persian Princes above all, with strong insinuations against the overwhelming genius of an individual, likely to make himself their sovereign. These hints were not wholly without effect, and the sly primate was soon heard to say, that if he could not unite Christians in one pure and honourable cause, he could, at least, divide Mahometans, and by that means lessen the tide of incroachment. His death, in three years after his elevation, stopped many a half-hatched project, good and bad; and made unexpected way for that great ornament of literature, Æneas Silvius, who had not only been for a long time busied in cultivating science, but politics; had taken the opposition side in all matters of government; had talked aloud how *letters form a republic, not a monarchy*; how knowledge and freedom were observed to grow together; and having been crowned with laurel in the court of Frederick, where he was poet laureat, often made himself remarkable for asserting boldly, that *councils were above the Pope*.

From such a head to the old Romish church, both all professed, and likewise all unprofessed reformers, which were numerous, expected many and very great concessions, and felt, of course, surprise, added to disappointment, when the long hoped for bull at length appeared, beginning thus: "Whereas an execrable, and, in old times, an unheard of opinion subsists in the world, concerning the legality of appeals from sovereign Rome, *setting up councils as superior to the Pope, &c.*" It was, besides, observed by all his courtiers, friends, and companions, that, true to the seat he sat in, Piccolomini resolved to maintain what was then left of papal dignity without diminution; when, with the quick turn of a wit, rather than the modest deference of a scholar, he hastily retracted all his former positions, or almost all, and solemnly charged men who wished the preference of truth before error,

error, to forget the arguments of Æneas Sylvius, now no more, in the commands of Pius Secundus, who knew how to enforce their obedience. Protestants, notwithstanding, persisted in belief that he was still half a Hussite in his heart. Where love of power (say they) had no place, that heart was sound and pure. He still continued to hate, as he confessed, the silly rule by which ecclesiastics were forbidden to marry; he abhorred all simoniacal practices, and set his face against *abuse* of that church power, which his situation compelled him to *protect*. He set on foot an army for the east, and purposed animating it with *his* presence and example, who willingly engaged to fight literally, no less than figuratively, under the banner of Jesus Christ, against the growing strength of infidelity; but at Ancona, in sight of the fleet he had intended to embark upon, a sudden fever caught and killed this amiable sovereign, whose temperance and frugality seemed to deserve a longer life, and of whose reign each reader will have wished a longer continuance. The lampoons which were levelled at his person, came not into the noble mind of Piccolomini, except to move his laughter: he said, upon his death bed, that he should have epigrams enough, with sharp stings, provided for his tomb-stone, as all the wits would naturally be busy to break their jokes upon a brother bard. Yet, though invulnerable to affronts of *that* kind, did any writings during his pontificate appear, which he could suspect of glancing at the authority he deemed it now his duty to defend, Pius Secundus never pardoned *them*; and, it is supposed by some, that although literature had been his *business* in early life, and the chief solace of his happiest days, 'twas no unpleasant reflection, *just at last*, that the cardinal he used jestingly to call *our Lady of Pity*, because he had always sighs and tears at command, was likely to succeed him: in effect, this last-named noble Venetian is even yet recorded by the name of Paulus Secundus, the Enemy of Learning.

Under his jurisdiction Platina was racked for a pretended conspiracy; and Pomponius Lætus was suspected for sitting very loose indeed

to the Christian faith, because, in some academy where he presided, the members had taken up a childish custom of calling themselves all by Greek and Roman names—Cato or Ulysses. Such a suspicion made it unsafe for the historian to keep in sight, so he retired into obscurity, and took the appellation of *Julius Sabinus*; with better adaptation, we must confess, than the cognomina of *Lætus* or *Fortunatus*. This Pope, however, should have recollected, that his own mother was baptized *Polyxena*, a name of no great credit to a lady; but he was ignorant and jealous, and terrified at the progress of Mahometanism in the east; and, what he thought as ill of, incipient reformation in the western world.

Whilst I write this, however, I feel struck with the strange similarity of humour between the fourteenth and the eighteenth century, in which a horrible conspiracy against all religion, all learning, and all virtue, has been discovered latent among a set of impious men, calling themselves (as these did) by old appellations, *Spartacus* and *Scipio*, *Thrasylulus* or *Plato*; and can scarce help reflecting, as *Æneas Sylvius* did, that the Barbo Pope of noble birth, but confined notions as to literature, might be a fit man enough for the times he lived in, and reigned as 209th bishop of Rome; where, in order to attract notice, and that share of respect his talents had no claim to, *Paulus Secundus* increased the pomp of his household and show of his palace beyond all preceding example: decorated his cardinals' horses with scarlet caparisons enriched with gold, entertained foreign princes with a dazzling splendor, and adorned the papal tiara, till its brilliancy surpassed even oriental embellishments, and *distanced* the regalia of every European sovereign: so that being himself of elegant, not to say effeminate beauty, he appeared more like the Phrygian goddess *Cybele*, say some of his biographers, than like the vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ. *Platina* might justly be enraged against him, and heap on sarcasms, as *he* heaped gems, for a purpose; but every government when it first feels itself beginning to grow weak, grows showy; and ornament, on almost all

all occasions, is used to supply want of strength. No matter! *Formosus* the Second, as both his lovers and his haters called him, died of a surfeit, having supt on melons, and drank too copiously of iced water after them; one hot summer evening, when the Genoese pontiff, known by nominal distinction of *Sextus Quartus*, successfully prepared to reign in his stead. *His* first employment was to sell the gems which had blazed round his beautiful predecessor, and with what money they produced, adorn the city, restore the aqueducts, and purchase books for his beloved library at the Vatican, of which he is revered as founder, though *Nicholas V.* projected the edifice, and laid the first stone himself. The new Pope quarrelled, however, with *Lorenzo de Medici* about another purchase, in which (as for books too) they had been often competitors; and felt the passions of mean minds tormenting their philosophic souls into a peevishness beneath their rank in life—a rancour ill according with the friends and fellow citizens of this newly arranged republic of letters, which they had so taught each other to venerate. The superior lord of *Imola* was, by his excesses and expences, forced about this period, 1471, to set his barony to sale in the *Romagna*, and both these princes were disposed to buy, when *Montesecco*, a man employed by *Rome*, thinking his master tricked out of the purchase, began to engage, with or without his principal's consent, in a gross plot against the whole *Medicean* family. *Lorenzo's* brother was assassinated in the church, before the very altar. The people (who adored their patrons and protectors) flew to arms, seized the conspirators, racked *Montesecco* the agent, and hanged up the *Archbishop* of *Pisa*, with half a dozen more confederates, upon the spot. These last were chiefly of the *Pazzi* family, related to *Sextus Quartus*, whose attachment to any one partaking his blood was ridiculous, even in those days, when no other cement of friendship was acknowledged to come in competition with kindred and alliance. This *congiurazione de' Pazzi*,\* as

\* *Pazzi* means *mad*. It was, indeed, the *Mad Conspiracy*.

in Italian annals it is called, was therefore without much dubiety attributed to the Pope, who, instead of repenting his horrible intents, (if such they were) began anathematizing the Florentines for death of his archbishop; and excommunicated Lorenzo's self, whose moderation had really saved the boy-cardinal, Riario, nephew to Sextus, from being literally torn in pieces by a loyal, and active, and grateful populace, who even doated on their rulers; surrounded them in the hour of distress, and sucked the slight wound which cut their favourite in the neck, lest, peradventure, the weapon should have been poisoned. So earnest were they to secure, after his brother's murder, the invaluable life of Lorenzo, whom they considered as a mirror of excellence, a model by which to regulate not only public but private behaviour; and so absurdly wicked was the man who thus provoked half Italy to frenzy, by threatening the darling of this Tuscan state with what appears quite undeserved destruction. The story has been, however, so lately told in language that might have graced Lorenzo's literary court itself, by Mr. Roscoe, whose fine book is now in every English hand that can hold one—I shall not add a word to this rough summary, except to say, that it was Mahomet's death alone saved the peninsula from annihilation: as his fleet was, at the very time of these silly tumults, hovering like a hawk over the devoted district of Calabria—whence that event happily called it away, and left the Florentines at leisure to resume their classical celebrations of old Plato's birth-day, in honour of which the Medicean family, fascinated by the new-rising bloom of ancient learning, and captivated by all her collateral charms, false as well as true, had instituted a sort of jubilee, some few years before this disturbance.

Sforza, meanwhile, Regent of Milan, upon the Turks' retreat, prepared for war against his neighbours of Venice and Genoa; forgetting that the family de Rovere, an ancient one in that last mentioned city, had given birth to bold Francesco, who, though a Friar and a Cordelier, forgot not for a moment that he was a man, bound by the ties of blood to all his kin; a sovereign invested with power to protect them.

Sextus



Sextus Quartus, for these reasons, (to which the Tuscans added another, by taking sides with Sforza) made himself ready for battle, resolving to defend the free states, as they were called; and had not the desertion of his allies brought, or rather driven, the gout into his stomach, all Italy would soon have been in arms at once. He died, however; and his dread of peace took from him, even in death, that decent tranquillity which should prevail, at least, in the last moments. But

Pacis ut hostis eras, pace peremptus obis,

said the wits; and Innocent VIII., of disposition far less severe and warlike, was his successor. It was to his care Zimzim, the brother of Bajazet, was consigned; and we leave it for Bossi and Spondanus to dispute, whether he actually and positively did kiss the slipper, or whether he *only made believe*, as children say—the debate being somewhat a childish one, and to the Pope perfectly uninteresting, while he had the annuity paid regularly from Constantinople, and delighted to provide for some of his numerous offspring out of the Turkish treasury. These young people he, for form's sake, publicly called his nephews, but laughed when he heard others call them so. The merry men, of course, broke their jests openly, saying, that Sextus Quartus had embellished Rome, but Innocent VIII. did most towards *peopling* it. It was he, however, built the palace Belvedere, repaired a fine old church founded by Valentinian, and finding, or fancying that he found in the wall some of the genuine title, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, originally placed upon our Saviour's cross—he called the edifice by that name, Temple of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, and decorated it with great munificence. Innocent was of a gentle, generous temper, and only wished to cultivate the arts of peace; scorning the libels made upon his loose character, when Pasquin called him *father* of his country: but though not eminent for care concerning literature, when a French friar came to him from Paris, with a long panegyric on a Pope dead several

centuries before—"Well! what have you said of St. Marcellus?" enquired he. "I have observed," replies the Monk, "how happily he was named; seeing that *Mar* meant, no doubt, un *mer* de charité; "*cel* shewed that he had le vrai *sel*; and *lus* was a proof qu'il avoit les "*lumières*." "Get thee back, Transalpine dolterhead!" exclaimed the Pontiff, "and disgrace not our dawn of science with thy folly. Get thee back to thy convent, I say; and if thou wilt take a pen in hand, copy some other's writing, but presume not to publish thy own." To copy, however, became daily a less useful and a less necessary art; and we may accordingly observe, that the manuscripts, after the year 1500, when printing was familiar to mankind, attract our notice less by their beauty and neatness, than those which were written before then—so does one human invention stop the progress of another—but chirography is, at any rate, a petty perfection when at best; and for the noble art which superseded it, we are indebted to German patience, German industry: nor has *Retrospection* often contemplated a truer model of these his countrymen's peculiar merits than Frederick the Fourth, justly surnamed the Philosopher. He had succeeded Albert, the son-in-law of faithless Sigismund, in 1440; and had now, for more than half a century, witnessed, with a steady eye, the convulsions of Italy and Austria: a long reign, as he himself considered it; and one, as he observed, that another man would have called *turbulent*. But when Constantinople unwillingly received the crescent on her brows in lieu of the cross, and Turkish terrors quitted the affrighted east only to display their standard over the Mediterranean Sea,—when Sextus Quartus shook the peninsula of Italy from her centre,—nay, when Mathias, King of Hungary, invaded Poland, beat the Bohemians, seizing, at length, upon Vienna's self, and keeping possession of his conquest; this truly philosophic Emperor betrayed no change of temper, nor no signs of passion. *Rerum irrecuperandarum summa felicitas oblivio*, was his favourite sentence, and he wrote it on the walls of every bed-chamber he slept in: nor was he a slothful or slow-minded man, although the  
 Italians,

Italians, who never could provoke him, said he was *anima morta in corpo vivente*. He was alive to that partiality which makes every parent think their own progeny of superior excellence; and when he contemplated his daughter's charms, it came into the mind of Frederick, that with *them* he might purchase the whole world's peace and felicity. In consequence of this idea a messenger was, early in his reign, dispatched to inform Mahomet II. that if he would turn Christian—in good time! and that forthwith; the lovely Sigismunda should be his queen, uniting the empires of the east and west. Mahomet laughed, and said he had six hundred virgins then to choose out of, and had no fancy to increase the list; but would receive the princess willingly, *without conditioning*, to his seraglio. When even *such* a reply failed to affect the Emperor's good humour, the title of Philosopher must be confessed his due. The Popes had all acknowledged his piety, and saw he knew how to appreciate merit in the person of Æneas Sylvius, whom he first sent ambassador to Rome, where Nicolas the Fifth crowned him with his consort Eleanora, in 1452; nor would Pius II. quarrel with him, as he did with Alphonso of Spain, whose haughtiness required a check from papal power. Frederick IV. lived on through six pontificates, nor died till after Innocent VIII., who lay so long in a fit once before, that all around him thought his life irrecoverably lost. On his demise was seated in St. Peter's chair the profligate Roderico Borgia, well known in the annals of infamy by name of Alexander VI. At his accession *Retrospect* shall rest, although the century is not quite closed; because Columbus gave to that period power to impress the minds of men; and make the year 1492 an epoch for succeeding generations, *far* more remarkable than would round numbers, A. D. 1500.

But we step back a while to fetch into our focus the more northern nations, France, Spain, Holland, and Denmark, with England, Scotland, &c. too long left out of sight.

## CHAP. II.

CONTAINING

A REVIEWAL OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, SPAIN, HOLLAND, DENMARK,  
SCOTLAND—THEIR ADVANCEMENTS

FROM 1455 TO 1492.

THE SAME PERIOD OF FORTY-SEVEN YEARS.

**T**HIS period, although turbulent, will be found, on *Retrospection*, to have thrown up from the yesty waves of its chaotic violence some useful improvements, and given rise to some agreeable ideas. But the brightest day is observed to commence with the faintest glimmer, and whilst in effect their fine capital inundated robbed Venice of valuables worth a million sterling by one unexpected influx of the sea—not then as afterwards regularly submitting to all creation's delegated Lord; and whilst in rough Bohemia the bold Thaborites sought to set up one Podiebrand for prince, because he was of their persuasion, Christiern, the King of Denmark, kindly confirmed the privileges of Hamburgh, spontaneously relinquished his pretensions to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, in favour of James IV., newly born, and hoped, he said, to see the time when not only nobles but good burghers, through his land, should feed on a fat goose every St. Martin's day.

Reformation and civilization thus walked forward hand in hand; but they received some checks. The Popes excited Mathias, nephew to Huniades, the Hungarian Hector, against Podiebrand, because he had been a follower of Zisca; and as the northern nations now seemed all disposed to claim a Christian's share in Jesus' blood, Innocent the Eighth had the address to persuade them how wine would not keep good in such cold latitudes, and that to insist upon this empty privilege

lege would but produce some horrid profanations. Meanwhile baronial power began in its own native soil to shew sure symptoms of having passed its prime. Margaret de Waldemar had made her subjects find that a crown differed greatly from a coronet. They had seen her wear one with three points, expressive of the three realms she consolidated in her own person, under her own government; teaching, at the same time, the increased distance now first acknowledged between prince and *noble*, who, till these days, thought that such a title was to be considered but as the mark of a *superior lord*, and scarcely *that*, when, as it sometimes chanced, chieftains did homage for a town or district, to barons better in descent than they, though weaker in the number of adherents.

These new principles made, as may be imagined, a gradual but certain alteration in the manners of all Europe; and manners altering confirmed the principles, which commerce wafted quick from shore to shore. Science too sapped, while bold ambition battered the rusty phalanx of that old Gothic aristocracy which, seven or eight centuries before, had broken Rome's royal empire by its wasteful inroads. The compass too had, in these later days, been discovered; and traffic, though intending at first mere exchange of vendible commodities, found himself insensibly engaged as active agent in the cause of sentiment. Looking-glasses were brought from Venice, at an immense price, to this country, when one should have thought men's minds, occupied about civil war and discord hourly increasing, could have cared little for such articles of luxury. A book, indeed, still fetched thirty or forty pounds: but heraldry was grown a study, and the famed collar of SS's, instituted in honour of St. Simplicius, if I remember right, was by none of Edward the Third's descendants held in higher estimation than by Henry the Sixth, who neglected not things of more solid importance, having no fewer than half a dozen wool-houses in New Palace-yard, Westminster, and having arranged the wakes and fairs first set on foot by Alfred, confining them to market-towns. Henry VI. exalting Leadenhall as the  
first

first public granary, is likewise remarkable in our capital—so is the first institution of our Lord Mayor's show—while a sort of elegant pottery had been invented at Florence, called terra cotta, which being used for sculpture imitation, found its way into common life, and they made jars there not very unlike their ancient amphora. Mean time *our* cerevisiam here in Britain was kept from quick decay only by wormwood; for hops were, about this time, prohibited as an ill weed thought to possess strange deleterious qualities; and wine, a costly cordial yet, was deemed fitting only for princely palates. Who should be prince over all, now grew a question of still more importance among us. Men cared but little who they *called* the *King*, when dukes, and earls, and all were petty sovereigns; but in as much as *their* privileges decayed, and greater preference graced the royal seat, incitements to the contest grew in strength and power. Since our first Edward too had told his people, that what concerned *all* should be by *all* approved; the realm seemed set for universal suffrage, and votes in such case will be always given with most effect upon the points of pikes. Sicilian Margaret, well aware of this, resolved that her son should not lose his just inheritance, for such she deemed it, by his soft father's flexibility. In vain did gentle Henry, sixth of the name, resign authority and power to his cousin. The blood bespotted Neapolitan, as Shakespear calls her, summoned Earl Clifford to the field, with other partizans, and forced on the mild monarch, by their means, that dignity his unresisting heart desired not. Richard of York reproached him first, and then opposed, when with the Lords of Salisbury and Warwick, army met army in the field at Bloreheath. Sir Andrew Trollope there deserted suddenly from the Duke's cause, and with a body of distinguished veterans, changed sides, and threw himself at the King's feet, who pardoned all his foes, and heard with pleasure that his rebellious cousin had retired, feigning how Ireland required his presence, while Warwick went to France and sheltered there.

*Our* people, however, hated, as it appears, the unhappy connection  
made

made with Regnier, the king of Naples, and viewed, with pity bordering on contempt, their sovereign's submission to his dowerless queen, whose conduct toward good Humphrey, Duke of Glo'ster, had never been forgiven here in England; and Lancaster's weak title to the crown grew daily more and more observable, as men's eyes opened against prejudices, recovering from the splendors thrown around it by their courageous King Henry V.—Disorders, consequent upon a feeble administration, now filled the realm: to remedy these mischiefs, Warwick, half called from Calais, marched through Kent, and the bold Duke of York hastened to meet him. Margaret, taken somewhat unawares, lost, at Northampton, what she had won at Bloreheath; her husband being, besides, made prisoner there, his cousin openly, and for the first time, *claimed the throne*, whilst all *his* peers and partizans disputed manfully at Westminster against those of the reigning prince, *who* should be found the proper man to sit in it. That any arguments should have any weight, whilst the whole nation thus was armed, is strange; and, to the credit of that nation, certainly the result of their debates still more so: every thing ending in a peaceful compromise, which allowed Henry his life in the royal seat, to which Duke Richard was named lawful successor by an *unanimous* vote of all the lords assembled at that council: but no decrees could silence Margaret, while her son lived to whet her keen ambition. She roused the barons in the North to action, and brought large reinforcements up from Wales, where her soft husband's mother had, by her second marriage with brave Tudor, formed a connection for her former family, that never would forsake them in distress. She gave anticipating York the meeting, and drove his troops before her conquering arms; killed *him*, and cut away his head at Wakefield; his youngest son, the scarce-fledged Earl of Rutland, being the same day savagely murdered in cold blood by Clifford. But Warwick hearing how the tide of war rolled forward towards our mad metropolis, drew out the Londoners, ever attached to him and to young Edward, who now inherited the duke's pretensions. They met  
the

the Queen, fatigued, although victorious, and at St. Alban's gave her army battle. There fortune once more favoured the Lancastrians, and our meek monarch found himself released by the Amazonian spirit of his wife: their son too, who resembled Margaret in valour, and hoped to emulate Henry V. in fame, displayed that day proofs of high prowess in the fierce engagement, as did their cousin on the other side, young Edward; who, in despite of this advantage lost, was proclaimed king within the capital, while the Queen's troops retreated towards those provinces which had enabled her to fetch her husband, detained till then amid the Yorkists' army. The grand, decisive blow was fought at Towton, and Scotland then received the royal fugitives, after a fight, where Edward gave no quarter, fired with revenge, and raging round the field. The gentle king again was caught and spared: the prince and Margaret escaped to Regnier, with the good Duke of Exeter their uncle; and there it was that Philip de Comines saw this unhappy nobleman serving the Duke of Burgundy as groom.\* Edward the IVth. meantime, remained in something like peaceful possession of those dominions he had the best right to: and the brave Earl of Warwick, whose assistance lifted him to the enjoyment of that right, shared all his confidence, or thought he did; while our new sovereign, given up to pleasure, fought among the high born beauties of his court, those who were kindest, and complied most readily. The earl, however, prudently conceived that good alliances should first be fixed on; and solicited an appointment by which he might demand the Lady Bona of Savoy, nearly connected with France, as wife to Edward, who, in his absence, courted Lady Gray de Wodeville; and she, resolving to accept no other terms, was queen of England in a fortnight's time. This dame was daughter to Sir Richard Wodeville, by Jaqueline de Luxembourg, last wife to the great Duke of Bedford;

\* He came home, however, after some time; and Pennant says, that he lies buried at St. Catharine's church, East Smithfield. His widowed duchess married Sir Henry Jones, of Caermarthen, from whom descends the present Bishop of Kildare.

who,



and being left of him a widow, wedded that brave young knight; by whom she was mother to Edward the Fourth's new queen, whose first husband, Sir John Gray of Groseby, was killed fighting for the House of Lancaster, and came to beg her sons might not, for his fault, lose their estate; when the King loved, and raised her to that royalty, which *smothered*, though it never quite *extinguished* her prejudices in favour of the other family. Warwick, enraged at this intelligence, for every reason, menaced his sencer with a dreadful vengeance; and to affright him more, as he believed, gave his own daughter to the banished prince, and made a league with Margaret his mother; who, with her dear loved son, was then soliciting *her* cause and *his* at Paris, when the account was brought to all, of these unhappy nuptials. Those times were past, however, when bold barons defied their kings to single combat, and called them liar or traitor to their face. Edward the Fourth of England knew his power, and was determined that it should be *felt*; he laughed at *rebel* Warwick, as he called him, and mentioned with contempt his new allies; prepared for war, and though he lost one battle to his old opponent Margaret, who once more brought her pious husband out from prison to a throne, 'twas not one victory could keep the Yorkists' power completely down, after it had been by all fully acknowledged. The plains of Barnet saw the fall of Warwick; whose death drew the first tears ('tis said) from her eyes that long had looked on him as her worst foe. So Sisygambis mourned the death of Alexander! But Tewkesbury's calamities soon from the mind of Margaret obliterated each sense of what was found most sorrowful at Barnet. *The son*, for whom she fought; for whom she mourned a father in meek Henry, a father-in-law next in gallant Warwick, lay stabbed by his relentless cousin's sword in Glo'stershire; and the Queen's spirit of resistance died with *him*. Her heart thus broken, her wretched husband, after his escapes, killed in the Tower of London, while she fled to France, left Edward no competitor to cope with; nor ought to conquer save his own hot passions, and those of both his

brothers, fullen and discontented at his marriage with Lady Gray, who every year brought forth some princely baby, yet seemed by that means only to accelerate her own, and her whole family's destruction. After his royal father's death indeed, the eldest was called king a while, Edward V. by name: but rugged Richard, second son to the great Duke of York, would not permit such puny obstacles to stand between him and the succession. Murder to his mind brought no qualms of conscience. He had dispatched the pious king in prison, and his sword helped to massacre, in cold blood, after his brother's victory, the gallant prince of Wales: as for the girls, they seem to have been forgotten; and the Queen-mother, that they might be wholly so, put young Cecilia early in a convent, and started when report was brought her that King Richard had thoughts of getting papal dispensation to wed the eldest child Elizabeth, soon as his little nephews were removed, and his first wife put out of the way. This character, however, this third Richard, first the protector of our realms, then the usurping sovereign, made good laws; and seemed to have sunk every private virtue only to fill the flowing tide of general beneficence. This, though a common stratagem of crowned heads, seldom prospers: the blood-stained prince soon found himself abhorred, even by that public, for whose sake he said he had renounced all ties of tenderness. *They* called him Crook-back'd Dick, and turned their eyes from England into Brittany, where the last remnant of the House of Lancaster, descended from a daughter of old John of Gaunt, lived in a sort of honourable retreat, rather than downright obscurity: and holy Henry the Sixth had said, "That youth will wear the crown which we contend for." Such odd predictions then were counted prophecies, and a wild Irish bard had told King Richard he should not live long after he saw *Richmond*; in consequence of which he studiously avoided, both in Surrey and in Yorkshire, ever going near a place which bore that name; but he was forced to recollect at last, the *Earl*, and not the *Town*, was fatal to him. At the first sound of honour's

nour's call, *he* came, warm with a passion for fair Anne of Brittany, idol of those times ! whose professed knight he was ; and Bosworth field witnessed young Richmond's triumph. That his father was son of Owen Tudor, by Catharine of France, widow to Harry V. accounts for the partiality Wales always shewed the red rose ; and in the Mostyn family even now remains (in form of a caudle cup) the gold hilt of that sword with which he pierced the brave usurper's breast on that day ; which leaving him the *power*, and poor Elizabeth of York the *right*, to reign over us, a *marriage* was proposed between her and the conqueror, so to unite their separate pretensions, and end those feuds which had so long distracted our dominions. It conferred few domestic joys indeed. What wonder ! that Henry the Seventh should love Anne de Bretagne, in whose society he spent his youth, was natural ; that he should hate the heirs of the rival house, is no less consonant to common feelings ; and she, perhaps, would have liked him no better, had not her mother, Lady Gray de Woodville, inspired her still with most respectful sentiments towards the descendants of time-honoured Lancaster ; who having wedded Mary de Padilla's daughter, by Peter the Cruel, *their* daughter, wife to Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, was mother to the Countess of Richmond, whose only offspring by the earl, her second husband, was Henry VII. She had a boy by her third marriage with Stanley, Earl of Derby, after whose death *she* endowed *Christ's College, Cambridge*, and wore a nun's dress ; but Hume tells us how Henry VIII. consulted and respected her ; and Campden relates how this *so mighty princess* had been heard to say, that if the Christian kings would once again fall on the Turk, and win the Holy Land, she would herself be laundress to their tents, and follow them on foot to Palestine ; all which could not be true, methinks, had she turned nun, indeed, and left the world. However this be, the world was improving daily, and England's union of the hostile roses, soon healed the wounds of forty years civil war ; during which time, it is to be supposed that laws, arts and commerce, must have been neglected ;

whilst he who wielded the heaviest battle-axe, or drew the surest bow, was the best man. The clergy acknowledged, as authentic, none but Justinian's code; and laics held themselves firmliest bound by good old usages. The Plantaganet monarchs had, indeed, made some good statutes, especially Richard III. but still *la loi du plus fort* always prevailed; till the whole nation seeing a son born to the united houses, began to think the storm completely over. Meanwhile, the greatest miracle, in my mind, which ever came within our common eye, or fixed the wandering glance of *Retrospection*, is, that in A. D. 1377 England should not enumerate many more souls than two millions through the realm; and in A. D. 1487, four millions and a half were found upon enumeration, as if, like polypi, they had increased by cutting: but I suppose the incipient Reformation, though not begun here, had a share in this otherwise incredible phenomenon. Emigrants must have resorted hither from other countries, where persecution had begun; and Pasquier, in his *Recherches*, does tell a tale, how medical professors obtained leave to marry as early as 1452, when Cardinal d'Etourville brought from Rome permission of the Pope for this infringement of an old custom, hitherto held sacred; perhaps that edict might affect *our* land, where literature would not, any more than population, be repressed. Let the spring be ever so backward, the frosts ever so cruel, *some* leaves will shoot, *some* flowers will appear in May. The Earl of Rivers, beheaded by Richard in 1483, because brother to the hapless Lady Gray, had been appointed by Edward IV. preceptor to his infant son, and had translated many authors from the French language, which grew every day more and more the fashionable study. He had, besides, presented to the King his *Dictes* or sayings of ancient philosophers, which, I have heard, was the third book printed in our island by Caxton, who had a press set up in Westminster Abbey: but improvements came quick from Germany, where portable clocks, *watches*, were now invented, and muskets were become common in war. Wire was drawn out for use, and wooden cuts or gravings contrived for ornament:

music.

music kept pace with other arts, perhaps outran them; and we had a Venetian organist, his name Bernardo, to play upon our fine church at Wrexham here, in Denbighshire. Manners, too, now began to be regarded: and the first boarding-school for young ladies on record, was set up, as I think, at Stratford-le-Beau, (*Bow*) under patronage of the old Duchess of York, Edward the Fourth's mother, where *manerlye havyours* were taught, and not to *wete fingers depe in saws at meletyme*. Bartolomeo Glantville's code of petty laws, as we may term his long *Essay de Proprietatibus Rerum*, was printed at Harlem, 1485, and afterwards by Caxton, as translated by Lord Berkeley's chaplain. This book seems parent to the Italian Galateo, as it gives general directions for the conduct of wives, parents, husbands, children, youths, maidens; in short, all situations in life: the importance of which, to society, seems to have impressed the author very powerfully. When weary of plain prose, he breaks out at last into what, no doubt, he deemed a truly poetical epilogue to his extraordinary performance, and says:

Now praysed be God ! whyche hathe so well endued  
 Me, the authore, wythe grace de proprietatibus :  
 To see so many nat'ral things renued,  
 Whyche in my booke I have compyled thus ;  
 Where throu by redinge we may comforte us,  
 And by concytes dyvers fede our mynde,  
 As bokes empynted showyth---right as ye fynde

In Wyneken den Worde, whych through his diligens  
 Emprynted hath at prayer, and at desyre  
 Of Roger Thorney Mercer ; and from thense  
 This Moeyon sprang, to set the hertes on fyre,  
 Of such as love to rede in every shyre ;  
 Dyvers maters, a Voydinge, Ydleneffe,  
 Just as this boke of myne doth here expresse.

But the affairs of France have been too long forgotten. We left Charles VII. victorious and well served in the beginning of his reign. Our *Retrospection* now returns to find him thwarted by the intriguing spirit

spirit of his son, who checked him still in his career of glory; among other tricks, poisoning fair Agnes de Sorel; and, by that means, taking from her royal lover his real inducement to all acts of heroism: but Louis the Dauphin's perverseness ended not there. He married Charlotte of Savoy, merely to spite his father; and made such exactions in the provinces allotted him, as forced them to rebellion: *that*, indeed, his subtlety desired; his slyness disregarded.

The odium fell, as he wished it, upon his father Charles, while he himself escaped to Burgundy. There the good reigning Duke pensioned and protected him, only refusing to assist him against his parent king, with money and with troops. This the young man resenting, set on foot a perfidious conspiracy against his benefactor, and had the art to make the unhappy prince's eldest son join in it: "And now for ten provinces," exclaimed Charles sept, "I would not bear in my bosom such a heart as Louis le Dauphin, who alone put the young Count de Charolois on such a project," and then retreating left him to answer it. But private vices, crimes, and follies are of consequence to this abridgment only as they influence the welfare of the whole; and that this Christian monarch was constrained to keep a hen in his own apartment, on whose eggs he lived, for fear of poison from his son's intrigues, is of less importance to my readers than that during his long reign of forty years, from the day Joan la Pucelle crowned him at Rheims, to the sad hour when he sent to beg the Bishop of Paris would for the last time bring him the sacrament, Protestantism had gained prodigious ground. famous Pragmatic Sanction was promulgated, and life took a new colour seemingly all over Europe. Charles saw, and was contented then to leave it: he had fondled a tame goat in his own little garden, of which he kept the key, and drank her milk: finding the faithful animal lie dead one morning, as he rose to caress her, "These tears shall be my last," said he, "and my Lord's body my last food in this world." He kept his word, confessed his sins, protested his forgiveness of all enemies, and died at fifty-eight years old, of sickness caused by sorrow.

When

When he first sat upon his father's throne, each town was garrisoned, for or against the English; and, as the French writers express it, *on ne voyait que châteaux sur chaque colline*. But during the long war with Britain it was found most advantageous to *destroy* these fortresses, so often used against the natives of the land, who all rejoiced to see the habitations of their old feudatorial lords laid in the dust. The ancient laws, too, and plenary court, as they were called, soon followed. Summary justice was put an end to when longer process was required for decision; new professions were opened to men of learning; and the taxes, till then forcibly raised by barons in their districts, dropt, as by accident, into the sovereign's hand. New arrangements of the militia-men and officers, strengthened insensibly the power of the crown, *et pour le peuple*, as Baudot de Joly says. They had no objection, *parce que son sort n'était guère pire*, while royal authority gained firmness every hour; the less perceived, perhaps, by peers and princes, because the individual monarch was so wretched. In Louis the Eleventh's time all changes were seen plainer; and he was heard exultingly to tell how he first had taken the kings of France out of their go-cart. He guessed not, however, whither they would run, much less could he have dreamed (though studious of astrology) that this degradation of the nobles would make way for the dregs of a mad populace to reign, and put his successor, sixteenth of the name, into a cart, conveying him from the scaffold, before three centuries were yet expired. Meanwhile he put his brother in a coffin, lest he should marry the young heirs of Burgundy; poisoning him in a peach, prepared for that purpose by a skilful and well-tryed assassin. The expiring prince's favourite page, however, seized on the fellow, and carried him off privately, to have him tried for his offence in Mary's dominions; but before they could reach *them*, his master's hand reached *him*, and he was found dead in his bed next morning. It had reached no fewer than four thousand of his own hapless subjects before the colder hand of death struck *him*. The Duke de Nemour's blood was found insufficient to satisfy  
this

this tyrant's rage for murder; he caused that nobleman's two little children to stand upon the scaffold where he suffered, and bring their clothes home, *stained with their parent's life blood*. France had, however, cause to mourn his loss; he certainly promoted general welfare: he first in Europe established a regular postage through his dominions for carrying letters. He made good roads, paved them, and planted the first of those fine trees that, even in our own time, adorned with long drawn avenues the highways of France. Nor can we dismiss the character of this modern Tiberius, without telling how like him he was a scholar, and a thinker, and an orator; and that, in the arts of deep dissimulation, he had no rival among his contemporaries. Another trait of resemblance between these sovereigns is too striking to be omitted. When he had reason to believe that remuneration for his numberless sins could not be far off, he sent for an astrologer, and anxiously enquired concerning the number of his days: finding, however, the sage somewhat tedious in delivering his dangerous oracle: "*Dost know thy own fate, wretch?*" cried Lewis, with *undissembled sternness*. Quickened by sense of immediate interest, the ready-witted conjuror replied: "*My death will be determined by that of your good Grace; as our art shews you will outlive your servant just four and twenty hours.*" It was the surest way to save his life.

This Prince made a collection of the *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, and called the printers from Mayence to Paris. These stories, translated into English, under the name of the Hundred Merie Tales, seem hinted at in Shakespear's account of Autolycus and his ballads: but Louis onze was said to reject all but devotional reading at the last. When terrified by thoughts of future judgment, although a rebel to the *court*, he felt himself a slave to the *church* of Rome; and as deep veneration for its priesthood then occupied every corner of his soul untenanted by cunning and cruelty; his best comfort was, that Pope Innocent afforded him the title of most *Christian King*; a favour granted with not half the scruples which had distressed that Pontiff when besought



besought to give a dispensation for the marriage of Henry de Rougemont, Bretagne et d'Aubigné, with his fourth cousin, Elizabeth of York. Fair Anne, who ever held *his heart* enthralled, now wedded the son of Louis the Eleventh, known by the name of Charles the Affable and Courteous: sole offspring of his father by the unfortunate Charlotte of Savoy, who, as she was taken first without consent, was hated afterwards without a cause. She lived, however, to enjoy the attentions of a politer successor, who, by the influence *his* lady still retained over our British King, made happy all parties by that general peace, which, at her suit, our Sovereign sold her husband; receiving two hundred thousand pounds present money for shutting the Temple of Janus. This Anne of Bretagne had been contracted (married indeed by proxy) to Maximilian, King of the Romans, son to philosophic Frederick IV, and him too the Queen of France, in the romantic spirit of the times, was wont to style her *servant*. But he lost very little in losing *her*; because Mary, the beautiful duchess of Burgundy, sought by so many crowned heads, had given her hand and ample fortunes up to *him*, and, dying early by a fall from her horse, left Maximilian free to contract new engagements with Blanche, the daughter of Sforza, duke of Milan; who made him happy in domestic life, which he adorned with literary acquirements; published his own memoirs, extended his knowledge more than his domain; and preferred gaining one new idea, he said, to sixteen castled cities. Thus did each circumstance, each character, co-operate to sap the apparently solid foundation of Gothick aristocracy in Europe, and substitute a government more on the model of the Greek republics, where science smiled, and ripening arts were fostered. Maximilian professedly lent his right arm to pull up the moss-grown pale that stood so long between the prince and people; and hastened to abolish the *judicium occultum Westphaliæ*; a strange practice, by which a certain set of lords had acted many centuries *as judges*, trying, condemning, and executing men of inferior rank at their own pleasure, for *secret offences*, as

they were called ; and no account had been either taken or required for purpose of knowing what offences they were. Whoever, therefore, was thought insolent or troublesome, the barons easily removed in those days, as *secret sinners* ; and to be too inquisitive about them was deemed a fresh offence to the nobility. But Maximilian, warm with newer notions, told men he meant to hear and see for himself ; and since the Almighty had made him Emperor, he would rule the empire, and not leave it at mercy of the barons of Westphalia. This was, indeed, more easily said than done : seven princes had for a long time now, to their extensive territories and hereditary right of being chancellors, chamberlains, &c. obtained an exclusive privilege of nominating the Emperor : a pretension confirmed by Innocent VI., in a statute known by name of the Golden Bull ; and while such claims made these men formidable to the crown imperial, it made the other barons and free cities envious, of course, and full of jealousy. These petty feuds and hatreds towards each other, helped on those grand designs of Providence, which no one man would ever have brought to bear : and Maximilian fancied, in effect, while balancing these counter interests, that he was only exerting that soft influence which learning delights in so much more than authority. His son Philip's wealthy marriage with Joan, the heiress of all Spain, produced from the cotemporary wits a pretty epigram enough, alluding to his and to his father's luck in wiving.

Bella gerunt fortes, tu felix Austria, nube ;  
 Namque Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.

France knows to fight, and Austria to woo,  
 What Mars gave her, Venus bestows on you.

It produced, indeed, an ever memorable acquisition to mankind in the birth of Charles the Fifth. Whilst civil wars then disturbed England's peace, and science was seen springing up in Italy ; while Turkish fury, breathing wholly eastward, left Germany to Maximilian's gentle guidance, after pacific Frederick slept in peace ; old John of Castile, having

beat

beat down the two kings of Navarre and Arragon, soon turned his conquering arms against Grenada: and had he not been vexatiously betrayed by Don Alvarez de Luna, who took money from the Moors to distress him; all would have been immediately settled in favour of Christianity and civilization. But his strange successor, Henry IV., after having repudiated Blanche de Navarre, took the famous Joan, a Portuguese princess, to his bed, who filled the court with licentious amours, and caused final rejection of the Infanta's claim, not without suspicion of Henry's own consent to that child's bastardy; Bertrand de la Cueva being as much a favourite with the King as with the Queen herself. This wretched Prince was soon removed, indeed, by his bold barons, who set the younger brother up, Alphonso,\* he, as I *think*, whom we have seen checked by the Pope Calixtus; and, on his death, a sister, the justly renowned Isabella, who marrying young Ferdinand of Arragon, consolidated those long-contending crowns in one; as Henry and Elizabeth, in England, united the claims of York and Lancaster, but with a greater share of power to the lady. It was her daughter, by this marriage, whose nuptials with Philip, King of the Romans (son to Maximilian), produced *Charles quint*, and makes a sort of full stop in the page of history. Meanwhile our little summary, which can at best catch up the *cue* word, as compositors call it, (meaning *la queue*, the tail) must point the eye of *Retrospection* firmly to where the *cortes*, or grandees of Spain arrested, for a while at least impeded, the quick growth of monarchic power; and consequent liberty to the lower classes of mankind. These nobles claimed the privilege of naming the King's counsellors, and even the officers of his royal household, out of their own body: a

\* Alphonso is a name so perpetually recurring in Spanish annals, whether of Castile, Arragon, or Portugal, that it is almost impossible to separate or discriminate them; and if Dr. Plot laments, in his History of Staffordshire, that a succession of nine Sir Edward Littletons confounded all hope of keeping genealogy exact: how many mistakes must be pardoned to an epitomizer, cross every instant by one or other of twenty-two Alphonso!

prerogative which hindered any sovereign in *that* country from playing the trick that Lewis XI. had lately shewn himself capable of in France; where he made a taylor of low birth herald at arms, and called his first physician to be chancellor; with a view of mortifying the great lords, and laughing at their love of genealogy. I know not why Doctor Robertson delights in wilfully misunderstanding Zurita, and saying that it seems probable some *burgesses* were admitted among these *cortes*. Doctor Robertson had a thousand more means of knowing than I, or half my readers ever could obtain; that by *los ricos hombres*, and *procuradores de las ciudades*, was never in the Spanish language of such times meant, as now in England, *rich men, merchants, or manufacturers, leading burgesses* in a *trading town*; for in Spain no such description of humanity was then existent, according to our present acceptation. The barons of ancient *Christian families*, unmingled with Jewish or with Moorish blood; were the only *ricos hombres* in those days, and the sole *procuradores* or *proctors* for their *ciudades*. These strenuously opposed the new notions brought in by Ferdinand and Isabella, who encouraged the commonalty to complain to *them* of tyrannies suffered from these *titulados*, as Mariæus Siculus justly calls them: while from Valladolid to St. Jago in Galicia, a tract of country near one hundred leagues in length, the crown possessed only three villages, the rest all belonging to nobility, who might most properly be denominated the rich men, *ricos hombres*, if what he says be true, that their revenues mounted, in 1480, to a million and a half of ducats. To combat the effects of so enormous an aristocracy, the subtle princes, more strong as more united by love and interest; contrived to set on foot an institution, called *la Santa Hermandad*, or Holy Brotherhood, to which was committed care of the public peace, disturbed till then each hour, by private animosities among the powerful barons of the land, who at length willingly yielded up for ever to a sense of religion, that freedom they so much valued, of fighting in their own or a dear kinsman's cause; according to the barbarous spirit of those old Gothick hordes, *Catti* and *Vandali*, who left so long their genius

nus with their names in *Catalonia* and *Andalusia*. Our *retrospective eye* sees the remains of that rude spirit exerting itself liberally in the expulsion of weak, lascivious Henry, and the daughter not deemed by them or by himself *his own*: so jealous too, were the old cortes of their just prerogatives, that when in 1481 their King had left fair Isabella regent, whilst he went out to war against the Portugueze, who for a while defended the Infanta's empty claims; they said they were obliged to pass an act, for purpose of enabling her, as a foreigner, to enter their hall; and pass another to allow the serjeant porter, and protect *him* in the deed of opening her the door by which she was to pass.

Such caution would have damped the hopes of less aspiring sovereigns; but these, making once more religion their pretence, introduced, not without exceeding difficulty, the well-known Court of Inquisition into Spain, where torture, till that time, was not permitted; and where patrician honour had so fenced its clients, that no man could be condemned and executed without having been previously informed what was deposed against him. Innocent VIII. however, joining with Ferdinand and Isabella in warm zeal to root out what was left of Moors and Jews, helped them to bear down the opposing nobles; making *them* odious, and fixed this court, accountable to King and Pope alone; transferring thus the case of all, as much as it was possible, to *one*.

Thus then, upon a general revival, we have found the great monarchic government (properly so termed when one head thought, and one hand acted for all) rushed in upon; and broken down by a hard phalanx of brave northern chieftains: "Fit to disturb the peace of all the world, and rule it when 'twas wildest." For seven or eight centuries we have seen *them* preside over the rolling chaos, as its waves, tossed up and down; presented such rough scenery as in this superficial work has been slightly surveyed. A smoother now, and far more interesting sight of things, unveils, to our less huddled, as less distant *Retrospect*: We lately have discerned some of these chieftains who best could synthesize the ruptured parts, and cluster to their share

share a large dominion ; assume the kingly character again; and, in his separate portion, bear a sway hitherto unpermitted by his fellows. To aid this scheme of partial royalty, the lower classes of humanity called in, will soon exhibit to our wondering eyes, a wider and a more resistless torrent poured on the heads of ambitious princes, miniature monarchs; who, for so *very* short a time, could make mankind consider *them* as the commissioned delegates of heaven. *Three* forms of government the world acknowledge, let them be mixed and subdivided as they may: Providence, whilst I write, has tried us under two of them; but the great first has so long lain dead, that it is in Europe almost forgotten. If monarchy has left the land, however, that aristocracy which drove it out, must quicken pace, and follow. What then remains? The reign of trade, of manufactures, arts, luxuries; the reign of knowledge, opulence, and consequently *power*; no more concentrated but all diffused, till thinly spread, its spirit shall evaporate, leaving the *dregs* behind; the reign then of democracy, *last* act of that political drama, which bears a close resemblance to the course of man in moral life. *Three* grand pursuits employ each member of those states we talk of; and love, ambition, avarice, hold their sway over the three stages of existence, youth, manhood, and old age. Like the community, each individual, when young and glowing with warm energies, throws the full heart at its possessor's feet; requests acceptance of its service, dresses its idol up in wealth and splendour; while loyal sentiments pervade the breast, and each emolument, heaped on the *sovereign* of our souls, is deemed to reflect honour on the willing subject. Far! far from generous love flies every thought of interest, which even eagerly strives to sink itself in the sole pleasure of gratifying the beloved object: but fondness will at length, by its own liberality, exhaust its own stores; and the cold hour of inanition brings with it some fullen notion too, of self-abasement; dignity lost, and that time thrown away which might have well been spent in self-aggrandizement. Such are the feelings of a mind mature, and opening to suggestions of ambition;

bition; and so, even so, swells the proud heart of envious aristocracy, to see one crown beaming alone his solitary radiance, when many coronets might well be formed from it, and all of *equal magnitude*. Besides, the garland fades upon the *wrinkled* brow of once so flattered sovereignty: tear it away, 'tis torn, and now no more: no more is heard of love or loyal truth, so often sworn: but how proceed we in our new pursuit? What cares, what difficulties croud our path, crossing at every turn our tardy step! and how long will those coronets be equal? The parallel holds good. Covetousness, to enlarge each his own regal circuit, drives the possessors to unthought on practices; and when even valour's self feels fatigued with encroachment, intrepidity tired of perpetual defence, and honour wearied out by warding off reiterated attacks on each untenable post; money must purchase, and traffic must barter. Commerce points to the *safe* way of obtaining riches; and, as the *man* yields up his weak remains of life to the guidance of avarice, *last* passion of human nature, so does the general aggregate of all men, like him broke down to a general dependance, seek only who shall be wealthier, not who shall be wiser or stronger than his neighbour; for where every thing is to be *sold, there*, as assuredly, every person is to be *bought*; and gold buries virtue in the mine he sprang from.

Thence, so far as I have been able to trace it, issues the birth and parentage of *Le Peuple Souverain*, to whose quick growth and early ripening, none can be said to have contributed more effectually than did Columbus, the immortal Genoese; whose active spirit in a vigorous frame, conceived the daring project of discovering another hemisphere, a balance to our globe.

During the papacy then of Alexander VI., when Casimir, the martyr to his own morality, deserted his post in Poland; whilst Maximilian employed his German patience in chasing a silver-incense pot for his chapel, now shewn among the rarities of the Escorial; and John Albert, married to Catherine de Navarre, gave nearer ancestors to Henri quatre; when Henry VII. sat on our English throne, and Charles, surnamed the

the

the Affable and Courteous, enjoyed the crown of France in deep tranquillity; while to the House of Medicis fair Florence owed her still growing beauties, and rough Bajazet purchased his brother's death, poor Zimzim, from the vile Borgia family, with, some say, no less a sum than thirty thousand ducats—this wonderful adventurer, this *Columbo*, so called by his admiring countrymen, from his desire of *flying forth* to seek and find new scenes of nature and new modes of life, applied to Ferdinand and Isabella for protection; and in the memorable year 1492, under their patronage, formed a fresh epoch in the story of mankind.



## C H A P. III.

CONTAINING

## THE DISCOVERIES, &amp;c.

FROM A. D. 1492, DOWN TO THE YEAR 1525.

AND now, if *Retrospect* of great occurrences may be found useful, chiefly for exciting some genuine reflections in the mind, much time must not be spent on those reflections, lest facts of consequence escape our notice. This work allows not space to enumerate the difficulties found in getting out the little armament provided for Columbus, destined when complete to open fresh sources of opulence to Europe, unfold new regions for rapacity to desolate, and display hoards of unsoiled imagery for the examination of future intellect. Three frigates, small ones, such as then were called such, sloops in the present language, I believe, were all the vehicles he could procure: a hundred souls were all he wished to attend him; and for the fitting out this expedition, four thousand pounds spent by the court of Spain, caused many a wonder, aye, and many a sneer, from those who had refused to hear his hopes of finding a new continent; which almost all agreed to think less probable than that the man was mad who went to look for it. Columbus proved his sanity, however. Among the smothered sciences, geography, last overwhelmed, was first to rise again; and Ptolemy counts among the earliest books that were translated into Arabic. When Mahomet had made Constantinople the head quarters and residence of Turcism, the belles lettres no longer cultivated there, ran all to seed; and gentle zephyrs wafting the fine farina into Italy, Florence received and cherished the *amissos graios*; while Cosmo, Lorenzo, each individual of the Medicæan House, encouraged

literature in every shape, and courted her arrayed in every dress. Emanuel Chrysolarius, indeed, the Byzantine, who came some time before, had for his loathsome negligence of all, excepting coarse philosophy, been driven away beyond the Tyrol Alps, to seek and find less delicate disciples: but although wit, who never, except in exigence, delights in such alliance, had early taught the newly instructed world to laugh at his severe companion, learning; a spirit of enquiry hovered round. Italians daily learned the sweets of commerce; their country soon possessed the key to it; when navigation was facilitated by finding out that compass, upon which men now depended for longer and more desperate voyages than had been ventured on in times of yore; when the Canary Islands first were visited, or even when Cape de *Verde*, in later days, soothed the scorched sailors with its welcome greenness. For Portugal first felt this fever of exploration, when *their* Prince Henry, son to the sister of aspiring Hereford,\* turned his bold thoughts perpetually towards the Atlantic Ocean; where his two emissaries, Tristan Vaz and Juan Gonfavez, had already found a cluster of fine islands, covered with *wood*, and called, of course, *Maderas*: nor would America have lain so unsuspected, had that brave youth lived but to drive his hopes of novelty on to elicitation. He it was, however, who planted the rich grape from Cyprus in his newly found dominions; and by transporting, gave us a new luxury, known by the name of Malmesey Madera. His cousin Clarence found the present fatal. It was to the courtiers of this active Prince we owe the finding of a race of mortals, escaped till then from human observation; negroes then first discovered, as it is said, by his small vessels dropping down the coast of Africa, far as the river Senegal, and running up into a country inhabited by woolly-headed people, with flat noses; which these good Portuguese quickly observing, thought it the effect of climate, and hied home, lest by the heat their hair should curl, they said, and their lips thicken. The old Moors of Barbary were now deemed a soft, civilized race, compared with these,

\* Henry the Fourth of England.

whom

whom Englishmen soon learned to call Black-a-Moors, as a distinction from the paler inhabitants of Morocco; whence, I suppose, that transcendental name. The Pope, however, having given a bull, permitting Portugal to possess all she could find, in 1486 Bartolomeo Diaz lighted on *Cap Tormentoso*, as he called it; but the King *hoping better* from the bold adventure, named it himself *la Buena Esperança*.\* Venice now naturally alarmed, lest another way should soon be found to India, spoiling their hitherto exclusive trade, spread a report, of which all Genoa was the dupe, that something should be looked for *westward*. Columbus took on trust their meaning, without investigation of the motive; and sedulously studied our globe's form and size, with hope of balance in another hemisphere: being besides married to a Portuguese, that lady's brother told, in conversation, how having been once somewhat further from the shore than usual, he had observed a curious piece of wood, carved with elaborate neatness, driven towards him by a strong wind at west, or else a current; adding, that on the island of Tercera, a man's body had been found without a beard, and differing much from any European's. These tales, however, interested not the great lords to whom Columbus first applied: such stories *they* thought best belonged to discourses or cantadours, as useful to lull languid and vacant nobility to sleep. Truth is, nobility slept but too soundly; and still unwaked but by the trump of war, suffered more active commerce to enlist their ready vassals, and engage men in what philosophy fails not to find, more rational pursuits.

Maister Richard Pace, King Henry the Seventh's fool, saw plainly how the world was going on, when one, in high contempt of learning, said to his Grace, "Tis for a nobleman enough, methinks, to winde his horne, and carry his hawke fayre, leaying drie studye to the sons of mean fellowes." "Why, then, be ye contented, Lords," quoth Pace, "while mean men's sons do manage affayres of state, thiat your children winde the horne at home, and carry their falcon fayre."

\* Cape of Good Hope.

This anecdote from Campden is not in its place, nor yet far out of it, when we observe Ferdinand and Isabella taking advantage of that dull supineness; they felt that to extend the empire of knowledge abroad, would tend to weaken the authority of ignorance at home; and having seen the Turkish power repressed a little by the Portuguese, who opposed none but the blunt arms of trade, and hoped for riches to their fury; were led to reflect that Europe might be saved by superiority in what, till lately, was so little esteemed. Good Isabella too, after the happy conquest of Granada, felt her warm heart peculiarly expanded, when some emotions there, quickened by Quintanilla, gave her to feed her fancy with the triumphs of Christianity on the other side of the globe, promulgated amongst unseen millions, making a balance to Mahometanism; a compensation for Constantinople's loss. 'Twill be, however, more striking to a *modern*, an *English Retrospector*, that in the agreement drawn up between this enterprising genius and his sovereigns, they style themselves the *Sovereigns of the Ocean*. We cannot stay to note the articles; but we may wonder any articles at all should thus be signed concerning an invisible dominion. In fact, the sailors soon began to think that it would for ever remain so; and when three weeks had past in a situation new to them all, the west wind blowing freely, while fond remembrance of their long-left home hung upon every breeze, and visionary schemes faded before anticipation's eye—*when all above was sky, and ocean all around*—a state common to countless mariners in these days; but anxious and alarming, solemn and sublime to Christopher Columbus as to Homer. Murmurs, cabals, complaints, remonstrances as erst against Ulysses, rose at length to threats of open rebellion against such a leader; and he was forced to come to a compromise, that if no land appeared in three days more, he would turn back, and give up all his hopes. He spoke, and sounding, felt the plumb-line touch the bottom: in two hours more a branch of some tree, with fresh fruit or berries on it, was picked up by his headmost ship, which on that very night descried fires made on shore, or rather wandering

wandering lights, as it should seem, carried from place to place. Morning confirmed these consolations; the commandant ordered *Te Deum* to be sung; and after receiving new homage from his transported countrymen, prepared for that of the nations he was to encounter, by putting on a rich dress; then grasping in one hand a naked sword, a crucifix in the other, he leaped on shore; and as he parted from his vessel, *La Santa Maria*, named the first ground whereon he lighted, *El Salvador*;\* little aware, perhaps, how he was even then exemplifying that Saviour's words, where he says, "Think you I come to bring peace upon earth? nay, verily, but a sword." It was more consonant to the studies of Columbus to observe, with what a steady course he had steered three thousand miles from Spain, deviating only four degrees upon the whole, and more agreeable to the times he lived in the reflection, that like his namesake canonized of old, he had indeed *carried Christ over the water*.† The inhabitants of this small spot, however, interested our discoverers but as they pointed out a road to *larger*; and as the gold they wore familiarly about their persons, intimated those unseen hoards which had been promised to a warm imagination, enquiries for the birth-place of this precious metal no less astonished its fellow natives, than *their* appearance of gentleness and timidity delighted those Spaniards who had fought them from so far.

We must however confess, that science felt the hunger of curiosity as keenly as did rapacity the thirst of gold. Columbus had, in idea, the hope of finding that junction between the two continents of Asia and America which was reserved by heaven for our own century, and for a far more artless adventurer, Captain Cook. Perhaps the words he heard, Chan and Cipango, drove recollection back to Marco Polo and the kingdom of Cathay; but no time was permitted *him* to waste in speculation.

Pinzon, the second captain of his fleet, was split away in search of mines and treasures, of which it was his intention to appropriate the

\* The Saviour.

† The saint who is said by his legend to have carried Christ over the water once in his infancy, was therefore denominated *Christopher*.

value and the merit, and, with his treacherous seamen, set their admiral at defiance, leaving him on an unknown coast, combating rough winds, which at length drove him into another insulated paradise, which he called *Espagnuola*, Little Spain. Here he found elegant, not to say polished manners. The principal cacique, Guatimahari, lamented, even with tears, the loss of a vessel, which he considered wisely as a model of mechanic powers, and hindered his subjects from too roughly handling the pieces of the wreck which drove on shore. Helpless! confiding creatures! soon will whole shoals of men, resembling those you now preserve, return to thank you for their brethren's lives with every kind of sorrow and misfortune. Meanwhile Columbus would himself have been an object of compassion to our readers, had we not seen him studious to deceive and terrify his new-found benefactors, making them think the eclipse they saw, obeyed his call for darkness. Cruel falsehood! and frightening them with swords, muskets, and cannon, from which last, I presume, his own great grandfather would have escaped away with equal speed, as ordnance and its use had not been *very* long familiar even in Europe. When he had promised these poor souls protection from their more hardy neighbours, the Caribs; in his third ship, however, this great man prepared to return home, and disappoint Pinzon at least, leaving thirty-eight failors upon the Isle of *Hispaniola*, force enough to keep the soft inhabitants in awe, and with as many more hastened to Spain, that they might know how the new world they sought for was discovered. Specimens too, of every curious product loaded his little vessel, and, perhaps, contributed to endanger its utter loss in the first hurricane upon record. She weathered it, notwithstanding, and arrived safe, and before Pinzon, who had, if I remember right, made no discoveries, and against whose conduct no complaints were suffered to overcloud the general joy. A second voyage, less happy, though more splendid, soon took place, in which Jamaica, Dominica (called so, because it was discovered on a Sunday), with many other islands, were found out; for Ferdinand and Isabella, pleased with the past success, sent out their *dove* again,

again, their now half-adored Columbus. But, alas! seventeen ships and fifteen hundred men were harder far to rule than three small sloops and ninety followers, of which the thirty-eight left upon Hispaniola had so tormented the feeble and inoffensive inhabitants, that, perfectly *incapable* to cope with that small handful of Europeans, they at the last took up the strange resolution of *running all away*, and leaving those voracious Spaniards, as they called them, nothing to eat, little dreaming that they could cultivate the ground; and, in a climate so fertile and so favourable, easily keep food enough to prevent fear of starving. It was the poor natives that were starved by this device, and so thinned in their numbers by a contagious malady beside, that when the Admiral came to his new colony, he found it pretty near depopulated. The malcontents of his own squadron too, had by that time so tormented him, that he resolved on hastening home again for purpose of obtaining fuller powers; but the King's mind was found unexpectedly poisoned against his once favourite adventurer; and though they had ennobled his family, acknowledged his merit, praised God publicly with him for those benefits his services were supposed to have rendered both to the church and state—although Pope Alexander's bull, conferring the appropriation of these realms to Spain, confessed that it was by his means he obtained them, with a near hope beside of that rich continent, which now could scarcely be supposed far off; yet when he set out on his third voyage, a commissioned spy was sent to watch his actions, not without certainty of being better paid the worse was his report. Such treatment would have damped any spirit but that of Columbus, which was refreshed this time, however, with gold and pearl enough to stimulate even sleeping avarice, while that desire of knowledge, which possesseth the better part of his great soul, derived an ample compensation to all ills, in surveying, at safe distance, old Ocean's struggles with gigantic Oroonoko, whose vast weight of waters combating the tide where it disembogues, and brings not so much tribute as terror to the sea, exhibits still, even to experienced

perienced voyagers, a single scene, matchless in natural magnificence. A thought now struck its *first* intelligent spectator, that streams so copious never could proceed but from a tract of land proportionate in continuity, and told him plainly he had yet scarce seen the suburbs of that solid hemisphere he hoped for. Such was the fact; but never-ceasing jars increasing every hour on board his fleet, drove him once more to Europe, where the genius of enterprize and bold discovery seemed wholly to possess mankind; and, as the inhabitants of this quarter of the world had once been seized with epidemic furor to fall on Asia with the force of arms, so *now* a like sudden and vehement impression prompted the minds of men to seek and find new wonders in a distant region, and tread some path yet unexplored to fame. Religion once more acted as pretence, and Emanuel of Portugal sent out Vasquez de Gama, whose avowed purpose was to propagate Christianity south-east of the Cape de Buena Esperança. The missionaries who accompanied *him* were less turbulent than Father Boyl, the apostolic vicar, who had proved such a ceaseless scourge to Columbus; and they toiled on, through heat and contrary winds, half horror stricken by the sight of Guinea blacks and Hottentots, along the coast of Caffraria, till, bigots as they were at setting out, they hailed a Mahometan at Goa, as a friend commissioned by kind heaven to assist them; and putting themselves under his pilotage, arrived safe at Calcutta, where a new world awaited them; and where, so little was then known of relative geography, it was thought possible that they might meet Columbus. They found, however, what was not less welcome at the close of the fifteenth century, the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel; populous, cultivated, rich, industrious, and eager for that commerce which they brought; and which the news of their success suggested to a large knot of merchants met at Seville, who soon fitted out four ships at their own expence, regardless of the original compact made between the first discoverer and a court now much exhausted, and half unwilling to be lured by more realms, or to be teased again with more complainants.



plainants. Alonzo de Oyeda was then chosen commodore of this new expedition, for purpose of occidental discoveries; and on his little fleet Americo Vespucci mounted the deck as volunteer. He was a youth of ostentatious manners, graceful person, and high birth: a Florentine, favoured by the House of Medici, and boasting his descent from the Emperor Vespasian, of whose character he seems to have been completely the reverse. He made a short voyage, but a long description, composed with art and elegance, worthy the country of Mæcenas and Michael Angelo, Petrarch and Arcine; worthy the Tuscan court, in short, where each refinement was encouraged. He barely touched the southern continent, when half the globe was, with the other half's consent, suddenly, but everlastingly called after his name; whilst the more phlegmatic, but truly original discoverer, came home superseded, and even loaded with fetters by Bovadilla, who remained governor of Hispaniola in his place. Columbus, untired, undismay'd, threw himself once more at Ferdinand and Isabella's feet: and silently, but with expressive anguish, pointing to his chains, filled them with shame and momentary sorrow; and transferred to his perfidious princes some share of his own ill-deserved mortifications. Another voyage was soon set on foot; and since Juan de Cabral, a Portuguese adventurer, had, during the course of these events, lighted (perhaps more by chance than skill) upon the Brazils, the brave Spaniard made one more effort, though grown old and gouty, if possible, to find out that vast tract of land, which, like the country of Ulysses, still seemed to fly before his near approach. The harbour indeed which, from its numerous perfections, he named *Porto Bello*, repaid his search of beauty, inasmuch he fancied he had found the original seat of Paradise, he said. Hurricanes and mutinies meanwhile, which seem to have eternally pursued him, made it, in a few months, a real purgatory; and Hispaniola, whither these torments drove him, resembled hell itself in guilt and woe. Thence, therefore, he steered quickly back to Spain, where, at Valladolid, May 1506, Columbus (having been first an object of con-

tempt, next of admiration, and lastly, of almost universal envy) retired to die, having in some measure gratified the impetuous spirit which drove him on a course of life so turbulent and rough, that his sad course along the globe is marked by names expressive of distress and anxious care. Cap. Engaño, Boca del Drago, Costa de los Contrastes, Porto de Mulas; with a long etcætera; besides *St. Thomas*, which he called so merely because the failers were, like him *incredulous*, and would not credit ought but *ocular demonstration*.

The story how when at last he was reproached by some one for having done but what was easy to perform, is an old tale, told likewise of Brunelleschi, who built the famous octagonal dome to the superb cathedral at Florence; he bid his critics set an egg upright, which, when they failed to do, he broke one end a little, and it stood exceeding well. "Any one could have done this," said the cavillers: "Then why did you not do it?" said the architect. But we must tell no more tales, true or false, concerning the administration of Columbus, who found a feeble race of mortals, whom he caressed and plundered, deserted and deceived, yet left his memory unstained by blood of innocents; and since the people he found would not labour, neither would he compel them. Those mutineers, indeed, who had refused to pay him a just and necessary obedience, when left upon the islands he discovered, claimed from the hapless natives prompt submission; enforcing it with rigorous and undeserved punishments, till their severities proved fatal to population, and the poor colony was emptied of inhabitants; of which a supply sent from out Spanish prisons contributed to its complete corruption; till, worked by Guinea blacks bought from the coast of Africa, and peopled with exiled malefactors, every vile vice of every continent swarmed into life in the new-found West Indies, like the musquitoes on their shore, innumerable, untameable, and only to be endured by being cased in leather, and rendered *insensible* to their annoyance. But birds and insects only showed themselves vigorous upon this hemisphere as in the east; all quadru-

pedes appeared oddly degenerate, and none had been observed yet in a domestic state, unless a small dog (more mute still than his masters) might be deemed such. The human creatures too were soft, but cold; and very little willing to be talked with. Soon therefore did their vacant eye, their listless inactivity, disgust the rougher Europeans, who thought more highly of the *negroes* than of *them*; and who with unfeeling barbarity encouraged the wool-heads, as they called them, to persecute the natives of the land, and drive them to display their sole perfection—a power of swimming inherent in them all, and skill of taking aim whilst in the water, diving directly as the arrow reached its mark. Had they gone northwards in discovery, and reached the wandering tribes of Canada, they would have seen men much more like themselves, whose bold ferocity was yet maintained like their's, by private wars, which even yet subsist in savage nations, and had not been long ended on our side the water, when first the sixteenth century began. Great chiefs among us had indeed, in later days, been called great nobles; crusading and chivalry had much refined their manners, and Christianity taught lessons, which they learned with difficulty; but soon as a new world opened itself to their inordinate desires, they fell upon it like untaught children on a toy-shop—tasting, and breaking, and knocking all in pieces. Robertson and Raynal, who love the dignity of human nature, may justly shudder, but not wonder at this fury; although *their reading* has been classical and elegant, while time and distance, study and scholarship combine to *distance*, not *approximate* such scenery. I have somewhere read the praises of our poet Mr. Pope, for reading bad books as well as good ones; and, in truth, were it not for such a glance of *Retrospect* as this now and then, we should all be apt enough to forget what our ancestors had done, amid the multitude of things we have ourselves to do. It does present facts truncated indeed, and strangely mutilated before a reader's eye; but seeing them closer we compare them easier; and stript of all those rays which a well written history throws round them, we judge *their bulk*, perhaps,

with fewer hindrances. What would philosophers and critics have said? They must return back to their Bibles after all. We learn from thence, that sensuality, the first *vice*, was followed by cruelty, the second *crime* upon record. Fresh ground broken up showed the same weeds: lubricity led on to murder, while blood flowed without controul from conscience, when law was left on t'other side the Atlantic. Yet tribes of Americans were stared at with amazement, because they were all alike: no lame, no deformed, no blind or deaf were seen. Their forests might have equally astonished these observers; for stunted trees and brush-wood live not there. In animal as in vegetable life the strong outgrows the weak, and drives it down. No nurture was bestowed where labour was considered as calamity. Population is sought for only among the rich, who look upon a numerous brood of children as self multiplied into so many more mouths, opened in happy time to seize their portion of life's large plumb-cake, in which, wasp like, they lay their eggs, and grieve (rationally enough) if all do not come to maturity. But poverty suspends parental tenderness: the Indian man dashes his little boy's brains out, when the sea eggs he has been diving for all day are by the baby's carelessness broken or lost.\* The woman, fearful of hunger to her offspring, and of blows destined for herself should *they* be famished, resolves like Eve, in Milton, after the curse, *destruction with destruction to destroy*.† Such is the *moral sense*! such *human virtue*, when hoping no reward beyond the grave: such too is *life*, unsweetened by a certainty of better! A cloud of witnesses have been, however, collected by Mr. Gray,‡ proving that the aborigines of South America had some traditionary knowledge of the Flood, the preservation of a single family, &c.; and if the Mexicans did indeed tinge the threshold with blood of a slain animal, as has been said, one might be led to think they had some notion of an expiatory sacrifice, typical of Jesus Christ.§ Be this as it may, Hernan Cortez staid not to see

\* See Byron's Voyage, page 108.

† Gray's Key, page 85.

‡ Paradise Lost, Eve's speech, book 10th.

§ See Robertson for *the fact*.

or think: they were not Catholics, and that sufficed. It was the year 1519 when Montezuma's empire was descried; and that bold chief, with but six hundred men, set forward with intention to consume it, and succeeded. The Spaniards had a mean opinion of Indian powers, 'tis plain, and the unwarlike natives soon confirmed it; when although skilled to count, divide the year into twelve moons, three hundred and sixty-five days, &c. they had not sense to surround these invaders, and annihilate them. Their sovereign commanded thirty vassals, each of whom furnished him a hundred thousand men, armed with good bows and arrows; but so terrified at the strange sight of horses trained to battle, ships pregnant with what they thought thunder; strange wooden castles wafted by the winds, and breathing fire even in the midst of an element seemingly ordained by nature to have quenched it; that subdued chiefly by their own imaginations, they felt inclined to worship as invincible, a race of mortals superior to themselves, chiefly perhaps from familiarity with objects new to them and justly formidable. First among these the European arms, sharpened by keen rapacity to seize and plunder all those glittering treasures, which far too ill defended, left exposed to every grief and woe their weak possessors, who lost them before conscious of their value. Now temples, palaces, and shops, exhibiting all that desire could wish, or power enjoy, were plundered without pity by the Spaniards; while the great Emperor's dwelling, erected upon columns of pure jasper, and brilliant with ornaments of unalloyed gold from the mine, lured on our little army of true Vandals, who sacked poor unresisting Mexico, just as their cruel ancestors had ravaged imperial Rome. Destin'd to drive th' existing world before 'em, they then had overwhelmed by dint of numbers, a nation old in arms, in arts renowned; they now, in a small troop firm fixed, compact, immoveable, drove unopposing multitudes along, and scattered them to atoms as they flew: seizing the monarch's self at last, and carrying him about, not merely as a triumph, but a useful prisoner, whose business it was made to tame his people, and

and teach them calm submission to their conquerors. A wretched hostage in the European camp, did any of his own subjects feel for his situation, and breathe even distant intention of his rescue, Cortez brought Montezuma forth directly, and forced him to harangue the senseless crowd: were any alarms fomented in the city, poor Montezuma instantly appeared to pacify by influence of his foes those friends which still were left him. The Emperor's voice yet hushed their hard suspicions into peace, and the *last feeling* of their hearts was loyalty. The queen bee thus detained, settles the congregated swarm at once; whilst all the honey they have been collecting, goes to the fat possessor of the hive, who burns the generous insects in a heap, carries the comb off for his wife and children, and reads to them at night in the new book called *Retrospection*, the cruelties of Cortez in America.

Under the successor of this hapless sovereign, some sense of wrong began to rouse the natives, and sting the fierce marauders in their turn; for panic terror will not always last, and accident had shown that Spaniards were not invulnerable. Resistance, though tardy, would have yet proved fatal, had not European skill discovered a volcano of saltpetre, better worth than all the gems and mines the land produced. Guatimozin's endeavours to regain independence now were fruitless. The great Castilian leader soon made haste to catch this uncomplying emperor, whom his men stretched on the burning coals; and learned from the patient endurance of an Indian, the difference between fortitude and active valour. Since *then*, we have had frequent opportunity to know, that the American bush-fighter, who starts like a hare at sound of musquetry or cannon, and runs, and climbs a tree, and trembles till he drops from it, will sing at the stake, surrounded by slow fires; will smoke tobacco while his legs are consuming in the flames, and call on his enemies, to add new tortures; *for the son of Alknoomach will never complain.* With Guatimozin's sufferings and disgrace ended the Mexican empire, utterly destroyed by Ferdinando or Hernan Cortez, who returned safe to Spain, and died there, after  
having

having discovered as far as California, but missing the near connection of the hemispheres, which further search would easily have found. Cortez was not happy in his death however, though greatly *rewarded*, he found himself at last but *ill requited*; and the mortifications suffered by his pride, prevented or soured the enjoyment of such pleasures as can be purchased by avarice. The conqueror of millions crouching for audience in the anti-chamber of a Spanish grandee, from whose courtesy he was to request a conference with the king he had so served and so enriched, is laughable enough to us who read it; but afforded only vexation to the solicitor; and he was not ennobled like Columbus, because Columbus being a foreigner, his birth was less notorious to have been beneath that irremeable line, which then seemed destined never to be passed, between the upper and lower classes of mankind. The death of this great man however, and subsequent settling of this new found colony, brings us to A. D. 1521, when Ferdinand Magellan proposed a voyage of discovery to old Emanuel of Portugal, and on his cold refusal, left the realm, and threw himself at the feet of Cardinal Ximenes, who then protected Spain for its young minor monarch, *Charles Fifth*, and who, fond of whatever gave even distant hope of aggrandizing the master that he served, and propagating the religion that he loved, took this adventurer at once into his pay, and set him off with five ships on the 10th of August. Poor Ferdinand, however, reached not *el Rio de la Plata* till January the next year: he had run too far southward for the Potosi he was seeking; and even when this enormous aggregate of waters rolling in full current to the sea, might have convinced him that the new continent invited his approach, he still was irresistibly impelled to stand southward once again, and lost himself in the streight which still bears his name, *Magellan*, and divides Terra del Fuego from the Patagonian coast.\* Here one of his five ships added

\* One of this gentleman's descendants died in England, at *Issington*, I think; at an advanced age, 1790. He was only great-grandson to the circumnavigator; and it was his uncle who lived thirty years at Peking, and dictated some accounts of China. He spelt his name *Magelhaun*. The Annual Register gave me this intelligence.

desertion to reproach ; but spite of insurrection among those more immediately under his own command, whom Robertson says he *over-awed*, not *reconciled* to his scheme, he drove forwards ; and after twenty days struggle in the narrow pass, found himself cast into the illimitable ocean, such he believed it, though now termed *Pacific*, and less tremendous to succeeding voyagers, who hold like him their steady course, encircling all our globe. 'Twas thus he fared, only he had not doubled round Cape Horn, else like our Anson here in later days, *they* full of illness, fatigue, and depression of spirits, devoured by scorbutic diseases too, reached Tinian, and other charming Asiatic islands, now well known by the angry appellation which he gave them when they stole something from his men, and gained the name *Ladrones*, meaning *thieves*. Here, in a scuffle with the coarse inhabitants, poor Magellan was killed ; and his surviving captains continuing the plan they had so much objected to while he proposed it, went on to Europe, having in the Spice Islands, Moluccas, &c. found their old friends the Portuguese : astonished to see Magellan's fleet arrive at Borneo, only by steering a *westerly* course from the Canary isles, and giving an account of South America, whose rivers had been seen, and their shores viewed in course of this truly circum-avigatory voyage, which lasted just three years ; and of which Spain failed not to make her peculiar advantage, though all the world shared in the profit of so great a discovery. And now, after one more prominent character reviewed, and one word mentioned from Don Diego de Soto, a Spanish writer, who seems not blinded by partiality at all, we will take leave of him and of his countrymen awhile, and turn our *Retrospect* another way.

“ Boundless wealth,” says he, speaking of these times, “ and treasures till then undreamed of, inspired the princes of the house of Austria with passionate desires, fatal to their subjects. They thought the mines of gold were inexhaustible, and that no gratification need in future be denied. From South America was all felicity hoped and expected ; to South America, of course, thousands now emigrated :



“grated : life went *out* from Spain, and barren metal only *loaded in*.  
 “Granada had been conquered in the year 1491 : expulsion followed  
 “conquest. Moors, Jews, &c. driven forcibly away, left the once  
 “cultivated provinces a desert, lessening the consumption of corn, and  
 “of consequence, discouraging agriculture ; while from the *bowels* of  
 “our mother earth was forcibly *torn* that means of happiness which  
 “we once quietly *solicited* from its *surface* : add to all this the inquisi-  
 “torial strictness, which hindered any one man now from telling to his  
 “fellows what ruin was before their eyes, and the propensity our princes  
 “had to care for allied powers more than home, helped to render our  
 “poor nation a mere Danaid’s sieve, through which trickles perpetually  
 “the riches of two continents.” This is no close, but general  
 quotation, loosely abridged from a good author, who died in 1648 ; and  
 from his *idea of a politic prince* in Spanish, I believe Lord Bolingbroke  
 took his *idea of a patriot king*. St. John was a general, a miscellaneous  
 reader ; and such (*I can safely swear*) run risque of plagiarism when  
 least intending it. Robertson says wisely, that if historians are not  
 exact in quoting their authorities, all history is but an amusing tale.  
 He would not, however, have required such care from superficial sum-  
 maries like mine ; epitomized from all, and so confined, that quoting the  
 authorities would make it a long book, and hinder it from being even an  
 amusing tale. This work is just what it professes to be, *Retrospection* :  
 and we needed not have quoted Saavedra to prove that Spain is now  
 no longer what she has been ; that the bulk of her present subjects  
 are lazy, proud, and poor ; that the country is deformed as well as de-  
 populated ; that sands are spread where bounteous Ceres smiled ; and  
 that there is not in the kingdom of Granada at this hour, one spot of  
 ground as rich and fine, and fertile, as were even mountains in the time  
 of the Moors.

We should not here omit the mentioning how she who was most  
 active to displace them, the gentle and pious Isabella, died more than  
 seven years before her husband Ferdinand, who was at length poisoned

by a mistake, having swallowed a quack-medicine, given with very different intentions by his second queen, Germaine de Foix, who vainly hoped to make him father to a young prince of Asturias; but these ardent wishes for progeny are almost always disappointed, or end ill *some way*. His daughter by the *first* bed, though somewhat like deranged, and at least what we agree to call exceedingly *odd*, was destined to produce the famous character Charles V. by her marriage with Philip of Austria, surnamed the Beautiful and Modèrate, inheriting the virtues of amiable Maximilian, which best enabled him to endure his queen's tormenting fondness with a degree of tranquillity and decorum, necessary enough to the husband of *Jean la folle*: so the contemporary historians call the eldest child of Ferdinand and Isabella. The youngest Catherina was no happier: she married our Henry Seventh's two sons, and was repudiated sixteen years after she had reigned at the right hand of the second brother, who turned her off, wedding her maid Anne Boleyn, spite of the Pope and of her nephew Charles, who had succeeded to the Spanish crown in 1517, soon as John Albert just expelled Navarre, had newly enriched it with another jewel, by loss to him of that kingdom; and two years after the same prince was elected Emperor of Germany on death of his paternal grandfather Maximilian I. sometimes called the Fortunate, sometimes the Pacific. Over this young man's short minority, that all felicity might seem to unite in Charles V. presided the illustrious, the incomparable Ximenes; well known to fame for virtues little practised then as now, within the tainted atmosphere of courts. A character that would have found itself equal to the sovereignty of a whole earth, had he, like his countrymen Trajan or Theodosius, been called to exercise universal dominion as *monarch* of a world they knew to render happy; and who would have edified all Christendom by his piety, had he been summoned to the papal chair. As chancellor of a university, he did in effect promote learning in all its branches; and tried to make the holy scriptures known in every tongue: witness the vast twelve years' work, still called the Polyglott  
of

of Ximenes; which when he saw completed he exclaimed, prostrating himself upon the ground—"Oh God! I give thee here my humblest thanks that thus thy servant has been so permitted to propagate thy true and sacred word." Yet notwithstanding his various accomplishments, his whole desire was retirement, where in his own diocese he might reside in peace, without disturbance from ambition, teaching his poor neighbours their duty to heaven and each other, while he performed towards *them* not charities alone, but liberal acts of friendship, wishing to be a bishop more beloved than celebrated—a parent to his curates, vassals, tenants, peasantry; who when a tempest once desolated all their district, were every one indemnified from out of his own purse, and wrote four Spanish lines upon a little pillar, which they all helped to set up, expressive of this thought.

Safe in our patron and our friend,  
 Here winds may roar, and rains may fall;  
 We on Ximenes' care depend,  
 Our husbandman provides for all.

His life indeed, is one continued panegyric on human nature, purified by Christianity; nor were his modes of mortifying himself known till one day, when cardinal and regent, he reprimanded his coachman in the street for being behind his time on some occasion of no little consequence.—“Your Eminence,” replied the fellow, “has nothing to do but tie your rope about your waist, nor even *that*, for I am told you sleep in it; but my horses must be taken other care of, or they would look as lean as their lord, and that would never be to our credit.” In fact, Ximenes, a Franciscan friar, still wore his woollen habit next his skin, and slept the five hours he allowed himself on a rough pallet, such as are used in cells; nor was ever known to throw his limbs when weary on the state-bed prepared for his repose. At the great dinners ’twas his place to give, his own mess of pulse was still prepared for *him*; nor had he ever tasted fresh meat or wine, or even gravy, or ever allowed himself a *tête-à-tête* with any man or

woman since his vow. When secrecy was necessary, he stood in a confessional: permitting no possibility of scandal, and enjoying, as he expressed it, only one *sensual* gratification, music; of which he was most passionately fond. When the body which contained this pious soul was opened, 'tis said no future could be discerned in the cranium; and that violent cephalalgia which pursued him to the last, was attributed to the unusual paucity of brains in his head. He died not without suspicion of having been poisoned till these examinations were made; and lived not to see his beloved master, by a marriage with John of Portugal's sister, who at the same time married a sister of Charles himself, bid fair to unite all Europe under his dominion, and be no longer called Charles V. but *Charles quint*, as fifth *emperor* of the name, not merely *king of Spain*.

These events bring us to the year 1525, when we will quit these Castilians, so formidable to both hemispheres—for a while.

## CHAP. IV.

## TURKS AND ITALIANS, FRENCH AND ENGLISH,

FROM 1492 TO 1525.

WE left the forceful Bajazet driving the king of Caramania to extremities, and our *retrospective* eye rejoiced to see such fury happily turned away from Christendom, exhausting its violence in old Natolia, and regions still more remote: we felt consoled too, that the Turkish power began to be controuled in Europe now a little—counteracted at least by those growing arts and resuscitating sciences which always give the mastery to nations deepest skilled in them. Man, as man merely, is a feeble creature, shuddering at the water where other animals naturally swim, and sheltering from the wind where some animals naturally fly; but animated by knowledge, quickened by genius, and rendered skilful in the eye of both by experience, he makes air and sea subservient to his purpose, and bends all elements to his advantage. Europe was now learning how past mortals had conducted themselves in similar situations to their own: printing polished the master key to knowledge, and ignorance began to feel a sense of shame till lately unobserved, and scarcely suffered to disturb the dignity of listlessness, or set aside the cravings of appetite. Such sentiments, when kindled, are contagious: Bajazet, become old and gouty, and finding small relief, and shortening intervals from pain, which suffered him no more to follow camp as usual, begun listening himself after philosophical amusements, and having built at Dymotica, in Thrace, not far from Adrianople, a sort of secondary palace, proposed retiring thither, meaning to dedicate the last years of his life to ease and study. Fortunately

tunately for mankind his janissaries and courtiers considered such conduct as desertion; and though they would have willingly seen their sovereign rioting in debauch, and debilitating himself by general voluptuousness, unfettered by any particular attachment, their terrors took alarm at these proposals: and Selim, the most savage of his dear-loved sons, was singled out as successor. Impatient of the moment, he took arms; but Bajazet, not liking to be *driven*, as it appears from what he was willing and even desirous to *quit*, opposed them manfully; and the young prince, escaping upon his favourite horse *Carabullo*, meaning a *black cloud*, dismissed the lucky animal from future labour, seeing him every day led out richly caparisoned to receive the caresses of a grateful master, who, when he died, buried him with military honours at Grand Cairo, under a sepulchre of coal-black marble. When Bajazet's resentment cooled a little, he sent for Selim to his court, receiving his submissions, and pardoning his offence, adding both tears and kisses to his kindness. This Emperor seems to have been much more humanized than any of the Turkish sovereigns we have read of:—he suffered Zimzim to elude that fury for many years which other successors to the Ottoman state exert at once,—strangling their brothers at the hour of accession. He forgave Selim, and proposed once more to taste the sweets of literary retirement; but soon heard the report how Achmet and Corcutus, other sons by different sultanas, plotted rebellion, and resolved to reign, while many bassas were observed flocking to their treacherous standard. “False and forsworn!” cried the old Emperor from his palace walls—“What seek you! When the earth shook for eighteen days together, did I not treat all my slaves as children, providing for you food and dwellings from my purse? And did I not rebuild your city in six months, setting on fourscore thousand men at once to work! And will ye not now let me die in peace, but help disease, which does the business slowly? Call Selim to the throne; he will defend it bravely: let me retreat now to my summer palace; at eighty-one years sure  
“ I think

“ I think I may.” So saying he prepared things for his journey, and his son Selim, favoured above the rest, went with him part of the way. At separating, the old king shed tears, which a young Jew physician wiped away, and Selim begged his father would accept the man out of his household as a useful slave, who might assist him in the hours of torment, and rub his feet with a soft hand, &c. Bajazet took with him the commissioned assassin, and unsuspecting drank the strong poisonous draught which Selim had commanded that man to prepare; lest, as he said, the conduct of prince Achmet might force or tempt his father from his studies, and bring him to Constantinople again. Achmet, bold youth! was soon quelled howsoever; and Corcutus, who fought in that brother's cause, and who had likewise caught the flame of literature, being seized and put into prison, sent the new Emperor a pathetic letter expressed in *verse*, so elegant and tender, that nothing but state policy, 'tis said, could have prevented Selim's pardoning him. So may we see family affection working its way with letters into Turkey; where Selim thought it fit to have the slave strangled who suppressed, he said, or came too late with a petition so capable of moving him to forgiveness.

Meanwhile the religious war with Ismael Sophi, concerning some peculiar tenets delivered down by Omar and Hali, successors to their prophet, contributed to keep that faith alive which had now held its ground in the world nine hundred years at least, and which was certainly endangered by the last sovereign's acknowledged taste for literature; a disposition, therefore, dreaded by his subjects, who fear nothing so much as encroachments upon Mahometanism, to which Selim had the attachment of old times, and thought those hours lost to church and state which were spent in libraries or cogitation. He led his troops against the sultan of Egypt, and took Grand Cairo from its old possessors, and after displaying that personal prowess and military skill his armies knew so well how to appreciate, he died in the beginning of 1520; and finding the cancer which consumed his life less tolerable

nable than any of those wounds which had so often threatened it: "Pyrrhus!" cried he, calling to his favourite bassa, "death is at hand, and in an ugly form. Let my *last* action on earth at least be a good one." "Will my lord leave his treasures to the mosque, then?" said Pyrrhus. "No, pr'ythee," replied the Emperor, "that is a Christian custom, and a weak one. They give to Jesus the spoil of his poor servants. Go rather, Pyrrhus, and restore the Persian what we have taken from him with injustice; paying the families who helped us gain it from out my privy purse." His son Solyman, so truly termed the Magnificent; turned, as his dying father counselled him, his arms on Europe, and keeping Selim's picture always at his bed's head, buried him with a Greek line writ on the tomb, which some one made into expressive Latin, thus:

Hic maximus adsum Selimus qui orbem domui.

The panegyric was nearer true of his son, who took Belgrade, and besieged Rhodes, the first two years of his reign: Villiers, a Frenchman, defended the island valiantly, but fortune favoured Turcism once more, and the sultan took possession upon Christmas day. He now prepared to attack Hungary, where Lewis hoped to make a vigorous resistance, strengthened as he was by great alliance; while Mary, another sister of Charles V., accepted *his* hand, and his sister married Ferdinand, brother to that great emperor. But resistance against Solyman was no easy task; nor could the king of Hungary be counted among those striking, those conspicuous characters with which, as nature now seemed renovating, and science held her lamp to show them off, the world appeared to teem, and call mankind's attention to the product, where Raphael and Michael Angelo, Corregio, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, brought back to life, and rescued from imperfect *Retrospect*, objects of *past* admiration, while they assigned their own names to immortality of fame, and while the house of Medici, seeking still to irradiate all around them by restoring every art



art to pristinè estimation, attracted splendour and beauty to itself, and shone with reflected lustre, the moon of modern times. How this extraordinary family contrived to overlay with brightness its natural opacity, and shine for years and ages with glory so serene, with light so cheering, an author of our own day has informed us: but information's self only increases the wonder, when we consider that high birth, till those days, was deemed indispensable to all excepting ecclesiastical dignities; and that Silvestro's parents little dreamed his grandson should be called *Lorenzo the Magnificent*. By tacit influence then, and voluntary acquiescence, if such vast power could be obtained and kept, among *subjects* who at *first* would not have willingly been called *such*, we may consider the phenomenon as consolatory to those ranks of men hitherto precluded from political renown, who might observe that since authority began to pine a little, Florence was the place pitched upon by Providence to show how learning, virtue, talents, all combined, might by long union in a single race, supply the post she could no longer guard, and do what dull descent had done before.

But other Italian states were not so happy. Roderico Borgia, made pope by bargain with the other cardinals, abhorred, he said, all simoniacal practices, though he confessed his own election owing to them: he therefore began his reign by punishing, not by caressing, his benefactors. Surrounded with enemies, they of course delighted to divulge all his misdeeds, and many a tale no doubt was told with addition. Alexander VI. indeed, (such was the name he took) despised their envy; and set their malice at defiance; lived openly with fair Vanozia, acknowledged his children by her, and sent his favourite son Cæsar Borgia into Spain, archbishop of Valentia. But Charles VIII. of France, now claimed the kingdom of Naples, which had been left to his father Louis XI. by will, and Ferdinand, who possessed and was determined to keep it, even died of haste to meet his antagonist in the field. Alphonso was the natural successor; and he wisely conceived that the near way of securing his seat, was sending rich presents to

cardinal Valentine, such the Pope's son had wished to become; and through his means, (which with his father were all-powerful) secure the Romish see. Charles meantime, not so repulsed, rushed forward—he, like the soldier in Horace, *zonam perdidit*; bad luck at gaming had impelled him forth, and till his losses were repaired, returning was disgraceful: as this young champion for *virtue* (so he styled himself) poured down the Alps a torrent rapid though not deep; he published Alexander's crimes aloud, declared that such a sovereign ought to be deposed, while Naples saw no fewer than five kings reign over peaceably-inclined Parthenope in only two years time. Ferdinand and his son Alphonso, and his son Ferdinand, and Charles of France, who with six thousand two hundred Frenchmen, drove thirty thousand timorous Italians before them panic struck—and when he died, Frederick the brother of Alphonso reigned. Meanwhile their sister was wedded to prince Squillace, third son of the pontiff, whose parental fondness, although excessive, not being divided to their liking between the duke of Candia and cardinal Valentine, the first and second of his children by Vanozia, they quarrelled, hated, and the body of Francis was fished out of the Tyber, where it was supposed the implacable Cæsar had bestowed it, to the agonizing affliction of his Holiness, who did not however in the least withdraw his fondness from the brother: and he was sent to crown king Frederick at Capua, because Naples was desolated by a new pestilence, said to have been brought from the new regions discovered in America, of which Alexander made the line of demarcation, bestowing them in what proportion he thought fit; a pope's bull being in those days what a charter to a trading company has been in ours, only of more respect. On this journey the young Nuncio tried to obtain the throne of Naples for himself by courtship to king Frederick's daughter; but that lady could not be persuaded, and her flat refusal to wed a man approved by her father is the first we read of. To shew it was sincere, she sought to hide herself for ever in a monastery; considering that person as half polluted who was *requested* to join hands

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at the *altar* with an *ecclesiastick*. Alexander, in revenge for this flight of his son, leagued firmly with their late avowed enemy, the champion for virtue, Charles; whose gaming debt once paid, made Cæsar Borgia *duc de Valentinois*, and married him to a Madame de France Charlotte d'Albret, less scrupulous than the innocent Neapolitan. Our *Retrospection* now sees, for the first time, the cardinal's hat formally resigned, and nuptials celebrated between a prince of the French blood royal and a pope's son, openly so acknowledged. *Aut Cæsar, aut nullus*, was the duke's *leggenda*, and when some Italian league was formed against him, he fought with the courage of his name-fake, and losing not a single soldier, recovered half a dozen towns they had seized on. It was indeed for something more solid than mere fame, when this young warrior took the field for battle. His family cared not for the world's good word; and 'twas in shamelessness much more than in mere vice, that Roderico himself surpassed his predecessors. He and his favourite son, duke Valentine, were riding together round the environs of Rome one day, and saw a gallows pulling down—a statue setting up in the same street or road. “Let us at least, my son,” said he, “have more sense than to court popularity: thou seest how closely to each other reside the favour and disgrace of mankind.” *Vides mi fili, quam leve discrimen patibulam inter et statuam*. In effect they followed up their own opinions pretty resolutely; lived much together: the same their studies, and their tastes the same: both loving wit, and wine, and women, and belles lettres. The Pope's eloquence in particular was deemed irresistible; his manners seducing; and for voluptuous scenes of convivial gaiety, unpolluted by drunkenness, the court of Commodus alone could have exceeded theirs. Cardinal Corneto, however, would not flatter them, nor be prevailed on to approve such profligacy. He was invited therefore to a *grave* supper, and the fatal cup was already prepared at the apartments of duke Valentine: but Alexander coming hot and weary from a walk before his time, seeing it on the side-board temptingly cool,

invited his son to pledge him, and they drank, till the terrified and confidential butler bursting in, snatched it from Cæsar's hand. The company was scarce arrived, before both were seized with intolerable pangs, from which the son slowly, and in the course of many months and even years imperfectly recovered; but the father outlived not the night, and his successor Pius tertius died in less than a month. Julius II. who succeeded *him*, was nephew to Sextus quartus, and like his uncle, of a warlike disposition. His quarrel with the Venetians and the French; his heading his troops in person, and animating them to besiege a town defended by the warlike countess de Mirandola, evinces the state of society even in those days—when Raphael painted, and when Vida sung. Guicciardini's history indeed, where all these facts are detailed, prove the odd neglect of that which we now call decorum, while ladies and popes contended in the field for mastery, and the powers of Europe were compelled to declare Julius suspended from his dignities as an incendiary, and disturber of public peace. He meanwhile set his foes at defiance, buckled on his armour, and saw men fall beside him in the battle, as the first Roman Julius would have done. That so turbulent and active, so valiant and decided a character should be struck with a creeping palsy, and die at last of a lethargic disorder, half grieves one; although 'tis sure that nothing less would have tamed him, or made way for elegance and literature combined in the person of their celebrated patron, Leo the tenth, son to Lorenzo di Medici. It was Alexander VI. however, who drew the line of separation for Spain and Portugal in South America, and it was Julius II. who first set out a bull for indulgencies, avowedly to gain by that means contributions towards the magnificent structure of St. Peter's church; a fabrick which went forward rapidly under his successor's reign, as did every fine art and every science—each rational source of delight being opened by this pontiff, who taught the love of *intellectual* pleasures, and showed mankind the difference between luxury and debauch. Refinement was indeed growing a sort of necessary,

fary, since life had taken somewhat a new colour; and though the old leaven was not yet quite worked out, it no longer warranted that gross sensuality which shocked men less, in less enlightened times. On Leo's highly polished soul no vulgar stain would stick: although his enemies, who had nothing to urge against his conversations with *women at least*, found out that he spent too much time in loitering among *some* favourite animals, horses and dogs. They took him not off from other occupations, however. He called Michael Angelo's assistance to the vast edifice his predecessor had begun, and provided for the expence by *his* mode, of setting indulgencies to public sale. It was on that occasion Martin Luther, with less delicacy of taste than ardour for reformation, raised the first clamour which subsided no more, against the power and tyranny of the popedom. Leo, who had been cardinal ever since he could remember, being made so at thirteen years old, confessed his being better skilled in any study than divinity, and laughing said, that he would rather issue out a bull against those who found fault with Ariosto's verses, than against those who objected to his government. Being disposed however, to maintain the prerogatives which at his accession he found subsisting in the see, without suffering them to be diminished, after trying gentle means without effect, he felt himself called upon by his own dignity rather than any conviction in his mind, to excommunicate this rough reformer, and compliment our Henry the eighth of England, who wrote a book against these new opinions. Such was the lamented sovereign of Rome, where he renewed the Augustan age almost, patronizing musicians who from his hand, received all double pay, whilst his true friendship for Lascaris, and correspondence with the accomplished Pic de Mirandola, contributed to embalm his fame for evermore; as their illustrious names, like sprigs of asphodel in antique burying grounds, supply with classic nourishment the manes of pope Leo. His retort on Francis the first must be noted before we quite dismiss him to their care:—That king upon a visit at Bologna, observant of  
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the pomp in which Lorenzo's son came out to meet him, said, "the old bishops did not travel in this state, as no one knows better than your Holiness."—"What! when the kings of the earth kept sheep?" was the reply. "No, no; I mean really under the gospel."—"Oh," said the Pontiff, "ay, in days when the French sovereign was a saint, visited the hospitals at home, and battled the Turk abroad, (alluding to St. Louis) 'tis true indeed; times are much changed since then."

But it was observed by many of his contemporaries, that Leo was the first wit of the age, and protected petty wits 'midst whom he shone—a *sun among the planets*. These events bring our *retrospective eye* forwards and fix on France, which claims an ample share of our attention, since Charles surnamed the Affable and Courteous, who ran through Italy, was crowned at Naples, bullied pope Alexander and then made up with him, marrying young Borgia to his favourite niece: having at length lost men and money to a vast amount; fate down to end the world as he began it, at a private gaming table, in which small circle all his true pleasures were concentrated; leaving *le grand conseil* to erect itself into *cour souveraine* without any objection upon his part. So lived, so reigned, so died Charles VIII. at twenty-seven years old; and was succeeded both in *bed* and *throne* by Louis duc d'Orleans, first prince of the blood, who easily prevailed on the Borghefe Pope to dissolve his marriage with Lewis the eleventh's daughter, and put him in possession of fair Anne of Brittany, widow to Charles VIII.: a lady desired by all the sovereigns of her time, and who reigned in the hearts of Maximilian the first of Germany and Henry the seventh of England, while her apparently destined residence was *Paris*. Her second husband, surnamed the Just, was an exemplary character, and from principle co-operating with the scheme of Providence in favour of the lower classes of humanity, Lewis XII. reduced his household and diminished his taxes, sheltered his peasantry from outrages committed till then by soldiers with an indulgence approaching to impunity; indemnified merchants, shop-keepers, all who had

had suffered by the wars he found himself early engaged in with the Sforza family, which he almost extinguished, and promised himself equal success among the Neapolitans, but by treaty the Spaniards had secured from him that kingdom, when Germaine de Foix, princess of France was for a while united to old Ferdinand, widower of Isabella. Louis XII. was however, although a warlike, an extremely conscientious sovereign, and secretly forgave his gallant enemy Tremouille, saying that a king of France ought to forget the injuries offered to a duc d'Orleans. Not content with personal concessions, he even tried to make his people's happiness perpetual, by setting up the law above the king, and shielding them from future oppressors by the immortal edict of 1499, which obtained him the high title of Pater Patriæ, never more justly deserved, and shewed mankind that when he sought to limit papal power and cite Julius II. before a general council at Pisa, it was no rougher a measure than he himself was willing to submit to. Henry the eighth of England he conciliated by marrying, on death of Anne de Bretagne, his sister Mary, after duchess of Suffolk, by whom, as she was only sixteen years old, he hoped for children: the former lady having nearly proved a barren bride to both her husbands: he died however three months after the celebration of his marriage with *our* young princess, and left his throne to Francis the first, a splendid and brilliant character, whose showy manners and gay unconcern, were, by those secret combinations few can account for, apparently destined to produce the same effects upon the world in general, as did the strict probity and rigid morals of his immediate predecessor. He mounted the seat of honour and authority as next of kin to Louis XII., who had no sons though three times married, and Charles the Affable, as he was called, finished the Maletteirs in line of Valois. Francis in order to strengthen his relationship to the crown, married la belle Claude, sole daughter of Lewis the Just, sole child of Anne de Bretagne; and was by her, father to Henry II. It was not on his progeny however, that this active prince depended for immortality in fame's wide trumpet: he was desirous to fill it all himself, and to that

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end fought chiefly for knighthood, bestowed with every ceremony incident to an order of which he was so passionately fond, desiring the title of *Preux Chevalier* beyond all others. He earned his spurs indeed in his first battle, where for the duchy of Milan he fought such an army of leagued Swisses at Marignan, that Trivulcio, who had been then in eighteen engagements, swore they were children's play to this *combattimento de' giganti*, as he called them. Fifteen thousand of his enemies there lay dead, incredible numbers of which were killed by le grand François' own unerring hand, and it was on that bloody field, that in true spirit of ancient chivalry when all was over, he solicited Chevalier Bayard's sword across his shoulders to crown his conquest and complete his glory. Pope Leo, justly alarmed at this fierce onset, desired an amicable conference, and another treaty was made between this warlike monarch and Charles V., but jealousy between two such rivals would not long permit the continuance of peace. Soon as Maximilian's death put the imperial crown upon his head, filled with political knowledge, and *warmed not fevered*, with desire of glory, fresh wars broke out, which desolated the north of Italy, and ended not till the year 1525 had seen the battle of Pavia lost by Francis, who having performed prodigies of valour, so as to amaze the hostile army, he was at length pressed by surrounding thousands and taken prisoner, after two or three horses had been killed under him. When carried to Madrid a captive king, his memorable letter to the mother he adored, was in the spirit of true gallantry and knighthood. "*Madame, tout est perdu, hormis l'honneur.*"\* Such were the lessons he had learned from Bayard, whose heroic exit in the valley d'Aost ten months before, haunted his very dreams; presenting to his fancy still the expiring chief, his back against a tree, his sword hilt held up in form of a cross before the filmy eyes soon to be closed for ever; while exclamations of compassionating tenderness burst from the Constable de Bourbon's lips; who, though his professed enemy, cried out, Ah Chevalier! the glory of all France, and do I see you thus? "Reserve your

\*All is lost, Madam, our honour alone excepted.



“pity,” replied the warlike loyalist, “for those who die fighting *against* their prince and their allegiance: *my* death should be the *choice* of every valiant and deserving Frenchman; you see I fall even *now* my face against the king’s enemies, my back was never turned towards them yet,” he said and dropt; when Francis, stung by such a poignant loss, and breathing fury against his treacherous cousin, flew cross the Alps and fought, in evil hour, the unsuccessful battle of Pavia. Such patriotism almost fills with tears the *retrospective* eye, and warns us not to keep our glass too long turned from our native country; where in the famous year 1492, we left wise Henry regardless of promised treasures from new worlds, desirous rather so to conduct himself upon the old one as to obtain security and repose; blessings which our island stood much in need of, harassed as it had been by barbarous civil wars. Many improvements take their date from this reign, and whilst his romantic contemporary Maximilian sighed to be elected coadjutor to Pope Julius, and when that strange fantastic project failed, did absolutely volunteer his services to England, Henry VII. who for a while paid him one hundred crowns a-day at Anne of Brittany’s private request, set himself seriously to enact such laws as rendered chivalry less useful, and drove romance as far away as possible. Statutes were enacted, making it felony to carry off a woman of whatever rank by force; poor people had leave granted to prefer suits without payment of fees, *in forma pauperis*; inclosures were restrained; and pensions granted: Blackwell-Hall was appointed wool repository instead of Westminster and Palace-yard, a charter was bestowed on the merchant adventurers of England, since known by the name of the Ham-burgh Company, London was embellished, the Strand began to assume somewhat of the shape it now bears; embankments adorned our river’s side, and the magistrates of Dort, in gratitude for some commercial advantages obtained by Henry’s spirit of traffic, agreed to present him for his own chapel, the beautiful window we now see in the church of St. Margaret, belonging to the House of Commons, who

purchased it very lately, in the eighteenth century at least, from the heirs of General Monk, as he had secreted it during the days of disturbance and rebellion. Such were the comforts of undisputed dominion in England, on the throne of which Henry seemed firmly seated, according to the minds of all observers but himself, who, being of a suspicious selfish temper, looked with a jealous apprehensive eye even upon the conduct of his will-less consort; and was inclined to view in the two sons she brought him, rivals rather than strengtheners of his title. He feared lest *Henry* (for Arthur was a feeble youth, of gentle quiet mind, and lived not long) might one day form a project to depose *him*, and reign in right of his mother, calling himself heir to the house of York. It seems as if royalty like life grew dearer to those possessors who held it with most difficulty: our sapient sovereign might have discerned in others, and felt in his own heart, how much more people are attached to their father's than their mother's family. The impostors who had alarmed him, Lambart and Perkin, claimed from the house of York it is true; but drew their pretensions from the *male* parent, as did that wretched Earl of Warwick likewise, if indeed he made any pretensions at all; but we see Charles V. despising after this the silly mother by whom the crown of Spain with all the Mexicoes devolved to him, and Henry himself apparently preferred the house of Tudor\* to the less ancient, but far more illustrious Plantagenets. It was indeed no less his real sport, than he considered it his certain interest to depress and humble the nobility, who till his time had always kept a multitude of retainers in their service with liveries and badges, such as many countries on the Continent exhibited even in our own times, Poland particularly. These men were in some sort inlisted under the lord whose impresse they wore; assisting and abetting any project of their patron, civil or military. Our long civil wars however had diminished the power of English barons to keep so many

\* Tudor means Theodore. *Deodatus*.—The Plantagenista is of more dubious origin.

mouths to feed, and numberless houses of antique dignity were completely destroyed by the efforts made to set his or his queen's family on a throne, which now seemed to desire nothing so sincerely as the ruin of its former friends. Among these Lord Oxford had shone a stout Lancastrian from the beginning; when therefore Henry came one day to dine with him, and saw a prodigious number of retained friends wearing their patron's livery—"Are all these your domestic servants, good my lord?" enquired the sovereign. "No, sir," replied the master of the house, "they are gentlemen who kindly do me this honour upon this agreeable occasion." "Why then, by my faith," exclaims the monarch, "I thank you for my good cheer, but the attorney-general must talk with your lordship about these same gentlemen, for I will not have my laws broken before my face; and there shall be no armies in my country, at any man's command but my own." For this show of his retainers, Oxford is said to have paid fifteen thousand marks to the tyrant he helped set up over himself. Silly barons! short-sighted kings! exclaim we distant *Retrospectors*, who standing on the firm-fixed eminence formed by commercial industry, see tumbled round us the old rock of royalty, and all the minor hills levelled with earth. Thus in the torrid zone where nature sports unviewed except by late inquisitive examiners: Smeathman informs us of a monstrous ant hillock formed by the *Termites*, where millions of working animals combine to make themselves a habitation, that escapes earthquakes which rive the Chandrasic Hara, called by our travellers the Mountains of the Moon.

The same sovereign, in consequence of the same spirit, tried to take power from the sinking church, and deliver over to the secular arm, offenders who had sought a sanctuary under the consecrated wall or steps, such as we have seen them frequently in Italy, saucily laughing at the very passengers they robbed perhaps a day or two before; and waiting till their wife or friend should come and feed them, fearless of justice, and confident of protection. He succeeded not entirely as to

this projected improvement, for which the world was not then ripe as now : but he found no objection made to his permitting the rich merchants' appearance as public-bidders for poor lords' estates, when folly or necessity obliged them to sell off. Till then no man of inferior rank had presumed to buy ; so that the aristocracy could scarce be broken even by the senselessness or worthlessness of the nobles themselves. But Henry saw plainly that if wealthy traders were not to mend their rank as well as fortune, no traders would endeavour to be wealthy ; for who would risk their lives and stake their all without a hope of permanent advancement ! by a strange humour too, the lords co-operated in calling up the lower class to mix with theirs : for they were better pleased, say the historians, to see their lands drop to these new possessors ; men they had never known, and by whom of course they had been never offended ; than they had been to increase the power of a sturdy equal ; forwarding by their own mismanagement his already envied splendour. But we must hasten through this reign, and vindicate the king from charge of avarice. He fitted out a fleet of discovery under Sebastian Cabot, who found for us the main land of North America, the river St. Lawrence, and the island on which was afterwards formed the port and harbour called Cape Breton, and spent as much upon the expedition as the first venture of Columbus cost the crown of Spain : in one ship too a man of war, (properly so called) the *Great Harry*, was expended no less than fourteen thousand pounds ; and this vessel seems our first step towards a royal navy : till that day our sovereigns had been content to hire from the merchants when they wanted a fleet for defence. But if it be allowed that on these occasions no meanness or parsimonious detention of money can be alledged against Henry VII. it must be confessed that his rapacious desire of holding fast the fortune given by Ferdinand and Isabella with their daughter Catherine, had, as it deserved, none but tremendous consequences. She had been married to young Arthur, who died in a very few weeks after celebration of their nuptials ; and our king, unwilling to refund her dowry,

dowry, persuaded Pope Alexander to grant a dispensation for her to wed her husband's brother, then just twelve years old, the lady near nineteen. The same year saw a less unlucky connection formed with Scotland, when Margaret, sister to these young princes, was given as queen to James the Fourth. Our sovereign even *then* hoped, and projected, and even half predicted the union of the two crowns. The event shows how well and wisely he had reasoned; and some old annalists recollect upon this occasion, Buchanan I believe, (perhaps Calvisius) how during James's reign a child was born at Perth or Aberdeen, with two bodies *united in the middle*; which lived eight-and-twenty years, learned languages, and music; but having two *wills*, they were accustomed to dislike each other; and quarrel now and then, *notwithstanding the union*. Henry now released from his cousin queen, to whom he was *united* much in the same manner, intended marrying again, and turned his thoughts on Margarite de Savoye, Maximilian's daughter. Wolfey, a young clergyman of mean birth, but immense abilities, pleased the king so in this negociation, which broke off only by the intended bridegroom's death, that he was left a sort of ready made favourite to the young successor; and *he*, gay, airy, haughty, and towering in his pride of place, with a dominion uncontested and coffers apparently inexhaustible, thought more of pleasure than of business at beginning of his reign, and prepared for a French invasion as if it had been a match of martial sports. Lewis the twelfth, more cool and steady minded, rendered abortive this wild enterprize, and entered into a league with Ferdinand against him. This event drew forth the first burst of that uncontrollable violence and choleric temper which marked our monarch's disposition. Le duc de Longueville poured oil upon the waves, and proposed princess Mary, not sixteen years old, as a pacifier to the anger more slowly excited in Louis XII. at fifty-four, and earnest for a son.

This plan succeeded; Mary's unwilling hand was put into his withered one; but finding herself a widow in three months time, that lady

lady felt the power heaven had bestowed on her of fulfilling an engage-  
 much more to her taste, with Charles Brandon, the gallant youth, af-  
 terwards duke of Suffolk. This dame seems to have possessed the same  
 rough spirit of independence with her brother, whose approbation she  
 set at nought; bidding her destined husband keep his word, and wed her  
 instantly, without regard to manners or decorum; or she would take  
 monastic vows directly, and quit the world at once. Her lover, after  
 four days consideration, ('twas all she would allow him) braved the  
 storm; and in defiance both of France and England the nuptials were  
 solemnized, and the verses came in play:

Cloth of gold do not despise,  
 Tho' thou be join'd to cloth of frize;  
 Cloth of frize be not too bold,  
 Tho' thou be join'd to cloth of gold.

Henry soon learned to love and to exalt such firmness and such gal-  
 lantry; and in his will preferred the duchess of Suffolk (so she was al-  
 ways called) to her eldest sister the queen of Scots. *French* records,  
 however, scruple the registering this lady as sharing a crown and title  
 she was so hasty to be rid of. An attachment so repugnant to the old  
 aristocratic modes of life was a fresh proof that they were losing ground.  
 It took first root, 'tis said, at the grand shows exhibited for the mar-  
 riage of Arthur with Catharine of Arragon, where Brandon, then a boy,  
 performed some feat in honour of the princely baby, whom he called  
 his royal mistress, and who ever after styled him her knight and servant.  
 When we reflect on such occurrences, strange as they are, they are  
 perhaps less strange, than that the other shows exhibited at the same  
 time should, notwithstanding the progress of science, consist of a  
 drama represented by *gestours* and now *first* by *speaking* characters be-  
 side, in which were introduced as personages acting upon a moveable  
 stage, the parts of God the *Father Almighty*, *St. Ursula*, *St. Catherine*,  
*Holy Job*, an *Angel*, and *Boethius*: for such are the well-preserved dra-  
 matis

matris personæ; and added to them old king Alphonfus of Leon, ancestor to the bride, who represented an astrologer, and told happy fortunes to the wedded pair. This seems so odd to my own *Retrospection*, when I reflect how *Romeo and Juliet* was performed within the same century, that I feel forced to call Warton, Upton, every scholar's testimony round, to persuade me of its possibility. Petrarch, Ariosto, and Boccace, were in every mouth then: Marot's elegant *badinage* was in sight at least; yet since one of the Popes, John XXII. I think, in 1327 did profess himself so pleased with the accounts transmitted to him of our *Chester plays*, that he granted an indulgence of a *thousand days* to those who should go see those godly sports, as they were called, these good bishops in the sixteenth century, begged forty days of pardon for such as should see the mysteries with due reverence; one of which represented our blessed Saviour harrowing hell, and the man who acted this character had a broom given into his hand, wherewith to sweep out devylls. John Inglysh and his companions plaid a moralité in presence of the king and queen, in hyr grete chamber after supper, says Leland, on the marriage of princess Margaret. He was perhaps the first manager of a company in England for theatric amusements: but Fox himself conducted the strange machinery when Henry the eighth, or his brother Arthur, married Catharine of Arragon; and by his *rare invention* the lady was compared to Hesperus, in good time! and her husband to Arcturus, by that old soothsaying monarch, who told their fortunes on the wedding day. Bacon the wise, the learned, the acute, informs us: "That Fox was not only a grave good counsellor for war and peace, but a brave master of ceremonies and shows, and whatsoever was fitting for service of a great king; and whatsoever toys he had the compiling of, were never (as many other mockeries) wholly pedantical." Lest we should think things went better in Germany, Maximilian was amused by a *profane show* little more artificial than our *pious* ones; where national character seemed closely kept up. Silenus coming drunk on the stage supported across his ass; and

and Diana reproving him, he vindicating drunkenness so merrily, says his historian, that the emperor calls out his butlers to refresh them with rhenish wine in golden goblets; and Mercury speaking the epilogue, ends the play, consisting of five acts comprised in eight small pages. But while scenic representation was at so low an ebb, that even our Henry VIII., after his accession, was amused by a show of Jesus Christ pulling up old father Adam from a trap-door; his ministers, Wolsey, Fox, &c. were endeavouring to drag up Learning from *her* dark abode; and clergymen were required to know something before they were suffered to officiate; the old ecclesiastic who would not be taught the meaning of words he had long used in his function, and who would continue to say *mumpsimus* Domine instead of *sumpsimus* was laughed at, not applauded; and some ground was daily gained to science: when our young sovereign, earnest to shew his improvements and to spend his money, seized the opportunity of an offered conversation with Francis I. soon after all balance of power in Europe appeared as if destroyed by the election of Charles to the empire. This indeed seems the earliest occasion of considering any balance necessary; but kings were growing jealous of each other's power; and by their mutual envy secured their people's rise to respectability. Charles was beforehand with his competitors: he made England a visit, cajoled the favourite Wolsey, and endeavoured at gaining Henry's open heart, but could not prevent his journey to the Continent, where in the plains of Ardres, called le Champ d'Or, from the costly diversions displayed on it, the year 1520 witnessed a congress between two youthful monarchs, more intent upon amusing themselves and each other, than upon the general interests of mankind. Shows, tournaments, tilts, exhibited to innumerable spectators, flattered their vanity, and gave a spectacle of gay magnificence unviewed till then. I have seen somewhere, at Windsor perhaps, perhaps at Versailles, a picture by Holbein of this military rencounter, giving a good idea of its general appearance; for particulars we must apply to Fleuranges, and if Bodin and Bolingbroke both think Plutarch is partial to his countrymen



men in every comparison between them and the Romans, while even school-boys perceive Homer's pleasure in suppressing acts of Trojan bravery, desiring to bring forward the Greeks on all occasions; one cannot wonder that the French recitals give Francis the advantage in every trial of skill, though they exalt king Henry's grace and valour too, and confess that no cavalier but their own Grand Monarque had any chance against his quick eye and admirable agility. I fear however, that at the wrestling play our heavier-bodied hero was tript up, although himself had given his brother challenge to a dispute *à l'Anglais* as they called it. Truth is, their generous, honourable characters were both tript up by their contemporary Charles, who uniting the artifices of mature age with the energy of youth, obtained the real prize all meant to run for; while his two rivals were playing at the starting post. After the unfortunate battle of Pavia, Henry however flattered and cajoled till then, declared with equal honour and good sense in favour of his friend the king of France, who never for an instant forgot the obligation, or those delightful days of youthful frolick, when their so honest intimacy first began.

This is pleasing; because man, the subject of history, appears often grossly deformed in an abridgment. We who offer merely a sample from the mine of knowledge, should be unfair indeed were we to give the ore alone to readers; but haste secures us all from that temptation: no time for separating the dross can be afforded, and the worst is, that too much dirt and dregs stick to the fingers which we plunge in search of it. But a new rill of water is turned through, and what remains of this work will exhibit the state of things after the *Reformation*.

## C H A P. V.

## POPES AND THE OTHER EUROPEAN PRINCES.

TO A. D. 1550.

WE called the Reformation a rill of water in the last chapter, but *Retrospection* knows it was a rill in Wickliffe's time, gentle though deep, and difficult to turn; yet giving few indications of its chance to become a torrent: so meek and mortified was the character of him who first opened a spring, destined to become a river of such magnitude. Ockham removed some rough impediments; John Hufs and Jerom of Prague laboured at the embankments, and were carried away with the stream; Weselius tried to clear the current but stumbled, and increased the rubbish it was to roll over. Zisca choked it with bleeding carcases; nor till young Luther in the year 1503 appeared at Erfuth a master of arts, deep skilled in disputations theology, had the Romish see reason to fear the inundation that then succeeded. Pope Alexander was alive, whose open profligacy called for correction, and excited disgust. His death still more offensive than his conduct, frightened the flock from the fold, and left them at leisure to listen after another shepherd's pipe. Julius the fighting Pontiff's character had little chance to recall such fugitives, among whom candour is most desirous of counting Erasmus, who begged from Rome a dispensation of his vows: but hot zealots held *him* at distance from both parties; chiefly because he wished accommodation, protested that the precise line was difficult to draw, and that he would not *seek* martyrdom in either cause; an opinion which made him infinite enemies during those days of violence and ardour, although

Leslie.

Lessie, the learned and pious, said the same thing in our own century, and I have heard Doctor S. Johnson quote his words with respect approaching to approbation. On those who preached peace however, in the times we are reviewing, no applause was bestowed; and looking back, it appears that things *must* have been just as they were. Luther, who shines the luminous spot of those times, was himself a warm imaginative character, and rode his fancy in a loose rein. Walking out with a friend in the fields near his university, a flash of lightning killed his companion at his side, and Martin rushing to the next monastery, begged leave to make profession of instant retirement, 'spite of the requests, commands, and tears of his parents, who, one sees not why, opposed this resolution with an earnestness apparently hereditary in the family. Their son shut himself up awhile, notwithstanding their impotent, though pertinacious opposition; and having read the works of John Hufs during his confinement, a strange conviction darted across his mind, that he was the *white swan* foretold by that extraordinary person while burning in the flames at Constance: his name and his complexion soon reflected on, confirmed the bold idea; and hearing how Pope Leo had proclaimed a sale of indulgencies for building St. Peter's church, he sure enough began to mount, and from the attack made on the gross abuse of those indulgencies, he soon fell hard upon the indulgencies themselves. The Pontiff sent a subtle favourite, Gaetano by name, to treat with this tremendous enemy, or if he found that difficult, to steal him away privately, and by secreting his person, hinder the publication of his doctrines. This was a project perfectly adapted to Leo's disposition, who hated a bustle about what he took no interest in, except as it affected his very existence, and that of a church he would perhaps have flown from in this approaching migration, had not he been held down to it by the tiara. Luther meanwhile, took measures for his personal safety, and disregarding his own appeal from popes ill-informed to popes well-informed, fell upon the groundless pretensions of the Romish see to any superiority over their Christian brethren; and

by that step, much more than any offence to the dogma, got himself excommunicated. Hostilities were now begun, Zuinglius assisted the work of reformation, and *hoed* away the weeds which Martin was beginning to *pull*. The bull for anathematizing these casuists was burnt in many parts of Germany, a new phenomenon : and though much may be attributed to religious fury, much political zeal certainly accompanied the ceremony. Mankind had long rejected the rule of *one* man over the state ; that *one man* should not for many years more be permitted to rule the church, appeared a sentence clearly written now upon the walls of the Vatican, and in large characters too ; but in a language the all-accomplished son of Lorenzo de Medici *could not read*. Things went so much to his mind notwithstanding the appearance of these new and formidable foes, that he even died of haste to enjoy what he believed one consequence of their rashness, his own strict union with Charles XII. the recovery of Parma, Placentia, and Cremona from the French king : but partial counsels ruin the integral interest of every whole. Leo's earnestness by leaguings with the Emperor, to keep, as he called them, the *Gauls* out of his peninsula, proved a hard blow upon the general power of papacy, which his successor Adrian's honesty, piety, and candour, scarcely wished to maintain in its lately assumed splendour. He openly confessed that gross crimes and sinful follies had brought disgrace upon the parent church, which had provoked censure from man, he said, and punishment from God : but instead of reforming these acknowledged abuses, Adrian set about reforming that individual of his whole state, who alone needed no change, and could admit of no improvement ; I mean himself. So humble, so decent, so retired were the manners of this pious Christian after elevation, that Rome began to complain, and despising such conduct, lamented aloud that their apostolic palace was become a *haunted house*. The people murmured too at seeing a foreign sovereign in the chair, and hated to be governed by the son of a brewer or weaver, I forget which, at Utrecht. They openly regretted their  
Medicean

Medicean pope, and the sumptuous entertainments where Attic elegance, not Spartan frugality, presided. The poets not caressed, ventured their spleen in epigrams, whose stings affected not Adrian: the workmen unemployed begged charity; but though always relieved, never were contented. Times pressed far harder upon *them*, they said, than under the pontificate of Alexander, who encouraged all artificers, or that of Julius, whose soldiers never waited for their pay; and it had been a maxim of the Borgia family, that what was taken by confiscation from the great should be expended among the little.

It was thus that *Retrospection* saw Rome's pagan empire in its decline, detesting Pertinax, and massacring the virtuous Syrian, young Severus, while her metropolis, as in the year 1520, was of herself ripening to ruin, and the good sovereigns were once again less welcome to corrupted subjects than the bad ones. Adrian however, resolving to love as a friend him whom he had once served as a master, and tutored as a boy, turned all his *worldly* thoughts, and those were few, on his favourite child Charles V, and signed a lasting league with *him* and England. Then having made only one cardinal, and sent away all his own poor relations with each of them one piece of gold and one new suit of clothes, into their own country, he ordered himself a *plain tomb*; and for God's sake, said he, no Terentian epitaph—and died—never changing the name of his baptism: his honest panegyrist, Eikenwort, however, added a word or two importing that piety died with him. The populace rejoiced when such a reign was over, and the neglected wits wrote on the door of his physician who killed him by mismanagement—Thou art the deliverer of thy country. It is observable that this Pope, although himself a profound scholar, used frequently to say, *Cave è græcis ne fiat hereticus*: he knew what he was saying. There were schools of impiety in France then, set up in 1501, maintaining what we now call Spinozism, from a much more modern heretic. They used Greek names in these schools, and said God was the *το πᾶν*, or the universe. Bayle and Pope, and many of our wits, have

have licked their lips after this seducing heresy—this hash of the old Aristotelian philosophy; for what else is it? Infinite matter endued with infinite power of cogitation. When modern sceptics settle some creed, it commonly ends there. Luther's fulminations against Aristotle were greatly excited by the idea of this error gaining ground in his time, and Adrian was contented enough that he should go on: but that peaceful spirit departed from this mad world, and Clement VII. son to Giulio di Medici, he who was killed in the Congiurazione de' Pazzi, succeeded, with every one's good will, being first cousin to Leo, if *blood alone* suffices to warrant such an appellation;—nor were bastards now kept out of the church as formerly: this primate's successor, Paulo Farnese, did jestingly excuse himself from creating one old acquaintance cardinal:—"because you *know* now," said he, "and "have often owned to me, that your parents were never married—"to one another at least." "Well, well, Santita," replies the droll Florentine, "you have raised so many *asses* to the dignity, you may as "well mount up one *mule*." Meanwhile, and before his time, Erasmus travelled Europe over almost, and where he found the seeds of reformation sown, was careful not to trample them. Luther and Zuinglius went vigorously forward, one with the plough the other with the harrow. Many wise men approved and some admired at those wholesome severities with which things long held sacred were now destroyed, and at the best thrown by—for useless incumbrances and empty rubbish. Frederick, the sage and disinterested Elector of Saxony, whose refusal of the empire, offered to him when Charles V. was elected, proved his philosophy not merely nominal, was of this number; he had established a university at Wittenburgh, where Martin studied and taught, and where the Augustine friars had with his connivance for some time now publicly administered the cup to the laity. Refusal of this privilege, and celibacy of the clergy, seem to have been the out-posts of popery, which they themselves, hard pressed, pretend not to defend by scriptural authority. These  
once

once driven in, points still more essential, more momentous, fell to the conquerors; and such is the value, such the utility, and such the lasting comforts of the conquest, that 'tis painful to review the weapons used to win it. Robertson's gentle spirit is less shocked at the indecorous language of these early reformers, than one should expect, when the coarse raillery and rude insulting triumph of good sense and virtuous intents over Roman vice and Roman perfidy come under *Retrospection*. But as our amiable historian observes, measures less harsh would not perhaps have answered; nor did his contemporary *antagonists* feel half as much hurt by Luther's cruel and bitter invectives against papacy, as we his professed *followers* feel on this very day, when candour, the cold monitor of present times, has frozen us all into one smooth, but slippery and superficial uniformity, showing nothing in a light wholly unfavourable, except excesses consequent on zeal and fervour, the qualities most opposite to her own. One cannot indeed at this distance of time easily discern how it should advance the cause of our meek religion to call the pope in plain terms an ass, a pimp, a thief, a ravisher; or to observe how pleasant a sight it would be to behold him and all his cardinals dangling from one tree like the seals on his own bull: but we may reasonably admire the courage of so fearless an opponent to the folly of a whole world, which was at this distant time willing to decorate Paul the third with titles more like those of a Persian monarch than of a Christian bishop—*Highest under Heaven, God upon Earth*, &c. from the impiety of which we now recoil with *horror*, as from the indecent revilings we have just read, our ears turn away with disgust. Besides that Pic de Mirandola recommended the oil of scorpions and tongues of asps as powerful medicine for the plague about the period we are now reviewing, and sent it, as I have somewhere read, to Ermolaus, requesting him to regard it as specific: on such principle perhaps, might our assiduous reformer apply his drastic remedies to that hot plethora, which tumefied ecclesiastick pride till it swelled up to meet th' incision knife. This Zuinglius delighted to carry;

carry; and with an impetuous fury, disdainful of controversial railings, fell upon such of the Swiss Cantons as opposed his new opinions first promulgated at Zurich, where he was curate, and begun breaking of images, overturning altars, &c. till meeting with armed force to resist him, he drew up his adherents and gave battle to the Romanists, who cut them all to pieces, their furious pastor fighting at their head. The flame was kindled however, and the fire went out no more. On tenets less intrepid than those of this last named casuist, John Calvin afterwards seems to have formed *his* doctrine, which has spread wider than strict Lutheranism ever ran, and cut far deeper too—nearer the sacred roots of that old tree whence Martin only lopped superfluous branches, that drained all moisture from the parent stem. But as touched iron lifts a larger weight than will the magnet from whose power 'tis drawn, Zuinglius discovered that the real presence *abided not at all* in those chosen elements which he urged *represented* merely our Saviour's body and blood. Luther, less daring, wisely contented himself to be orthodox in the original and long acknowledged sense of orthodoxy, holding firm for the venerated tenet *consubstantialism*, rejected by Rome only to give additional power to her priests, when *transubstantiation* was first brought up in the Lateran Council by Innocent III. about the year 1215. What time the artless Albigeois were massacred, whose blood now cried against the sanguinary city, and was likely to be severely though tardily revenged; for Charles V. himself would probably have listened, as did Frederick, to opinions so favourable for a depression of the papal power, but that Leo was necessary to him, and good Adrian chanced to be his natural and well deserving friend: besides that Francis his accomplished rival was to be kept out of Italy at any rate. Truth is, that celebrated sovereign's character was almost a complete contrast to the Emperor's. His ill-placed esteem of a mother so vindictive as Louise de Savoye, led him into errors it grew difficult to cure, and hindered him from seeing that her hatred of le Duc de Bourbon was mere resentment for neglected love.



love. That great man meanwhile, though constable of France and closely allied to the throne, acted on motives of no larger size than were those of the lady. Francis, excited by her, had used him ill no doubt—in some division of property; his avarice like her love, had been disappointed; and as she was vindictive, so was he revengeful. The king, leaving her regent at home, while he lost all but his honour, as he said, in Italy, was not ill-judged. Louisa raised new forces for her son, and writing pathetic letters to our Henry, touched his heart with tenderness, and drew him from his alliance with the Emperor, who set his captive monarch free at last, but not till he had promised to renounce all he possessed in Flanders, or in Italy, and marry (for la reine Claude was already dead of grief) the Emperor's youngest sister, Eleanora. These conditions however, could not all be performed, although the Emperor kept the young dauphin and his brother as hostages: Burgundy was not alienable by the French crown, as appeared upon investigation, and if Charles could force his prisoner to wed Eleanora, no persuasions could make him endure her. She had been queen of Portugal before, and Francis left her in Spain the first opportunity, ransoming his boys, now doubly dear to him, for two millions of crowns. The *holy league* was next set on foot; Rome, England, France, against the Emperor, who in concert with perfidious Bourbon, pushed his success up to the metropolis, before whose walls the Constable fell dead; and Clement, shutting himself close in Castle St. Angelo, subsisted there on a dead ass's flesh for three whole weeks, rather than yield to these vile Moors and Lutherans,—so he called Charles's Spanish and German generals in contempt. To Alençon, the most ferocious of them all, who had made Francis's bold heart sink under his severities, was the hapless Pope delivered notwithstanding, soon as the treacherous garrison gave up; and although the Emperor pretended concern for his ill treatment, and even put on mourning for a while, the world saw plainly that 'twas all a farce: when hearing how Henry and Francis made a fresh league in favour of the

already escaped pontiff, he loudly demanded a general council, made open complaint of papal ambition, injustice, &c. set out a diet at Spire, for purpose of examining into religious matters; and suffered the divines who attended that convocation to preach and administer the sacraments according to the mode prescribed by Luther, whose virulence against the See could not be said to equal that of Austria; though that house did not like him resolve to depart from the ritual. This was the first diet held since that in which heroic Frederick of Saxony rejected the offered empire, and more surprising, rejected a bribe offered him to accept it. "No, no," said he, "we wish in peace time for a sovereign such as myself, who has no power to invade the liberties of Germany: but now young Solyman, a martial monarch, is approaching, let us oppose him with the treasures brought from Mexico, and keep those treasures from being expended to worse purposes."

Such reasoning prevailed, and the pupil of Adrian, the ward of Ximenes, wore the imperial crown: his attachment to those incomparable friends is among the best points of his character, and as Aristotle was tutor to Alexander, biographers are tempted to ascribe Charles the fifth's good qualities to his preceptors justly enough: the bad ones were his own. His superiority of situation however, more perhaps than his superiority of talents, though *they* were in a great degree capacious and enlarged, gave name to that century which Robertson unfolds with elegance as seldom found in nervous writing, as can his hero's coolness and true judgment be discerned in other men of fervid valour and rapid success. The Castilians, early in that sovereign's reign, had been disposed to make enquiries about poor Joanna, who had in truth the right of sway in Spain; but Charles, not so disposed at all, had heard betimes, and heard with ill-disssembled pleasure too, of her deep-rooted incapacity—for filial tenderness was not among *his* foibles like his rival: and as to the *titulados*, he soon sent *them*, as Neptune did the winds, to boast and bluster in their empty hall. Something

thing like some associations too, had been formed; but faithful Ximenes twisted his rope at them, and vowed that if they made any more murmurings about *Jeanne la Folle*, he should call out *ultima ratio regum* for their quicker conviction, and so pointed at the artillery. The nobles indeed were losing power apace in Spain, where a new hermandad not *santa* was set up, that teased them into hourly concessions, and when once the importance of multitudes is discovered, it will never more be relinquished: for able as the statesmen were, and keen as were the wits, they saw not, what the lower orders seemed as if beginning instinctively to perceive, how in this new plantation, modern monarchs grew not like the ancient agaric, which, although spongy, and drawing all nutrition to itself, was salutary in medicine, and capable of giving light to the wand'ring traveller, who recognized the old majestic oak by its *igniarins*.\* Whilst these princes, clinging like Peziza to a half dead stick, that quickly ruins its weak supporter, mean insects, nourished by such a process, devour soon the swelling fungus's contents, and leave it at last an empty skin or puff-shell.† Charles V. was the first among them who claimed the title *Majesty*. Your Grace or Highness was as far as any king had called himself since Clovis, whom his barons browbeat in the year 490, and insisted on drawing lots for the vase or cup he had fixed his fancy on. But Charles hoped to enjoy the real Roman empire, and took up a sounding title before hand. His brother princes suffered him not to enjoy it alone: Henry and Francis liked as well as he did this appearance of superiority, and their subjects made no objection; but whilst they tried at apparent advancements, the Reformation gained solid footing in the Swiss Republic. Zisca and Zuinglius had inspired a courageous spirit into many districts of what once was Germany, to make separation both in civil and ecclesiastical matters; and Luther, who *spoke daggers but used none*, carried his point at Hensburgh, Mar-

\* Boerhaave.

† Linnæus.

purg, Augsbourg, by stubborn and resistless arguments. It had been a custom in the church for sovereigns when they had children born, and even persons of inferior rank, if of great notoriety, to request a corporate body to stand godfather. Thus, Justel boasted our university of Oxford as his sponsor, and the Grand Constable Montmorency claimed the city of Paris. Francis possessed with this idea, thought it a good notion to coax the Swiss republick when one of his sons was *confirmed*, to lend a new name; nor did they refuse the office, but insisting the child should be called *Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego*, the king drew back, says Ancillon, who tells the story; and the young prince died soon after, so that no quarrel or other consequence befell.

A marriage between our Princess Mary of England and the duc d'Orleans now was talked of, because the King of France hating Eleanora, resolved to keep separate from *her*; and when her brother Charles V. remonstrated, sent him a sort of *defiance*, to which Henry of England, one sees not why, acceded. The Emperor was not of a temper to endure such treatment; he answered *our king* with some degree of respect, but bid the herald tell Francis he did not behave like a *gentleman*. That warm-headed monarch gave him the lie direct; a challenge followed, and a duel must necessarily have ensued, without the interposition of two females, Marguerite\* de Savoye, aunt to the Emperor, and Louisa, mother to the French King, who never failed to follow her counsels while she lived to bestow them. These ladies obliged the sovereigns to sign the memorable treaty of Cambray, made under their direction, A. D. 1528, which ruined the republick of Venice, but proved favourable in the end to Charles V., who insisted that the heirs of his old ally the Bourbon should be re-instated in their father's rights, a sentiment of honour and gratitude no party could fail to approve. Meanwhile things were going on as ill for the Pope in

\* Margaret of Austria was duchess dowager of Savoy, and had attracted Henry the seventh's notice of England; she was capitulating though with dislike enough, when the intended bridegroom died.

England as upon the Continent. He had been himself when Giulio di Medici, appointed bishop of Worcester in our island, where he had indeed never resided, Wolfey having always acted for him, but whence he expected somewhat of peculiar tenderness and veneration from having held a diocese. Henry's book against Luther, for that reason, soothed and consoled his anxieties awhile, and the title of *Defensor Fidei*, which the King received in consequence, Clement considered as sufficient compensation. A far deeper indulgence however, was required,—Catherine of Arragon, fifteen years queen of England, or little less, was now grown fat and displeasing in her person, and what was nearer still to his heart perhaps, she had brought her husband no *son*. Of such a wife seven years older than himself, and to whom he was wedded in his childhood, many a man has been weary who loudly and justly condemns Harry the eighth; and Harry the eighth was the more weary, because he had set his affections on her maid, the accomplished Anna Boleyn. A thousand circumstances combined to part them: it was a moment in which the Pontiff, humbled by Charles V. was likely enough to grant a dispensation against that Emperor's aunt, and many a dispensation had been granted by Rome with fewer reasons for scruple, and fewer excitements to revenge; our quondam Bishop had given hopes that the divorce might be obtained while he himself was prisoner to the Queen's nephew; but ease will recant vows made in pain as violent or void; and when the Pope had once obtained his liberty and felt himself fixed in his chair again, he found his own scruples to the dispensation as powerful as Henry's scruples against cohabitation *any longer* with a princess who had been openly married to his elder brother some twenty years before. The queen, old Catherine however, had *no* scruples; she felt little inclination to relinquish her throne and husband to her woman, exchange her state and dignity for private life, and bastardize her only child, sole heir to England's crown. Although *widow* to young Arthur, she solemnly protested she had been *wife* only to Henry, she therefore interested her sister Joanna's son strongly in her favour, and Charles

was a powerful intercessor; had not an amorous passion prompted the uncontrollable temper of Henry to overleap all bounds; and by marrying a Lutheran lady, connect that Emperor still more strongly with the Pontiff, who less attached even to Rome than to his dear and native Florence, forgot the offences offered to his person, and purchased, by disobliging England, a temporary protection for the Medicean house, against whose long usurpation, if such it may be called, the Tuscans were beginning to rebel. Thus did each secret operation of each busy mind concerned in these transactions, tend towards forwarding the work of reformation. It was exceedingly wanted. Don Jorge di Atheca, chaplain to Catherine of Arragon, was made bishop of Llandaff, and resided, but the people complained that he understood neither English nor Welsh: he was a Dominican. John Bird of Bangor was a Carmelite, to him I think succeeded Arthur Bulkeley doctor of laws, who as the old books tell, *spoiled the bishopric*: and even sold the five bells from the cathedral. The people cried and clamoured: Nay, quoth he, I will even *see* them shipt away for sale: he did so, says Godwin, and some sand blowing into his eyes with the wind, brought on an inflammation, and his sight was lost for ever.

We were unlucky about that time in Wales, and sadly treated by our spiritual lords. Parfew, a man from Bermondsey, late Barnaby-street, Southwark, was bishop of St. Asaph, and so proud, so ostentatious and oppressive was his conduct, that nothing sufficed the expences of his table, and he leased out the lands on bishop's lease, a not uncommon tenure now, but I believe he set the first example. Abuses which served to bring forward our present happy establishment however, should be but little lamented, many of the King's crimes and many of his follies have been I hope atoned by his permission of the Bible, printed in vulgar tongue.\* Our Lord's word known to all, his

\* It was the way then for prelates to present the sovereign with a new year's gift. Hugh Latimer, bishop of Worcester, gave Henry a New Testament, beautifully illuminated and wrapt in a curious cover, and with these dangerous words embroidered on it: *Fornicatores et Adulteros judicabit Dominus*. Yet he lived to be burned by Mary.

blood bestowed on all, were such advantages, that though one wishes they had been procured to us by better means, and that the will to grant them had been born of motives much more purified than his were; yet let us thankfully rejoice in our possession of what his care has purchased for us, 'spite of his favourite *Wolsey*, the grand obstacle. He was however pushed aside by passion, after having enjoyed a confidence few ministers were ever honoured with, a degree of opulence and splendour which half frightened the beholders, and 'twas not easy to amaze England in those days with ecclesiastical pomp. *West*, bishop of Ely, kept a hundred menial servants in livery, and *Ruthal* of Durham, predecessor to the Cardinal, died of grief, because when the King sent for a book that he had care of, he by mistake sent his Majesty another manuscript bound like it, with inventories of his own plate, jewels, lands, &c. to an immense amount. It grew indeed somewhat dangerous here as in Turkey to be too rich, while governed by such a sovereign, whom nevertheless *Wolsey* presuming on certainty of favour, postponed to himself 'tis said, in a letter to one of his contemporary pontiffs, *Valesius* observes somewhere if the Popes put their names first before the kings, it will give courage to a cardinal perhaps, and *he* may do so, and being certainly some king's subject, an insolence of that kind cannot be pardoned: 'twas *Wolsey's* fate to verify that idea. *Anne Boleyn* soon displaced the counsellor who recommended a French princess to her master's bed, and *Catherine* hated the courtier, who only hurried on her divorce to promote nuptials of his own contriving. *Wolsey* fell, having like other favourites once possessed the arts of insinuation, and having like them, left those arts off too soon: yet though his profusion sometimes was suffered to exhaust the hoards of avarice, and his vanity to poison the gratifications prepared for his pride, he lived like a great man after all, and died like a good one, as my countryman *Griffith* says of him in *Shakspeare*. He loved his king, who as it should seem, though all men feared, none hated; and the true grandson of *Edward the fourth* suffered neither  
favour

favour nor friendship, neither politics nor dread to stop the tide of impulse: he seized the Cardinal's effects at once, and confiscating his benefices, &c. took the first taste of that church-plunder, with which he now opposed an Emperor, possessed as unjustly of the mines of Mexico. Perpetual converse upon theological questions sharpened his wit to find reasons for what flattered his interest and appetites; Anne Boleyn's charms quickened each argument against papal power, and when the grand protestation was made upon the Continent, our King found himself a *Protestant* indeed, but in no sense a Lutheran: supremacy over his own ecclesiasticks was the tenet which best suited such a disputant, and he exercised it without consideration and without controul. His parliaments though not now as they had been, mere nominal assemblies, opposed not his will in *these* matters. Some inclination to demur was felt indeed towards granting of *supplies*, the point still nearest an English heart, but Harry called Sir Edward Montagu before him, and laying his broad hand upon his head, cried, Hoh, man! will they not suffer my bill to pass, say you? Get my business done to-morrow—mark me: or *this*, shaking him as he knelt, shall answer it. Such admonitions had their due effect, yet did not a century pass, before the *king's* head of the same country *shook* and *fell*, under the still rougher gripe of a House of Commons. Meantime his Majesty and his people were wholly of a mind in driving out the intermediate power of the clergy, and keeping within our own island those fums which used annually to find their way to Rome, where Anne Boleyn's father carried the last message from England, and refused to kiss the slipper. He was encouraged in his refusal. And now, after a variety of contests and convocations where many laymen, and not a few of princely rank, displayed a profundity of learning that would be deemed pedantic even in *professors* of *our* day, it was in the year 1530 agreed, that a set of articles should be drawn up, expressing and particularizing the just causes of separation in what the Lutherans called *Confessio Augustana*, from the town where all met together



together under the Emperor's sanction. These articles were committed to the lenient hand of semi-celestial Melancthon for correction, as all the *Protestants*, and most of the *Papists* were willing to submit to his decision, whose character for every virtue, every excellence, stood so high among the disputants, that neither envy of friends (as they are called) or malice of foes, could ever find a flaw in it. A German prince eminent for his own abilities, had sent for him when but fourteen years of age, to instruct his son in the Greek language, and at seventeen he gave public lectures in the university. Camerarius's life of his accomplished countryman, may not perhaps be free from partiality, but even the rigid Romanists confess that to an erudition deep and strong, this incomparable creature added true Christian meekness and unbounded charity; a diffidence of his own judgment and an unaffected humbleness of heart, rarely to be observed in any man; much less in one so highly exalted above his fellows, that Francis the first wrote to him with his own hand, requesting his conference with the Sorbonists, concerning the disputes which in those days agitated all Europe. Henry of England solicited his company and *instruction*, but Frederick the wise elector of Saxony, said he would not trust the jewel of the world in either country, lest harm should happen to a form so fragile. His voice calmed the raging disputants at Speyer, his pen pacified those of Ratisbon: his tears fell when Francowitz, better known by the name of Flaccus Illyricus, widened that breach among contending Christians, which 'twas Melancthon's study still to close. When living he afforded men an example of piety, peacefulness and candour; when teaching, he exhorted his hearers rather to the practice than investigation of religion, and when his mother consulted him as to *her* belief: "Be happy, dearest parent," he replied, "in your own ignorance of all these arguments; serve God as you are used to do, and feed his poor, and leave your faith as you found it. It is enough that your less fortunate Philip should be thus stummed with babble which does but hinder him from working out his own salvation." These are

the characters which, like a verdant meadow in the torrid zone, refresh the eye of fainting *Retropection*, which looks on Henry's tyrannies with pain, especially when exercised on More and Fisher, determined Romanists but faithful and valuable subjects. The last of these was thrown into a dungeon with more than barbarous cruelty, stripped even of his clothes, half killed by loathsome vapours, and when there created cardinal by the high-spirited Pope Clement the seventh, beheaded (of course) in consequence of that step by his King, 1535. Sir Thomas, who had long carried the great seal with honour and integrity, threw it up now, refusing to sanction acts he could not approve. First among wits, he kept his sweet facetious humour to the last, but hating the innovations he observed, and detesting the motives which produced them, he prepared for his fate, and died a martyr to the Pope's supremacy: which no persuasions could make him relax from, no threats oblige him to deny. Bold and decided in his own opinions, he signed them cheerfully in his own blood, and carried to the scaffold that consciousness of innocence which alone could have enabled him to jest upon it. While his fierce sovereign tore this precious life away by public execution, he meditated that of his (towards him) guiltless consort; whose usurpation of a seat she had no claim to, seems to have been her only fault, and *that* she expiated with willing fortitude, having observed it punished by imitation in one of the ladies of her court, Jane Seymour, some time before she was removed to make way for this third marriage of her hasty and unfeeling king. A son soon followed these unhallowed nuptials, purchased indeed by the young Queen's death, an event Henry disregarded, and loudly cried, *Save me the boy, I can have wives enow*. He had best reason to say so, when Jane accepted his hand, reeking as we may call it with Anne Boleyn's blood, the very morning after her once loved form was flung neglected into an arrow chest. Anne of Cleves, his next choice, pleased him not on trial, and his capricious dislike of *her* renewed the differences between him and Charles, but that misfortune he

he counted little on, and she the happiest far of all his wives, accepted three thousand pounds a-year from him, lived in good friendship with her successors, and was always treated by the king as a sister; while the unlucky objects of what his Majesty called *love*, followed one another fast to the shades below. It was now Catherine Howard's turn to attract his eye, as it seems she had attracted many: and my competitors, the little table books,\* who give commonly the truest account of such matters, put *her* down for the first female who ever used *pins* in England. Be this as it may, the publick executioner had it soon in charge to unpin beauteous Catherine for the block; these whims though fatal to ambitious folly, were not, however, so insupportable as the outrageous cruelties committed in this reign, under pretence of religion. Three helpless anabaptists, men; and a woman of the same persuasion, were burned at Smithfield, because they had said that faith and repentance could not be predicated of infants; let the king *say how he will*. This was heresy; and our new head of the church saw them consumed. Lambart, a poor schoolmaster, provoked his death by desiring to dispute with the king concerning the real presence in the sacrament, unlike the man who refused to contend in philosophy against Adrian, A. D. 130, because the emperor had ten legions he said; to oppose to his ten arguments. Henry had the odd vanity to accept this challenge, and the inhumanity, after confuting his antagonist, to burn him: the schoolmaster, one of whose favourite tenets was rejection of saints' mediation, cried out from the flames: "None but Christ, none but Christ," and expiring, bore testimony to his true faith in our common Redeemer, whose blest injunctions to love one

\* Those same repositories of knowledge tell how damask and provence roses were unknown till this reign, which likewise saw many fruits imported wholly new to us; apricots among the rest. This may be so; England had reason to remember *roses* however, since the days of Henry VI.; and that fatal walk taken in the Temple garden. It *might* indeed be from a hedge they plucked the rival flowers, but as the place was a garden, 'tis not probable.

another were never worse obeyed than now. The brutality of this poor creature's punishment, who appears to have been what we now call a calvinist; the tortures of Anne Askew, a learned and steady lutheran, who was racked till they were forced to carry her dislocated body in a chair to the stake, and the decapitation of More and Fisher, Romanists, mark the sanguinary temper of our ferocious sovereign, and stain his character with indelible marks of impious rage, ill covered by religious zeal for creeds of his own composing; while the inconstant appetites to which so many unhappy women were exposed, betray a depravity of morals well worthy his wavering notions of religion. We must not however forget, that such disputations between king and subjects were by no means *new* in the world. Alexis Comnenus contended whole days with the Manicheans at Phillipopolis, in the eleventh or twelfth century, and condemned his successful antagonist to dreadful punishments, though not to actual and immediate death. But we return to England, where though the instruments were faulty the great work went on; the door of Christian knowledge now was opened, no more could people plead ignorance with regard to faith or duties, their investigation was close, and truth gradually rising from the mists of error, sprung upward to salute the sun of general illumination, while those who first had helped to dig her out, floundered themselves in the fog of contending vapours. After his sixth marriage with Catherine Parr, Henry's keen appetite for argument seemed only equalled by that thirst of blood which left him but with life, and that extinct in 1547, saved the duke of Norfolk from an execution undeserved. The subtle Queen finding her name on the dead list by accident, turned the full tide of rage she could not stop, and let it spend itself on her pursuers. She outlived her tyrant and married again, having but little affection for his memory Francis the first of France, deeply affected by his brother's death, so he had always styled Henry the eighth, said he should not survive long, in effect he died in three months after. 'Twas supposed indeed, the visit artful Charles had paid this prince, dazzled

dazzled him first of all, and then cajoled, but in the end preyed on his health, and lastly broke his heart; when he perceived, though late, the trick put on him, by which he was obliged to restore, however reluctantly, the Milanese for ever.

Another sovereign, the Farnese Pope, who succeeded Clement VII. died not long after these, of grief and disappointment. He had excommunicated Henry without effect; he had tried to establish the inquisition at Naples with very ill effect; he made a league with the Venetians against Turkish power, which proved abortive in a short time; and tried to get a truce kept ten years between the Emperor and the King of France, which was broken in ten months: but neither the rapid advances made by Solyman the Magnificent, nor the steady firmness and solidity gained by the Reformation would have killed him, had not each foreign arrow been poisoned by domestic distress, each shaft winged by his grandson Octavio, whose father, Paul's legitimate son born in wedlock before he took holy orders, died at Placentia by assassination. That town lost, that son killed, and those hopes of comfort which yet remained, being destroyed by Octavio, 'twas time to end a life no longer of use to the Romish see, and it *did* end. He had seen Charles the fifth prescribing the mode of German worship as Henry had done that of England, by an *interim* during which the Emperor acted completely as head of his own church; and had not his apparent indifference to every thing in religion, except what related to politicks, left the people in a state of what we now call toleration, but what no people had then any taste of; the Reformation in Europe would have been nearly complete. But Rome was mortified, and Paul the third was broken-hearted by the afflictions which hindered his enjoyment of that fine palace which he built from the ruins of the ancient Colosseum, and was finished by the hand of Michael Angelo. One solid, one only comfort soothed this sad, though splendid pontificate; and that was received from Ignatius Loyola, who when a boy had been court-page to Ferdinand of Arragon, and a distinguished officer at Pampeluna, where he broke his thigh, and while the pain obliged him to keep home, having

having accidentally caught up a book containing the lives of the saints for his amusement, determined on embracing a holy life, yet without renouncing a world in which he meant to be useful. In the true spirit of a knighted and Christian warrior, he resolved to dedicate himself and sixty friends to the support of sinking, if not expiring papacy, and instituted the well-known company of Jesus, requesting his Holiness to appear as visible head of an order entirely devoted to his supreme command. Paul felt the utility of such auxiliaries, refused to confine their number, and after admiring at the resolution of St. Ignatius, dismissed him with sincerest blessings. When some expressed their surprise at his conversion, Farnese, who knew not even books, in which he was eminently skilled, better than he knew the world, gave them this reply: "The votaries of pleasure *often* make good saints; the votaries "of business *feldom*." This is consonant to common sense, for the *gay* man, as he is called, *condemns* himself even when his passions run away with him; but the grave follower of avarice or ambition *applauds* himself, and respects his own ideas of dignity and frugal habits. It was of some such sinner that Loyola's distinguished countryman, Seneca the rhetorician, said so many years before:

Propria vitia non ignoravit, sed amavit.

With the demise of this sovereign and his two contemporaries we will close this chapter. Paul the third's stately monument my own *retrospective* eye has often seen at Rome: Henry lies buried in his father's chapel; and Francis was dug up not many years ago at St. Denys, to strip his sepulchre of some rich ornaments; his favourite faithful wife la belle Claude lay by his side; his heart was interred separate in *la chapelle d'Orleans* of the Celestin's convent, with this epitaph by St. Gelais, which Pere Bouhours preserved in his *Maniere de bien Penser*:

Que tient enclos ce marbre que je voi ?  
C'est le grand François, incomparable Roi.  
Comme eut un tel prince si court monument ?  
De lui il n'y a ici que le cœur seulement.  
Donc ici n'est pas tout ce grand vainqueur,  
Il y est tout—car il était tout cœur.

But of less mortal memory by far than popes or kings, died near the same time their great opponent Luther. Intrepid to perform what his vast mind proposed, he lived till all fear was banished from his followers, and left his præcursor Erasmus, to see the regular troops of papacy harassed by his own flying strokes of wit, till by bold Martin's horse they were trampled if not killed, and nearly deprived of power to do much more harm for the future. Had *he* been able to inspire mankind with his well-mingled taste of follies and scorn of fools, reformation would have been stopt perhaps when Luther died. The weeds would have been destroyed, and the fair field, unpoached by coarser tread, would have preserved its greenness to this hour.

## CHAP. VI.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE, DISCOVERY, AND  
TURKISH EMPIRE REVIEWED.

FROM 1550 TO 1600.

**I**F when immersed in the dun night of Gothick barbarism our readers followed while we groped along, watching for transient gleams of trembling day, soon snatched from us by fogs which hourly menaced even a permanent obscurity; if though our *retrospective* glass less fixed than flickering over each unsteady object, lent a light on which, in worst of times, they willingly bestowed a resolute attention; 'twere to be hoped the remnant of our view more near, more easy to discern, more luminous, would want for no attractions to continue the flight revival that we undertook; but every journey in its every stage, finds obstacles unforeseen. A glare of colours now, a crowd of objects perplex our choice, and dazzle the admiring eyes of eager *Retrospection*. Dark with excess of light that period seems, which boasts like this a galaxy of characters, and leaves us hesitatingly between Charles V. and Henry IV., Elizabeth of England and Solymán the Magnificent, while Sixtus V. deserves a volume, and will scarce gain a page, content if our attention be transferred to Sansovino and Palladio, the glowing tints of Titiano Vecelli, the epic beauties of Torquato Tasso; or the spontaneity of immortal Corregio. Round Cebes's table too, within this period, state the proud Scaligers, of which the first possess most fire and genius, critics agree, the second most erudition. This is natural. Renown called up the parent to her temple, the son solicited her



her hand to help his climbing.\* Lascaris, Wolfius, Frizius, never-dying names; and Voffius happier than them all perhaps, possessing such a successor as Hector wished for in Astyanax, when he desires that the Greeks may say how the brave son transcends the father's fame, so fill rumour's capacious trumpet:

They make me that I dare not trust these eyes,  
Dancing in mists, and dazzled with surprise. *Dryden.*

Nor could the recipe of Sannazarius strengthen *our* fight, though when Frederick king of Naples, in that poet's presence, consulted physicians for the purpose, he observed shrewdly, "Among us authors, Sir, *envy* is found of wondrous efficacy for making men look sharp, and see small faults; I know not what these learned gentlemen will find of use for kings." My readers and myself have little cause for envy; our favoured island stood not so high among surrounding potentates then, as she does this day: for though the princesses of it read Plato, and Roger Ascham reproached the university with the court maidens' superior erudition, Eliza Carter, and Cornelia Knight, shrink not from the comparison; nor did the learned ladies of that age leave *us*, as those of this day will leave our posterity, works of acknowledged merit as remembrancers. Warton finds nothing but lady Juliana Berners' book upon hunting among the early works of Henry the eighth's reign, or little sooner, which own a female hand; but hunting, like literature, was confined to the *grandees*. Lord Grosvenor takes his title, I believe, from the *gros veneur* of Henry VII. and as to learning sublimated by genius, all *his* flowers were caught by the *upper* ranks of life, as those of *sulphur per campanam*; what staid below was coarse enough methinks, when in the year 1550 a young man was obliged to promise faithfully that he would study hard, and learn to read not alone the Latin Testament,

\* Adr. Turnebus called Joseph Scaliger *monstrum sine vitio*. We must not say *ut pictura poesis* however, for Godfrey Scalchen makes pride one of his seven vices, and Scaliger had some of *that* I think.

but even *Cornelius Nepos*, if need were, before he should solicit holy orders. Till then the Pseudo Evangelium was our common classick, and held its post in the cathedral church of Canterbury so long, that the hole still may be seen in that old pillar it was nailed to. Dean Colet first drove this book out of date by his exposition of St. Paul's Epistles. He founded that noble institution St. Paul's School, dedicated to the infant Jesus, and he made the Accidence for these boys in the great work called Lillie's Grammar, of which Erasmus wrote *qui mihi*, as Dr. Johnson told me: what part Sir Thomas More contributed I have forgotten; but our sovereign judiciously enough clapping Colet on the back, said, "Well! let every man chuse his own doctor, this shall be mine." Not long before this period Corderius too made his incomparable Baby Dialogues; Erasmus's Colloquies were intended for adults; Corderius's were composed to divert little John Calvin when a child. Under such agricultists well might the plants flourish; Wolfey took them from the seed-bed to his magnificent nursery at Oxford, where by permission from Clement the seventh, forty lesser monasteries had been destroyed to build one beautiful pile, meant by the favourite to have been called Cardinal's College; but after his disgrace the king finished and called it *Christ's Church*. 'Twas from that hour he meditated the dissolution of the drones entirely, so he often called monks and friars. The going out of Gothick ideas kept pace with the exit of their architecture. Eton and King's College Cambridge had been fabricated by Henry VI. and yet remain beautiful specimens of the art with which our ancestors (unacquainted with Grecian models,) imitated the mingling boughs at the top of a high avenue; and while any affection for nature and the grand objects of it remain among their sons, we shall, as Milton says, *Yet*

Love the high embowed roof,  
And antique pillar's massie proof.

The Oxford fabricks seem to make the shade between runick and revived Greek ideas of excellence; so does the fine church at Cremona,  
I remember;

I remember; so do the poets when the Latin tongue first revived, or if no more a living language, upon the tomb in which it long had slept the fairest flowers were planted.

Vida fut de Virgile l'illustre imitateur,  
Et Mantoue en Cremona eut une digne sœur.

There was indeed a perpetual struggle after anagrams, acrosticks, &c. in that day of resuscitation, when, starting like the Greenlander after his half year's sleep, literature looked round and saw things in odd shapes. When gardening revived, our grounds were filled with yew and box trees, all cut in forms of peacocks, swans or apes: fantastick toys! like those of making verses that would read backwards as well as forwards, each letter and each word—*odo tenet mulum, mappam madidam tenet Anna*—with a thousand more, *pris et moquez terriblement*, a set of French stanzas among the rest.\* The reason perhaps continued in taste, after it had begun in necessity, like Egypt's hieroglyphicks. Pietro Angelo Mausoli satirizes the Romish church unmercifully in his Zodiac, but although he wrote under protection of René d'Este, the protestant dukes of Ferrara, he finds it not amiss to conceal his name under an *anagram*, which the first twenty lines of the poem express besides, *acrostically*, **MARCELLUS PALINGENIUS**. The wonder is they all danced so well in their wooden shoes. It is observable that the poets were almost all in every country well disposed to the Reformation; for they are covered with *the lightest ground*, as Dryden says. Marot was the immediate friend of Calvin, and Villon

\* *Pierre de St. Louis* however, carried this folly far before them all. After writing a strange poem in praise of Mary Magdalen, which Monsieur de la Monnoye calls a *chef d'œuvre* of pious extravagance, he found out that his name, his *own* name, picking the letters carefully by metagram, formed these words, *Il est de Carmel*, and instantly put on a friar's frock; and in a few years more discovered that that same sentence was contained in it, in another language, Latin of course. He died soon after this discovery, and *Carmelo se devoct* was written on his tomb.

ran for refuge to our Edward VI. to whom science, in every shape and dress, was welcome. Malherbe alone hated the *new way*, as he called it, although by no means bigotted to the old one. He thought of nothing but purifying the French language, and making it what it became in another century or less, under the exact and pointed Despreaux, who praises *him* always *con amore*. There is a comical anecdote or two of his last moments. Having rejected spiritual assistance a long time, his friends at length persuaded him to send for a priest: "And well," says he, "since every body does send for a priest, fetch one for *me*; because God Almighty will not make a paradise on purpose for poor Malherbe, I suppose, and I should hate to die like a heretick." So the priest came: but while the good man, lengthening his harangue, told of the joys of heaven, our poet, feeling his ruling passion strong in death, cried out, "Dear Sir you'll make me hate the place presently: speak better French on such a subject, or be silent." Our verse writers kept no pace with the continent, but our King Edward's character for knowledge, scholarship and personal accomplishments is such, that was it not written by a foreigner one could not possibly give credit to it: but Cardan was a truth-teller we know, though it were to his own hindrance; and he says so naturally, "*He was a wondrous boy!*" that we are bound to believe him. This strange prodigy was himself a Milanese, who having, as he fancied, forced himself into existence against his parents' will, who wished to destroy him, considered that existence as fated, and believed his life destined to some particular use and purpose. Such was his spirit of study, and such his hard pursuit after truths difficult to obtain, that 'twas his boast to confess he did not completely understand himself; especially the treatises written six years before. Cardan casting his nativity however, and finding the seven planets at his birth so placed that he was inevitably to die starved, he forbore eating when first seized by illness, and to do honour to his horoscope, expired A. D. 1576. Paracelsus; his contemporary physician, was a Swiss. He began

gan his *debut* with burning Galen's works, and loudly saying that there was more sense in his own empty bonnet than in the full heads of all who went before him. Such confidence in his own abilities, which he had not learned to distinguish from genius, was better calculated to gain enemies than to convey instruction; yet not contented, Paracelsus throwing himself on the mercy of those he had so justly provoked, produced an elixir which he openly asserted had the peculiar power to preserve men's lives through three whole centuries at least. As a proof of his belief in its virtue, he swallowed it in presence of many spectators, and died in fifteen days after, aged 48. Copernicus was a cooler character; his praise has been perhaps founded more since his death than any of these worthies. Perhaps what he did was more difficult to do—though I think not—because Pythagoras had nearly done it all for him: the world was not ripe for celestial discoveries however, and though distance from danger protected his person and opinions, his books were burned by the inquisition at Rome as heretical; a fate which Tycho Brahe resolved not to encounter: he wished to find a mean between this new system, as 'twas called, which bore to ignorant people the appearance of militating against the holy scriptures, and Ptolemy's awkwardly-imagined hypothesis, which revolts against philosophy and common sense. Desirous of escaping condemnation, either from wisdom or folly, he set up a scheme which has been little adopted; and although that theory alone called his name from the crowd in 1570; when the figures were reversed, 'twas his name alone in 1750 which could make the attempt remembered. Tycho was a nobleman of high birth, and in a night-brawl had his nose cut off by the swift sword of a Swedish cavalier. The king made up their quarrel, and Tycho made himself a nose of wax to go to court and be presented. His biographer puts some gold into the wax to keep it, I suppose, from melting in the drawing-room; but Sweden is a cold climate. We hear of him soon after marrying a pretty peasant wench at Knutstrup: his family were all afflicted, all enraged at the

the

the unmerited honour bestowed upon an individual of inferior birth by a man of such dignity, though with such a nose; but the king interfered again, and pacified the relations, saying, *astronomers* must be allowed their *eccentricities*: and this bon mot of Frederick II, who loved Tycho, and built the castle of *Uranianbourg* for his observatory, brought up the humour of calling any deviation from common modes of life an *eccentricity*; but the joke is lost when not made upon an astronomer. Pelletier meanwhile wrote upon algebra, upon criticism, and upon pestilential fevers, set up a new orthography in France, which few people of the present day can develope, and which hindered his books from being read when he first wrote them: his translation of Horace however, is applauded, and his long commentary on Euclid esteemed, so that none can boast greater *versatility* of genius.

But *Retrospection* cannot stay to pick the best ears out of an acre of wheat; numberless innominate croud the glass, and glorious names beside, which our close limits leave us not even *power to enumerate*. We will call up one shade or two more—then with a flourish like that of Ulysses in the descent into hell, drive those away who ought to drive down *us*. “While these repelled, a train oblivious fly;” our wand touches Lord Chancellor Bacon, worthy that name so dear to science, so courted by philosophy, that she herself has worn it twice, and once more *tried it on* within the space of four hundred years. As from Edmund Spenser’s prolific muse sprung almost all the English poems which we now read and quote; as from old Sir John Gower’s three pasties\* was probably hatched the delightful tale of Portia and her caskets; so from Lord Bacon’s Essays have proceeded Spectators, Tatlers, Observers, Worlds; while every thought of his, being solid gold, ductile and malleable, I see not where will end the wiredrawing: but

\* Gower’s *Confessio Amantis* has a story of the Emperor Frederick who, for his disport, had three artful pasties made just alike: one filled with two fat capons, one with florins, and one with straws and dirt. Some poor beggars were called in to chuse with much ceremony before the king, and their mistakes caused him much content.

whilst

whilst we borrow, we, like other creditors, seek to defame our lender's wild extravagance, and find a fault where we commend a virtue—

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,  
The wisest, brightest, *meanest* of mankind—

says Mr. Pope: but had the charge of bribery been proved, he would have shared it with Edward the third and Henry the fifth, heroes not *then* forgotten. Bribes had been openly given to every king and every chancellor for perversion of justice, until Sir Thomas More refused them, and *he* was blamed by his own family for so doing. Dauncey, his son-in-law, reproved him for not taking money for *suits*, as the phrase was then, and Sir Thomas laughed at him; but greater still when carried forth to execution, a woman followed, blaming him loudly for refusing her *gift*, and losing her *honest* cause, for so she deemed it. "Peace, babbling wife," exclaimed the dying philosopher, "I well recollect me of the case and the decree; and would repeat it this day again, were I in *that chair* instead of *this*," pointing humorously at the scaffold. But whilst Lord Verulam was making chemical experiments, or studying casuistry, or storing his capacious mind with general knowledge to a degree of plenitude undreamed of by his præcursors in literature, his clerks, Gehazi-like, took bribes; and those men wonder at it whose grandfathers would have been proud, not ashamed of taking bribes themselves: but every thing was undergoing a refinement, and vice among the rest.

After the year 1600, our *retrospective* eye will not see gross and prominent offence so often. The superficies of life began to obtain a smoothness little known before. Language, morals, religion, manners, all were soon covered with a coat of varnish, that has employed men ever since to *rub it in* and *hide*, not *take away*, defects from the sub-strata. Such lurked not however, in the christian soul of Bartolomeo de las Casas; for Spain and Spaniards have been too long forgotten: but whilst we have been tracing the progress of discovery, and wandering in the tangled paths of *science*, I see not how *virtue* could

go further than his did—*theirs* the wild chance of false felicities, *his* the composed possession of the true, severely tried by various vexations. After Balboa then had crossed the Isthmus of Darien on foot; and found the true shape of South America, ascertaining what Columbus had discovered, and realizing what fancy had imag'd to men's minds; when they promised to themselves a country whose veins were silver and whose heart was gold;—after the cruel Roderigo Albuquerque, having succeeded the heirs of Columbus in Hispaniola; had completed the extinction of its aborigines by the intolerable severity of European burdens on a race of mortals unable to resist their oppressors, and incapable of conciliating their kindness by obedience;—when the dwellers in Mexico were already represented as creatures of an inferior kind, fit only to be trampled on;—and when Peru was supposed to possess more of the same sort, born to be killed, and their country given to others as a prey; Bartolomeo de las Casas undertook a defence of their abilities, interesting the king of Spain (then dying) in their favour; endeavouring to gain over Ximenes, and persuade Charles V. that these were men like those of the old hemisphere, and that to enslave, insult, and murder them, were mortal sins against impartial Heaven. It must be therefore candidly confessed, that although fearful crimes and horrible cruelties were practised in the sacred name of our Lord Jesus Christ upon the hapless inhabitants of a new-discovered world, it was to his own zealous and faithful servants, the Dominicans, with this indefatigable assistant from home, that the poor souls owed a mitigation of their sufferings, a clear narration of the indignities offered them, and even a steady and dangerous defence when their tormentors boldly accused them of natural imbecillity, and considering them as women are considered in the east, protested they had not powers of mind or body with which to love God or serve their fellow creatures. That this *illiberal idea* of a *whole nation* should be combated only by half a dozen monks, neither readers, nor writers, nor wits, nor scoffers can deny. The Spanish planters threatened to tear Bartolomeo to pieces,



pieces, and he took shelter in a convent. Coming out however, he escaped to Europe, where from Charles V. he gained new powers, and set about schooling his new pupils in a new place where he deemed them uncorrupted by Spanish manners. After two years mutual confidence, and *he* thought mutual kindness, the natives, not aware that his intentions towards *them* could be friendly, rose on his little household, and put them all to death, except himself, who was saved only by flight. Grief and shame were now added to his mortifications, yet life remained. The fools he could not teach he persisted to write for, nor died till he had counted up ninety-two years spent in the service both of God and man. Robertson can scarce persuade himself to believe all that Las Casas tells of his countrymen's cruelty: nor could I, till Count Udazio, a Brescian nobleman, who lived a long time in Peru, and knew the country, assured me he had seen the natives driven down in herds like cattle to the water, upon the 24th of June for baptism, as the priests called it, who shouted them in, and kicked them back again, after a thousand gross indecencies and brutal insults offered to their persons: then registering their numbers, sent the government in Europe word how many Indians had been *christened* that year.

An account of what was done by Pizarro in Peru is a mere counterpart to the conduct of Cortez in Mexico. That bold chieftain had followed Balboa cross Panama, where he was born of some wretched woman, who had submitted to Spanish connections, and fancied herself a favourite. He, having inspired Almagro and de Lucque with that desire of conquest which seemed waning in the mother country since Charles V. their king was crowned emperor, and seemed likely to gild the Flemish trophies with gold derived through Spain, set forward with his rough companions, accompanied by two hundred and fifty armed men on foot, sixty on horseback, and twelve pieces of ordnance, to overturn the empire of Mango Capac, which extended at least thirty degrees, and had continued in quiet obedience to his descendants through thirteen sovereigns or incas—poor Atabalipa the last. That

hapless prince over an effeminate and superstitious people, on their approach prepared for certain ruin; and recollecting dreams and prophecies that said the children of the sun should be destroyed upon a future day by mortals sent from the regions where he first arose, made not even a shew of resistance: his subjects indeed, when they saw Pizarro's people seizing his person, in imitation of the trick played upon Montezuma, rose *en masse*, and were massacred five thousand helpless souls at once. A million sterling was demanded next for ransom of Atabalipa, to which another million was added on a threat that their beloved inca should *not* be burned or eaten by his enemies, but *hanged* with ignominy, the death they most abhor. The sum was paid without delay, not shared without dispute. Each private soldier had 3000l. the distant king was to receive his fifths, after no few deductions, and as Almagro was not on the spot just when the work was done, he seems to have been forgotten. When once arrived however, he forgot not to make Pizarro recollect, how before coming out, de Lucque parted a consecrated host between them, making 'em swear by that same sacrament, that all they gained should be just so divided. The next thing was to strangle Atabalipa, and part his realms and ransom. The last was justly shared; not so the land. Almagro got two hundred leagues of soil indeed, and the commander had no more: but in *his* tract of country lay Cusco, the metropolis of which he had easily made himself master; and the foundations of young Lima too, where he proposed to build a Christian town, he said, and not to live surrounded by pagans, but see the lighted tapers adorn a Romish church, while convents should spring up on every side. This catholic project was retarded by illness; and whilst Almagro was gone off to Chili, where his friend hoped perpetual winters would detain him, the poor Peruvians rose upon Pizarro, and made a faint attempt once more for freedom. In vain!—when their best hopes were at the height, home from his false discoveries came Almagro: an unconditional submission followed upon the part of the unhappy

happy

happy natives, to whose amazement their fierce conquerors, filled with a spirit of revenge and fury, fell on each other, till at length Almagro was seized, and put forthwith to the bow-string. One grieves to think so few Americans staid to observe the issue of this contest. When it began first they all stole away, rejoicing in the opportunity; and an universal migration beyond the mountains had taken place, leaving catholic Pizarro leisure to accomplish the buildings he meditated to the honour of *religion*, when he had trampled justice, and honour, and friendship under foot. He forgot not to erect a palace for himself, but lived in every luxury that could be devised; not enervating his health however, or dissolving his strength in voluptuous sensualities: he even sent out discoverers, and sometimes followed them. He was betrayed indeed by Orellana, whose stories of the Amazonian tribes, and houses roofed with gold, &c. gave rise to the numerous fables concerning Eldorado, a place now heard of only in *Candide*, but then concluded real, and expected to be stumbled on by every empty-headed adventurer. That treachery should torment Pizarro, or that assassination from Almagro's son should end him, will not afflict the eye of *Retrospection*, better pleased to contemplate the conduct of Pietro della Gasca, who by Charles the fifth's command in 1550, extirpated the nest of tyrants; and having tried to establish peace in his king's new dominions, returned home unenriched, and received with every mark of a just master's true esteem, the bishoprick of Valentia, where, at a prodigious age, he died happy, after having lived through all temptations honest.

'Tis curious to observe the different manners of late discovered mortals in *the east*, from these acquiescent occidentalists. "The Portuguese," says a pert French writer, "were fine fellows once; they doubled the Cape of Good Hope, they boasted a Gama and an Albuquerque *Alphonso*; they made all Europe jealous of them, and they wrote a heroic poem. There remains of all these exploits indeed but little: their heroes perished in prison, their boasted poet rotted in

“ an hospital, and their best comforts in the present century are the  
 “ queen’s diamonds from Brazil, and the thoughts that the inquisition  
 “ is in full force at Goa.” The adventure of Souza and his mistress,  
 as told by Raynal, however, is a *just* boast of heroick virtue; nor could  
 Scipio’s famous continence surpass it: for we are constrained to call  
 that conduct excellent as well as exemplary, which forbears trampling  
 unsuspecting simplicity. Such indeed was not the character of Bor-  
 neo’s cautious king. When Souza, wishing to conciliate *his* friendship  
 with gifts, presented him unluckily a piece of historick tapestry, the  
 figures of warriors, horses, ladies, large as life: “ ’Tis very fine,” said  
 he, “ but although by your secret powers of enchantment, these *flat*  
 “ men and women remain motionless by *day*, when *night* comes on,  
 “ the spell may, for ought I know, be loosened, and our faithful sub-  
 “ jects suffer from their fury: take your curiosities again, and let me  
 “ never see you or your dæmons more.” Had the old Trojans been  
 as prudent!! but they listened not to the salutary cry of *Equo ne cre-  
 dite Teucris*. An obstinate refusal of all connections with Europe fol-  
 lowed this strange conjecture, and that vast island yet remains chiefly  
 inhabited by apes and troglodytes; a few fine emeralds and clouded  
 canes are all that commerce could ever obtain from Borneo: but  
 while Montezuma and Atabalipa appear never to have seen animals in  
 a state of domestication, cat, dog, or horse; the king of Siam kept a  
 large number of tame elephants for his amusement, fed them with  
 sugar canes, and appropriated fifteen slaves to attend on *each* unwieldy  
 favourite, cutting bananas for their repast: “ A servitude which at  
 “ length,” says Raynal, “ grew so intolerable, that on a sudden the  
 “ country was depopulated by a concerted migration of mankind, who  
 “ left their sovereign and his *stud* a prey to voracious tygers.” In elo-  
 quence also, we mark a striking difference between the eastern and  
 western world. All savages are naturally addicted to taciturnity; and  
 words have over them a prodigious effect. The Peruvian and Mexican  
 monarchs for that reason are described as perpetually haranguing *their*  
 subjects:

subjects: the king of Travancor meanwhile, a district extending from Cape Comorin to Cochin China, is represented as an impatient hearer of some Christian missionary, who making him a long speech, was warned by the monarch thus: "Friend, be not tedious, remember life is short." These facts well attested amuse the *Retrospect*, whence, to say true, I purposely exclude long genealogical tales of Peruvian incas, and the division of the world's age into four distinct periods by the Chinese, which we must after all take on the word of those who can prevail on us to believe without examination. 'Tis hard enough to dig out Europe's history from the vast heaps of rubbish thrown upon it. How then can mortals seriously incline to credit stories registered by the *quipos*? on which I trust a milkmaid's tally would justly be considered as a vast improvement. Macpherson says, "That all our wisest men can know of Mexican or Peruvian annals, must have been learned from old traditionary songs, whilst the refined Chinese do so to retard their literature with entanglements, that to read two whole books is an employment for a long life spent in severest study." That they were a nation in times past, Solinus, the ape of Pliny, in his Polyhistor induced men easily to believe; that they are superior to us in any thing but making china-ware, I am not yet induced to believe. Monsieur de Guignes could trace them up no higher than 1122 years before Christ, and I see not that our late travellers have much illuminated the subject. It was A. D. 1582 when Ricci the Jesuit carried out Christian faith among them, which Sextus V. said would never grow there; and my readers, impatient by this time to return to civilized life, will feel happy in the reflection, that while conquest over unresisting fellow-creatures animated the southern inhabitants of our continent to the plunder and destruction of America; England sought only to establish with its sons a generous and friendly intercourse. Prosperity attended such conduct and such motives; our island received the fugitive Protestants of Europe, who set up their manufactures here in peace and comfort, and the poor natives of Brazil, who learned to poi-  
son

son their arrows on approach of a Spaniard or Portugueze, consoled our countrymen at Rio della Hacha, and saved Sir John Hawkins from assassination. When Drake, his near relation, had sailed round the globe at command of his virgin Queen, and called a place never observed before, by name of *New Albion*, in compliment to our own old appellation, she visited his ship at his return, professed her esteem of his courage and gentleness, and listened with delight to the tales he told her how naked Indians attended to the hymns sung by a band of excellent musicians that he took with him, and performed *Te Deum* not twenty leagues from the famed Streights of Magellan; where a wild chieftain, to express his admiration of such harmony, thrust a sharp arrow through *his own leg*, and then embracing Drake, looked up to heaven as if enchanted by the musick. This was about the year 1578. Sir Martin Frobisher too, under the same incomparable sovereign, returned in 1590 from attempts made on a barbarous climate, where winter barricades the realms of frost; baffled indeed, but ever undismayed, and ready at his queen's command to attack the Spanish armada, and to intercept their plate fleet; he did burn one galleon as it returned home heavily laden with silver, almost in sight of the poor natives, who helped to sink it with their curses. The courage of our hardy islanders may be evinced by those climates where they have left their names: Frobisher's Streights, or Hudson's Bay; and Davis, who encountered dangers with an intrepidity unrivalled by the plunderers of Paraguay. *They* sought for filthy lucre, *we* for science; and while they robbed the timorous inhabitants of a country where ripeness seemed to end and rottenness begin, bold Britain gave her name to a rough fishery found on a stormy cape at Newfoundland. The north east passage to Archangel indeed, graced the discoveries of this sixteenth century, and lent new hopes to heroes of a future day. Virginia was so named in honour of our ever-single sovereign, who seeing improvements thus come on a-pace, while opium, coffee, chocolate, perfumes and spices, added luxury to living, cut off her cloth hose, 'tis told, and

wore

wore silk stockings the remainder of her days, which scarcely lasted to the year 1600.

If however, impatience to contemplate our own country in its most prosperous, most glorious days, has led our hurried *Retrospect* away, and fixed the glass before its time on England; while Turkey's monarch yet remains untold of, let it go among the many to be forgiven faults of this so cursory, so desultory performance. Solyman justly furnamed the Magnificent, enjoyed a fame far more heroick, more extensive, more brilliant than that of Elizabeth; but the astronomers sometimes delight to observe the occultation of a bright fixed star, by a *near planet of our solar system*.

Meanwhile the sanguinary, though not imprudent precepts left to his successor by Selim the rigid and severe, were well obeyed. Solyman turned immediately his thoughts toward Europe, which had in his opinion enjoyed too long repose, during those days the parent prince employed in seeking to crush for ever the Egyptian Sultan. Belgrade, no longer defended by Huniades, opened her gates to this ill-resisted conqueror, who styled himself King of kings, and Lord of lords; *Filius et Nepos Dei*. The translators say, nephew always, but I trust he meant a grandson. Rhodes, under Philip the grand master\*, held out gloriously, and when the Turks entered it on Christmas-day 1522, their warlike sovereign shewed *him* every possible kindness, sending him safe to Rome, where Adrian, tutor to Charles V. reigned Pope. No less civility or tender concern was displayed in this victor's conduct when Buda sunk before his conquering sword, or yielded to his well-invented stratagems; he soothed the captive queen, caressed her child, resembling Alexander in the best points of character, far distant in the rest. No haughty or vindictive words escaped him although sufficiently provoked, as it appears by Lewis, a baby king of seventeen years old, who with an army of thirty thousand men only,

\* Ancestor to James's duke of Buckingham.

came but to oppose him, assisted by the headlong bishop of Golocza, and fought the fatal battle of Mochacz, where twenty thousand souls paid the sad penalty of this strange rashness. The silly sovereign flying from an engagement he had fought, was killed in a ditch, I think, and the line of Jagellon being now extinct, Ferdinand succeeded to what was left of Hungary and Bohemia, but he acknowledged, by some instrument called a *reverse*, that his succession was in consequence of the people's choice, and not his own descent. 'Twas not his boy by Anne, sister of hasty Lewis, that Solyman kissed, and obliged his sons likewise to salute in swaddling bands, when the Turks took possession of Buda, but Stephen the son of heroick Isabella so commended by Robertson, and wife to John, an intermediate monarch. These the Grand Signor settled in Transylvania. When he had sacked some Christian cities however, he carried away the figures of Hercules and Apollo, saying that strength and destiny now made their residence at Constantinople; where he caused them to be melted into *cannon*, refusing with equal good taste and sense, I think, any place in his palaces or mosques for pagan deities, constructed since paganism fell before the unity of Godhead. The old ones we reverence as rarities, but there is little meaning in mythological ornaments *now* that mythology is no more. Vienna next, invited by the weakness of its government and defence, his ambitious heart hoped no doubt, to find an easy victory; but forces had been collected, and resolution though ebbing apace did not wholly fail. Eight thousand Ottomans lost in the mines made Solyman see that he was not irresistible; he retired from their walls with great loss of troops, that he would throw away no more of; and he complimented the Christians upon their heroick behaviour, whilst Andrea Doria resolving to obtain his, and the whole world's admiration, made himself a sort of volunteer assistant to Charles V., and having obtained command of a fleet, beat the Turks severely by sea, and deserved that sovereignty over his own country which he had the disinterested virtue to refuse, and leaving Genoa free, accepted the order of the Golden Fleece,



Fleece, and died in honour's lap at ninety-four, expecting future happiness after having possessed it and deserved it *here*, nor must the famous Barbarossa be forgotten. He of a low fellow became a furious pirate, a transition not easy in the east, where all men, popularly speaking, must expire in that cast or class of humanity they are born into. Of a fierce pirate however, he became a tame courtier, a transition difficult in every country, and most *in his*. To the amazement of all then he was made admiral and opposed to Doria, when willing to compensate his benefactor, he suddenly arrived on the coast of Naples, where 'twas his intent to seize the beautiful princess Julia Gonzaga of the Castiglione house, for Solyman's seraglio; but she escaped on a swift horse unsaddled, herself half-dressed, and hurried from her bed at four o'clock in the morning. Such a present might have been less acceptable perhaps to Solyman than to another oriental sovereign, as he had always lived with one woman regardless of the rest. A fair Circassian long had held his heart, the best affections of which were at her death transmitted to her son, who enjoyed all his father's fondness, till a European captive, Rosa by name, in Turkey Roxolana, seized on his fancy, and by a thousand wiles won him to wed, and crown her empress, an act so strange, unusual and unpopular, that none but Solyman durst have ventured on it. Self-admiration causes many men and many women too, to think themselves more favourites with their princes than they are. Wolfey and Irene had doubtless indulged themselves oft in imagining how the fond tyrants would refuse *them* nothing, and yet 'tis plain they had no influence *at all*; nor ever could have made their masters stir a step, on any road they did not like to move in. So 'twas with Essex and Elizabeth, but Roxolana was a real favourite: and drew on the first prince and hero upon earth to do an act himself and all his subjects disapproved, break every law of custom and of nature, marry his slave and seat her on a throne, whence she commanded the immediate death of hapless Mustapha till then so loved, that by these means her own son might succeed to empire. This

young prince lived at a distance from his father's court, with an old *bassa*, to whom Solyman had given him in charge for education; there, being sixteen years old, he dreamed one night that Mahomet, the prophet he adored, spoke to him personally; calling him to Paradise, and while he was relating to his tutor the impression, pleasing though painful, that the vision made on him, came messengers from Constantinople requiring his presence. Old Alibeg who knew the certain tenor of such an embassy, fainted with affliction; but Mustapha demanded but to see his father, fearless of what might follow. He saw Solyman, and the bow-string at the same moment, *and but for a moment*. Relentless Roxolana had assured the Sultan that this young man's life was not consistent with his safety or the state's, he was extinguished, and young Selim then could fear no rival in his parent's favour. The Janissaries growled, but Solyman knew how to awe, and Selim how to court them. New wars were undertaken, and Mustapha forgot. The fair apostate acted as *regent* while her *husband* went out to conquer, and the world recognized for ruler of the east a low-born Russian slave. Old age and death alone parted the union between her and Solyman, who never suffered his seraglio doors to be opened more during her life, which lasted till seventy-two years old. The Sultan followed her in four years more, dying as he had chiefly lived, in *camp* before the town of Sigeth in Hungary, A. D. 1566, after having reigned forty-five years, and his son not contented, says Sagredo, that all *mankind* should weep his gallant father, caused his fine horses to snuff up a powder which made them weep likewise. It was to this young Sultan, that a Christian offered the head of Maximilian, son to Ferdinand. The Turk put this assassin into a hog'shead or barrel stuck with nails, and sent him to the *German king*, so he now called the Emperor, who instantly desired peace, and Selim gave himself up at home to sensual pleasures. Piali *Bassa* was sent to Cyprus, whence to bring specimens of fresh excitements to yet untried voluptuousness. The place produced all that old poems had bequeath'd to fame, all that more modern luxury

luxury could wish. The ship was moored which had on board these rarities; her freight was beauty to delight the eyes of youth, and spoils to stimulate the avarice of age. One barrel of gunpowder protected and polluted the gay vessel, and one noble dame on board having discerned it, just as they touched the shore when all hands were employed, lighted a match, and calling her companions round: Now, Christians, females, friends, she cried aloud, we all die free at last. With these bold words the long-premeditated explosion burst: which hindered any more from being heard, and Turkish mariners alone escaping, told the true tale and called her a Venetian. This was perhaps, in Selim's opinion, the most striking event in Selim's reign, who left to Amurath his eldest son, an empire unimpaired, but such ill health as any lesser courage could not have struggled with, being for nineteen years so tortured with the stone, that much of personal prowess could not be hoped from *him*; and the great battle of Lepanto, gained from his predecessor, put the Europeans in good heart, though Selim said of it and not unjustly, when he was told how Doria had destroyed all his fleet: "I'm sorry for it; I say I'm sorry for it, but having said so, sure I've said enough: because when all is done, the loss is but as of my beard, which if I cut to-day, 'twill grow again: but when the Christian kings lost Cyprus by valour of my trusty slaves and bassas, it was as though they lost an arm I think, for to their side it grows no more for certain." Brave Amurath was not disposed to disgrace his noble origin, but his bad health obliged him to keep peace a little, and the Venetians' strange behaviour would have obliged any sovereign to make war. 'Twas in this reign I fear, that Peter Emo took a ship in which was the widow of Ramadin Bassa, governor of Tripoli, a Mahometan princess, with her train, and 800,000 crowns. The commander seized upon the spoil, murdered two hundred and fifty men in cold blood, among whom was the widow's only son, whose life she vainly begged upon her knees: while forty waiting women who attended her were violated, strangled, and thrown into the sea. The republick wished

indeed to appease Amurath's resentment, and wash away in Emo's forfeit blood, all memory of such an outrage, but history records, and *Retrospection* can't escape it: *Ramadin's widow leaped into the sea.*

This Sultan showed much more respect to our island than to any other Christian potentates; his letter to Elizabeth, preserved by Knollys, is curious to a modern reader. "Most honourable matron of the Christian religion, mirror of chastity adorned with brightness, and of sovereign power among the people which serve and praise Jesus; mistress of kingdoms and reputed of great majesty, Elizabeth queen of England, to whom Amurath, Ottoman Emperor of the eastern world, wishes a happy reign," is the superscription. The contents are concerning Philip the second's armada, and full of good intentions towards our country, which mourned its incomparable mistress about the same time that Amurath's decease produced the boastful verses set on his tomb, 1600.

Me tumidum fortuna tumens erexit in altum,  
Et par fortuna mens mea semper erat.

The death of these sovereigns mark the end of the century, and Guthrie says, that till their reign the Turks had always considered England to be a province or tributary realm to France. If so, Elizabeth seems to have *enlightened* them; but the fact is very difficult to credit; Solyman and Mahomet II., before *his* time, must have known better concerning the state of Europe.

## CHAP. VII.

## ITALY, GERMANY, SPAIN, ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND THE NETHERLANDS.

## PROGRESS OF REFORMATION.

FROM A. D. 1550 TO 1600.

EUROPE seems to have been, in the year 1550, pretty well persuaded as to the necessity of reform, and doubtful only how much was to be done: as Germany was the original focus of dissent, Italy was looked to now for provocations, and a bad pope was desired by the enemies of Rome with much more earnestness than its inhabitants contended for a good one. J. Maria Giocci was bad enough. Reginald Pole, cousin to Henry the seventh of England, and firm adherent to his eldest daughter, was their first choice, but having been elected in the night, he sent a request that the conclave would confirm his election by day, as he detested deeds of darkness: this they resented; and hastily threw the mantle on young Cardinal de Monte, who took the warlike name of Julius III. although himself a mere voluptuary, of whom one reads nothing but that he made his monkey's keeper a cardinal, to the no small offence of the college, who exclaimed that the new dignitary possessed neither virtue nor learning. "Why, I pray, for which of *my* virtues was I promoted?" said the shameless Pontiff. "Come, come, we know each other, and should tell no tales."—"My Innocent, the lad who looked to his menagerie, will make as good a cardinal as any of us." A daring blasphemy is likewise related of this Pope, which *Henri Etienne* attributes

butes to Leo X. how he said among his friends and favourites, “ This fable about Jesus Christ has answered pretty well to us, hah !” If true the tale, I hope ’twas Julius made the horrid speech : his religion was then worthy his morality. An irreproachable character, Marcellus by name, succeeded, but lived scarce a month after his election, and Paul IV, haughty and impetuous, reigned in his stead. The people, hasty as their sovereign, set up his statue the first year, broke it the second, and flung it into Tyber. He quarrelled both with France and Austria for relaxing of their persecutions against Lutheranism, which he vainly hoped, with the duke d’Alva’s help, to extirpate by main force : but seeing protection granted to the Colonnas, he became quite outrageous. ’Tis recorded however, that this primate’s severities fell heavy even upon his own nearest kinsmen, when accused of vices that disgraced their stations or their calling. His death called Pius IV. to the chair, who summoned the famous calvinistic queen, Joan d’Albret de Navarre, to appear before the inquisitorial tribunal at Rome ; but Charles IX. of France would not, though bigotted, permit this insult, as he deemed it, to a widow’d mother of princes boasting his blood royal, and the prosecution was dropped accordingly. Maximilian the emperor next begged his Holiness to take off from his German clergy the vows of celibacy, and grant the eucharistic cup to all communicants—two things repugnant to that new symbol of belief which he had published, and which is known by name of Pope Pius’s creed, sanctioned by the Council of Trent, held under, and new opened by dissolute Julius, his anti-predecessor. The cup was obtained however, for Hungary and Bohemia, and the Pope died of vexation. His successor was of the same temper, and a more violent persecutor still ; so that whatever Paul IV. did, seems lost in the severities of Pius V. who burned his own best subjects, steady Catholics, Carnesecchi and Palearius, one a noble Tuscan, the other an author, only for saying that the *Lutherans were in some points excuseable*.

It was in this pontificate the battle of Lepanto was gained, and  
our

our Elizabeth formally excommunicated: and it was this cruel-hearted sovereign who bestowed upon the duc d'Alva a rich sword and belt; with thanks for such conduct in the Low Countries as would have graced a campaign made by Caracalla. Without encouragement from Pius V. Charles the the ninth of France would never have brought his conscience to endure the premeditation of a massacre which has no example: but the Pope died before it was put in execution, and was beatified in 1712 by Clement VIII. Truth is he led a temperate and austere life, and acted less by passion than by principle: he had not so learned Christ as to love his fellow servants. He delighted to tear the sheep himself, not feed or save them from the wolves. A contrary character makes a pleasing contrast. Gregory, the learned, the gentle, and the grave, who gave up, with disinterested heroism, all claim to the kingdom of Portugal, which the strange death or loss at least of Don Sebastian threw among three European potentates, as a bone of contention. The Pope not only declined all dispute concerning it; but sent to congratulate his rival Philip upon the success of his arms there: he sent no congratulations, nor permitted any rejoicings on the massacre of St. Barthelemi; but intent upon reforming the old Julian calendar, made the Protestants appear truly ridiculous and contemptible, when out of childish spite to Rome, they forebore to count time by a more commodious method than had been till then adopted, and shewed mankind that their researches after learning were prompted less by desire of *general* benefit to the world, than of freeing it from that particular yoke which to say true had long been both heavy and painful. Inquisitorial tribunals were now frequent, and grew every day more strict and more severe, as they became more necessary auxiliaries to the sinking power of the popedom. Gay Venice resolved however, to exclude them. Priuli, their doge, said, "What though our republick  
 " has suffered somewhat in her *consequence* by the *Ligue de Cambray*  
 " made in 1508, and somewhat in her *wealth* too, by these new dis-  
 " coveries, let us not be sapp'd as well as battered: let us keep liberty

" at

“ at home at least—and to secure it, *fuori i preti*.”\* The greatest name perhaps of *that* profession which in 1586 adorned the papal chair, had been the very man named as inquisitor over that jealous state, tenacious ever of its independence: but Padre Montalto, afterwards Sextus V. knew the world too well; and *Retrospection* sees him flying from their territories with precipitation, as though he had put St. Mark’s wings to his feet; for having made a vow (says he laughing) to become pope at Rome, “ it did not suit me, you see, good friends, to stay and be hanged at Venice.” The advancement of this singular genius to the sovereignty was marked with many peculiarities; and the apparent designation of him by Providence to those high dignities he had so desired, and which he became so well, is yet scarcely forgotten among us, though two so busy centuries have elapsed since he wore them. It was his delight to impress that designation on men’s minds. “ Whenever I played at back-gammon,” said he, “ *six cinq* was always sure to win the game.” He was son to Perretti, a turned-off footman of the Farnese house, who married one of the maids, and lived at foot of Monte Alto, where that extraordinary son was born to them on the day Charles V. was crowned emperor. “ We set out together,” said Sextus V. often; “ but fortune set me “ to keep pigs, when I wanted to be driving more rational, though “ not less obstinate animals.” The truth was, Tarli, the famous preacher, going to a wedding in that neighbourhood one day, saw this lad keep on crying while every one else seemed happy. “ What dost “ cry for so, child?” says Tarli, “ *tell* me.”—“ I cry,” replies little Peretti, “ because God gave me a heart to be a *great man*, and I am “ but a poor boy.”—“ Wilt thou study and be good, and learn to be “ a great man?” says the preacher.—“ Yes *that* I will, and keep pigs “ no more, but turn friar.”—“ Friars are always poor, my child,” answered Tarli; “ those who despise poverty must not be friars.” “ Well! I’ll go *through* poverty then,” replies the lad, “ as you go “ *through* purgatory—but I’ll come out a *great man*.”—“ And so thou “ wilt,

\* Out with the priests.



“wilt, I am sure,” exclaims the ecclesiastick, turning to his companion Selleri, who laughed, but said, “Shew us the road to such a town, child, and don’t cry any more.” The boy ran before them without shoes, nor could threats or persuasions drive him back from their convent, where they clothed and taught him; till such were his acquirements, and such his proficiency, that the superiors counted him a prodigy of early science, and his protector Tarli, on his death-bed, pressed his hand, saying, “I grieve, dear Fælix, I can live no longer to witness your felicity and fame. You will be *Pope*, I’m sure you will.” “And from that day,” says Sextus, “*I resolved on’t*.” When settled in the seat that he was born for, he relaxed not from study, nor stained his character with vice or folly; but in five years contributed, says Zimmerman, more to the embellishment of modern Rome than Augustus Cæsar did to ancient Rome in 40. The immense hospital, the four fine obelisks, the water-work where he employed four thousand workmen, the improvements in the library, the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, placed upon Antonine’s and Trajan’s pillar, evince his munificent spirit. The distribution of his time alone can account for the vast works that he performed. Five hours he allotted then, to literature, seven to the cares of state, two to his private devotions, four to convivial recreation and society—the rest to sleep. When some of his counsellors grieved to see the Bible translated into Italian—“Oh, it will save those *noble souls*,” said he, “who take no pains to learn Latin like the hereticks.” Some years before, in fact, when Calvin died, they were afraid of sending Montalto legate to Geneva, lest he should set up an independent sect. But though, besides all his publick works, he daily maintained three hundred poor out of his privy purse, at his demise the publick coffers were left fuller than they had been by any Christian sovereign: “and this,” says he, “might any man do, who set his face against vice, the great devourer of money, time and fame.” His only sister, Camilla, was called into notice, her children were brought forward on every occasion, and nothing pleased him more than attentions paid to *them*. Yet although Philip II.

sent jewels of enormous value to his niece when she espoused the young Colonna, nothing could cure his hatred of the Spaniards; and when bigotted Olivarez, their ambassador, expressed his affliction that his Holiness had permitted a translation of Holy Writ; the Pope sitting profoundly silent, Olivarez observed it, and asked, "what employed his mind so, and kept it from attending?"—"I was just thinking, sir," replied Sextus, "which of these windows your Excellency might be thrown out of, that so with the fewest bones broken, you might learn to address *Rome's master and your own* with more respect." "These Spaniards," said he afterwards, "will poison me, I know they will." And so he thought they did at last: but like Flavius Vespasian, his model in many things, he laboured for Rome's welfare to the very limits of temporal existence; and then calling *Castagna*, his old friend, close to him, "After *pears*,"\* says he, "come *cheshnuts*, you know; and do not, dear Monsignore, keep fretting so about these hereticks when you succeed me, as I am confident you will, but remember 'tis the conversion, not death of sinners which God requires." *Castagna* did succeed *Peretti*, but lived not to obey him. The Sfondinati Pope, Gregory the fourteenth, cut from his dying mother, a noble Cremonese, by the Cæsarian operation, survived them not a year. Innocent IX. reigned but seven weeks; and Clement the eighth's pontificate, was left to close the century with a magnificent jubilee caused by the conversion, and adorned by the absolution of Henry IV.

Our *Retrospection* must now be shifted quick to Germany, where the Reformers had been long since reinforced by John Calvin, a Noyonnese by birth; but France proving no safe asylum, he removed to Switzerland, and as the mode of the day was, formed a sort of creed and catechism of his own, and was soon jestingly, but justly enough termed the Pope of Geneva; where he made his opinions serve as a criterion of necessity, if not infallibility, and burned Servetus for dissenting

\* *Peretti* means little pears in Italian, and *Castagna* means cheshnuts.

from them. The magistrates of the city indeed gave consent, yet if the man deserved death for denying his Saviour's divinity, how far Calvin had acquired the right to inflict it, a death so dreadful too, better controvertists than I must decide. He lived about twelve years after, greatly respected notwithstanding, having survived Melancthon but a short time. Luther, whom they both so honoured, and in some respects so strictly followed, had long left the stage of struggle to *them*, and though he held his *own* opinions firm, condemned not *theirs*. Calvin lies nobly interred in his own church at Geneva. Humble Melancthon with his last breath begged to be laid at Martin Luther's feet. He set up no separation, he made no new creed, his study was peace; but like King David, when he spoke to them thereof, they made them ready to battle. A death serene, a countenance beaming with hope, bore witness to his purity and truth: the night of his departure, the twentieth of April, 1560, he drew up four reasons why he longed to leave this world. First: That he should be no more tempted to sin, he said. Secondly: That he should look on his Redeemer. Thirdly: That he should learn to comprehend the mystick union of God and man in the sacred person of our Lord Jesus Christ. And fourthly: That he should be plagued no more with theological disputes. Such was the favourite disciple of *Luther*, and such the man whose laboured eulogium was the work of *Bossuet*. A life apparently of far less consequence stept a short time before him from this stage of business and of indolence, this theatre of active virtue and of senseless apathy. *Jeanne la Folle* ever incapable to do any thing herself, except watch the dead body of her handsome husband, for whom her jealous passion continued in full force fourteen years after his demise, had prevented (by living such a length of time) her son *Charles the fifth* from quitting the thrones and powers he had once so fought, and now so earnestly desired to get rid of. When however there was no danger of leaving Spain to the caprices of crazy Joanna, he called a meeting of the states, and gracefully enumerating the difficulties he had endured for

his subjects, the battles won, the provinces saved under his administration, and the desire he now felt to expiate in secret whatever he might have been led to do amiss, he hastened to invest his son Philip with his dignities, and tortured by a painful and inveterate disease, sought suddenly to bury in the silent shades of monastick retirement that busy genius, that once ambitious spirit, which had for half a century or more controlled the many, and abashed the wise.\* He quitted Spain, and Germany, and royalty, the laurels of glory, and the mines of Mexico, requiring only a small pension from his son, which Philip for the first half year *forgot to pay*. This monarch had been always unlucky in his very near connections; his mother mad, his aunts ill-treated, his sister miserable, and his son ungrateful.

But in the cell all sorrows are forgotten,

There love and friendship cease.

As for unfeeling Philip, he seems to have attracted affection by the very means another man repels it. Charles always admired his haughty manners, while his wife, sanguinary Mary of England, doated on him; and had not her folly been diverted into a current still more hateful, by the zeal for re-establishing Popery among *us*, she might have passed her time like poor Joanna, in watching him when dead, lest any woman but herself should touch his corpse. As 'twas however, a murmuring people, a disdainful spouse, an unsuccessful war, and barren bed, combined to break her heart, and make of him once more a youthful widower. The first wife left him a son Don Carlos, whom 'twas supposed the parent prince, alike callous to every sentiment of softness, ordered to be taken off by poison: certain 'tis, he married Isabella of France, that young man's promised bride. Unnatural and cruel in every relation of life, this Philip was on *one* occasion,

\* The following anecdote is sometimes related to prove that an unquiet temper will never cease tormenting itself and others.

“Thou hast disturbed the world long enough, good brother,” said a religious, whom restless Charles had waked one morning in the convent before the hour: “let us poor fellows alone, I pray thee, who like thyself have forsaken it.”

a philosopher. When in revenge for the insults which his squadron received when brave Sir William Monson brought him over to marry our queen of England, he set on foot against her successor the formidable Armada so much talked of, while Europe hung suspended on the project; a sudden and severe train of accidents rendered it abortive, and none but the king's fool dared tell him the disastrous tale. "Well! but," says Philip, "I did not send the fleet out to combat against winds and waves." 'Twas he, however, sent the duke D'Alva to combat against Christians of every denomination except *one*, and that with fury and religious rage unequalled, unless in the records of pagan persecution. This hot-headed nobleman made a vow to his fair mistress, that he would extirpate Protestantism with fire and sword. He extinguished life in thousands; but his cruelties confirmed the cause he sought to ruin. With the fine helmet sent by Rome he warded off some blows, and with the gauntlets formerly blest by her inexorable sovereign Pius V., he certainly did crush countless multitudes of Calvinists and low church professors of Christianity, who perished calling on the name of Jesus. But Heaven frustrated these fierce intents, and turned the sanguine stream into a fertilizing power, which filled whole provinces with just abhorrence of the Roman yoke. In 1579 the states of Holland having revolted against Philip, and he to punish them, having commenced a persecution little inferior to those of Decius or of Dioclesian, they rushed from scaffolds and assassinations to the sea, and sought as the Venetians did, who fled from Attila, a watery refuge. Seven little provinces before the century closed were therefore seen secured by dykes and channels, in an independency at first scarce hoped for, fished for their immediate support, and traded to procure better existence in time to come.

Diciter Archimedes terram potuisse movere,  
 Æquora qui potuit sistere non minus est.

A sage of old boasted to move the earth,  
 Those who could stop the sea were no less worth.

Philip

Philip, now master of Portugal however, soon shut his ports against these new republicans; and they in return tried to ruin his new subjects in East India. Cornelius Houtman, a debtor detained at Lisbon, shewed them the way, and touching first at the Maldivia and Sunda isles, fixed his firm colony at Java, spite of obstructions from the Portugueze; and the great city founded there gives, whilst I write, its name to the parent provinces, which, no longer Holland, submitted in the year 1796, to accept from France the name of the *Batavian* commonwealth. How would the Prince of Orange have abhorred that thought? He on whose arm Charles V. leaned while pronouncing his heroick abdication—he whose apology charges Philip with murder in the death of his third queen Isabelle, and incest in his fourth marriage with a daughter of Maximilian, his own nephew, by Mary his own sister, empress of Germany, daughter to Charles V. In the last year of the sixteenth century however, his son by that lady succeeded him, Philip the third. The whole family were alike bigots to the establishment of that fatal inquisition first introduced by their great ancestors Ferdinand and Isabella.

The duchess of Parma, daughter of Charles V. drove Flanders into a rebellion by endeavouring to force it on *those* subjects during her regency; and Jeanne la Folle could never be waked to consciousness, except once after her husband's death, and that was when they told her that the inquisition was likely to be abolished. Mary of England seemed to have had no solace, except in signing the condemnation of hereticks to the flames; and Toledo duc d'Alva, supposed a natural son of the same house, had the same prejudices. The Italians considered that man as a coward, it appears, by an old manuscript in the Badoera family, which calls him *capitano generale in tempo di pace*, *maggior-domo maggiore di S. M. in tempo di guerra*. Serbellone and he agreed however, to cut the holy Bible into slips of parchment, and lard the living thighs of Protestants with the pieces, as a punishment for their resolution not to prefer the word of man to that of God. His death  
and

and that of his master were painful and slow, and afforded time for repentance. Philip insisted on seeing his own funeral performed, and expired with the coffin in the room, a few months before the edict of Nantes was published for free toleration of Protestants in France; a proof that all his impious pains to exterminate 'em were vain, and every way successful. Germany meanwhile, her darling emperor gone, accepted of his brother Ferdinand, a quiet character, who made peace with the Reformers, and truce of eight years also with the Turks; said those were the best princes who made the least bustle, and, careful to make none himself, entailed the succession (if Maximilian should leave no issue male) upon the sons of his own daughters, sisters to that young king of the Romans: and 'tis observable that this manner of disposing things gave (almost in our own day) pretension to the house of Bavaria for the empire against the husband of Maria Theresa. Maximilian II. however *had* sons, notwithstanding which he was contented to lose the crown of Poland by neglect, and suffered the Ottomans to brave him at Zigeti, or Ziketi, where Solyman the Magnificent lost his life. If its inhabitants were indeed, as antiquaries tell, the true descendants of those argonauts who followed Jason, or of the Phthiotes who accompanied Achilles to the siege of Troy, they needed not consider their walls as degraded when such a warrior fell before them. Poor *Maximilian* acknowledged his own feebleness, which he endeavoured to strengthen by marrying one of his daughters to Philip II. of Spain, and one to Henry II. of France, whilst his eldest son Rodolphus, whose long reign finishes the century, passed his time between a laboratory and a riding-house, so that no care was taken of the state at all, nor durst his ministers approach him when so employed, let what would happen. One of them indeed, disguised as a groom, got admittance just to inform him of the fire at Constantinople, which it was hoped might stop the progress of young Amurath, whose gallant spirit, his ill health then unknown, made Christianity tremble. Rodolphus calmly bid him note the chronology of so curious an occurrence,

currence, and be careful to use the new style introduced by Gregory the thirteenth; for while this Emperor spent his days in chemistry, his nights were devoted to astronomical observations; and the manège, his only exercise, filled up every other pause of existence.\* That Venice was nearly depopulated by a pestilence, or England threatened by a Spanish invasion; that one sovereign prince had been assassinated by a Jacobin friar, and another publicly beheaded in the realms of a near kinswoman, to whom she ran for succour from her own; affected Rodolphus but very little: his brother Matthias, undertook the defence of Hungary and Bohemia from the Turkish arms, while the necessary supplies were raised by a begging-box; all which gave no concern to the Emperor, who died not till sixty years old, unacquainted with some of these circumstances, undisturbed, and unmarried A. D. 1612; Kepler's Rudolphine tables perpetuating his memory as a philosopher, while the historic muse rejects acquaintance with so bad a politician. But if tranquillity thus degenerated into stagnation at Vienna, our *Retrospect* too long detained from France, looks back thither to the death of all-accomplished François, *incomparable Roi!* when that amiable prince however, who once supported in the hour of death the fainting frame of Leonardo da Vinci, expired himself in Guicciardini's arms; leaving six millions present money in his coffer, and grieving only that he had not sufficiently diminished the necessary imposts: His gay son Henry II, succeeded to the throne, and sat on it when Charles V. pressed by ill health, and allured by admiration of his son Philip's lofty demeanour, yielded to him his hereditary dominions. Henry had no such esteem of him: he joined the League of Protestants against papal and imperial oppression, although himself a Romanist by principle; but finding reasons to repent that step, made peace with

\* Over his riding-house, he wrote the word A. D. S. I. T. in capital letters thus. The arch-duchess Isabella explained it in this manner: *Austriacæ Domus Suus Instat Tumulus.* She had a notion Gustavus Adolphus was the man who was to be the ruin of their family, and she fancied Rodolpho had found it out by alchemy or astrology, and that he wrote these letters in that persuasion.



Spain, and was accidentally killed by Montgomeri in a tournament which he gave in honour of the marriage between Philip II. and Elizabeth or Isabella, Fille de France as she was called. He left seven children by Catherine de Medicis, a lady of boundless ambition and splendid acquirements, and Mademoiselle de Luffan, who writes his life, says, that being wounded in the eye by his antagonist's lance, he would not have endured existence had he escaped the fever caused by agony, so much did he regard the beauty of his person, and the Queen's attachment, which he considered as depending on it. For while Diana de Valentinois was his mistress, and at fifty years old possessed his fondest affections, the subtle Florentine guided his counsels, and younger by twenty years than her gay rival, held her place steady in his true esteem. Francis II., her eldest son, enjoyed the crown two years; he was husband to our beautiful Mary of Scotland, niece to Henry VIII., and niece beside to the no less famous Guises. They, leagued with Italian Catherine, planned the extirpation of Protestantism, which certainly did lose its *name* in France during his reign; when they were first called *Huguenots*, from St. *Hughes'* gate, in the great tower which served them as a place of private rendezvous. They were, however, by the furious zealots we have named, soon routed: a massacre of hundreds, nay of thousands followed; and while the shrieks of females and infants filled the air, unnumbered bodies were thrown into the water, till the reluctant Loire, saturated with humanity, rolled her choked waves more silent to the sea. These horrors, however, scarcely could be said to taint the virtue of a feeble prince, not quite eighteen years old when he expired, leaving his next brother heir to a throne he mounted at eleven years of age. In evil hour for Protestants did he ever mount it: *they* seem however to have provoked both Charles and the Queen Mother by unnecessary and bitter raileries. The first caricatura print we read of was published at Paris by the Huguenot party, representing a negotiation between the Devil and Catherine de Medicis, for the soul of her son. *Il me faut son ame, says*

the first, *soit pourvu qu'il regne*, replies the lady. There is something like this related concerning Nero and Agrippina. True it is, that she brought the French king up to cruelty, and taught him betimes to sport with human life. His natural disposition was not ungenerous, yet have all historians consigned him willingly to his *purchaser* for having at twenty-one years old deliberately consented to the massacre of St. Bartelemy, for having added to his consent a charge that not *one* should escape to reproach him; and for having fired at the fugitives for sport out of his palace windows, enjoying their deaths as country gentlemen do killing partridges. Sixty thousand souls were on that dreadful day dismissed to their account, causing the diversion of the court at Paris, the illumination of Madrid for joy, and the emigration of countless Christians from a kingdom where innocence and age were no security, and where the knife was held firm even to the infant's throat. Our *retrospective* eye turns not unwillingly to view the singular and dreadful judgment awaiting this unhappy prince's end, when tortured by a new and incurable disease, blood oozed continually from every pore, staining his limbs, his linen, *all he touched*, perpetually ensanguined to his sight. Remorse and penitent affliction now seized on his noble heart; and he would be attended only by a Huguenot nurse, in whose loyal arms he laid himself down to die, soothed by her sorrows and her prayers alone, washed with her tears of pitying forgiveness. If *thou* can'st pardon me, were his last words, *Jesus will not condemn*. Such may his sentence be, as then he hoped it! his brother and successor Henry the third, reigned but a short time: voluptuous at the beginning of his life he grew sillily superstitious at the end of it, wore a hair shirt, and flagellated his own back. That fellow, said Sextus V. hearing of his follies, tries as hard to get a monk's hood on, as ever I did to throw mine off. That his mother should betray him to the Guises however, and force him upon signing the ignominious *re-union*, he never could forgive, and by Lognac's advice, the duke and cardinal were both assassinated. Madame de Montpensier,

sister, their sister, remembered this event, when the king threw himself among the Protestants for refuge, and Clement, a Jacobin friar, by *her* direction, ended the male heirs of the house of Valois, in this sovereign's assassination, 1589, when Henri IV. de Navarre ascended the Gallick throne. His mother, Jeanne d'Albret, was a Calvinist, and diligently imbued the prince with her own notions, but Gaultier, his first preceptor, being of the Romish persuasion, their young man possibly grew up without a strong conviction on either side; perhaps indeed, his real bias was to popery, from which the lady held him *while she could*.

Henry was never able strongly to resist female influence, and Jeanne d'Albret had a predominating spirit, endued beside with more than Spartan fortitude. The popes had given away all her hereditary realms to Spain, and she indignant helped the Huguenots with her pen, purse and sword. This hardy dame had wedded Antoine duc de Vendôme, lineal descendant of Robert de Clermont, fifth son of great St. Louis, and first lord *de Bourbon*; and when she was about to bring her famous son into the world, her father, Albert II. king of Navarre, (who never left the room) insisted on her singing some stanzas of a Bernoise ballad between the paroxysms of parturition. This family had been closely pursued and carefully watched by Tuscan Catherine and her cruel Guises, especially when Charles IX. died without issue; yet after all Henry the third, leaving no heirs by beautiful but neglected Louise de Vaudemont, that lady caught his spirit of devotion, and turned nun; while the ambitious Florentine, forced to endure the sight of the young Bourbon set on the throne of France, recurred to all her artifices, and succeeded in making him divide it with *her daughter* Marguerite de Valois, hoping no doubt that when four of her children had successively reigned in Paris, the succession must be fixed in her own progeny for ever. In vain!—Fair Margaret's gallantries were so *early* notorious, her husband was obliged to shut her up; and though, having obtained a divorce from her, he married a cousin

of the same Medicæan house, old Catherine broke her heart. She had adorned France with many beautiful buildings, and enriched it with valuable MSS. from Italy; but was justly detested by a people whose blood she spared not. Mary, though of the same family, was no literary character: when the Swiss envoys came to compliment her, she who understood them not, asked Melfon what they said? The courtier replied boldly:—"Madam, they say your Majesty is more lovely and more excellent than any princess ever seen on earth." A person present *smiled*:—"Well!" says the Queen, "Melfon tells what they *ought* to have said."\* After her marriage with the King, Margaret was no more forbid the court, which she filled with her intrigues, her verses, her talents, her amours, and lastly, like her brothers, with her *penances*. Brantôme celebrates her wit and elegance, and her memoirs are deeply interesting. The Queen of Navarre's tales however, were composed for Henri the fourth's grandmother, sister to Francis the first. The book was named *Les Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses, très illustre Reine de Navarre*. Marguerite means a pearl, and likewise a daisy. I suppose the compiler, who at first called it *heptameron*, meant that his readers should consider these as picked pearls or flowers—choice tales. It was this lady's daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, who gave to the admiring world one of its gayest, bravest, greatest chieftains, the gallant Henri IV. who loved his subjects, protected their interests, extended their commerce, and confirmed their happiness. 'Twas after the peace his change of religion procured for France, that her artificers learned to work in glass, a manufacture till then confined to Venice, but Lyons in this reign begun to flourish, and tapestry work gave hope of that perfection we have witnessed since in the fine Gobelin's loom. Silk too was cultivated in Pro-

\* Mary de Medici loved gallantries well enough; and so encouraged Ottavio Rinuccini, called by some authors inventor of Italian operas, that he followed her to France, and lost his wits for love. Recovering, he hid his shame and disappointment in a monastery.

vance, and the kind king expressed his friendly wish that every peasant from Picardy to Perpignan should have a pot and fowl ready to boil in it, each Sunday through the year. His good intentions were well seconded by wise and faithful Sully, of whose services Henry appeared most sensible: for when his rival mistresses tormented him with their jealousies and jars, his answer was—a dozen pretty girls were of not half the value in his eyes as that one honest man. How rightly he had judged, the great event declares; for Sully, though himself a Lutheran, urged his master to accept the terms, and take the kingdom and catholicism together. “Change then yourself,” replied the sovereign. “That could do *only* mischief,” said the minister. I *may* “be a Protestant, and no harm done. Your Majesty *must absolutely* “profess the Romish tenets.” The sweetness and social temper of this prince made him after that event little less than adored at home, while his heroick courage in the field, by proving him respectable for well-tryed valour, filled even selfish Spain with admiration, rendered him a powerful mediator for Holland, and helped to heal every breach between the then present Pope and the Venetians. The closing century found and left Henry well employed, and Clement VIII. made Rome rejoice in so useful a conversion, A. D. 1600. While these things went forward in the southern parts of Europe, the north failed not to feel the quick’ning power. Alexander of Poland and Lithuania expelled all Tartars from his wide domain, which, now engaged in endless wars with Russia, thinned the excessive population. Gustavus Ericson introduced Lutheranism into Stockholm, and made that crown hereditary in his own family. Freedom follows hard upon the heels of reformation, and many privileges were granted to the commons in all countries, where they were found a bar useful to kings, who by their means shut out the old nobility, no longer now considered as equals to the prince. Sigismund and Maximilian disputed violently for that realm where aristocracy lived longest—*Poland*. The duc d’Alençon, son to Catherine de Medici, had tried for it, but

was

was called home to reign in France; and our Elizabeth was arbitress between that kingdom and the Turks at last. Among the events of these days, far the most important to mankind of those approaching to the arctic circle, was the auspicious birth of great Gustavus, hero of the north, son to Charles of Finland and Christiana of Holstein. *Retro-spection* sees them with pleasure to the old name of *Athaulphus*, worn by many a jombersgher, add the anagram of Augustus Cæsar or Ctzar; and while his father attempted the junction of Livonia to his possessions in the year 1599 and 1600, when the free commerce of the Baltic Sea was become a prize worth contending, *that* arbitration was committed to our queen Elizabeth, who sent Dr. Rogers, a man of more good sense than dignity, her envoy to Copenhagen. But England has been out of sight too long: we left her trembling under the rough grasp of tyrannick and uxorious Henry, whose gentler son, Edward the sixth, lived not to bestow on her the consolations reasonably expected from a prince of such premature disposition towards piety and learning, whose only fault seems to have been the preference of virtue to hereditary right, in endeavouring to settle the succession upon Jane Gray, whose grandmother, wife to Charles Brandon, seems to have conferred upon her offspring no part of that contempt for queenship which she herself expressed. The *Betynges*, *Nippes*, and *Bobbes*, so pathetically lamented by Jane Gray, were bestowed on her by the duchess of Suffolk, to make her accept a crown she had no claim to, and her philosophy only served to make her endure punishment, poor soul! for committing a sin to which she had no temptation.\*

Mary, true heiress of England's crown, and eldest daughter to Henry VIII. by Catherine of Arragon, took away this hapless princess's life with far more provocation than that of any other subject during her dreadful sanguinary reign, marked by the death of two hundred

\* I have heard that the three sentences found on her tablets, written in Greek, Latin, and English, are yet preserved in my Lord Gage's family: his ancestor begged the pocket-book, which Jane gave him when she went to execution

and seventy-eight Protestants in *separate fires*; among whom we enumerate, I think, five bishops,\* twenty-one clergymen, eight gentlemen of distinction, eighty-four tradesmen, one hundred countrymen, and threescore women and infants, one born amid the flames; a baby martyr, baptized indeed, as St. John said we should be, by the Holy Ghost and with fire. The comfort was, that such a sovereignty lasted but six short years. The sole attempt at an excuse for such severities was the consent of parliament, who looked on them, as it appears, with no extreme disgust: yet was the nation not insensible to that which touched it in a tender part. A jealousy of Spanish influence was early shewn; and the Queen's marriage articles canvassed with well-judged care. The husband she made choice of was unpopular; and when Sir William Monson brought him over, the admiral reminded his majesty's subjects by a broadside, of the respect due to our British flag which *they* perhaps unintentionally forgot. Philip however, forgot not, nor ever could forgive the offence. The press now teemed besides with light performances on heavy topics, according to our English genius. I question whether small books fastened *par un filet*, and since from thence called *pamphlets*, were known before this occasion. Norris says, "That if angels were authors, none would use folio paper." He meant *British* angels. Guicciardini fills two enormous folios with the events of forty years only. Let such as love a pen more volant than impressive, patronize *Retrospection*. Of such a reign a bird's-eye view is best: yet let not Mary lose her praise for scholarship. She, like her sister and her cousin, was a hard student in her early youth, and Cathe-

\* Among all the martyrs, Latimer shewed most unaffected courage. The day before his execution, "Master lieutenant," said he to the gentleman in whose custody he was kept, "if no more fuel is brought, I shall certainly deceive you and your sovereign lady."—"No, no," replied the lieutenant, "that's impossible," (meaning his escape.) No wood was brought however, and Latimer on his re-appearance in six hours more, exclaimed, "Said I not well that ye should be deceived. Ye brought me here a prisoner to burn me, and verily I die to-night with cold."

rine had upon her death-bed charged her not to neglect her Latin or her virginals. My heart tells me they were connected nearer than we think for. When mass was daily sung, and in that language, Latin and singing surely went together, and till some one who knows tells me the contrary, I shall believe that we went on pronouncing just like our neighbours on the Continent, *orma veerumque canno*, not as we do now, *arma virumque cano*, till came the Reformation. Tuffer in his verses seems to hint, that being brought up for a choirister, “*To sing i’ th’ queere*,” he calls it, they sent him to Eton school,

To learn straightways,  
The Latin phrase.\*

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\* I suppose he was not worthy to sing in the cathedral till he had learned Latin, and the clafficks were thus made subservient to the musical education: his distresses are laughable enough as he relates them.

It came to pass that borne I was,  
Of lynage good, and gentle blood,  
In Essex laye, and village fayer,  
That Rivenhall hight;  
Whiche village ly’d by Bantrec’s syde:  
There spend did I mine infancy,  
And there my name with honest fame  
Remayns in fyght,

I yet but younge, no speeche of tongue,  
Nor teares withal, that often fall  
From mothers eies when child out cries  
To part her fro:  
Could pittie make my father take,  
But out I must to sing be thrust,  
Say what we would, do what we could,  
His mind was so.

Oh painfull tyme! for every crime  
What toozed eares, like bayted beares,  
What bobbed lypes, what perkes and nippes,  
What hellish toies!

What



But facts call off attention from conjectures ; when death from dropfy of the breast, mistaken for that state of pregnancy hoped by the Papists, relieved our realm from sanguinary Mary, and set her prudent sister on the throne, whose early policy, consummate thoughtfulness, and native steadiness of character, had saved her through intolerable scenes of danger *before* that happy hour of accession ; and afterwards saved *us*

What robes, how bare ! what College fare !  
 What bread how stale ! what peny ale !  
 Oh Wallingford ! how wert thou abhor'd  
 Of us poor boies.

Thence for my voyce, I must (no choyce)  
 Away of force, like posting horse,  
 For sundrie men had placards then,  
 Such chylde to take ;  
 The better brest, the lesser rest,  
 To serve i' th' queere, now here now there ;  
 For time so spent how I repent,  
 And forrow make.

But mark the chauce myselfe to advaunce ;  
 By friendship's lot to Pauls I got,  
 So found I grace a certaine space  
 There to remaine.  
 In Redford's care, the lyke no where  
 For cunning such, and vertue muche,  
 By whom some part of musicke's art  
 Nowe did I gain.

From Pauls I went, to Eton sent,  
 To learn streightwaies the Latin phraze,  
 Where fiftie three stripes given to me,  
 At once I had,  
 For fault but small, or none at all,  
 It came to pass that beat'n I was ;  
 Sec, Uvedale,\* see, the mercie of thee  
 To me poor lad !

\* This *Uvedale* is the *Udal* styled by Bayle, *Elegantissimus omnium bonarum literarum magister*.  
 Roger Ascham praises him highly.

when Philip, stung by revenge at her refusal of his hand and friendship, set forth, to swallow up our independency at once; his powerful and, as he deemed it, his *invincible* Armada. All Europe stood spectators when 'twas seen; how by no more than twenty thousand sailors raised in haste, this pondrous fleet, "Under the weight of which," says Benti-voglio, "the very waters groaned," was turned away; and the winds finished what their arms begun. All England, clustering round the patriot sovereign, saw that reciprocation of calm confidence which best assures, and best deserves success, changed into triumph both of prince and people, who hastening paid their praises at *his* altar who alone maketh men *to be of one mind in a house*; and greatly rewarded Elizabeth that day for having never taken away one subject's life for religious opinions, or even wreaked unchristian vengeance upon the persecutors of her own favoured sect. All Protestants on her accession had been set free, no Papist punished. Dr. Rainsford presented a petition, "That her grace would give liberty to four captives lately "chained up by her predecessor: Mathew, Mark, Luke, and John."—"By my faith, Doctor," replied she merrily, "we must study a while "the will of *these* prisoners, to see if they consent to their own enfranchisement." The Bible and Testament in vulgar tongue were instantly published, and diligently disseminated however. The Queen, a high church Lutheran herself, kept her own chapel and closet richly adorned with crucifixes, madonnas, &c. but by protecting Christians of all denominations, courting her catholic subjects at home, supporting the calvinistic states abroad, and wisely leaving the mystic parts of our most holy faith as objects of veneration, not dispute; all parties were conciliated, and to her sage reply when questioned hard about our Saviour's real presence in the sacrament, people of *no* persuasion could object.\*

Christ was the word that spake it,  
He took the bread and break it;  
And what that word did make it,  
That I believe, and take it.

Elizabeth's

Elizabeth's heart, unactuated by foreign blood, was truly *English*; she had a natural frugality of temper, which disposed her never to trifle with her people's money; and when they threw unasked subsidies into her lap, she was the no less careful of expences. A spirit too of trade and commerce possessed a large proportion of her mind; and Gresham, whom she fancied had been able to retard Philip's progress by draining his coffers, she named her *royal* merchant; and visiting the great Exchange he built, gave *that place* the like appellation, connecting in all English minds for ever the ideas of loyalty at home with traffick abroad \*. But while Harrison tells us that a stranger entering her court would think himself set down in a university, so learned were the noblemen and ladies of her train; while reading, spinning, and embroidery employed the inferior maids about the palace, where was kept up severity of manners still consequent on such a busy studious life; the Queen fixed her desire of approbation chiefly on this, that whereas two thousand criminals *o'year* were executed during her father's reign, she never had condemned three hundred in the time either for theft or murder. 'Tis apparent that the vast progress of reformed religion added to that security of our property which trade requires, and a good government delights most in bestowing, had made immense improvement in the morals, which, whilst great barons gave unlimited protections, could not be taken care of; these haughty lords 'twas her care to repress, and few of them were left, though Derby still kept state as allied to the throne; and I believe Lord Burleigh had about his person twenty gentlemen of one thousand pounds *o'year* each as retainers. The Earl of Essex too seems to have been a nobleman

\* Sir Richard Clough, partner with Gresham, suggested the necessity of a *bourse*, as his letters call it. He was an Antwerp merchant, and ashamed to see *our* traders here walk in the rain he said, while men of less consequence stood under cover on the continent. Clough had access to the great; he had married Catherine Tudor de Berayne, descendant of Henry the fifth's widow, and whose first husband was Sir John Salusbury of Llewenny; he was knight of Jerusalem *himself*, and called the richest commoner upon the island.

quite of the old fashion: gallant and gay, and wild for exploits of chivalry, his showy character attracted the Queen's notice; but though he was a favourite, and a faucy one, it still appears he loved his royal mistress less than did any of her courtiers; being attached to antique modes of gaining popularity, calling the apprentices about him against his sovereign, from whom when he received a box on the ear he put his hand to his sword as if to remind her, that *Devereux* \* was as good a name as *Tudor*; the anagram of that name, *vere Dux*, he wore in his hat: but such a spirit of old *baronage*, *royalty* would not endure. In 1601 his head was cut away, and the Queen smiled no more; yet she returned to her former occupations. Her heart was not a fickle one, as Fuller says, where her grace's kindness did light, there it did lodge: and though it was her temper to pay liberally, but reward sparingly, she showered on this nobleman many honours, and upon Burleigh such emoluments that he left fourteen thousand pounds weight of gold behind him, bequeathing it, oddly enough to *our* notions, in so many ounces each to his surviving friends and relations; having realized in landed property only four thousand pounds o'year. When the Queen died she left this country so much improved and happier than she found it, that philosophical Raynal says, it was time death took her, for that a prince who never will provoke subjects to insurrection is a *nuisance*: had Elizabeth reigned 100 years (says he) the island would never have had spirits to meditate a rebellion. Faustina thus, in her diverting dialogue with Brutus among the shades, called round us by the magic pen of Fontenelle, complains of a good husband, because, as she observes, it only rivets a wife's chains for ever; and takes from her even a *wish* for those loose freedoms which form the happiness of female life. Fontenelle laughs, and endeavours to make *us* laugh; I fear me much his countryman is serious: be this as it may, the times *did* change apace; sovereigns were served upon the

† Le Duc *D'Evreux* was an old title in England since long before King John's time.

knee, and that by lords. Let us remember though, that they were lords made such by the sovereigns themselves for service done the state. Rank followed merit *now*, and was no longer annexed merely to birth alone. Authority slid fast from the house of peers, whilst diffusion of money long concentred, dissemination of learning long confined, and discoveries of distant regions long unknown, produced rapid alteration in the manners both of small and great. A breach had been made in the classes of humanity by the Queen of England when she gave to merit, in the person of Sir Francis Drake, *royal* permission to push aside descent; and that such conduct was both rare and new, witness the well-attested anecdote concerning a contemporary character, Sir Philip Sydney, who having one day quarrelled about tennis balls with my Lord Oxford, *he* appealed, as was usual in such cases, to the sovereign, who sending for the inferior disputant, bid him be well advised of the difference there was in degree between earls and gentlemen; adding, that princes must support the privileges of each subject; and besides, if gentlemen shewed contempt for the nobility, peasants would soon learn to insult both, (an event nearer than she then apprehended.) Sir Philip's answer was in the spirit of Sydney: "That he observed with due reverence how rank was never meant as privilege to wrong; witness her grace's own superior self, who governed even her own prerogatives by law: that my Lord Oxford could challenge nothing of him save *precedency*, *homage* being now quite out of question." We are told nothing of the queen's reply; she must have seen, methinks, how things were going; and probably for that reason, among others, called few parliaments, of which she made a merit to the nation; (see Hume and Camden both;) stopt all discourse about her own supremacy; and when the commons craved *freedom of speech within their own walls*, confined them strictly but to *aye* and *no*. Yelverton, ancestor to the late Earl of Suffex, seemed truly sensible of their inferiority when he, disclaiming the office of speaker to the house, alleges his own difficulties in facing the unspeakable majesty and sacred personage

personage of their dread and dear sovereign, the terror of whose countenance (says he) suffices to appal the stoutest hearts. Elizabeth however, perfectly aware that the manners becoming in a monarch are offensive in a woman, and willing to blend the charms of influence with threats of authority, affected in domestic life fears she could never feel, pretending a dislike of certain smells, and acting on some occasion her terrors of a dentist so naturally, that Bishop Aylmer actually fate down to the operator and lost a sound tooth, that so her grace might be prevailed on to part with a decayed one. Her coquetry was all political as it appears, put on for purpose of keeping that power in her own hands which she saw loosening daily, and disposed more and more to slip from them. Cecil, in a private paper preserved by Haynes, says, That the decay of obedience being compared with that fearfulness and reverence which possessed all estates toward their superiors in times past, would astonish any considerate person to behold *the desperation of reform*: and Hume thinks the Queen's frugality was a measure by which she meant merely to hold fast her own independence. Henry VIII. came to the crown and found full coffers; yet so had he and his son and his eldest daughter diminished them, that Elizabeth had four millions of debt to pay; which she honourably discharged, though often refusing offered money from her subjects. This, with her familiarities, when in a good humour, made her adored; and royalty was not then afraid of encouraging individuals to familiarity by good humour. Have you looked over Haywood's book, said she to my lord Bacon, that haply there may be no treason in it? Marry, sovereign, replies her merry Chancellor, I find no treason in the book, but much felony, whereby he hath stolen all his best sentences as I do think from Cornelius Tacitus: but rack him not, good madam, for to say sooth his style is too much disjointed already. On another occasion when musick was performing, Are you not out of tune? said she. Madam, replies Dr. Tye, your ears are out of tune. And no marvel, doctor, answers her majesty, for they have this morning been stuned with much babble. I pr'ythee,  
good

good servant, play, that so their conditions may be amended. Of this reign, what English reader regrets not the conclusion? What writer grieves not who is forced to abridge it? but when a new century began she left us.

Elizabetha Regina Angliæ,  
Anglis Agna, Hiberiæ Lea,

Said the wits; and Henry the fourth of France, who was one himself, exclaimed, "*Le Roy Elisabeth est mort; nous aurons la reine Jacques.*" When he understood the King of Scotland was her successor, his desire of a conference with our sovereign detained her, as it seems, a while upon the stage, desirous to preserve the balance of power in Europe; but when that business by Rosini's management was settled, some scruples seized her mind, and poisoned her last hours with thought of Essex's unjust or cruel condemnation: the Lady Nottingham having declared upon her death-bed, how that earl had consigned to *her* a ring the Queen once gave him, begging mercy; but that by her husband's command that token was *suppressed*, and pardon treacherously withheld from him. After this news our sovereign refused comfort, and died of only ten days illness, caused by anxiety, at seventy years of age.

## CHAP. VIII.

FIRST PORTION OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY;

ITS EFFECTS ON ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, HOLLAND, FRANCE,  
AND PORTUGAL.WITH A SKETCH OF THE CHANGES IN COMMON LIFE,  
AND PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

OUR *Retrospection* must, at beginning of this chapter, do what Elizabeth's courtiers (safely enough) did by *anticipation* at beginning of the century; turn all their eyes towards *Scotland*. That nation sometimes feared, always respected by ours, had from that hour a claim to being loved by us—we served the same sovereign. It is for that reason necessary we should look back a moment to their conduct, who must in future be considered as our nearest connexion, and recollect how their king, James II., was soon after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet, killed accidentally before Roxburgh castle by the bursting of a piece of ordnance, the world being in those days little acquainted with such matters. A Scotch shilling then, Buchanan says, was equal to an English sixpence, the halfpenny was first coined in the next reign and called a *barwbie*, because stamped with the image of James III. then a *babie*, perhaps, or possibly from a corruption of *baspiece*, low money, French. It is observable that many French words are retained among this people, who have always maintained a close, not to say kind correspondence with France, ever since Charlemagne made alliance with their king Achaius, and took young Mailros for his tutor, exchanging chivalry for literature, if it be true that Mailros instituted, on his return from the continent, that ancient military Order the Thistle, and added the well-known motto,

*nemo*



*nemo me impune lacessit.* The words marrow for husband from *mari*; bonie from *bonne*, and a thousand more bespeak French derivations. Cards are mentioned as the diversion of the Scottish court in 1501, before ours had an idea of them: they were called *quartes*, *four-sided things*; in French pronunciation *cartes*. Charles VI. was the first person we read of in Europe, who made his amusement consist in arranging and disposing the four suits originally devised to represent the four classes; or descriptions of men. *Hommes de chœur*, viz. quoir-men, *choir-men*, clergy; *carreaux* or coin, for the monied people, merchants; *picques*, for the soldiery; and *treffe* or *trefoil*, denoting the agricultists. These are *green* yet in some packs of cards I have examined on the continent; and as to the suit of diamonds, *carreaux*, they have in Italy now when playing tarocco the representation of a coin upon them. The king of hearts had a chorister's gown on his back, A. D. 1783, at Seville and Barcelona; but *l'as de picq*, as a good soldier, *conquers in every game*. *The nine of diamonds* has a reference to *nine luckless merchants*, combined for some discovering enterprize about the time when all eyes were turning westward, 'tis called the *curse of Scotland* still, from their failure, as I have read and heard.\* But James the third

\* It is a well known vulgarity in England to say, Come, sir, will you have a stroke at the old history of the four kings? meaning will you play a game at cards. Yet has this phrase a deep and rational meaning.

These four kings represented the four great monarchies,

	Jews,	Greeks,	Romans,	Franks.
under	David,	Alexander,	Cæsar,	Charlemagne.
The lead the four suits	Hearts,	Spades,	Clubs,	Diamonds.
The Queens are,	Esther,	Argine,*	Pallas,	Judith.

\* Means Regina par excellence, anagram.

*Knives* are *valets*. Servetus Burn tells us, that in Saxon, knafa or knapha, signifies a servant; the thatcher calls some instrument a *knave* to this day.

The Spaniards not understanding the *treffe*, called that suit *bastos*, accordingly we find the ace of clubs at ombre and quadrille called *basto*, we translating thence say *clubs*; and the thing we call a *spade* is evidently a pike's head; but we do not mean a gardener's *spade*, we mean a sword, from the Spanish *espada*.

claims a word or two, and those not good ones. He married Margaret of Denmark, we remember; and 'twas in his behalf for that fair lady's dowry, her liberal father Christiern relinquished all pretensions to the Orkney and Shetland Isles. Favouritism and folly marked his character. Among other senseless pranks he preferred one Cochran, a beautiful young stone-mason, to enjoyment of high offices about the court, for better excuse of his personal and immediate attendance. Of this when the Earl of Mar, James's own brother, justly complained, representing the grossness and impropriety of such conduct, the tyrant fratricide accused him of high treason, and had all his veins opened as the easiest death. Resistance ended what remonstrance tried at without effect: and the king was killed by his own subjects in an open rebellion, headed by his own son, upon the plains of Bannockburn, where Edward I. of England, in the year 1314, fighting in the same field against the Bruce and Douglas, lost the flower of his army, and the famous scoffing ballad was made, yet remembered by our North Britons, not only as a proof of their prowess in war, but of their advancement in the art of poetry, for rough as they are, *our* contemporary verses are not half as good. Battles are often fought in the same places. When James the fourth found his father dead however, and himself called to reign, he resolved to do a perpetual penance upon himself for his successful rebellion against his parent and his king. He wore an iron chain next his waist twenty-five years, but what was much better, he led an exemplary life; promoted trade, encouraged discoveries, and so protected the commerce of his realms, that they exceedingly increased in riches, and when he wedded the daughter of Henry VII. called her to a court so elegant and respectable, that the South Britons half disliked the connexion with a neighbour so near and so powerful. The lady's prudent and penetrating father saw to a greater distance: no alliance could however, cure the Scots of that inherent attachment to France which caused the battle of Flodden Field, where this James lost his life. His son James V. espoused two French queens, the first Madelaine, favourite child of François premier by la belle Claude:  
the

the second a daughter of the ambitious and turbulent Duc de Guise: her daughter Marie (the two princes her brothers dying young) succeeded when but twelve hours old, to her unhappy father's luckless throne, and to his rivetted aversion for England, in fighting against which he lost a numerous army at Solway Firth, and died of grief and anger. His sweet infant crowned in her cradle was betrothed to France, where she was early sent for education, and married to its sovereign, when he was seventeen years old; his consort fifteen. Under the tuition of his mother, Catherine de Medici and the Guises, she learned that fixed persuasion of the Romish faith, which was considered as almost the only necessary and indispensable virtue of crowned heads, and which would have been useful to her happiness had she continued long in France, but her young husband had in some martial sport been hurt under the right ear, a trifling wound; which seemed to heal at first, but gathered inwardly, and forming an imposthume, killed him in the second year of his reign. Mary a widow now, was called to Scotland; where reformation had made hasty strides and had possessed the hearts of all her people; there in a rough country it assumed a rude form, and shocked her on her first arrival, when a deputation met, and as their earliest compliment insisted upon her reading a sermon of John Knox against ecclesiastical and kingly power—she read, and smiling, gave it the archbishop of Glasgow, nephew to cardinal Guise, “Here, cousin (said she) will you peruse a Scottish pasquinade.” She little thought perhaps that female smiles had no effect towards warding off religious fury, but Knox published his *Blast of the Trumpet* against the monstrous government of women, which would have united Elizabeth with her in a common cause, had not her love of France and abhorrence of England, kept that alliance at a distance, while *Retro-spection* painted her to our sovereign as displaying jointly with her first husband the arms of Henry VII., which they used publicly, and Francis had proclaimed himself king of our whole dominions: a pretence which the true heir had tried in vain to make Pope Paul the

fourth annul. Elizabeth was therefore constrained to turn against her gay cousin the only arms in her power—her subjects' aversion to popery: by this indeed our wily sovereign learned with most artful management to sway the people of a neighbouring princess, who pleased herself with the romance of life, whilst her deep rival studied its realities. Mary, disliking least among that people her showy kinsman, the young Earl of Darnley, married and had a son by him, our James; whom yet she never loved; and for his father, empty though brave, and jealous though not kind, slight provocation tempted her to hate, great provocation urged her to destroy him. Mary was almost born a queen, and no controul upon her will was welcome to her: her favourites, as herself however, had ill luck. Rizzio was killed before her eyes by Darnley—Darnley was blown up, with her connivance, by Bothwell—Bothwell was parted from her in four months, and refuging from her own subjects among ours, they all excited Queen Elizabeth to rid the world of her intrigues at once; and she, after deliberating, in eighteen years, agreed to take her head by publick execution. A sentence so severe, though long delayed, so contrary to law of nations, and to ties of blood, that in the rough leaves of political necessity we can alone look for its excuse or explanation. Mary was always plotting to restore the expelled religion in a country to which she felt connexions of ambition; not of love: yet elegant and all-accomplished as she was, no plot succeeded 'gainst her well-served rival. Had these competitors been striving for an apple, each individual would no doubt (as once the royal shepherd) have decided in favour of a Venus-like form and carriage against the merits of Juno and Pallas, though united; but for an empire, men are more in earnest. Our Sovereign was encouraged and abetted in her proceedings against her lovely kinswoman, while warm praises of the unhappy victim's feminine perfections handed down by every historian, may possibly compensate to the manes of a lady, more studious to adorn her own person and mind, than careful to please or benefit her country.

It

It is besides observable that Mary, though no favourite with the world while she remained in it, has been celebrated and lamented by wits and poets through two centuries and more, since her decease, forming a contrast to fair Joan of Naples, who, distinguished likewise for *her* beauty, gallantry and misfortunes, (see vol. 1.) was adored, protected and admired living; but her renown once blackened by a troubadour of note, *Battiste de Parofols*, *her* name has been consigned irreparably to utter detestation, and no fewer than five old-fashioned dramas recited, with and *without gestes*, by Difours, &c. diverted all France at her expence, from 1382 to the day one was exhibited for the young princes of blood-royal, when Mary Scot was there for education; before she had herself composed the pretty verses, “*Adieu paysant pays de France! Adieu pays le plus chéris,*” &c.\* She had reason to regret leaving it. Her son made a mere show of resentment, but soon forgot his mother’s death in his own danger from a Spanish invasion. The pacific prince was easily prevailed on to lend assistance and receive protection, when Philip’s ships covered the sea; and our Elizabeth added the *promise* of a pension too, which I believe was never paid, and some theological counsel beside concerning the protestant religion, in favour of which he was a steady disputant, and which, to say truth, did at that time certainly depend on British intrepidity; but while the Queen of England quoted Isocrates in her letters to James, who she knew piqued himself upon his scholarship, and who in effect quoted Isocrates back again to *her*, in a happy reciprocation of pedantry, she softened away all asperity from Sextus V. by well-timed presents, compliments and sly kindneses to all of the Peretti family, then rising into notice in Italy, where her emissaries paid them incredible attention. And ’twas observed the Pope never spoke well of the Scottish Queen, who, as he said, had not only given suspicion to the world that she was privy to her husband’s death, but fought beside to disinherit his and her only child, because he wished to be associated with her in the government: on which occasion she had witten him word that she

\* See Dr. Burney’s History of Musick.

she should chuse her own heirs to her own crown, and bid him betake himself to the earldom of Darnley, as all he could challenge in his father's right. It appears that their country must have been much behind hand in civilization at beginning of her reign, if it be true what Spotswood tells, how that Gordon, who was deputy for his brother the Earl of Huntley, under colour of Mary's authority, committed strange outrage on the Forbes family, summoning the lady of Tivy, i. e. Tiviot, to surrender; and provoked by her valour in defending the mansion whilst her lord was from home, set fire to't, and burned her and all her babes.

This fine bespy'd hir owne dere laird,  
 As he came o'er the lee,  
 And ken'd his castelle in a blaze,  
 As far as he could see.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,  
 And wept in teenfu' muid;  
 Ah, traytours! for this cruel deid,  
 Ye zall weepe teirs of bluid.

This was in 1571, but the new century soon after its birth saw England and Scotland, *deux têtes en un bonnet*, as the French say; and we have ourselves an early blooming flower called *two faces under a hood*.

Of a fresh reign fresh hopes were entertained by the Papists, who promised themselves wonders from a prince whose mother, died a martyr to popery. Their resentment at his continuance of those laws which he found in force against them at his accession, drove them to despair, and caused the most horrible and extensive conspiracy till then upon record. King, Lords, and Commons, were to have been all at one stroke destroyed, and that religion changed, which was by its professors supposed to have become popular and pleasing under the forty-four years of Elizabeth. King James's natural penetration, quickened by that timidity which shewed itself in all his counsels, thoughts and actions,

actions, discovered the plot; and this monstrous production of unprovoked cruelty was strangled in its birth. Nor was the sovereign irritated to more than proper punishment of a sect now grown *deserving* his antipathy. James was a peaceful prince, and well disposed: but meaner motives might perhaps be mingled with his clemency towards the church of Rome. *Another* sect, adverse to power in *whatever* hands, had grown up under the care of Knox, the rough reformer of Scotland, where his opinions took deep root, and spread still further than he meant they should—for tares grow faster than the wheat they ruin. Whoever preaches against authority is sure enough to find an audience, and every pitiful fellow is pleased to hear how he is independent of priest or presbyter, bishop or king. That pastors are superfluous and magistrates unnecessary to man, wise, good, and self-sufficient, are sounds in themselves delightful, and more delightful still because they are true. The worst is, that man not being either wise or good, or in any sense sufficient to himself, pastors are needful, teachers to be desired, and rulers indispensable. This doctrine James was well persuaded of in his heart, which seems not to have been a bad one; in his mind, which was surely not ill furnished, and in his experience, which was not meanly limited. But in that doctrine he had a deep interest; his arguments for it therefore, cold as they were, long-winded and pedantic, were despised.

When kings, and parents, and pedagogues feel disposed to *argue* with those whom it is their duty to *govern*, not *convince*, they stand forth in a silly situation, and must not wonder if they are justly laughed at. James made himself beside still more contemptible by weak attachment to a worthless boy, young Robert Carr, for whom his fondness sprung so suddenly, that six months had not elapsed after they first met, before this idle pageant was hung round with titles, honours, and court favour, to that astonishing yet ridiculous degree, the old nobility found themselves all obliged to keep away, or crouch with awkward, ill-put-on submission to my Lord Viscount Rochester. It  
might

might indeed tend to disarm resentment of such folly, to hear their new king with unwished candour confessing to his parliament the difficulty he had ever found in *refusing suits*: an infirmity his majesty's commons were most careful not to *catch* from him. *They* refused every *suit* he made to them for money; and that with a severity and tartness scarce credible, when we reflect that many members must have recollected trembling, like Yelverton their Speaker, then alive, before the presence of his predecessor—

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,  
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace,

however, was now laid cold in earth: faces of a far different cast and sex attracted the notice of the new monarch, and the people whom their late sovereign had made *happy*, now began to find out that they would rather be *powerful*. It was not *abroad* that James could make them so: prince Henry, who promised to have been a martial character, died in his early years. One saying only of his has been recorded, but that was a good one. The French ambassador, who had cajol'd his father long, called upon Henry for commands at parting: "Tell your master," said the brave youth, "how you left *me* employed;" and resumed in his presence the exercise of the pike. His death, and the unhappy marriage of his sister to the Elector Palatine, who, hoping from England that relief he never received, ran himself into unutterable distresses, were heavy presages of ruin to the Stuart family. Poor Ann of Denmark, consort to James, died of a dropsy in the year 1618, fretted by these events, which brought it on: and hating, as she said, to *hear of Goody Palsgrave*, so she always called the ill-starred Queen of Bohemia,\* left all she had to *Charles*, but could not, as she observed,

\* Elizabeth of Bohemia had been an early-taught child, and her parents' hopes of her were high. The marriage ruined all; yet was that princess greatly beloved abroad, in the Netherlands particularly, and they called her the *Queen of Hearts*, which



observed, give him the high thoughts that died with her dear Henry. She died not herself however, till she had been prevailed on by the Archbishop of Canterbury to supersede Rochester in the king's affections by placing another youth, eminent for personal attractions, in his way, who helped them all to drive the Scottish minion down a precipice he had prepared for himself, by putting his master to excess of trouble in saving him from punishment for murder: this wretch having leagued with Lady Essex, his favourite mistress, to poison Sir Thomas Overbury, a man who had committed no offence, except endeavouring to prevent their marriage, and her divorce from a husband James had all reasons to protect and not offend. Such nuptials were new things, and shocked our English morals, although loosened exceedingly by importation of luxuries innumerable and till lately quite unknown. "In those days," as Harrison says, "they slept on straw pallets for the most part, their heads resting on a round turn'd log, which, covered with a coarse sheet, served as bolster: nor were pillows known, save for the old man of the house and yonge wyfe when with chyld, a sack of chaffe to rest their heads upon." But what is most worth minding is that all people seem to have liked the rough times best. When we had willow houses, we had men of oak, says an old writer, but now the houses are oak, I fear me the men are but willows. Witness also the pretty old popular ballad in James's time, when improvements came forward apace; it is preserved in Dryden's Miscellanies and Percy's ballads, and is called an old Courtier of the Queen's, and the Queen's old Courtier. Coaches, watches, knives used regularly at meals, and pewter plates, expelling treene platters from tree-wood; tobacco, coffee, chocolate, spices and perfumes, new minerals, new vegetables for purpose of food, physick and de-

which had already lost the *h* in *chœur*, 'tis plain. *Non des carreaux apparement*, was the answer: and a picture was extant at Antwerp in old General Guise's time, representing this lady like a poor Scotch travelling beggar, her child at her back, and King James carrying the cradle. Granger from Arthur Wilson says an Irish woman, but Elizabeth Gambarini described her as wearing a Scotch plaid.

light, poured in upon this nation, in the last five years of her reign, and the first five of James the first, to a degree perfectly incredible: yet whilst opium seduced men to temporary forgetfulness of their cares, not even the fresh importations of all that can please the palate, or irritate the appetite, nor the narcotick substitutes of sleep for the repose of voluptuousness, rendered them happy in any wise as it appears. Suicides grew common; and as existence was too much sweetened, it began to cloy. In political life the effects were still more discernible; and as restraint seemed dropping off itself, the people longed to pluck it quite away. In proportion as freedom advanced forward, all struggled to meet, embrace, *enthron* her—never enquiring, as Elizabeth proposed to do, of the evangelists, whether she herself wished so *very* warm and tumultuous a reception. Knowledge likewise, science in every branch, sprouted and sprung, till pressed as far as ever it could go, was in danger of running to seed. Priests, princes, soldiers, ladies, children, piqued themselves on study, and delighted on abstract enquiries. When sovereigns were scholars, and the courts of kings became schools of disputation, not to have been pedantick must have been impossible: it would be pedantry in *this* age to enumerate their works, and praise their powers. A friend of mine, when we were at Venice, bought a little book called *Jesus Puer*, or *de Pueritia Domini*, written I believe by Cotelerius, one of the prodigies of the seventeenth century. He explained the Greek testament at *twelve years old* before a clerical assembly, *à l'ouverture du livre*, and the Old Testament in Hebrew, adding his own comments in fluent and colloquial Latin. There is another book in the world, though on the same subject, of inferior value, translated from the Arabick by Sikius, called *Evangelium Infantia*, if I mistake not; but there Christ is examined by the Jewish Doctors in astronomy, medicine and metaphysics: in the little tract we purchased, he runs to his grandmother, St. Anne, for apples, &c. and these odd performances gave rise to numberless and beautiful pictures: the *santo bambino*, for example, learning to walk, by Rafaele; Jesus working with his father,

father at the carpenter's trade, by Carracci, and a thousand more. Corregio's ideas are almost all from sacred subjects; he was a poor man and illiterate, and died long before the period we are reviewing. So did his admirer and imitator Schidone, who, because Corregio was born in *coarse* life, seemed to think no other worth representing: he idolized the hand which penury could not paralyse, the heart which ignorance could not freeze. Caracci too, immortal, inimitable Carracci, bore testimony to *his* unfaded merit, which lives on, enjoying praise as deathless as does Hans Holbein, who with his *left hand* painted our Henry and his favourite females; or even Titian, whose dropp'd pencil was picked up by Charles V. with the well-remembered compliment that such an artist should be only served by Cæsar. But when our *Retrospection* is employed on those who best bestowed the new-blown pleasures that spring from the newly-dug-up soil of intellect, let our delighted eyes fix upon him to whom perhaps we owe our happiest moments—the poet of daily life, of hourly use; our solace when alone; our pride in the theatre; Shakespear! who, if he *had* an equal in Homer, a competitor in Ariosto, never, oh never shall acknowledge a superior. Shakespear! whose mind, like to our Wicklow mountain, produced his gold in masses from the mine—not in a shining sand or brilliant dust, washed from the distant bed. Nor warm'd by patronage, nor fertilized by education, nature and genius claim him for their own, and while they last, he lives.

Ben Johnson too, who taught our English stage to study masters then so long forgotten, must not himself in his turn be forgot; whilst, like Pouffin, he studied nature through the medium of that antique he understood so well, that he has left us persuaded of his power to rival them; though meaning but to imitate, and transfuse their perfections into his language and our own. Cervantes next, that never-dying name, whose peculiar happiness it is to hit the taste of every nation, to be commended, honoured, loved, in every clime, and every clime alike. Indigenous in all countries, and flourishing with equal perfec-

tion in Scotland and Amboyna—thus,—tow'rs the tall larch tree : till botanists of all realms willingly forget, whence came at first the naturalized foreigner. But now Amboyna's name calls us just to review the conduct of those states which, when they fled from Philip's cruelty, fettled in Holland ; and being supported by Elizabeth, maintained an honourable independency, of which they rather *called* than *acknowledged* the Prince of Orange as their head. He was *Statholder* indeed, but his powers were limited with jealous care, and his countrymen, for subjects they certainly were not, grew formidable in the eyes of all Europe, though Venice alone was content to league with them. From the *Poor Distressed States*, their style to our Elizabeth ; they now called themselves "*High and Mighty Lords*"—a title offensive among Christians, as bordering on blasphemy ; while their behaviour in Pegu, where it was said they trampled on the cross, and bowed to an idol, for purpose of prevailing on the emperor to *trade* with them, shewed little regard to the sacred religion of Europe. Commerce indeed, was their tutelary saint, and interest appeared to be their only god : but they discovered Streights La Maire, they under Spilberg beat the Portuguese in the east ; whither attracted by the fragrant gales from spice trees that lent their odour to each aromatick monsoon, the warlike plunderers pressed forwards, and resolving that none should share the spoil, seized all the fruit, and then cut down the plants ; securing by such means a vile monopoly, and circumventing their best friends the English ; who under gentle James, gave them up willingly those cautionary towns which his predecessor had insisted on as a sort of hostage for their gratitude, rather than compensation for kindnesses received. All the rich islands witnessed their barbarous conduct when Amboyna was made the scene of general massacre, and those British merchants who escaped assassination and were put to torture by a new dreadful method, being obliged to swallow gallons of water, with which the Hollanders drenched them till they confessed where was their wealth, and let them have it all. This was about the year 1620. Yet while  
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the *aggregate* of this new nation seemed so vile, that, as our poet says :

Hell has its *Nether-Lands* :—

some individuals bloomed in excellence, as do the tulips 'mid the fens they dwell in. Barneveldt, their virtuous minister, rendered the greatest services to his country ; actuated by what even yet appears the truest motives of pure patriotism ; and though the Dutch tolerated all worship, and seemed attached to none, polemick divinity, well named *theologia armata*, employed *his* pen and sword. Against Prince Maurice of Nassau, this busy controvertist was opposed ; lifting himself among the Arminians, while his *successful* adversary (not his *serene* one) held contrary opinions concerning grace and predestination, subjects the world, now seized, with as much avidity as if they were hoping not only to *understand* which is most difficult, but to *controul* them, which is wholly impossible. The synod of Dordrecht condemned poor Barneveldt, however, and he lost his grey head in the cause at seventy-two years old, A. D. 1619, or thereabouts.\* His sons engaged in a conspiracy soon after, under pretence of revenging a father's death. One of these youths escaped by flight, and one was taken. Their weeping mother, all arrayed in black, threw herself mute and prostrate at the feet of much-embarrassed Maurice : “ You amaze me, Madam ; rise I beg of you,” exclaimed the great Nassau ; “ but tell me first, why did I not see you in this posture begging your *husband's* life ?” “ Because,” replied the lady, rising with dignity, “ My husband was *innocent*, my sons are *guilty*.” Her interference saved the life she gave. That of Prince Maurice had been attempted

\* It was supposed he began the *Tulipomania*, as it was not unjustly called ; when twelve or fourteen years after Barneveldt's death, a collection of these flowers were sold for *nine thousand* pounds English ; it belonged to Wouter Broekholmsen : one tulip in the collection, called *par eminence* Semper Augustus, was valued at seven hundred pounds of the money. In April 1637, by an order of the state, a check was put to this strange trade, by invalidating the contracts made by purchasers and venders.

in a strange manner some years before by the Archduke Ernest, who having lost a battle, persuaded one of Nassau's guards, a Roman Catholic, to murder his master, assuring him that the mias he had assisted at in the morning had a peculiar quality of rendering him invisible. This made him bold of course, but it made him rash too; and finding himself seized with the knife in his hand; "Why how could you see me," exclaimed the foolish fellow, "I thought myself invisible." This mistake, though favouring of madness, did not preserve him from the death due to assassins. At no great distance of time from this *coup-manqué* our *Retrospection* is constrained to see the great, the gay, the brave Henry the fourth of France stabbed in his coach by Ravailiac, a half crazy devotee, who fancied he was doing God good service. The people, persuaded he was only an instrument of a deep conspiracy, put him to torture; and though he confessed nothing, and had, as 'tis now supposed, nothing to confess but the regicide, all France was of opinion that many were implicated in this horrid crime, though never king was more beloved than he, or had more qualities to attract affection. His friend and favourite, his first minister Sully, retired from the world immediately; but Henry was scarce less adored by those he had been rough with. The Comte de Soissons, who had no mind to bring up his forces, in 1597 I think, and who excused himself by pretending some pilgrimage or prayer, though he received the rough reply well known, "*Ventre St. Gris!* I'll make him fast as well as pray if he does not obey my orders," died almost in our fathers' time at a prodigious age, bearing testimony to the heroick virtues of Henry IV. not eclipsed by those of his descendant the famous Prince Eugene. By him the divided provinces were re-united too, and under his reign flourished manufactories till then unthought of.

The children left behind were young, and the Queen wholly given up to folly and favouritism: Leonora Galligni, therefore, a Florentine, and through her influence over Mary de Medici, her husband likewise, foster brother to that princess, Conchini by name, governed the realm:

new honours were showered on them every day; and Conchini, when become Marechal d'Ancre, displayed talents which made the whole nobility as furious as did the haughtiness with which he treated them. He was abhorred, pursued, and diligently watched; good sense disliked his interference; envy laid snares for his undoing; and murder, approved, if not commanded by the boy king himself, met his last unlucky step as he was entering the Louvre. Vitri's hand struck the blow, but le Duc de Luynes dictated the measure; and France was ruled by a child's favourite instead of a woman's. Paris rejoiced however, acknowledging the young monarch as completely of age at fourteen years old, and helped him to drive his mother into confinement at Blois. She begged leave to go *home*, but was roughly refused; and 'tis curious to observe the French historians blackening Mary de Medici's character in an over-heard conversation between her and Bassompierre, at one time ambassador in England. The writer of *La Vie de Louis XIII.* tells how she was known to promise him wealth, honours, and *caresses*, in exchange for his ready obedience. *Les biens, les honneurs, & les caresses*: so they render the poor Queen's words, which, in her native tongue, the only one she ever learned to speak, were *li beni, g'lonori, e li carichi*: *employments, charges*, in French. It is a literary blunder, from ignorance of the language merely. It is, perhaps, my ignorance of *theirs*, which renders me incapable of guessing what they could mean by calling Conchini the *python*; for favouritism was by no means ended in him; it was transferred to le Duc de Luynes, who let the Prince de Condé out of his confinement, kept Mary at a distance from her son, and in the sole interview they permitted her to have with him, after the Marechal d'Ancre was no more, set down the king's part of the conversation in writing, and made him get it by heart. He was a married man meanwhile, and fair Anne of Austria was his wife. But no verses, no praises could surpass, in beauty and elegance, those

Cet Anne si belle,  
Qu'on vante si fort. MALHERBE.

which

which the same poet had made upon the hapless Florentine, who now all but witnessed from her window the cruelties committed on the body of Conchini, which was dragged up and down by an infuriated mob, who calling him an excommunicated Jew, stripped, wounded, mangled his half-buried corpse, dug out for purpose of wreaking on it far worse than brutal indignities; and laying hold of his lady, threatened her with the same treatment; she was, however, brought to judgment, as they called it, and there formally accused of having bewitched the Queen, and being asked, on her short trial, by *what means* she had gained such an ascendancy over her mistress's affections? By those same means, replied Leonora steadily, that a great mind always finds to rule a little one. When she was carried to the stake, where, after some mutilations of her body, it was burned, the people hooting as she passed along; *Che popolazzo Francese!* exclaimed La Mareschale with indignation; but seeing Sillery among the crowd, requested his nearer approach, that she might beg his pardon for some ill offices she had once done him when in power: that ceremony past, *in manus tuas Domine!* she cried aloud; *in manus tuas!* expiring as if insensible of her torments. Her brother, the Archbishop of Tours, hearing of the death and confiscation of his friends, although an exemplary character, said he would never trust himself with *Frenchmen*, and escaped over the Alps to the monastery in Piedmont; while the Duc de Luynes persuaded Louis treize to tear from his Huguenot subjects all those lands and estates in Guienne, Languedoc, &c. which they had enjoyed under his predecessor. This step produced a temporary rebellion, where Montauban signalized himself on the Protestant side, and le Duc de Mayenne, son of the Guise, who had so often opposed Henri quatre *hand to hand*, after the old modes of *Chevalerie*, and was at length pardoned and protected by him, fell from his horse, and died fighting for the *Catholick* cause, so bravely maintained by all his noble house. These events bring our *Retrospection* to the year 1620, or a little more, when by the death of his favourite, Louis the thirteenth was again set free



free to make a new choice upon nobler motives. The Duc de Luynes first won his affections by making bird-lime for him to catch sparrows ; *piègrichès à prendre les moineaux.*

But Portugal now claims a glance of *Retrospection*. We left her employed only in discoveries, and mentioned her since then only in the words of flippan't Florian : a slight recapitulation of her history is therefore necessary, to introduce the revolution which will be observable in our next chapter. Her rulers have deserved well of mankind in general, and in the latter times have been eminent for keeping faith with England. John I. then was natural son to Peter the Severe, and succeeded to Ferdinand, who took the Moors' heads for his coat armour ; as mentioned in Vol. I. This was in 1383. He beat the Spaniards, seized upon Ceuta, and died full of days and honours, A. D. 1433, at eighty-five or eighty-six years old. For love of his memory, and in consideration of his merit, bastards were, from that time, deemed admissible to the throne, in failure of legitimate sons and daughters, and were, after his time, preferred to nephews. It was in preference to a first cousin alone that he himself was called to reign : and his son, by our Philippa of Lancaster, *Prince Henry*, has been already mentioned as a promoter of discoveries. *Tristan Vaz*, who first landed on the Madera isles, and is supposed to have called them *Madeira*, was an emissary of his ; but that young prince died too soon. *Alphonso the fifth*, however, lived to take *Tangier*, and to rejoice in the hope of future wealth found on the Gold Coast of *Guinea*. He was surnamed *Africanus*, and was succeeded by *John the Rigorous*, whom no man could bias or turn, 'twas said ; when a courtier now and then took courage to attempt it : " Nay, nay," replied *John*, " that king who acts by guidance or governance, is no king at all." Many of his sayings are recorded by *Vieyra*. " I can," says he, " answer for my own conduct, while 'tis mine, but if 'tis the conduct of another man's mind, how dreadful will be such responsibility?" A trusty favourite represented some hardship to him as felt by the people. " Will you pretend to love my subjects as I do, foolish fellow?" cries

John, justly furnamed the Unpersuadeable ; “ I was born to rule *my own* people, and I will rule them *my own* way.” So he did, and with good advantage, as it has been affirmed, to the nation in general, never deviating for private gratification either of himself or others. In his reign a Duke of Braganza aspiring, lost his head : he was the king’s sister’s son, I think ; but Juan had no family fondness. When his only child died of the small-pox, “ God loves Portugal,” exclaimed the unfeeling parent ; “ that silly boy could not have done his duty by the nation ; Emanuel will prove a better successor ; I shall be removed now soon myself ; had the prince survived this disease, my life would have been longer necessary, and longer preserved.” He was quite right ; the pains he took to colonize and extend the Portugueze dominions in India ; the plans he formed for taking burdens off the poor at home ; the bravery he had evinced against the Moors, were all considered as models by his distant but attentive relation, Emanuel, who in a short time succeeded to his throne, and was said to restore the golden age. He protected men of letters, encouraged commerce, took towns and fortresses in Africa, rewarded those who with an enterprising spirit brought home accounts of daily new found lands, but checked that zeal by which the countries so discovered felt cruelty consequent upon submission. He comforted the nation in general for the loss of John the Rigid, but could not console the Queen, who in her husband’s last moments expressing her grief aloud, “ Be quiet,” said the expiring patriot, “ Emanuel will be good to Portugal.” “ What care I for Portugal ? I have lost my son, and now I lose my lord,” she cried. John put his hand before her lips and died. His successor, after an exemplary reign of twenty-three years, desired to be laid at his feet, leaving John the third on the throne, who inherited many of his father’s virtues, and is famed for some peculiarly his own. His ships in 1524 brought into Europe the first accounts of Japan, and to him David King of Ethiopia sent ambassadors. His Portugueze Majesty, however, more shocked by the ignorance of these wretched mortals, than flattered

tered by their homage, engaged St. Francisco Xavierus to transfer his spirit of good works and charitable instructions to nations newly found. This incomparable missionary, therefore, quitted the Hospital of Incurables at Venice, which he served in the capacity of ordinary or curate; and at the command of John III., taking some jesuit assistants with him, propagated Christianity all along the coast of Coromandel, Cape Comorin, the Molucca Isles, the Peninsula of Malacca, and even Japan itself. Letters still extant prove the prodigious talents and learning which this pious creature, truly devoted to heaven's service, was willing to bury in places where they could be but merely humble, and often superfluous attendants upon true holiness towards God, and charity for his creatures. These are the characters our Retrospective eye loves to repose upon: these are the men who exalt human nature by imitation of that divine Saviour who took it on himself. The body of Xavierus rests on the island of Formosa, as I think; he died there in 1552. His royal patron meanwhile wedded his only son to a sister of Charles V. but they both died before the king did; and Don Sebastian, so well known to fame, was their *posthumous* and only child. The parent princess scarce survived his birth a moment; her husband's death had pressed upon her heart, and disqualified from all power to endure or combat the pangs of parturition. Her offspring succeeded, at three years old, to royalty, but added a romantick genius to his valour and virtue, which soon deprived Portugal of all advantages from either. He would go *himself* to propagate the Christian faith in India: when stopt from that project by nearer dangers to that Catholick religion which seemed an object of passionate fondness to Sebastian more than of pious care; he joined King Philip the second of Spain against Muley Moloch, the heroick defender of Mahometanism, and invader of his nephew's rights King Mahomet, who helped the Portugueze in hope of conquering for himself, no doubt, and destoying an uncle whose ill state of health rendered him more easily overcome. The battle of Alcazar was fought in 1579. Muley Moloch, carried to the field in a

litter, encouraged his troops, and animated by the noble noise and thunder of the war, sick as he was, leaped from his couch, and fought gallantly at their head; till overpowered by illness, not by wounds, he dropt; and charging those round him not to reveal his death, fell gloriously, while his brave troops, thinking him still a witness to their valour, charged heavily on bold Sebastian, who having had three horses killed under him they hoped would yield. “Surrender, Christian king! they cried, *surrender!* your life is safe with us.” “But who shall save my *honour?*” replied he, and rushed among them, till he found his death. His corpse was never found; his hapless kingdom, a prey to seven candidates at once, dropt to the King of Spain, whom Don Antonio de Castro vainly attempted to keep out: when the Duc d’Alva, red with the blood of the Protestants, returned from all his horrors in the Netherlands, and taking possession of Lisbon, treated the nobles with unexampled cruelty. Philip the second and his son governing Portugal by viceroys, oppressed her terribly; and the last named prince contributed no little to her depopulation likewise, when all those Moors and Jews were driven out, that made nearly a million of subjects, sent from both realms at once. Such conduct, though it rendered Spain a desert, gave spirits to the old Braganza house, who even then planned the restoration of that independence which Portugal so well deserves. Philip the third was still employed in Flanders, where he continued the system of oppression. Spinola, his general, took not Ostend, however, till after fifty thousand men had lost their lives before it. Our brave Sir Horace Vere slipt through his fingers with four thousand soldiers, and he was forced at length to acknowledge the Free United States, as such, in the year 1604. His son, Philip the fourth, employed his agents to cajole our James I. with promise of a marriage between his son Charles and the infanta of Spain; while projects of more importance were maturing, in what he deemed his natural dominions: and the year 1622, silently carried on the Portugueze conspiracy, which in eighteen years more set on the throne of his ancestors, Jean le Fortuné.

## C H A P. IX.

PORTUGAL, PERSIA, INDIA, CHINA, TURKEY, AFRICA,  
AND ROME. TO 1650.

**W**HILST the princes of Portugal were running the race of Christian perfection here at home, their subjects in the east suffered grievous degeneration, falling far below the true standard of pagan morality: and whilst the son of virtuous and exemplary Albuquerque recorded in elegant language his father's pious intentions and heroick deeds, Nūno d'Acunha acted in direct opposition to his so great example. Wishing to make himself master of Daman, an island on the coast of Cambaya, he fell upon the inhabitants sword in hand. "Why all this slaughter? European," said their chieftain, "take the place quietly, but let us go first, and give us necessaries for our emigration." The hasty and unfeeling Ninio (for so his countrymen pronounce his name) put them every soul to the sword. The King of Pegu, hearing these particulars, resolved upon resistance, and long wars ensued. The rubies of that place however, although not equal to those found on Ceylon, attracted Corea, who, after losing some of his Portugueze by the valour of these antagonists, thought it was best to deal with them by stratagem: and as both parties now began to wish for peace, let it be confirmed by *oath* they said—*agreed*. "We swear upon a book here in the east, the Veidam; it contains our law and our belief." "We too," says Corea, "swear by the blest Evangelists."—"Bring out the volumes, Christian," cried the King of Pegu, "and let us ratify our solemn contract." An immense multitude

tude of Indians, peacefully arrayed, arrived to witness the well-meant transaction, calling the sun to look into their hearts. Corea had but thirty men with him; but they were all in arms. When *his* book had been kissed, he held it up with a triumphant laugh, shewing it the soldiers—"It was a *song-book* only that I swore on," cried the cool traitor from our temperate zone, "Fall on these fellows; cut them all to pieces:" and so they did, leaving not one alive. Another Portuguese, in consequence of a religious vow, he said, knocked down the pagodas all at once, and set his men to massacre the poor Malays, who innocently came to weep over their ruins. Nor did the kings longer receive the produce unimpaired of oriental tribute. Remittances, which had enriched the coffers of John the Rigorous, were dissipated and detained by these truly worthless governors, who fought for spoil like beasts of prey, not men; and having plundered the inhabitants of provinces, they were sent forth to civilize, not destroy, they robbed their sovereigns of their just revenue; while torturers, murderers, inquisitors, thieves in short, (call them how else we will) brought shame upon their country and religion, and made the name of Europe much abhorred. The source of all this mischief is not hard to trace. When 'twas supposed the Pope of Rome had power to bestow nations that he never saw, wide-spreading districts of which he had scarce time to read an adequate description, the rest followed of course; for if he gave enormous territories to a Portuguese king, he had not stipulated to withhold the property of individuals from a Portuguese captain, or the inferior officers who cheated *him*, while he was defrauding the crown. It was a train of error and offence not new in the world, for where men are, there will be offence and error. So long ago as the days of Xenophon may *Retrospection* see these ills provided against; where, in the *Cyropædia*, the young prince is censured for having, in his rage of liberality, bestowed a big coat which belonged to a little boy upon a great boy that he thought would fit it better. "Nay," says his instructor, "you are now in danger of grow-  
"ing

“ing unjust, when you seek only to be generous. The little boy has “a right to his own coat, fit him or not, and ’tis tyrannick violence to “take it from him.” Alexander VI. when he drew the line of demarcation between Spain and Portugal, in South America, might have perhaps been turned from his purpose, had he been reminded that he was acting like the *baby Cyrus*, of whom he had read no doubt, but with more care concerning the *language* than the sentiment.

Various misfortunes retard the progress of science: when learning was newly revived, scholars studied chiefly to polish the key of the place where her long-entranced body lay: they swept out her apartments neatly, classed her possessions diligently, and spent no little time upon the *stair-case*, admiring and justly the gradual, the luminous ascent. ’Tis otherwise now that she is once more in decay from *age*, as then from *sickness*. Every pretender, like myself, who can make a light ladder of ropes, runs up now, and enters by the window, *venturing a fall*, for the sake of some literary plunder, which we devour and digest, and trust to our agility for more; but never knowing either the comforts or sorrows of repletion, we seize the *sentiment*, and neglect the *language*.

Such reflections will however, but retard our work. That it may not be gloomy beyond endurance, the character of Juan de Castro breaks the cloud; and though Raynal refuses not to grieve aloud that any Christian should behave with honour, he confesses *this* man to have possessed an elevated soul, and says he had imbued it with the maxims of old Greece and Rome; which appears not to have been a mere author’s speech or common-place, for Castro, after conquering Surat, amused himself and his companions with instituting *funeral games*, after the antique manner, to celebrate the heroes who died in battle; nor were these victories as easy as those of Cortez or Cabral in the western world. Cojè Sophar was an antagonist worthy a warrior’s arm, and one of less note than Castro would scarce have vanquished him. The Indians indeed admired their prowess—but the saying of a  
Malay

Malay chief shews the superiority of these men's minds to those who inhabited America. While Montezuma verily believed our Europeans children of the sun, this fellow wisely remarked, that Providence had shewn its care for human kind in creating Portugueze men few in number, just like the lions and wild beasts, said he; had they been plentiful as rabbits, *our* race had surely been annihilated.

The Queen of Portugal however, when she heard the bustle made at Goa by Juan, after his destruction of the people who opposed him, said it was a pagan triumph ill besitting a christian hero. The reigning prince soon after these events, heard of a deep conspiracy in India, formed among the rulers of some places yet free and independent: he therefore hastened to send Ataida, who learned particulars of the ill-laid plot from a trusted mistress of Idalcán, one of the combined princes, who could not keep his secret from this favourite, and she betrayed him to the Portugueze. It is observable that in both hemispheres a love for novelty quickly engaged the females to promote the happiness and stability of these new-comers. Women first courted the Trascalans to entertain and make friends with Cortez—a woman now threw the East Indies into Ataida's hand, but he scorned to abuse his power. While he managed the public money, none was embezzled; while he held the reins of sovereignty, none were oppressed: but the death or loss of Sebastian, as it involved the parent kingdom in a temporary chaos, so the unlucky accident which happened to this governor ended all comfort of their subjects in the colonies. Soon as they heard Philip of Spain was their master, and Portugal now a mere province to that crown, a total change appeared. Some rich men made themselves independent, some turned pirates, and some joined the princes of the country, who admired their powers and gratified their pride. All sunk immersed in vice, which Castro had checked, and Ataida in some measure had restrained. Manners grew more and more depraved, till Hollanders, urged by avarice, as the Portugueze had been stimulated by mistaken piety, and inflamed by martial ardour, stepped forward



forward and disputed with them the empire of the oriental seat of gems and spices. Dutchmen were become exceedingly formidable in Europe: the year 1599 saw their fleets humble the Spanish flag. They had, like ancient Rome, at beginning of their republick, granted an asylum to all pirates, by way of galling their tyrant Philip; and 'twas their countryman Houtman's having been long detained for debt at *Lisbon* which taught them how to torment the Portugueze, when his prudence procured him an alliance with the principal sovereign of Java, purchased God knows how, or by what sacrifices; but in 1602 their East India Company was established. Their competitors lost ground every day, and all went so much in favour of these Batavians, that after Philip the fourth had unwisely renewed war with them, when they were grown able to make head against his power, and quarrelled with France beside, he gave them cause of triumph every hour, and shewed his increased weakness, so that the valiant Portugueze, by a well-concerted plan promptly executed, shook off the Dukes of Mantua's miserable administration, and scorning to be governed by the King of Spain's aunt, suddenly set *John of Bragança* upon their throne, A. D. 1640. This gallant prince was of the royal stock, and lineally descended from him whose neck fell under the axe of John the Rigorous, whose race being extinguished in Don Sebastian's sole son Antony, it was most just and happy for mankind that brave Bragança, in whose family the blood was best preserved, should rule his own hereditary realms by name of *Jean le Fortuné*, fourth of the name. This admirable sovereign, deserving all that heaven had done for him, behaved most sweetly after his elevation, wearing the same dress that he did before, and partaking of a table by no means more splendid. "All foods nourish a man," said he, "and all clothes cover him. The difference between other people and princes is simply this, that *they* should be *gentle*—but *we* should be *kind*." His reign, to which by all men was wished a long continuance, lasted till 1650. Of his colonies in the east indeed, few or none remained. Macao, Goa and

Timor, were his best possessions there: if however he learned how little wise it is for a small country to desire wide spreading colonies at a vast distance from the parent nest, he gained more than they could bring him in, experience: for had things taken what is called a favourable turn, Lisbon must have been by that time a town of factors and merchants merely, with a good hospital for sick sailors, impaired by long and frequent voyages to an unwholesome climate.

In the western hemisphere, the Dutch began likewise to threaten and tease the Portuguese when deserted of their rulers, and took the town of Paraiba from them about 1635: but 'twas retaken afterwards under the reign of John, while *Puerto Seguro* defends their Brasils, rich in sugars, odours, metals, medicinal plants; &c. to this day; Bata-vian invaders having been finally driven *thence* about the year 1650. 'Tis curious to see how the new continent, however, degenerates from the old; I know not whether *any* product of nature is quite as perfect in the occidental world, mountains and rivers excepted, as in our own hemisphere. Though the tropical birds seem more curious and beautiful in south America than any where: a condor that trusses a calf as an eagle in Scotland would a rabbit, is perhaps peculiar to that region, and yet the roc's egg, mentioned as a prodigious rarity in the Arabian tales, seems the same creature; and Pennant mentions the bird called a *ruck*—when I asked him personally of the matter, I saw he considered the *roc* as a real, not a fictitious animal, but that it was less unfrequently seen in the *west*, under the name *condor*. The world in short, began to be known, examined, and arranged in the period of our present *Retrospect*; namely, the first fifty years of the seventeenth century, pretty well; and men saw how silly they had been, to think it was going to be destroyed at beginning of the twelfth. Christ says expressly, “that this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations—and then shall the end come.” To do men justice, they did spare no pains for propagation of that religion which had been originally founded on the gospel;

gospel; and though from policy the Romanists locked up the word of God at home, their missionaries willingly promulgated *abroad* those evangelical truths which even militated against their own interest, and Jesuits in Paraguay were in our latter times found living among their proselytes with simplicity and gentleness resembling the Quakers' colony in Pennsylvania. It was however, with none of these pious and virtuous intents that the Dutch sought in 1601, to open a communication with China, trade was *their* only means, and wealth their only wish: but the Chinese steady to the same purpose, *interest*, have taken precisely the contrary method; and as it was for benefit of those republicans to enter into every country, so was it for the benefit of these imperialists to keep every country's inhabitants at distance from their own. If then it may be accounted as approbation to declare, that whilst a flux and reflux agitated for many rolling years the other parts of our terraqueous globe, one nation remained resolutely stagnant, that praise belongs to China, while Symes confesses they coin no money yet, but in their commerce with us at Canton, use Spanish dollars. Their second boast is a remote antiquity, but Fohe was their ancestor; so he was ours, if Nohe, Noe, Noah, be the man, as Mr. Bryant rightly conjectures. Confucius, supposed to have flourished about the time of Cræsus, and the elder Tarquin, five hundred years before our Saviour's incarnation, was their legislator, and *his* laws, who was at once their Solon and their Socrates, are still observed, and laugh at the constancy of Sparta to her Lycurgus. The codes indeed resemble each other in nothing unless permission of *thievery* perhaps; as Ferdinand Andrada found them in the year 1518, and as Hambroeck left them 1645, such are they now, and so did Æneas Anderson describe them in 1797; adding not an idea to those given us in Herbert's travels, 1632. Duhalde and le Comte tell us some amusing tales of the seducing women sent by the king of Xi to corrupt the morals of their emperor and mandarins, and how Confucius left the court, and with seventy-two doctors, a sort of Septuagint, set down his directions to

future sovereigns; how he lived seventy-two years, and was buried near the river Xù, in the district of Riofu; how his memory is still sacred and his precepts even yet obeyed; how he arranged those precepts under four different heads—the acquisition of moral virtue, the art of just reasoning, the study of good government, and fourthly the power of enforcing all this by eloquence. We knew indeed, before this information, that ethicks, logick, politicks, and rhetorick were necessaries to civilized life, but men liked the new periphrasis better than the old nouns, and Pere Couplet made himself welcome to the world in 1687, by publishing at Paris some of these wonders translated into Latin: how he got to understand the originals is not quite clear though, while but few of their own literati make pretence of comprehending their copious and anomalous language, so as to *read any book quite through*, in which the letters and words are complicated and numerous beyond all idea of us Europeans. Father Couplet tells us however, notwithstanding this inaccessibility, how Confucius learned much from Yao's records, who had Chun for his successor; but Yao was contemporary with the first and earliest post-diluvians, and must have been greatly beforehand with Moses or Cecrops, if he could really register events by any mode of writing. Phœnicians, Egyptians, all give place to Yao, if we believe the *Tabula Chronologica Monarchiæ Sinicæ* of that good missionary, who died in his last voyage 1693, but not before he had filled France with notions of Chinese superiority which have been swelling ever since. Their population, their inland canals, their beautiful fire-works, their artificial rocks, and vast imperial palace, are the five bells on which we must ring perpetual changes indeed, for nothing else is told us; and these facts would have less power of attraction, did not the apparent absence of all religious establishments catch hold upon our fancy in such a manner, that each scoffing wit and semi-philosopher has delighted to dwell on, and exalt the wisdom of a state, which can subsist so long without a steady code of pious institutions, or any corporate body of ecclesiasticks.

fasticks. With regard to the vast wall of fifteen hundred miles, 'tis more a proof of ignorance than knowledge; all other kingdoms can find out a way, nearer than building walls, to keep invaders out. The wall meanwhile most certainly is carried over hill and dale, an immense bulwark both for height and breadth; P. Regis took a map of Petcheli, east of Peking, and often stretched his line upon the top, to measure there the basis of triangles, and take some distant points with an instrument. They always found it wide enough to admit five or six horsemen riding on't abreast, and that with ease. Their bridges too are wonderful, that over the river Saffrany is four hundred cubits long, five hundred high, and joins two natural, not artificial mountains. Such works evince enormous population, and population implies agriculture. The turning water over all their land suffices, to say true, for such as yield but rice; and rice composes the bread corn of China. Their fisheries are likewise very curious, Herbert mentions the tame cormorants which surprized lord Macartney's suite, and might have more surprized them had they reflected that the same strange method had gone on unaltered for two whole centuries, perhaps for four. It was in 1692, that we were told, how the good Emperor is himself chiefly husbandman, sole priest, and parent of his country, which 'tis his care to render *inaccessibile*, raising in political life the same artificial rocks as so delight the Chinese in their gardening. The same high wall for keeping in every sense all other nations at a distance. The rule too that every son should follow his father's trade is a strong bar against incroachments at home; where ambition is thus driven behind the distance post, each man will keep his own rank certainly; nor will the peasants toe be ever able to gall the courtier's kibe, as Hamlet says: but why our modern men of letters should so esteem the Chinese for *such* a rule *I see not*. Had they been bred each to *his* father's trade, much speculative nonsense had been even yet unborn. Voltaire would have kept office accounts and struck treasury tallies with more exactness than he used in his compilation

compilation of historick annals : Rousseau would have been an honest watchmaker at Geneva, and Diderot's acuteness would all have been bestowed upon the knives he sharpened. They might exclaim with Nero, "*What artists perished!*" when we turned Polymathists. Their friends in China were in 1636 however, although fortified with Asiatick fences, strangely disturbed by Scythian turbulence, and Cum Chi, last of the old dynasty, being besieged by Li Cum Quei, hanged himself in despair, like a very Englishman in November; while Usum Quei, the general of his armies, calling in Tzum Ti, the *Tattaaar*, or as we call him the *Tartar* king, by way of auxiliary; the race of Yao was exchanged for an Ismaelitish sovereign. No alteration however, as it appears, was made either in government or civil life. Ever ready to applaud *their own way*, and despise all the world beside, they still eat dead dogs as they did in the year 1642, and steal with their toes as in 1520; and while the great mandarins made a joke of our presents in 1796, their sage and hoary emperor sent to the king of England in return a book he could not read, nor learn to read, nor take the smallest interest in, was he able to read it to-morrow. Such are the wise and the polite Chinese. When our Charles II. once was riding over the Surrey hills, he saw a gentleman's seat, and asked suddenly whose it was. "That house, Sir," replied one of his attendants, "belongs to 'Squire Buckle of Banstead, a gentleman of 500l. o'year; and what is worth remarking, an't please your Majesty, it has remained in his house from father to son for five hundred years nowabout, and never either increased or diminished in value." "A rare family i'faith!" exclaimed our merry Monarch, "which for so long a time has never had either one wise man or one fool in it. And with the like praise, if praise it be, we will dismiss this empire." That of the Turks did in no wise resemble it. A furious tumult of the Janissaries, who, like the elephants in battle, always either win the day by their weight against an enemy, or lose it by the confusion they cause in turning back and trampling their friends, ushered in the reign of Mahomet the third, who, having had

private

private information of his father's death, kept fast the fatal secret and invited his nineteen brothers to a solemn feast; they, ignorant of Amurath's danger, though accustomed to hear of his illness, came with pleasure and were strangled to a man; ten pregnant sultanas being on the same day thrown into the sea. But the fierce soldiery, enraged they had not been consulted who should reign, rose on the instant and committed furious outrage, till Mahomet, and the great Bassas who had fixed on *him*, by bestowing immense largesses upon them, purchased a *quiet moment*. A new tent was in that moment suddenly erected near Santa Sophia's temple. The young Sultan there placed before his own body the rever'd parent's corpse, a certain shelter; and from that post, secure and confident, harangued these riotous defenders of his person. "What would you have?" said he, "here I remain sole progeny of this your favourite Emperor. Here lie his other sons! lifting a curtain which concealed the murdered princes: I'll join their number or reign over Turkey." The Janissaries shouted "Long live great Mahomet! lord over all, from rising up of the sun to going down of the same." A banquet was prepared for all the guards, and a few of them being that evening somewhat disposed to misrule in their mirth, largesses were no longer produced to appease 'em, but cannon planted round the principal square, reminded them more roughly of their duty. Thus was the state tranquillized at once, but Mahomet had Christian foes to contend with, who would not so be silenced. For whilst the Emperor Rodolphus collected pictures, or counted the drops as they fell from a retort, or worked a favourite horse between the pillars, or watched the immersion of one of Jupiter's satellites; Count Ernest de Mansfelt, styled the Ulysses of Germany, battled the Turks with such success at Strigonium, that after a dreadful siege it was taken, and the old Alibeg who defended it was killed fighting at eighty-two years old, after having told Palfi, the summoning General, that fire, sword and famine were the same to him, so as he served his master faithfully; so as honour accompanied him to the

the door of death, and the Prophet called him in at the gates of Paradise : but new and dangerous foes seemed starting up against the Ottomans. Some Russians, so they are now called, Muscovites *then*, signalized themselves, when being united with the Transylvanians, they beat the old general, Sinan Bassa, at Bucarest, upon the banks of the Danube, where he had wisely formed a bridge of boats, on which a scene of horror was exhibited, scarcely surpass'd, if equal'd in carnage, by the far-fam'd passage of the Granicus :—water with fire in ruin reconciled. Nor were portents and prodigies here wanting to fill up the consummate tragedy, when on the morning of the fight an eagle, high-soaring above both the rival armies, stooped, not unseen or unobserved of either, and perched upon the tent of Sigismund. When she had fate a while and plumed herself, the Christian warriors shouted, and struck such panick on all Turkish hearts who heard the clang of her wings as she flew off, that their great Bassa, expert in war, could not controul or counteract. Upon the first assault they fled, sure of defeat yet desirous of safety, to the bridge of boats, and when just over, their pursuers followed. Sinan set fire to the fore-laid train, and the machine all blazed up in an instant: while Chiefs confused in mutual slaughter, Moor and Christian rolled along, and made it Mahomet's best policy to repair by negotiation the heavy loss he had sustained in war, exciting the Chan of Tartary to enter the territories of Moldavia, and make a useful diversion in his favour. Buda being saved meantime from falling into the hands of the allies, and a rebellion at Constanti-nople crushed in its infancy, the Sultan yielded himself up to pleasure, and died of the disorders caused by its excess, leaving young Achmet successor. A plague of locusts distressed the realm during his administration, nor did his tributary kings of Fez and Morocco contribute a little to disquiet him. Those districts had been usurped by a base-born prince, whose sleep was everlastingly broken by the noise of a preternatural drum: civil disturbances followed, and Achmet was called to the decision. A sudden stoppage of the periodical rains happening immediately



immediately on his arrival, that and other occurrences of less importance were all attributed to the powerful forceries of *Muley Hamet*, whom they averred to have a *blue tooth*—*blaatant* according to the runick ideas of Denmark and Norway, which seem to have been believed in softer climates upon this occasion: Achmet commanded the tooth to be drawn; but the enchanter with one hundred men only, defended himself and his tooth so well against two thousand Turkish horse, that the Sultan himself began to fear the wizard; the more, as an express came from Constantinople to tell that a pestilence was begun there according to the words of Muley Hamet, who threatened his capital and even his children at home, if he continued to abet the usurping prince, who, although assisted by the sovereign himself, could not be happy while the drum beat incessantly in his ears\*. Achmet next ordered all the dogs out of the metropolis, where he supposed they added to and communicated the contagion—but these animals being held half sacred in Turkey, a dangerous insurrection was set on foot, and the dogs recalled the same day. An unexampled tempest now raging in the Mediterranean which destroyed vast quantities of shipping, during which time Muley Hamet dropt down dead by a flash of lightning, confirmed the notion that he was some way connected with the world of spirits, who snatched him thus in whirlwinds from the earth. A stranger thing than storms, however, happened soon after, when Achmet himself dying, his brother Mustapha was set upon the throne as regent for young Osman during his minority. How this man had been preserved or overlooked, so contrary to oriental customs, is surprizing; but every rule has its exception, and Mustapha profited but little by the accident, for he was soon sent back to his confinement and the reins of administration were confided to Osman, declared of age at sixteen years old. This youth planned the war against Poland with acknowledged ingenuity, and would have prosecuted it, 'tis supposed, with active valour, had not home-bred seditions prevented and

\* Addison drew perhaps from anecdotes of this drummer the first idea of his comedy.

frustrated all his hopes. Born their sovereign, however, he for some time made head against their fury, having thrust his uncle, aspiring Mustapha, into a dungeon, with one negro wench to wait on him, and bread and water to suffice them both: *his* party in the state prevailed, however, and Osman was knocked down with a battle-axe, after a stout resistance, making his dream come true which he had sent for the sages to interpret six months before, telling them how he had in his sleep fancied himself riding on a camel, which would go no way he guided; and when he at length began to correct the evil beast, it vanished from under him, leaving the bridle in his hand. It vanished indeed, but so it did as swiftly from the management of Mustapha, who seemed like Beattie's Edwin, a dubious character.

Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

They, however, who could agree on nothing else, agreed on his removal; and set up a new *Amurath*, son to Achmet, and younger born than Osman, known by name of *Morat*, taking the two last syllables of the name only as a diminutive; probably because he was an infant when called to the throne by tumults consequent on the lenity of these last Emperors, who seemed to leave off murdering their brothers before they had taught their subjects to prefer *one*, and stand firm to their own choice. This boy, famed chiefly for voluptuousness, is best known for having hanged a rich Venetian merchant, only because the man had built his house so high, that the roof overlooked the Grand Signior's private garden, where he amused himself with female favourites. To the Polish Ambassador, however, he behaved with strength of mind worthy a warlike fire; for when the Christian Envoy represented the strange proceeding his Sublime Highness had encouraged of beginning hostilities without declaring war: "Why, Sir," replied the Sultan; "there are three ways—either let the European potentates resolve at once to receive the law of Mahomet our prophet, or pay due tribute to us his successors, or try the sharpness of our Turkish scymitar. They are free to chuse, and you to tell them so."

To

To this proud Emperor, notwithstanding his own mad grant (when overdosed with opium) of all his dominions to the Chan of Tartary, succeeded his weak son Ibrahim, a poor degenerate king, immersed in sensuality and vice, which passing the prescribed bounds of his own seraglio, sought to possess his noble Vizier's daughter, having heard her beauty praised by an old eunuch, who perhaps dreamed not the dreadful consequence. A long and serious rebellion, however, ensued. The lustful prince was at length subdued and thrown into prison, a fetva being issued to preclude him from reigning, and exalt his infant son to the throne of Turkey over which he presided, with assistance from preceptors, in the year 1650, while his father was strangled in the dungeon he so well deserved. 'Twas now they began recollecting the odd prophecy about the blood-red apple, and some mystick story of a yellow king which they began to apply to Muscovitish princes—for all men saw the Ottoman empire failing, and Sir William Temple says of it wisely, "That its first growth was so sudden and violent, that "for two or three centuries it seemed the *one great terror* of the world: "yet for the last hundred years," adds he "it has stood still making no conquest since Hungary. This empire has indeed," continues he, "been the fiercest, as that of China the wisest, that of the Goths the bravest, and that of the Incas the mildest upon earth." One grieves indeed, that the old Persian empire which yet in some measure derives from Cyrus, "to whom God gave the kingdoms," should in these latter days, (such I account those called by this little work to *Retrospection*) be swallowed up in Ottoman superiority. Yet so it is: the Turk ingrafted on the Persian stock, like the *crategus ariæ* in a hawthorn, devours and annihilates the blossoming plant, on which alone 'twill grow. Yet will we not say of him, as Plautus says,

MERET Perfarum, montes qui esse aurei perhibentur, &c. &c.

The gold there now is not famous, I believe; the pearls found in the gulph of Ormus, or I suppose of Ormusd, meaning Oromazdes, are incomparable.

rable. A friend's conversant in India told me that a nabob he knew possessed two pearls drawn from that fishery in 1640, that they were of exquisite beauty and value, and went by the sacred names of Brahma and Lachety. His only notion I found was how to get them from the nabob, and sell them to the emperor of China, who would, he said, make any man's fortune who should offer him the *pair*, but that no mandarin, much less the sovereign of that country, would give thanks for a *single* trinket. They must have duplicates of all: a pair of swords, a pair of clocks, &c. But Persian treasures have, during these last two centuries, been greatly plundered, and Persian morals have been much corrupted since they learned *to ride*, *to draw the bow* and *to tell truth*, as ancient history relates of them. Since they in a great degree received the law of Mahomet, riding is wholly out of fashion among them, and no longer *sagittaries*, they neglected wholly in the seventeenth century, as travellers of that day tell us, their fine breed of horses, leaving them with a bag of barley and chopt straw at their noses, like ours in the London hackney-coaches, which was to them, says Herbert, both livery and manger. He describes Shah Abbas however, in the year 1628, or thereabout, as a man low in stature (I remember) but a giant in policy; flourishing upon an Arabian gennet, and enumerates his titles, beginning with the sun, and ending with the nutmeg, whole pages of puffing nonsense, and he calls him, or rather shews us that he calls himself in the phirman, or firman, or passport granted to the English, Potshaw of Persia, Media, &c. This I suppose was our British mode of pronouncing *pacha*, or *bashaw*, (*bassa* by rights, I believe) and means, I trust, a tributary prince or vice-roy in the east; the man who murdered Darius that we read of in Quintus Curtius, &c. *Bessus* was a *bassa*; the *bassa* of Bactria: 'twas his employment, not his name most probably, but oriental language was no more familiar to Roman historians than to English travellers, so one called them *Bessus* and the other *Potshaw*, according to their ear, and as led by the genius of their vernacular tongue. Be it as  
 it

it may, Amurath sent a letter to Shah Abbas, *Amurath god of the earth, beloved of Mahomet*, to his *slave the Persian*, greeting. This suffices to shew how matters really stood among them, although these tributary princes rioted in the full exertion of delegated power, and this very prince or *Shah* or Bafs-shah Abbas, swore he would raise a column of his subjects' heads, if they persisted in some act of disobedience: but when they all surrendered at discretion, he compromised the vow, and every rebel brought a head or skull of horse, cow, any animal he pleased,\* the pillar was erected, and stood in the great square of Ispahan, A. D. 1642. But while we turn our mental telescope and call these distant objects from afar, to suffer diminution in the convex mirror which courtesy has suffered us to term a *Retrospect*; let not the Armenian Christians be forgotten, which to convince our countrymen that they were unmixed with Jewish or Persick blood, roasted a pig to welcome them, and gave them wine, less out of hospitality than scruple, showing their distance of opinion from the Mussulmen. These have St. George for their patron, and boast a wonderful antiquity: fast strictly for the forty days of Lent, and are permitted, or connived at, when the rejoicing time of Easter comes, in open shows and feasts of great expence. Jesuit missionaries have tried to reconcile these to the church of Rome; but they will not be persuaded to pray for the dead, nor to believe the real presence in the sacrament; they beat and afflict themselves upon Good Friday, and lead a spotless lamb about the church, killing him afterwards and dividing among their friends on Sunday morning, but they communicate in bread and wine, and use the form of baptism after the Eutychian fashion, a permanent cross on the head, obeying their own patriarchs who reside one at Jerusalem, the other at Sinai.

'Twas in this century too that Paul V. received a famous embassy

\* I have read somewhere lately that the Indian Proserpine is called Cali, and that *cali* means *time*, but in the feminine gender: to her perhaps Shah Abbas dedicated his column of heads.

from Congo: Puffendorf and after him La Martiniere, gives us no reason to think this a slight occurrence, though the pope's death rendered it a thing of little consequence at the moment. Don Alvarez III. I know not his appellation before baptism, but being chieftain of a tribe called the tribe of Congo; a black king, converted by the Portugueze, and named by them *Alvarez*, he was suspected of having assassinated his brother, and sent messengers to clear himself in an appeal to that court, which they were taught to consider as infallible: requesting missionaries at the same time for further instruction, and 'tis said by some writer, I forget who, that they were all astonished when they found that Portugueze was not the language at Rome: they all imagined Christendom and Portugal must have been necessarily synonymous. Our faith meanwhile had not been ill received at Congo, where, and in Abyffinia too, strong traces yet remain of their adherence to the mystick creed. The greek X marked upon the foreheads of one well-known sect, the motto *Vicit Leo de Tribu Juda*, round their device, a lion rampant holding the same symbol of our religion in its paw: and their own steady persuasion that from a son of Solomon by the Queen of Sheba their kings derive uninterrupted lineage; sufficiently evince that Christianity could never have been, and in effect was not unacceptable to them. Bruce says indeed, how 'twas the missionaries changed their lion passant to the rampant distinction, that so he might the more conveniently hold the cross: this seems probable enough, but it still tends to prove that they had a blazon'd memento of their origin, and though Bruce does certainly love to talk much of himself, and to talk largely too, as if with more desire to stagger than instruct his readers; we never find him shrinking from avowal of his faith, or giving sly hints to raise a laugh at what is of all other things most serious, our hope of everlasting salvation through Jesus Christ. The patriarch of Alexandria used to send priests into the interior parts of Africa perpetually, from A. D. 900 to A. D. 1300, while the remembrance of St. Thomas continued in Ethiopia. I know not  
whether

whether the apocryphal letters mentioned by Eusebius to have been carried by that apostle to king Abgarus, were directed to that continent or to Asia, but I believe 'tis Bruce who tells us, that when after suffering some usurpations in consequence of intriguing *Effax*, her *Saffean* family ended at length in Naveto Laab, and the old Solomæan race resumed the throne. We find the bishop Oviedo in danger from their semi-barbarous manners in 1560. Angola is said in some old Portuguese book to have been so named, from a man who first taught his neighbours to temper iron and polish it into steel. He was made thieck or chieftain, but lived long enough to lose the esteem his powers of invention had bestowed, in that dotage which attends preternatural longevity. His sons and brother's sons were all carried away by some infectious disease, and nothing of his house remained but one great grand-daughter, the Princess *Zunda*. When things stood so, a trusted slave, his steward, caught the old man up upon his back one day, and telling him death was at hand, ran suddenly into the woods with him and stabbed him there, but returning to his heirs, then scarce twelve years old, told her the old tale, how it was all for love of her, &c. offering himself as regent and co-partner till she should be eighteen. The girl too young for resistance, too proud for consent, closed her lips fast and pretended to be dumb: and the slave reigned in Angola *three* full years, when making a great feast upon his birthday, *Zunda*, having previously secured some nobles of the land, cried out aloud—"Down with the slave, the traitor! he is poisoned; your  
"mistress now is free, she has resumed her speech, her throne, her  
"power." Such a step proved how perfectly she knew her pretensions, and this was said to have befallen in 1642, when on his sudden death she seized the reins of power. I first did read this story at a book-stall many years ago; but it recurred to my memory *now* on hearing, whilst I write, the discoveries of a country where *steel* is tempered to perfection, even in the *very heart* of Africa, say the reporters. But our immediate business is with *Retrospect*; what is now  
murmured.

murmured, hoped-for, and listened after; will before this work is presented to the publick, be duly confirmed or compleatly contradicted. Italy and her capital have been too long forgotten: they once engrossed the telescope's whole field; but her last truly great and truly famous sovereign, Sextus quintus, was no more. *Peretti*, pears are a late fruit, as he said; and at his death Rome, rich but fatherless, looked up in vain to his friend Castagni for protection. Urban VII. died twelve days after inauguration; and the Sfonderati pope, Gregory XIV., a Milanese nobleman, distinguished his reign chiefly by excommunicating Henri-quatre; and hearing how his bull was torn in pieces, and burned by hands of the hangman, among shouts of *vive le Bourbon; vive le Roi de Navarre!* Gregory outlived this vexation but a few months; and his successor, Innocent IX. reigned only twenty-six days. To him the Aldobrandini pontiff succeeded, by name of Clement VIII., whose whole care was for peace; and that blessing he was most happy to purchase by absolving Henry the fourth upon his change, and by quieting the Molinists, who having renewed and embraced some of the old semi-pelagian heresies concerning grace and predestination, threatened the church with fatal and senseless divisions. This papacy was honoured by a pompous embassy from Gabriel, the patriarch of Alexandria, who sent to Rome signifying his desire to accept the court there as his superior: but the ambassadors came so *opportunely*, that many doubted the authenticity of their appearance. A resolution not to be duped had succeeded to the humour of seeking to be so, and every thing was suspected to be priest-craft, and the priest-craft was no less employed.

Leo XI. of the Medicean house, who was elected in preference to the learned Cardinal Baronius, sat in the chair only a fortnight; and Cardinal Borghese, known to the world by name of Paul V., was puffed with ill-timed pride, so as contentedly to hear himself called Vice-God upon Earth, Monarch of Christendom, and Supporter of Papal Omnipotence. I fear it was to him that some letters were directed, *to our Lord God the Pope:*



*Pope* : but multiplication of titles is no proof of power; the reverse rather. Polyonymous, or many-titled, is a distinction fit for the Byzantine history, and becomes none but orientals; while this blasphemous folly served but to provoke those who were already incensed against the trappings of that dignity he was, unhappily for his adherents, chosen to protect. Under such a sovereign, two centuries before, such language might have been *endured*; but what was deemed offensive then, was now growing ridiculous. By him the doctrine of Suarez was approved; who in these days of controversy and investigation had found out that kings, when in actual rebellion against their parent and sovereign the pope, might be assassinated, and no harm done. The kings, however, were not of this mind; and their subjects, who perhaps thought a parity of reason might soon be talked of in *their* favour, willingly burned the book, and hastened to abet resistance, and free it from the name of rebellion. The Pope expressed his resentment that the book should be so treated. In vain! Suarez, a merry Spaniard, when he heard its fate, repeated Ovid's well known line, with happy change of one word only, and cried out,

Parve, nec invidio sine me liber ibis in ignem.

He died, however, a natural and happy death: in his last moments, pressing the hand of an attendant, "I had no notion," says he, "it could have been so easy." Theologians had indeed reason to congratulate themselves if they could obtain quiet dismissal from a world, where it seemed impossible for *thinking* men (if they would likewise be talking men) either to live or die in peace. Du Pleffis' book, called *Mysterium Iniquitatis*, had been published in 1612, laying down all the crimes which popes could commit, or the papal power encourage. It was, however, condemned by the Sorbonnists. Scioppius and Joseph Scaliger had shewn to what excess *literary* abuse could be carried, early in that century; but the aggressor's lips were not closed from further invective till 1649, before which time torrents of black scurrility rolled to the gulph of oblivion a large portion of talents and genius, which

funk of course, and lie there still struggling in vain through two long centuries against the weeds of offence and grossness which closely clasp them round. Some of their books were burned ; and Bartolomeo Borghese was justly enough strangled, and then burned too at Paris, for feigning to be son of Paul V., who had no children ; and whose character was that of a lawyer and a scholar, a statesman and a divine. He canonized his contemporaneous saint, Carlo Borromeo, whose virtues would compensate for many wicked individuals of his persuasion, and whose acts of beneficence still live, recorded by the Lazaretto of Milan, a prodigious work, and one whose fame no invaders who steal his silver statue, &c. can ever take away. It was, however, supposed that the beatification of this excellent nobleman would take the edge off a new celebration set on foot by George Duke of Saxony, who prepared for, and in his own person at length attended a showy jubilee to the memory of Martin Luther in 1617, after the grand congress of confederated princes at Nuremberg, called two or three years before. If this was intended, the failure of effect was obvious as deserved. Whatever was intended, Paul V. after beautifying his own capital, and interdicting that of the Venetians ; after having received a *real* embassy from Congo requesting missionaries to Africa, and accepted the French king's mediation between Rome and Venice, died, and was succeeded neither by Bellarmine nor Baronius, his old competitors for the chair, but by Cardinal Ludovisi, Archbishop of Bologna, who lived to enjoy his final exaltation but two years ; and after canonizing St. Ignatius, founder of the Jesuits, and Xavier the Apostle of the East, as he was scarce unaptly called, \* died likewise, and made way for Urban VIII., two hundred and thirty-third bishop of the old see, who first

\* It is, however, worth remarking, that Xavierus was beatified, on a report of his body's being found upon the island of Formosa *uncorrupted* ; thus contrasting Pope, or Arbuthnot's celebrated epitaph upon Chartres ; because after daily, for many years, deserving to be accounted a *saint*, or *holy man*, for what he had really done : Xavier was at length registered as such—for what *he could not do*.

bestowed the title of *your Eminence* on cardinals; and who, like his anti-predecessor, quarrelled with the Venetians, but made a less honourable termination of his differences with them, than did Paul V. This was a Florentine Pope, a belles-lettres man, a man of elegant more than elevated sentiments; so pleasing a poet, so polite a scholar, that he obtained the appellation of the Attick Bee: yet was he forced to suffer the inquisition to condemn his ingenious countryman Galileo, because he would *openly maintain* what Copernicus had quietly asserted and taught: that the sun was stationary, not the earth; in contradiction to the Ptolomæan hypothesis, which was supposed more consonant to holy writ. Bellarmine probably recollecting what our astronomer willingly forgot, how Boniface, bishop of Mentz, had been excommunicated by Pope Zachary, A. D. 745, for teaching the sphericity of the earth, begged of Galileo to be quiet, when he first broached to him the new hypothesis, urging that although Copernicus had taught the mathematicks at Rome, he had more prudence than to broach these disputable opinions there; and added the impossibility of his protecting him. But *scire tuum nihil est*, &c. as Persius says; and Galileo would not be restrained; he therefore had to abjure formally in the metropolis of Italy, the notions which Copernicus taught peaceably in a hanseatick town of Polish Prussia, without the comfort of thinking or making any one else think those notions original. Having heard of Metius's new invented glasses however, he set himself for the remainder of his days to endeavour by their means at more certain intelligence of these planetary motions, till losing his sight, and his lady betraying his manuscripts to her confessor after that accident, the papers were all burned, and Galileo began to think of turning the pendulum to common use, which he had till then kept for astronomical purposes. At a prodigiously advanced age, death stopt his further projects, and left his son Vincent to bring them to perfection; but he had the good sense to study at Venice, not at Rome. There Innocent the tenth, called the Pamphili Pope, began to reign on death of Barberini,

whose family was cruelly persecuted by Donna Olimpia, widow to the deceased brother of the new elected sovereign, who did nothing without her consent, proving to *us*, that Fuller's quaint remark was not ill founded, where he says, that the church stood more in need of a salique law than the state did, as it was often governed by the distaff.

It was *not very* often that its delicacy had been more insulted by females, than in the year 1650, under this pontificate, when a lady openly governed and disposed of all employments civil, military, and ecclesiastical, to the no small shame of the Romish court, and triumph of those professing purer morality. Among those boasted princes, he who is perhaps the most deservedly gloried in by us who *protest* against the innovations and abuses of papal power, must be the subject of the next chapter's *Retrospection*.

## CHAP. X.

## SWEDEN, GERMANY, FRANCE, AND AMERICA,

DOWN TO 1650.

FROM warmer climates and a steadier sunshine, we turn the *retrospective* tube away, and watch the coruscations of a brilliant meteor, that blazed along the northern hemisphere. Our chapter last but two, page 150, announced the birth of truly great Gustavus, surnamed Adolphus, son to the King of Sweden by a second bed. The house of Austria treated his first appearance on the horizon with contempt, called him a cold aurora borealis, a chief of snow, whose fame would soon dissolve and melt away under more tepid influence. They learned to change their hastily-formed opinion, when afterwards his very sword was said to be enchanted; and the compacted troops he led to war, were deemed invulnerable by their foes. He had been destined early as a husband for our Elizabeth, daughter to James the first; but Maria Eleanora, of Brandenburg, was his wife, and Charles IX. his gallant father; fretted by the loss of Calmaria after his long fruitless war with Denmark, he died content at last in 1611, leaving the world to *abler hands*; he said: when after losing his son by Mary, sister to the luckless Palatine, Gustavus Adolphus ascended to the throne: a character so prematurely wise, so early warlike, he seemed to have sprung, like Pallas armed for fight, out of his parent's head. All excellence was, in a manner, expected from this youth, and he resolved not to disappoint men's hopes. "I will, if the states make me king," cried he at fifteen years of age, "acquit myself with courage, and with magnanimity, and the reformed religion I'll protect till the last moment of my life so honoured." His first care was to exalt Count Oxenstiern to be prime minister, and in this case the voice of honest friendship

friendship was the voice of wisdom. Intrepid in counsels, and penetrating in political knowledge, this young statesman failed not to second his master's projects, and to further them, less with an idea of flattering the *king*, than a sincere approbation of what naturally flowed from a mind correspondent to his own.

The old king of Spain said, "*Estos muchachos*," these *little boys* (for their united years made up but forty), "should not be provoked: 'tis dangerous." He said very true. Gustavus heading the combined Protestant powers, gave solidity to Lutherans and Calvinists; by uniting and incorporating them in one common cause, though he was himself of the first named persuasion: but the union between the Papists and Lutherans at Antwerp, in 1567, had ended so exceedingly ill for all dissenters against the Romish church, they in this century willingly joined hand and heart to oppose a power, which, when it had the better, shewed no mercy, and treated friends and foes (if separatists) *all alike*. To this zeal for religion, our young hero added a steady unostentatious morality, and paid up all his father's debts before he required from his subjects any contribution for war. Sigismund, king of Poland, however, having entered into cabals for purpose of shaking his subjects' allegiance, and winning over their affections, it was time to be in earnest; and Sigismund soon saw his dominions inundated by an invading army of Swedes, with a chieftain at their head, whose personal prowess amazed all Europe, frightened anticipating minds, and shrunk not from those, who for a competitor searched back in busied *Retrospection*. The siege of Riga witness'd his persisting spirit; where stripping to his shirt, he worked himself in the trenches, and having at length forced his way into the town, saved it from the pillage of his own soldiers, secured the property and safety of its innocent inhabitants, and piously returning thanks for his success in St. Peter's church, extorted praises, if not blessings, from his Catholick opponents, while he forced laurels from coy fortune's hand. 'Twas at this siege 1621, Seyton, the Scots officer, well known to fame, broke his thigh serving the  
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the gallant prince he so esteemed. Their friendship had arisen two years before, when at a grand review near Stockholm, our rough North Briton failed in the mark of personal respect, keeping his hat on (although admonished) when spoken to by the king, who, easily provoked by such an insult, struck him slightly on the face. When the day's pomp was over, and that supper ended, which Gustavus was obliged to eat in publick, he asked the page whom he had set to watch, "Whither was Mr. Seyton gone?"—To Denmark, was the answer. "Follow me thither, we shall overtake him easily, and there is no night now," replied the king, who mounted his swiftest horse and carried pistols—this one attendant only as his follower. Seyton saw himself outstript before he had passed the first frontier village, and observed his pursuer respectfully riding up to him with his hat in his hand, these words in his mouth: "Dismount, Sir, I have injur'd you, and have ridden thus far to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman. Here are weapons and room for both, and no possibility of hindrance: Seyton and Gustavus are equals now—I am out of my own dominions; but you did ill to forbear the respect due to a prince, in presence of all those troops."

"I did indeed, Sir," replied the brave Caledonian, throwing himself upon his knees, "and only request pardon and the honour of devoting my future life to service of such a sovereign." The Monarch raised and embracing him, "Let us be friends then, said he, and never part again." They went back, and never more eat a meal asunder, till death found Seyton unhorsed in a *fosse* before Riga, Gustavus vainly endeavouring to restore him, and save him from the heavy trampling cavalry.

Meanwhile, France was taking advantage of all that past; her admirable statesman, Richelieu's first wish was, humiliation to Austria, and that he looked for through the on-pressing ardour of Sweden's glorious king: His second hope was destruction to the Huguenots, which might be expected from the hourly dangers to which their leader

leader rashly expos'd his gallant person. But though he delighted to face perils in the field of fame, he never risked his dignity, or set his own superiority to hazard; and when Louis the thirteenth's ambassador, *Charnacé*, inserted the word protection in the treaty. "Protection, Sir!" exclaimed Gustavus, "is a word I use to God alone, and from him only I request it. Your master and I are both kings, equals of course; and I will dispense with any assistance he can give, rather than commit to such decision, the unblemish'd lustre of old Sweden's crown." — "*Comme si tout écarlate était de même valeur!*" \* cried Charnacé, shrugging his shoulders: but a letter dispatched to Cardinal de Richelieu, caused his immediate removal. As a lofty consciousness of his own worth prompted this treatment of Louis's *first* ambassador, policy and native good humour joined to suggest a behaviour so different to his successor, that these unpleasant passages were soon forgotten; and speaking of a regiment to be given away some years after, that gentleman was mentioned to the cardinal as fitter for the purpose than Ranzau his competitor for the post. "I know," replied Richelieu, "that Ranzau gets drunk now and then; but Gasson, since he went to Stockholm, has had his head so turned by Gustavus's civilities, that he has never seem'd rightly sober." France, notwithstanding, looked on the Swede with more attentive vigilance than positive apprehension. The emperor Matthias had felt himself so unable to support the dignity of Austria's house, during his philosophical brother's life, that when in 1612 it dropt to his care entirely, hope revived, and had his marriage with Ann, their near relation, produced sons, that hope might have lasted longer. But though he crowned her at Prague, with no small pomp, the thoughts of a Protestant church erected there, damped their joy, and when some Calvinists were treated with unprovoked cruelty, in consequence of this presumption (as 'twas called) they threw the emperor's three favourite counsellors out of a window, and by these and other vexations (want of children being the

\* As if all red was of one colour.



most serious) his heart was broken, and in 1619, Ferdinand, the archduke his cousin, succeeded, and saw Vienna besieged by Count Thorne in behalf of Frederick, set up as his rival by the dissenters.

Meanwhile the castle at Prague blew up by accident; the prince palatine, married to our English Elizabeth, was hunted from place to place, while Bohemia, as if all this were too little, was, in company with Moravia and Silesia too, desolated by famine. Count Tilly now, a soldier from the ranks, raised by uncommon merit to the situation of general, shone forth the leader of the Catholick armies, defeated the duke of Brunswick, and spoil'd his territories, took Minden, dismantled Mannheim, and drove the Protestants from Juliers. Gustavus sheltered the fugitives and revenged their cause; swore he would pursue the old corporal to the earth's verge, and to say true, after the outrageous behaviour of the Imperialists under his command, in the principality of Hesse and electorate of Brandeburgh, one wonders not that coarse passions mingled with the purest motives. The siege of Magdeburgh, and its being taken by storm 1631, with circumstances of horror unexampled *achevé la provocation*, says a French writer, for Mahomet II. suffered not such a conflagration in Constantinople, when he planted the crescent there instead of the cross, 1492. Three hundred women flung themselves into the Elbe, and a city once dedicated to Venus, by name of Parthenopolis, now witnessed the chastity of its females under our more delicate dispensation. Torquato di Conti, another Romish general, hearing that the king of Sweden was expected, and wearied with a war which he had tried in vain to end by assassination, retired from fatigue; but Tilly and Pappenheim still kept the field, and waited the coming storm. The northern hero drove forward like his native snows, covering the earth, and confounding his antagonists. He crossed the Oder upon Christmas eve. "The earth is all *gefrorne*," said his attendants: "The earth," replied he, "never is *gefrorne* to the hard hand of honest industry;" and well might he say so, who had so often dug his way through it with a pick-axe: nor feared he water more than land, when the ice breaking under him in a fosse before some fortified

town, and a centinel hastening to his relief: “*Keep your post, young man,*” exclaimed the warrior monarch, from the encircling cold; “I shall find ways to extricate myself,” and so in effect he did.

The ever-memorable battle of Leipfick; followed, and the king’s loud cry from the centre, was, “*Remember Magdeburgh.*” It was on this occasion that Gustavus disfurnished his men of all their pikes, a coward’s weapon he called it: “Give no fire, said he, till you can see your own faces in the pupil of your enemies eyes:” Something like this is, I believe, related of Cæsar at the battle of Pharfalia. Tilly who led on his bold Imperialists, gave the watch-word which had been so profaned, when the poor Protestants heard and saw themselves hunted as by bloodhounds, with a shout of Jesu Mariæ from mistaken men, who thought themselves exterminating infidels, and establishing Christianity. Let crimes that thus blot the fair page of *history*, half reconcile us to this artless *Retrospect*, which dwells not on the sanguinary scene, but lightly glancing over a theatre of such horrors, shews us old Tilly weeping soldier’s tears over this steady resolution of his troops, who like *true Catholicks*, said he, stand to be cut in pieces rather than give ground. Two letters written on the field that night, one from the victor general, one from the vanquished, may be opposed to any thing antiquity has bequeathed us. But Ferdinand now no longer thought himself safe in his own capital: he begun removing the imperial household to Stiria, and the pretty Italian book called *Ritratti de’ gran Capitani*, says, that sure enough all Germany would soon have groaned under the new northern yoke, had not death’s long dart reach’d it on its road to Vienna. Before that day, however, St. Etienne, a trusted emissary of le Cardinal de Richelieu, having obtained a passport through his relationship to father Joseph, who, though a Papist, kept up a constant and friendly correspondence with count Oxenstiern, came and informed our brave defender at his army’s head, that seriously if his majesty would persist thus in harassing the Catholick princes, Louis XIII. would find himself obliged to grant them assistance and march an army  
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into Germany: "Oli, fir, no need of that, (rejoined Gustavus); if your master means in this manner to express his wish of making a campaign " against the Swedes, (pointing at them) we will treat him with a battle " under the walls of his own metropolis." Before the setting of so bright a star, another anecdote or two must be recorded of its course. When after passing the Lech, a dangerous exploit, he entered Augsbourg, birth-place, or rather naming-place of Protestantism as Antioch of old was of Christianity, prince Albert the Bavarian met, and claimed a boon, he said, of the king's justice and knighthood; that boon was neutrality for his own innocent family, who ought, he said, not to be persecuted for their religious opinions. "Sir, (said Gustavus) there is Juliana " Electress Palatine, a widow'd princess, and there is Elizabeth of Eng- " land, a still more unhappy wife, and lawful queen over Bohemia, " who are persecuted to poverty for their religious opinions, and have not " where to lay their heads, can justice and knighthood look on?" The duke retired, and the monarch got a dreadful hurt that day by a favourite mare's falling under, and then rolling over him, struck by a cannon-ball as he surveyed the trenches. Charles V. was right, he cried, the moment he could speak: "Kings are never killed by cannon-balls you find." Both sovereigns were right. Gustavus rose from the ground, and heard that very evening the death of count Tilly. "Poor " fellow! (exclaimed he with a sigh) then we shall meet no more in " this world; he was a brave old soldier, and I'm sorry." The next enemy who fell, before he himself obey'd the call, was Sigismund, the warlike Pole; who, after an active reign of forty-five years, devoted to the service of popery against his own relations, friends, and even interest, died in 1632. "Another foe taken from oppressing our " Protestant brethren, (said Gustavus) and God leaves me still to protect " them:" He *did* protect them at home as in the field. Count Oxenstiern clustered around the metropolis of Sweden whole shoals of Lutherans and Calvinists, school-keepers, manufacturers, exiles from Germany, who civilized and almost colonized the country, while the original inhabitants went forth to fight: thus carrying on designs scarce penetrable,

trable, and with so great success, that a familiar writer of that day observes how Austria was put to such a plunge, no man can guess how matters might have ended, had longer life been lent to our young hero, who now sensible of his prodigious consequence to Europe, gave St. Etienne a rougher answer than before, when he was sent a second time, to say how Munich trembled at his approach, but who took up a tone in telling it, which was insupportable to the long-flattered nerves of a conqueror. "Speak as becomes the agent of a petty prince," "sir, (said our Swedish monarch) or instantly begone: you are no envoy from the crown of France *now*, though still a flippant Frenchman, as it appears. Away! and take this with you to your sencer. *I am offended, and I am victorious.*" The next step was Lutzen; and the soldiers fretted for the first time; but their march had been *long* and their refreshment *short*, and that is sure to breed faintness and ill humour both in men and beasts. Early in the battle a young officer cried out aloud, "The king is hurt." "Mind your own business, sir, let mine alone," exclaimed Gustavus in an altered voice; then gathering strength and breath, shouted "Follow the track of my blood, comrades, that path shall lead you to victory and fame." He galloped forwards, but the giddiness of death shook him in his seat. "Cousin," whispered he to duke Weimar, "I have got enough: look to the troops and keep my secret." A heavy fog falling that moment, concealed the accident from all but the imperial general, Count Pappenheim: *he* had received his death's wound in the same instant, but seeing Gustavus taken off the horse, exclaimed, "Fallen is the foe, *Christianity* remains victorious; tell the emperor he is a *free man*," more was not permitted: a thicker fight closed round the body of the Swedish warrior, for whose corpse they fought like those in Homer round Patroclus; his own officers by turns exclaiming, "Mistaken Austrians, 'tis I, 'tis I." The king's great soul returned to thank their loyalty: "No, no," said he; "*here* lies the king of Sweden, who seals upon these plains his love and care for the dear Protestant cause, farewell!—Commend me to my poor Maria—Oh, farewell!" *Tal fin ebbe Gustavo secondo*, says

an enemy's pen, who yet describes him as a first rate hero. Two noblemen of his train feigning death, held the body fast under them till all was over, till the Swedes won the day and routed the Imperialists. A royal elephant thus, stung by a serpent and swelling with the pain, flings his vast bulk upon th' offending animal and crushes him to atoms with his weight; meriting the spirited legenda of Gustavus, *etiam post fuxera victor*. Rockets were thrown up at Vienna, notwithstanding; and Richelieu gave a grand *fete* on the occasion. The Spaniards represented plays, comedies, interludes, for fifteen days together, with a fool or pierrot acting the character of Gustavus, and imitating his short-sightedness; whilst Urban the eighth, nobly, like David of old upon a similar occasion, pronounced these words alone: "Know ye not that a prince and a great man is dead this day in Israel?" forbearing all further speech about the matter. This was in 1632. In seven years afterwards, as if to shew that although Death is the Almighty's executioner, and Time his instrument, nature unwearied still, and in that age lavish of great productions, lay not *effete*; a splendid character and man of other mould from this rough chieftain saw the light, when after twenty-one childless years, fair Anne of Austria's pregnancy was published, and in due time Louis IV. was born. Poor Italy having lost, as they said, her *Prete* and her *Medico*; meaning the Barberini Pope and Duke of Tuscany, was in a wretched state; the French assailing her on one side, the Ottomans on the other, while Innocent the tenth troubled himself more to please Donna Olimpia than to provide against any dangers to the state. *Papa magis amat Olympiam, quam Olympum*, said the wits, while wise men thought they saw Christianity herself in danger, divided at home so, and set upon abroad, by loss of Candia to the Turks, who had been long in possession of old *Paphos*, now *Bassa*, in the isle of Cyprus. Venetian politicks were indeed at low ebb, and Contarini, when he was sent to Constantinople about 1625, had given a hint that France could not commodiously clip the eagle's wing, meaning Austria, without clambering first.

first up St. Mark's tower. During this time the flames of religious persecution continued against the Huguenots of Lyons and Grenoble; but peace was at length concluded, and the edict of Nantz confirmed. Le duc de Luynes died before his favour with the king was quite run out: and Cardinal de Retz, first minister after him, yielded his activity to old age, his post to Richelieu in 1625. Of this great genius for government, his country even now feels the effect; because although it may be too much to say for him that which he said for himself, when being in his last moments asked how his heart stood towards his enemies, he replied, "I never *had* any who were not at the "same time enemies to the state." 'Tis certain that the state had no better friend than Richelieu; nor its enemies any more dangerous foe; witness the melancholy business of Rochelle, with numberless acts so fresh in all our minds; it scarce seems *Retrospect*, but present life. Richelieu was never a favourite with queens: Mary de Medici hated him, because having begun the world an humble dependant upon Leonora Galligni and her husband, he rose upon their ruin, and being employed by the king to make up matters with his mother, obtained for her majesty worse terms than she thought she had a right to expect, and shortened her allowance, that so there might be no more Italian intrigues, he said. His dislike of the queen consort, Anne of Austria, was supposed to arise from his having entertained hopes she resolved not to gratify; certain it is that they lived in decided enmity some years: for when Louis XIII. was taken ill in 1630, and the whole court, with these ladies, joined together to turn his heart against this great minister, who was absent on some business, something like a promise, a *royal* promise was given, and his disgrace began to be counted on as a certainty. A page in the Cardinal's interests heard how things went, and flew to fetch him from Havre. When he arrived, "I beg only *one* favour now for all my services, said he, *one* favour and "I never ask again." The boon was granted, and found out to be an hour's *tête-à-tête* with his sovereign. So well was that hour employed, that

that he came forth more a court favourite, and more a powerful minister than ever; his enemies looked abashed, and that day was laughingly called *la journée des dupes*. 'Twas he indeed, who fixed the throne and dignity of France, rendered his master absolute and independent, extinguished all that remained of an aristocracy once fertile in petty tyrants, so the kings of the seventeenth century called those barons among which *they* were merely chiefs two centuries before, and by encouraging arts, manufactures, and commerce, so enriched the realm, that he left Louis XIV. little to do, except embellish it: he died however, in 1642, having out-lived Mary de Medici, who though once his benefactress, he suffered to expire of a broken heart at Cologne, ten months before him, when *Fabio Chigi*, afterwards Pope Alexander VII. exhorted her vainly to complete a perfect reconciliation with a man to whom she considered herself indebted only for disgrace and death. British synonymy has attributed this last scene to her and Lambertini, but Benedict XIV. was then a child; Padre Chigi was the Queen's immediate countryman and confessor. A thousand anecdotes are related of Richelieu's death: this epigram, written by *François de Bassompierre*, the famous marshal de France, who passed much time at our court here in England, whom the Cardinal had kept *en bastille* a long while, is scarce esteemed enough by those who are not aware that the third line contains an anagram of the author's name, to which however, a natural and easy turn of versification has by no means been sacrificed.

Enfin dans l'arrière saison,  
La fortune d'Armand s'accorde avec la mienne ;  
France je fors de ma prison,  
Quand son ame sort de la sienne.

The queen, Anne of Austria, did not dissemble her joy in the loss of a minister who had made use of his delegated authority to seize all her private papers once, upon hearing she had written to Madame de Chevreuse :

reuse: and a lady of high quality, whose brother he had brought to the axe for treasonable practices many years before, going to see him lie in state, Dec. 1642, is said to have addressed the corpse half maliciously, half profanely, with the words of Lazarus's sister Martha in the Gospel: "Ah, Lord! if thou hadst been *here*, my brother *had not died*." Be these tales fact, or fable, his master soon followed him: he was a prince, *mal placé*, between Henry the fourth and Lewis the fourteenth, a figure in a bad light somehow, sacrificed to the nobler objects in the group: our eye rests on Richelieu's strength, on Colbert's growing powers, or on the infant prince, ennobling, illuminating the glorious days to come. The father may fade into nothing when he will, after it has been told of him, that he convened *les états généraux* for the last time, till we saw Louis XVI. do it to his ruin in 1789. France grew in power and importance every instant; her cardinal's glowing embers kept a kindly warmth about the country that he loved so well; and in the war kept up against the Spaniards, le Duc d'Eng-hienne, better known afterwards by name of le Grande Condé, won the famous battle of Rocroy, and took Thionville. Spain looked from Carthagen's tow'rs upon a sea-fight, disgraceful to her own superior force, under shelter of her own batteries. Turenne assisted to make this minority more splendid than the actual reign of princes less favoured by fortune, and beat the Imperialists by land, whilst another naval victory at Castella Mare ushered in the year 1648, and produced the peace of Munster. During this time the internal affairs of the country were governed by Cardinal Mazarin, who had prodigious influence with the king's sole surviving parent. Italian politicks seem always to have swayed the realm of France, when a queen mother has been regent. This was natural while the ladies came from Tuscany; but Anne of Austria had found him useful to keep a balance of power against hated Richelieu in her husband's good graces, and he kept the post of minister, which dropt to him on that great man's death, half by rendering himself necessary, and half by shewing himself successful.

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A prodigious conspiracy of old nobles, princes of the blood, &c. was raised against this cardinal in the year 1649, chiefly, as it appears, because he was a foreigner; and he left the kingdom for a while, but it was only to return with more power and magnificence. The king was no longer a child, but a *youth*, and Mazarin's nieces were on this occasion auxiliaries of the first rate importance; but we must leave France to settle her own affairs; in 1650, a moment in which her whole soil seemed teeming with genius, though Maynard, who makes the shade I think between Malherbe and the ensuing wits, Boileau, Racine, &c. \* was found dead in his closet, these lines upon the door:

Las d'esperer et de me plaindre,  
Des muses, des grands et du fort;  
C'est ici que j'attends la mort  
Sans la désirer ni la craindre.

Weary of hopes, and fears, and muses,  
Sharp fought wits, and fortune blind;  
Here whilst no man my life accuses,  
Death I'll expect with tranquil mind.

Felibien, Gomberville, Tannequi le Fevre, all lived at this time; and Sir Theodore Mayerne practised medicine at Paris before he was called away to its natural enemies, London and Amsterdam. He 'twas who dulcified mercury so finely as to make it a delicate and safe cathartick, well known to all *now* by the name of *calomel*, no good appellation for *so white* a powder; but the little *negro* boy who served Sir Theodore, and was a favourite with his master, had worked so diligently with him in this new and neat process, that he gave *him* the honour of hearing it called *calomel*, *pretty black*, by all the contemporary chemists.

\* About this time, I think, Brossard says it was, that Berardi ingeniously comprized the syllables of Guido in this line, *Ut Relevet Miserum Fatum Solitosque Labores*. Certain it is, that line was marked upon Corelli's favourite fiddle; and certain 'tis that the old musick shop at Bologna had Corelli's fiddle for his sign, and round *that* were marked the words, quite in our later days.

Meanwhile, though Cardinal de Richelieu endeavoured and delighted to unite the grandeur of great houses with the cleanliness of small ones, as he expressed it, things were even down to 1560 at an immeasurable distance from what we all saw them in 1750. The high roads of France were infested with banditti; the streets of Paris filthy and ill-paved, miserably lighted, and dangerous on every account; forty-five watchmen only had care of the whole capital, and more need not be said concerning the *police*. A spirit like that of gothick times continuing to possess private people, battles between whole troops were fought every day in honour of a banner belonging to some parish or *confrérie*; and if two processions met by evil chance, blows determined the precedence. That we may not let Voltaire make us believe all this folly grew out of *religion*, our *retrospective* eye sees through tears of laughter; the lawyers and clerks of the treasury, drawn up in two bands, and fighting in the church of Notre Dame at five in the morning by appointment, that so decision should be made which was to walk first in the procession of the day. But the time of compleat civilization was at hand; the child was grown, at whose birth an *astrologer* had been concealed behind his mother Anne of Austria's bed, that he might burst out at the moment, and cast his nativity: Meanwhile John Duke of Bragança, firmly fixed in his seat, showed that *his* astrologer had been right enough, and his stars favourable. He was no *bean-cake* king, *El rey de Havas*, as Olivarez, to flatter Philip the fourth, affected to call him for awhile; he was El rey Don Juan, and so the Spaniards were obliged to acknowledge him; nor could their mines in Mexico prevent a thousand mortifications endured here in Europe, where Dutchmen worried them, and Frenchmen braved. The Hollanders, who saw one hundred and fourteen of their own ships of war covering the seas even in 1643, went on increasing in political importance; *marte triumphabis Batavia, pace peribis*, was the destiny attributed to these united states by those that looked through Fate's clearest spy-glass; although it seems strange to think commercial men

men should gain by bearing arms, but as Antwerp had swallowed the trade of Venice, so Amsterdam now become the storehouse of Europe, drove Antwerp into obscurity, and caught the eyes of all; while none failed to rejoice in the sight of a city formed in proud Spain's despight, and grown from an asylum into a strong fortress. The waves of life tumbling off one another, and leaving those below to rise, and in their turn roll over the next comers, can alone represent the state of nations: their rise, their lapse, their fall, their total loss among their noisier neighbours.

America now rose, while others foaming, fell. The Spaniards had discovered that the *whole* continent so called, contained not feeble, helpless creatures, like those who yielded up the treasures of Mexico to Cortez and his men. Those who drove northward of the straits and isthmus, named Darien or Panama, lighted on Indians different in character, *fieros y Barbados*, like those found on the island which owes its appellation to the *beards* of its inhabitants. It appears, indeed, that the distinction is not a favourite one with any occidentalists; they pluck it up by the roots, and daub the chin with stuff intended to prevent its return wherever it can be seen. But James of England, and Richelieu of France, had colonized or examined by this time large tracts of land, foundation for future quarrels, places where Europe hastened to carry those arts and sciences she had so lately learned herself, and amaze the silent aborigines. Sir Walter Raleigh failed indeed, in his attempt upon Guiana; the mine which played and glittered before his dreaming fancy eluded every search, and left him to wake at last with a halter instead of gold ore in his hand, like the juggler in Gay's fables. The zeal of Zummeraga too, an empty-headed bishop of Mexico, observing some figures awkwardly delineated upon cotton cloth or barks of trees, burned all of them he could collect, hastily thinking they were objects of devotion, whilst gold, the object of his countrymen's research, produced no happiness to those who gained it. Destroying these odd hieroglyphicks was a folly; they are now said to have been the annals

of the empire, and serve as subjects of dispute again, 'twixt Dr. Robertson and Clavigero, how far poor Mexico had been advanced in arts of civilization before the arrival of Cortez. Montezuma is supposed to have been the ninth emperor, I think, and his crown elective. They mention a chain of subordination, prince, noble, and vassal, or peasant: their having appointed posts or couriers through the country, seems a prodigious step towards improvement; they were probably beforehand with the Europeans in *this*, for Lewis the eleventh was first in that quarter of our globe to fix such comfortable appendages upon life. Peru was still forwarder, as it appears; their empire older than that of Montezuma, and the spirit of religion somewhat milder. Human victims were not required by Peruvian deities, nor were the inhabitants of that district constrained to suckle their infants seven years, for purpose of preventing population, because the earth could not afford subsistence to proportionate numbers. These descendants of the sun, as they stiled themselves, or at least their yncas, learned of him to draw provision from the ground, and cut canals to water it where an arid appearance gave worse hopes of harvest. In *some* places it even came into their heads to add manure, perhaps from seeing grass grow where a dead animal had lain by chance; and on such spots a rustick monument was raised, denoting their triumph over that earth they trod: to make roads, however, no Peruvian had attempted; contenting himself with sticking posts of wood, shewing the shortest path from one place to another, as we stake out ground for a horse course. Destiny seems to have resolved against agriculture in all parts of South America, where Spaniards and Portugueze got footing: Miners turned up the bosom of her parent soil, and aukward piety ill-set to work, covered her superficies with convents quite innumerable. Prince d'Esquilache represented the impropriety of this to Philip the third; but he had few ideas beyond a Peruvian, and those few were all occupied by love of monastick institutions. Robertson says, that Spain lay *comatose* from the year 1650 till the great national convulsions on death of Charles II.

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rouzed her once more to sensation, if not to sensibility. Carpomanes himself says plainly, that the monarchy seemed inert, and as if dead, from Philip's time to that hot civil war which followed the event we speak of—a subject for some future chapter's *Retrospect*; and my readers will scarce fail to say, how such a mode of regeneration reminds *them* of the story told by Raynal, and again by Pennant in his *Hindoostan*, where a poor fellow born in an inferior class or cast, when he desires earnestly to become a Bramin, is obliged to crawl in at the tail of a brazen calf they worship, and whose idol on this occasion is previously heated; if working on, the poor wretch is not suffocated before he finds out his way at the beast's mouth, the honour is purchased, and a Bramin he becomes; if death arrests his progress to their society, so much the better, their cast is kept more pure from profanation. All this tends, however, but to corroborate the true idea, that Phœbus, partial to his native cast, ripens *their* spirits as their mines more perfectly, and with a warmer kindness as it seems, than those of their Periæci in the new-found continent. For while the progeny of Abraham and *Kétura* (if such they are) count the four classes of humanity, as soldiers and labourers from the arms of *Cuttery*, statesmen and legislators formed from her head, priests and pure worshippers of heaven from her heart, and groveling souls ordained by Providence to take the lowest place, made from the feet of this much-honoured parent:—the five Indian nations of North America, ignorant of all ideas concerning rank, owned no distinction but the necessary one; a leader or chieftain, the Sachem of their tribe.

This man elected for superior strength at first, and afterwards confirmed by their experience of his superior wisdom, was followed to war, or listened to when he persuaded peace, till age or sickness dulled his powers, and made a new choice indispensable, while sullen and taciturn, and steady to their sole purpose of getting and protecting woods for purposes of chace; the only pleasure capable of animating a no-longer-hungry Cayuga, is hope of enjoying the tortures of an enemy, who

who stands between him and his subsistence, by preventing the carcajou from climbing the chefnut trees appropriated to his brethren's haunts, or frightening the moose deer from passing through their shade. Proportionate to the cruelty shewn by *one* tribe to a foe, has been from time immemorial the dreadful revenge taken by that foe upon his neighbour, when caught upon a hunting party in a wrong place; nor must we wonder at the howling female who dances round the fire where this unlucky enemy is consuming: when we reflect upon the measures she is driven to, rather than see her children pine with hunger or feel the blows bestowed on her, when no more food can be found. But Monsieur de Champlain, in the year 1632, first governor of Canada, gave name to the lake so termed in all our maps, and wished to civilize the furious chieftains. The French had tried at an establishment in 1539 and in 1608; the intelligent Chanoine de Vaucouleurs tells us, that one might begin to call it a colony; our English displaced them in 1629, but gave the matter up in 1632, when a settlement of thirty thousand men, women and children, introduced with Christianity some softer notions. Yet scrupled they not to add our European vices to the few they found there; when round the place now known by name of Mount Real, existed some old tribes which the new settlers leaguings with other tribes destroyed and the poor senseless savages, delighted to learn new modes of gratifying their deep-fixed revenge, studied the use of all destructive weapons with alacrity, and willingly assisted Champlain and his followers, to drive the Adirondacs out of existence. Pitkaret indeed, last of this last-named tribe, an Adirondac, skulking in the woods, committed many acts of dreadful cruelty upon the French Indians—Christians of Loretto, as their new allies were called when once converted. This active creature learned to run in snow-shoes turned or inverted—put on backwards, in short, with so much skill, as to render his being caught impossible. When he had gained intelligence of his enemy's little camp, where now accustomed to drink ardent spirits they slept soundly; he stole  
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upon them as a pole-cat on a hen-roost, and having first knocked them on the head with his tomahawk, tore off their scalps, and carried them away as proof of victory and prowess, leaving them sometimes alive in agonies scarce to be conceived, from which however more than one hardy Indian has been known to recover; and meditate for months and years a dreadful vengeance beneath the naked undefended cranium. Of all the European nations, who arriving disturbed and fomented these domestick quarrels, a Dutch commander seems to have been the favourite; *Corlear* was his name, and in the year 1650, he settled a pretty town at Schenectady, situated upon the Mohawk's river near Albany. Such was the esteem of all for this gentleman, that they have ever since given his name to every Christian officer endowed with authority, Frenchman or Briton; and to the year 1750, I am *sure* that whoever was made governor of New York, bore that appellation from the friendly Indians: thus for a whole century at *least*, preserving a kind memory of the man they loved, and upon whom they oddly enough bestowed in token of amity and true regard, the coat armour (as I may call it) the insignia if you will, of the five principal nations, wolf, tortoise, bear; I forget both the other two. When first these nimble savages ran with our people, and shewed them whence the wondrous noise proceeded, which for so many miles is heard to those who travel the interior parts of North America, as they approach the falls of Niagara; how must the view have brought back to their *Retrospect*, a horrid parallel between those Spaniards who first descried the latent hemisphere, and hurled the old inhabitants from their abodes, and that smooth stream which gliding forwards unperceived, covered with water-fowl innumerable, dashes them down at once; while the stunned birds are thrown in heaps on all the neighbouring lands, where fear has flung them, or the torrent driven. But we return again to long-left England, whose colonists less cruel had so conciliated their naked neighbours, no opposition stopt the progress of a trade which brought tobacco to our land, with other luxuries that seemed to render us rich although discontented.

## C H A P. XI.

## GREAT BRITAIN ONLY TO 1650.

OUR eighth chapter left King James, first of that name, sovereign in *Great Britain*, so was our country, our whole island called after the reigns of *Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip* and *Elizabeth*, the initials of which names Camden says, completed an old prediction that when *hempe* is spun, *England's* done: our style being altered from the king of Scots accession, to the composite word *Great Britain*. James however, seemed to enjoy royalty only as it gave him power to feed favourites. The gay dress and elegance of mien and manners for which young Villiers was so very eminent, soon rivetted his conquest over a heart made vacant by disgrace of Robert Carr, who seems to have left no trace of *his* power, nothing but tales of infamy, and the word *summerfet* still used by tumblers, taken from *him* who excelled in feats of activity. The newer minion now in three or four years at farthest, from being cup-bearer at first, became knight of the garter, master of the horse, constable of Windsor, warden of the cinque-ports, chief justice in eyre, and lord high-admiral of England, adding to these places of trust and offices of emolument, the titles of viscount, earl, marquis, and at last duke of Buckingham. His beautiful and provident mother, says his biographer, having given him an education more of gay courtesy than deep literature, no one ever filled such a post with less danger of losing it; and Du Puy, in his *Histoire des Favorites*, gives Villiers the palm for managing in such a manner, as to procure and keep, free from all rivalry, his master's purse and personal affection, wholly



wholly his own for ever. As the remaining part of James's reign was in reality *his*, the king will have less share in our *Retrospection*, except perhaps to observe that the cautionary towns were by the royal order given up for money to supply the duke's delight in magnificence. Meanwhile a manifest change of manners took place, no fewer than twenty thousand mariners protected us, two ships of sixty-four guns each were built, and commerce brought hither the broad-silk manufactory. Saltpetre was worked in England, sugars were cultivated at Barbadoes by negroes; the slave-trade flourished, and gazettes were printed in every country, communicating intelligence from shore to shore. The word was originally Italian. Gaza in that language means a magpie: they published a *gazetta*, or little chatterer, at Venice, telling the news of the day, in 1629; the small coin which paid for it was, from the paper itself, term'd *una gazetta*, and Theophraste Renaud, a surgeon of Montpellier, printed one for the amusement of the sick in 1631. In seven years more we had not only newspapers in London, but even private towns boasted their weekly courants. Newcastle was the first. The Thames made during this reign navigable to Oxford, increased the internal traffick of the nation, and the new river brought to London by my countryman, Sir Hugh Middleton, increased the comforts of a now splendid and full metropolis. Hackney coaches, twenty in number, plans of sedan chairs for ladies, evinced an alteration all desired to see, a state of ease and luxury which all desired to partake; while the pretty ballad preserved in Dryden's *Miscellanies*, shews how the nobility changed their mode of living and flocked in crowds to the capital, where such attractions were concentrated, where scenes were added to the theatre, where conversation was growing to be a sort of science, and books written to regulate it were translated into English. Aristocracy, deprived of its power in distant provinces, sought compensation from familiar talk in the town, where cultivated minds, congenial spirits might be found, with whom to discuss the politicks of the day; and leaving abstruse studies,

profound enquiries and logical ratiocination behind; gay wit and lively rhetorick succeeded to the publick favour. Romance was going fast out of the world, though not yet wholly lost. Lord Surrey's passion for fair Geraldine, heated up to a fine poetick phrenzy about the year 1540, seems to have been no longer the fashionable reading, and even the writings of Sir Philip Sydney grew daily less and less in vogue, though Johnson quotes the *Arcadia* as a standard of language in our own day, and Surrey is at this time styl'd our earliest English classick. His love being inflamed by a magical glass indeed, wherein Agrippa shewed him his lady reposing on a couch reading a sonnet written by *himself*, while a wax taper gave him a glimmering sight of her beautiful countenance, rendered more interestingly a transient paleness, was not likely to please the middle of a century like the 17th. It was exactly calculated for the days of Petrarch, whose passion Surrey warmed his own after, ending it much in the same manner too; for having been victorious in a tournament where he challenged whole nations, and bravely risked his life for her sake, all Europe resounding with praise of her great merits, and his firm attachment: this flaming lover after all quietly married Frances, daughter to the Earl of Oxford, by whom he had many children, while the bright Irish damsel (such Walpole says she was) and daughter to *Fitzgerald*, not Tuscan Gheraldi, was contented to be third wife of Clinton, earl of Lincoln; such conclusion of such rant, brought the rant itself quicker to conclude.

The last tournament held in our country, for Elizabeth's amusement on Blackheath, was of ill ending. A dwarf appeared tendering the Queen a paper, signifying how some knights from a far country, devoted to their dames, had vowed to maintain the honour of *their* beauties against whoever should affirm his fair one more excelling. "My bold 'Squire," replied her Majesty, "you give short notice, yet shall your challenge be answered." At the trumpet's sound, therefore, out started champions on both sides richly accoutred, and M. Cornwallis was terribly hurt by Sir John Perrot, natural son to Hen. VIII. The Queen felt  
greatly

greatly distressed, and a Mahometan envoy present, wisely exclaimed: "If these combatants be in earnest, this is too little; but if they be in jest, believe me 'tis too much!" A messenger at that moment arriving to tell how Henry II. of France had received his death's wound in a similar contest ten days before; the entertainment was broken up, and tournaments put to a final and fatal end, both in our own country and our neighbour's. These romantick and dangerous amusements, had their exit hastened still more, by the taste people took up of translating the old Greek tragedies, and correcting our stage by model of the old Greek drama. In *this* again our sovereign bore her part, and rendered the Hercules Œtæus into English. I suppose Shakespear was a better courtier than to ridicule what had attracted her immediate notice, else should I be tempted strongly to believe, that the nonsense he puts into Bottom the weaver's mouth about *Ercles' vein*, a *tyrant's vein*, and a part to *tear a cat in*, had reference to Hercules, in the Queen's favourite play, throwing the beasts about from the top of Mount Œta. Her Majesty was not the only woman employed in Greek literature, and versifications of old poets by female hands, were then coming out every day. Puttenham says, "We would not have girls be too precise poets, lest with such shrewd wit as *rhyme requireth*, they become hateful to husbands who love not fantastick wives." Harvey had said in his character of a maid of honour,

Saltet item, pingatque eadem, doctumque poema  
Pangat; nec musas nesciat illa meas.

But the fear of dying maids and *single wymmen*, as Puttenham threatens, seems to have taken immediate effect; and ladies were so well warned by *him*, and by Edward Hake afterwards, in his *Touchstone of Time Present*, that instead of being such scholars, that Roger Ascham reproached the university with the court lasses' superior erudition, they ran into a contrary extreme, and by the time the Stuart race was ended, a family receipt book contained all the literature of an English country hufwife, however high her rank, while Swift's account of Queen Anne's maids

of honour, forms a droll contrast to Harvey and Afcham's notion of that post under Elizabeth, and of their knowledge who occupied the station.

All changed apace; Hake wrote a book on the impiety of dancing, but girls did not leave *that* off as willingly as grammar. The art, however, underwent many alterations: a dance called Pavan, from Pavo the peacock, because they performed it in long robes puffing and trailing after them, was dismissed, and the same figure to quick-time came in with Scots' reels, &c. We call it a *truss'd peacock*\* still, in the north, because the train is tuck'd up as in a jig. The galliard which set Sir Christopher Hatton high in his sovereign's favour, till *step* by *step* he became lord keeper; still held its place at Paris, where Furetiere tells us, that in 1558, a book of *Orchesography* was published, denoting the names of various motions in a dance, sieson, sieson relevée, brisée marche and close: words now familiar to us all, but apparently new enough to English people in Addison's time, because the Spectator makes much sport out on't. The *Moresco*, or Moorish dance, brought in by Catherine of Arragon, is scarcely gone *quite* out of the island yet, I believe. *Morris dancing* (for so by corruption it was called) lasted till George the second's reign at least, and morrice pikes for the purpose were common in Wales five years ago.

Queen Mary delighted much in what reminded her of Spain and Spaniards; but tumbling and trampoline tricks, at that time a novelty, *inchaunted* her, as we read, to *much* merriment. What wonder then, if James of Scotland, her first cousin once removed, was struck with such performances! his mind was not empty, though it was flexible, but no endowments give the power to use them. *That* quality depends on *strength* of mind, not fulness. This prince saw plainly how the world was going, and he saw plainly too, he could not stop or turn it. He recommended other modes to his nobility, and told the great lords with

\* From a *truss'd pea* comes the word *strathstepy*, I believe.

good sense enough, that here in town they could appear only like great ships upon the ocean, but that in their own shires and boroughs, they would shine like great ships at a river's mouth, esteemed and wondered at, and benefiting those around.

The wise maxims of a man whose conduct was repugnant to decorum however, just at the moment when decorum began to hold a higher price than learning; failed of all effect upon his hearers, who saw him every day duped by Gondemar, cajoled by Bassonpierre, and fool'd by Buckingham, almost to fatuity. The trick this last named nobleman played, bringing a sucking pig wrapt in a mantle for the king to kiss, making him believe it was a new-born baby to which his majesty had promised to stand sponsor, was a device even below contempt, had it been practised on a child of eleven years old: yet served it as a standing jest at court, and to that foolery the duke alludes, when in his letters from France and Spain, preserved in our British Museum, he begins, "dear dad and *gossip*. One is not sorry to see every one of such epistles, ending however, with your Highness' humble *slave* and *dog*, *Stenny*. Many strange passages are recorded of their odd familiarity by French Memoires. Those of le Marquis de Bassonpierre, Marechal de France, compiled whilst Richelieu kept him in the Bastille, whence that great minister's death released him, teem with tales told of our English monarch and his favourite. Among the rest he says, how while king James and he were speaking seriously upon business one morning, without any witnesses in the bed-chamber, Buckingham came tumbling in, in his *odd way*, and clapping a hand on each of their shoulders, leaped suddenly between his own legs in the air—" *Glissant* " *et sautant* (says he) *comme un danseur de corde, et d'une maniere* " *merveilleuse*," put an end to the conversation. Grave characters always affect levity in their domestick companions; and I suppose Charles I. whose face was said by physiognomists to be marked strongly with melancholy and misfortune, delighted in feats and frolicks like his father, otherwise it seems to me foolish *still*, that he should for a friend (and  
future

future minister make his deliberate election of the youth his predecessor had taken up merely as a toy. The intimacy between *them* grew up from the young prince's desire of seeing the Infanta, whom it was thought fit for him to marry, and for whom he fancied himself already possess'd with passion. Villiers, eager to escape from his old master's awkward fondness; and desirous to display his spirit of gallantry and variety of accomplishments on a new and more extensive theatre, resolved to obtain consent for accompanying Baby Charles (as his doating parent called him) who, although convinced beyond a doubt of the folly of such an exploit—being overaw'd by a favourite he now began to fear, and over-persuaded by a son who above all things he loved, and being ever unable to deny suits, permitted their absence on the silly and dangerous errand, when tears and entreaties failed of power to detain them. My countryman, Sir Richard Wynn, was in their train and confidence, and has given the best account we have of their adventures. Tom Hearne published it, but it is little read, though very entertaining: his head painted by Cornelius Jansen, is preserved at Wynnstay, and Bartolozzi engraved it for Mr. Pennant's book, but the author's body lies at Wimbledon in Surrey, far from his native land. He tells how the Infanta was used to go and gather *May dew* for her complexion in *early morn* at a casadi campo, or summer-house, on t'other side the river, I remember; and how Prince Charles, taking with him master Endymion Porter, went thither likewise, and got surreptitiously into the house, and into the garden too; but his fair one was in the orchard, between which and them was a high-partition wall. This did not however, keep out the active Englishmen: our future sovereign, like Romeo, *with love-light wings did overleap that wall*—but the old Marquis Olivarez hearing him, hobbled to the scene of meeting, and fell on his knees, conjuring the prince to retire, and protesting that *his* head must inevitably answer for such a breach of custom and ancient usages.

Goodness of heart prevailed over absurdity *for once*, and no more private

private conferences were even sought by Charles, who now contented himself with watching her, the Spaniards said, "as a cat watches a mouse," and singing seguidillas under her window, among which the following seems best remembered.

Carlos Estuardo soy  
 Que siendo amor mi guia;  
 Al ciel d'España voy,  
 Por ver mi Estrella Maria.

As a proof that our royal adventurer made his own verses, they are bad ones; and such as none but a foreigner would make. The match went off, however, through the caprices of Buckingham, who once so wish'd it, and the two friends, their friendship unimpaired, in spite of all his pranks, returned home through France, where Villiers felt himself more at home than in grave Castile, the courtiers of whose king recollected a thousand insults offered to them or to their families by a presumptuous favourite, who, while among them, they felt half afraid of.

Philip however, sent the diamonds back which our prince had presented to his sister, rejoiced in their nation's escape from a heretick match, and prepared for war upon gentle James, who never recover'd his grief for the quarrel in a cause he liked not: although his darlings did come home safe at last, a circumstance which added, perhaps, two or three years to his now-declining life. On their way back, Charles found it likewise convenient to fall in love at Paris with the daughter of Henry the fourth, while Buckingham, half in his own country, and ever confident of success in all amours, acting, as it appears, upon Lord Chesterfield's opinions before they were published, paid secret, yet easily-discerned addresses to Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII., whom he invited upon visiting when confined by a cold to her bed, by the side of which sat a lady, employed in preventing too close approaches, and crying out occasionally: "*Ah Monseigneur! que faites vous donc? Ce n'est pas ainsi qu'on adresse la Reine de France.*" The thoughts;

thoughts of seeing his son married, however, consoled the old king a little for the tales told of his favourite's conduct; and though this lady's fortune was far short of that he had hoped with the Infanta, she was daughter to a king, which this monarch seemed to consider as a qualification indispensable to a Princess of Wales. She was shortly wife to a king, but his people's veneration for royalty was waning apace; and some who loved it still, fretted at the odd mistake made in proclaiming the successor *Charles rightful and disputable heir*, &c. instead of rightful *indisputable* heir. A worse omen, however, might reasonably have been drawn from that young heir's attachment to a nobleman, against whom all ranks testified now their undissembled aversion, notwithstanding which he continued to hold places quite incompatible with each other, though my countryman, his true servant, Howell, admonished him in the quaint phrase of the times, how his Grace would stand firmer without help of an anchor, meaning the office of high admiral, *now* supposed too arduous a post for any one man to hold, and Buckingham was responsible for half a dozen more beside. He and his master however, seemed resolved to do their own way, and then trust to their own skill for pacifying those they had offended. This mode of proceeding did well *within the palace*, when king Charles with his own hand turned out of it all the French servants who came with the Queen, I think, for imposing some odd penances upon her. The confessor, bishop of Mende, ran to his mistress for refuge; but her husband suddenly catching her up in his arms, hastened with her to the bed-chamber and locked her in, so that, although she broke all the windows in the room, and tore off her hair, there was no remedy, submission followed of course.

“A family,” says some philosopher, “is but a little kingdom, and a kingdom is no more than a great family.” The saying was truer when 'twas spoken than when our sovereign applied it; he soon found that the same talents will not do for both. Charles was an excellent husband, father, and master; but knew not how to rule a powerful  
state



state swelling with opulence, and fermenting with new and yesty knowledge, that foamed itself into a rocky head below, a strong mephitick vapour hovering round, over which dangerous steam who holds his face, loses or wits or life. Buckingham, heedless and daring, was the first to suffer by his encouraged folly; he would be sent ambassador to France; Louis XIII. swore he never should come there again; in a romantick passion Villiers threatened that he would see Anne of Austria spite of her husband and of all his nation. Our own was by this freak engaged in wars which the surly parliament would not give money to support; why should they? Disgrace of course attended our attack upon the isles of Rhé and Oleron, and assassination waited the flashy favourite's return.\* Howell's account of it is succinct, yet comical. "The duke, says he, rose in a *well disposed humour from his bed, and cut a caper or two, and then to breakfast, amidst a ruffling train of courtiers and commanders.*" The event is known to all, for in such passages history holds out her features prominent for *Retrospection's* eye to seize the outline: yet 'tis odd that a man writing to the Duchess of Buckingham's own aunt, should dwell with admiration on the circumstance of King Charles's quiet behaviour and serene acquiescence in his loss, nor can one refrain from smiling to see him make his exit with a caper. Clarendon's story of Sir George Villiers appearing to an old dependent friend, and requesting *him* to warn his son against such an accident, is indeed confirmed by his Majesty's conduct, who had often heard the tale no doubt; and the historian says, that Countess Buckingham, mother to the favourite, was in nowise astonished, though much grieved, having a sure trust in the spectre's words. Spectres, however, were unnecessary to tell what was so very likely to happen; and we see Lord Portland, who succeeded him as high admiral, frighted to death almost because feeling in his pockets one day

\* His duchess soon married the Earl of Antrim, Lord Rutland having, as appears, quickly consoled his daughter, to whose house Howell describes *him* riding on a *post-horse*, soon as the news had reached his country seat.

when he changed them, a paper was found rumbled up with these words on it, *Remember Cæsar*. Self-love prompting him to think himself threatened with the fate of a hero his lordship in nowise resembled, he staid from council, pleading sudden sickness, and let no one in to comfort him except the Marquis of Tullibardine, his intimate friend, who, in order to change the conversation, asked him if he had yet bestowed the trifling post he promised upon the son of their common acquaintance, Sir Julius Cæsar? adding, that he had taken the permitted liberty of putting a paper in his lordship's hand once, reminding him of the kindness designed by two words only, *Remember Cæsar*. Portland then recollected the circumstance, provided for the innocent cause of his panick, said nothing to his companions, but hastily quitted the court, and told the tale some years after. Cæsar is originally a Venetian family; L'Abate Cæsarotti of Padua is of the same house: they almost always baptize their sons Julius or Augustus. Of this servant, however, his majesty had no loss; he prepared for the coming struggle, and apparently resolved to encounter it with roughness; every house of commons which he called throughout his reign renewed and enforced that struggle, and every parliament dissolved boasted some old prerogatives lost to the crown. Party rose higher and higher every year; and distinctions were soon observed about keeping Sunday, which Romanists and Lutherans had till then alike agreed to hold as a high festival, being the day on which our Lord rose from the dead; it had been so accounted since the time of Constantine, till Calvin seeing the abuses consequent upon merry-making, gave men to understand it should be kept *holily*, not *gaily*: a caution useful in the industrious cities he inhabited, where if the people are allowed to play, they'll soon find out it were as well to work too, and so the Sabbath is profaned and broken. But in our island's foggy air, Calvinism saw each object of dissention magnified; and being grown much more morose than at her birth, suffered with four malignity her harsh professors to drive even devotional musick from the church: all ornament, all elegance was chased away, each gloomy ill-presaging idea being with avidity substituted

tuted in their stead. Prynne, whose austerity surpassed belief, wrote against all amusements, all diversions; and tore the gilding off life's bitter pill without remorse. When we were called, in the last volume, to turn our *Retrospect* upon the reigns of Theodosius or Pulcheria; a meagre troop attracted our attention, but *they* practised cruelties only on themselves: these censured all who did *not* practise them, and tried to settle sorrow by establishment, and to perpetuate it by long entail. The court, adhering to old usages, was the more abhorred; and to say true, the cutting off Prynne's ears, and pilloring him, seems a preposterous mode of making their own notions popular, or deserving of approbation. It certainly increased the sect of Puritans, and great was the company of the preachers, who called our clergy dumb dogs, because the lectures were in Anglican churches short, compared with the regular service or form of prayer; while these new teachers found some latent merit in extemporaneous petitions to heaven, and harangues to their mortal auditors full three hours long.

*Preaching* was an art now, almost an accomplishment all over Europe; and little Bossuet, when just six years old, was blest with a peculiar talent for it. The French *Mélanges* tell a droll story how the child's father called a large company of wits, lords, ladies, &c. to hear the baby hold forth; his exhibition of premature excellence beginning after supper, and lasting till one or two o'clock. *Je n'ai jamais entendu prêcher, ni si tôt ni si tard*, says Voiture. I never heard such *early* or *late* preaching in my life before. But we return to England, whence Hazelrigg, Hambden, Cromwell, proving their sincerity, resolved to emigrate; and for our colonies in North America quit a country where the old cross upon a church top, an organ in the choir, a surplice in the desk, and, above all, a decent altar whereon to celebrate our Saviour's sacrifice, commemorating his last supper, offended their righteous spirit. In an ill hour the king forced them back, by a strange abuse of the authority still left him; for if men like not the worship or government of their fathers, they should leave it. Compulsion never made good subjects yet, and that *these* men lived to be thorns in poor

Charles's crown, no reader can much regret; from *them* he *did* deserve reproach for tyranny. Yet was there no popular or general cry as I can learn against subordination; what nearest drew towards resemblance of next century's scenes, was the saying of a member of parliament, "That men were grown too wise now to let one person rule them." He meant, however, but a transfer of that rule from the king to the *house*. For this purpose the lords grew obnoxious, and the lower assembly fought for their removal; from *power*, as it appears, but nothing more. The tale Clarendon himself tells of a London citizen quarrelling with a nobleman's waterman, about saying that the swan he wore as *badge* being his master's crest, was but a goose, proves how severely offences towards superior birth were punished. The tradesman paid so high a fine it bankrupted the man. The Earl of Suffolk, in the year 1634 too, had been called a *base lord* by Sir Richard Granville, who thought himself cheated by him, (perhaps it was so) in a contest for property; he was, however, forced to pay eight thousand pounds for defamation: nor can a modern reader forbear to rejoice in the abolition of a star-chamber, that levied ten thousand pounds upon Sir George Markham's estate, as a fine during the same reign, only because he had horsewhipt Lord d'Arcy's huntsman for insolence to *him* in the field while sporting: but challenges and duels once so frequent were out of fashion; *that* fiery spirit was evaporated, and the coarse dregs of avarice more solid, sunk behind. Puritanism felt more shocked by showier vices than by meanness, and pecuniary composition for private offence was *natural* to England. See the first volume of this work, eleventh chapter. Corruption once again crawled forward into dirty life: Wentworth, a busy speaker against grievances, attracted notice from the house of commons; and Charles, who felt authority sliding from under him, resolved to try the force of influence, and buy his friendship by promotion. The Earl of Strafford now defended measures he had once appeared to think pernicious; and like the tame jackdaw, with cap and stockings, was soon pursued by quondam companions as a deserter: his intimacy with Archbishop

Laud,

Laud, however, confirmed him in his court principles, and he defended church and king to death. Charles, who had felt an unfilled void in his heart since Buckingham was killed, gave to these two great statesmen all his confidence; but the queen who disliked rivals in her husband's affection; having suffered some personal insults from the last named nobleman, and who wished to be the only favourite herself, when republicanisim rose upon the ruins of our constitution, and *rebellion's vengeful talons seiz'd on Laud*; was observed to express herself less angrily than she had often done on similar occasions. She urged the king too on that great concession, when he agreed to expel his spiritual lords from parliament, which seemed surprizing to those who knew how highly a daughter of the Bourbon house was likely to hold up aristocratick power. Her majesty however, true to the church and court of *Rome*, *despised* our ecclesiastical arrangements no whit less than presbyterians or even independents *hated* them. She doubted not but that the division among protestant partizans would drive all England back to the infallible papacy which she preferr'd in heart and soul, to a husband whom she had from her infancy been taught to consider as allied and predestined to certain damnation. Placed among such subjects, such bosom friends, such counsellors; our sovereign hurried forward his temporal undoing. While Strafford's impeachment and execution, tho' not unwelcome to the lady, filled *his* indignant mind with fierce resentment, approaching to a criminal desire of revenge;—the horrid massacre of protestants in Ireland at which the English were taught to believe that he connived, the Scottish covenant, and some sketches of a new form of government moulded on that in Holland, and publicly handed about London streets, increased his rage; and irritated it to a temporary phrenzy. He suddenly accused five members most distinguished for patriotism in *their* sense, and in his, sedition; of treason against the state: and drove himself to Westminster to seize, and drag them away for condemnation. *They* escaped, and made so good use of their lives thus saved, that

that they filled the town with tumults and were brought back to their seats in triumph by the multitude, whose noisy arrogance now drove the king from his metropolis, and prompted him to ship away his queen and daughter, the betrothed Princess of Orange\* safe for Amsterdam. From Dover where they parted, Charles rode in haste to York ; receiving at that place the last proposals for accommodation before the sword was drawn. They were conceived according to the spirit of the *new* times, and he rejected them according to the spirit of the *old* ones. Then, without any well-founded hope of succour from abroad, without any settled revenue at home, without money and without a fleet, he fearlessly set up his royal standard at Nottingham. To those bright colours so long dear to England, loyalists from every quarter flocked in apace, nobles and gentlemen of ancient families rallied round them as their defence from democrattick tyrants, whilst the honest peasants, ever desirous to see the royal cause triumphant over all its enemies, clung round their monarch, who led them on with chearful confidence, nor seemed much to reflect how all magazines of ammunition, all ports and harbours, all excise and customs were in the parliament's possession ; or how the Earl of Essex, remembering the insults offer'd to his father in the last reign by Somerset, willingly headed their army against a son of James the first. His lordship lost the first battle however ; and might have suffered a final overthrow had the king pushed on with the falling tide to fortune. But Baby Charles, as his fond parent always called him, though a belles-lettres man, never made a deep scholar like his father : though an exemplary and virtuous individual, could not perhaps at *any* period of the world have been considered as a great sovereign ; and though a pertinacious and valiant foldier, never learned to be a skilful or successful general. He wasted after every victory, in fruitless negotiation that precious time which would have gained another battle and made peace pos-

\* Mother to King William III.

fible. Apprized of his disposition, the foe managed with adroitness, appearing still to seek the accommodation which they scorned; and while he thought of his duty, they talked about their conscience. The result was what it must be in such a contest.

This world is made for the bold impious man,  
Who flies at all, and catches what he can;  
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,

And while she long debates, the glittering prize is gone.

DRYDEN.

Upon the 23d of October 1642 then, our *retrospective* eye sees a new civil war kindled in Britain, which had enjoyed no very long repose since York and Lancaster drenched it with English blood. The quarrel here indeed was widely different; a question *then*, not very unusual, had been agitated; as who should sit upon the throne of their ancestors: the struggle now was whether any throne in our island should exist at all. Princes to thwart each other, had for some time been calling up the mercantile order to depress nobility. Trade had increased their general importance, and now the demagogues drew on the commons to think that other forms of government existed, where *they* might rule without regard to ancestry; and as they had already learned to think all hierarchy on earth an empty show, the passage was short and the transition easy, from no bishop to no king. A tenantry long dependent on the higher powers were however, in small haste to learn such doctrines. The city of London listened to them willingly; and in the city of London now were seen young men of high birth, whose parents dazzled by the splendor and opulence of the capital were induced to bind their sons apprentices to trade; while twenty thousand bales of cloth sent annually to Turkey, the reduction of interest to six per cent. and the wonderful increase of the customs, said by Lewis Roberts in his *Treasure of Traffick* to bring in half a million per annum, evince our growing greatness to have been prodigious, and it was natural for those who gained money at such a

rate

rate to desire its security, and with its consequences—a solidity of power and firm establishment of property, equal to that enjoyed by nobles. Pressing these principles too far however, they rushed into a war capable of destroying those riches they meant to realize: the bloody contest desolated our land without deciding any superiority for two full years. The greatest men on both sides were fallen on the field; and among the parliamentary army a warm fanaticism prevailed, little understood, and scarcely dreamed on by those who first withstood what *they* unjustly called the *encroachments* of the crown, but what *Retrospection*, with more candour, sees to have been the too rough and too free, and very imprudent exercise of those prerogatives by Charles the first, which were once easily enough endured, by differently-constructed parliaments, crouching before his differently-constructed predecessors. He had himself tacitly acknowledged that they were not tenable in modern times; he had made many concessions, and recognized many privileges on the part of the commons, with which the first and original movers of the dispute would now have been contented; but their party weakened fast by frequent deaths, and by strange sub-divisions into new sects, the strongest among which, well named *independents*, professed themselves completely so in all opinions concerning church and state. Of this number was the renowned Oliver Cromwell, whose bravery and skill won the great battle of Marston Moor, and whose happy art of disciplining and training troops till then unused to war, was exemplified at Naseby to the king's utter ruin. His army was dispersed, his cabinet and letters seized, and after a few unsuccessful skirmishes, retreat was needful, and no place afforded one, but Oxford. From that city, the true seat of loyalty and learning; Charles dispatched couriers to *request* accommodation; but no terms now, however advantageous, would be listened to by a parliament, whence many old moderate members had seceded, many had fallen in battle I believe, some had changed sides, disgusted with their comrades; and some had died of grief. In this  
extremity



extremity the distressed, almost the quondam monarch turned his eyes to Scotland, his father's native country, ever beloved by both, and in 1646, he delivered himself up *unconditionally* into Lord Leven's hand, then general of the Scotch army at Newark. These, glad to share in that wealth they had long regarded with envy quickened by appetite, sold him directly to his English enemies for four hundred thousand pounds, insulting him during the short stay made amongst them in every possible mode. When the king first was told of the base bargain—a messenger sent by the parliament to fetch him there, found him at chess,—“Go on with your game, sir,” in an unaltered voice to his companion, was all the answer which he made; they went on, and as a proof that Charles's spirits were not agitated, after an hour's play he won. This was of a piece with his conduct, when being in chapel an express came and said, Buckingham was assassinated—his Majesty fate the service out in calm and undisturbed devotion: much had befallen him since then to *now*; yet was his heart the same. Historians never fail to blame the Scotch for selling thus the life of an unhappy prince; but they say little of those scoffs which he was made to suffer while among them; yet surely to sin with temptation must be more pardonable than 'tis to sin without it; four hundred thousand pounds were in those days a purchase for any crime, but to tread down already fallen fortunes, and press the recent wounds of royalty to torture, only for the pleasure of seeing them bleed fresh; is a disgrace upon the species sure, a stain to human nature. The war however, by the King's desertion of his adherents, was here at an end, he was himself conveyed to Holmby House, Northamptonshire, and while the conquering army bullied the once victorious and arrogant commonwealth, he secretly hoped to be called in as umpire among his hot contending subjects. But Cromwell, who was rising to the height from which he had lent his hand to fling down his master, suffered nothing (that once done) to impede his rapid progress. “Returning were as tedious as go o'er,” Macbeth says; and Oliver had only his king and his

conscience in his way; 'twas necessary that one should be appeas'd and one removed. As for the parliament at Westminster, he had spirit and sense enough to despise *them*, in opposition to whose measures he set up a sort of military parliament, under his own immediate influence and control. To tease the house of commons, these petitioned and remonstrated; just as the commons before the war begun, had done by the king, and with the same success; every concession producing a new encroachment; till all their power was completely gone; to tease Cromwell again, and show mankind "how even-handed justice returns th' ingredients of each poison'd chalice to our own lips," started up a new sprout from his own independent tree; a new sect, calling themselves *Levellers*, who cried aloud, that all mortal men were equal, that all subordination and government was of *human* institution and *profane*; that no one ought to obey any one; and that all property should be shared in equal portions through every realm. This folly grew dangerous and might have proved fatal, had not bold Oliver, apprized of their meeting, suddenly appeared among them, and commanded them to disperse. A saucy answer from one of their orators provoked the general to *level* him with the earth, and having killed half a dozen of these wise men of Gotham and hanged half a dozen more, the rest ran away; nor could they be any more collected for purpose of enforcing those doctrines which he himself had indeed *taught*, while they were convenient to him; but without ever supposing them fit for rational creatures to act upon, or practise. Another stroke of unopposed severity accelerated the end of England's troubles. Lest some connection should by chance grow up between the house of dupes at Westminster, and their much injured sovereign, cornet Joyce with three hundred men was dispatch'd to bring *him* to the camp at Cambridge, where the commander in chief set spies about his person, and by perpetual alarms of that assassination he had long expected, frightened the gentlemen attending on his bed-chamber, till they prevailed on him to run away, and seek for  
shelter.

shelter in the Isle of Wight, where Carysfort castle was his prison till 'twas thought fit to bring him back to London: where incredible offences had been committed, and various disorders suffered by all conditions of men, under the ostensible guidance of a weak parliament, incapable of doing civil justice by any, and apparently unable to disband an army raised by themselves; *these* happily for all mankind, now closed around the city gates with Cromwell at their head. His presence there brought peace, submission, and obedience. He sent their silly mayor and sheriffs to the tower, drove eleven members into exile for treason and sedition, as he called their impotent attempts to resist *him*; and then made what was left of the house, return him formal thanks for his *faithful* conduct. Poor Charles was now informed his trial was coming on; the day being arrived, seventy pick'd men from one hundred and thirty-three who had been named to sit in judgment on him, appeared in their places, Bradshaw the president at their head, our long imprison'd monarch seated at their bar; but steadily disclaiming their authority, and rejecting their jurisdiction, made no answers: lest, as he said, he should appear to sanction a court which never had existence in law, and which they had no right to hold. When permitted to speak, rejecting the style of response, he used the language of unfullied royalty; protested himself their native and hereditary king, said no man could be justly tried but by his peers, and asked what was become of the house of lords? by that very enquiry tacitly considering himself as an old Gothick baron, whose great ancestors raised to the sovereignty in Scottish land, centuries before, and England dropping to his house by heirship, he was in his own sense, their true and rightful ruler. This scene three times repeated, he as often refused to recognize their self-created court; as often spoke to them by appellation of his misguided subjects, obtesting heaven that he never wronged them, but submitting to the sentence he had merited *from* heaven for having, in compliance with their wishes, as he said, consented to a virtuous servant's death, meaning the Earl of Strafford. Such

temperate; such pious sentiments, such truly intrepid and dignified behaviour could not, and, in effect, did not fail to make a temporary impression. But Cromwell plied the soldiery with songs, and psalms, fanatical hymns too, all in praise of liberty and freedom's glorious cause, till they thought what they were doing was to purchase paradise; while *he*, protesting 'twas against his will, and by immediate inspiration that he acted; they willingly threw off what they now called aloud *the beggarly elements* of justice and humanity, and trusted to the *internal movements* of their hearts. *These*, now suggested the immediate execution of Charles Stuart (as they called him) and on the 30th day of January, 1649, he was led forth to the scaffold amidst insulting soldiers, whose spitting in his face, but called up in his memory the devout recollection how his Saviour had been so treated by the Jews. His last words were an earnest exhortation to those who stood around, that they should instantly return to their obedience, and expiate their crimes by fidelity to his son and lawful successor. One stroke given by a masked executioner, dismissed his soul to happiness, and wondering Europe saw in the next year the commonwealth of England, a great nation, which did indeed at that time exhibit a marvellous congeries to all calm spectators; to *Retropection's* eye a mingled mass, consisting of royalists justly enraged 'gainst their ignoble plunderers: republicans oddly over-reached by men they meant for tools alone, a deistical minority striving for rule; though contrary to consent of all the rest, and a grave set of empty-headed fanaticks, wholly unskilled in state affairs, which they considered as *profane*, if not *superfluous*, and who, when treating with the Dutch, betrayed a weakness which bent beneath that political burden they would not suffer their king to bear for them. His *grey and discrown'd* head at length laid low, our ecclesiastical seemed more perplexed than even our civil administration. The clergy beggar'd, bore with amazing patience their hard hap, while their oppressors, split into a thousand sects and parties, formed clubs of separatists almost *ad infinitum*, every little piece cut off,

off, either uniting to some other little piece like the polypus, or like the same polypus forming apart a separate creature, endued with life and crawling among the rest.

Take Dun with his club, take *Smec* and his tub,  
 Or any sect old or young;  
 The devil's in the pack if choice you can lack,  
 We are *four score* religions strong;

says a high church ballad of the times; to understand which we must recollect that the Smectymnians were professed followers of Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Mathew Newcomen, and William Spurflow, five famous dissenters, who, in the cabalistical manner, formed of each name's initial the imaginary word *smectymnuus*, and their disciples lasted a good while. Calamy's writings are even yet thought well of; and his morals were irreproachable, if we forgive him saying that the *festival* called Christmas was buried in a *fast*, and he hoped it would rise no more. But it was a time when some changed their opinions every day; some dissembled them, and some temporized without shame backwards and forwards, as interest prompted, or caprice hit off. Seldin says there was at one moment a hot debate, whether Usher might sit in an assembly of divines. "Marry (quoth he) 'twere better to have propounded another question, and fate down to think whether his majesty's architect, Inigo Jones, were worthy to sit in a company of mouse-trap makers." Yet all these people fancied, or said they fancied themselves filled with the Holy Ghost; nor recollected that the apostles, after the coming of that comforter, said the same things in different languages. These, in their mother tongue alone, taught different opinions. Meanwhile poor Martin Luther's works had been burned long before, and that by parliamentary authority, because he had said in them that next to theology, a virtuous conduct, and good classical knowledge, he loved the musick of the church: seeing that by sweet sounds anger is forgotten, devotion kindleth, and the devil fleeth away. But captain Henry Bell, hearing how the col-

loquia

loquia menſalia, or *table talk*, a ſort of *Lutheriana* had been conſumed, called to mind how he poſſeſſed a ſmall edition of it, and thinking much upon the ſubject, *dreamed*, how an old man ſtanding near his bedſide, lugged him by the ear, crying, “ Sirrah, go now and tranſlate that little “ book you brought from Germany, I’ll find you place and leiſure to “ perform it in.” And ſo ſure enough he *did*, ſays Bell, “ for I was “ committed priſoner to the gatehouſe, and worked upon it *there*—my “ ſole amuſement, for five years at leaſt; Archbiſhop Laud ſending me “ before his death forty pounds in gold.” Such was the prelate condemned to ſuffer decapitation under pretence that he favoured popery. But Luther was no more eſteemed than was Urban the eighth, by theſe extraordinary perſons, among whom a claſs of people in proceſs of time ſprung up, who firmly expected our bleſſed Saviour’s inſtant appearance on earth, Antinomians, fifth monarchy men, who proclaiming themſelves incapable of error, calmly propoſed to ſuppreſs all clergy, all ſchools, and all courts of judicature—and thus did they behave, who had ſo juſtly proteſted, ſo loudly exclaimed againſt papal infallibility. When their enthuſiaſtick phrenzy came to its height indeed, and they ran through the affrighted ſtreets, ſaying that Jeſus was their leader, and knocking down all they met: force was applied, and after ſome lives loſt, a temporary quiet from theſe turbulent ſaints was obtained. The year 1653, however, ſaw Cromwell at length peaceably ſeated upon his ſelf-created eminence: the only man in all the world, perhaps, who could have ruled ſuch mortals in ſuch times. His high, his ſingularly-conſtructed ſpirit, pervaded the whole heterogeneous maſs he had to manage; levigated, reſtrained, and gave formation to its fighting elements. Stern in his counſels, confused in his harangues, he awed the feeble and perplexed the ignorant. A ruggedneſs of manners too, ſerved happily the uſeful purpoſe of keeping diſtant all ideas of royalty, while his affectedly uninviting countenance, kept even his firmeſt friends from cloſe approach, or undue familiarity. Skilled in the canting language of the day, he executed the moſt daring projects  
with

with the most steady hand, while his tongue talked of “ waiting upon Providence,” “ wrestling with the Lord,” and such strange phrases, not *then* by any sect I suppose considered as *now* by all, egregiously absurd: but coming just so near to unintelligibility, that they carried as it appears, to his auditors’ minds, the customary effects of obscure verbosity uttered with gravity and fervor; a steady veneration, a source of the sublime. As for the wretched remnant of a parliament, when *they* began to prate of *their* pretended power from on high, he troubled not himself even to pretend regard; but starting up one morning from the council board, suddenly exclaimed that he felt himself compelled to do an act which made his very hair stand up an end. Then hastening to the house of commons, three hundred chosen soldiers following his steps, “ and how long sit ye here?” he cried aloud; “ Begone, for shame! “ give place to honest men: you are no longer a parliament—the “ Lord has done with you; *I* tell you, you are no longer a parliament.” Sir Harry Vane alone tried at a reply, but the general’s jeering voice drowned his in exclamations of “ Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! “ the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!” Then looking contemptuously at their mace, “ Take me away that fool’s bauble,” said he, while Harrison, by his command, dragged the speaker from his chair. Such was the conduct and behaviour of the man who first buckled on armour because king Charles had violated the *privileges* of *parliament*, by endeavouring to seize five seditious members on their seats. And from the terrors of his eye, which silenced even those follies he had fostered, and controlled those abilities which other men had feared; our *Retrospection* hastily turns away, and seeks a softer scene.

## CHAP. XII.

FRANCE, SPAIN, SWEDEN, ITALY, FROM 1650, TO 1700.

NOT only a new chapter of our book begins here, but if we believe Voltaire, a new age too, a new æra is commenced: *He* divides the world's duration like a man of genius, as he undoubtedly was, by the men of genius who have lived in it. The first worth his notice as a wit, was the age of Pericles Demosthenes, Phidias and Praxiteles; with an immense, &c. containing names never to be effaced by the brushing of time's wing, never to be overlaid and smothered by newer claimants on our attention. The second was the age of Horace, Virgil, Ovid, whose praises, cut in the rock of ever-during fame, are *pushed out*, not sunk in by lapse of days, but stand forward like *cameos* perpetuating the excellence they record,—“*Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt,*” says Ænone.\* The third period graced by Raphael, Titian, Tasso, Ariosto, may be called, *il secolo di Lorenzo di Medici*, on the same principle; and the fourth, beginning in 1650, will for ever remain acknowledged now as *le siècle de Louis quatorze*, who, when he received into his youthful hand the reins of government, was heard to remark he had no foes to fight with, and 'twas true: for at that moment newly born, and rocked in a cradle at an English gentleman's country seat, slept the most dangerous of his future opponents, John duke of Marlborough. *Present* enemies had he

\* Tournefort and Savary both bear witness to this odd phænomenon, and tell us that the names of their predecessors in adventure, cut in the sides of that strange wall which lines the mazes of the Cretan labyrinth, have been by time pushed into alto relievo: nature's elaborate diligence operating like the hand of a workman enshaving silver plate. They found no names older than the thirteenth century, I think, and the oldest stood most prominent.



none, unless we may consider as such the half-warm embers of a half-extinguished aristocracy, which, during a female regency recovered spirits, but not strength. A fruitless attempt of the princes to drive from their sovereign's presence his favourite *Mazarin*, proved only that *his* hold upon the royal heart was a sure one. His niece, Olympia, kept it with true family care safe for her uncle, and when she found it slipping from her grasp, transferred it quickly to her sister's hands, who with less beauty possessed more attractions. Olympia then married the Comte de Soissons, and was by him parent of prince Eugene. While the sharp thorns doom'd on a distant day to pierce the sides of Lewis the fourteenth, thus were planting; his youthful unsuspecting soul saw not even those nearer snares laid for him by Italian subtlety. Maria Mancini had hope of seducing him to secret nuptials. To feel the mother's pulse towards such connections, the cunning cardinal required admittance to her majesty's bedside early one summer morning. "Oh Madame! exclaimed he in well-imitated agony, *what shall I do?*" "Louis quatorze will, I fear, marry Maria—*What shall I do?*" "I know not," replied Anne of Austria, "what it is your eminence will think proper to do; but if the king were capable of such a meanness, I would set myself and my second son against *him* and against *you*, and keep him in confinement for life." This story militates against the present notion of the *man in an iron mask*, between twin to the healthier sovereign. Anne of Austria would have brought *him* forward in such a case rather than Monsieur; and who knows that she did not mean it, leaving the word *second* unexplained?

'Tis easy to believe that Mazarin never forgave this openly-avowed determination registered in Motteville's memoirs: he loved his nieces, and settled them magnificently in the world, but preferred the constable, prince Colonna of Rome, for this last-mentioned lady, to our Charles II. who sought her hand after she had missed that of her own master, but was rejected with scorn by a minister, who humbly crouching before England's protector (Cromwell) dared not even to advance the daughter of Henri quatre any thing but a moderate pension,

and that so ill paid, that when Cardinal de Retz called one day to visit them, the princess Henrietta, afterwards duchesse d'Orleans, was lying a-bed, because, as her mother told him, she was not well, and they could not afford fire to warm her. Mazarin however lived not long, he was content to die, he said, when he had put into his master's arms a queen worthy France, the pretty Spanish Infanta, whose brother born sickly, and as the phrase is, *kept alive by art*, gave the house of Bourbon rational hopes of annexing Spain with all her ill-acquired wealth to their possessions; but this hope the king formally renounced; (one sees not why) at his marriage; and Voltaire says, that the Queen's fortune was so small, it cost more than 'twas worth to fetch it from the frontiers. Philip the fourth had indeed suffered sufficient mortifications; the times were changed in that country since his immediate grand-father, in piety and pride built the Escorial, the work of twenty-four years, the expence eight millions sterling, with silver lamps three yards in circumference, and candlesticks of the same metal six feet high: all this in honour of St. Laurence, whose fine monastery he had at St. Quintin, been obliged to batter down, making a vow of compensation accompanied with oaths, that no time should ever see that saint so venerated as by him; and 'tis therefore that the whole together, palace and convent, form with their courts the figure of a *gridiron*, emblem of the old martyr's virtue and instrument of his death: an emblem and instrument profaned and vilified by Cortez, thirteen centuries after, when Guatimozin, the emperor of Mexico, was stretched on it, in order by tortures to force from him those treasures he had cast into the lake for security: but punishment was coming on apace. Portugal and Holland, now independent powers, enjoyed the humiliation of a country once so proud and arrogant; but of late constrained by articles in the treaty of Westphalia, to accept thankfully the friendship of those they deemed for many years unworthy pardon. France had not, however, ten ships that could carry fifty guns in 1653, and while Cromwell's victorious fleets covered the ocean, old Mazarin, wrapt up in that perpetual *nepotism* apparently inherent in ecclesiasticks

of

of the Roman state, sought only how to make the king forget all former fancies, while he enriched his nephews and his nieces, leaving them treasures which amazed mankind. Hortensia, married to the Comte de Meilleraye, and hating her husband, was made duchess of Mazarin in her own right, and lived for many years in England after the Restoration. The Duc de Crequi, her brother, had been employed to pay servile court to Oliver during the protectorate, but was despised and threatened, and there is yet, as I believe, a letter somewhere preserved from Cromwell beginning, "*Thou traitor Mazarin!*" and demanding the keys of Dunkirk, if I'm right. To this peculator of the publick money succeeded a greater minister, a wiser man, Colbert; than whom no statesman ever more contributed to aggrandize his country. He established manufactures and promoted commerce: his care of their marine is still visible in its effects. He served the nation, and so loved his prince, that when abused, and pamphleted, and libelled, one said "There is a bitter sonnet against you published this morning"—"Is the king's honour offended by their verses?" was his immediate question—"No, not at all." Then am not I offended," was the reply. This extraordinary man was an *élève* of Mazarin, who sent him not nineteen years old ambassador to Denmark, and in a few years more to Portugal. He had likewise *his* share in that famous treaty of Westphalia, by which a new electorate was in a manner created for the old house of Bavaria, and which secured the possession of Alsace to Louis quatorze. It restrained, indeed, the emperor Ferdinand III. so narrowly, that the French taking advantage of those violent shocks which great Gustavus gave before to Germany, held in a manner the reins of the *once* Roman and once *German* empire—so that while Sweden thought the Lutheran powers were strengthened by her conduct, France was the greatest gainer in all Europe, and the plains of Lutzen had been stained with the brightest Protestant blood, only to forward the intriguing arts of an Italian cardinal, and push the youthful monarch whom *he* served, to the vain height of universal power. 'Twas long before he saw his twentieth summer, that the gay prince had triumphed over his transient passion

for fair Mancini's charms. He triumphed too over his own subjects, who as it seems, in wretched imitation of the example set them by Great Britain, began questioning the authority of his majesty's edicts; Louis hearing that such doubts were agitated, drove suddenly from Vincennes in his riding-dress, boots and whip, and entering their assembly room, "Gentlemen, (said he) nothing but ill can come of these debates; what brings me hither is to put an end to them: remember, president, you meet no more."

*So spoke the sovereign, and his grave rebuke, severe in youthful beauty, added grace invincible.* Abashed they stood, and sought to drown their sense of shame and sorrow in loud acclamations of *Vive le Roi*. Such a prince merited good ministers, and had them; but now grown older than when the Eminenza Mazarin pillaged the state, Colbert was not permitted under this reign to push *his* speculations on too far. Lewis ascertained the true bounds of his servants' power to fixed departments which they could not pass; and if their mode of living ran beyond what he esteemed good for his own magnificence, not theirs, they found themselves restrained. Whilst then he seemed attentive only to song, and dance, and show, and those carousals by which he gained at length the long-resisting virtue of La Valiere, his heart was set on universal dominion; in order to obtain which, he made sure to possess those of his admiring countrymen, who having enquired to whom they must apply in order to receive justice during the new reign—*à moi* was the truly regal answer of a monarch scarce then twenty-one years old. This step once taken, for he kept his word, Louis, certain of support at home, looked out for a quarrel abroad: this was soon found in a dispute between his ambassador and that of his father-in-law, Philip, who quarrelled for precedence in the streets of London, and produced a miserable humiliation of the haughty Spaniards, who were obliged to pacify their new relation by sending the Count de Fuentes to protest at Fontaine belles Eaux, then first known by the now common appellation *Fontainebleau*: how no future opposition should be made, but that whoever the French king sent to any court should go first upon every

every publick occasion. This was in 1682. It remained next to mortify the Pope, for Germany fought only quiet, not contention; and Sweden, once a formidable foe, like an aspiring pine-tree, native of northern climes, whose *leader* has been lost by accident, or broken by rough blasts of wind, stopt where he left it; throwing out side shoots of curiosity and elegance, but towering no more to heaven, a canopy no more to gasping earth. Fatherless and forsaken, that poor country had been consigned by great Gustavus' testament to his young daughter, five years old, Christina. Young as she was, he had her bred to arms, whilst like Camilla in Virgil's *Æneid*,

Jaculo palmas oneravit acuto  
Spiculaque ex humero parvæ suspendit et arcum.

That she afterwards thought fit to change her quiver for a satchel was no fault of Oxenstiern; he with all honourable care preserved for his dear friend and master's only child, the *realm* he had in twenty years the mortification of seeing her renounce, for an imaginary district on Mount Parnassus \*, *so* imaginary, that *Retrospection* cannot now find her name among the people of learning and genius noted in *Blair's Chronology*. Indifferent to religious opinions, however; averse to marriage, and oddly seized by artificial passions; the love of wit, and poetry, and painting: she, after mature deliberation, ripened by flattery from people she esteemed, resolved to quit the Protestant cause, so dear to her great father; and after journeying from court to court, finish her course at Rome!—thus rooting up Gustavus's grand project of clustering round his lovely daughter's character each contrariety of ex-

\* What an affliction this must have been to Oxenstiern one may guess by the account which Sir William Temple gives of their conversation once at Nimwegen, when he delighted to amuse his brother envoys with description of the place in Sweden, *even then* called Odin's hall, where to obtain reception in gothick days, the gallant Scandinavians, as he called them, used, if they failed to die as they wished in battle, to dash themselves from steep and ragged rocks, fearing to lose, by an effeminate exit, their ticket of admision to the table of their great ancestor.

cellence, and each pretension to power. 'Twas nearly at the time when Cromwell fixed himself firm in the seat he had so long aspired to, that she deserted a post no way difficult to hold : 'twas nearly at the time when Lewis the fourteenth poised with a willing hand his golden sceptre, that she resolved to exchange the cares attendant upon state affairs, and the brave youth who wished to share them with her, for a perpetual enjoyment of the fine arts ; and forbearing all attempts to bring them into her own dominions, fled suddenly from what she deemed a semi-barbarous region, to taste in softer climes the pleasure she preferred to every other, that of being celebrated by criticks and connoisseurs till she herself became one. Thus did the literary education Christina had received, rob her unlucky country of those talents which she supposed herself to possess : and that she established her worthy cousin on the throne, was all the amends, I think, she ever made to her abandoned country. The letters preserved from her to her contemporary wits, however, are very good ones ; her *bon mots* are almost all very happy ; and she had not the mortification of dying at last neither queen nor wit : she was certainly a *belle esprit* of the second rank ; and her reply to an English traveller late in the seventeenth century, was prettily hit off, when he expressed his earnestness to see the renowned Christina—" Ay, Sir," said she, " I " have been long one of the *curiosities* of Rome, and I am now become " one of its *antiquities*." She lived through five papacies, and apparently despised the church which she had chosen. Our Bishop Burnet praises the paltry speech she made to him about them more than it deserves, I think ; but any praise was welcome to Christina, whether from Protestant or Papist ; and any censure was welcome to Burnet, if it contained a sting against old Rome. " The church here (said she " laughing) must necessarily be under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, " for none of the four popes who governed it since my time have had " common sense, that's certain." This was hastily as profanely said ; because though much of learning, wit, and virtue died with Urban

VIII., and though his successor disgraced the see by silly compliances with the will of Donna Olympia Maldachini, Alexander VII. led a decent life, and would have called that last-named lady to account, had she not escaped punishment by dying of the plague, and leaving her ill-got wealth to the Pamphili family. When Fabio Chigi, however, was called to the chair, and the cardinals congratulated him on his exaltation, Christina could not have made a happier quotation than *he* did.

Diem, quam semper acerbum,  
Semper honoratum, (sic vos voluistis) habebo,

said he, from Virgil; and 'tis well known he left no arts unpractised to make the world believe the Queen of Sweden's *conversion*, as he called it, was true cause of her abdication. In *that* was good common sense at least: likewise in his protection of those Jesuits who battled for his infallibility, contradicting the Jansenist tenets which militated against it. He *might* perhaps too, had not he been wholly governed by his nephew, whose mistress managed the state as completely, though not as openly, as Donna Olympia had done: he *might* have settled matters less disgracefully with Louis quatorze, after knowing the French nation so well, and living so long in it: he *might* have found out that though a rebel to the *court*, that young king was, in his heart, a bigot to the *church* of Rome; he saw him easily enough persuaded to crush the Jansenists, and massacre the Huguenots; saw that he abhorred a Protestant of any denomination, and felt the edict of Nantes as a fetter round his feet. Yet when the Duc de Crequi, his ambassador, fancied himself offended by the Pope's guards at Rome, the satisfaction he required from Alexander, as a sovereign, was, in every sense, humiliating and offensive; nor would his old acquaintance Chigi have complied, had he seen how to avoid such cruel mortification: but whilst he at least delayed to erect the pillar set up to commemorate their own confession of a dubious fault, Lewis the fourteenth seized upon Avignon, and laughed at the appeal to Christian potentates, while the empire, roughly

roughly shaken by Gustavus, was in some danger from Mahometan incursions; and Portugal, wisely employed in securing her own independence, courted the kindness of England, regardless of the rest. Rome indeed saw a new successor the sooner for this vexation to Alexander VII.; and Clement the ninth, who took up the fading purple, deserved to have worn it when yet bright and glowing. His penetrating eye saw how all things were tending; his virtuous soul strove to preserve itself unspotted from a world whence Christianity seemed bent on speedy flight; his irritable temper, however, could not be subdued; it marked each individual of the Rospigliosi family; and when he heard that the Venetians had lost Candia to the triumphant arms of Mahomet IV., he broke his heart, in 1669, and died. Cardinal Bona attempting to succeed him, Pasquin said, *Papa Bona farebbe un solecismo*: on which Dangieres, the famous Jesuit, made this epigram:

Grammaticæ leges plerumque ecclesia spernit,  
 Fortè erit ut liceat dicere papa *Bona*:  
 Vana solecismi ne te conturbat imago,  
 Effet papa bonus, si *Bona* papa foret.

Cardinal Bona was not, however, raised to the chair; he retired to Mondovi, the place of his birth, and there devoted his time to literature, his heart to piety, his wealth to the endowment of a nunnery, the cloistered inhabitants of which about one hundred and twenty years after were cut in pieces by the French republicans retreating from their pillage of poor Italy. To Clement the ninth then succeeded Clement the tenth, of whom very little either good or bad is recorded. Of his incomparable successor, a Milanese from Lago di Como, we relate with pleasure how he made over his paternal estate to his brother's son immediately, saying, "Observe now, you are nephew to Odescalchi, not to the *Pope*: Innocent XI. shall never be accused of nepotism, though no man loves his family more tenderly; all that was mine before my exaltation take and enjoy; God bless you; live on your estate, and see me no more." This Pope's suppression of  
 the



the privileges claimed till his day by the ambassadors who screened all criminals not only in their houses, but their streets, appear to have become a necessary step, as Rome was filled with riots and with murderers, who throwing themselves under protection of some envoy, were in this manner safe as in a sanctuary. "Honesty lives in danger while thieves are thus protected, said the sovereign. My subjects cannot live in peace for multitudes of robbers thus encouraged." All other nations gave up the gothick prerogative at once, but Lewis the fourteenth would not yield a step. He sent Monsieur de Lavartin, with express orders to save from justice the first rascal who was seen running towards his precincts, and if complaint was made, to give the fellow active and even armed defence. An opportunity soon offered, Lavardin followed his master's directions, and paraded before the windows of the Vatican, with four hundred men ranged for immediate battle. Innocent resented the affront, refusing the ambassador admittance to his presence, till pardon should be asked, and this vile immunity renounced. Lavardin wrote home for orders, and heard in return that his king had arrested Renucci, nuncio from the Holy See, seized upon Avignon again, and menaced Rome with war, *sans le menager*, says his flattering historian. In return, Innocent conscious that he was right, interdicted the church of St. Louis, where the French always hear divine service, and prepared for a lasting contest on the very day he died, after having commanded females to dress decently under pain of excommunication, and after having *tried* to publish a bull against lavishing away the papal revenue on private families, but not one cardinal would give his consent.

The Ottoboni successor lived too short a time to do much good or harm, and Innocent XII. succeeding to the virtues of his anti-predecessor with more health of body and hope of long life, drove on the bull against nepotism and got it signed, 'spite of his cardinals' remonstrances. The books of mystick divinity recommending quietism and placing all merit in a mind abstracted from the world, and filled with

love of Jesus Christ alone; were by this Pope declared unsound and even erroneous. Their great promoter and protector Fenelon, submitted his opinions with filial reverence; nor would converse with heaven itself when unpermitted by the parent see. With these consolatory characters, dear to the impartial *retrospective* eye, we leave the ecclesiastick state shorn of its beams, bereft of power much to injure any one, but under the guidance of Innocent XII. desiring no increase of dignity, and only wishing that peace he could not keep. His valuable life was snatched away from further trial of his virtue in the year 1700.

Meanwhile victorious Louis, justly deserving that surname of Great, which was adjudged him afterwards with needless formality, augmented his power with solid advantages, never lost sight of midst all the dazzling splendours that surrounded him. The year 1664 saw him surpass his former carousals in the famous *fête de Versailles*; three queens were spectatresses of the show, besides our Charles the second's sister, become sister-in-law to the king of France, whose fancy she touched by her wit for a while, and was jealous when La Valiere, her maid's superior beauty called off his attention. Her gentler soul solicited a *heart*, but found in her royal lover only a desire of triumph. Resistance inflamed his passion and excited him to add each artifice of elegant gaiety, that might soften and seduce away her watchful virtue: he might have said with Prior's Solomon,

I court her various in each shape and dress,  
That luxury can form, or speech express:

and 'tis supposed the Poet drew his character of Abra from La Valiere. Madame however, Henriette d'Orleans was useful to his purposes, if no longer pleasing to his humour. The fugitive prince her brother, to whom as to herself and hapless parent, France had refused shelter when most in need; was now restor'd: and by a laxity of disposition unexampled, was willing, in time of his elevation, to forget both injuries and favours received in his distress. Charles wanted money  
for

for those empty pleasures which seemed to compensate all his sorrows past; and Lewis wanted aggrandizement of his dominions. The king of England sold, at his sister's request, and the king of France purchased, by his quondam-favourite's intervention, that Dunkirk which Oliver had bravely protected. The English minister Clarendon carried away into banishment the hatred due to such an unpopular step, and our merry monarch, who valued nothing but a woman and a joke, accepted a French lady of his sister's train, and joined in the general laugh against his only true friend, the chancellor. His new acquisition however, attracted the more serious care of Louis quatorze: who meditated an invasion of Holland, now grown saucy by the decay of trade to trembling Venice, shrinking from Turkish power; grown saucy too by the strange slothful temper crept over Great Britain, and by the industry of its own inhabitants. The riches they had accumulated in the east held out a glittering temptation to the gay ruler of Versailles, who dissembling his purpose and deferring it, used the intermediate moments in strengthening his frontiers, improving his armies, keeping strict discipline among the troops by land, and viewing with rational and sincere delight the prodigious movements made by Colbert, to give his master the dominion of long-refractory Ocean. He had established a maritime council, which the king attended in person once o'fortnight; a West India company was erected, another for the East; his majesty set this last up himself, and persuaded the queens, the courtiers, the ministers to subscribe; he called it *his* company, and to that step Pondicherry, &c. owe their existence, their importance to Europe at least. Colbert adorned France too while he enriched it, the paved roads, the gobelins' tapestry, the façade du Louvre are the works of Colbert, who put it in the royal mind to fetch Bernini from Rome, and set up Paris as a rival to Italian taste, Italian luxury. Yet while the King delighted to shine himself in a triumphal car, the sun represented shining around him, the motto, *nec pluribus impar*, having observed his minister's device, a squirrel climbing, and the words

*a quo non ascendam?* he was offended, and Colbert discover'd by experience what Voltaire so sensibly observes, that 'twas *his* master's intentions that every Frenchman should be gay, but no man great except himself. He was of the same mind with regard to other sovereigns. The Pope's nuncio and nephew, when he came to humble himself about the affair of Lavardin, was received with pompous politeness, and magnificent attentions, which showed how science civilized the world and wit assisted in the work. Louis XIV. forced his contemporaries to flatter him, and by his happy acceptance of their homage, taught them how flattery should be received. France was now forwarder in manners than any other country of Europe at his accession. A late writer tells us, that the *chevaliers des provinces* in France never left off beating their peasantry, till comedies, novels, &c. taught the *fine* people forsooth, that some amusement as well as advantage might be made out of the *coarse* ones. Moliere's plays graced these times, and upon this principle may be supposed to have done more for humanity than those of Corneille, who represents man always in a state of exaltation, sometimes above humanity itself. Their King meantime inspired all his court and all his country with talents of which his own celebration seemed the sole object, the increase of his dominions the sole intent: he left it to the poets to say clever things, content to give them daily new subjects on which to exercise their genius. Unlike Christina, he was well aware that a head possessed wholly by the fopperies of literature, resembles the summer-gilded islands in the east, all spice and no bread, for the Molucca inhabitants grow not corn; the pith of sago serves them at their meals, using it in the same manner as we use a loaf, but although neither a profess'd wit himself, nor a rough soldier; never was general so served in war, never was prince so celebrated in time of peace: that his troops might be ready when the quarrel was prepared, he sent them out to exercise against the Ottomans, who headed by their grand vizier, brave Mustapha, threatened the loss of Hungary to Europe. Their threats were vain: and

Raab

Raab was saved this time, for the emperor Leopold, whose young Italian leader Montecuculi, and French forces under la Feuillade, won him the famous battle of St. Godart, while Dutch and English quarrelling for the dominion of the seas and honour of the flag, as it was called, weakened each other's strength, and helped accelerate the moment when Holland should be completely over-run; nor Holland only, all the Netherlands were shortly given an ill-resisting prey to this new conqueror, who seeing London shrunk up by pestilence and fire, Madrid mourning her imbecillity, Vienna in fear of visitation from the Turks, and Portugal employed in spinning a close web of defence for herself to sleep in, regardless of her fellows on the continent: conceived, perhaps, in 1670, the project of setting up at Paris the standard of universal monarchy, and the design of renewing the days of Charlemagne.

Philip the fourth's death, his lady's father, afforded him, not a *pretence*, but a good *opportunity* of seizing the Low Countries in right of his queen, the fair Infanta, who had renounced all claim to such possessions at her marriage; and as to Holland, so rapid was the king of France's progress there, that in the first campaign of 1672, a sudden panick pervaded the very streets of Amsterdam, where, with the true commercial terror on their spirits, trembled the whole body of her wealthy merchants, till William de Nassau, upon whose ancient honourable house they looked with jealous eye in time of peace, saved the existence of their expiring country; *worth saving* had it produced him alone. His early judgment, his intrepid valour, his foresight soon convinced the wondering world that it could hold another character of eminence; and that it was not made wholly for Louis quatorze. While this young warrior's pertinacious spirit strengthened by success, and purified from meanness, looked itself up in scorn of those who yielded, and in stern resolution to defend the Protestant cause, should all things terminate in a religious war; the marquis de Turenne, little suspecting that he was fighting 'gainst his truest friends, while he promoted French aggrandizement, took in no more than twenty-two days  
(says

(says his biographer) no fewer than forty towns; chased the Imperialists across the Rhine, and drove the elector of Brandenburg home with disgrace to Berlin. A cannon ball, however, burst this formidable meteor at Saspach, 27th July, 1675. The king buried him among the royal corpses at St. Denys, nothing doubtful of his *future* happiness when he had persuaded him, not without difficulty, to forsake the Lutherans and depend upon the Romish tenets for salvation. Turenne's virtues would have done credit to any communion of Christians; he was modest, gentle, pious and humane, and that he stained such an amiable character by *desertion*, a soldier's meanest vice, we will attribute to his royal seducer, who could not be pleased, or even served by a *Protestant*. While the prince de Condé, emulous of his cousin's favour, disconcerted the Dutch at Senef, and raised his fame so high, that only Bossuet's tongue could celebrate *his* excellence as it deserved; Sicily witnessed the triumphs of Louis fourteenth, through another eminent general, brother to his mistress, la Duchesse de Montespan, and known to history by name of le Duc de Vivonne. He exhibited much skill in tactics at Douai and Lille, was wounded in the war with Holland, but his success at Messina made him marshal de France; his wit and pleasantry created him admirers in all who were admitted to those circles, where his sister Gabrielle gave an example of learning and piety to her contemporaries: his other sister Athenais, less beautiful than l'Abbesse de Fontevault, but very handsome; and possessing those talents for conversation, which at the court of Louis the fourteenth, were called, in honour of their family, *l'Esprit de Mortemar*, kept her royal lover's passion warm and unabated for so many years, that she saw his youngest daughter by her legitimated, and married to the royal family before her removal from favour.

The king of France loved his children, and spared nothing for their education. It was said he was half jealous of the Dauphin, bred up by Bossuet, who was his only son by the Queen for many years—but it could not be true: he might rationally enough dislike the Dauphin's  
interference

interference with his own second and secret marriage, especially as the connection with Madame de Maintenon could not hurt *him*; and *more* especially as it was well known, that after the death of the Dauphiness, Louis, then father to the king of Spain, took Mademoiselle de Choin to his bed, a lawful, though unavowed wife, who would yield on no other conditions to his entreaties, and proved that her disinterested compliance had neither avarice nor ambition in it, as she lived after him many years a quiet life, upon a moderate income, and died surrounded by friends born her equal, having claimed no exemption from her native rank. Meanwhile le Grand Monarque made that campaign in person, which was so much admired by all his subjects, so celebrated by the best of them. Louvois, Vauban, La Feuillade attended; so did the princes of the blood. Condé, Bouchain, Cambrai, Valenciennes, with many nameless towns opened their gates; some yielding to an impetuous assault, and some capitulating. Ghent held out only four days, as I remember, and Ypres only seven.

Una dies lothoros, Burgundos hebdomadas una  
Una domos Batavos luna—quid Annus erit?

said the philosopher Mariotte, \* which Bouhours translates into *four* French lines:—

Il prit en un jour la Lorraine,  
La Bourgogne en une semaine,  
La Hollande en un mois, malgré le Castillan,  
Que ne prendra-t-il en un an?

Burgundy's conquest cost a week, a day suffic'd Lorrain,  
A month gave Holland to our arms, what will the year contain?

But while his arms over-run all Europe, verses on his praise deluged his native land; conquered nations were represented round his statue, *viro immortalis* dedicated *one* building, premiums were offered to him who

\* Mariotte was the man who first affirmed to have seen a white or colourless rainbow. Mentzelius mentions such a thing some years afterwards; I saw one once myself.

should surpass that compliment by another. Viviani set up this inscription on the house presented him by Louis quatorze: “*Edes à Deo datae*,” alluding, perhaps, to the appellation *Dieu-donné* given at the king’s birth, when Anne of Austria presented the gold baby of equal weight with *his* to Loretto, as an acknowledgment of prayers heard for so happy a pregnancy.

But the people were now not thankful, but giddy with admiration of a sovereign, the warmth of whose patronage drove up each art into a sudden perfection at home, and the brilliancy of whose acts abroad, being reflected back on his transported subjects, shone in the dazzled and offended eyes of all the sober part of thinking Europe. Burnet says expressly, “That the bustle made about his growing greatness by his own poets, &c. at home, frightened mankind into a future alliance against him more than any single act of ambition displayed among his neighbours abroad.” There were however, silent flatterers, who pleased as much as the loud-speaking ones, and did less harm. The king, on some progress, visited le Duc d’Antin at his chateau, and after admiring the disposition of his grounds, a new mode of elegance and luxury in those days, censured the placing a long row of trees that concealed a happy view of the adjacent country: when he rose next morning they were all gone. Louis enquired what could have become of them?—The duke replied, “Nothing can live under your majesty’s condemnation.” Sir Thomas Gresham thus in one night, when he entertained Queen Elizabeth at Osterley, built up a wall across a court, the too great size of which *she* had criticised in the morning: for taste admits alteration, but desire of gaining their attention who have much to bestow, remains through all ages the same. Sovereigns had every day less and less to give away, and ’tis strange to observe, that the ambitious monarch whose reign is under our present *Retrospection*, voluntarily took from his own and his successor’s prerogative what was known by name of *droit de seignorage*. Voltaire mentions it, he also mentions the rough reply of *un marchand clairvoyant* to the  
the



the minister Colbert: "You found the carriage leaning on *one side*" (says the man) so to set matters right, you overturn it on *the other*." Moreri tells the same anecdote.—"Louis quatorze, *a mis moins de distance entre les hommes*:" Lewis the fourteenth has contributed to close the breach of distinction among men, says his best historian. His plan was to pinch the upper rank of nobility, and bring forward *le moyen peuple*; giving away the duty upon coinage, however, was a relief to all: Philip Augustus (*dieu donné* like himself) took one third, St. Louis a fifth, Charles the seventh in his distress raised it to three-fourths, and Lewis the fourth renounced it wholly in 1679. It was a solid purchase paid for frivolous and empty praise: his invention of the bayonet fixed to the musket's end, was a source of more rational commendation, because it shewed he understood, and had thought much upon the art of war, and that whilst his camp for luxury resembled that of Pompey, his desire of excellence led him to imitate Cæsar. The French still fight in the manner *this* king taught them. He was the first general too that ever instituted military uniforms; they were at beginning a sort of favour, or, as it were, a ticket of admittance to his pleasure-houses, Fointainebleau, Marly, &c. but he turned them to serious use, and all Europe adopted the measure. The schools for engineering and artillery set up under his regulations at Douay, taught new modes of destruction, while the fine hospital des Invalides at Paris, yet unsurpassed, gave courage and hope of paternal care to them who risked their lives in such a sovereign's cause. The arsenals at Brest, Toulon, Rochefort, yet live to evince his ardour of excelling in maritime affairs, and from the few vessels France possessed in 1650, threescore ships of the line and thirty or forty frigates, paraded the seas in 1681 under their white standards. Meantime Louisiana and Cayenne colonized, were a proof that Louis the fourteenth confined not his thoughts even to Europe, while the prodigious elevations at Versailles, the aqueducts at Maintenon, the gardens of Sceaux and fabricks of Chantilly, seemed as if in the mere embellishment of his own native land were concentrated all

his ideas. Bernini had five guineas o'day and a present of five thousand pounds sterling, not *livres*, for his trouble:

*Même dans ses plaisirs il est toujours héros.*

Gallant and gay he fill'd each fleeting hour,  
A hero in his pleasures as his pow'r.

**When one** of his daughters, by Montefpan, married a prince of the blood royal 'spite of that prince's mother, who long opposed the connection, in the year 1685, when new festivals, new shows were given at Versailles, effacing all which had before been deemed elegant or sumptuous, lotteries were recurr'd to as a mode of surpassing even imperial Rome's magnificence in her best days; and thousands of louis d'ors were given away without a possibility of being *thanked* for them. These gaieties compensated for those of more barbarous times, tilts and tournaments; they had been proscribed since Henry's accident; and duels à *outrance*, as they were called, meaning to the last gasp, had been seldom requested since François de la Chateignerie's fatal end: he had begg'd as a boon from Henri quatre, that Jarnac and he might fight to *death* in their sovereign's presence. After a few rounds the challenger was hurt, unhorsed, and hamstrung. "Beg your life, proud lord!" cried his antagonist. "Never," exclaimed le Seigneur de la Chateignerie." Jarnac threw himself on his knees at the King's feet: "This mistaken man, sire, has begg'd a boon, and it was granted; refuse not my request as well." The sovereign granted it. "Command me then to present my prince that valuable life I wish not to take." "*Vainqueur en tout! a conqueror in every thing!*" exclaimed "Henri quatre; bring hither the appellant instantly." They did so, but he tore open all his wounds, and died upon the field. A frightful sort of *quadrille*; four kinsmen against four, called *le combat de la Frette*, exhibited before Louis XIV., and I believe Anne of Austria, in 1660 or thereabout, was the last of those horrible decisions of property by death: it ended in the extinction *de la famille entiere de la Frette*, and the

the King swore solemnly he would witness no more such brutalities. He instituted the order of St. Louis, however, and had the pleasure to see that little cross more sought after than places of profit: but this reign has hitherto shewn its *bright* side alone to the eyes of *Retrospection*. The black reverse exhibits the revocation of that famous edict of Nantz, by favour of which thousands of inoffensive Huguenots lived in peace, and contributed as artificers to the delights of Trianon and pleasures of St. Cloud. A letter suddenly sent, signed by the King of France, drove them to ruin head-long; they were driven to worse than ruin; they were driven to desperation. "Let them (said the dreadful sentence) be pushed to the last extremity: let them, in a word, change their religious opinions for mine, or dread my vengeance." Voltaire tries to lay the fault of all on Louvois; but well he knew that Louvois stirr'd no step without his master's orders; all was distress and agony, and death; no Viscomte d'Orte\* was seen steady to the cause of humanity, as when in Charles the ninth's reign *his* virtue saved the Protestants at Bayonne from persecuting fury. Babies were now in time of peace and plenty, times too of vaunted delicacy and affected tenderness, torn from their shrieking parents, and while the active and unincumbered flew from the following sword, prisons and galleys served as miserable refuges for old, and sick, and dying martyrs to Calvinism, now founded in the hearts of many who had before been less exclusively addicted to that still growing sect. London received on this occasion shoals of workmen; Holland gained admirable officers and soldiers; the nephew of victorious Du Quesne, their admiral, embarked with a large colony to the Cape of Good Hope; and while other emigrants hastily fled to America, and France found her provinces dispeopled of

\* Le Viscomte d'Orte's famous letter, expressed this sentiment: "Your majesty has many brave officers here, but not one *hangman*: we request orders which honour can obey; and promise your majesty to die willingly in defence of your crown and dignity, which these infants, helpless old men, and females, are incapable of injuring."

more than half a million good and useful subjects, the old Chancellor le Tellier exclaimed, in a transport of joy, *Nunc dimittis, &c.* He was, I think, brother to the King's confessor, and upon terms of intimate and sober friendship with the new favourite Madame de Maintenon. These three real and steady adherents to a church they thought infallible, felt as if that church was disgraced by their sovereign's laxity of morals; to compensate which, their mad mistaken piety excited him to serve, as they believed, the cause of heaven, by acting in defiance of its laws, and set on foot a persecution more worthy Herod than Lewis the fourteenth. Infants of two years old were not more inoffensive than these Huguenots; and if they were, Lewis had blood of *innocents*, in the strictest and most scriptural sense, to answer for. Many and many were the children caught from their mothers' arms, and hurl'd on this occasion into damps and dungeons, whence their pure souls flew to the Almighty's throne, presented by their guardian angels. Safe in his care let us leave *them*, and look how Lewis prospered *after* this unprovoked exertion of his power. It was five months *before*, that humbled Genoa, bombarded by his admiral, brave Seignelai, sent their proud doge, continued in his office for the purpose; to request pardon at his feet for having supplied Algiers with powder and ball, hoping, through such perfidious conduct, to obtain from the Venetians those advantages which it seems to have been always the ruling passion of their petty state to procure. When, with a parade of politeness, the courtiers at Versailles asked Lescaro what he found there most admirable?—he, with Italian promptitude, and English dryness, is said to have replied, "*myself.*" The same 1685 celebrated the Siamese embassy, and blew up the glittering bubble royal pride to its fullest extent: from the foul murders of the southern provinces, and exile of his fellow Christians that same year, may *Retrospection date that bubble's shrinking.* The first blow fortune hit him was through the person of his *protégé*, James II., a prince no way resembling himself, except in his attachment to the Romish see, and hatred of his Protestant subjects: a mirror of those crimes which drew

vengeance

vengeance upon Europe's greatest character, was now presented before Lewis in its meanest; he could not recognize the vile similitude; he pitied the fugitive king, received him nobly, and sent him back to England under French colours to regain his throne: *there*, however; was William de Nassau too firmly seated for *his* power to shake, whom to oppose with more success was his most strong inducement to accept it. Some old naturalists mention a breed of horses called *charoffi; lion-ey'd*; not shrinking even from *his* glance which terrifies every other inhabitant of the forest: such was the warrior prince who by the famous battle of La-Hogue, fought 1692, revenged the death of De Ruyter in 1676, and slewed the king of France that sea was *not his* element. Du Quesne, who had beaten the Dutch that day, had been rewarded with the ruin of his family; and the predestinarian Calvinists now cried, a judgment, when *he* was forced to fly the country he had served, against his own opinions. But Lewis growing into years and illnesses, and weaned by Maintenon from sports and shows, to which his natural inclinations led him, felt no refreshment but in acts of tyranny: a horrid resolution to ravage the Palatinate for no adequate offence committed against *him*, preceded but a moment the complete extinction of every comfort it contained. The fire kindled once by Turenne there, was a *spark* when compared to the conflagration lighted up by Louvois—*réduisons tout en cendres*, reduce it all to ashes, was the word; its execution was too dreadfully correct. All Europe, shocked at these extravagancies, looked with disgust and horror on a sovereign, who from his soft retreats and summer palaces, dictated death of millions unconcerned. Disgust awaked alarm, and common interest pointed the eyes of all mankind towards William: he, expert in political intrigue, felt his heart beat responsive to the call—the call of war, to which alone he waked; war against Lewis, whom alone he hated. The plains where Manheim stood, now a mere desert, drove many by revenge, more by despair, into his growing;

growing army. France, half fatigued, sent out her Duc de Luxembourg, under whom many battles won, others disputed, signalized the afternoon's warmth of her glorious day ; but the King staid at home, old Louvois died, Luxembourg's health was cruelly impaired, Villeroi, gallant and generous as he was, could not keep William and his forces from taking Namur: and from the year 1697, to the century's extinction, our *Retrospection*, now a mere gazette, sees Lewis trying to gain in the cabinet what he was hourly losing in the field.—“ There are no longer any disputes existing,” said he gracefully, and signed the peace of Ryswick, nothing doubtful but that Spain must drop into his hands of course ; while Charles II., *there* sick and without sons, worn out with illness, grief, and *old age too*, although he numbered only forty-five years, would, probably in consideration of some towns given up, make his last will in favour of the Bourbons. The interval which this convention obtained to Europe was used in whetting up their martial instruments for the renewal of hostilities : France is so much the leading feature of the times, one scarce can see the other powers at all, during the grand days of Louis XIV ; so sharks that follow a vast man of war, still fight, and court, and quarrel unobserved, yet when *she's* wrecked, well pleased they gambol round, and gain some spoil. Leopold, son to Charles V., Duke of Lorraine, indeed, fought to gain nothing but the power he most valued, that of serving his own subjects, and benefiting so far as in him lay every Christian creature. Among contemporary sovereigns, small and great, this character appears the *Man of Rofs*. He repaired houses of his old nobility, and married their daughters into suitable families, with money saved out of his own small stock : his gifts were made with such peculiar grace too, that they produced certain attachment by alienating all idea of humiliation. His manners, highly elegant and fashionable, strove to make morals once again respected in an age corrupt beyond expression : and as his virtuous father, Charles the fifth, was pardoned his fidelity to one wife, dowager

dowager queen of Poland, at a time when the court of Versailles openly encouraged every vice, and that of London delighted to laugh virtue out of doors. Even Leopold I., emperor of **German**; in whose favour all nations now begun to unite, who never stirr'd a hand to help himself, who knew perfectly that it was no good will to *him*, but interested views 'gainst France alone which formed the league of Aufburgh, and curbed proud Lewis in his fierce career, did justice to the character of Charles and his son; saying always how *he* was the *best* of princes, let who would be the greatest. Leopold, indeed, was no common man himself, nor was his fate through life a common one. He was beloved by his people, although ill served by his ministers; had penetration to know it, and philosophy enough not much to care about it; said that all would end right in this world, and that those only were wise men who thought about the next: for that, and for every reason *he* must therefore justly love the Christian warrior who, with John Sobieski, his wife's brother, had in the year 1683, saved poor Vienna from the baleful crescent. The interval of peace afforded by that breathing-time agreed upon at Ryswick; *he* employed in easing his subjects from their taxes, interesting all the petty princes in his favour, reminding them that he was son to Philip the fourth of Spain's eldest sister, and that when Charles should die, his will would be worth attending to. Lewis of France meantime, too little careful to heal the wound which such extensive wars had made in his finances, fell to exhausting his half-ruined country, by building the great bridge over the Seine, and vying with Imperial Rome in splendour and magnificence.

*Vicit ut David, ædificat ut Solomon;*

was the legenda read on a fine church he built, the motto was well chosen: like David he had been reprov'd from the pulpit in a sermon preached by le Pere Mascaron, upon the famous text, *Thou art the Man.*

*Man.* Like David, he received correction generously, and gave the preacher a bishoprick in six months. 'Tis true that his own scruples had already begun to operate as the charms of Maintenon's conversation and difficulty of arriving at a nearer intimacy with her, drew him from Fontanges, and alienated him from Montespan. Solomon's mistresses were undoubtedly more numerous, but were scarcely maintained in a higher style of luxury than those of Louis XIV., his children were all ennobled, the duc de Vermandois' beauty, and bravery, and death in battle are well known, so are his mother's words, when to the convent which concealed la Valiere's faded form, they brought the news of his loss. "Must I then mourn (said she) the death of *him* " for whose birth not tears enough have by me yet been shed." Her passion for the king had been sincere, and when they parted, "Let " me have your *name* alone (said she) no other present but provision " for a life of penitence and prayer." She died not till 1710, and Val de Grace still shews the picture of *Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde*, painted as a Magdalen by Le Brun.

Her daughter married *le prince de Conti*. Her royal lover, fonder of his own glory than of ought else, forgot her soon, delighted with the new globe made at Paris, an inch to a degree, the size and expence of it enormous, the inscription a proud one:

Pace beat totum bello qui terruit orbem.

Volumes however, would not hold the contests of wit employed to vary and refund his praise who paid his poets and his architects so liberally; the rage for keeping mistresses ended in a second marriage with his last favourite, *la veuve Scarron*, who laid hold of her master's heart by his strong prejudices in favour of Romish tenets; he was her master not the less however: her family originally Calvinists, and favourites with Henri quatre, gained nothing from her nuptials with the king; she begg'd no favours for a Protestant of course, the faith from which she had herself apostatized: her letters shew the little blifs she



she got by't. - Condemned to amuse a man no longer willing, or perhaps able to receive amusement, she often wished for death, and told her friends she scarcely could *endure* her situation: they all depended upon her good offices—they were all disappointed: Madam de Maintenon injured no one, but none were better for her patronage. Louis XIV. was never, since he became a *man*, drawn from his purposes by *female* influence: he was easily enough persuaded to plague the people he set down for hereticks, and when once weary of his gaudy mistresses, lived more to his liking with an easy friend, who doubted not but he knew best in all; seldom suggested, and never contradicted: though present at his secret hours when ministers were admitted to the cabinet. The year 1700 then leaves the Great Monarch great and princely still; and still disposed to idolize their king, his harassed subjects, who over the fine façade which graces the Louvre set up these flattering lines:

Quid valeat bello Lodoix, centum oppida monstrant;  
Monstrat quid valeat pace, vel una Domus.

To prove his pow'r in war we show,  
A hundred cities ta'en by storm;  
By this once princely dome you know,  
What Louis can in *peace* perform.

Meanwhile the frantick Huguenots from the southern provinces of this extensive realm, driven to despair, and almost to *distraktion* by his unmerited, his unprovoked severities, plundered of their property, fired in their houses, robbed of their children; ran round Europe filling each country with prophetick curses against the tyrant author of such ruin. Two hundred thousand human beings migrated from the Cevennes alone, and the sweet country round about Grenoble, all at once. Many of these fell into transports of grief irritated to madness, and uttered raving predictions which they pathetically called a cry from the *desert*, such he had made their homes! Among the wonderful denunciations pronounced by these poor souls, many have now in our own day been

dreadfully fulfilled. A passage I once copied out but have mislaid, contains these striking words, too well contrasted to the unfeeling flatteries we have just revised. “ *Oh Versailles! Versailles! which thou proud prince hast erected for thy glory! Oh Versailles! Versailles! soon shall all this magnificence be lost: I see, I see it fade, and die away! before a hundred years shall pass, no traces of thy splendour shall remain! rats, mice, and spiders shall possess those walls, raised to evince thy majesty and power.*” Whilst now I write, time verifies the bold conjecture: the century is *not* yet past; the palace in its present state proves the prediction *true*.

## C H A P. XIII.

## EAST, WEST, AND NORTH, FROM 1650 TO 1700.

## PROGRESS OF SCIENCE MANNERS, &amp;c.

**R**ETROSPECTION can scarce begin this new chapter more auspiciously than with the sentiments of Lord Bolingbroke in his sixth letter to Clarendon. “The end,” says our noble author, “of the fifteenth century, is the true epocha for us who live in the eighteenth to care about: some indulgence,” adds he “may be given to a temporary curiosity in the *review* of what past before that time; because to be entirely ignorant of the ages preceding that æra would be shameful, but to be learned about them is merely a ridiculous affectation in a man who means to be useful in the present age.” This position, true or false, is at least consolatory, from such a writer. Those who read *my* book are in no danger of being *too learned* by revising a crowd of events, which having filled fifteen centuries almost, are compressed into one quarto volume; and we dilate as we get forward too, that more room may be afforded for those newer occurrences which though in themselves not greater, are of greater as of more immediate interest. It is indeed wonderful to observe how the new situation into which the world half unaccountably appeared to slide about that period, influenced every individual; and how that influence went on increasing, till in two centuries more, A. D. 1650, almost all things, all places, and all people appear to us under new forms, in so much that the analogy between Charles the seventh’s time, and that of Louis XIV. is to be traced, not seen. Since then those revolutions and dis-

coveries which produced such a change in civil and in ecclesiastical policy, all happened, as Bolingbroke observes, about the year 1500; he advises his young pupil to look slightly at *them*, but steadily at their *effects*. The Turkish empire perhaps felt them *least*, yet was there a kind of change creeping forward even under an oriental sky. The Fetva issuing a musti's mandate to depose Ibrahim although unworthy, was for ought I have read unprecedented, and there were excesses committed during Mahomet the fourth's minority of which old Knollys gives us no example. That the inhabitants of Constantinople should *desire* peace was, to say no more of it, an odd thing: that they should tumultuously surround the seraglio and *demand* it, was singular indeed.

Violence however, which so often defeats its own purposes in every country, must almost necessarily defeat them in *that*, where for want of settled views among the leaders, all disunited and of contending interests, sedition though rampant sunk instantly to nothing, soon as the voice of Kiuperli was heard. This sage old bassa, called from his government at Damascus, when little less than fourscore years of age; well knowing that to excite sentiments of loyalty, the most likely method was giving subjects a sight of their hereditary sovereign, he drew young Mahomet out of his palace, and being instantly created Vizier, rode with him through the town and awed the rioters: who though insensible to the calls of justice or humanity, felt their imaginations struck by the contrasted appearance of youthful beauty and venerable age united to appease them—they bowed beneath the heir of all the Ottomans, and saw their Sultan confident that with their aid, Europe should bow down too. His Vizier took some Greek islands, old Tenedos and Lemnos I believe, and offered the Venetians peace for a sum of money they would not pay. Prevailing on his master to remove the court from turbulent Constantinople a while, he died, but a young Kiuperli suffered Turkish despotism to endure no curtailments, Turkish cruelty to be charged with no degeneration—of eighteen hundred prisoners taken

taken on the confines of Hungary four hundred only were left un-massacred. The tired Mussulmen however, murmured at the work, and that must be allowed unusual. The Tartars now invaded Poland, drove off to slavery one hundred thousand souls after the old fashion; and the siege of Candia was undertaken by Mahomet, which after three years alternate assaults and blockade, at length capitulated; and the Sultan had a moment's breathing-time bestowed to curb his rebellious brothers, whom gentler custom had spared at his accession. Bears should be tamed however; as Raynal says, before you break their chains: to strange prince Orkhan became indispensable, and that crime was now committed by prudence, which used to be attributed to necessity. Meanwhile Michaelowitz, Czar, as he was called; of Muscovy; tried (but in vain) to make all Europe care about the carrying off those Poles to death or exile: Europe, intent on polishing her more southern nations, thought little concerning these which were scarce civilized. The Turks and Tartars dispeopled Lithuania, made the Ukraine a desert of course, and near half a million of Christians destroyed or captived, called up the united valour of *John Sobieski*, and the pious ardour of his brother-in-law; *Charles duc de Lorraine*.

When neither *Kiuperli's* death, nor reports from home, could stop the lifted scymitar wielded by ambitious Mahomet, their shields defended poor Vienna in her utmost danger, as once Apollo saved the walls of Troy, not destined then to fall; and the preachers in their thanksgiving sermons took for text, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." To quell the tumults of his capital the Grand Signior returned; but returning, not victorious, the Janissaries, with whom he had never been a favourite, deposed and shut him up in his seraglio, whence short-lived *Solyman III.* was fetched, and seated on a momentary throne. *Achmet II.* lasted but little longer; and *Mustapha II.* desirous to die in battle rather than by poison or the bow-string, took in an evil hour for himself the field against prince *Eugene*, who, on the plains of *Zenta*, left twenty-two thousand Turks dead

dead round their emperor, no longer able to renew the fight. The peace of Carlowitz and *his* disgrace were little distant from each other; and the year 1700 saw Achmet III. a less unfortunate and less unpopular sovereign, lead forth his armies 'gainst the *Yellow King*, for so they styled Peter the Great in Turkey. Had mankind annexed the same idea to this appellation as we do, who call our superannuated sea commanders by name of a *Yellow Admiral*, I know not why: Peter was the last man who deserved it. John Casimir king of Poland, was in that sense a truly *yellow king*, who, in the year 1668, deserted his country and government, after the example of Christina. He had been a jesuit, and Pope Innocent complimented him with a cardinal's hat, but he chose Paris for the place of his retreat, not Rome.; Louis XIV. delighting to see the sovereigns of England and Poland under his protection, gave this son of Sigismund III. by Constantia of Austria, l'abbaye de Saint Germain, where the son of our Charles I. had, some years afterwards, a court appointed *him*. Casimir however, was nobler minded than James who could not, or than Christina, who would not rule their hereditary realms in peace: he never took the title of majesty or even eminence, but was called Monsieur l'Abbé till he died. The Swedes meantime, stimulated with the desire of rendering their names illustrious, longed to follow the tracks traced out by great Gustavus. Raynal says, that the houses of consequence throughout the whole nation were hung with trophies. Agriculture after Oxenstiern's death, was too much neglected certainly; and I fear the old gothick spirit of plunder and of roving, mingled itself with the new spirit of colonizing, and of trade. They connected themselves in North America however, nor seems that an unlikely country to attract their attention, but we hear of them in Persia too under the reign of their Charles XI. whose father quarrelling with gentle Frederick the third, his neighbour, on account of some possessions he knew not, I believe, the geography of; followed his ill-resisting foe almost to Copenhagen's walls. The far-famed Algernon Sydney, there stop't war's fires in this arctic volcano's eruption for a while,

while, and took the prey out of Gustavus's teeth; commonly called Charles X. : his sensibility increased the triumph of the *foi-disant saints*, who saw delighted an old Vandal chieftain struggling under the strong gripe of a young commonwealth: "And must I then be (said he) "prescribed to by parricides and pedlars?"—On a review of his own situation 'twas plain he must be so; his troops were all inclosed within an island, and our protector's fleets covered the sea. A fullen peace was the immediate consequence, and Sweden's monarch went him home to die. His son Charles XI. lost no importance among his contemporary princes, he was invited to share the advantages of a convention called the triple league in 1668, what time Lewis the fourteenth who had run over Franche Comté the year before, accepted that district with Cambray, Aix and St. Omer's in lieu (as he called it) of the Queen's rights, who had, in effect, *no rights*, because they were all forfeit at her marriage. Again, when the peace of Ryswick was concluding, Charles XI. hastened its determinations; for observing there our exil'd abdicated James, caballing to get his second wife some stated provision, "Let her, exclaimed the king of Sweden, suddenly, have "her own jointure paid her now at present, her husband is dead to "his country." This sovereign was not famous for his courtesy to queens—"You were brought hither, dame, to bring us children, not "to obtrude advice," was his well-remembered admonition to his own consort, Ulrica Louisa; yet would he not suffer her brother, duke of Holstein Gottorp, to be ill-used or plundered by Christiern the fifth; although he succeeded to a throne rendered hereditary by the attachment of his subjects to his mild parent and predecessor Frederick III. Such a prince deserved such a son as gentle Ulrica brought him; Charles XII. to whom he left his crown in 1697 or 98, close on the new century:—he left him with that crown the royal lands, which Christina, during her short administration, had pawned for money to lavish upon favourites. The exchange of such a ruler for her cousin, was no loss to the nation she despised, where, though improvements had

had made way so rapidly, that Gustavus's memoirs make frequent mention of his *coach*: the state of wit and small-talk which *she* valued, certainly must run low. For if we reflect that even Thuanus's history is full of astrological and incompetent causes for great events; if Louis XIII. had been surnamed the *Just*, only because he was born under *Libra*; and if a man in 1650 had been burned for a wizard at le Chatelet, merely because, besides the usual business of the Manège, he had taught a horse to play tricks like those shewn at our Circus by Mr. Astley every day; creeping under the creature's belly, and jumping over his back as he galloped round an arena: we may guess to what a height superstition and senselessness could be carried in Sweden, whence, with the impatience of a wit she emigrated; but deeper research might possibly have shewn her, that a mind filled with entertaining literature only, is like the then newly discovered nations where gold alone, not iron, was the produce. There is a tradition among the Mandingo blacks, that 'twas for their preference of that metal they were punished with slavery: but the time was fast approaching, when eastern luxuries were to be exchanged for northern necessaries, and the characters of different climates were to be blended into each other. Things were already much changed since our countryman Herbert, who travelled to Persia and India about 1628, tells of the Coho or Cahue, meaning coffee, with amazement, says Mahomet's notion of it; seems, as 'twere, a liquor brewed by the angel Gabriel for increase of strength to that Arabian impostor, who, when he drank it, was able to unhorse forty men: but for his part, (*Herbert's*) he thinks its colour shews of *the Stygian lake*. Sandys, who was aforchand with this traveller fifteen years, thinks it a beverage drawn from a footy berry; but says one may swallow it, and perhaps after all (adds he) it may be the Lacedemonian *black broth*, or of that nature. The letters Hoælianae tell wonders of a clubbing drink used by the Turk between meals, and named of them Kauphe, not very *gustful* to the palate (says the old book) but excellent to *quicken eye-sight*. The vizier Kiuperli had a mind to get it prohibited at Constantinople



stantinople in Mahomet the fourth's time, when the houses people met to drink it in, were observed to be nurseries of sedition. His project took no effect: a Mussulman will part with his life rather than with the two great sweeteners of it, coffee and opium; the first is an appendage to Paradise: the tree of perfection planted in that garden, promised by their Prophet to their followers, supplies four ceaseless streams, milk, cahue, honey, and fresh water. 'Tis worth remark, that when these coffee-houses were, by a revolutionary disposition in men's minds, shut up for awhile, at least in the metropolis of Turkey, they were opened in that of Great Britain. A merchant, named Edwards, returning from the Levant, set up his Greek servant in one, calling it from him by the name of the Grecian coffee-house in 1652. One Jacob, a Jew, had opened a room at Oxford for a like purpose a year and half before; and I read somewhere that the Rainbow coffee-house, near Temple-bar, was represented as a nuisance to that neighbourhood in 1657. Monsieur le Mezieres says, the tree is originally from Ethiopia, but Mocha is the place whence the Venetians and other traders to the east import it. Colbert's plan of trading to Madagascar for gold and silver, though well imagined, did not turn to account. The gold was only copper, I believe; the silver retreated before the miners, and left them in the tract pointed by pale arsenick, which precedes in general the approach to that valuable metal. The stubbed four-foot high inhabitants begged of the French to exorcise the *ghosts*, by which they fancied themselves tormented, but finding them employed in speculations of a different nature, killed, or drove them away, and contented themselves, as before, by pulling up the reeds from their stagnant pools of half putrescent water, and throwing in seed of rice. 'Tis all the culture they have there a notion of: and it was left for modern Frenchmen's philosophy to discover that *priest-craft* was the cause of misery in an island where unassisted ignorance, and uncontrouled vice, looked in vain towards a sea covered with Christian vessels for justice, sentiment, or information. They were left as found in 1667. Of Europe's slack-

ness, however, we will not complain ; he produced Bochart, the learned and pious enquirer into all that can corroborate the testimonies late days give, to the truth of our earliest and only unerring book, the Holy Bible. His Phaleg and Canaan, his Hierozoicon did not, indeed, powerfully recommend him to Queen Christina's court, where a well-turned compliment or neatly pointed epigram, was more prized than useful knowledge, actuated by deep and strong erudition in a member of her father's faith : yet Bochart's tale of the Torpedo has been confirmed by our own sensations ; and Vaillant's Giraffe of 1790, is *his* Camelopardalis, who died 1668. The Sabbatical river, mentioned by Pliny and Josephus, has not yet re-appeared ; I know not whether Bruce had read of it, but whoever does read the writings of this period will be amazed to see how little has been added to general information since Lobo travelled and Ludolphus wrote. That the Abyssinians held firm the religion of Dioscorus, patriarch of Alexandria, who promulgated it among them in the year 517, against the Romanists who endeavoured to bring them *forcibly* into the pale about 1680, we all know ; they resisted the new doctrines as they called them, Purgatory, Transubstantiation, and Celibacy of their Clergy, with violence, and drove Alphonso Mendez from their court and country. Portuguese missionaries had better success eastward, and such of their forts and islands which have fallen to the Dutch, says Gordon, who was himself a Calvinist, have lost the good notions put into them by the first named Europeans concerning Christian obligation. Among the Japanese six hundred thousand souls once professed our faith ; I think in the year 1596, in the course of a century, not one dared call himself a Christian. Raynal says, the Philippine islands have been cruelly treated by Spain ; and the old books of travels do tell how the Hilanoones (meaning mountaineers) daily increase in numbers from the oppressive treatment of the viceroy, who keeps his tyrannical court in Luconia. Of the Mogul's empire founded by Tamerlane, which attracts the *Retrospect* of a trading nation chiefly by its riches ; that of a learned one, chiefly on  
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account of its natural, not its political history ; little can be told here, and in that little small interest can be taken, though the province of Agra alone is said to contain forty large towns, three hundred and forty small ones. The stables of the Emperor at Delhi, his horses fed with bread and butter and sugar, bowls of rice milk, &c. ; the stately throne under which he himself sat, under a canopy fringed with pearl, and shaded on the top by a peacock's tail, large as life, composed all of most precious stones, imitating in colorifick radiance the real plumage of a bird so beautiful, serves to allure the infant students in relative geography ; and though I always took the tale to be in Mandingo language, *tobaubo fonnio*, a white man's lie, yet it used to compensate me for the task of learning what delighted the fancy less, how Timur Beg, or Tamerlane, made a lasting impression upon the country in 1393, leaving his own descendants to succeed him : they, however, sleeping too soundly on the hereditary throne, Aurengzebe murdered and exiled all pretenders but himself, and seizing the dominion by force in 1665, desired to increase and extend it even beyond the sacred Ganges : that this rough conqueror should in a pathetick discourse transmitted as original to us by Bernier, and I think by Pere Catrou likewise, lament his want of education, and earnestly intreat his sons to study and obtain knowledge rather than power, is particularly striking, and a young reader fails not to wish such a prince a historian, such as Xenophon. Shah Allum however, who was the successor, was not of his father's mind : few men are ever of their father's mind, when that mind has been enforced with pomp of counsel, and oft-repeated admonitions, which disgust, not *allure* vulgar souls. Hassam Shah, Aurengzebe's youngest son, was no nearer delighting in pacific speculations than his brother ; their cruel contests for increase of territory disturbed the peaceful banks of that pure river where on its verdant slopes, in soft tranquillity, sit the Gentoo tribes, truly innocuous, well meriting an unmolested course of that longevity they never shorten in another creature, whilst from persuasion of metempsychosis nothing is killed by them, who

harmlessly permit each animal its own mode of enjoyment, resolute to destroy none : and happy in their ignorance of the new philosophy, which, by exalting vegetables to life, love, and sentiment, would take from these poor Brachmans even their present subsistence, and fright them from plucking off a lettuce leaf, lest the pale blood should, flowing from the wound, reproach their gentle souls with harshness, and stain their characters with cruelty. These Banians really live like Gideon's fleece, moistened by dew of heaven, as it appears, whilst all around is drought of every virtue : and it should seem that arms of swift destruction, even gun-powder, was known among this neighbourhood before we Europeans had the use on't. Something there surely must have been to defend the tributary kings of Ava and Pegù, whose seven idols, all of solid gold, whose large black stone, like that adored by Heliogabalus, with two enormous diamonds stuck for eyes, would not long keep from England's bank, I fancy, or that of Amsterdam, if the dull sovereign did really sit as it's supposed, like Dalay Lama in Thibet, regardless of what passes all around him. Certain it is, that the Mogul's empire owes much of its degradation to that folly of committing vast provinces to omrahs, rajahs, and nabobs, who fought, and traded ; and robbed their master, and enriched his foes, and daily undermined his territory, which we must quit when Thamas Kouli Khan, great representative of the Sophies, though taking the modest title of *Nadir* Shah, rose to the *zenith* of renown, just at the century's close, by a bold irruption into the very heart of Hindostan with sixty thousand troops : he was a Christian of St. Thomas, who planted our religion throughout Persia, and his very name imports it ; but the ill understood devotion of his country was mingled in his much-corrupted faith. The rebellion he headed against tyrant Seffre will be forgiven him, when we have read that 'twas that fiend's amusement to pluck the eyes out both of men and women with his own hands, when intoxicated with opium, swearing he preferred that sport to the best sherbet : and had Prince Thamas executed heaven's vengeance *mildly*,  
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all would have agreed that it was *justly* done : his conduct, which at first was greatly esteemed, changed however in so strange a manner, that it was said he was not the Sophy of Persia, but an impostor, Nadir Shah by name ; who killed the Christian, and assumed his nominal distinction : A new Smerdis, come again to prove that even in the year 1700 *after* our redemption, the self-same tricks were play'd, and in the self-same places too, that had amused mankind five hundred and twenty years *before* it. A stranger thing even than *this* is, our present notion of all riches returning to this continent, where it was first found, a notion started first in France, and which gains on the world exceedingly. Guthrie says, that Kouli Khan's booty of immense treasure (the peacock in coloured gems among the rest) never left India : Raynal believes it was buried under ground, but that commerce has carried much of the two hundred millions to Europe : he thinks, indeed, that the American gold and silver, after making many circuits, and dividing itself in many channels, settles at last under the rising sun ; certain it is, that the Spaniards are obliged to neglect their richest mines in South America of late, lest money should lose in value ; and the commercial philosophers who pursue this speculation now, say boldly, that if ever the wealth of Potosi were to be exhausted, we must look for it on the coast of Malabar. It was for Asia then that Mexico was plundered, and the wealth of Peru passing through Spain, Holland, England, &c. is destined to be buried under ground by Banians, who considering it, scarce unjustly, as poison to the peace and welfare of humanity, dig holes for all they can lay hold on. From them will we cross over, but not by the little narrow strait late times discovered ; and turn our *retrospective* tube to coarser life, leaving the Faquirs who pierce their flesh to purchase Heaven, and hurl themselves from high pagodas, where females struggle for the glorious privilege of dying with a man they never loved, to the hard savage of Canadian snows ; where the five Indian nations ; fullen and taciturn, practise no cruelties upon *themselves*, untaught the artificial passions, which add weight to the burden life is born to bear :

Grieving

Grieving a tortured foe is the fell sport of Adirondacs and Cayugas; and as they tear up their own dead with shrieks, beseeching them to accept the sacrifice of six, or of sixteen captives taken in war between one of these thinly peopled districts and another; the women, with frantick gestures, howl around; throwing fresh fuel on a fire kindled to increase the prisoners' agony, till the voice of a Mohawk is heard from far, disturbing the horrid rite. Pre-eminent over all is the Mohawk tribe: the bear is his ensign in fight.

The speech of their Sachem to colonel Alexander Glen seems a grand specimen of Canadian eloquence. 'Twas in the year 1685, coeval with the occurrences of other countries under our present revival, that Monsieur de Herville, a French general, encouraged the Oneydoes to surprize our fort at Schenectady, where they murdered and massacred, and, what was much worse, carried away some English and allied Indians captive:—The consternation of our British soldiers was beyond belief, and a hasty retreat from such a neighbourhood was proposed at Albany, where we had another fort, full of women and children, justly terrified by such perfidious treatment from the French, who had seen the excesses of their copper-coloured friends committed on our people with a sneering and savage delight. The Mohawk Sachem's embassy amused, perhaps consoled, and gave them courage to renew a war more hideous than had been expected on our parts. "Take heart, brother," said the brave old chieftain, "We give this belt," presenting wampum, "to wipe away your tears. The enemy is deceitful, and in his "deceit he shall perish:—The Mohawk will not be twice deceived; we "present you eye-water to render you clear-sighted. Do not pack up "and away Corlear; the sun has been cloudy, but will shine again: we "will scalp the Frenchmen soon, and pour hot sand upon their bleeding "skulls. Remember we are of the race of the Bear; and a bear never "yields. Brethren, be courageous, and let this bind the chain of brotherhood," giving a belt of wampum.—"We must all be Bears; but "let us fortify Schenectady like a beaver his house," giving a beaver's skin.

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It seems to me as if these accounts, when new from the countries, and fresh upon men's minds, had a good deal impressed people here in England. We read in the Spectator of a Mohawk club. The merry men too who stroll along the streets of every metropolis to do unmeaning mischief in the night, knock down a feeble watchman, or terrify an old woman into anticipated death, *for a joke*; called themselves Mohocks in Queen Anne's time, while sober citizens used to be fortifying their houses like the beaver, to keep such crazy fellows from breaking their windows after twelve o'clock. Prior says,

Give the boy port and potent sack,  
From milk-fop he starts up *Mohack*;

for writers now drew pictures from real life in France and England. 'Till those days imagination was exhausted to form, or history hunted over to find, scenes of amusement in their works of fancy; Sydney's Arcadia and Spencer's Fairy Queen: for Shakespear only had ventured to hold up a mirror to manners, not then elaborately dressed at all, or delighting in her own resemblance. But from 1650 to 1700, such improvements had been made in social intercourse, that people never had enough of it, till the press reflected back on their enchanted eyes the pleasures found in a refined society. Madame de Sevigne on this principle, called the world round to witness that maternal affection for a favourite daughter, felt no doubt by thousands, but expressed then with an elegance wholly new to mankind. Romances too had received their last polish from the flowing pen of Scuderi, pensioned by Louis quatorze, in whose reign first sprung up the idea of abridging these high heroic prolixities, which no longer much allured common readers; and scarce was the French Sappho, as they called her, cold in earth, when Marie Catherine des Jardins, who married Monsieur de Ville Dieu, introduced a change among these soothing fictions, and taught the art of novel writing. Out of the old runick quarry had doubtless been first hewn the uncouth figures filling the Spanish *Meravillas*: and perhaps

perhaps some Moorish and Arabian dresses heaped on them added to their incongruity. These had Cervantes hooted from our shelves; and *his* book, while I'm writing, best preserves the memory of what he made ridiculous: they are preserved in amber, a production much like his own, uniting singular and contradictory qualities. The gum of a tree hardened by the sun, purified by the sea and wafted by the waves, is amber; when analysed the chemists find it to contain a vegetable oil; but a harsh mineral acid. 'Tis thus that reading Don Quixote we may find light humour, severe strokes of satirical wit, wise precepts from a madman's mouth, yet all in such fine harmony of character, that every mind plays truant with his tales, and *Retrospection's* self turns back to praise him. Spain did indeed in that one sole production exhaust all her powers; for like the queen ant among the termites bellicosi—that name alone swelled and filled *their* dominions, while ours produced *Milton*, whose fame has gone forward, enlarging in size and rising in sublimity, like the fabled goddess sung by Virgil (not his superior), till in these times, distant almost two centuries from that he lived in, his noblest panegyrist, Samuel Johnson, soars into praise of him so lofty and so radiant, no other reputation could support, no minor merit vindicate, a claim to such superb eulogium. After these courfers for renown's green laurel, but far! how far beyond the distance post! Cowley and Waller come, as after Childers, Jason or Eclipse, a finished pair of high-dress'd gennets from the manège, graceful and smooth, expert, and elegant, gay-coloured and well bred:—Rough Butler too, whose wit and sparkling intelligence, uttered by a grotesque figure, such as the masks prefixed to Terence's comedies, fail not their first assault upon a reader's mind, who feels small appetite indeed to come again, where olives and caviare, mangoes and hot cashu nuts form the treat, long-kept Stilton cheese serves as the sole *dessert*. But Dryden ends our list of first-rate poets, who lived and died with the sixteenth century: Dryden, who gives to our mental digestion more ponderous food than this, and searches every science, every element, for imagery,

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to entertain those faculties in his readers which he appears to fancy equal with his own: so exquisite is his prose, we wish he never had been led to lose his time in measuring quantities and seeking syllables: so admirable his poetry, we hate to think that prose should interfere, and rob us of his flights.

Like Shakespear's Florizel to Perdita, th' enamoured looker o'er such works breaks forth—

————— What you do, sweet!  
 Still better what is done: for when you speak  
 I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms:  
 Pray so, and for the ordering your affairs  
 To sing *them* too. When you do dance, I wish you  
 A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but *that*; move still, still so,  
 And own no other function.

But not those only who could gladden life were at this period the boast of Britain, Harvey and Sydenham knew how to prolong it, turning America's rich produce to account, whence bark, the great restorative, was brought; and smooth as even Waller's verses flowed, the salutary *oleum palma Christi*. The pine-apple, afterwards sold in wheel-barrows about the streets of London, was brought thither from Holland within the period under revival. Sir Matthew Decker was the man who added *that* luxury to our tables: the old travel books of 1628, mention it under the name ananas; *sweet to savour, but of a rough rind, and skalee*. Vanilla seems to have never familiarized itself among us; we use it only to perfume fine chocolate: 'tis truly an *ivy*, and clings yet to its old habitation, despising a new-built wall. Xalapa, originally the Moorish name of a town in Old Spain, carried over to South America, now gives appellation to the Mexican convolvulus, beautiful in its colour, and of a clasping genius, known to the apothecaries in England as a useful purgative, and called jalap; but cochineal the insect, and cochineal the shrub, to which we owe the brilliant

red that dyes our stuffs, and heightens the painter's powers, lives chiefly near the gulph of Honduras! unfathomable waters. *Fondos* or *Hondos*, whence Honduras. By names of places we indeed best trace how far the French, and where the Spaniards and English, have penetrated: Boca de la Maddalena, Isle Santanilla, &c. Cape François, Vingt-une, Watling Island, and Rum Key. Labat was missionary in the days we speak of; what he then told and afterwards wrote, has never been contradicted. Pontanus, who edited and corrected Claverius, died 1650, I believe, but not till he had added much to the general stock of ancient and northern geography. I suspect him to be author of some Latin lines which I have read, but cannot find this moment; of which the following is a translation equally unknown to me, and quoted but by memory:

Mark how the fruitful Danube flows,  
 Realms and religions parting,  
 A friend to all true Christian foes,  
 To Peter, Jack, and Martin.  
 Now Protestant, and Papist now,  
 And sometimes both or either,  
 At length an infidel does grow,  
 And ends his journey neither:  
 So have I seen some youth set out,  
 Half Protestant half Papist;  
 And wand'ring long the world about,  
 Some new religion to find out,  
 Turn Infidel or Atheist.

Pontanus had better have held close to learning, and let attempts at wit quite alone: having thought it a clever thing to send a verse enigma to Schreverius enquiring of his friend what that could be which would grow greater in proportion as you took something from it every day? Schreverius wrote him word, *Pontano demas carmina; major erit*, that it was *Pontanus*; from whom if you took all his poetry, he would be greater than he was before. To a writer who collected the lives of ladies illustrious for their virtue and literary acquirements, we ought to wish gentler treatment. Meantime *France* no more looked

looked out for anagram and enigma; the time was past when Racan and Malherbe diverted themselves a whole evening in making out Greek names by which to celebrate their favorite females, both of which happen'd to be called plain Catherine, from whence Malherbe drew Arthenice; 'tis said, Racan took Eraethine, having first enquired of his master whether *it would do* or no. Mademoiselle de Gournai had led the way, and Tannequi le Fevre having lost his son, a prodigy of learning at eleven years old; delighted to sink his own name in that of a daughter, whose erudition was admired by the *cercle des sçavants* who frequented her father's house. Christina heard of her eminence, and wrote her a letter expressing the earnest desire she felt of conversing with so extraordinary a lady, and of hearing that she had quitted the Protestants, for whose society she was too excellent, &c. Louis XIV. who loved not literary accomplishments in women, gave her however to understand through his emissaries, that some favour might be gained by changing her religious opinions, and Mademoiselle le Fevre would have listened more readily to these overtures, 'twas said, had not young Dacier, who was just then refused by the famous De Launai, afterwards Madame Staal, because he was a Lutheran, applied to Tannequi for instruction, and found his way to fair Anna's heart. They married, but the lady made use of all her influence in turning her husband from the way of truth and of their fathers: they retired to study the *evidences* as she said, the *allurements* rather of Romanism, and they came out to abjure their old opinions as heretical, and to consider those who professed them as *accursed*. That task performed, Dacier was liberally pensioned for his history of medals, was made the King's librarian, &c. while his wife contributed the *Florus in usum Delphini*.

With such smooth looks and many a tuneful word,  
 The first fair she beguil'd her easy lord:  
 Too blind with wit and beauty to beware,  
 He fell unthinking in the fatal snare, &c.

They had no children however, except their *works*, and when requested to write in favour of Popery, wife Madame Dacier steadily refused; but whilst Maintenon and herself quitted the unfashionable side of the question, and hastened to enlist in the contrary party, Pere Hardouin appears to have had an honest terror seize upon his soul lest Christianity *itself* were in danger: much of what he then said has certainly since come clearly to pass; and I am partly of his mind, that he did not rise every morning for fifteen years together at four o'clock to find out nothing that his neighbours did not know; he seems to have known that there was an extensive plot laid even then for purpose of shaking our holy religion to its foundations, and so there certainly was, and he perhaps might have impeded its progress, had he not asserted propositions wholly untenable concerning the classical books so long revered, condemning them all as impostures. To this error it does not appear indeed that he was led by any vain-glorious humour of his own, or desire of novelty, but a firm persuasion of the church's infallibility and incapacity of mistake, for from his notion that whoever was canonized must be of necessity a saint, seemed to proceed all the rest of the consequences. He was however treated as a visionary *plein de chimères, qui ne voit que d'athées par tout*: and Vertet, a Protestant minister at Geneva, made his epitaph to the delight of Jesuits and Janse- nists and all—'tis too long to translate as well as transcribe.

In expectatione judicii  
 Hic jacet  
 Hominum Pardoxtatos  
 Natione Gallus, Religione Romanus,  
 Orbis Litterati portentum,  
 Venerandæ Antiquitatis cultor et destructor,  
 Docte febricitans  
 Somnia et Inaudita commenta vigilans edidit  
 Scepticum pie egit,  
 Credulitate puer, audaciâ Juvenis, deliriis senex.

France

France did at this her season of renown teem with wit, worth, and genius; we left old Lewis surrounded by his flatterers, who celebrated, recorded, or collected the works of those that did record and celebrate his golden day: Bruyere, Bouhours, Boileau, Bossuet, Corneille, Racine, Menage, and least forgotten La Fontaine perhaps, but every one would be a *bel esprit*; Dumay, the famous conseiller de Paris, who had been brought up to a pastoral life in a distant province, and who had realized a great estate by study of the law, made himself so famous for his verses, bon mots, &c. that Menage wrote these lines upon his tomb.

De l'illustre Dumay dont tu vois le tombeau,  
 Passant! reveze ici la cendre;  
 Dijon quoique Thoulouse eut le droit d'y pretendre  
 En fut le glorieux berceau:  
 L'Ouse sur sa rive tranquille  
 En a longtems ouï les vers charmants et doux,  
 La Garonne en conçut un envieux courroux,  
 Et du tems même de Virgile,  
 Le Tibre en eut été jaloux.

His native river now no more  
 Shall listen as it flows,  
 Dumay lies buried on our shore,  
 Far from his fav'rite Ouse;  
 The Garonne jealous of such lays,  
 Her envious head withdrew;  
 And Tyber, even in Virgil's days,  
 Might have been jealous too:

While then Pouffin's fame, never extinct, called after him, but at an awful distance, Sebastian Bourdon, Le Brun, Mignard and Jouvenet; and while Claude Gelèc, driven from a pastry-cook's shop at Nancy for imbecillity, died at Rome, leaving his own country immortalized by his appellation, Claude de *Lorraine*; flourished at fair Ancona, Carlo Maratti, last of Italian painters worth the naming. That sweetly-glowing tint, that outline lost in rotundity, the fine contorno and well managed groupe

groupe so long the boast of Rome, were fled to Flanders, whence Vanduyck and Rubens brought them to Great Britain, and with them Sir Christopher Wren co-operating, tried to establish the fine arts in England, where Sir Jofiah Child tells us, with truth no doubt, that in the year 1688 more men walked the Exchange who possessed 10,000l. than there were men who possessed 1000l. thirty years before; a rapidity in the proud stream of general opulence not to be credited but from such authority. If it be equally true what Hume says, that a young gentlewoman thought herself well clothed and happy in a good serge gown about A. D. 1650; and that in 1688 her daughter's chambermaid would not have worn one like it, we may see the distant provinces kept pace in due proportion with the capital: it was in 1670, I believe, that a board of trade first became necessary in our nation, and the earliest American convention bears nearly the same date, when Spain and England struck the limits of their respective colonies; but the first Christian treaty the Chinese made was with Russia. With this progress of riches, luxuries, and social intercourse, some individuals were even yet ill-pleas'd. Whilst every other pen was praising the joyful days of Louis XIV. Monsieur de Valois said, "The people are turned fools, and Paris is no longer what it was; one cannot walk the streets for carriages. *In my time*, there were but three coaches in all the town; one belonged to Queen Catherine de Medicis, one to Diana d'Angoulesme, princess of France, and the other to Christopher de Thou, president of the parliament, who was grown gouty, and could no longer sit upon his mule: but now each paltry fellow sets up his equipage, and covers his mean birth by splend' did dress, forgetting the *bon vieux temps*." Valesius who edited in 1634, *Examples of Vice and Virtue*, written by the Greek Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, a sort of selectæ, seems like Pere Hardouin to have had some notion that all these later improvements tended but little to promote religion or morality, although well planted science put forth fresh ramifications daily in every country; and mechanic arts

arts arrived almost at perfection in ours, patronized by Boyle, who might have been himself a professor, yet filled as it should seem with the same salutary dread of atheistic insolence, he left a legacy to keep its poison down by antidote; and while the sublime genius of immortal Newton hovered with angels' wings over the high-grown tree, pointing its loftiest aspirations up to heaven, and consecrating knowledge to the praise of its Creator; *Dear Fenelon* devoted *his* branch of it to the free benefit of his fellow creatures; a friend to whom, he strove to educate in the young heir of France, son to the then dead Dauphin, for whose use immortal *Telemaque* was written, and composed with language equal to the sentiments, pure although free, and wise although poetical: for him how willingly would *Retrospection* wait, could we find praise, as he found merit easy; but *Cambrai* for his panegyrist should have *Addison*.

Tum primum radiis gelidi caluere triones;

and the frozen north felt the desire of softening her severity by learning's gentle influence. The Muscovites, after they had for many years been governed by a division in their monarchy of two brothers and a sister, dropt at the century's close into the hands of one sole Emperor or *Cæsar—Ctzar*. He joined with Leopold against the Turks, and possessing himself of Azoph, fastened his forces upon the banks of their Black Sea, reminding them of the red apple, which they now began once more to recollect, calling Peter the Orange Tawney, or Yellow King; this brought to mind in many thinking men, a fancy that the Ottomans, once so formidable, had passed the acme of their power, and our contemporary, Eton, says, "it ended when the Vizier Kiuperli breathed "his last." Dr. Lloyd wrote a book upon the subject *then*, filled with many well-studied calculations, and Peter the Ctzar who had no learning at all, and scarce could calculate a sum in simple addition, was looked up to as the future destroyer of Mahometanism in Europe. Burnet we will own expresses some contempt towards him. "He

" is

“is come hither,” says the bishop, “to practise and to see what his *genius shall be capable to rise up to.*” These are the words, but Burnet was accustomed chiefly to court manners, and could not see the sovereign through the savage. That a hard-handed fellow, uncouth in appearance, and working in our docks as a ship carpenter, should desire to polish and refine his people, and that he should take that method of accomplishing his purpose, was doubtless difficult enough to conceive, almost impossible to execute; but God, whose providence the elegant author deprecates when he observes so large a portion of mankind committed to the care of rugged Peter, put away the pleasing Prince John Sobiesky, who outlived his renown for wisdom, virtue, and valour, and died despised by all in 1697. Whilst in two years more the Swedish hero, Charles, set his own crown upon his own head, soon as his gallant father was expired, and begun treating the world with little ceremony, as he determined soon to teach it a perfect and obsequious submission.

The birth of a new kingdom likewise was at hand, and the old house of Hohenzollen felt the wish to change its rank among German leaders; assuming the title of King over Prussia; its nascent importance has been happily transmitted to us by the great descendant of this great elector Frederick de Brandenburg, who having caught the universal panick concerning the universal monarchy aimed at by Louis XIV., enter'd with willingness into the league against him. Of that rich sheaf our William was the bandage and tie; he too had been lately exalted from Stadtholder in one country to Kingship in another; “but 'twas the moment,” says the royal author just mentioned, “for princes to bud out and disclose themselves;” he might have added that they budded out at a wrong time of year, like apple blossoms gracing sometimes with barren beauty, October or November. Prussia being itself little beyond a desert watered by blood of heroes in the contest between Gustavus Adolphus and the Imperial generals Tilly and Pappenheim; Europe saw it claimed with less aversion;

Leopold



Leopold was not unwilling to acknowledge any prince who would lend him one thousand men to fight against France, Augustus of Saxony, eager to secure Poland, made no objection: and William cared not much what price was paid, when a new enemy to old Louis was to be the purchase. Charles of Sweden meant to possess the whole: a wolf counts not the sheep nor listens to their *names*; he laughed to see a new throne erected only for his amusement to pull down: but though possessed of one vast project, his head contained no subordinate plans which might bring it to bear. Impulse and energy were the sole auxiliaries sought by that hot-headed champion, that prize-fighter in the vast arena of the world, which had not been traversed with more rapid, more restless vehemence since *Retrospection* first presented it to view. His exploits must lend fire to our future chapters though; for the year 1700 left him brandishing his weapons around, as a stag in a forest sharpens his horns, for the purpose of running at, *he cares not who.*

## CHAP. XIV.

SPAIN, PORTUGAL, GERMANY, HOLLAND, AND GREAT  
BRITAIN, FROM 1650 TO 1700.

THE twelfth chapter of this swiftly-flown *Retrospect* quitted Louis XIV. when, like a moss-grown tree, he spread his arms abroad, but sprouted out no more; while lichens covered the root with leathery obstructions, and every parasitical plant sucked up his moisture, preventing further progress of his powers, and twisting round his trunk their hindering obsequiousness; yet he expected to revive again, if once unhappy Charles of Spain would die, and leave him room for new expansion:— That wretched prince, twice married, and still miserable in having no son to succeed him, had chosen to adopt the son of the elector of Bavaria, and his death put all Europe in confusion, till on the testament of this poor Spanish monarch, the world seemed well-resolved to wait no longer; so that by an act of unexampled insolence they divided his possessions even *before* his death, by the memorable Partition Treaty. Indignation at seeing himself so treated, hastened the end of a life remarkable in no sense, but that it was the object of all contemporary sovereigns, who considered his dismissal as their signal for seizing his property. Enraged at this idea he bestowed, by a solemn act that filled the parting moments, all he possessed in this world upon Philip duke of Anjou, second son to the dead Dauphin of France, by Mary Anne of Bavaria; nor could he have made a wiser or a more equitable disposition: this was in the year 1700. John de Braganza, surnamed the Fortunate, his neighbour in Portugal, had been happier:—He left sons, though they were not like himself. Alphonso the eldest, who succeeded him, married

married a posthumous daughter of Charles Amadeus, duke of Savoy; but falling immediately into an incurable madness, the nuptials were defer'd, and Don Pedro, his next brother, having in the interim made himself agreeable to the princess, whose terror alienated her mind still more from poor Alphonso: they were consummated by dispensation with the last-named offspring of great Braganza instead of him, to whom the lady was betrothed. Voltaire makes a bustle about this transaction as if overflowing with moral turpitude, but it is *thus* the Portuguese relate the tale; and say moreover, that the king was taken care of in Isola Terçera, one of the Azore isles, nor did his brother assume any title but that of regent until *his* demise, which happened not till 1683. Don Pedro was quietly established on his throne when Madrid was shaking with convulsive terrors, and the eventful year 1700 saw Lisbon a commercial town; flowing with riches less wickedly obtained than those of Spain or Holland, and prospering accordingly. Ferdinand the second, opponent (if he might be so called) to great Gustavus Adolphus, left *his* empire meanwhile quietly secured to Ferdinand Ernest his son, whose successor Leopold, by dint of philosophical composure and plain sense, dragged through a long reign of forty-seven years without much applause indeed, or much blame: but frequently assaulted, he lost little territory, and perpetually tormented, he never lost his temper. His grand object was to stop the progress of France towards power, of England towards wealth. To effect the latter scheme, he harassed that wretched elector Palatine, married to a sister of Charles the first: but seeing how little her personal afflictions affected the purse of Great Britain, he got our money to assist him in the war against Louis quatorze, over which the Stadtholder of Holland presided; and thus turned one of the states he hated against the other. The year 1700 found *him* a true mourner for William the third's ill state of health, as he could not *hope* to be supported by his successor in the same manner. We must however, go back and see what our own country actually did do and suffer from 1650 to 1700, the most important moments of her

life. We left her protected against foreign powers by Oliver Cromwell, whose triumphs on the ocean rendered him formidable to the fiercest of them:—His conquest of Jamaica was useful to commercial splendour, and his leaving it to be named after king James by those who took it, instead of naming it after himself; shewed unaffected greatness of mind; but what, perhaps, gratifies an English reader of his reign more than any acquisition that was made during its continuance, is the total scorn shewn by him of the Portuguese ambassador's nobility and consequence when put in balance against one Briton's life; and to say true, all Europe looked with admiration on an act as new to mankind as it was just and reasonable; when Don Passerano de Saa, brother to the envoy of our best ally, was publicly beheaded upon Tower Hill for murder of some man whose name has been long forgotten. But the protectorate was of short duration. Though stern in council as ferocious in fight, Cromwell's ruggedness like that of the cocoa-nut was confined to his exterior: the milk of tenderness within hastened its premature decay. A dutiful son, his mother's perpetual terror lest he should be assassinated, tormented her own days and shortened his. To please her he was ever changing his apartment, and used to shew her sometimes that he wore armour under his clothes. Of the children on which he doated with uncommon fondness, Mrs. Claypole was the acknowledged darling, and since he had bred them up to have no prejudices, they had none in *his favour*. That lady lived and died a royalist, nor spared to embitter with political reproaches the parting scene between herself and an indulgent father, of whose renown many a higher lady than Mrs. Claypole might have been justly proud. Mrs. Fleetwood was a determined democrat, a leveller, who considered his power as a criminal usurpation over the people's rights; while Richard, *for* whom he accepted, and *to* whom he resigned that power, which however procured he had used only for England's good; was of a quiet unambitious temper, and Henry his other son had, as Hume says, a project ever in his head, of restoring Charles the second to his throne.

That

That young prince had, like Charles the first, trusted the Scots at beginning, but tired with the tedious and ill-graced succours they bestowed, had made one gallant effort in 1651, and met his rival face to face near Worcester. It was against the *sous* of Pompey, as we all remember, that Julius Cæsar said he fought for life, the other battles had been risqued for fame alone. Oliver said something like it of that day which delivered up the rightful heir of these kingdoms to beggary and distress, after a gallant resistance, but a vain one.

Superior genius for military matters is almost always sure to conquer headlong bravery; our young wanderer had, however, other qualities not easily vanquished: he had a spirit of lively confidence that the incredible hardships he suffered never seemed to crush. One day sheltered in an oak tree from his pursuers, one week cutting faggots in the forest under protection of four faithful peasants—then riding as a servant before a gentlewoman to Bristol, and when there, disappointed of his passage to France; whither he could never get a ship to carry him till he had walked and rode by turns across the whole island to Brighthelmston in Suffex, where, at a small house in West-street, his head served as a sign in the year 1780, to record his singular adventures and escape. Mazarin's unkindness when he at length arrived at his place of destination, would likewise have been painful to a thinking mind; but Charles endured severities easily enough: He and his brother, when danger began to remit, lived from place to place in the land of their widowed mother, how they could:—The eldest taking up the *manners* of the nation they resided in, the youngest adhering zealously to its *religion*. Early impressions are not to be worn away, and the school of misfortune, though admirable for mankind in general, is not, I believe, good for princes. He who feels more pain than he can possibly suppose his due in the beginning of life, will be apt to sweeten the middle part of it with vicious pleasures: he who lives by chance gets no habits of œconomy, and he who has been dipt deeply in distress, is dipt as in the Stygian waters; his sensibility is seared, and its pores closed; when

he

he hears of sorrow he says to himself, “ *Graviora tui*—I have suffer’d worse than this;” and then turns his head away in hopes of better entertainment. When Cromwell died in 1658,

And Heaven his great soul did claim,  
In forms as loud as his immortal fame—

when the court of France meanly put on mourning for its greatest foe, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier alone had spirit to resist the torrent of fashion, and to protest that she would not wear black for a regicide of plebeian birth, Charles heard that the officers had invested Richard, the protector’s son, with sovereign power, for so they did the last day of December; and on the second day of April next succeeding, he signed his own demission in due form, and leaving political matters as he found them, went over to drink the waters at Aix la Chapelle. Le Prince de Conti there met him in a coffee-house by mere chance; unknowing who he was, and chatting openly upon the common topics of the times—“ As for that Oliver,” exclaimed the Prince, “ he was a great man, ’tis sure, and though we must confess “ him an usurper, his character will ever be esteemed a grand one, fit “ to fill up a page in history; but for that paltry creature called his “ son, my tongue disdains to name him.” “ And yet, Sir,” coolly replied his new acquaintance, “ that *great man* never, to my know- “ ledge, had for the last twelve years of his life even twelve hours he “ could call his own, while his son Richard enjoys peace and com- “ petence as you see, with a clear conscience, and the honour of con- “ versing with your highness here at Aix la Chapelle.”

Something there is about this young man that reminds a reader of Charles le bien servi, Dauphin of France; had he, like that Prince, been surrounded with incitements, or lived like him before love was degenerated into gross appetite, and chivalry become a standing jest: but since no Agnes de Sorel stimulated the dormant ambition of young Cromwell, plain sense and gentle indolence of temper led him to ex-  
tinguish

tinguish it. They kept him alive ninety-seven years I am informed; and an old man told *me*, that his old father had heard him join in a chorus of God save great George our King, but it must certainly have been a mistake. Thus rose, however, and thus fell without hurt or danger to themselves, a family once so feared by a whole continent: with them, indeed, did never fall again many less noble products of that vast democratick inundation which, like the Egyptian river, left behind numerous, unfinished, and half-formed things, noxious to touch, and hateful to remembrance: fern-feed fiends, walking invisible,

That yet can do more dreadful feats  
Than hags, with all their imps and teats:  
While Rosicrusian virtuosos  
See with their ears, and hear with noses.

Abbé Barruel, whose torch of truth has made all these demons, like their *grand master* in Milton, start up in their proper shapes; says, "That there first appeared in England about this time mystick professors of strange faiths;" and to say true, Grey's notes on Hudibras confirm the assertion, mentioning *illuminati*, and quoting Jo. Gherardi for further information. The times were strange indeed, teeming with wonders—among them the vision of Rice Evans seems most wonderful; nor would I quote it, but that Warburton and Jortin appear to think it worthy *their* attention. He was a Welshman, and imagined that in the palm of his hand, soon after King Charles's decapitation, he saw exhibited a passing show—a plain succession of seven human faces: Cromwell and Fairfax he knew, the other five he had never seen before, and *they* wore crowns upon their heads, and vanishing away; "the blood," says he, "turned to its veins again, and there appeared no more." There were, however, realities enough, without this strange prediction of the five succeeding reigns, and end of the Stuart family; to make men much amazed. In 1660 our three kingdoms, apparently fatigued by their own efforts, fell into a general convulsion, and consequently

stupor,

stupor, which General Monk taking advantage of, brought home their long-lost sovereign. He returned upon the 29th of May, just thirty years old, full of gay spirits, good humour, and apparent unconcern of all he had himself suffered, and all his ruined friends had suffered for him. General Monk indeed, the four faithful peasants, Pendrells by name, and a rough hostess of a coarse inn, who to conceal the King from his pursuers set him, before all their faces, to turn her spit, and beat him with the ladle for neglect of duty—he set himself immediately to reward, and amply; accompanying his gifts with that enchanting sweetness of manners that distinguished all he did, and took all hearts his prisoners. For the rest, his acts of indemnity and amnesty offered on his accession to the throne, were afterwards called indemnity to his enemies, and oblivion to his friends. The truth is, Charles was in too much haste to be happy; and his subjects in too great a hurry to think that it was impossible they could ever be otherwise when their *King should enjoy his own again*. Such was the burden of ballads and loyal songs, while royal oak decorated every door; and although Englishmen are deemed phlegmatick and philosophical by foreigners, tradition tells of men who *died* for joy at seeing monarchy again restored, in the person of a prince too who was so peculiarly pleasing. This general disposition to be gay was checked by no severities on his part: none but the immediate murderers of his father were executed. Calamy, the puritan, was made court chaplain, and sectaries were not excluded the privy council. Clarendon's adherence to the royal family was, indeed, rewarded with the great seal; but a larger acquisition of felicity was bestowed by fortune upon that accomplished statesman, when his daughter, Anne Hyde, persuaded the Duke of York to acknowledge his marriage with her while in France. His Majesty's *own* choice, a princess of Portugal, brought no children; his mother, Henrietta Maria, who came home when he did, and who seems to have been a poor creature by her ill-written letters published not very long ago, was supposed to have wedded Lord Jer-

myn,



myn \*, whom she always was observed to treat less with condescending affection than with obsequious fear. Her daughter was duchesse D'Orleans; and the insidious visit she made her native land linked the sovereign of it for ever in chains to the French court, who had sent him over a seducer in his sister's train; Louise de Querouailles, soon created duchess of Portsmouth, though the King always called her *Fubbs*, and named the yacht they went o'pleasuring in after that soubriquet. Her influence might notwithstanding have been checked, perhaps; had the King's *penchant* for his pretty cousin, fair Frances Stuart, whom he could not seduce, been encouraged by his courtiers; she was a simple, but a modest maiden; and Charles was of her in true earnest honourably enamoured, though she possessed no striking acquirements. A magnet, however, will attract *in vacuo*, and the barren Queen would have been soon sent home to make way for her, had not the Chancellor, desirous to retain the crown of England for his daughter's children, set the young duke of Richmond to court that lady, who hopeless *to do better*, as the phrase is, *kindly* complied, and then the King *as kindly*—hating Lord Clarendon from that day forward—complied with his subjects' wishes to remove him. Remembrance of her symmetrick form is even yet preserved among us, by the figure of Britannia on a half-penny, taken from medals then first struck, and bearing her effigies for ever, evincing her sovereign's partiality. Meanwhile Dunkirk was sold to France, and the triple alliance was signed, engaging to assist Lewis in ruining Holland, contrary to the common interest of all Europe. The best thing done was colonizing New York, which was named after the duke our admiral, inventor of sea signals, who was a useful friend to Great Britain, though there was never much reciprocal affection between them. Charles made a generous grant of Maryland to my Lord Baltimore; and the far-famed quaker, William Penn,

\* Lord Jermyn was made Earl of St. Alban's; two streets contiguous to each other are yet called by his name. The last seems a title for royal connections: Nell Gwynne, and her children possessed it as a dukedom.

shewed both hemispheres at once the beauty and worldly interest of benevolence; when in the North American *forests*, destined to bear his nominal distinction, *Pennsylvania*; he cultivated a friendship with the fear'd inhabitants; and binding all in one fraternal chain of tolerating gentleness, called his new settlement Brotherly Love, implied in the word *Philadelphia*. Meanwhile many unheard-of fancies possessed men's minds at home: one Venner, during this reign, for three days together, paraded, without molestation, the streets of London; proclaiming King Jesus, and declaring the last day arrived. From phrenzy however, when his followers proceeded to *plunder*, they were restrained and punished; or rather, I believe, opposed and conquered, the terrors of selfishness extinguishing the tumult of distraction. The blasphemies of James Naylor, who fancied himself *Messiah*, and rode through Bristol, the people crying Hosannah as he went along, likewise disgraced these days, which the plague visited, and London's conflagration could not mend; for while these odd possessions held the middling ranks of life, a daring and shameless profligacy, scarce less frantic, seized on the empty heads of noble youths, impelling them to acts of savage indecorum. Dalrymple tells how thirteen men of fashion—the future chancellor, Judge Jefferies, 'mid the groupe—stript to their shirts, and drank the King's health, perched up like pigeons, on a monstrous sign post fixt at a tavern door. Another set celebrated the 29th of May by dancing wholly uncovered, excepting by some oak leaves, in a balcony of the Strand, I think, till the mob, much less unreasonable in *their* excesses, threw stones and wounded them, and drove them in by force. Rochester confessed afterwards that he had passed three whole years in ebriety unbroken; while the royal brothers appeared to slight or be diverted by these horrid frolicks, passing their own time in gay voluptuousness, desiring only that no traces of puritanism might be left. With all this arts and sciences were not neglected. The royal travellers tried to set up some imitation of a French opera at Rutland-house, where Mademoiselle Subligny danced pantomimical ballets, I believe, and contemporaneous

poraneous with Lulli in France lived our English Purcell: the air to which he set the words, *My lodging is on the cold ground*, particularly, so pleased King Charles, he took the girl from off the stage who sung it; and as she was a native of North Wales, he called his daughter by her, Mary Tudor: *she* married the Earl of Derwentwater, and became mother to the rebel nobleman who was executed (almost in our own time) for his adherence to the Stuart family. Playhouses were patronized by the court, and though the representations were *indecent* to a shameless degree, it was not their indecency which so much distinguished them from what had been endured by other ages, as a strain of profane jesting which now first began to be encouraged, and which Mr. Congreve had the honour of carrying to perfection.

New manufactories added splendour to every show; and happen what would, commerce appeared to gain by it. The fine mode of dying woollen-cloth was brought from the continent by Edward Brewer; persecution of the Huguenots abroad sent over workmen hither, where money grew plenty, and the encrease of coinage between Charles the second's reign and his brother's, was ten millions two hundred and sixty thousand pounds. Yet was their council-chamber, while the eldest of them occupied the throne, become gloomy and employed in unravelling plots true or false during the latter days, so that foul tales of midnight murder, quick succeeding to senseless pranks of wild nocturnal merriment, forced into concurrence even the contradictory vices, sensuality and suspicion. "These," said the Prince of Orange, "are your *talking* kings;" and kept his own lips firmly closed upon those projects which his heart was big with: the same spirit of taciturnity which prompted him while yet a boy to conceal, instead of punishing, the treachery of a page that nightly read his letters, grew up with his riper years: and as on that occasion he provided the page proper papers on which to exercise his genius for examination; so he afterwards continued the like cautious conduct through life; uniting in a manner peculiar to himself, the vigour of youth in every battle

with the wariness of age in every negotiation.\* He saw with silent pleasure Charles and James making, by their perverse behaviour, way for his lovely wife to wear the English crown. He had married the duke of York's eldest daughter, by Ann Hyde, who had always held firm to her religious opinions ' spite of her husband's seducements, and had in zealous care brought up her favourite Mary to inherit them. The father of this princess could not be more attached to Popery than she to Protestantism, but her morality kept pace with the pious ardour she expressed for our reformed church—the duke disgraced his choice of Romanism by an ardour for pleasure, which no devout sentiments seemed to restrain. He built the house in Long Acre, with a variegated front for his baths; but as it soon became a place dedicated to intrigue more than health; *bagnios* were from that time considered as bearing a bad character, one only excepted, which took an Indian appellation, by which its known to this day I believe—*Hummums* in some oriental language meaning a sudatory. After long expectation of the royal seat, our gay king gave his brother a near chance for it by sudden illness, from which however, he recovered so as to enquire laughingly, what would be said of him after his decease: the courtier's impromptu reply is well-known how his epitaph should run:.

Here lies the mutton-eating king,

Whose word no man relies on,

Who never said a foolish thing,

And never did a wife one.

The monarch's answer is not so familiar to us, although a very happy

\* To confess the truth, it was time to grow wary: princes were no longer literally or figuratively chastised by *proxy*. Mr. Murray, mentioned by Burnet, was the last whipping-boy, and *his* poor master Charles I. had found no substitute to bear the punishment upon his age, though that gentleman when very young used to be corrected for the royal children's faults, as was customary among courts; the page was accounted happy whom they selected for this purpose, and was sure to grow up a favourite.

one. "Your character is really pretty near the truth," said he, "because what I have *said* was *my own* of course; and what I have *done* has commonly been of yours, or of no wiser man's suggestion." The graver people however, were attentive to observe in what communion this prince would at length expire; and the Papists exulted in the idea that he at last received the sacrament from a Romish priest, supported in his bed by the duchess of Portsmouth, who was of the same persuasion. James was no sooner fixed upon the throne than he *openly* professed himself a friend to France, an enemy to Holland, and almost a subject, but certainly a dutiful son to the Pope, whom he distressed with attentions, of which Innocent XI. clearly foresaw the consequences, and said among his intimates: "We must excommunicate this man for rooting up that little which was left us of adherence in England." In effect, his fondness for Rome appeared a passion more than a regular attachment; and that it took up all his thoughts was deeply injurious to him and to his people; who had they been of his mind, or he of theirs in theological matters, would have had a good sovereign in James II. though not a great one. He was earnest to make roads about the kingdom, and had a strong desire to encrease the internal commerce of our island; the first turnpike at *Stilton* was set up by his management, and the care of regulating posts, stages, &c. committed to Ogilby the translator of Homer, under his own inspection. Care for keeping ships sweet and clean from infection, was one of the benefits we owe to this prince, whose activity during both the plague and fire of London, during his brother's reign, did him great credit, but the predilection he had always shown to France, and his recent marriage with a lady of the house of Modena, connected with the French court, and called the adopted daughter of Louis XIV., helped to alienate his subjects' hearts from him, and turn them toward the prince of Orange, from whose character a strong contrast was drawn, but little to the uncle's favour. Dazzled however, as it appears, by the prismatick rays that shone round the head of Lewis the fourteenth, our brother:

brother kings meanly preferred, one hastily, the other deliberately, to live pensioners upon his royal bounty, rather than rule over a free people, by submitting to use that influence now grown indispensable to whoever meant to reign at all.

The time was past when men were subjects from affection; England now only desired a king, because having experienced a commonwealth, they liked a king better: yet Charles, had he *loved* his native island, might have been a happy sovereign over it, and the good humour which even his brother was welcomed with upon accession, was more than *they* deserved who thought with pleasure only on continental delights; a warm sun and unrestrained enjoyment of those gaieties gilt by its beams under a brighter sky.

Those tricks however, which were tolerated in the eldest of these half Scotch, half French monarchs, were despised in the younger; a bill of exclusion had been proposed during his brother's reign, and the bishops' loyal spirit threw it out. No grateful sense of such loyalty lived in the selfish bosom of the duke of York, who, soon as the crown was dropt upon his head, manifested his antipathy to our church by every possible mode, and the command issued out to those very bishops, insisting on their concurrence in its ruin, seemed like the signal for revolt. His subjects had seen him violate the charters granted them by his predecessor, had heard his intention in express terms to keep alive that power and sovereign sway, which they well knew he possessed not without their permission. They had observed the Whigs obliged to buy their lives from his corrupt and cruel chancellor, with sums that reduced them to beggary, making Mr. Prideaux in particular, pay fifteen thousand pounds to get out of prison, though he never arrived at knowing why he was thrown in: yet rather than renew scenes of horror too lately exhibited, all might have been endured, had he not sent these bishops to the Tower, and publickly received a nuncio from the court of Rome. The Queen was delivered of a boy, but no rejoicing except among the Papists followed. The circumstances of his birth were dubious, a  
rumour

rumour was spread among some Protestant dressers, or inferior women in the palace, that the bed-chamber was chosen as a place commodious for the purpose of deception. There was a pair of back stairs just at the Queen's head, and report said how a baby had been conveyed thither in a warming pan. Princess Mary of Orange made strict enquiries of course; and princess Anne, married to the heir of Denmark, (but living at London) made strict examination. The electress of Hanover, daughter to the unfortunate queen of Bohemia, wrote to Chamberlaine; the famous accoucheur, about the matter. His answer is given by Dalrymple, and though he was a Calvinist, and a man personally offended by king James, though being so applied to besides, he would naturally have wished to please his illustrious correspondent, one may plainly see that he thought it a *gossip's tale*.

*Popular impostures* commonly gain credit at the instant, but lose it afterwards; of *royal impostures* the contrary may be observed. Perkin Warbeck, who pretended to be duke of York in Henry the seventh's time, was then considered as a mere deceiver; 'tis now while I write, the fashion to believe he really was the person he professed to be. The name he assumed of *Peter Tell-truth*, we must own to have been at least well contrived.

The son of James II. lived not six months among us. Clamours and groans and hisses (without threats) procured the bishops' release. The king was reviewing his army and the whole camp shouted for joy: our infatuated sovereign could not yet perceive the precipice under his feet. He went on driving his Protestant subjects from every employment and putting in those of his own persuasion, till even the Spanish ambassador expressed his surprize at such conduct, and bigot as he was himself, conjured his majesty not to give his confessor and other priests such power and encouragement. The nation was inflamed with rage in the fourth year of this reign: A sudden panick seized the houses of parliament, and to excite some shew of passion in the populace, those French Huguenots (prophets they were called) ran loose about the  
country.

country towns and villages, falling into trances, and predicting the downfall of Popery and evil end of Louis quatorze. The learned, and pious, and amiable Innocent eleventh, desired that he might see, examine and converse with some of them; and 'tis said that when he saw one of these fellows playing over the very same tricks which he had himself known practised by Romanists through Italy, to make the peasants, shop-keepers, &c. believe them under demoniacal possession: he turned his head away, and wept the lamentable wickedness of human nature. Our populace here in England, however, stood quiet spectators of a revolution formed and carried into effect by a large body of Protestant nobility, a church oppressed and struggling for existence; a country party rising in opulence and dignity every day: assisted by merchants and traders rich beyond even the calculation, or hope, or wishes of their fathers, and who of course desired stability to their enormous gains. To all these, learning, wit, and satire lent their combined forces, exalting the happiness of freedom, and free enquiry into every thing sacred and political, civil, natural and moral. Decent respect was lost in terror and revenge; numberless members of the king's own household ran as for refuge to the prince of Orange, with him to plan a Dutch invasion, in which alone seemed to center every hope of safety. The sceptre was confirmed, they said, in popish hands for ever, by birth of a prince of Wales; and expectation of sanguinary Mary's reign being revived, the nobles almost all turned desperate. James learned their intentions from the hand-writing of Lewis the fourteenth himself; a private express came to Whitehall whilst Sir Godfrey Kneller was painting his picture. The king bowed smilingly to *him*, and opened the packet, which as he perused it, actually and literally dropt from his half-dead hand. The queen and her son were sent away next morning, nor did any counsellor or friend suggest that the child might be detained without injury to religion or government. Glad to be quit of *them* and their attendant priests, jesuits, &c. now hated more and more: William or James seemed to be all the question, and to the latter



ter few or none adhered—the courtiers he called round him added reproach to desertion. Sir Charles Sedley, whose favourite child he had seduced, told some one loudly, he would now compensate that obligation. “My daughter was made countess by this king,” said he, “without *my* consent: I will make his daughter a queen now without “asking *his*.” The more one reads of anecdote, the more one sees that on this singular occasion no one behaved quite well except the Stadtholder himself. He shewed no haste or greediness of power: he came not till repeatedly called to save us—as those who called him said, from popery and slavery: and at this distance it does seem as if no other way for safety had been thought on; although the danger was so great, that princess Anne, in private letters lately published says, “That she will live on *alms*, or die well pleased, rather than not hold “fast her Protestant faith.” Young Churchill too, a page at court, said prettily in some secret paper of those times, “That he was his master’s servant, but that his soul belonged to God alone—and though,” added he, “I live not, Heav’n knows, the life of a saint, yet will I die the “death of a martyr, rather than comply against conscience.” When the prince landed at Torbay, however, he found the west of England free from commotions: the peasantry and artizans can scarcely be excited to wish for violent changes, nor had *they* been injured or offended by their sovereign. The sight of foreign troops displeased *them* more than had done the distant reports of what James did among the universities. When coming forward he made shew of resistance, the common herd where’er he passed rejoiced. When suddenly repenting even that show, he retreated, his soldiers wept aloud, his subjects mourned—in vain! Frighted where no fear was, he fled *to* and as quickly *from* his capital, where letters from the distant queen seemed to decide his undetermined spirit. Pressed by her call, and soothed by her accounts of Louis the fourteenth’s generous treatment; disgusted with his courtiers’ conduct, deserted by his daughters, threatened by their husbands, terrified by the real fears of his surrounding priests and popish counsel-

lors; urged on beside by the vile artifices of Lord Sunderland, who seems to have acted the part of Joseph Leman in *Clarissa Harlowe*—he c'en flung down the great seal into the Thames, and fled for ever from a land he never loved, where he had yet an army of forty thousand men ready to abet his pretensions to the crown, although they had shouted when the bishops were released. A navy too, consisting of no fewer than a hundred and seventy-three ships, Lord Dartmouth at their head, whose letter preserved breathes the truest loyalty, and whose life was certainly devoted to his service. That being once brought back again to London, he again ran away, shows now like phrenzy or fatuity: yet was James neither a man foolish or absurd in conversation. He was observed always to excuse his female successors, who, in their turn, spoke of him not unhandsomely: but his attempts to gain in Ireland what he had never needed to lose at St. James's, made him but more conspicuously to Europe a creature and *protégé* of Louis XIV., whose compliment to him at parting was genteel and natural, when embarking him on board a noble fleet for purpose of conquering our sister kingdom, he said, "Now, Sir, the best that I *can* wish for *you* is, that *I* may never have "the happiness of seeing you again." The *bons mots* and replies of, and to princes, are not always genuine as this was. Waller's answer when Charles II. jokingly observed, that he had praised Cromwell with more energy than marked the verses made on *his* (the king's) return, is well known. "Oh, Sir," cried he, "your majesty must recollect "that we poets always delight more in fiction than in truth." This was well said, but the thought was borrowed. Luigi Allemanni, an Italian, that lived at Paris in the days of Francis the first, who patronized all men of letters, wrote a satire against Charles quint, and in it were these words:

L'Aquila grifagna

Che per più divorar due rostri porta—

meaning that the spread eagle of the Austrians devoured a double portion, because of her two heads. When peace was proclaimed, however,

ever, between the contending powers, Allemanni happened to be named *chargé d'affaires* for Vienna, and there, in a conference with Charles the fifth, the ambassador broke out into a rapturous praise of Germany, and that imperial magnificence he so delighted to contemplate. "Ay, ay," says the Emperor, laughing, "Viva l'Aquila grifagna!" "Magnanimo Principe!" replied the prompt Italian: "I was then in my poetical character, which as you well know; delights in fiction; my present situation requires plain truth, plain prose, your majesty may be assured of my sincerity just from that very circumstance." But *Retrospection* says 'tis time to tell how James II. was driven back to his dear refuge France, while William's grander destiny seemed fixed by the immortal battle of the Boyne, till the more useful sea fight off La Hogue, when the French navy received *such* a blow. *Then* that, as Shakespear says, "was stronger made, which was before bound up with ribs of iron." The prince of Orange *then* had time to try how much reciprocal affection would grow up between a people who made him *their* tool to check the regal power in future sovereigns; and a brave leader from a foreign land, who had made them *his* tool to check the progress of ambitious France, and meant to put their guineas in his balance, which was to weigh against that conquering monarch. But although both succeeded in their *aims*, neither appeared as if delighted with the *instrument*. Faction disturbed their parliaments perpetually, and private pique divided all his councils. "Pleasure is always in *the next box*," said my Lord Lyttleton, walking round Ranelagh. Those who perambulate the globe can say nothing more true, and nothing more expressive. After a very few years we mourned in England here our lovely queen, and William lost a wife, who, as it appears from history, had really as such, no equal. Beautiful, virtuous, tender, trusting and useful: ever submitting all things to his will, whose company made all her pleasure and enjoyment. The grief her husband felt was past expression, and conversation upon pious or political subjects was all he ever joined in afterwards. Her letters to him are a proof not of her excellence alone, but in some measure of his too, who, in a character so

near perfection, inspired a flame so ardent, pure and lasting. No progeny however blessed their bed. Nature refuses her best consolations to those who act against her obvious laws; nor could *they* be more grossly violated than by a daughter sitting unchastised by her own conscience upon a living parent's throne. Around our realms meanwhile, though vice received no countenance from the court, and piety's promotion seemed Queen Mary's favourite care; a spirit of atheism and irreligion spread their poisons in a surprizing manner during their joint and separate reign. Jamaica lately colonized, was no fewer than three times desolated by hurricanes, a new and frightful phenomenon: an earthquake, being attended with strange commotions of the air and sea in 1692, almost swallowed up Port Royal its metropolis; when the Swan frigate was flung by a furious, yet providential violence of wind and water, over the house tops, and forcibly driven into the earth, so as to serve for no bad asylum to the few terrified creatures who outlived the loss of property, friends and habitation. Charity was requested for them in the mother country; sermons were preached, and subscriptions set on foot in favour of the sufferers. Royal benefactions led the way, and the King and Queen (for the first time I read of) set down their names among those of their subjects in a joint sum so raised. Such conduct, and such sentiments, are among the best fruits of that new mode in which mankind seemed disposed to arrange themselves, and the continent of Europe where the wisest (unless Chinese are to be so esteemed) have fixed their residence. There were other consequences not quite as pleasing. Theological disputes among the doctors of our own Anglican church tormented its internal peace, while wit and South entered the lists against Waterland, Sherlock and learning. Calvinism split into a variety of sects, and complained as we ourselves did of heterodox opinions. Pere Sirmond, upon the terra firma, frightened the friends to Christianity by his notions, and Pere Hardouin, by running too hastily into our enemy's camp, seems to have had those eyes put out which watched the world so narrowly. Meanwhile politicks grew into a  
common

common topick of conversation, and appeared likely to become every body's care; religion was, after Queen Mary's death, gradually more and more slighted, while science herself began a little to neglect, or at least relax in her studies, and sit like Venus to be attired by the Graces: no more bobbed lips and toozed ears, such as old Tuffer and poor Lady Jane Gray lamented in times past. Mr. Locke brought up new methods more congenial to the liberal spirit of the now Whiggish nation, and far more flattering to that high aspiring genius, that independent humour, warm in all youthful hearts, while parental tenderness, which delighted in hearing how children were to be *played* into knowledge; smiled to observe the accumulated intellect of one whole generation dedicated to the purpose of saving care and trouble to the next. Old whipping Busby was the last schoolmaster, I believe, who tried at forcing boys by dint of mere severity into literature, and he died in 1698. Sir Richard Steele gave weekly instructions to climb the hill Difficulty by some short cut, or easy path to Fame. Freedom became the universal theme, and freedom in opinion pervading church and state, laughed at old rules, and pointing out absurdities in parents, guardians, kings and governors, lessened authority in every hand that was accustomed to hold it. Perhaps it must be confessed that some reform was not unnecessary, when so late as the marquis of Newcastle's time, that noble author felt himself constrained to exhort riding-masters not to carry *heavy* stones in their pockets, for purpose of throwing them at their pupils when they committed faults in the manège, fate ungracefully on horseback, or the like. Mrs. Catharine Clark too, wife of the learned Samuel, seems to have been kept close to *l'ancien regime*, when he extols her for having never risen from table without making him a courtesy, and for never drinking his health without a reverential bow; but this mode of being ridiculous, went out apace. Comedies exhibited fathers in the character of old miserly wretches, devoting their daughters to a long course of sorrow in the arms of some shocking partner, deformed or otherwise disgusting, for the sake of money; till every

every audience joined in loud applauses bestowed on the spirited girl who broke such chains, and the young lover who was represented as infinitely deserving. Plays, however, had some *good* influence, and the fair Queen who suffered her husband and her people to place her on an exiled parent's throne, shewed evident signs of agitation at some passages of Dryden's Spanish Friar, which she herself had rescued from the oblivion her father's prohibition flung it into: witness a letter of Lord Nottingham's, long preserved by Mr. Oldys, and now deposited in the British Museum among Dr. Birch's papers.\* That nobleman always said among his friends, that if King William were to die before his consort, she would, he was confident, call her father home: her intents, if such they were, however, expired when she did; nor were the English likely to feel much attachment to her husband, or he to them. Sullen and taciturn, they viewed his manner with respectful distance, but no affection; yet jealousy subsists sometimes where no love is: they could not bear he should like Holland better, and insisted on his turning off the Dutch guards who had witnessed all his glories, and partaken all his perils. On this *sole* occasion, a natural and sincere exclamation burst from his swoln heart: "Oh, but if I had a son, (said he) by " Heaven these honest fellows should not quit me."

William was not a strict republican even in his own country; he had maintained in his youth against the De Wits that portion of authority which was consigned to him as Stadtholder, without diminution; and to see himself, when king, less able to do any act of royalty than he was while Prince of Orange, necessarily must have been very grating to him. He wanted to shine in the eyes of all Europe as the defender of its liberties against Louis quatorze, to whose court his antipathy was increased, no doubt, on hearing that when a random shot

\* Those papers shew she had not read the play; but commanded it to be acted, in hopes 'twould ridicule the church of Rome, till some passages pointed against female and filial usurpation, gave her such pain she scarce could keep from fainting.

in some Irish engagement grazed his shoulder, all Paris was illuminated, the spies they had about us having brought them word that the king's life was in danger. Such meanness offended all the world, and principally our ever faithful friends the Portugueze: "What a man is this *Grand Monarque*, as they call him," cried Don Pedro: "if William dies, my mourning shall be deepest; for if he is a heretick, he is a hero too: and 'tis sufficient he should be damned in the next world, methinks, without insulting his memory in this." 'Tis of the same sovereign that we have heard it related, how when the last grand treaty of the seventeenth century was brought for him to sign, he kicked it impatiently with his foot as it fell from the table, and it tore. The ministers replacing the pieces with looks of affliction and surprize, "Give yourselves no concern, good gentlemen," cries Peter II., "you know the *Grand Monarque* breaks all *his* treaties, and will break *this* in three weeks after he has set his name to't, far worse than I have done." The year 1700, however, when Tournefort set forward for the Archipelago on a botanical tour, the first upon record; when Cassini drew his meridian line across Bologna, and the monks were afraid it would disturb Santa Petronilla; the year 1700, in which the famous poet, Dryden, breathed his last *tuneful* note, took from us an infant prince, the hopes of England, son to Queen Mary's sister, bred here, and here instructed; a model of excellence, so far as his years admitted of perfection: but as his pious mother had, without repining, followed no fewer than sixteen of her offspring to the grave, so did she with unexampled and godly-minded resignation, see every hope extinguished by *his* death, which now appeared a signal for the Jacobites to bring forward their real or pretended Prince of Wales. The Protestant females having no issue, and the Duke of Zell being in every sense at a distance, King William had, in a manner, adopted this child, the Duke of Glo'ster, whose progress in every science was astonishing; and only equall'd, not I believe surpass'd, by Edward VI.; no less unhappily snatched away. The Princess of Denmark bore our

united

united loss better than did her brother-in-law, who, as the phrase is, never more looked up. Lord Sommers had been in a manner forced from his councils just before; not as the Earl of Strafford from those of Charles the first, by a severely scrutinizing parliament, the censuring power, which made compliance the purchase of supplies; but by a set of factious nobles, whose whole employment seems to have been teasing and disturbing the reigning Prince, in order to prepare the way for *his* admission, to whom they would scarce have afforded larger means of doing what he liked, and would not have approved when once 'twas done. A notion was imbibed, that kings might be called in and driven out again as pleased men best; but the notion made no one happy; 'twas impossible that government could maintain stability while such ideas prevailed; our rival sovereigns both were very ill; but first, and with the century expired the half-abdicating, half-exil'd, half-tam'd, and half-tyrannick, James the second; whose haughtiness and cruelty, as he had adopted chiefly from fancying they were necessary qualities for a king, he wholly laid aside when all hopes of being a king were over. He died with exemplary marks of love for *that* religious persuasion to which he had sacrificed all earthly interest; and though the remote occasion of his death was doubtless a heart broken by the behaviour of his daughters, the immediate cause of his last convulsion was supposed to be a sudden influx of joy upon the kind visit of his friend and patron, Louis XIV., who promised to acknowledge his infant son as successor to Britain's throne, in spite of treaties or declarations to the contrary. That promise, explicitly pronounced at his bed's side, brought the last sounds of distant consolation to the dull ear of a dying prince, whom no ingratitude from the children of his first marriage could cure of fondness for those born in his latter days; and whose tender embracements at parting finally with the favourite boy, served afterwards as a full refutation of the stories once raised and long believed, and of late raised again, concerning his spurious birth.



CHAP. XV.

SWEDEN, DENMARK, POLAND, RUSSIA, AND TURKEY,  
FROM 1700 TO AD. 1725.

THE fatigue of looking a long way back for striking events, and occurrences of consequence sufficient to detain the reader's willing *Retrospection*, now changes to the fear of suffering such facts to escape as have engaged those very readers, or their immediate parents, in pursuits of consequence to present happiness or misery. Discourse of long past ages seems to die away as does the distant roar of dashing waters, and the reversed perspective long stretched out to catch remote tornados, alters now; and shews men struggling with new entanglements, the shifting sail of sudden silly passion, and the under current of concealed interest. When the sea threatens to run high, however; the little petrels long fluttering round some large majestic vessel, drop for security into her ample *wake*, where for a while an artificial calm gives them conveyance over the wild ocean, and opportunity to look around. So feels the author of this Syllabus, while following Muscovy's immortal Czar to empire and to fame. We have not time indeed to take *his* road, but seize at best a momentary advantage from that vast freight of glory which he gained, by means that would most strangely have retarded the course of any other prince but only him. By studying to obey he learned to command; and as soon as the death of his brother Ivan had left him no partner in the seat of supreme power, he put the crown as 'twere into commission, and voluntarily entered himself, while young, of the coarse college held by sharp adversity in partnership with labour. A drummer now in his own regiment, Peter studied a soldier's duties, and led a soldier's life; by merit rising soon

to be a serjeant, he knew how to punish breach of discipline, and quickly saw 'twas that alone which rendered armies formidable in fight, or gave renown to those that led them on. Brave, but considering bravery alone as a mere single attribute among many far less indispensable to generals or kings, this extraordinary personage appeared to feel that his own subjects were as yet only his fellow barbarians, yet he felt too that they might one day be all which humanity can boast on earth—scholars, soldiers, christians; they were yet far from all. The Greek church was indeed professedly the church establishment of Muscovy, but so ill were the Scriptures understood, their Patriarch forbid all smoking of tobacco, as a crime against Heaven, while drinking to excess was pardoned and encouraged, “because, (said he) “the brandy goes down a man’s throat, the smoke comes out at his “mouth, and what comes forth from the mouth ’tis that defiles a “man.” So much for their religion and morality. With regard to science, no one in Russia then pretended to it: the comet which appearing in 1680, remained visible till March 1681, and engaged the attention of England, France, and Italy; while Newton and Halley, Cassini and De La Hire, studied its course, and counted its steps by trigonometry, finding its distance one semi-diameter only of the *earth*; not the earth’s *orbit*, when at its closest degree of proximity, the poor Muscovians burned in their capital an ambassador’s secretary who calculated an eclipse of the sun. Even simple arithmetick was unknown, and Voltaire seems to think the accounts of their sovereign’s treasury were kept with no greater accuracy than a Mexican quipos: he is, however, delighted to find out how they carry their ideas of existence as a nation seven thousand two hundred and seven years back, as if the chronology of such enquirers could be worth recording; who to turn away this terror of the sky, this unaccounted-for appearance which affrighted them, had recourse to sorcery and magick arts, scarcely reproved by the patriarch himself, around whose horse they clung for safety, and prostrated themselves beneath its feet. Peter resolved wisely

on *his* dismissal, with whom, more than with brother John, he had shared authority, but Russia was not ripe for such a measure.

An embassy was sent to Amsterdam, and in the train of his ambassador went Peter's self—arrived in Holland, he resolved to catch the spirit of the country, and he caught it: entering their docks as a working carpenter, Michaelloff by name, he learned how to construct and man a trading vessel; but fancying more might yet be gleaned from *us*, concerning ships of war, he crossed to England, and remained *incog.* a labourer at Chatham and at Plymouth: a school for mathematical and nautical knowledge at a small town in Kent, boasts him an inmate for the purposes of study, and one would think the man had known he was to have lived and reigned for fifty years, when he passed nine of them thus in absolute improvement, and close, though coarse education. Delicacy however, will not be learned in a dock-yard, nor was refinement likely to result from practice of a foot-soldier's life in camp or town. When Peter married he disliked his consort, and after she had brought her son Alexis, the emperor shut her in a convent, where she remained till death. The Strelitzers revolted, and he broke them; "There shall (says he) be no more Strelitzers to rebel." With these he surely took the shortest way, however with himself he had chosen the longest; but when got home he had no more time to lose. Patkul had fled from Charles eleventh's severity, and found a kind reception from Augustus, elector of Saxony, an active character, to whom this brave deserter represented the ease of conquering Livonia from his successor: (a youth whose crown was scarcely warm upon his head) if they could gain assistance from the Czar. Peter deferred his projects of improving in hopes of aggrandizing his enormous territory; but those who write his life place it to wiser motives. Having watched and admired the greatness of his mind, 'tis natural *they* should discover no dark corners in it, but *Retrospection* is not history. We have seen all princes in all ages yield to the temptation of making war without the remote meaning of teaching their rough troops the martial art, and

Peter was not proof against sudden temptations of any kind. To this warm one he willingly yielded, made a firm league with Frederick IV. of Denmark, and Augustus, known by name of Le Saxe Galant, and marched sixty thousand men against Ingria. They marched like Cerberus to meet young Hercules—" *Tres contudit ictu,*" cried Charles of Sweden, and hastened to defend that which had fallen to him by fair inheritance. At fourteen years of age this sturdy prince being at a review looked grave and discomposed, but would not speak. "What occupies your majesty's thoughts so?" said Count Piper, "Does not the sight of such brave men amuse you?"—"I think," replied the boy, "they *are* brave men, and so I think am I, or shall be soon: I think too, we are all under command of a *woman*—'tis therefore I look grave, and so may *you*."

The regent heard and hastened to divest herself of that authority she could not keep: for Charles the eleventh, who despised his wife, revered his mother Hedwige so highly, he had left all in *her* hands till his son should attain eighteen years, whereas in Sweden kings came of age at fifteen by old usages. It is not good, and hardly ever wise, to take away the bloom from early life: Charles *was* of age at fifteen years 'tis plain. Before the term his father had prescribed him, this young hero had turned his arms on his soft mother's family, on Denmark; where Christiern the fifth's long and happy reign peacefully succeeded their Frederick the third's quiet one; disturbed chiefly by that tremendous fire at Copenhagen, which destroyed two hundred habitations of nobility, having begun upon the spot round which they were chiefly built, the Opera house. 'Twas at that occasion an accident befel, which, ornamented by the Tatler, has beguiled me and all my readers of many a tender tear. See No. 94.

But 'twas in anno Domini 1700, that Frederick IV. brother to ill-used Ulrica, fate on a throne shaken by his sister's child, scarcely fifteen years old, and ran for refuge to Augustus of Dresden and Peter of Russia, whose triple alliance was but viewed with scorn by Charles, who, read-  
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ing Quintus Curtius, sighed for power, that he might conquer all the world, he said—"For I have as good health as Alexander had (continued he) and more leisure for the work." In fact, six weeks war completely wearied the first of his competitors, the uncle: his fleet useless, his troops beaten, his capital threatened with immediate bombardment. "One of our barking curs is silenced now," quoth the nephew, and contented himself with accepting homage, forbearing the destruction of a parent's house. Poland's new king, the elector of Saxony, was drinking merrily the while with his ally the Czar; but their antagonist who rarely eat flesh meat, and never quenched his thirst except with water, having finished his Danish expedition, threw unexpected succours into Riga, and ran to meet their overloaded army before the town of Narva, in November. A sharp and minute snow drove in the faces of the Russian soldiers, who had besides quarrelled with those of Augustus, that now on day of battle thwarted and reproached them, whilst the foul air covering the Swedes' small numbers, and assisting their efforts, gave them the victory, though not exceeding nine thousand effective men. Proud of their prince, rejoicing in his glory, the conquerors cared too little for their foes: Count Piper said, the prisoners were so numerous, 'twere better let the savage fellows go, after reproaching them their awkwardness and small acquaintance with the arts of war. "We are incumbered by them," cried the king, "let them repass the river if they will." Of these troops, many thousands (*then* well disciplined) contributed to gain the battle of Pultowa, under their wise and pertinacious Czar, who observed after his defeat at Narva, "That it was true the Swedes had been victorious, but by such beating, Russia would learn to conquer." To put her in a posture of defence, instead of crying to their tutelary saint by the blasphemous appellation of, Omnipotent and infinitely great Saint Nicholas, Peter soon set them to melt cannon, and begged three thousand men from Denmark, but Frederick durst not comply. From Charles's threatening aspect and discourse, half Europe shrunk affrighted. 'Twas his intent, he said,

said, to seize it all; a project no one doubted, but of which, all the applause depends on the success. Joseph I., son and successor to steady Leopold, late emperor of Germany, gave every thing he asked without disputing; and when the Pope's nuncio at Vienna, censured his yielding up a hundred churches for use of the Lutheran religion in Austria—"Let us thank God and think ourselves too happy, Monsignore," cried the good humoured sovereign, with a smile; "that this fierce conqueror did not insist on you and I both turning Protestants—we should scarcely have been able to resist, I fear."

'Twas one of those jokes which border on the truth. He had so terrified the Polanders, by telling the cardinal primate they should have no peace till they had chosen another sovereign, and driven away from them their newly-elected Augustus, that *he* seeing force alone could defend him, went out and fought for his crown boldly at the head of twenty-four thousand men, losing the battle to twelve thousand Swedes, and with the battle all well-founded hopes. Cracow indeed, held out against the victor, refusing to open her gates at his command; but Charles seeing a man preparing to fire a cannon on him, from a low parapet, leaped on the fellow with a sudden spring, and snatched the lighted mischief from his hand. To the strange promptitude and valour of this action, all submitted: Mankind applauded the theatrick stroke, and Poland's throne was declared vacant the same day. That a Sobieski should sit on it seemed equitably judged by Alexander's modern imitator. That it should be refused by a young prince still more heroick than Abdolonimus, brought back to every body's mind the long-past ages of half-fabulous history, and the plains of Narva were compared with the battle of Arbela. Czar Peter only forbore shrinking from such fights or such recollection. "My brother of Sweden acts admirably the part of Alexander," said he, "but in me shall he find no Darius." With that true observation between his lips, this emperor's care was to gather up all the flocks from wasted Poland, and still worse threatened Saxony, fetch in workmen, set up manufactures, dig  
canals,

canals, and lay the first stone of his new metropolis, meant to be called by his own name, and placed in a convenient part of his dominions, whence to protect them against intrusive violence. Such conduct was by no means unnecessary: Charles sent a little fleet to try their fortunes on a new element. The project failed, and whilst his rival set up Stanislaus Leckzinsky on Augustus of Saxony's throne at Warsaw, Peter took the town of Narva, ran up and down the streets sword in hand, to hinder those excesses which always are committed by conquering troops in a long-resisting city after submission; and shewing the inhabitants his stained armour, cried out, " 'Tis *Russian* blood with which I am thus covered, saving *your* wives and children from my mad fel-  
" lows." When he went home after this expedition, it was to launch an eighty-gun man of war, the first that ever touched the port Archangel.

Opposition to such a sovereign appeared unlikely to produce that fame which Charles, more young and more hot-headed, sighed for immediate enjoyment of: add to this, that man will try to be happy *some* way, and whilst Peter made his felicity out of matters more easily attained, the Swedish hero rigidly temperate and strictly moral, denied himself the lawful comforts and conveniencies of life: for compensation he accepted the distresses of Saxony and its elector's house, now driven to misery, almost to want, merely by the showy qualities of Augustus that in an evil hour won the hearts of all the Poles to crown him king.

Their new sovereign, however, did not disgrace the choice of Charles the twelfth. Wise, amiable, beneficent, and brave was Stanislaus Leckzinsky, of an open countenance and serene aspect that pleased without insinuating sweetness, and imposed respect without the look of severity. Chosen by a hero, he had the hero's philosophick disregard of all external ornament, lived moderately, spoke gravely, and resembled the Ulysses of antiquity, while his patron took for model the Achilles. " This man shall be always my *friend*," said Charles; " he  
" lies on straw, though he has been ambassador in Turkey." He was  
elected,

elected, and Augustus was pursued: the king of Sweden broke his thigh by a fall from his horse in following him, and that accident gave time for his escape: a prince however, highly accomplished, who had disguised and deserted the religious opinions in which he was bred, deserved some of these mortifications; his Saxon subjects, loyal as they were, reproached their fugitive sovereign a little, for having abandoned the Protestant cause, and he made in return some kind concessions, and drew the line impervious for any Popish successor at Dresden to injure or insult the Lutherans. Augustus was a martial character, gay, beautiful, good-humoured; speaking all languages with volubility; loved by the women, admired by the wits, and followed by his soldiers with alacrity. When seeking to drive care away by convivial gaiety on his return from Poland, he called round him all those who could contribute to enliven the pleasures of the table by conversation; but the circulating glass was still found to destroy *their* powers of entertaining *him*, while his remained not only unimpaired, but heightened by each bottle. Professor Grævius at length undertook to drink his electoral highness *quite down*: they sate from four o'clock one afternoon till five next morning, and the tired pages counted to twelve bottles and a half. King Augustus then complained a little of his head, and Grævius said, "I take my leave, sir, and will now go home for half an hour, just to change my dress, then read a public lecture in the schools:" he did so, and the wond'ring audience bore testimony to his superior powers of reasoning. With such men did our century begin. Seven years of it only had elapsed, when confiding in his own arts, or, to speak more truly, his only natural manners, by so many people found irresistible, the baffled elector sought a conference with Sweden's victorious king. They met at Guttendorff, and dined together at the apartments of Count Piper; but although Charles treated him kindly, and seemed not wholly unimpressed by his agreeable fluency and pleasing carriage, no point was gained, Patkul the deserter was rigorously claimed, and roughly punished, though to gain

time



time he had pretended to discover the art of making gold. Cupidity had however, no charms for him, who steadily resisted every temptation to voluptuous delights; even the beautiful countess of Konigsmarc had been insidiously directed to spread *her* snares in vain to catch the gothick heart of this semi-barbarous chieftain, who defended it by a thick buff belt, over his tight blue coat and copper buttons, impervious to attack from female wiles.

Meanwhile the Czar of Muscovy complained aloud to all the princes of Europe, and tried to raise up enemies for his rival, but all the princes of Europe were engaged. Their sole care was to *turn*, if possible, what it appeared no living force could stop; and Churchill duke of Marlborough, intrusted with an important embassy from England, made *his* appearance in the camp at Altranstadt, where in Count Piper's tent the king of Sweden received homage from one potentate, and congratulations from another; whilst all felt apprehensions disgraceful to confess. Peter now offered terms of accommodation. "We'll treat "with him in *his own capital*," was the reply given by this haughty monarch, who possessed in very deed and truth,

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;  
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain.  
 No joys to him pacifick sceptres yield,  
 War sounds the trump—he rushes to the field.  
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,  
 And one capitulate and one resign;  
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain,  
 Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till nought remain:  
 On Moscow's wall till Gothick standards fly,  
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.

With such a champion our highly-polished Churchill held an interview well worth Titian's pencil, had he lived to mark the contrast visible between a general fought through all the south of Europe, a

warrior before whom, all the north of it seem'd to have cause to tremble, between great Marlborough who shone a guardian angel to the empire, bright as the sun at noon, with cheering warmth and health-dispensing radiance; adored by foreign realms as he pass'd round them, but to invigorate and to protect, while

Charles of Sweden like a comet stood,  
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge,  
I'th arctic sky; and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war.

At the first sight of the ambassador's fine form and studied graces, a wild smile expressing ineffable contempt, sprung to the king's lips as he strode to the other side the room, which resounded to his great jack boots; our wary envoy understood his play; he had never at that moment fate down before a town which did not yield, or opened a negociation which proved unsuccessful. He saw that negociation here would prove superfluous; observing a large book of maps that lay in the tent, he open'd it, and spoke of Muscovy to the Count Piper. The silver-sounding voice for which *le bel Anglois*\* was so admired, lost not its power on Charles: he started, listening as the poets describe brutes to musick, when Churchill, once secure of his attention, drew the king's eye that way; and seeing how it struck fire at the name of Czar, took care to point him out a glorious conquest, and left th' unfinished conference well assured, that France and Austria might dispute their claims all unmolested by this mad erratic, which would but cross the exterior orb perhaps, not be permitted to disturb the system. Accordingly the storm began to roll away and in no very dangerous direction, although one whole year spent on the confines of Saxony, had nothing softened or changed his ever-martial manners or his purpose. He rose at four o'clock, lived on his horse almost, fate to his dinner but just twenty minutes, drank no wine, conversed with no man of effeminate carriage, nor ever saw

\* *The handsome Englishman* was the name by which foreigners long called our duke of Marlborough.

a woman but by chance. When he considered his troops as completed and exercised sufficiently, the march began, and his intention was supposed by all to be no less than pulling Peter from his hereditary seat, as he had thrown Augustus from his elective one. Finding himself upon the road near Dresden, he could not however, withstand an odd temptation, to go *incog.* and visit king Augustus, before the recent wound was healed, which had been given to his heart and honour. No Swedish officers had ever dared to mention the word *safety* in the presence of their master: he took but three with him, and found the elector sitting in a *robe de chambre*, somewhat indisposed. So strange a visitant, and so unexpected, roused him however, and they walked and talked, and Charles made the elector shew him the fortifications. A deserter from Stockholm there threw himself on his knees, and begged his highness to request *his* pardon from the gothick warrior. "I think indeed," says Augustus to Count Hoorn, "his majesty will not deny me."—"Oh sir, for God's sake, ask him not," cries Hoorn, "he might have granted such a favour at *his* house, but I am convinced that he will not at *yours*." The Saxon's compassionate heart braved a disgraceful refusal, and received one. "Well!" said he, gaily, "I might have reflected that we lost Poland to this extraordinary man by getting a victory, not a defeat." The fact was true, and perhaps does stand single upon historick annals; for when in the year 1704, Augustus had sent to desire terms of accommodation, he was, while they were on the tapis, tempted to win one battle over Mayersfeld, the Swedish general, at Calish. He *did* win it, and dug, by this means; a little deeper the abyss of misery in which he was plunged before. Charles was but made the more inflexible to each proposal under consideration, and while the elector caused a *Te Deum* to be sung in his depopulated capital, came orders which he dared not disobey, instantly to abdicate the throne they sought for. If this occurrence is unmatched in story, so is the visit made by Charles in 1707, and his return safe to the camp again, where all his captains looked with wild

alarm, lest he should be detained ; but their bold sovereign drove on towards the Ukraine, not suffering one tear of joy when he came back.

Peter meanwhile, active, prudent, and pertinacious, ceased not to build his new city, or bring arts and sciences into his old one. Moscow felt the influence of her prince's presence ; and *he* felt unfeigned delight in those improvements, which justly might be called the work of his own hands. From the first moment that he planned another metropolis, he resolved not to abandon that where his earliest fondness was fixed ; but when the Dutch discovered a desire of trading to Petersburg, every encouragement was afforded, and every temptation to such a commerce was displayed. Russia grew wiser, and richer, and happier every year, notwithstanding the threats of her tremendous neighbour, who making advances yet unchecked, was burning huts that he called villages upon his march, and failing not to beat severely every general sent by the Czar to oppose him. The troops that clustered round Grodno were happily, by a grand manœuvre, saved from his fury ; but the Muscovites fell before him by hundreds and by thousands. An invading army, however, penetrating through a country under latitude 68, during the months of December and January, seems as if it would need no valour to destroy, no stratagems of war to extirpate it ; every step trodden was in terra incognita, each mountain was guarded by bogs unforeseen, and each marshy ground was fortified by rocks scarce discernible through snows nearly eternal. Like terriers who fight the half-starved, half-tired fox in his earth, the Swedes, animated by their master's call, forced the poor peasants from their wretched habitations, and shared their unsufficing morsel under ground. Charles caught, and disciplined two thousand Zaporavians, and turned their arms against their emperor ; still pressing on for Moscow, he resolved to take Pultowa on his way to that place, and at Pultowa, Peter, like Cæsar's ghost, resolved to meet him : it was in fact, to these contending princes, Philippi or Pharsalia. Voltaire indeed says, with his accustomed penetration, and with that brilliancy which no translators can

do justice to, that the stake and hazard were by no means equal. Charles the twelfth's title of Invincible might be lost in a moment; but Peter's claim to that of Great, as victory had not conferred it, defeat could not take it away. It was his enemy that suffered a defeat. Wounded severely in the foot and ankle only three days before, the king of Sweden was carried to action on a brancard, which was soon shot from under him, and his bearers killed. The soldiers lifted him upon their pikes, and driving the Russian cavalry before them, cried out *victoria!* but Colonel Creutz, who should have been ready with 5000 men to meet and crush those who ran, lost his way in the snow, and never arrived upon the field. Peter, whose hat was pierced with a musquet ball that burnt his hair, now turned on his pursuers, while prince Menzikoff got between the invading army and the town. The tide of battle changed, and Poniatowsky, uncle I think, to the present king of Poland, threw Charles, breathless with rage and agony, across *his* horse, which dropt down dead before they had gone a mile. Gieta then lent him *his*; no words profaned the solemnity of such distress; they fled, till having reached their camp and baggage, Count Piper's coach afforded Charles a refuge. "Where is the Count?" were his first words.—"Taken Sir."—"And general Renschild, and "the duc de Wirtemberg?"—"All prisoners," was the reply. "Away "for Turkey, then!" exclaimed the king, against whose decision none dared attempt to object. Meanwhile, prince Menzikoff hung on his rear, led by the bleeding track of dying Swedes, and Gieta, among the rest, who faintly smiling as they passed along, cried, "*The king's safe* "by now! do your worst, Muscovites," and expired. It was scarce truly, though nobly said: Charles, when he reached Oczakow was so ill, he hardly could retain his faculties, yet as the Bassa, by delay, had caused the loss of five hundred Swedes, who fell into the foe's hands while he was debating how to receive, and where he should bestow them; Charles reprimanded his slowness, till the man, struck by such majesty in such a situation, begged excuse upon his knees, and introducing.

ducing the Seraskier of Bender, who offered him accommodation in the sultan's name, requested his interference with Achmet III. to continue him in his government.

During this interval, Peter the Great had leisure to exert the qualities which made him justly called so. "Where is my brother? where's the king of Sweden?" was his oft repeated question, as captives of the highest rank were brought him to Pultowa. Deprived of the pleasure he had proposed to himself of treating Charles with every mark of friendship, he had his subject generals at last brought before him while he sat down to dinner. Calling for wine, "Here's a health to my instructors in the art of war," said he. "Ah sir," cries Renschild, "if your Imperial majesty condescendingly means *us* by that obliging speech, how severely have you this day treated your tutors."—"Let the severity end here," exclaimed the Czar. "Take your swords, gentlemen, and be the companions of my table, as you have been the objects of my constant esteem." Count Piper never saw his master more, *he* died with grief at Petersburg long after. Augustus of Saxony now took his time, resolved to reascend the throne of Poland, which Stanislaus meant only to keep the peace of Europe by accepting; he resigned it without a blow, retiring to Pomerania, a province which still held firm to his patron Charles; and Peter worked at the preparations for his own triumphal entry into Moscow with his own hands: but he must be a still more insinuating writer than Voltaire himself, who can persuade readers or *retrospectors* to think such employment worthy a *great man*: it was the mean remains of his early habits as a carpenter which prompted the idea.

Achmet III. calls our eye now to Turkey, where government had of late felt a sort of enfeebling principle creep on their sultans, less active, and less implicitly obeyed than in the days of Mahomet II. Perhaps what Dr. Johnson says of parents may be true of sovereigns, despotick ones I mean: "Those who deserve most reverence, will *have* most." Mustapha the second could keep *none*: he had lost a decisive battle to prince

prince Eugène, and had signed with the peace of Carlowitz the demission of his throne. Life and dominion, however, which were wont to go together at Constantinople, were separated on this occasion. Achmet, brother to the Grand Signor, suffered to live when *he* was called to reign, now contented himself with deposing, and did not kill, but confine unhappy Mustapha. He put to death, indeed, those who had any part in the revolution, which set the crown on his own head, "left by and by," he said, "they might set it on that of another;" but he appears to have been a gentle emperor, and easily persuaded both by his musti and his mother to treat the king of Sweden with respect. Somewhat in Charles's character and aspect attracted notice and veneration from the Turks; he drank no wine, nor acknowledged the pope's supremacy, two things that pleased the Mussulmen extremely; and Sultaness Valadi called him her Lion, and begged Achmet to help him break his toils. Poniatowsky, who negotiated for him with the court, made Chourloudi the vizier promise him great assistance; and Charles, who wanted amusement in the palace they allotted him at Bender, began to examine what pleasures reading could afford him. Some French books belonging to his generals lay about. Norberg tells how the *Cid de Corneille* was dirtied, and as we say, thumb'd by frequent turning over; but Boileau's satire against Alexander the Great, where he calls him a madman, was torn out of the volume. Meanwhile, by intrigues frequent among the Ottomans, Chourloudi lost his head, and a new vizier came into power, who offered the fugitive warrior ships to transport him home, but wished not to involve his master in a war. This faithful servant was at length removed, and the *bassa* of Syria called to council, was willing to engage against the Muscovites. War was proclaimed, and Peter rushing forward, fought the decisive battle in Moldavia, where Pruth revenged the slaughters of Pultowa. The Turks, however, little disposed to press their victory, listened willingly to the Czar's request for accommodation; and when king Charles came galloping from Bender, he

he arrived just time enough to hear *peace* proclaimed with many advantages in favour of the Porte. Enraged, he loaded the Grand Vizier with reproaches. "As if," replied the old Turk calmly, "I had no right to gain good terms for my own sovereign."—"Good terms!" cried the Swedish hero, "Why, you have gained some towns and provinces, perhaps, but you might have carried the Russian emperor chained to Constantinople."—"And what would his subjects have done the while?" says Baltagi coldly; "all Christian Princes must not run from home so." The friendship between him and Charles was now dissolved, though neither could avoid esteeming the other. Baltagi Mahomet resolved to drive him, by fair means if possible, from the Turkish territories. The Gothick Chieftain resolved to wait till he could force his way to Moscow, and obtain troops from the Grand Signor to take him there. The sultan Achmet had no such intentions; swore he knew nothing of this valiant king except his temperance, courage, and misfortunes, on which he meant to shed the dew, the healing dew of favour. Such expressions implied superiority, a style Charles would not admit of: he insisted upon an army to convey him thence, and when refused, declared his resolution to remain near Bender, whether the sovereign of the country would or no. Awhile they debated, and awhile they laughed; but Charles had fortified his rural palace, and in a fit of enthusiastick phrenzy, defied the sultan's self and all his troops, who he declared unable to dislodge him. In fact, he threw entrenchments round the house, and with three hundred followers alone, prepared for its defence. The noblemen, the cooks, the king himself laboured day and night upon the works, as if it had been a rational employment, and formed them with such care, as shewed the Turks that it would cost much pains, and many lives indeed to force them. Old Mahomet's first assault consisted of *intreaties* that his majesty would not oblige the Ottomans to commit an act of inhospitality, by hurting him or his faithful slaves. Such talk but irritated our hot-brained champion, who threatened to cut all their  
beards



beards off if they came again. The Janissaries then, their ardour long repressed by admiration, cried out, "Well! if this Ironsides *will* leave his life among us, we must fall on him, for the Musti has consented, and calls it an act of necessity." They drove down his fortifications therefore, by dint of numbers, entered the house, which by an accident took fire, and Charles, in whom the spirits of his ancestors, Frotho the Fierce, and Harold the Hardy, seemed uniting to brave even impossibilities, maintained the siege in his dining-parlour; where, with his own hand, he laid no fewer than twenty Mussulmen dead, the others leaping the window for safety. One fellow falling on his knees, begged mercy. "On these conditions," said the king, "go tell your master what a resistance he has found from Swedes." The slaughter, meantime, did not abate; many of his own household were killed and wounded, notwithstanding the vizier's strict orders not to hurt them; and of the Turks incredible was the carnage. After these acts of personal prowess, deeds deemed impossible even while they were doing, this true descendant of the Jomsbergiers, celebrated in our first volume, felt himself suddenly and respectfully seized. His spurs caught in the long oriental robes, threw him into the arms of the astonished Ottomans, who carried him, as a sick or dead body is carried, to Baltagi's tent. "Blessed be God! blessed be God! for thy safety, valiant prince," cried the good vizier, who, instead of a straight waistcoat, met him with a million of compliments, to which Charles only replied, "I thought we might have held out longer."—"Alas! alas! what ill-employed courage!" cried the old Turk, and set some centinels to watch him as he slept booted and spurred upon the minister's sofa for more than thirteen hours. On the first day of October 1714, loaded with presents, he took his departure for Europe. The sultan gave him a rich military equipage, with eight Arabian horses, and their *pedigrees*, (which seems to have been a new thing among Christians) that year, and on that occasion: if it were earlier known, it was not common. His friend Stanislaus was still more distressed than Charles

his patron; but as le duc d'Orleans told him, "France was a refuge for all kings distressed."—Sweden's brave monarch, through a thousand hardships, came however home at last to Stralsund, where, though unhappy, he was idolized; and where he found all his subjects willing to second his views, although the realm was much exhausted by his freaks. Those views never contracting, hope pushed him on fresh hazards: \* at Rugen he was once more dreadfully wounded; yet on recovery seemed to have lost no spark of heroism, and to have gained no glimmering of prudence.

But did not Fate, at length, her error mend?  
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,  
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:  
 He left the name, at which the world turn'd pale,  
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

Frederickshall was, however, no unimportant place, it was the key to Norway, which he was then in pursuit of, meaning to detach it from the kingdom of Denmark for ever; and at the beginning of the sharp winter 1718, Charles began to besiege it, and quarrelled with Megret, a French engineer, who conducted the works, because they were not managed to his liking. They examined them one afternoon together; Siquier, his sister the princess of Hesse's officer, attending: a cannon-ball was fired: the king clapped his hand upon his sword, groaned, fell, died, all in less than a minute. Siquier lifting the lifeless arm up,

\* Ergo omni curâ vires exercet, et inter  
 Dura jacet pernox instrato Saxa cubili;  
 Frondibus hirsutis etarice pastus acutâ:  
 Et tentat sese, atque irasci in cornua discit  
 Arboris obnixus trunco; ventosque laceffit  
 Ictibus; et sparsa ad pugnam proludit arenâ.

“Dead!”

“*Dead!*” he exclaimed, “what, *dead!*” “Ay, *dead*, Sir,” says Megret—“The farce is finished, and we under actors may go home to supper.” So too may we—his dazzled *Retrospectors*, after remarking in Megret’s odd speech, that promptitude of words and apathy of thought which meet only in the character of a Frenchman.

The country which boasted Charles’s birth thirty-six years before, breathed freely now, under the gentle guidance of his sister who succeeded him. Ladies in Sweden are very unlike ladies in Lesbos, as Lord Charlemont describes them. The love of sway lodged no nearer the heart of Ulrica than of Christina: but she deserted not her half-elective, half-hereditary seat; contented to share it with her husband Frederick, to whom, like Mary II. of England, she resigned all the care and all the state, desirous to be wife rather than queen. Their happy union long continued to witness the deaths and distresses of many contemporary sovereigns: we leave them in the year 1725 to follow the fortunes of Peter, who appears to have felt a real fondness for the memory of his once-dangerous rival, dying as he did in peace with *him* after eighteen years of contention. When the Turks had him in their power at Pruth; “I am now, said he, paying the successes of Pultowa.” Voltaire finds out, because the Czar was in truth a great prince, that all he said and did partook of greatness; and celebrates him for suffering Catherine to persuade him not to fight, when, to have fought, would have lost him twenty-two thousand men. It was a prudent measure without doubt, nor can we deem it dictated by cowardice, when proposed by his companion in the field of glory. The esteem her husband had of her high qualities was justly founded, as it still appears; and if indeed she never used her influence to injure any one about the court, her merit was uncommon. Yet ’tis strange, that with the active spirit of improvement which possessed Peter to call from every country mathematicians, mechanicks, algebraists to his capital, the empress never learned to read or write; and ’tis vain to seek dignity in such manifest deprivation. Wise, brave and faithful, ’tis enough, methinks, if she could justify her

sovereign's choice; made in no fit of passion, but firm trust, that the whole world, had he possessed it, could not have afforded him a consort calculated for his advantage and his people's, such as he ever found in Catherina. She too, under a weight of disadvantages, low birth and mean connections, seems to have felt that Heav'n had made her for the highest station; that she was naturally great, and that her soul deserved a throne: resembling her king's magnificent metropolis built in a bog, she wondered little at her elevation, while *her associate* sitting on that throne, saw that he was a savage set on high, and spending his whole life between hard labour and hard study; strove to deserve what he was born to enjoy. More candid than his own biographers, Peter willingly, though tacitly, appears to have confessed a ferocity of nature, from which *they* are sedulously bent to exculpate him. If, however, his harshness towards his first queen and her son shortened their lives, as 'tis supposed by all, hapless Eudoxia dying by slow degrees of heart-corroding sorrow, and young Alexis bursting with sudden agony of rage, at hearing-himself condemned to suffer death for giving way to inclinations never till *then* imagined worthy such a punishment; we must avow the old Czar's exclamation equally proper as singular and well-timed, when at sight of a statue \* representing Henri quatre, he cried out aloud, "Oh first of mortals! couldst thou but revive, and teach me how to rule with generous tenderness like thine, only one *half* of my immense dominions; the other half should soon be thine with thanks." Between the days of Solomon who wished for wisdom, and Peter who thus warmly desired increase of virtue, we read I think of no such princes. That prayers for blessings of so pure a kind should have been heard by Heaven, is encouraging. Divine Hippocrates, as Plato called him two thousand years ago, relates how in a dream some form celestial, once stood fronting *him*, and bid him name his wish. "Nor riches then nor power, oh ye Gods!—nor pleasures self-debasing is my wish: (said he) but a long

\* I have read it related of Richelieu's statue.

life, a *very* long one, free from disease or pain : and after death, a second life long as 'tis possible, in the applauses of my fellow creatures:" " Oh grant me," cried this great philosopher : " Oh grant me lasting *fame*." He lived accordingly one hundred and four years in ease and comfort. His second term is not completed yet, or ever will be, while language or while science shall endure. Meanwhile the Muscovitish emperor's reputation *whitens* with age; his contemporaries were certainly, by his second marriage, led to believe that compliance with Catherine's hurry for the succession, had prompted his strange condemnation of Alexis, who having married Charles the sixth's wife's sister, expected protection from the house of Austria against his incensed father, but obtained it not. The Czarowitz used his princess too unkindly, and hopes of interference from *her* friends were vain : yet his step-mother was never charged, like Roxolana, with irritating her uxorious husband against his son. When that son, and his hopes in him were dead indeed ; and Peter had crowned his empress with a pomp resembling an associate in his regal dignity, not a mere consort of his bed and throne, the world expected that she would be successor. Anne, her eldest daughter, married the duke of Holstein ; their second, Elizabeth, remained at home, to write and sign state papers for her mother. It is not actually unworthy *Retrospect* to observe, that though his Czarish majesty carried the wife of his affections with him to Holland, when he wished to see again those docks where he had worked as a ship's carpenter ; she staid at home when *Paris* was the place he chose to visit in his princely character. Women never rise, or exceeding rarely, with their fortunes as the *men* do from native vulgarity. Catherine, an old camp-carrier, cat with her fingers as she did at Marienbourg ; and with such conduct no talents or dignity would have protected her from *perfsilage* in France : her husband had refined his own *ideas*, and concealed the coarseness of *manners* which still clung to him, under an affectation of pure and primitive simplicity. The Parisians stared at his starched appearance with admiration, as we should at a Quaker in a ball-room.

His

His reception of Skavronski the Czarina's brother, in the Livonian peasant's dress they wore at home however, was great and manly. "Come here, young man, (said he) kiss first this lady's hand as sovereign, then take your sister round the neck and love her as you used to do at Marienbourg." The marriage of Louis quatorze with Madame de Maintenon had nothing in common with *this*. The king of France had only secured to himself an humble friend, to whose strict duty thus become deep interest, he could confide those griefs which gnawed his heart: while the memoirs of Madame la belle Sœur convince each reader with what sincerity la veuve Scarron was hated at a court, where with all favour she possessed no power, save that of shielding from the stings of conscience, a mind ill-pleas'd with its own conduct.

Catherine, meantime, listened to and criticised her husband's military code, which he corrected to *her* inclination; she dictated the treaty with the Persians, and when the troubles of that empire injured in some sort its arrangement, she suggested a negociation, and set on foot something like an embassy to China. Yontchin concluded, in 1718, that memorable treaty with the Muscovitish state, which was partly carried on by a countryman of ours; but the part a British surgeon took in the business is omitted, because his name was forgotten. There is an idea obtaining through Africa and Asia, that much healing knowledge lives among the Christians, particularly those of our own island; and no man is completely fitted for travelling the yet unexplored regions of those great continents, without skill in the arts of physick and of surgery. Peter borrowed talents almost from every kingdom, and drew many of his domestick regulations from Sweden, which had proceeded some steps further than Russia in refinement; although 'tis said of Hugo Grotius himself, (who having acted in quality of ambassador, must necessarily have undergone severe polishing,) that he never rung a bell, or called a servant decently by his name, but cried out HOP as loud as possible when he wanted any thing. Such knots

in the finest wood will be found.\* The same year which saw the Czar sign his convention with China, witnessed his old enemy Achmet the third's disgraceful peace at Passarowitz. Flushed with success at Pruth, that warlike prince tried to renew the glorious days of Turkey, but failed, I think, in every attempt. Thamas Kouli Khan's fatal contest with him at length ended in great confusion to the sultan; but 1725 leaves Achmet still upon the throne of Constantinople. The year preceding *that* it was, when Peter the Great walked bareheaded before his wife, and placed th' imperial crown upon her head: he made no will, however, in her favour, and lived but few months after Catherine was supposed certain of the succession. The boy born to Alexis by a sister-in-law of Charles VI. *died not*, though he fell ill *opportunately* on the same day with his grandfather, and saved much trouble to the party who proposed him: yet people were not wanting who believed, or *said* they did, that the Czarina was not intended by her husband to succeed: a slight domestick quarrel was the cause of this suggestion. Catherine's most favoured female in the court took bribes, and the Czar ordered her the knout immediately: her mistress offered to protect and save her, but Russia's emperor, not so repulsed, in rage struck a fine Venice mirror with his sword hilt, and shivering it into a hundred pieces, cried out, "*Take care, madam, you see that I*

\* This is no good place for anecdotes of Grotius, yet I cannot suppress that when he died upon the road at Rostock, the landlord of his last lodging, a mean German inn, sent for the curate to confess him; but the casuist, wearied with hearing what he knew before, said to the man, "*Sum Grotius.*" "*Tu magnus ille Grotius!*" cried the amazed clergyman. This would have done well for his epitaph.

Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon; Salamin, Pylos Argos, Athenæ  
Siderèi certant vatis de patria Homeri,  
Grotiadæ certant de religione Socinus,  
Arminius, Calvinus Arius, Roma Lutherus.

I repeated this epigram once to Dr. Johnson, the Doctor's answer was, "He picked his principles; he did not take them by the bunch." Mr. de Petau, a steady Romanist, le Pere Petau—*Petavius* said mass for him after his death.

“ *can destroy* what I myself have *set up*, dear to me as it was, and singularly beautiful.” “ I see,” replied the Queen with an unaltered voice, “ that you have destroyed what was the ornament of your palace; do you like your palace better now ’tis gone?” After this conference Peter lived but a few weeks, and expired in his consort’s arms. Prince Menzikoff took care of his new sovereign’s interest; her eldest daughter the Duchess of Holstein’s secretary was present, and Catherine was proclaimed with acclamations the evening of her lord and husband’s death. The beginning of 1725 found *her* upon the Imperial seat to which her merits originally raised her—the exiled favourite restored of course.



## C H A P. XVI.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, SPAIN, HOLLAND, ITALY, AND  
AUSTRIA.

FROM 1700 TO 1725.

**I**N course of such a work as this epitome, 'tangled 'tis true, yet not without a plan, we have been obliged to mark our mazy way by objects casually met with on the road ; sometimes a blasted oak, signal of sad distress, hung out as 'twere by Nature in a storm. A heap of stones sometimes, proof of man's art and industry, directed us ; 'till coming nearer home, the set-up mile-stones refresh our hearts with hope, and serve as promise of a now, not very far-distant conclusion. Boys will indeed, for sport, deface those guides, and when we miss our way, in consequence of their maliciousness, will follow and hoot after us for fools. No matter ! the princess in the old Arabian Tales could not get up the hill, I well remember, without stopping her ears, and resolving to push forward, fearless of the wry faces made by the idlers on the mountain's side, who wished to stop her progress. We are arrived at the beginning of that century, properly called *our own*, and have seen many attempts made by individual princes, proceeding from that hard baronial phalanx which broke down the Roman empire, (last of appointed monarchies) to synthesize the ruptured parts anew, and reign over those realms, which of right belonged to their fellows. To this end, we have observed each taking the same method of attainment, calling in help from the lower ranks to shake their highly-set competitors, yet never seeming to think they should themselves be

shaken. I except Charles XII. indeed, an anomalous character, of whom nothing can be related unless what he *did*, the others are most worthy remark in what they *thought*. Had all kings been like *him*,

Vainly the sage, with *retrospective eye*,  
 Would from th' apparent *what* conclude the *why*;  
 Infer the motive from the deed, and show,  
 That what men did was what they meant to do.

The intentions of Charlemagne, of Margaret de Waldemar, of Gregory the seventh, Charles the fifth, and Louis quatorze, were nothing equivocal; but every day rendered the project less practicable, and the impossibility of success more apparent to all but prejudiced and interested eyes. Nor is there any thing much stranger on revisal, than that sovereigns who saw and felt authority melt from their grasp like a snow-ball, even in their own territories, should yet be fighting to expand those territories, as if leaf-gold were easier to hold fast in one's hand than a wedge. Lewis the fourteenth however, when his grandson Philip d'Anjou was declared heir to Spain, seemed to think only of the rich plains and moorish palaces spread forth before his view. "*The Pyrenæans are no more,*" cried he exultingly, while ready hope hastened to rekindle the half-extinguished fires of ambition. Pope Innocent the twelfth confirmed a succession which seems to have had nothing unjust in its disposal, both claimants being of equal affinity to the testator; and our great Nassau's active soul beside, which long had been detained by temperate habits, *yet o'er inform'd its tenement of clay*, seemed as if not unlikely to take wing now, and leave the Bourbon master of mankind.

On William's last excursion from that home he loved much less than Holland whence he came, some Dutch informers had made him acquainted how his queen, during her lifetime, used to send money for her mean father's private expences, by means of a trusty servant; and how the princess Anne of Denmark had, since her sister's death, done  
 the

the same thing. This news, with that well known to all the world, how Louis le Grand had recognized the boy as lawful successor and sovereign of Great Britain, gave him a just alarm; and recollecting that somewhat wrong might have perhaps arisen from his own hitherto tacit permission of my Lord Granville, whom Pope calls the polite, and Lord Godolphin's odd attachment to the fair Modenese, King James's wife; he called those noblemen, and told them plainly he should henceforward take amiss their sending to that lady little presents, such as till then he had allowed them in, as testimonials of an empty passion they had amused themselves with keeping warm, by writing verses in her praise, &c. calling her *Mistress* in a mingled style, something between affection and respect, which it appears by this; wore out but lately. The two lords ended with less reluctance their romance, as they were themselves seized with terror at the idea of universal monarchy; that prevailing panick which robbed the young Pretender of numberless adherents, and drove into the interests of the electress Sophia, not only all the Whigs, but many Tories cruelly treated by James and his chancellor Jeffries, who, in addition to their private wrongs, felt the publick spirit of opposition impel them against the encroachments of all-usurping France. That nation's nearest enemy found therefore that fear a cement between him and his English subjects; who, to the amazement of more dispassionate times, actually urged their expiring sovereign into the very war he wished, but could not live to set on foot. Lord Albemarle brought him accounts too from the continent, which, had they found any strength left in his harassed frame, would have lent it fresh vigour; but the poor king only replied, *Et parmi tous ces bonnes nouvelles ci, je tire vers ma fin.* He did in effect draw near to end a life spent in preserving liberty to Europe; regardless of flattery, though desirous of dominion; and careless to please, though studious to influence those minds with which he was connected. He appears never to have seen that unconditional obedience *was no more* in Great Britain, but deemed himself ill-treated

only because he was mere king *de facto*; although he became such for no other reason, than the resolution of Englishmen to endure no longer the oppressions of his predecessor, who was king *de jure* and *de facto* both; and whose wilful blindness to the same plain proposition, drove *him* down the precipice which had broken his father's neck. When Sunderland had once said openly, "Why, there's Tom Pem-  
 "broke is as pretty a block of wood to cut kings from as can be; we  
 "will have *him* if this man won't go on:" there needed small penetration to have seen how matters stood methinks; and Swift, a reputed Tory, tells us in his apothegms, how "A king is a tool, a thing of  
 "straw; but he serves to frighten our enemies. A scare-crow is (he  
 "adds) a thing of straw, but it protects the corn." Self-love must have been marvellously strong sure, in a heart which ever disdained self-preservation, if William could have so mistaken our factious nobles, as to suppose they hated him, because he were not James or a Stuart? *This* was true only of *le menu peuple*, a class too far removed from his inspection, though rising hourly to respectability; and eager to express love for the late family, when good queen Anne, as she was emphatically styled, by a populace that half-adored her: fate on the throne of her ancestors. Nor did this princess scorn to court their favour: in her first speech to parliament she spoke of her own heart as of a truly English one; a word that did not much delight the Whigs, but enchanted the great aggregate without doors—a body which whiggism was unconsciously instructing in principles of disobedience to any government not of its own chusing. Meantime the new sovereign's politics swerved not, as then appeared, from those of her predecessor. His funding system was adopted; his care for protestantism could not be greater than her's; and her own timidity had the effect of his courageous spirit, forcing us forward into war with France, that so the balance of power might be preserved, and Lewis checked from future conquests over Europe. So little indeed did Europe fear her frowns, and of such vast importance did they deem the death of dreaded Nassau, that although

though

though this valiant leader never won but one out of the many battles he engaged in, the French found him grow every day more formidable since first he braved them on his native shore, and with unmatched intrepidity threatened, rather than see his country *theirs*, to drown it; and leave his little body, then scarcely fifteen years old, in the last dike. At his long-hoped-for death, Paris once more broke out into rapturous and indecent joy, illuminating their town as after victory, writing sonnets in praise of the horse that threw him: whilst our mean Jacobites (so the adherents to King James were called) drank to the health of *the pretty gentleman in velvet*, alluding to a mole which, rising suddenly under old Sorrell's foot upon the road from Hampton-court to Kensington, occasioned that fall, whence never rose again to health or vigour the immortal and first hereditary stadtholder of grateful and afflicted Holland; ablest of statesmen, most warlike of commanders; although not the best general in the world perhaps, nor yet the greatest king.

Illustris sonipes certè dignissimus cælo  
 Cui Leo, cui Taurus, cui daret urfa locum:  
 Quæ te felicem felicia prata tulere  
 Ubera que felix prebuit alma parens?  
 Hibernis patriam venisti ulturus ab oris;  
 Aut Glenco aut Stirps te *Feniciana* dedit!

Sis felix quicumque precor, memorande nec unquam  
 Jam fellæ dorsum fræna nec ora premant.  
 Humani generis vindex, moriente tyranno  
 Hanc libertatem quam dabis, ipse tene.

Beyond or bull's or lion's breed,  
 Worthy of heaven, illustrious steed!  
 The sun's bright path in preparation  
 Expects thee there—a constellation.

Whether

Whether thy generous parent's race  
 Pick'd round poor Glencoe scanty grafs,  
 Or own'd Hibernia's hardy coast,  
 Thy merit never muſt be loſt.

Live happy long! the bridle ſcorn,  
 For freedom ſurely *he* was born;  
 Who, mindleſs of his tyrant charge,  
 Beſtow'd it on the world at large.

This paltry performance, made a little worſe by bad tranſlation, owed all its celebrity to its malice. Whatever valiant William was, he was no tyrant. Sir John *Ferwick* (to whom the horſe once belonged) ſeems to have deſerved his death: and with regard to the maſſacre of *Glencoe*, it does not appear that the ſovereign, a foreigner to our iſland, knew the extent of the miſchief to his death's day. Still leſs the cenſure he expoſed himſelf to, by granting the lordſhip of Denbigh, &c. to his favourite Bentinck: the king would ſcarce have attempted to ſeize for *him* elſe, what Elizabeth was unable to beſtow on the earl of Leiceſter a century back. It is obſervable beſide\*, that as one of my father's immediate anceſtors withſtood the queen, and though he funk in the conteſt, ſaved the diſputed lands for his country; ſo on this ſecond trial of the crown's ſtrength, my mother's grandfather related *that* tale in the Houſe of Commons, and Lord Godolphin acknowledged the reaſon as *very weighty*. Had this encroachment been ſubmitted to, the ſtory told of Serjeant Maynard had been little worth; and it was a ſtanding pleaſantry at our court to tell how, when the Prince of Orange firſt came hither, this worthy veteran, being among the foremoſt to make his bow, “ Sir (ſaid the prince) you muſt have  
 “ out-lived moſt of your original companions; by the account that is  
 “ told me of your age.” “ I have indeed, Sir,” replied the ready ſerjeant, “ out-lived (as I think) all the *lawyers*; and, by my faith, I had

\* See Pennant.

“like to have out-lived the laws too, if your highness had not made haste to come over and protect them.”\*

Whilst the destiny of states however occupied all the hands, and almost all the tongues of Europe; arts, sciences; civilization's sons, and daughters of daily teeming commerce, filled mens hearts; and as a lower order of mortals stepped forward into notice, *their* characters adorned the literature of the day. In every novel, comedy, and letter, the pert, vivacious, faithful footman shines: the Tom, Trim, Jeremy, of our English theatre; and in the French one, certain of his place; joining the fidelity of old times with the flippancy of modern ones so humorously, we scarcely refuse to laugh at the joke, even now 'tis over; and familiarity with servants is no longer *natural*, as we say, though nature has less to do than *manners* in such pieces, written to hold up the mirror of a moment. *Both* may indeed be studied with advantage in La Bruyere, whose *Mœurs du Siècle* contains every excellence; and if an observation on the human heart *has* 'scaped its keen dissector Rochefoucault, in this last-named performance 'twill be found. The Academy of Paris, fertile in genius, had produced the telegraph, such as we use it now, before the century had scarce commenced; but those princes of the blood to whom it was exhibited, told Louis quatorze that it should be considered as a mere *jeu d'esprit chimérique*. Bernouilli, another Archimedes, carried geometry to great perfection; and dying, ordered them to place (in imitation of the Greek philosopher) a mathematick emblem on his tomb; but, in allusion to our Christian hope, *he* fixed on *the logisick curve*, with these words, *Eadem mutata resurgo*.

With all these improvements, some care of the female mind came into the heads of the men about this time; and although the king of France gave no encouragement, *les dames spirituelles* began to attract his and the world's notice almost against his will. Huswifery here in England, plain sense and modest merit, was the utmost they had attempted

\* Tindal's continuation.

since old Puttenham had told them, that verifying wives were by most husbands deemed *fantastical*. Parents were careful after that time to keep girls, as was said, from sharpening their wit with languages not their own. Delicacy however seems to have died away with this extinguished thirst of general knowledge; and that 'tis ill-breeding to kiss their husbands in a large mixed company, or to complain aloud at crowded tables of something nasty sticking in their teeth. Swift tries to *shock* them into cleanliness, and Moore cries out,

Why, Celia, is your spreading waist  
So loose, so negligently lac'd?  
Why does the wrapping bed-gown hide  
Your swelling bosom's rising pride?  
Whence such gross negligence of dress?  
Pray, Madam, are you married? *Yes.*

Too close attention to cooking their husband's dinner, and too ignorant a strain of conversation, seem to have been then the heavy charges on our sex, enforced with cruelty and spite enough by their instructors, whose skill in factious talk was grown so *critical*, that when the women (not to be left out) joined *their* opinions to the rest; some hapless damsel, ill acquainted with subjects she had not studied, was apt, we're told,

To prove herself a Tory plain,  
By principles the Whigs maintain;  
And to defend the whiggish cause,  
Her topicks from the Tories draws.

While others, disposed to keep in the sphere long assigned them,

Shew'd all their secrets of housekeeping,  
For candles how they truck'd their dripping;  
Were forc'd to send three miles for yeast  
To brew their ale and raise their paste, &c.

with



with a long list of equal faults and follies, scarce criminal enough to have inspired such bitterness or such asperity. The civilest satire on the mistaking politician ladies that I remember, of the many droll ones, was that epigram,

Pretty Tory! where's the jest  
Of wearing orange on your breast?  
Which to all eyes does yet disclose  
The whiteness of the rebel rose.

To teach with tenderness indeed, and to reprove with politeness the foibles springing from a confined education, was the work of those incomparable papers known by the name of Spectators, Tatlers, Guardians, which with assiduous and happy care softened our solitary hours, and turned our idle ones to profit; leaving to posterity beside the valuable portrait of those manners which marked the commencement of England's eighteenth century. Nature meantime enjoyed the growing taste for *liberty*: some mothers ventured to unswathe their infants, long bound in bands for the first quarter of their lives; Le Nostre brought from France the spirit of emancipating trees or garden ornaments; no longer after 1725, or but rarely, cut into peacocks, swans, &c. in the pleasure-grounds of noblemen. Pope praised the growing arts, himself an artist: his satire checked young and unfledged follies ere they flew. Paris teemed with poets, England swarmed with epigrammatists.

Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina\* poetas  
Bubb, Stubb, Crabb, Trapp; Young, Carey, Tickell, Evans.

Out of all their sight however, mounted from Germany a towering author, who scorned to think that

One

\* We read of *Rhedycina* for *Oxford*, not only in these lines but in many local poems. Quere, Was the word borrowed from *Rhedychan* in Welsh? The scholars know, I suppose. The *Ford of Oxen* is *Rhedychan* in our old Cambrian tongue, that's certain; and I have heard that *Bos-phoros*, *Bosphorus*, had the same meaning in Greek.

One science only will one genius fit,  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

Leibnitz, on the contrary, seemed desirous to drive ten sciences in hand, like Nero's horses at the Olympian game. If some were refractory, who need wonder? Those that have stumbled worst, Voltaire who laughs at him could not have guided: yet did this giant shrink a little certainly, when touched by the shafts of ridicule in the comical romance of *Candide*: but a Briareus in literature ought to have Geryon's body at least; he will be sure enough of Cerberus's three mouths to bark at him.

Leibnitz, although a Lutheran, felt no unjust alarm from the remote danger he apprehended was lurking in that new spirit of independence, sprung up not only in states but individuals too, driving the old words obedience and protection, dependence and attachment, out of all modern vocabularies: *his* plan was to see the Emperor head of all Christian potentates, the Pope bishop of all Christian churches, yet not meddling with temporal affairs. The strangest thing was, his imagining such a plan possible to execute; and in such a moment! when eyes far less piercing than those of Leibnitz thought they discerned decay in every *part* of what had been *the Roman* empire, papal or imperial. Besides these regular and orthodox opponents to his scheme, the infidel light-horsemen galled his flank, and tried to cut off his retreat; nor were they the less willing to act in such a service, because a general from their own *central* force, had said, in spite of the new whiggish doctrines, that man was but a many-headed monster, and must be kept tame by restriction. It was indeed curious to observe two minds springing up at an immeasurable distance from each other, meet on this controverted spot, like as in *Ilam* gardens the two streams, which rise on different sides the county of Derby; and sinking under ground at places far remote from one another, burst up again together in Mr. Port's ground. But when Hobbes died of actual old age, Leibnitz could scarce have turned thirty-two years.

The

The excellent pontiff Innocent XI. lived *then*; and the French wits said; that before peace could be made in Europe, James king of England must turn Huguenot, and the Pope *Roman* Catholick. Odescalchi was however Catholick enough, though he did long to abolish *gl'altari privilegiati*, and though he did try to hinder vagabonds from claiming sanctuary upon church steps, rendering the Lord's holy house a den of thieves, in opposition to Louis quatorze, who sent Lavardin to insult him for't. But this prelate saw further than he, or than Leibnitz did. "What can I do?" said he to the Duke of Perth, impatiently, when hard prest to support the Stuart cause. "If God will  
 "interpose with his almighty hand, I shall admire the work, but can't  
 "promote it. Saw you not oncc Oliver, see you not now Nassau, arbi-  
 "ter of our whole continent? and come you in these days to *Rome* for  
 "assistance?" Alexander VIII. who succeeded him, though a narrower character, had the same firm persuasion; having promoted a near relation, and of course having incurred the charge of nepotism. "Oh! oh!  
 " (exclaimed he) why 'tis twenty-two o'clock *now*,\* both with my own  
 "age and that of the chair I sit in: let's at least serve an honest house  
 "while we *can*; what else is there left in our power?" Amiable Pignatelli † was himself a reformer, lamenting at least, and not unobserved, those wickednesses which he could not cure, and those absurdities he was obliged to suffer. To him the Albani sovereign succeeded in 1701, after repeated and unfeigned refusals of the dignity, now a mere burthen to whoever bore it; and scarcely, as he himself confessed, possible for a scrupulous man to support after any decent fashion, without doing acts his conscience disapproved. "Besides (added he) I may love my brother and his children now, nor will any one censure me for doing the best I can for an old and respectable family, which I am precluded continuing in my own person: but from the hour I mount the throne of state, nepotism becomes all the cry, and I *must* live surrounded

\* The Italians count the hours to 24, or did till the French invasion.

† Innocent the 12th.

with enemies, or even my best friends will find fault." The same delicacy and fear of offending followed that elegant minded pontiff in his politicks: Austria and Bourbon struggling for the crown of Spain grieved his pacifick uncontending spirit. He would have grieved more, could he have thought that any *French* historian would have blamed his virtuous predecessor's conduct upon the same occasion. Innocent XIIth, between two claimants, equal in affinity of blood, gave, as Voltaire spitefully observes, the preference to France, *only* because he feared for the liberties of his native Naples, if Leopold's fifth son, the Archduke Charles should reign; nor can I find corruption in such a motive ever praised when actuating the conduct of *Protestant* princes; but candour lives not in unbelieving bosoms, and therefore (says *le siecle de Louis quatorze*), we see a Pope of Rome treating all as matter of state, a king of Spain making a mere state question matter of conscience. Clement the XIth perhaps pleased that great writer better: he steadily refused to acknowledge either competitor, and forbore granting the investiture of the Sicilies, alike to Philip d'Anjou or to Charles.

Tormented by the encrease of Jansenism at home, and frightened by reports made of the Jesuits' conduct abroad, while their accusers told of strange concessions made to the Chinese, in hope of gaining proselytes, till it should seem as if rank Spinozism was taught by missionaries sent to instruct men in Christianity; the primate hastened to withstand this offence, and prohibited all toleration of such dreadful error; but those he tried to check lived at a distance: and being desirous to obtain footing in the east, the Jesuits triumphed over him awhile, and began ('tis said) to deserve in India those evils which awaited them in Europe. This extraordinary corps of dangerous auxiliaries had been accepted willingly by Paul III. to whom, and to whose successors they swore perpetual and implicit obedience. Making themselves all things to all men, however, they soon forgot why 'twas at first they did so. Assailed by the various and complicated temptations of that world,

which

which 'twas their duty and intent to bustle in : such of them as engaged in commerce naturally began fighting for emolument ; such as had care of royal consciences swelled with ambition, and those who entangled themselves in argument got tainted with the new philosophy. Clement was weary of the order, because disgusted by the faults of a few ; yet finding it scarce possible to clear himself from the entanglements of sophistry, the importunity of avarice, and the perils of political cabal, made himself what blameless entertainment he could out of the growing literature of the times ; heard with admiration the discoveries made by Newton, listened with rapture to the musick of Scarlatti, and studying our English language, read the visions of Mirza with delight. “ May I (said he expiring) but repent of all my sins and “ follies, with that truth with which I have ever regretted my acceptance of that great dignity in which I die, the Lord will sure have “ mercy.” Conti, the sick but irreproachable Innocent XIII. succeeded, and was prevailed on to invest Austria with the disputed kingdom in his gift ; but refused Parma and Piacenza, as fiefs of the church. His reference of the bull *Unigenitus* to another tribunal, and their consequent condemnation of it in 1722, shews the dissolution of all power in the See completely ; and but for *Retrospection* from that time, we should know little about popish authority, or even popish influence. The 243d bishop of Rome cared not for either. He lived on sixpence English money o'day ; drank no wine, eat no meat ; begged to dismiss his guards as unbecoming the servant of his Saviour's poor ; for such he was, feeding and teaching them, and humorously calling the paupers, who surrounded him perpetually, *his nephews*. Thus Benedict XIIIth would not hear of state affairs at all ; but tried, in vain, to restrain the voluptuous manners of his clergy ; forbidding that flowing peruke which seems to have obtained very surprizingly in courts, camps, and churches : wearing his own grey hair, and insisting on all who approached him, wearing their's. Under this good Orfino's sovereignty however, the town was left wholly to the care of the duc

de Coscia; whose excesses were little suspected by a pontiff whose mind was employed chiefly in endeavours to save his own soul; and to that best of all occupations, we must leave him in 1725; and turn back to Great Britain, which, governed by a native sovereign, ought to have suffered daily less and less from their contending factions, and did so; for, although Whig and Tory still were forms of harsh and virulent reproach, both parties forwarded the spirit of improvement, and both were contented to undertake a vigorous and expensive war abroad, for the sake of supporting the house of Austria in its claims, curbing the ambitious boldness of Louis quatorze, and maintaining inviolate the balance of power in Europe. The queen was by no means a martial or a literary character; yet will her reign be ever eminent in British annals, as a sun-bright period both of victory and science: serious herself, and *serene* as the emperor called her; for he refused the title Majesty, even at the moment of deepest obligation to the sovereign of Great Britain: young Churchill's wife, the well known Sarah Jennings, obtained complete ascendancy at court, by *amusing* that grave disposition by buffoonery: her majesty's heart was in that respect truly English. No people so delight in deriding each other as do our penive islanders, and Queen Anne seems to have always liked a joke upon her mother's low-born family: whether Lord Rochester was to be brow-beaten in council, or Lady Clarendon counterfeited in the bed-chamber. Meanwhile the favourite's husband, Earl of Marlborough, was master of each art in war or peace, and knew not only how to gain towns, but to win hearts with ease. He secured that of the Dutch by making them believe it was their *interest* to trust him; praise won Prince Eugene's to unfading friendship; and Frederick of Prussia yielded his up to that polite exterior which of all things *he* valued. Common consent then placed our countryman at the head of the allied army, while France, with eight hundred thousand men in the field, could find no general fit to oppose against him. Marechal Turenne, who had long predicted the glories

of *le bel Anglois*, was dead; Boufflers sent out to meet him; soon returned, more an admiring spectator of his talents than a competitor: and Villeroy, loved by his master as son to his oldest friend, lost a decisive battle, witnessing the wonderful alike and lasting impression made by the equally heroick, scientifick, and successful conqueror, upon the shaken continent of Europe. The French king did indeed once, 'spite of his courtiers, give the command to Villars, whom they hated; and who, on kissing hands to be gone, said—"I go to fight the enemies of your majesty, whom I leave surrounded by my own." They accordingly failed not soon to report how that commander had disoblighd the elector of Bavaria by *forcing* him upon the field of glory. Louis called Villars back, and sending him to the Cevennes, told him *his* generals should show their *hauteur* only to enemies or hereticks. 'Twas Marschal Tallard who lost to us the famous battle of Blenheim; where of sixty thousand subjects of France, remained alive only fourteen thousand, and those *prisoners*. Among them one young fellow was observed fighting in the action with uncommon spirit: Marlbro' seized him; and, "You are my captive, gallant youth (said he) had your sovereign sent out only a thousand such this day, we scarce had won it." "Pardon me, Sir, (replied the prompt Parisian) our Grand Monarque "has in his service thousands such as I am: we wanted one like *you*."

In consequence of these rapid and unparalleled successes, the emperor no more debated about quitting Vienna, but felt at leisure to plan future conquests: he made our general prince of Mindelheim; nor could less have been either offered or accepted. Parliament thanked him for that national splendour, that radiance which his exploits had thrown around the kingdom of Great Britain; and at *their* instigation the Queen willingly commemorated his high prowess, by an obelisk and palace far more magnificent than any she herself possessed. All heroism however, consists not in fighting. Philip duc d'Anjou, son to the Dauphin, who so nobly said, "The king my "father, and the king my son, shall henceforth be my glory, regardless

" of

“ of self,” deserves our best esteem. Crowned king of Spain, in right of his grandmother, married to Louis quatorze, or rather perhaps in right of his great uncle’s will, confirming that succession; finding, upon his publick entry 1701, that his new subjects seemed but little pleased: and seeing too that much the larger part of Europe had made a combination for the house of Austria, took up that sudden and truly honourable resolution of leaving our continent entirely, saying, “ he would not go even to paradise without consent of the saints.” Upon this principle he crossed the Atlantick with several of the old nobility, adherents to his cause and person, and carried many blessings to the colonies of Spanish America, where he reformed abuses, and made friends; while Lewis the fourteenth endured the shock of England’s, Holland’s, and the Empire’s fury for twelve long years together.

At length the gallant duc de Vendôme’s victory gained at Villa Viciosa, and much more than that solitary battle shining through many defeats, our glorious Marlborough’s disgrace, and the consequent peace of Utrecht in 1713, called him home, and put him in peaceable possession of his well disputed kingdom. Two years more saw him seize Naples and the Island of Sardinia, but they were given up again by treaty; and with them his favourite, the intriguing Cardinal Alberoni, who had a thousand schemes, best disappointed by that deserved dismissal. Philip however, sick of many griefs, this last the greatest; now formally abdicated his Spanish throne in favour of his son Don Lewis, hoping that *he* would rule in peace those realms for the dominion of which, all Europe had contended till quite faint. The sun’s eclipse, so fatal and so terrifying, that the birds went to roost at ten o’clock in the morning, and some few stars were seen on the horizon, struck to his heart; reminding him of that *soleil royal* which blazed so brightly round the car of his yet living ancestor, when the old Bourbon motto\* had been changed, and one offensive to the race of mankind

\* Orbi bonus for Nec pluribus impar.



substituted in its place. The convent walls were in a fortnight more to have closed round him, when the young king's death, by the small-pox, fetched him, by deputation of his subjects, forth again, requesting him to mount the seat of sovereignty, into which fate herself seems to have thrust him forcibly after all: since neither his grandfather's original renunciation of his rights at marriage with the Infanta; nor the successful arms of Marlborough and Eugene: no, nor his own graceful resignation, could keep him out. A. D. 1725 found him according to his merits, peacefully settled at well-pleased Madrid, after having obtained Naples and Sicily for a son by his second bed, Don Carlos; who was also made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, and after his father's death and that of his brother Ferdinand, became king of Spain.

Joseph the fifteenth meanwhile wedded to a Lutheran princess; of the Brunswick house, succeeded *his* father Leopold, and clung to the allies from private fondness, no less perhaps than from political necessity. But though 'twas said, he would not have been sorry had Charles of Sweden, as he once expressed it, insisted on his turning Lutheran too, Joseph forbore not to oppress his Protestant subjects in poor Hungary, whom he squeezed hard for money, while the combined troops were *professedly* fighting for that opinion, which they long had followed. The small-pox however, fatal in beginning of the century to princes; carried the emperor to the grave betimes, and drew his brother Charles the sixth from Catalonia, where Philip's partizans had made his residence somewhat uneasy, and very insecure. Charles was proclaimed at Vienna 1711, and notwithstanding the affairs of Spain were by no means decided at this time, he had the spirit to declare war against the Turks, who were defeated by brave Eugene at Peterwardine, losing Belgrade and Temeswar to his victorious arms. The peace of Passarowitz in 1718 completed his glory and the Ottoman disgrace. To this intrepid, but ever benign warrior, the commissioned destroyer Marlborough was used to leave all care of wounded, dead, or dying soldiers; whom *he* assisted with his purse, soothed with his

sweetness, and wept over them when more could not be done. These open, generous virtues, seen in his countenance, induced Villars, when once they met at Radstadt after the battle of Denain, 1712; to seize his hand and say, "Ah, Monseigneur, we are no enemies—your foes are at Vienna, I suppose—and mine are at *Versailles*." That battle of Denain served somewhat to accelerate the peace of Utrecht, and turn Prince Eugene's sword upon the Turks. After the black designs of Alberoni had so far proved abortive, that detection went but a little step before disgrace—Austria breathed from fatigue; Spain entered not unkindly into the quadruple alliance, 1720, and in five years more was signed the treaty of Vienna.

We must however turn back to Louis quatorze, who, in the news of his enormous loss at Blenheim, learned for the first time that he was not invincible. More than one hundred leagues of *terra firma* forsaken, were among the earliest consequences of this defeat, which carried such a consternation with it, that many officers of high rank flung themselves half deliberately into Danube, rather than survive a day of shame, they said. Soldiers followed the example from contagious fear, and Marlborough marched forward to Alsatia. The king of France now recalled Villars from the southern provinces; but in the meantime twenty thousand more of his unhappy subjects covered the plains of Ramillies, where our resistless general's name and person struck terror to all Frenchmen's ears and eyes; which turning to the ocean, once obedient but now rebellious to their Grand Monarque, saw the danger of Toulon added to the loss of Gibraltar; and on the day when England's fleet threatened destruction to their boasted sea-port, a sudden darkness, only surpassed by that which happened afterwards in 1715, brought to our sailors' recollection an odd sermon preached on the first year of the century; in which one Mr. Fleming had predicted the perfect extinction of French monarchy to take place A. D. 1794, adding expressions, as if their emblem, the sun, should soon be shorn of his beams. The failure of invasion in favour of James  
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the second's acknowledged offspring too, hurt his kind patron worse even than his own misfortunes, till *their* dreadful aggravation, by the hot-headed duke of Burgundy's perverseness, and his near peril of being taken prisoner, threw Paris into an agony. Ill health and death spread through the royal family; ill humour through the nation; famine followed fast on the heels of war; the olive trees were frozen in Provence; the vines of Burgundy were blighted. *Inhuman* terms were now proposed by the allies; and so proposed, as if on purpose to be rejected, by old Lewis; who first a faucy, then a suffering hero, resolved to retreat, and leaving his once adulatory capital, defend his shattered provinces inch by inch; rather than meanly pay the expences of a war to drive his own progeny from the Spanish throne. But whilst the red-stained glass of *Retrospection* sees in five years two hundred thousand Frenchmen lost in those numerous engagements; which succeeded in sanguinary rapidity to each other, less than two hundred thousand more 'twas thought could scarce have perished from distress and illness. Heaven saw 'twas time to stop the tide of human woes. And was that task left for some mighty character to execute? Say my young readers. No! 'twas a feeble woman's work at last. Her sluggish mind supplied the place of virtue; her timorous temper saved the lives, born and unborn, of millions. Looking back, we may observe this last of our Stuart princes amused awhile, then governed, and at length actually tyrannized over by the duchess of Marlborough; who, careless of those arts by which she rose, neglected foolishly her post as favourite, and from her Lord's success upon the continent, deeming her party perfectly immovable, had, in an evil hour for them all, introduced to petty offices about the bed-chamber an obsequious cousin, with whom the sovereign was induced to chat familiarly, when left to fill up vacant hours as he could. This lady, we are told, was a Tory by principle, strengthened no doubt by interest, and by her then unacknowledged connexion with Mr. Harley, who having by this Mrs. Masham's arts secretly learned the way up the queen's private stairs,

held hidden conferences with her majesty concerning the condition of distracted Europe, and hastened to supplant the distant duke, and drive him from her good opinion, by telling how the world accused that general of protracting wars injurious as expensive to his country, that he might shine among contending potentates, accept their presents, and propagate his own glory, without regard either to the crown at home, or to the people; who would be ruined by vast debts incurred only to please insatiable allies; while *they* perhaps adding perfidy to their rapaciousness, would, if we left not *them*, leave *us*, &c. making conditions for themselves apart. The tales he told were true. The manner of making those truths heard were base and mean—no matter. Harley and his female agent, whom yet he never trusted with his schemes, easily obtained ascendancy over Anne's mind, which had only been bent back from the tory cause by accidental confidence placed in a whig favourite: her heart must have been naturally with those who professed love for kings and kingly power; but with their high church principles, and preachments of non-resistance, long ago exploded, adherence to hereditary right seemed to go hand in hand. The scrupulous princess, left without a child, felt her soft heart entangled 'twixt a brother whom she had certainly *once* thought was spurious, and the still less beloved electress, to whom,\* as to the next Protestant heir, niece of King Charles the first, our Whigs looked up for safety from that church of Rome, whose wounds lately inflicted on us were so sharp, that people could not see the hand was palsied, and never would be able to strike more. Queen Anne however seemed to have forgotten in her last years that *fear of Jesuits*, which marks her letters in her father's reign, when an odd *jeu des mots* handed about, served to increase our terror of their duplicity, and we called it the Jesuit's Creed.

\* One of Princess Sophia's letters to her royal cousin, as preserved among Macpherson's papers, laments, or rather apologizes, that she does not write in *Latin*. Very strange, that a lady to whom languages were so easy, did not teach her own native English to her son, whom yet she wanted to fix upon the island, even whilst the sovereign of it could not be considered as very sick, or at all superannuated.

Pro fide teneo sana  
 Affirmat quæ Romana,  
 Supremus quando Rex est  
 Erraticus tum Grex est  
 Altare cum ornatur  
 Populus tum beatur  
 Afini nomen meruit  
 Missam qui deseruit

Quæ docet Anglicana,  
 Videntur mihi vana ;  
 Tum plebs est fortunata,  
 Cum caput fiat papa.  
 Communio fit inanis  
 Cum mensa vino panis.  
 Hunc morem qui non capit  
 Catholicus est et sapit.

The device is so contrived as to contain the sentiments of one church, read in short lines, of the other in long ones.

I hold for faith  
 What Rome's church faith,  
 Where the king is head  
 That flock's mis-led ;  
 Where the altar's drest  
 The people's blest  
 He's but an ass  
 Who shuns the mass

What England's church allows,  
 My conscience disavows ;  
 The flock can take no shame,  
 Who hold the pope supreme ;  
 The worship's scarce divine,  
 Whose table's bread and wine ;  
 Who their communion flies,  
 Is catholick and wise.

A stranger thing however than to see a sovereign's mind swayed by conversing with new intimates, is to see Burnet so completely dazzled by the bright rays of Marlborough's renown, that he even laughs at the idea of naming Gibraltar and Minorca in some addresses carried up to the throne ; although those were the only solid and lasting advantages from all our bloodshed.

Meantime the poor Queen, worried by factious nobles, declined in health and spirits every day ; she had carried *one* point in government and *but one*, which was of her own devising : it was a *great* one, worthy of Catherine or Elizabeth ; and being conceived in virtue, it matured into prosperity. She had united England and Scotland, and by their happy incorporation rendered herself true sovereign of our island. She wished now to carry one other point, and die in peace with her old neighbour Lewis, to whom her first antipathy was lessened by change  
of

of favourites from Whig to Tory. Her secretary Bolingbroke, afterwards married to the niece of Madame de Maintenon, had always shewn a fondness for the French, nor were the kindneses their king had shewn her exiled family, viewed by expiring Anne with that aversion which in her husband's time they had excited. With Prince George died much of her hatred to the banished court, and Mrs. Masham plied her pious soul with scruples in behalf of her father's child, which when all hope of having one herself was over, made I trust, stronger impresson. But all these changes of opinion passed not unnoticed by the busy Whigs; our allies took the alarm too; Germany remonstrated, Holland threatened aloud, Prince Eugene was sent over to entreat *her* Majesty not to desert such troops at such a moment: all in vain; nothing could shake the queen, though every thing perplexed her; contending passions heated all men's minds, while writers like the warring deities in Homer, fanned the warm flame of faction into madness. Swift took the field against Addison, and conquered. The conduct of our allies was exposed in one pamphlet, the rapacity of our general hinted at in many. Envy's sly snakes, like great Achilles' spear lent by Minerva for the fatal purpose, found some ill-fastened joint in valiant Hector's armour, and stung him with an unrecovered wound. John duke of Marlborough was dismissed all his employments, and to the wonder of half breathless Europe, Anne of Great Britain signed the peace of Utrecht. His last great victory at Malplaquet, where danger saw himself defied by courage in many a memorable act of fearless intrepidity, obtained still better terms of accommodation, and fixed the triumph of the Tory favourites. Since time indeed and cool reflexion have come forward, we see that nobler terms could not be wished; and daily pressure of debts then contracted, prove that a continental war does *us no good*: yet I believe that not this nation only, but the whole Christian world at once was shocked at sight of gallant Marlborough's disgrace; and 'tis observable enough beside, that though this leader's laurels when they are touched, do surely shrink from the accusing

accusing hand; and like the sensitive plant seem to confess there is somewhat wrong within; the moment that hard pressure is removed, they still return with beauty unimpaired, and flourish under a more genial sky with undiminished greenness. If our finances, for example, did sustain some injury from his perpetual calls for men and money, such was their miserable state in France, that six weeks before he died A. D. 1715, Louis quatorze negotiated no fewer than thirty-two millions in bills, to receive eight millions only in specie; notwithstanding which, says Voltaire, "The burden might have been borne had commerce been at this time flourishing, or had the nation's paper credit been respected." The last observation is (to say true) a mere author's period, for paper credit never *can* be respected, but where it deserves respect, from being of equal value with the cash it represents. No people pay so little veneration to unsubstantial *nothings* as the traders; yet even *they* were strangely deceived four or five years after their old king's decease, when a man named Law, native I think of North Britain, rejected as a mountebank by Victor Amadeus of Savoy, so justly called the sage, made application to the regent of France and was listened to. Money was never more necessary to their kingdom, and avarice will hearken to incredible tales. This fellow taught them to believe him a new Columbus, and seduced them so far as to set up a bank, and call it Mississipi: prince, people, all were duped, and in one year so swelled the gaudy bubble to their view, bills were negotiated up to four times the amount of all the currency contained within the realm. Before it burst 'twas said, some worthless governors of this ideal traffick found ways to realize enormous sums; our countryman, of course, who with them sought a shelter from the curses of mankind, and found a safe one in voluptuous Venice. Meanwhile, spite of that accident, the state was silently repairing its losses. Nothing so certainly regenerates spent fortunes, publick or private, as a minority. Under even the *godless* regent, as Pope emphatically calls le duc d' Orleans, who managed matters for their baby successor,

timely

timely respite from the rage of killing saved their then *reeling* kingdom from *deliquium*. Philip suffered his sensual pleasures to be broken in upon only by Law's imposture, and an unsuccessful cabal of restless Alberoni; but their resumed excesses shortened his life, and hindered him from seeing the great grandson of Louis quatorze married to the daughter of philosophick Stanislaus, and giving symptoms of a studious disposition; too officiously and for him fatally checkt, as conducive to ill health. A man is made only of body and soul, and those who persuade young people from all search of intellectual amusements, will drive them to look for corporeal ones. We leave him in the purposed A. D. 1725, apparently emancipated from preceptorship, but still consulting and confiding in the gentle Fleury, whose mild administration acted as a paregorick to torn France, the throbbing wounds of which, needed his healing hand.

Returning to our island, we see *that* united, only as it appears to be struggled for by Whigs and Tories, the last of which parties began to shrink away, when just before queen Anne's death the electress Sophia left the scene of contention, with all her claims upon it to her son, whom yet she had never thought it worth her while to have instructed in our English language.

George the first's penetration and sagacity were therefore lost to us, and of small value even to himself, who could but just with all their help perceive, but by no means prevent, his being made the tool of a bold and numerous faction; the king of half his subjects. His very virtues were turned against himself; for having observed the ungrateful temper of the Stuart race, who cared not who were ruined in their service, our newly arrived monarch generously declared that he would never forsake his true friends. Ignorance of the tongue they talked in, made it indeed almost physically impossible he should ever be able to discern who those friends were. A king always finds *that* science difficult enough, but to King George the first no earthly knowledge was half so unattainable. The Whigs hemmed him completely round, told him



him only what they chose he should hear, till a stranger to our hearts, our language, and our customs: the wisest among all his contemporary princes found it his best wisdom to withdraw his mind wholly from our concerns; and when we had hindered him from all exertion of his faculties *here*, we pretended to wonder that he loved going to *Hanover*: although a prince from any German court must necessarily have received early disgust, when the second or third day after his arrival, Mr. Chudleigh and Mr. Aldworth quarrelled in his very presence chamber; and even challenged each other to fight about drinking the pretender's health. His majesty at first, we are told, put on the sovereign, and began expressing his just indignation of such insolence, but checking himself, said, "I come here only to guard the laws of your country, gentlemen; if therefore there *are* any against such conduct, pray let them be put in force." An ill projected rebellion in favour of that pretender whose health many drank that stirred not from table in his cause, fixed the throne fast of his triumphant cousin; and little mercy did the men in power shew to those who had manifested symptoms of attachment to the persisting, although feeble Stuarts. No cruelty however can be charged against the king; fast held, he knew but little of what past, and money made that situation easier to him. As lives the dalai lama of Thibet, so reigns the sovereign of an oligarchy, composed of jealous and interested minds: *ours* in the opinion of all Europe round, possessed a clear and comprehensive head, and when he acted for himself he proved it such. Count Gyllenburgh, the Swedish minister in London, was seized by his immediate orders, and that intended firebrand quenched at once; he counteracted Alberoni's plans, and rendered them abortive by his negotiations. Upon a little progress made round some southern counties of our island, the people expressed an honest admiration of their new monarch's comeliness and dignity of aspect; although disliked before by Anne of Denmark, whose heart when he addressed her had been previously engaged. It

is recorded that he said of them when they huzzaed his coach through Lymington, "These English are esteemed by other states a *wise* people, " and I believe they might be made a happy one, changing their ministers only once o'month, and their kings once o'year." Of poets, in a language never learned by him, he had no taste, so there was much complaint for want of patronage, though neither Newton nor Handel were neglected; and Swift who sneered, got very little, as it should seem, even from his Tory friends: one hears no more of Mrs. Masham, after *his* letter to her on queen Anne's death. Something has always hung about my fancy, as if the appellation *Abigail* for a lady's maid originated in *her bed-chamber* attendance. Addison calls the intriguing female in his comedy the Drummer, Abigail, after *her* I believe, because we see her disposing of her *mistress*—Sir George Trueman's simple widow completely; but the humour is so concealed, nobody thinks of it.

Meanwhile the Duke of Marlborough, who had retired to the continent whilst the late ministry raised up a cry against him, returned to his own country just in time to welcome the arrival of our new sovereign, from whom each mark of honourable distinction was even eagerly paid, while king and nation vied in *his* applause. To those encouraging, those consoling sounds, a nervous disorder in his latter days rendered him wholly insensible. The shock of encountering hosts, the battle's din, had done their work, although as we may say *remotely*. The year 1720 witnessed *the streams of dotage flowing from those eyes*; which had conciliated the proud in peace, and awed the fierce in war. Before the time we have resolved to pause at, 1725, the French began to sing about the streets, *il est mort et enterré*, while his dead body long *their* mark, lay in our Westminster cathedral, whence at the last day shall rise heroes and statesmen, princes, kings and captains, but none to him superior.

There are few notes to this superficial work, which is itself of notes a mere collection: *Tumultuaria*, as Bernouilli with less propriety, called his upon Descartes. I must however here note a droll story of an old physician, doctor Oldfield; who seemed as much impressed with Churchill's merits, as is the writer of this *Retrospect*. Being at consultation one day, after a pause he started up and said, "the Duke of Marlborough spoke in the House of Lords an hour this morning." "Well sir!" replies a surgeon in the room, "Did he say any thing of doctor Oldfield?" "Of me; no surely." "Then he is a very ungrateful man I think," returns Belchier briskly; "for doctor Oldfield cannot speak a minute without mentioning the Duke of Marlborough, in any house."

## CHAP. XVII.

AMERICA, ASIA, AFRICA, AND GENERAL SKETCH OF  
IMPROVEMENT IN EUROPE, FROM 1725 TO 1750.

WHILE Christians were cutting each other's throats in Europe during Queen Anne's wars, the wiser Indians of North America set up a neutrality, and armed for its defence; having been disgusted with French perfidy ever since the governor of Canada burned all his prisoners alive, and gave up sixteen Englishmen to those savages who were supposed most inimical to the five nations or allies, hoping they would be put to death with new and ingenious torments. Monsieur de Denonville was however mistaken, for the Cataraqui tribe sent them safe home to our colony. Montreal now became a place of barter, and the spirit of traffick seemed likely to succeed that disgraceful ferocity which had hitherto stained the banks of the rapid Ohio. The soil on both sides of the Mohawk River was found to be excellent for raising hemp: masts were the natural produce of woods nearly impenetrable, consisting chiefly of majestick pines or haughty chestnut trees, self-fown, and inexperienced of the axe or pruning knife. To these old England rationally turned her thoughts, and sought improvement of her American possessions. During the summer of 1730, when there was question of a royal charter for Georgia and Carolina, to be called so after our young King George II. and his consort, seven copper-coloured chiefs came to St. James's, and did a willing homage to the sovereign; mention is made in one of the Spectators of such an embassy before that time, and their grave deportment at the theatre attracted much notice, impressing

pressing people with a strong persuasion of their good sense. They were not, as they would have been heretofore, perplexed with questions in divinity, but returned home I trust, admiring, as we did lately from our deputation to China, how finely people might live without any religion at all. The Spaniards had, no doubt, been grossly culpable in erecting Christianity upon an altar formed of spoiled palaces and bleeding innocents; for so was seated their new church in Mexico. The English, led to think that the reverse of wrong must needs be right, left all to accident north of the Isthmus Darien: I mean so far as government took cognizance. Missionaries sent forth by subscription of pious individuals, owed little, except mere protection to that state which seemed, about the time under review, to care for nothing save the world's new idol, worshipt with greater reverence every day—the golden idol *property*. East India was become a grand, though not a royal exchange: the affairs of our *old* Company there, which began the last day of the year 1600, and was united with a new one, some early day in 1700, had made a progress so prodigious, that they were looked on with half jealous eyes at home, while instances of their rapacity and aggrandizement abroad amazed the natives, of whatever cast, though long acquainted with European manners. The Capuchin friars were at the instant we are speaking of, the only persons from our continent untainted with this appetite of wealth, this bulimy; bespeaking a vitiated constitution; and they were made known to the orientalists, chiefly by the following accident: a sophy of Persia, I think the famous Kouli Khan himself, was seized with faintings, giddiness, and tremor, which none of his physicians could account for or remove. One of the members belonging to an old Franciscan convent settled at Ispahan, heard this event and joined in the affliction; but added that the cure needed not be difficult. The Grand Treasurer, informed of his opinion, called him instantly to court, where their royal patient lay in a syncope. Administering a smart emetic, after clearing the bowels *secundum artem*, symptoms of recovery announced themselves; opiates procured

procured repose, and bitters from the dispensary belonging to these monks, completed the happiness of Persia. Heaps of gold were offered in return to him who had bestowed health on the Emperor; but nothing could the Capucin be prevailed on to accept, unless promises of protection to his fraternity. *Thamas* made no scruple of granting them a lasting charter; but his Treasurer, struck with the strange disinterestedness of the dervise, made an immediate friendship with him, studied his language, and listened with wonder to his accounts of Italy, till having heated his brains with the recital, he resolved to run away with the man, and turn friar. Concealing some diamonds to pay their journey, insure a good reception at the end on't, and make their future lives comfortable, Father Gasparo and his confiding friend arrived at Rome: but when presented as a convert to Pope Benedict, he denied all belief in our blessed Saviour's divinity, although convinced of his celestial mission. After a few gentle reprimands to his companion however, all was passed over, and the Treasurer of Persia was quietly admitted into the monastery erected by Cardinal Barberini, brother to Urban VIII. He lived till 96 years old, and was seen there by the writer of *Memoires des Cours d'Italie*, a curious book printed about seven or eight years ago. This anecdote shews the surprizing revolution in Christian men's ideas; nor is it half as strange that one warm-headed individual should cross whole continents for the mere pleasure of wearing a scapulary in honour of a religion, the fundamental principle of which he disbelieved; as that the truly pious and worthy Pope Orsino should admit a positive Socinian into that community, whose founder held even an Arian in abhorrence. This curious amalgamation of opinions seems to have been chiefly performed by commerce, which softens the mind of one man to receive the ideas of another; as on the admission of mercury gold becomes a perfect paste. Good people helped this work forward too, more than they would have wished, had its consequences been laid open to them, by reproaching their Christian brothers everlastingly with the superiority of savage virtues, till it has at length

length become the mode to find out excellence in all *but* Christians. Excess of evidence beside, has, as Bishop Watson observes, been converted into a principle of unbelief; and because we see the Sanscrit language filled with efforts to express a trinity in unity, some of us come from the study of it, mere theosophists. Yet if the word *Ooon* of the east were investigated closely by those who are competent to such research, who knows but an approach to Plato's *Æons* might be traced, which I have heard were merely energies or emanations of divinity, incomprehensible somethings, thirty in number, filling up the chasm, and forming a chain between omnipotence and humanity. 'Tis difficult to find a *new* way of being either wise or virtuous, either absurd or perverse. The adherents to orthodoxy had condemned Sabellianism at the council of Alexandria in 260, because it maintained that the same God and Father of all, descended incarnate upon the earth he had created; redeemed it by his death; returned to heaven, and came down again upon his holy apostles. Nor do Dr. South's sermons militate *very strongly against* this notion, although *he* lies buried in Westminster Abbey; and lived to hear his great opponent Sherlock, accused of tritheism: yet as the mad prophet said by Louis quatorze, "It is not the Duke of Marlborough, nor Prince Eugene, which shall cut down and utterly destroy thee; but men of whom thou hast not now a thought." Religion was not *deeply* injured by these disputes: the pupil of Mr. Locke, the famous Lord Shaftesbury, in his elegant and spirited work called the *Characteristicks*, did more real hurt to the *true good old cause*, than all professors of theology put together; and I remember a friend of my own ten years ago, when anarchy and assassination reigned in Paris, and the life-blood dropt daily warm from the guillotine, said the French will be less wretched when a civil war breaks out among them, because killing will then be in the hands of soldiers, who are bred to it, and understand *how*: now each man murders for himself, methinks the slaughter's doubly dreadful. My friend judged very rightly; and while the contest between orthodox and heterodox

terodox opinions of Christianity was agitated by divines, expert theologians who well knew where to attack, and where to defend, the church was in less danger, less disgrace too, than since a bold irruption of Vandal forces overwhelmed us, scoffers and trampers—*complete Protestants*, as Mr. Gibbon blushes not to style himself, *protesting* against every faith as folly; and valuing, as another great writer expresses it, virtue beyond all religion, and friendship beyond all virtue. 'Tis worth remarking likewise, that as war was carried on with less ferocity about the year 1712 and 1713 than usual, though greater numbers than ever were destroyed, so literary quarrels were conducted in a mode less brutal and offensive. No more calling horrible names, like Beza and Tilleman; no more rancorous abuse and bitter revilings, like Milton and Salmasius; no more horse play and gross raillery, like Dryden and Settle. *Les querelles litteraires* were carried on by Pope and Addison, Swift and Steele, with a polite asperity alone, or sometimes even with a feigned affection, not ill ridiculed by Fielding, when he makes his puppets, Punch and Joan say, after a torrent of bad language bestowed on each other,

Since we hate like people in vogue,  
Let us no longer call beast and rogue,  
Gentler titles let us use,  
Plague one another, but not abuse.  
Pretty dear! *ah ma chere!*  
Joy of my life, and only care.

In the mean time it seems as if the trade and valuable connexions made by our good allies the Portuguese in Africa, died fast away, since their activity in the cause of religion was relaxed. The list of kings in Congo and Angola baptized by Christian names, ends, I think, with the seventeenth century: and the resistance made against conversion by the beautiful Black Princess Zingha, is, for ought I know, the last anecdote that can attract attention, before the general relapse of these countries



countries into a state of barbarism, broken but by some Mahometan settlers in Houssa or Tombuctoo, places now nearly inaccessible to modern enquirers. Upon the model of this Princess Zingha, Mr. Congreve perhaps formed his Moorish queen Zara's character, favourite of our theatres, when represented by incomparable Siddons. The poet has, however, altered the circumstances, and changed the motive. Zingha's ambition was to reign over her father's subjects; but in his latter days European eloquence prevailed, and persuaded him to leave young Giaglia, his brother's son, heir to the feather'd crown. From this boy, aged but ten years, and baptized a Christian, Zingha resolved to wrest the supreme authority: set by her intrigues the Dutch against his partizans from Portugal: "And now," said she, "my brave companions, while these mad fellows cut each other's throats, let us unite in defence of our country and our *fetiches*,"—the objects of their worship. High spirited as handsome, such a leader called round her soon a numerous band of blacks, prepared to die in her defence; but a white man was still, and had been long, her private friend. This Spanish officer, saved by her care from shipwreck once, and tempest, when all the crew but him perished on her coast; had held for four long years the post of favourite, in vain soliciting return to Europe. Her fondness for his person however, and apparent concern for his happiness, gave him a hope her savage heart was melted into a true and lasting kindness; and when she hung her gaudy chains about his neck, he thought some reason might be formed to fancy that *she* might be the person led by *him*. His singing seguedillas charmed her ear, and he supposed that she might one day be induced to think, that "*truths divine came mended from that tongue*." But soon as she perceived he meant to turn her thoughts from love of empire to retirement, while he kept correspondence with her foes, Zingha condemned him to immediate death; and during the afflicting hours that followed, when she, no longer mistress of herself, had even forgotten the watch-word to her guards, some Portugeuze surrounded and confined her, promising her life, and

even royalty, if she would but confirm in the succession her little Christian cousin, they called John. But even these propositions she refused, and flying unmolested to her native woods, ended her days in solitude and sorrow. The Spaniard having escaped her fury, told the tale, and there are novels written on the story.

Succeeding sovereigns being less engaged in propagating Christian faith among the Africans, than in fixing the bounds of European power, left Congo and Angola to be trodden occasionally by Mahometan merchants, and sometimes by Arabian sheiks perhaps; whilst that Don Pedro, who married his brother's betrothed wife, confining the first husband on the Azore Isles, left after a long reign, King John the fifth his son and successor; who sat till 1750 on a throne ever in close alliance with England, and studious but of two things as it appears; to keep the crown in their Braganza house by any measures and by any marriages; and to secure strict friendship with Great Britain, should that crown ever be endangered falling into the hands of Spain, their haughty neighbour.

We are to recollect indeed, that John the fifth was not by *that* princess, who had been married to Alphonso; of her scarce justifiable nuptials with her husband's brother Don Pedro, one daughter only was the offspring, and she, I think, died, leaving no family—king John the fifth was by a second bed.

Lord Peterborough's conduct through queen Anne's wars had given these nations fresh reason to respect our alliance, when he performed among them even prodigies of valour; acts of prowess worthy the days of chivalry indeed! Storming towns, rescuing ladies, Madame de Popoli in particular, from the most shocking indignities, on which she exclaimed, "I'm saved by a heretick! I'm saved by a heretick!" and sending quickly for her confessor, besought of him permission to pray for that English my lord. "For his conversion, Madam—but no more," returned the language of bigotry on the instant, "*he is not in a state of grace,*" "you know." He was in a state of exultation however, on his return; but

but when they huzzaed under his windows at some inn where he dined one day, Bristol I believe, a ringleader of the populace cried out, "Long live the Duke of Marlborough!" thinking 'twas he. "Give me leave," said Lord Peterborough (hastening to the balcony) "give me leave, good friends, to rectify your mistake, and *prove* to you that I am *not* the Duke of Marlborough. First, you see, I have but eight or ten guineas in my pockets (turning them) and secondly, you see, those few are at your service;" throwing them among the mob; and then sitting quietly down to his dinner. Of war and fighting however the world at length was weary; and George the first, whose love for peace was well known not to proceed from unwillingness to take the field, died not till he had prevented, by judicious treaties, all appearance of future quarrels with the king of Spain. On his demise his son came to the throne, with some advantages over his predecessor; some more knowledge of our language, and some assistance from the active friendship of a highly accomplished consort, who set herself sedulously to comprehend the duty and true interest of *his* situation and her own. The Tory party however took pains and pleasure in decrying all that she said or did, suspected artfulness in her condescension, and refused praise to her frugality, under pretence that it was dictated by avarice. The women sneered at her majesty's turn for study, they were learning to be clever *without* study. Swift, Addison, and Steele had required that ladies should spell correctly and write elegantly, although a grammatical education was hooted at; and to obtain the *rudiments* of science was going out of fashion even for boys, since *playing* them into languages had been recommended by Mr. Locke. A child who conversed fluently in seven different tongues at seven years old, was produced before the publick, and called the *heptaglog*: his master's method of instruction was printed, and the shackles of *rule* were to be broken, as well in education as in government. The success was the same in both; no boy of Busby's teaching ever so suffered in his future health by early study, as did the hapless heptaglog. No rebellion against

Tudors or Plantagenets had ever brought so keen a smart on its abettors as that of 1715. New notions, new opinions, new manners, poured in apace. A mind of magnitude above its fellows rose from the coarser ranks of humanity, and said the *age of reason* was at hand, when schools and universities should grow ashamed of classics and such trumpery. But though an acute surveyor of things present, he little dreamed *how* his prediction was to be accomplished: he meant to lift that reason he revered, under the banners of religion certainly; and hoped she would prove a powerful auxiliary in virtue's fading cause. But virtue fled wherever Walpole followed, who openly denied her serious existence; although his near friends said, and knew, that he himself possessed some admirable qualities, added to unremitted cheerfulness, animating a vein of pleasantry with that good humour which can alone disarm the harshest censures. His care, however, seems ever to have been bestowed on low and petty objects; bringing such members into parliament as would most readily concur in his scheme of corrupting the rest; nor was much opposition to be dreaded from men who would willingly enough, I trust, have voted away those millions they were so liberally invited to share. I know not however that much was, after all their clatter, voted away amiss; and I rather believe not. It was the shameless avowal of a vicious system, that shocked mankind more than the vice itself stained any individual; for if Sir Robert did actually refuse a bribe of 60,000*l.* to do what he thought wrong; and if he steadily resolved on resignation of an office he delighted in, rather than enforce payment of taxes by the sword, because he considered such severity unjustifiable; he was himself neither very corrupt nor wholly unprincipled: his *honour*, so far as these facts are true, remains untainted; and his professed enemy, Dr. Johnson, said of him (in the year 1780), "That he had been a useful friend to England, and would have kept the nation in constant tranquillity, if they (the Tories) would have let him rest." 'Tis told too, that by one act of parliament alone he  
took

took off no fewer than one hundred petty duties. This conduct was certainly meritorious; but the Tory party's ill humour towards the reigning family, had in the days under reviewal quite destroyed their usual jealousy for regal power; and while they taught the people to believe our king sent all their guineas off to Hanover, were not aware that *they* too helped on the democratick spirit, once despised; by consenting to an almost daily limitation of the crown's old prerogatives.

Walpole, meanwhile, who as a true Whig hated to see that sway which *must* be *somewhere*, seated on a throne, felt as a good minister, that his sovereign *must* have money to bestow; and all that he purchased by this paltry barter of durable importance for mere current cash, seems, upon *Retrospect*, to have been little more than questions carried in the House of Commons how many troops should be kept up in time of peace, and how the debt incurred by Queen Anne's wars should be best paid.

A love of peace is a pleasing feature in every character, particularly that of a statesman. Fleury and Walpole were indeed so deeply interested in its long continuance, that their contemporaries gave them little credit for the virtue; accusing them rather of sacrificing national honour to their own security, as Marlborough had in his day been accused of protracting an expensive and destructive quarrel, because to him productive of emolument. These accusations were all partly true; and the accusers were spurred on in both cases by motives no less mean or mercenary, than those were of the men who bore the charge. When we shall see a perfect patriot flame, rich in itself, like elemental fire, whose pureness needs no aliment at all, Herschel will tell us those are suns, not planets, satellites still less; 'tis out of nature: Alfred and great Aurelius have perhaps nearly approached that brightness of perfection; but we remember *they* were kings, not *substitutes*.

Meanwhile, though our court gave no ill example, a general relaxation of morals was observed, whilst all appearance of ecclesiastical government faded gradually away. The convocations met no more;  
bishops

bishops gave their votes quietly, and little thought was bestowed upon that good old church which was now both fapped and battered. Voltaire openly threatened the existence of Christianity about the year 1730, and had been heard to say aloud, that "It should soon be seen, if what twelve poor illiterate fishermen had established, a still less number of literary associates (*illuminati*) could not destroy." Much of his argument indeed, and more of his wit, seem the mere sulphurous flowers caught with care, after the corrosive verdigris of Macchiavelli's work sunk to the bottom: but 'twas not wit nor argument which hurt us; it was the unbroken though invisible, yet perpetually repeated efforts of an unwearied pertinacious enemy, attacking in unsuspected shapes, and operating in every possible way against the once dear and venerated fabrick, all but the immovable and heaven-fixed cornerstone of which seemed now, to thinking men, in real danger;

And when religion veils her sacred fires,  
All unobserv'd morality expires—

as truly sung the poet of the times. Enormous profligacy of the common people was therefore seen to mark this period, while the strange characters of Ward, and Waters, and Chartres,\* shew such a scorn of goodness, such depravity among the common circles of the town, as were unmatched till Mandeville stepped forth, and told us, "That the publick benefit was best promoted by vice of individuals, and that the state had no such useful members in it as these mad candidates for quick damnation." In opposition to such daring impiety and perversion of incomparable talents, not a few fools read my Lord Shaftesbury's Characteristicks as a devout exercise for Sunday evenings, all about voluntary uncommanded virtue, as an old alderman of London once said to me that it was; and how, when he was 'prentice, he

\* If Hart published his *Herodian before* the epitaph on Chartres was printed in Pope's works, it takes some merit from its originality, because he uses the same opposition in his character of Nero, or very nearly.

read it in turns with *Tillotson*. The poetry or sentiment which it contains, I trust, escaped the future magistrate, although perfectly consonant to the moment in which this *Retrospect* is taken; when we hear such apostrophe as the following every day;

Oh glorious Nature!  
 Supremely fair and sovereignly good!  
 All loving and all lovely! all divine!  
 Wise substitute of Providence! impow'rd  
 Creatress! or impow'ring deity,  
 Supreme creator!  
 Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

The time indeed was rapidly approaching in England, that such adoration only was likely to be paid as every man fancied, or thought he fancied to be good; and that Spain should not be behind hand in folly, a philosophical Castilian courtier there told the king one day, "That he believed St. Lawrence did not suffer martyrdom assisted by God's grace at all, but by mere *Spanish valour*." This was as characteristic of *their* country's change in opinions since the day that nation's nobles had fought controversial duels in 1080, when Sanctius committed the cause of Gothick and Roman liturgy to two combatants, not doubting but God's grace and approbation too went with the victor, as says Joseph de Herreras in his history.

Whilst orator Henley however was pensioned by government, for secret services in some weekly paper, and of course protected in all he should attempt, a school of disputation was set up by this fellow, the first I read of, who preached lectures in the butcher-row, where people paid a shilling each, and boasted, that by his impious buffoonery he had put *the church and all that* in imminent danger. We must remember that this coarse animal was in holy orders; and Warburton says that he administered the sacrament in the same place where he held forth as a lecture-reader, or I do not understand the passage rightly.

rightly. But people found out how, if church authority was gone, and dignity disregarded; charity at least, and philanthropick beneficence, would much increase among us, as superstition (so all devotion now was called) declined. A charitable corporation had upon this principle been instituted some years before, for relief of the poor, by lending them small sums upon small pledges; but in 1731 the precibus project came to a head and burst, when the kind governors ran off with half a million of pounds sterling, stolen from the indigent and lazy, who were tempted to borrow upon bad security, and whom the noble pawn-brokers spared not to plunder when once within the net. Hogarth believed it was in spirit of derision that three blue balls, or sometimes golden ones, was after this time hung at the doors of lesser traders in the *same vile way*. They represented gilt or painted *bubbles*; and *bubble* was a word came into use when our South Sea scheme followed up that in France, called Missisipi. For the full tide of wickedness and folly rolled not to our shores alone: Socinianism became almost the established faith in Germany, and even *that* was every day degenerating into Deism. Suicide grew fashionable on the continent. Robeck's body was found on the banks of the Weser in 1735, I think: his vindication of the self-murderous act by modern philosophy was quickly printed, and disseminated with diligence. Cold-blooded crimes too were the boast of London; where a book-binder and his wife reasoned themselves into killing each other and their only child, leaving a letter behind them, recommending their *cat* to protection of the neighbourhood.

Before the year 1750 was concluded, Miss Blandy poisoned her father for opposing her desired match with Captain Cranstoun; Miss Waring, or Warren, native of Britain, but resident at Paris, being persuaded by her mother to marry Monsieur Odry, a lame man, teller of the exchequer, against her liking, called for a boiled egg at the wedding dinner, and putting in a few grains of sublimated mercury with the salt, killed herself before her husband's face and all his friends,  
coolly



coolly observing, "they would have it so." And Mr. Baretta tells a tale, nearly the same date, of a Venetian lady, who, having been long pressed to take the veil against her inclinations, hanged herself up in the convent's parlatory, while her half-frantick parents, incapable of hindering the horrid deed, were paying her a visit, outside of the grate. Nor were these sorrows sufficient. Thinking men grieved to see the church of Rome molested by Molinists, Quietists, &c. rendering even the best efforts of its own best friends unable to defend it. Cardinal de Noailles, and Pere le Tellier, had battled it during the last pontificate, with a violence which would have been dangerous even in safe times; the Cardinal still protesting he could not submit to be *le valet des Jesuites*: and helping to inflame all France against the Confessor, whose cruelties and those of all his house against the Protestants, were now even in the opinion of Protestants themselves, likely to be visited with judgments sufficiently dreadful, both on his own family and that of his master. The too long protracted quarrel between the papal chair and Cardinal de Noailles, was however made up at last on his receiving the bull *Unigenitus*, and Benedict the thirteenth hastened to receive and restore the offender. On his death, Clement the twelfth a Florentine nobleman, was elected; his first care was to punish the duc de Coscia for his exactions during the retired life of the pious predecessor; his next, but that was far more difficult, was to stop the vile tongues of Benedict's defamers, who in the true profligate spirit of the times, cried out, "That 'twas as well live under a Tiberius, who left the world to practise in a secret cavern new modes of wickedness, while Sejanus tyrannized over the public weal; as under Orfino, who quitted conversation with the world only to starve himself in a remote corner of the palace, whence he came forth but upon days of public devotion; whilst the rapacious substitute lorded it over, and grievously oppressed the state."

Clement found it more easy to obtain restitution from Coscia's family, than to silence these censurers of all men but themselves—sure

scourge of an elective sovereignty ; though with the ill-gotten wealth which he obliged these first offenders to refund, many large purchases were made of books for the Vatican ; but even *that* offended the detractors, who arraigned this pontiff's active virtue as severely, as they had despised unreasonably the gentle manners and mortified character of him who went before : for nothing but vice could please a vicious nation, and Rome was once more arrived even at the perfection of dissolute manners. We recollect good emperors in old time, treated much as the present century did the good popes ; and after the last of these, Corsini, had reigned ten years, a disgraceful bustle and hot contest ensued, who should enjoy this phantom of past power, this faded purple, exactly as befell in the first volume, when Goths and Vandals, and ruin were at hand. It dropt however happily upon the shoulders of Prospero Lambertini, a prelate of immense abilities, to which a conciliating temper, ready wit, and morals free from reproach, gave an additional value. To his care we must, in 1750, leave his undeserving subjects ; and returning to our own church, must lament to see one of its bulkiest pillars pecked at, I guess not why, by Mr. Law, as if religion's friends wanted fresh enemies to hinder and obstruct them in her defence : nor did the attempt fail to provoke scornful and ill-applied insult from Warburton, who, if he did indeed contemn his adversary, it was from making a rash judgment of his powers.

Law's admirable book, the *Serious Call*, deserves the highest praise ; and had its merits made but *one* impression, much honour ought to be attributed to the sudden and almost preternatural effect which it produced upon that Proteus of imposture *Pfalmanazar*, whose blasphemous extravagancies disgraced the age we speak of ; whose sophistries baffled and brought shame on the professors of our faith in every modification, every sect ; and whose rigid acts of exemplary penitence, though good for his own soul, made but incompetent amends at last to an offended public. All Europe scarce *could* hear of his conversion ;

all

all Europe had been staggered by his controversy : he had in many places personated a Pagan Japanese so perfectly ; had disputed so ingeniously with Jesuits, Lutherans, Calvinists : had fought them all so on their own ground, with such unmatched dexterity, that when at length he was arrived in England, he published boldly an octavo volume, containing a feigned account of his imagined country, the island of Formosa, making a language of his own, and telling how 'twas spoken in those parts. In fine, carrying the jest on so far as gravely to dedicate this impious forgery to Henry lord bishop of London ; and a privy counsellor to good Queen Anne, if I remember rightly. Pfalmanazar says, that this prelate scarcely understood Latin *as he pronounced it* : and though Dr. Mead believed he was a cheat ; neither he, nor Halley, nor Woodward could detect him. Innes the clergyman, who baptized him as a new convert to Christianity, and who meant to make advantage of him in some way, never dared give a hint of his suspicions, excepting that when once he caught him translating Cicero into Formosan, two different ways ; he looked around, and said, " Sir, you were unprepared, I fancy, were you " not ? " They parted after this ; Innes died soon ; and Pfalmanazar, many years after, struck by Law's serious Call, did of his own accord confess his curious, though abominable contrivances, avowing how it was his practice to take opium, and counterfeit ill health, gout, and swelled legs, for counterfeiting's sake, as it appears to me, who can find out no end answered by *that*. His impious adoration of the sun was dreadful ; but he atoned for many vile offences, by having before death acknowledged, and repented of them all, leading a long life of exemplary piety and great diligence, and at last ending his various day in the communion of our Anglican church, professing his preference of it to any, and to every other, as he told Dr. Johnson on his death-bed, though conscious there must be defects in all. No entreaties could however prevail on him to reveal his real name, nation, or family. Mr. Villette believed he was a Gascon, though Frenchmen

have rarely such flexibility of organs as to render, like this man, every tongue his own.

But the death of Charles the sixth, emperor of Germany, recalled attention from individual knaveries, towards the insolent ones, then set on foot by whole nations at once. Henry was dead, and Tencin\* ruled at Paris: when spite of the pragmatic sanction, by which it was supposed that the deceased's dominions had been secured to his beautiful and deserving daughter Maria Theresa; and spite of that passion with which Frederick of Prussia says, "all Europe was inspired towards the house of Austria and its interests;" the restless cabinet of Versailles found means to induce the elector of Bavaria to stand forth and contend against the scarce-disputed *right* of Charles's only child, who saw Silesia torn from her by one adventurous neighbour; Bohemia threatened by another; and she herself an object of compassionating tenderness, not knowing where she could lie in with safety. The ladies in England talked of subscribing their jewels to assist her, and our king George the second, taking the field in person, won the battle of Dettingen, where his acts of personal prowess endeared him to his valiant subjects, who love courageous conduct in their sovereign; and though some sullen wise ones here at home found out that we were fighting abroad only for our own honour and the profit of others, (a matter not difficult to discern) Great Britain and her gallant monarch loved one another better from that day. As to internal politics in this country, Tories had long persisted in protesting, perhaps in believing, that every foul sin committed through the nation, ought to be charged upon Sir Robert Walpole, till a sort of general alarm was, by their repeated efforts, at length excited, and those who panted for the posts of this long-reviled minister, perceived the iniquity of his retaining those posts any longer: while the Whigs meanly shrunk from support of the man, who never, during his continued administration, had been

\* Tencin's bastard son was *d'Alambert*.

known to desert the cause of one private friend. After having clung to the mast, however, (if Onslow's testimony, preserved by Coxe, be true) when he could no longer guide the helm, he dropt: and the king did *not* forsake the servant whom he had reason to think faithful in what concerned his master's purse and person. 'Twas left for the subsequent rebellion to rivet more closely the now daily growing union between our people and the reigning house. When Tencin, turbulent and bold, excited an ill-planned project of descent on Scotland, headed by the grandson of James the second, in quality of prince regent; that youth expected much assistance from Tory families remote from London, and bent his course towards Wales. No encouragement, however, being received *there*, and the old feudal chieftains from the north, disliking further progress through our island, forced their submissive leader back again, and freed the capital from those commercial terrors, which less intimidated than amused its king, round whose royal standard every rank, every description of men rallied, confiding in his best protection who set himself seriously to arm for their defence, sending, in the mean time, for his son duke William, who, leading his veterans on, quickly by the decisive battle of Culloden, relieved the terrified metropolis; and after that day we heard no more of the pretender coming with his hungry troops to put our property in danger, armed with a *missive weapon* called *dirk*: for the dear Londoners in those days, really did seem more ignorant concerning the manners of a Highland laird, than they are now about the government of Mamelukes and Beys. Failure of this foolish adventure too, in person of a prince who knew not either how to make his arms respected, or his misfortunes pitied, put an end to what was left of jacobitism among us, and the whole nation joined the grateful chorus *God save great George our King!* Notes had been taken in payment by the merchants who subscribed for his and their own support, upon the *Bank of England*; and *loyalty*, the first of national virtues, found

its reward in wealth and fame and national respectability. Nor did the fire-works, played off in honour of a general peace, signed at Aix la Chapelle, please the people better than did the sovereign's observation and reproof of that supineness among our clergy, which was supposed to have suffered many weeds to grow both in religion and morality.

I well remember when the ardent, though irregular, exhortations of Mr. George Whitfield roused the metropolis from its stupor, that some application was made to his majesty for *silencing* him, as they said; his reply was echoed about immediately. “*Shall I* (cried the king) *make him a bishop!*” Much mischief had indeed been suffered since it had grown the fashion to forbear all mention of our Saviour's passion from the pulpit, except upon Good-Friday, and even *that* day was strictly *commanded* to be observed, or else might possibly have been forgotten. While the young preachers entertained their congregations with one critical essay or another, and

To rest the cushion and soft dean invite,  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

Doctor Doddridge indeed published a tract capable of stimulating the most enervate Christian, and drawing attention from the most sordid worldling, called the life and conversion of Colonel Gardiner, who was killed at Preston Pans: but I know not whether it had much effect. To the pious and elegant James Hervey, rector of Weston Favell, the church owes, I think, more solid obligations. His works were universally read, and more meritorious than these, as seated nearer to London, grand vortex of iniquity—The rector of Welwyn, the chaplain of the court, whose spirited reproof of Monf. de Voltaire, and steady opposition to him in a mixed company, when he was on the *Anti-christian* mission here in England, tells more to the honour of his *Abdiel*-like opponent, than even those sublime and well-known effusions which  
genius

genius *will* throw off sometimes, when heated by devotion's flame in night and solitude: although

Aside their harps ev'n seraphs flung  
To hear thy sweet complaints—Oh Young!

It is indeed the concentrated fire of the laboratory which, as we know, produces what is most valuable in medicines for the mind: yet will not the loyal bonfire, blazing in open air, and sparkling in defiance of cold blasting winds, be scorned at length by heaven's eternal King. Fuller says prettily that as Ahab was wounded between the joints of his armour, so has the Anglican church been struck between episcopacy once put off; and calvinism, never fitting us, ill buckled on. But our religion found an unexpected and *un/suspected* patron too in Richardson; who makes fiction the favoured conduit of truth, and brings the stream of piety unfulled from its pure and far-distant fountain to the capital, as Addison says sweetly of the Roman aqueducts,

While rivers there forsake the fields below,  
And, wond'ring at *their place*, in *airy channels* flow.

Musick likewise, which about the end of the 16th century had in Italy suffered herself to be seduced so far as not to refuse assistance to the drama, although her chief employment was the church; so that

Le matin Catholique et le soir Idolatre,  
Elle dina de l'autel, et soupa du theatre.

came to us in her theatrick drefs about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and before the portion of time now under revival, from 1725 to 1750, was grown an established favourite among the great and gay; while those who had less money or less taste exclaimed, and charged much of our acknowledged ill conduct in upper life to the enervating sweetness of Soprano singers, then first heard among us, and the loose style of that musical tragedy known by the name of an Italian opera.

Nicolini

Nicolini di Napoli seems to have been well apprized of the danger, by his solicitude to engage friends among the popular writers of the day; and as he was the first to venture over in character of *primo serio*, so he appears to have taken many precautions for pacifying the rough inhabitants he was to encounter; learning our language, singing English songs, and affecting admiration of the Spectators, Tatlers, &c. He introduced a successor, Valentini I think, and retired; but did not escape at last without the famous lines,

Begone! our nation's pleasure and reproach,

Britain no more with idle trills debauch:

Back to thy own unmanly Venice fail, &c.

which he used to divert his friends at home by repeating in an odd mock-heroick strain, particularly the third line, which, as he was a native of Naples, seemed a better jest to him than to us. Meanwhile, the fancy for this new mode of amusement being once fixed, no exhortations could prevail on people to dismiss it, no ridicule could drive it out of fashion. Farinelli's arrival and performance threw London into convulsions of delight, which appeared quite contagious; and several grave residents in counties then deemed remote, sent hastily for their attorneys, made their last wills, and resolutely waded from Lewes in Sussex, or Creek in Northamptonshire, through roads nearly impassable, hoping at the week's conclusion of peril and distress, to find their bright reward in a crowded opera. To stop this tide of infectious phrenzy, blown forward by affectation, Mr. Gay undertook to execute Swift's project of a *Newgate* pastoral: but if taste for Italian representation softened the minds of an audience into a sort of voluptuous tenderness, not likely to do much real harm in latitude 52, the remedy was worse than the disease by far; as less difficulty would be found in hardening our native coarseness to brutality.

This democratick plan of calling the low Londoners round to applaud a remorseless highwayman's last supposed moments, was so insolent



insolent an attack upon morality and virtue, while it pretended only to correct empty foibles, that the king was prevailed on to suppress its second part, having already seen sufficient evil arise from the first. Musick alone could cure the ills she caused. George Frederick Handel having had a quarrel with those who joined him to divert the publick, and a long illness following from vexation, received a somewhat like miraculous cure from the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. Disposed to express his thankfulness and gratitude, instinctive piety sent him to the organ of the great church there belonging to recluses, who listening, soon began to think his composition wonderful as his cure.

From that day, dedicating those amazing talents to devotion, which had till then yielded to softer claims; in the course of a year his oratorio called *Messiah* was performed in Dublin, for benefit of the city prison. England soon sighed to hear and join in the unparalleled chorus *Hallelujah*: but its charitable author, presenting to the Foundling Hospital the sums it first brought in, united the well-wedded virtues of sublime praise to God, and charity towards his harmless creatures, in consecration of our purest pleasures, to the support of infant innocence.

'Twas thus that the seducements to luxurious enjoyment first tendered to us by Hortensia de Mazarin, niece to the cardinal, under the discordant dress of musical tragedy, began to lose their effect; and the sweet melodies of opera airs were half forgotten, in the full harmony and swelling pomp of resounding excellence.

But painting lent her help too; when Hogarth taught industry to the poor, and ridiculed prodigality in the rich, by a method untried till his day, unrivalled till day ends. From his prints, far surer than any *Retrospect*, may posterity learn the *shading* of those manners, which we can catch only in single and decided masses of colour; so much neater is the pencil for such purpose than the pen.

Nor did the stage forbear to lend assistance. Too long had that

place been the sink of sin; and such profaneness had been added to obscenity by Dryden, Congreve, and their imitators; that Collier, Law, and others of less genius, had tried in vain at reformation, while scorn pursued their precepts, and the example even of sober people run directly counter to them. Taught by his greater friend the immortal Rambler, David Garrick began, as it appears, seriously to think,

How glorious 'twere to raise  
A theatre to *virtue's* praise.

Even then, when custom had wiped off the blush from nature's cheek, and vice was naturalized by the name of fashion; *even then*, he swept away offensive passages from many plays, restored those which had good tendencies, gave no encouragement to vicious characters, and added to talents unseen before, and unexpected to be ever seen again, such beneficence of heart and integrity of character, as gave even the most strict moralists among us hope, that where the poison grew, there had we found the antidote. A *literal* proof of that axiom's truth, as well as this figurative one, graced the period under review; and Lady Mary Wortley brought from Constantinople, where the small-pox first began, its happy mitigant (if I may call it so) the practice of inoculation. When those who had the regular care of human happiness and human goodness, slumbered at their posts, Providence seems to have provided assistance where it was least expected. A woman of gaiety, and carriage lighter by far than was the mind which animated her motions, saved by the introduction of this happy art, numberless valuable members to society, and taught a power of pacifying the dreadful disease even when caught by infection. A Mahometan writer of the ninth century, Rhazes by name, first *mentions* this destructive terror, which Heister says accompanied the plague; and was of course distinguished by petechial spots, which were called *purples* in my younger days; though now, thank God, they

they are almost unknown. German physicians earliest began the new treatment in Europe, I believe; and George the second, after having tried its favourable result on criminals, and having been convinced of its success on many adventurers both in his British and Hanoverian dominions, inoculated his own royal family, proving that he excelled not only in field-bravery, but in domestick and determined courage. Nations caught the desired example, and the scythe of death was blunted.

## C H A P. XVIII.

## SKETCH OF THE SITUATION OF AUSTRIA, TURKEY,

## RUSSIA, FRANCE AND ITALY,

FROM 1725 TO 1750.

**I**F Frederick of Prussia, the statesman, the soldier, the philosopher, and the wit; saw something like what he calls an instinctive rage in Europe, for the supporting of fair Austria's head, from which he meant to pluck a plume or two: we who are neither historians, nor inventors, but sober Christians, engaged in a mere *Retrospect* of past occurrences, will need small wit, and less philosophy, to see something very like a necessary, if instinctive impulse, for supporting that once majestick, and once holy Roman empire, dwindled indeed, so low in this last century, that empty pride, and hollow sounding title, served them as solace for the loss of power; while bigotry, burning concealed among a few forgotten individuals, was left alone, as a sort of internal evidence of that sanctity, which had at one time given reverence to the whole. As travellers who seek amusement, by rowing round that melancholy spot, where sunk the Royal George in Portsmouth harbour; we make our sea-marks from the wrecks of greatness, and shew by heads of masts yet unconsumed, where stood imperial thrones in other ages: ages which like those waters rolling forward, will never more return.

The first political phenomenon which fills our telescope in 1725, is a strict alliance formed between Charles the sixth, emperor of Germany, and Philip d'Anjou, long his hated foe. An alliance, hostile in every

every sense to every true interest of Vienna's court, but best worth our remarking, as a proof that the race is indeed not decreed to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, when the Bourbon king of Spain, with two hundred thousand pistoles (Voltaire says) purchased more of the Austrian territories than Marlborough or Eugene deemed in danger, when they were acting as its strenuous defenders. But money was become every *thing* to almost every *body*; and I read the other day, a speech in our own House of Commons, setting forth how Philippe d'Anjou ought to be considered more in the light of a great merchant than of a sovereign prince. He was a great prince notwithstanding; and although from his mercantile majesty we did gain Gibraltar and Minorca by force of arms, he had the skill, through bribery and negotiation, to hedge out the Austrians from many an old family fief, and plant his own progeny firmly in their Italian dominions. 'Twas under them that the discovery of Herculaneum was perfected; some traces had been discerned in the year 1713, but Europe was then too busy on the superficies of mother earth, to feel deeply interested about what she contained in her bowels. Gold, for purpose of carrying on wars with each other, was all they wished to find there, and it was the only thing almost which was *not* to be found in Herculaneum. An early page of our first chapter mentions I think the great eruption of Vesuvius, when a vast stream of lava overwhelmed this town, and others in its neighbourhood. A. D. 1730 witnessed the digging out its valuable ruin, adding certainty to the antiquarian's creed; and ending the scholar's numerous conjectures in decision. Theatres, temples, a subterranean city in fact, began to excite curiosity among those now polished nations, which, when she hid her head, were hordes of savages alone; or tribes ferocious in fight. Yet were the Germans formidable *then*, and Tacitus bears testimony to their valour, which, though softened by science, had so little degenerated since, that when the peace of Utrecht gave respite to innumerable combatants; Prince Eugene led his conquering troops, desirous of  
fresh

fresh laurels to signalize themselves in the great battle of Belgrade, rewarded by the conclusion of a treaty advantageous to all Christian powers, and signed 1718.

Achmet's repeated disgraces in the subsequent disputes with Thamas Kouli Khan, ended at length in a revolt of those fierce Janissaries, well known to Lady Mary Wortley, and by her described with much pleasantry and spirit. Reading about the Turks, in any author, one catches their contempt of unsuccessful sovereigns; otherwise it is scarce fair to forget Achmet's behaviour, and that of his Vizier, to Charles XII: but on the last-named writer's pen, hangs such a fascinating spell, our tenderest interest goes all to Mustapha; the brother he had long before deposed, and she says poisoned, while his afflicted widow, Sultana Hafiten, deprecating mercy, chains our mind to *that* branch of the Ottoman race, and makes us hear of Mahomet the fifth mounting the Turkish throne in 1730, with perfect unconcern for his predecessor. It appears that this *new* emperor entertained some idea of making a reform in his internal policy, by curbing the over-grown power of the Viziers, who till his time enjoyed supreme authority under the sanction of a monarch ever cloistered up from knowledge of affairs, unless ambition called them out to war. The intended reformation, 'tis true, required more than Turkish skill to manage it, and Mahomet seems to have brought but little to the work. He changed his first ministers rapidly, consulting only with the Kiskar Aga, and hoping by that means to be less imposed upon; I guess not why. Princes have been compared to beauties now and then, they resemble them perhaps chiefly in this; that every discarded lover, as every turned out minister, makes it a rule to hate and thwart in future, that once-flattered sovereign, real or fictitious, whom he formerly professed even adoration of.

The Viziers driven from court joined with the Janissaries, whom in their short administrations they had found means of obliging; and persuaded them to *set the town on fire*, not once, but repeatedly; and  
always

always on eve of a battle: so that the news might fright the Grand Signor, and call him from his camp whenever victory was likely to decide in his favour, strengthening his hands at home by reports of his success abroad. To these *patriots* then, however reluctantly, the nominal despot of an immense empire was forced virtually to submit, or see his unoffending subjects made the sacrifice of their displeasure; rather than Constantinople should be burned to ashes, he by advice of his Musti threw them the Kislar Aga to be killed, as having given hurtful counsels; and of that plunder which *his* wealth afforded, the church and state making an equal division, secured the Sultan in his seat of *eminence*; we cannot call it *power* very properly; where the year 1750 finds him.

From contest with our Christian armies, Prince Eugene had relieved his predecessor by signing of the peace at Passarowitz, after which day of triumph over Turkey, that great warrior had, with a versatility of mind rarely found among the men of his profession, betaken himself to study; and cultivating in his retirement all manner of polite literature, rendered his mind a splendid repository of well-classed knowledge—historick annals in particular, where his own character will one day shine among the best and bravest; for, although he once was baffled before Philippsbourg, he covered Mayence and Fribourg in a manner that made him not unworthy of our Harley's compliment, when in the year 1712; visiting England, that minister invited him to dinner, and said at table while the glass went round, "How he might  
" now congratulate himself on entertaining the first general on earth."  
" 'Tis to your lordship then (replied the prince) that I owe such pre-  
" eminence," alluding to the great Duke of Marlborough's dismissal. But as the Athenians, a day before the feast of Theseus, sacrificed a ram to Conidas his tutor: a glance of *Retrospect* should be bestowed on Lesauveur, the famous engineer, who being dumb till seven years old, solved Euclid's problems then without a master. *He* taught Prince Eugene that consummate skill and close acquaintance with the art of fortification,

fortification, so necessary to conducting German wars; and was so much prized for his powers of calculation, that Louis quatorze, in his later days, made him successor to Vauban with a pension. 'Tis said that Pere Rollin has *this* hero's education in his eye, when he extols Xenophon's *Enfance de Cyrus*; and *this* is greater praise to him than even La Varde's epitaph, when, after *hic jacet*, his titles, &c. comes

In Pace

Magnificus Musarum Cultor :

Artium Laus et Præsidium.

In Bello

Miles Dux Heros

Triumphator.

Alter

Annibal Labor, Hector Audacia, Fortuna

Scipio; Ingenio. Cæsar, Ulysses Astutia,

Æneas Pietate.\*

His gallant pupil, we will own, confined not his taste to mathematical employments, yet love for every branch of learning's tree, so long inherent in his mother's house, seems somehow to have preserved this great commander's intellects unhurt to the last moment of a long-protracted life—as salt hinders the animal alkali from preying on itself, and keeps the body thus from turning putrid. The grandson of Mazarin held not his faculties by lease-tenure, as those of Churchill or Sobiesky seem to have been bestowed. God gave to this hero the fee-simple of his own understanding, and he dropt down dead in the full possession of it, replacing a book upon its shelf in his own library, 1736. Five volumes octavo at this hour, contain his biographical anecdotes: two volumes folio, with a *supplement*, scarce hold the delineation and description of his battles. In four years after his death, while Britain was

\* Preserved in Les Memoires de Monf. de Bruys.



engaged in a maritime war with Spain, for some insults received by our sailors in America, died Charles VI. emperor of Germany; and in Maria Theresa, his daughter, married to Francis duc de Lorraine, began as it were a new imperial house. Of Rodolph de Hapsburgh's ancient family, descended from the Gordians, who boasted Trajan's blood by female line, this lady was the last; and it appeared as if extinguishing or nearly so: like wheels of artificial fire indeed, it caught new heat by some invisible machinery, and blazes yet away another round. In the grand effort made for this fair princess, and in the zealous strife to establish her, although more sovereigns took the field in person than ever had been seen at once in arms since the crusading days, none behaved better than our own King George. Meanwhile the elector of Bavaria, set up by France on an obsolete claim, succeeded for a while, and took the name of Charles VII., supported with an immense subscription, and the whole credit of the House of Bourbon. This dangerous competitor was son to the daughter of Charles the sixth's elder brother, Joseph, and grounded his pretensions on the will of Ferdinand I., brother to Charles quint, who succeeded on his abdication, and who, fearful lest his son Maximilian II. should have no issue male, expressed his dying desire, or command, that the sceptre might descend to a boy born of his own eldest daughter rather than to a daughter of his eldest son. As Maximilian II. *had* issue male, this will was left untalked about from 1564 to 1741, when the Bavarian made his claim in consequence of this antiquated disposition.

Short sway! Fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,  
The Queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms.

Notwithstanding which, and notwithstanding the Hungarians declaration that they would die for their *King* Theresa, as they called her, had Charles VII. pressed forward to Vienna after the surrender of Prague, she would perhaps have been reduced to that sole title, by which he

never ceased to call her, *Ma cousine la Grande Duchesse*. Before that we dismiss the baffled prince, who, after a terrible reverse of fortune, was at length left by mankind, not far from where they found him, although

His foes' derision, and his subjects' shame,  
He stole to death, from anguish and from blame.

It is not much amiss to observe how care for preservation of kingdoms or estates to issue male died off, with other old aristocratical ideas: since commerce had ploughed away many distinctions, and levelling each hill, exalted in proportion, or rather in double proportion, *every valley*. The ancient address of oriental supplicants, as we read it in the story of Abdallah, son of Abbas, was now no more. "Oh, son of the uncle of God's great apostle, Mahomet!" To *him* did the voice address itself: but such pretensions subsisted no longer; the reign of Maria Theresa was approved, as her claims were considered true and rightful. Among the generals who made most efficacious opposition to those claims was Marshal Saxe, natural son to the gallant Augustus of Poland, by *la belle Aurore*, countess of Koningsmarck. He had a pardonable, as hereditary aversion to Louis XV. of France, who wedded the daughter of his father's rival, Stanislaus Leckzinsky, and that must in some measure account for his being ever opposed to the Protestant armies, though he was born and bred a Lutheran, which caused one of *les dames spirituelles de Paris* to say at his death, "Oh, what a pity 'tis that we shall not sing one *de profundis* for this charming fellow, who has so often made us sing *te Deum*." Count Saxe had an idea that much depended upon *names*; or having said so once, perhaps in sport, his biographers have set it down as serious. He certainly did marry *Victoria de Loben*, and certainly was divorced from her, alledging that he liked her company less than her appellation. The lady wished no change; but he was the offspring of bright *Aurora*, as he said, and like the sun must gild many regions in course of his various day. The plains

plains of Malplaquet first witnessed his heroick ardour in battle, where he was wounded and unhorsed, and fought on foot. Being requested to retire—"No, no, he cried—*I like it.*" In effect this extraordinary character seems always to have acted *as he liked it.* Anna Iwanowna called him to Petersburg, got him elected duke of Courland, and pressed him to accept her hand and heart. He *liked her* maid better: such a preference exposed his person to the greatest danger; he could not quit the court, he had no money. The well-known La Couvreur, a favoured actress in high credit at Paris, pawned all her jewels, plate, &c. and sent him forty thousand livres by a trusty hand. He flew to her directly, thanked her tenderly; said he must now study the mathe-maticks, and so he did; nor ever saw her more except upon the stage. 'Twas Marshal Saxe who afterwards took Prague by assault; beat the allies at Fontenoy, *though ill*; made the French masters of Tournai, Ghent and Bruffells; entered Zealand with his conquering troops, and after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was signed, when no fewer than a million of armed men kept forcibly the peace of Europe, being employed by all the sovereigns concerned in it. This warrior went upon a visit to Berlin, where Prussia's young king received him with all possible distinction: then, having been refused the odd request he made for leave to colonize and end his days in the West Indian island of Tobago, he fell sick, and sending for Senac, the great physician, "Are you married, Sir?" said he, "and have you children?" The Doctor confessed both. "You have been a wise man (replied the Count); here am I going now to quit this world and leave my name to nothing but a minut. My life has been a fine gay *dream* however, 'tis time to close my eyes *now* on *trifles*, and open them upon *reality*:" Senac's friendly tears often attested this anecdote; its date is the last day of 1750. But Muscovy's affairs have been too long forgotten; we left them under care of hardy Catherine, who walking in her honoured husband's steps, taught her rough countryfolks our Christian æra: they counted by the world's age, not *anno Domini*, till 1725.

When *Retrospection*, piercing fog and frost, watches the widow of the immortal Czar, malice attends to see if she prevented his grandchild, sickly offspring of Alexis, from mounting the imperial seat at her decease; malice must own she did him no such wrong: her dying disposition named him successor, with the reversion if he left no sons, to her own daughters and their progeny. This reign soon ending with the prince's life, Anna Iwanowna was called by voice of various partizans to ascend the throne of Russia. This lady, daughter to first Peter's brother, who once had shared the toils of state with him, supported them herself about ten years. Unable to prevail with Marshal Saxe, she married Frederick William duke of Courland, but left no issue. To her great nephew then, just newly born, she wished the sceptre to descend, calling him Iwan or John IV. and her own niece, daughter of another Catherina, *her* own sister by the duc de Mecklenburgh; did actually for a short moment hold the regency for this ill-fated boy, till suddenly in 1741 his father, prince of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, his mother, third in descent from emperor John, with all their warm adherents, were imprisoned; and that branch, seemingly dismissed from all hope of succession by a strong body of nobility, who set up Elizabeth Petrowna, daughter to the great Czar, calling her now to sign in her own name as sovereign, such acts of authority as she had been accustomed to use her hand for during the life of her last surviving parent. Resolved to rule alone, Elizabeth declared it her intent to have no husband, and sent forthwith to fetch her only nephew, son of deceased Anna Petrowna, duchess of Holstein Gottorp. *Him* yet a lad, she caused to be proclaimed Grand Duke immediately, and named him solemnly her lawful heir, sending young Iwan into close confinement; and stifling in behalf of nearer connexions that native tenderness which had nevertheless broken out unfeignedly, when softened by the prosperous gales, that set the crown unlooked for on her head. On that auspicious day, for such it was, she took the infant predecessor in her arms, and seeing *him* delighted with the noise and show: "My poor pretty cousin (cried she  
 " with

“ with tears) dost *thou* too wish me joy? unhappy sweet one! these are  
“ the shouts that hurl thee from thy throne: take him away, my  
“ grief will choke me else.” Nor did the clement, kind Czarina ever  
appear wholly to have forgotten her harmless, hapless rival. Although  
a dupe to many a silly artifice, although in the beginning of her reign  
a bigot, and towards the end of it a mere voluptuary; reversing the  
French mode of transition from *dame galante*, to *dame devôte*; she  
felt a secret pang of conscience sting her soul, and feelings of a softer  
sort sometimes betray it in favour of unfortunate Iwan. When the  
Grand Duke indeed grew marriageable, and Frederick of Prussia re-  
commended to the empress, as a fit consort for him, Sophia of Anhalt  
Zerbst, in preference to his own sister Anne Amelia, who died not many  
years ago abbess of Quedlingburgh; no thought existed of the pri-  
soner’s succession, and Europe’s eyes were turned entirely upon the  
accomplished lady destined to adorn and civilize its northern districts.  
The nuptials had indeed been celebrated in 1744, yet when we leave  
her in 1750, no child confirmed their happiness; and the Grand  
Duchess *then* of all the Russias, under the assumed name of *Catherine*  
*Alexiowna*, seemed less attached to Peter’s person than desirous of  
adding felicity to his court and government. When his pranks would  
displease the reigning empress, ’twas Catherine’s care to sooth and keep  
her in good humour, lest Iwan’s dungeon should attract those thoughts  
she sought to drown in palatable poisons, which shortened while they  
stupified her sorrows. Elizabeth had besides borne three children to a  
favoured nobleman, Razumoffky, who had received her marriage vows  
in private, under a strict oath never to be acknowledged. These young  
counts Tarrakanoff and their pretty sister gave, ’tis to be supposed,  
umbrage to Catherine, but her discretion suppressed all antipathy, and  
they received a foreign education.

Voltaire says somewhere, and with truth he says it, that the revolu-  
tions in palaces are not always followed by revolutions of the state.  
Such was the case with Russia; from those dull days when Peter first  
drew

drew up that monstrous mass out of its primitive obscurity, each hour had contributed to its improvement, and every sovereign added somewhat to its importance. Anna Iwanowna beat away the Turks; Elizabeth maintained her nation's consequence abroad too, even while immersed in sensuality at home. The Grand Duke bred at Holstein, and bringing thence even a fanatick fondness for Frederick of Prussia's military talents, put his raw soldiers in a state of discipline to them unknown before; and the Grand Duchess, from tender remembrance of *her* native place, began even at fifteen years of age to foster that commercial spirit which had so long before pervaded Stettin, and by which arts, manufactures, and even science, live. Meanwhile under good Frederick and Ulrica's reign, sprung up in Sweden the young but towering genius destined to draw the admiration of an age less prone to adore the majesty of God, than lose itself in *wonder* at the works of nature. These works Linnæus undertook to arrange, facilitating future study, causing the very existence of Mentzelius to be forgotten (who in the year 1710 published the first index nominum plantarum) and purchasing to himself a name above his brother *botanists, ut inter viburni cupressi*. They indeed, with humblest thanks, and praises half profane, cried out aloud, "Deus creavit, *Linnæus disposuit*"; and like Ulysses when he saw the palm-tree, pride of Delos, &c.

Raptur'd they stood, and to this hour amaz'd,

With rev'rence on the lofty wonder gaz'd.

But after having been thus carried to the north, like his new plants, eleven hundred in number, non-descripts I believe till then, we must return; and visit for a while the court of France, whose young king really began the world as if he meant to end it with applause: but although men are still inclined to hope fair weather from a brilliant rising sun, experience often disappoints that hope. He sent Maupertuis to ascertain the earth's oblate figure near the pole, while Condamines was  
 dispatched

dispatched for purpose of establishing its less disputed protuberance near the equator. Maupertuis avowed himself a Newtonian philosopher; the system of Descartes had drawn so many to his *vortices* of late, that those who inclined to Sir Isaac's scheme were already considered as obsolete. *Retrospection* cannot pause to admire the skill, or praise the merits of these theorists. Their prince tried in the church de la Sainte Genevieve, protectress of Paris, to efface all that his great predecessor had displayed most elegant in architecture; he listened to the discoveries made in natural history, began a *hortus siccus* for his own cabinet, and early obtained the title of *Bien-aimé* from a then loyal people; nor would he ever, perhaps, have sunk into the coarse character of a mere debauchee, had not his weak health seemed to require indulgence rather than contradiction; or had his situation been happily for him set by kind Providence in life's low vale, where no one would have had an interest in thwarting his originally rational habits of petty amusement. When this young sovereign's philosophick father-in-law, Stanislaus Leckzinsky, was once more named successor to his old rival Augustus for the crown of Poland, and was once more driven from Warsaw by a strong union formed 'twixt Germany and Russia, Louis quinze held up his pretensions, and forced them to exchange the duchy of Tuscany against Lorraine, which was with the utmost propriety bestowed on this exiled, but still exemplary, and ever tranquil-tempered prince; whose notions are best known to mankind in general, perhaps, by the sweet monitory letter written to his young daughter the new queen of France. Before the year seventeen hundred and fifty her husband gave her, I fear, full opportunity of practising some of the severest virtues recommended in this beautiful epistle. Whether Madame de Chateauroux, indeed, was ever tried by the Cacouacs as an instrument of her king's perversion to the new philosophy, I know not; one of her successors, Madame d'Estioles, best known by name of Pompadour, is said to have shone forth *une vraie adepte*. Be this as it may, Lewis the fifteenth, although too easily allured to provoke God's judgments

ments by his immorality, was never brought forward to renounce his mercies through an all powerful and all meritorious Redeemer. That a mean and afflictive dissolution of principle was observed during the whole of his reign cannot be denied. His proud predecessor seized with an idea, early presented to him by Comenius the Moravian,\* that he was predestined to restore and fill the long-fallen seat of universal empire, felt himself raised above all base and vulgar vices, nor could it, I trust, have found an entrance in his princely head, that his great grandson should endeavour to pay the services of banished noblemen by granting privilege to keep a faro bank, which (as he told Drummond of Perth's widow) would bring her in eight hundred pounds a year, *well managed*; and so it did. If morals exhibited such marks of gross putridity in France, religion was confessedly in a worse state still; and when the full minds of ingenious Fontenelle, sagacious Montesquieu, were carried *halfway* down the powerful stream, swelled by this multitude of petty torrents, what wonder poor Jean Jacques was borne along! When Princes, poets, philosophers and wits, leagued like the Thebans of old in a *band of lovers*, assaulted piety on every side, and hoping still to see the cross give way, forced from their hold some of

* Comenius's predictions have been of late newly studied; Louis	L . . . 50
quatorze consulted him we know, and the allusion to his name by	V . . . 5
Vivian explaining the mystick number of the beast was, I believe,	D . . . 500
known to the monarch; if 666 was the number of that assembly or	O . . . . 0
convention which destroyed his successor Louis seize too, 'tis at least a	V . . . 5
strange thing, and must much amaze the commentators, who have con-	I . . . . 1
sidered <i>that</i> as doe to the church of Rome, <i>Romiith</i> or <i>Lateinos</i> . But	C . . . 100
in Rev. xiiiith chap. 18th verse, and in Rev. xviiith chap. 5th verse, the	V . . . . 5
apostle says it is the number of a <i>man</i> : the other two expositions apply	S . . . . 0
it to a <i>nation</i> .	

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 666

Comenius is author of our little *Oibis Pictus* for Babies; it is observable that astrology always militates *against* astronomy: the old exploded Ptolemaick system is in that little book set forth for instruction of his scholars.

its



its best defenders. Among the various souls lost or endangered by the inundation, the fate of Rousseau gives one most concern: if he was not a Christian, *je m'efforce de l'être* (I try to be one) says he somewhere: the others seem to have made no resistance. On Montfaucon, 'tis true, all arts were lost. Filled with divine grace, and guarded by human learning, his humble heart, like that of his great model Mabillon, resigned itself to faith, to hope, to charity; and whilst his vain contemporaries, *demi-sçavants*, entangled their own paths with nets of sophistry, he, who possessed more erudition than them all, stepped on with confidence from truth to truth. Can even *his* life, added to the examples of Fleury, Fenelon, Paschal, and more surprising as nearer to the seat of sin, that mermaid's melody, which to the unseen whirlpool drew men's souls, and in a moment sunk them—Louis the good duke of Orleans, dead long since? Can a whole army of heroes or of martyrs, born in France, compensate to mankind for all the crimes of that strange *ternary* delivered down to infamous remembrance by Abbe Barruel? For if, as by his book may be gathered, the true spirit of Antichrist sought by the primitive Christians in imperial, and by the first reformers in papal Rome, did after all actually reside in these three Frenchmen, Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Diderot, it is a marvellous finishing indeed, and curious refutation of all past conjectures: nor can we sufficiently thank or reward that Hercules who dragged this Cerberus to light.

Meanwhile it would not really be impracticable for those who search and think they understand such matters, to trace and reconcile their worship of *themselves* and their own *reason*, with the idea of that peculiar kind of idolatry mentioned by prophet Daniel, and quoted by our blessed Saviour, as that abomination that makes *desolate*; meaning perhaps that not only all sense of his sacred presence should be driven from the church, but that an absolute *vacuum*, a total *desolation*, as now in France, should follow. This dreadful phantom Pere Hardouin fancied he saw coming forward with the first years of this our century; and though his friends drew from him a half forced recantation, he died in the

same mind 1729. Oh, had he heard these dwellers in dead waters call themselves by the unaccountable appellation of *Cacouacs*,\* would not his close acquaintance with the Greek have suggested somewhat of the croaking cry *ke'koax*? And would not *that* again have prompted *his* fancy, fertile in strange ideas, to conceive some odd yet possible affinity between *them* and the unclean spirits, three in number, mentioned chap. 16th of St. John's apocalypse, as coming forth from the old dragon's mouth in form of *frogs*—I almost think it would. But with such bold unauthorized conjectures, our *Retrospect* has least of all to do. Deep in their miry bottom let *us* leave them; where

Quamvis sint sub aqua, sub aqua maledicere tentant,  
 Vox quoque jam rauca est, inflataque colla tumescunt,  
 Ipsa dilatant patulos convicia rictus  
 Terga caput tangunt, colla intercepta videntur,  
 Spina viret, venter pars maxima corporis albet,  
 Limosaeque novæ saliant in gurgite *ranae*.

'Tis time to follow their pupil and coadjutor Frederick, who, busied in stripping the empress queen of Silesia, had neither leisure nor inclination to set about rebuilding the *Temple of Jerusalem* at Voltaire's request; though I did hear in conversation once, many years ago, that letters passed between him and Voltaire, while he was Prince of Prussia, upon that extraordinary subject. When, after many disputes however, much opposition, and several fruitless, because transient alliances, he found himself at length not only in possession of his hereditary domain, but likewise of the long-desired duchy, ceded to him at the definitive treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, he prudently forgot the impious project, and began improving the commerce, arts, and agriculture of his country; where he abolished all use of torture upon criminals, tried to put an end to the practice of duelling, and wished to establish a regular court of honour. Had he been author, among all

\* See Barruel, first vol. third chapter.

his wife speeches, only of the following sentiment, 'tis sure mankind would have been his debtor, when he observed, "That a few good statutes made a nation happy; but a multiplicity even of *them*, tend only to embarrass the administration of justice." Full of talents for poetry, for musick, for legislature, for ratiocination, for every art of peace in fine; the *genius* of this great prince pushed him on war; and such was his hatred to our holy religion; such his adherence to the new philosophy, by which he held himself as pledged to *crush it, écraser l'infamé*; that we are absolutely compelled to lament those moments when his military powers were left unexercised, as in the year 1750. Notwithstanding the excellence of that Frederician code, which I believe is absolutely as near to perfection as our confined humanity allows. The king of Sweden meanwhile, husband to the sister of Charles XII. twelfth, lost his queen 1741, and much distress had followed her demise. Four candidates disputed the succession, but the empress of all the Russias, or as she then was called *Czarina* Elizabeth, took off the duke of Holstein, having named him grand duke, and given her interest to young Adolphus Frederick, who was considered from that day as successor, although the old king unmolested remained upon his throne; the gentlest, mildest, *oldest*, of all the sovereigns in Europe, A. D. 1750. His relation, Frederick IV. whom Charles of Sweden fell upon in early youth, had lived in quiet at Copenhagen, ever since George the first of England had mediated for him a beneficial peace, about 1721. His capital indeed was burned down eight years after, but was rebuilt with great magnificence. His crown descended without dispute to his son Christiern VI. who seemed to emulate all that we read best, of the best princes. He called a council for protecting commerce; he studied how most to enrich his country; he gave up unrequested the monopolies by which his father's coffers had been filled. "They brought in a great revenue," said his minister. "Too great, too great by far," replied the generous parent of his people, "if they cost *one* sigh to *one* of my faithful subjects." He established

connections with East India, opened his ports, and made the Ham-  
burghers compound some old disputes with a large sum of money.  
He bought the duke of Holstein off with well applied treasures, and  
secured the duchy of Sleswick to his own family. Such were this  
king's virtues, and such his reputation, that the Swedes, *one party at  
least when their queen died*, begged him to send his son to reign over the  
old Goths and Vandals at Stockholm. Another choice however being  
determined on in *that* capital, where young Adolphus married to Louisa  
Ulrica, of Prussia, was considered as presumptive heir; in the year  
1746 Frederick succeeded happily to his own patrimonial dominions,  
and governed the now well-civilized and loyal Cimbri, Teutons, and  
Danes, with generous care. He wedded *our* Louisa, daughter to  
George the second of Great Britain, who brought him a son before the  
year 1750 was expired.

But the affairs of the south must not be longer left out of remem-  
brance. Old John of Portugal died after having reigned pretty near  
half a century. From the Braganza throne he dropt mature in 1750,  
having long before then espoused his daughter to the prince of Asturias,  
and his son Joseph, who succeeded him, to a Spanish infanta, both  
upon one day. This last named lady, Marianne Victoria, had, whilst  
a child, resided at the court of France, where she received her educa-  
tion as destined wife to Lewis the fifteenth; but her intended husband  
being taken ill at sixteen or at seventeen years of age, while she was  
yet a little girl not marriageable, 'twas thought the wisest way to send  
her home; providing the young sovereign with a consort capable to  
bring heirs, and *that* immediately. Their hasty but happy choice fell  
on Maria Leckzinsky, as we know, and young Victoria was queen of  
Portugal. But Spain had no great reason to be pleased. Philip of  
Anjou *there* had suffered plagues and mortifications enough in the  
long course of his stormy day. His second wife, Elizabeth Farneze,  
had been suspected of adding some fresh weight to the burden. After  
passing not a few tedious years in that anxiety of mind, which the soft  
voice

voice of Farinelli alone could charm to momentary peace; anxiety which France had, by sending back his little favourite, increased in lieu of soothing: *he* left this world for a better in 1746, when Ferdinand, his son by the *first bed*, succeeded. He was the sixth of that name in Spain; and so attached to his fair Magdalene, sister of Joseph the second, newly become king of Portugal, that future chapters will shew him at her death laying aside all business, and renouncing all pleasure, except the sad one of hearing Farinelli sing *her* favourite air, beginning *Per quel caro amplesso*.

Meanwhile, to the magnificent stipend bestowed on that unequalled performer by Philip d'Anjou, whose last melancholy hours had been rendered less insupportable by his exertion of talents completely matchless; the generous Ferdinand added the order of Calatrava, and called him to some office in the court. That court became more gay and more good-humoured under the auspices of Maddalena. She had prevailed on her soft-hearted husband to make up the dispute 'twixt them and France, giving to their young dauphin his half-sister: a match particularly pleasing to Don Carlos, who with the young Maria Theresa and other princesses, was child to Philip by his second Venter, and likely to succeed in Spain himself, as gentle Magdalene brought no heirs at all, and lived on the best terms with her husband's family. On all those families a general damp was thrown by death of this consumptive dauphiness—a loss replaced in 1747 by Mary Josephina of Saxony, mother to *Louis seize*, to his two brothers, and their incomparable sister Madame Elizabeth, whose greatness and whose misfortunes the world has lately witnessed. We leave their virtuous parents both alive in 1750, when, notwithstanding the corruption of manners, and the decay of piety at Paris, *their* conduct was by all acknowledged exemplary, and *their* devotion edifying.

If it were *strictly*, as it is in some sort *popularly* true, that no people can be great who have ceased to be virtuous, we should see France losing her consequence apace during the reign of Lewis the fifteenth.

But

But though she no longer thundered on the shores of Africa, or received ambassadors from Siam, bribery had learned to influence those whom conquest could not subdue. The settlements of North America were insidiously gaining in value and extent, and Louisiana kept spreading her name over tracts of ground so wide, and in many respects so desirable; that Great Britain began, after lying long supine, to feel herself susceptible of just alarm.

Even in *this* shallow book young readers may have learned, how by a kind of tacit compact among discoverers, or among those princes whose subjects the discoverers were, it was agreed that possession of the coast gave claim to the inland: and in effect, all the first charters bestowed upon the early colonizers of our new-found hemisphere, limit the districts thereby disposed of only from *north* to *south*, leaving the stretch of country east and west wholly discretionary. That nothing was to be allowed the wretched natives, appears a maxim of cruel policy, *common to all*. But the French, as they grew better acquainted with their manners, treated them less unkindly, invited them to intermarriages, and took every method possible to keep them quiet; whilst *they*, intent upon encroachments on our provinces, silently passed boundary after boundary, and added, without noise or bustle, fort to fort. It was of manifest disadvantage to England that the house of Bourbon, in the person of old Louis quatorze's grandson, possessed the throne of Spain and its American treasures: since that day, our wise men who understand such matters, seem to think, that a glaring partiality has been shewn to the French in all those seas, and that a port into the Pacifick Ocean would be to us another Gibraltar. But 'tis not from our superficial work that sound maxims of present policy must be expected: a general *Retrospect* of facts is all we promised. Had the work been undertaken by any author competent to draw conclusions of that nature from the events, much had been added to its value and importance.

But we must point our telescope towards Italy, where Venice, radically

dically sick of a confirmed phthisis, kept in the year 1750 a bright blooming colour, which imposed on some, who thought it the blush of health. This state had not been treated by the universal conqueror Lewis the fourteenth, as was her hated rival Genoa, when he declared Cardinal Ottoboni, their subject, protector of the French crown; and when his eminence had accepted that dignity in defiance of Venetian rules, which permit no servant of theirs to list under the banners of a foreign prince; \* they stript and banished him without delay, nor seemed to fear a flash of anger which was never shewn. Vice only, I believe, internal vice sapped the foundations of their voluptuous commonwealth, where old nobility, ruined by gaming, and by other self-indulgencies of evil consequence, clustered together, and cursed the luckier senators. Rome, under Lambertini, still kept its ground; yet, like those leaning towers which attract the traveller's notice and alarm him for their safety, shewed that it *must* fall. None of the *Protestant* powers however wished to see the venerable fabrick further undermined. An article had been insisted on by what was justly called the *Grand Alliance*, to enforce satisfaction for the Holy See from various insults Louis quatorze had offered it; and Christendom rejoiced with great propriety at seeing honour, not disgrace, brought on the old purple by the pope of 1750. No one had ever known better than Benedict the fourteenth, the anxious cares and constant uneasiness attached to his situation; and no one ever strove to make that situation less uneasy, without calling in aid from wickedness or folly, with a success more complete or better deserved than he who merited the name of *Prospero*. When his grand-vicar came to wish him joy one morning on his birth-day, and began a long string of professions how much long life and health were wished him, and ardently desired by his subjects, "Have you said mass to-day, Monsignore?" interrupted the pontiff: "Yes, surely," was the reply. "How can you then, for shame, fill your mouth so with lies?" quoth Benedict. "In this

\* See Present State of Europe.

“country ’tis well-known no sovereign *can* give pleasure to his subjects but by an early death. I hope however to make mine wait a while.” This officer was an empty fellow, with more honesty in his heart than good sense in his head: he had committed some mistake which vexed his master, who cried out, “Blessed Jesus! (turning to a crucifix in the chamber) *thou* hast but a blockhead for *thy* vicar upon earth, God knows; but mine is really a stark idiot.”

Lambertini knew how to be serious enough however; and his piety, as his wit, was unaffected. A fellow stopt his carriage in the street, and demanded absolution as he hung upon the door-pannel, with frantick voice and gesture. The pope stopt, and reprimanding the man gravely for such indecorum, bid him apply elsewhere. “I have, I *have* applied,” rejoined the wretch; “no priest *can* absolve me.” He then confessed some crime, horrible to tell; and holding a knife at his own throat firmly grasped, appeared resolved on suicide. The active sovereign seizing him, prevented the blow, and made his attendants carry the fellow into the next church, three doors off. Benedict the fourteenth there threw himself prostrate before the altar, and begged with tears and prayers celestial direction. Retiring next into a confessional, he heard the whole tale and prescribed the penance, which he himself saw *rigorously* performed. He then dispatched away the girl; who had till now witnessed a scene of which herself had been in some measure both cause and effect, to a strict nunnery; and never losing sight of the life he had saved, made the poor man his gardener. It cannot chuse but grieve one to reflect, that when Voltaire’s Mahomet was acted 1750, this, as it appears, but half-enlightened pontiff, gave his consent to its representation.

Before that day was born to the triumvirate of impiety, already mentioned, a son and heir in Bavaria, whom M. Barruel calls *Adam Weishaupt*, and adds, “That his infancy was obscure, his youth unknown; but that under the name of *Spartacus* he has promoted the cause of infidelity, even beyond their wishes who most hated the Holy One of God.” ’Tis curious



if he really was baptized by name of *Adam*, as I have heard, that among the *Wodyacs*, Tartars, a *Man* is called an *Adam*. *Weishaupt* too sounds like an appellation *wife-head* in German, if my intelligence be right; but *wiser heads* than mine must make out such mysterious iniquities. As if our island trembled at the monstrous production, and half-anticipated the horrid imputation of having given courage to *Voltaire* for setting forth the doctrines he promulgated after that fatal visit to Great Britain; an earthquake, twice repeated, shook her shores, and filled our churches, for a while at least, with honest supplications to be spared the punishment due to our crimes and follies. At that moment, the daring engine levelled by those conspirators we spoke of against Christianity, was put in force; and the *Encyclopædia* was published. That it did much harm here, I really am not competent to say; that we are less a reading nation than the French I am desirous, perhaps more desirous than able, to deny. That we were a foolish nation enough, when all London listened to a crazy fellow, who predicted a third shock of earthquake, no one I think will deny; especially as he laid his stress chiefly upon alliteration as it seems, and foretold destruction to *Liverpool* and *London*, as to *Lima in Peru*, which had been destroyed but a few years before.

## CHAP. XIX.

## GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND AMERICA,

FROM 1750 TO 1780.

WHEN empire, in the semi-barbarous days, offered itself to him who first should discern and hail the rising sun, a faithful slave, 'tis said, suggested to his master, that whilst others looked towards the east, *he* should keep *his* eyes fixed on the contrary point; where in effect he first of all perceived th' auspicious phenomenon, by rays refracted to the opposing hill. America, on the same principle, offers to our *retrospective* view a scene of happiness and sound tranquillity, where readers are the least prepared to look for't, *Paraguay*. To that rich province Portuguese severity had driven the Guaranie Indians, about the year 1734, and Don Jorge Juan tells us, that twenty years afterwards, thirty-five towns were peopled there by converts to Christianity, and ruled in gentleness by the good missionaries who take, says he, the Yncas for their model, and sway with mildness those souls which throw themselves into their kind protection. Curates appointed under the vice-patron, and well acquainted with the country language, act not as spiritual directors only, but as good magistrates, obliging their subjects to cultivate the arts of agriculture, and in some sort, commerce; internal traffick with the neighbour Indians, while regular militia trained to war, and exercised on eves of festivals, protect them from all fear of inroad on their happy state. One convent is allowed in every town for sick or superannuated females, affording shelter

shelter too for helpless orphans, who study useful knowledge there, and spin under direction of these steady matrons. Thus, while deemed criminal in Cochin China, slothful in Africk, and suspected as too busy upon our European shores, the Jesuits flourished in this more favourable hemisphere; kept their subjects from wandering by tales of the gigantick inhabitants of Patagonia, and made their countrymen at home amazed by Madalena di Niquinez's narrative concerning the tall nation, which story Don Joseph Tarrubia published in Old Spain; adding accounts of skeletons beyond the common size, found in the countries south of Paraguay; where we must leave the Jesuits living much like our British seceders in Pennsylvania, separated from these Guaranies by the Isthmus of Darien, and distant from them one thousand leagues at least. There, in a large town, named of the words brotherly love, Philadelphia, dwelt comfortably a peaceful set, inclined to trade and maritime connexions. Their port, in the year 1750, saw no fewer than three hundred vessels enter inwards, and the next year three hundred were cleared out. Exportations to our island were computed at half a million sterling, and an academy was erected, that no neglect of literature might disgrace those who acquired wealth by virtuous means. A treaty between Quakers, broad-brimmed, and starched up to a steady uniformity of look; and the Twightwees, feather'd, tattow'd, and painted with wild variety of savage ornament, must baffle all description by words. Benjamin West's picture of their original compact with Mr. Penn, 1681, brings to our view the state of things in 1757, when the Ohio's hollow caves re-echoed to the oratorical powers of a Mohawk Sachem, giving his belts of wampum, with his promise to tear the tomahawks of Frenchmen from their hands, pick thorns of entanglement from legs of Britons, and pour soft oil upon the bleeding skulls of such as suffered from the Gallick hatchet. It was found however, no easy task to detach some tribes from that true friendship with which the supple subjects of Louis quatorze had inspired them. Our colonization of Nova Scotia was useful indeed on this, as upon other accounts. My

father was among the very first who touched land there, when three thousand seven hundred families went over with Cornwallis, May, 1750, and in November following, only three men were dead, and as many houses built towards the construction of the new town Halifax, as the settlers enumerated days since government had confirmed their charter. In his travels through the interior of that region, little known to Britons in those days, he often shared the hut of some French Indians, and described their manners as amiably simple, innocent, and artless. We never could forget his story of a Canadian girl, eighteen years old, setting her head-dress by a pail of water placed as a mirror for her *moucki toilette*, as she termed it; or how, conversing with her on more serious subjects, she informed him that the nature of sin was well known to *her*, who had been taught by *les bons François*, that English women were the wickedest upon the face of the earth, making no scruple to wear wide hoops, like the blessed Virgin Mary, who being a *French lady born*, ought to have that privilege sacred to herself alone—enforcing these words by pointing to a dressed image on the house top, and praying to it for her new acquaintance's *conversion* and safe return to Halifax. That place proved daily more and more useful in taking off disbanded troops turned loose upon London, in consequence of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. A peace wise men saw plainly could never last long, although Great Britain poured her young nobility forth in full tides to Paris, while flexible adventurers from that corrupted metropolis, began to swarm in ours. Among these a Capuchin friar, Pere Norbert by name, beside his own spirit of supplying himself with ready cash, possessed a secret mandate from Pope Benedict XIV. to *instruct* us. He was an anti-Jesuit, favoured for that reason by Lambertini, who bestowed on him a bag of zecchines, some indulgencies necessary to his *mission*, and a box of reliques to keep Christian faith warm in our heretical, and as he deemed it, half-pagan country. We all witnessed his envoy's abilities, and I myself remember him perfectly under the feigned appellation of Mons. Parisot, who set up a goblin  
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manufactory at Fulham, obtained a subscription (as Baretti told me), of 10,000*l.* and ran away with the money. One Passavan purchased the looms, and I believe Moore's beautiful works in Chiswell-street, where was exhibited, about the year 1767, a tapestry flower-picture, from Batiste, against the original, grew out of this beginning. Meanwhile all serges for nuns and friars' wear, were made at Exeter; and thus our folks cared little, less than they should have done in fact, at seeing themselves, even in the eighteenth century, accounted for mere brutes by the church and court of Rome, while the perverse adhesion of its members to every sullen prejudice against reformation, hindered no trade, nor lessened the consumption of our flannel drapery. Thus too, the liberal and polished Lambertini, who when the intriguing cardinal, driven from Spain, talked to him about the St. Marino business, said, "Why Alberoni's appetite never fails sure: he has been striving "to get down a salmon these six years, and is now in chace of a minnow;" appears in this fore-shortened *Retrospect* scarce above the level of a Canadian wench. But princes think with most good sense, when they are thinking about other princes: all Europe heard how our Prince of Wales patronized the growing passion for commerce; he did more, he patronized every popular idea, he taught his children to speak out of Addison's Cato, and called the famous James Quin about him to instruct them. Quin had so shone in the theatrical characters which defend liberty of the subject against regal power, that he had warmed himself up into much fervour of Whiggism; and as his talents gave him occasion often to keep company with learned men, a dispute sprung up one evening concerning the death of Charles I., which, contradicting Warburton, he justified. The future bishop battled him a while, and at length, thinking to secure his victory, "Tell me at least, good Mr. Quin (he cried), instruct me by what law you make this act defensible? I ask you by what law?" "By all the law (replied our actor promptly), by all the law that such a king had left alive in the nation." That no Whig ever maintained the cause with more ready wit, or graced it with more humanity than Quin, all will readily allow;

allow; but that the patronage of such wit, and such principles, by a Prince of Wales, was at least ill-timed, none can reasonably deny. It could tend only to distress the crown, which already pretended to govern chiefly, if not wholly by influence; whilst the authority, even of *Parliament*, which from the day that Mr. Quin approved so, had risen into what was foolishly termed *omnipotence* and *majesty*, began to shew *itself* on the decline. The king's speeches recommended unanimity among the members—in vain. A Westminster election shewed that blessing to be at an immeasurable distance. The honourable Mr. Murray was charged with riotously obstructing the high bailiff in his office, and bid to beg pardon of the House upon his knees. Murray refused, and was carried about in triumph by the mob. Parliament was baffled, a pamphlet, worthy later times, called *Legion*, was handed about; the buds of democracy swelled apace, and wanted but an opportunity of bursting. The king laughed, because the unpopular candidate had made himself justly odious by bringing over a band of French performers for our theatre; but the government trembled: they felt instinctively, though they did not see clearly the approaching danger to all existing governments. Mr. Pelham, a man of plain sense, looked but to the present moment, and saw there his favourite tax on coaches become every day more productive, and every day more approved. The scheme hit upon under his administration for naturalizing the Jews, was rendered unavailing, as Julian's attempt had been to rebuild their temple: and as that was, by literal and positive explosions of the ground rendered abortive, so was this project, by fury of a tumultuous populace put in the right, as if it had been purposely, now twice together, by men blind to their own and to the publick interest. But the Prince of Wales's unexpected death changed all conversation on a sudden to other subjects, and nobody in the world seemed to suspect how that world was going, except the conspirators upon the continent, who meant to overturn it.

Our sister kingdom Ireland, who had long lamented her fate, now appeared to mix resentment with her grief; and as her rents rose, and her  
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her trade increased; added peevishness to complaint; nor wished to recollect that Sir William Petty, the hero of calculators, had observed, that if Ireland was all sunk in the sea, and its inhabitants transported to the fens of Essex, the sovereign and the subjects of Great Britain would all be enriched by the loss. Our colonies across the Atlantick too, grown rich and splendid, and vying with the mother country in every convenience, every superfluity of life, felt their ill humour sensibly increasing, and fretted some of their governors into suicide. French violence was added to intrigue; De Villiers attacked Colonel, afterwards General Washington, beat him, and took a fort from him on the Ohio: offences were repeated till hostilities recommenced; but the war began inauspiciously for England. After a series of lesser vexations, came the strange, and even yet half-unaccounted-for misfortune of Braddock's army, lost in the wilds of North America. When to this grief was added Admiral Byng's behaviour before Minorca, and its consequent capture—London looked as if distracted. Shopkeepers wept behind their counters in unaffected agony of sorrow, while the king's coach was pursued up and down with loud cries of a string for Byng, a garter for Blakeney; as if upon St. Philip's fort, which he defended, hung our last hopes. And well I recollect my own two nearest friends, with faces of real despair, relating how the duke of Newcastle had declared before them loudly, in his own full levee-room, that three weeks more would certainly decide, and upon English ground too, whether England should or should not become a province to France. It was now more than time to change the ministry; Pitt was called in by the united voice of king and nobles, parliament and populace. Never man so enjoyed, never man so deserved a nation's confidence; he soon repelled the terrors of invasion, restored the realm to its own good opinion, and shewed the wondering world, that if Britannia

Did, after some distinguish'd leap,

Let fall her weight and seem to slip;

Straight gathering all her active strength,

She sprung up higher—half her length.

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The millions voted to this minister's disposal were not employed to gain him suffrages who had our hearts; they were all spent in raising national reputation. Every soldier, every sailor he employed, caught and communicated the patriot flame; adding beside, the splendors of heroism to the dignity of conquest. Riches likewise, upon the wings he wove, flew far and fetched in more. Clive's unexampled successes in East India gave the bright earnest of a golden current, pouring in wealth which astonished even its possessors: and while some wise ones feared the future consequences of such a sudden influx, such a tide of opulence upon our country; all were delighted with the defeat of Surajah Dowlah, whose tyrant indolence had waking heard, without expressions of regret, the miseries endured during his sleeping hours by one hundred and forty-six brave Englishmen, confined by mistake in the black dungeons of Calcutta, where no fewer than one hundred and twenty-three perished with thirst and fever, heat and rage, merely because the slumbers of that Sybarite were not to be disturbed.

Louisburgh, taken by Amherst and Boscawen, with the last-named warrior's triumph off Gibraltar; Hawke's signal victory gained amidst fighting elements near Brest: the capture of Goree in Africa by Keppel; the low submissions of aggressor France, amid the snows of Canada and heights of Abraham, sealed with the best blood of that immortal youth whose death, even theatrically grand, impressed itself for ever on our memory: and most of all perhaps the plains of Minden, where sixty thousand French flew before seven thousand English troops, led by Lord Granby, and eager to revenge the wrongs and robberies made in their king's electorate; came crowding to the heart of George the second, which, flawed by age, unable to support them, *burst smilingly*, as Shakespear says of Glo'ster. A young prince next, with every quality capable of justly delighting happy subjects, mounted the throne as successor, and boasted himself *native of England*.\* They indeed

\* At his coronation, the seats which had been let or hired at the same ceremony for Queen Anne at five shillings each, cost five guineas in the year 1761. Queen Elizabeth's



listened to that once condescending vaunt with little complacency: foreign princes, unskilled in our constitution or their own prerogatives, were by no means unwelcome to the Whigs; and growing arts, and sciences and commerce, had left few genuine Tories on the island. The king was found almost the sole possessor of obsolete virtues and Tory propensities: and his warm attachment to our true Christian faith, his filial reverence for his sole surviving parent, and partiality towards his old Scotch præceptor, soothed his own conscience more than pleased his people.

Meanwhile the war went forward with vigour and rapidity, upheld and pushed along by Mr. Pitt, whose powerful mind, like a calm summer sea, lifted the heaviest weights, nor seemed to feel a sense of their incumbency. The state machine which his late predecessors, the Pelham brothers, bent beneath, was poised by him without a difficulty; although

Not two strong men th' enormous bulk could raise,  
Such men as liv'd in those degenerate days;  
Yet this as easy as a swain could bear  
The snowy fleece, he tofs'd and shook in air.

In effect all Europe looked up to him as to its arbiter, and manifestoes were made by crowned heads against Mr. Pitt. But Tory measures, which always tend toward peace, pervaded the cabinet; and our great minister, refusing to retain responsibility where he no longer held absolute rule, went out of office with a pension, whilst hostilities were carried forward by Lord Bute only as they were indispensable towards obtaining terms of accommodation. The Havannah fort, and Hermione register ship however, by their valuable captures, added to the birth of a Prince of Wales, kept people quiet till the year 1763; when a convention, called the Peace of Paris, was signed; and although cer-

zabeth's coronation cost the most expensive of its spectators only a *tester* (sixpence).  
What an increase of wealth!

tainly honourable and advantageous to our nation, as all lookers-on imagined, our own country folks murmured aloud; and deemed such terms a wretched compensation for thirty millions increase of national debt. A paper called *North Briton* now engaged to gall the administration, which had a Scotchman at its head; and being encouraged for its airiness and pleasantry, soon grew insolently seditious and abusive, and at length called the king's speech *an impudent fallacy*. When kings were affronted in the tenth and twelfth centuries, 'twas by their *equals* the offence was given, and the two knights went to decide the dispute by duel. Here was the democrick gauntlet thrown at majesty in mufflers; and the only gentleman who in all England would have been permitted to pass over such an indignity in acquiescent silence, was, by his situation, in this case compelled to bear it. Because he was *king*, no satisfaction could he obtain; his messengers were derided, his secretary's warrants abolished; and when the injurious paper was to be burned, his attending sheriff, Mr. Harley, escaped with wounds and bruises, and difficulty, from the mob.

John Wilkes meantime having, like Discord, thrown his apple down, with only one word changed, to the *strongest*—was, like Discord, driven away for a time under sentence of outlawry: he went to strengthen his principles by conversation with the new philosophers in France; and the minister here at home found the general dislike of his measures beginning to be attended with something not very unlike serious danger to his person, and his personal conduct had been in no wise conciliating. Mr. Pitt indeed had not aimed at obtaining hearts by insinuation any more than did his successor; but then he knew how to possess himself of them as a right; and loftiness of genius will sometimes be submitted to, where pride of learning cannot be endured. Lord Bute was a scholar, and a reasoner, and a Christian; but those are qualities which do not necessarily and of their own nature bestow either military or political courage. He retired to his books, resolved to save his own life, and leave the helm of state, which dropt into

into the hands of George Grenville, who, although neither a rash nor inexperienced man, was struck in evil hour with the idea of taxing our American colonies, saved from the French by his great brother-in-law, soon to be called Lord Chatham; and grown so rich, so happy, so luxurious, by even that short interval of success and course of trade, that he supposed "these children of our planting would not," as he expressed himself, "refuse to lend some small assistance, some kind aid at least, towards paying off a debt contracted to support them; debts of a war first kindled in their quarrel." How little Grenville knew of those new notions which waited but the moment of disclosure, all nations now are witnesses. America refused, not even civilly, she clamoured loudly, soon resisted openly; threw off all deference to the Parent State, calling her anger *patriotism*, her ardent violence *emancipation*. Grave spectators of this unexpected scene saw the daughter arming against the mother, with affliction; but gay ones applauded such fine sport, and clapped the young run-away as heroine of the farce. Elizabeth's Virginia led the van, but New York soon became the focus of rebellion, and set up a *tree*, then first denominated *tree of liberty*, in 1766: it was a poplar, the *popular* tree, and *popule vive precor*, from Ovid's epistle, was written round it. That freedom should acknowledge America for its nursery is not unfair; the very animals in that hemisphere when first discovered were all free. Kamtschadales teach their dogs to draw, and Laplanders their rein-deer: the people whom Columbus found used neither horse nor ass, nor loaded any creature with a burden.

But the defection of our colonies was not our sole disgrace. Mr. Wilkes returned to the charge, and found he could make mankind better diversion by heaping perplexities upon the parliament of England than by retailing stale jokes against the Scotch, flattering the silly spirit of his countrymen who love to laugh, without enquiring why, at any man born above three hundred miles from Hyde-Park-Corner. He did accordingly, for the amusement of our common enemies, continue

to disturb those three estates of government a long time, which *their* united efforts could not conquer; and though in the dictionary that lies before me, *baffle* is observed to be somewhat less than *defeat*, this petulant tormentor found it somewhat more I trust; when even the thieves at Canton when corrected, cried out to a young officer who told it me, *Ah massa John, you Mandarins want to bamboo Wilkie; Wilkie bamboo Mandarin.* Fame so extensive, merit so admired, was in 1775 found sufficient to fix *him* in the seat of first magistrate of the first city in the world, and in that year was the first blood drawn at Lexington, in the unnatural contest between Old and New England: three summers more saw France helping the revolted provinces, which called themselves now, and were called by others, the Thirteen States of America. Our common parent earth thus from her inside laboriously casts forth masses of iron ore; destined when heated, formed and sharpened, to tear up her tortured sides anew. Oh may the parallel run on, and let the painful process tend at length to fructify, not ruin us for ever. The war was carried on meanwhile with still alternate loss, for even Victory when over one's own children wears her laurel mingled with weeping willow. Arnold's question in 1780, when he asks, "What is America, unless a land of widows, orphans, beggars?" must needs strike those who like me had heard the late Lord Mulgrave speak with rapture of their glories and their comforts in 1766; but preferring independence to felicity, they and their perfidious friends the French puffed every trifling advantage on their side, and seemed to contemn every failure, lest loss should be accounted correction. The exultation of foreigners rendered our dispute still more painful: "You will lose your colonies now quickly," said a French nobleman to the compiler of these facts for *Retrospect*: "I know not indeed; was the answer, how such a contest may end *now*, that America is defended as well as attacked by Englishmen; they rescued it easily from the hands of France, I remember, about fifteen years ago." Our dialogue was held at Fontainebleau A. D. 1775. Doctor Lort too going over London-bridge a winter or two afterwards

afterwards with the same person, in company of Dr. Johnson, cried out eagerly, "Look, look, here's a ship with her thirteen stripes, held fast in our port, you see." "Alas, sir!" replied the author of the Rambler, "'tis more disgrace to us that such a standard should exist, than it would be either benefit or triumph could we drag all their pretty little navy hither, as Gulliver did the fleet of Blefuscu." The comedy went on however, a comedy of errors; play'd at our joint expence for sport of knaves, who longed to see pulled down the theatre, and hissed all the performers who amused them.

D'Estaing's attack upon the British lines at Savannah, where after losing the battle he insulted his braver allies, *might* have convinced America even *then* what false friends she was trusting; and monsieur de Portail's letter to le compte de St. Germaine 1778, *might* have convinced *us*, that although duty was dead towards England, some sparks of love survived. But our home teasers, all this time employed in keeping reconciliation far away, even while they pretended to wish it; hung on the wheels of government, clogged each exertion to conclude a war, which Mr. Belsham himself confesses to have been once approved even by the populace of England, and bawled for peace against the parliament, which they found out; while they contended for American independence, was not independent at all, but on the contrary, a mere court of delegates bound to obey whom they had chosen to command; making the House of Commons out to be mere actors, masks, and mouth-pieces for the mob; *personæ* in the classical sense, but nothing more. Strange that they could not or would not recollect that if the scholars of Westminster or Eton, should after long deliberation chuse a master, the canvasser most zealous would in five months after the election be justly flogged by his favourite candidate if he were caught in a mutiny. But Montesquieu's position, that in a free state every man being a free agent ought to be concerned in his own government, had dazzled many eyes with its false colouring, and delighted many by its fine shading; to follow it however, is but catching

at the rainbow : and Cowley had the praise of originality, as to the sentiment, which is scarce tenable methinks, while members of Parliament are themselves subject to the laws they make; he who first moves the bill must, if it passes, be punished should he break it, and those who chuse their members for seven years must hold their persons sacred, not insult them. The ancestors of their new *protégés* in North America had entertained higher notions concerning parliamentary power; but it was doomed that old St. Stephen's chapel, which had in 1649 trampled on necks of kings, and quite annihilated the ancient aristocracy of the realm, should in 1779 witness the arraignment of its own dignity by the companions of its own order; and listen, half-besieged by an impetuous populace, to instructions from an alchouse club. Yet notwithstanding she was thus both fapped and battered; Britannia, like Achilles, confident of celestial aid, though every now and then sliding and staggering, when the leagued waters thus tore up the ground from under her, propt on her massy spear resisted still, turning with fullen boldness against the tide of envious combination. Byron and Barrington protected our West Indies; Guadaloupe submitted to our arms, and D'Orvilliers disappointed retreated from our shores. The Spanish admiral, like him who had commanded the invincible armada, looked on Mount Edgumbe with a longing eye. In vain! they fled; and left to John the painter all the praise for burning British sea-ports. The same stern spirit of fixed resolution resided in our king. A rapid succession of scarcely remembered ministers possessing neither his nor his people's confidence, had by that very rapidity of succession weakened the fabric of government, and storms of ill applied eloquence lent their assistance to shake it. Yet steady in his own unbending principles, the guardian of our state stirred not with all their efforts, but seemed to say with Don Sebastian, "Why let them empty their whole quiver on me, I have a soul that like an ample shield, can take in all, and verge enough for more." And though Lord Chatham had pronounced

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his Majesty the greatest courtier of his own court, *politeness* and *concession* were with him no synonyms: nor has one day past since without evincing, that the firm texture of a well condensed character is above all things valuable in high situations. The prince who yields to popular clamour in the first instance is sure to fall, and drag his subjects with him. When the salt of the earth hath lost its favour, where-with shall it be salted? says the gospel. When the key-stone of government loses its weight and strength, wherewith shall it be supported? says common sense. Our sovereign's exterior smooth and graceful, embellished by the fine arts, which he both patronized and practised, gave cursory observers ill-placed hopes of pliant flexibility within; but

Triflers not ev'n in trifling can excel,

'Tis only *solid* bodies *polish* well!

Since the accession of his Brunswick house, a manifest change (improvement we must call it) with regard to civil society had taken place; and the last thirty years, from 1750 to 1780, made an almost miraculous alteration in London and country manners. Turnpike-roads, made smooth as garden-walks were formerly, by waggons with roller wheels, superseding those droves of pack-horses, I so well remember, facilitated connection with the capital; and our old coach and six loaded with hams and pies, lifted out of sloughs, and lighted by moon lanthorns carried in the hands of aukward servants, half hereditary in the family, was laid aside for pert postillions to our chaise and four. No more substantial tradesmen deigned respectfully to attend the carriage out of town for ten or twenty miles, when the recess of Parliament drove home the member's lady and her daughters, releasing the tire-woman and dancing-master's care. No more great-coated tenants, opulent farmers, met to receive them near their country seat, admiring at young madam's main improvement, and making her mama more than amends by reverent and sincere blessings on her children, for loss of a London concert-room or playhouse, and the

the joy of being handed by lords to her tasselled chair. On the contrary, traders in London set up their phaeton, and fine out-riders: kept their gay villa for the diamonded wife; their elegant apartments in Titchfield-street, where lived the gawdy ribboned mistress; their hunting-box beside in some near sporting county, where to retire after a turtle feast, and play at billiards with an easy friend. Farmers Bragwell and Wealthy, meanwhile, dressed their girls in new shot lutestring negligees, and sent them to church only to shew how they out-shone their landlady: at home they read romances and worked catgut; singing a song sometimes to please *papa*, no longer *father*, nor as such obeyed; but busied to instruct his representatives, talk of the bill of rights, roar against taxes, lamenting still the long protracted war with fellows who were fighting for their liberty; and feeling (to say true) no deeper fears than lest the King should possess too much influence, the Parliament too much power.

While men had undergone such mighty changes, they failed not to operate upon places too. Every commercial town added to its buildings; the capital was beautified by every possible mode, and for one bridge over our river, and that crowded with houses; three elegant ones now adorned the Thames, and 70,000 mariners protected her commerce. Their first magistrate, one year a man of quality and ancient house, one year a travelled beau, and one year a man of wit and pleasure on the gay town of London, no longer afforded by his character as cockney; mirth to the merry country squires; that used to relate over their evening bowl, how my Lord Mayor, when hunting with a pack of little beagles, being informed that the hare was coming past him, drew his sword, and, in a posture of defence, exclaimed triumphantly; "Why, let him come! with the help of my God, I fear him not." The high partition-wall that kept some separation between ranks and characters broke down on every side, and pleasing novelties basked in the newly-admitted sunshine of affluence. Painting flourished under its royal patron; mechanick arts arrived at their acme,

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sent specimens of their work to every foreign kingdom, and Mr. Wedgwood's new *etruria* became the wonder of other courts as of our own. Cotton and thread manufactories produced new proofs of invention every day, lowering the price of oriental commodities. The rich brocades and gay tobines gave place to chintz and calico for female wear; spinning jennies were contrived to hasten these productions, steam engines to facilitate rougher operations; machines imitated mortals to unlioped perfection, and men found out they were themselves machines. The *new philosophy*, as it was rightly called, pervaded all the meetings of the workmen even in country towns; and while at Robinhood society in London, every blasphemous opinion was blurted out, because to repress it was an infringement on freedom; and one orator was admired for having said, "That he and his horse being of the same nature, intended to be buried in the same grave;" the sexual system of Linnæus gaining ground, led us to exalt vegetables in equal proportion. The fancy indeed was not new. Latona reclines against the *female* palm-tree, when about to bring forth Apollo and Diana, because, like her, if she dies, she will revive in her young ones, and diffuse future existence through the living world.\* Some modern scholars had hazarded a like opinion, and Dr. Grew read his to the Royal Society as early as 1676. Mr. Ray said still more on the same subject twenty years after, in his preface; and old Labat was only laughed at for protesting that they had good dates growing in their convent-garden at Martinico, though no tree of the kind could be found nearer than *two leagues*. 'Twas a monastick

\* The Babylonians had many ages ago maintained a notion, that the wasp went from the male palm-tree to the female, and carried impregnation with it. This is so true, that the Arabs called them palm-tree flies; and there is an allusion (as I have read) in Persick language, making it a joke, to say, "The flies have been there," when ladies, like Gay's Doris, ought to exclaim—

Good heav'n! (she cries),

Defend me from these teasing flies.

palm, the answerers replied, and botany was better studied every day.

It has in the course of this *Retrospect* been somewhere observed, how the tall elms, or limes, disposed in long rows, and meeting at prodigious height, impervious to the sun; gave to our ancestors the stately imagery realized by them in the supporting pillar-work of their antique cathedrals, halls, and colleges. This taste had yielded in its turn to one for buildings neither Grecian nor Gothick, neither ample nor commodious; sturdy rather than strong, and occupying space, rather than bestowing it. Lord Burlington had introduced a better mode than this, not far in the century, and close-clipt hedges which had accompanied those houses of the last reigns, neat but flat, spiritless and unmeaning, suddenly dropt away; and were succeeded by the smooth lawn and sweetly-tangling shrubbery. My heart yet dances with the fond remembrance of its first extasies, when my relations, led or by accident or curiosity, took me with them to Porter's-lodge, a place near Shenley-hill, in Hertfordshire, where my young eyes first opening upon rural elegance, felt it an Eden after the dull walks of uniform East Hyde, whence gardener's sheers, with their unceasing noise, exiled the nightingales; and tonfile yew-trees, cut in aukward forms, robbed the poor country of its dearest charm, that of affording freshness to the fancy, and substituting sylvan ideas in a mind battered and dusted by long residence within a city's wall.

One Mr. Brown, native of Stowe, I think, a servant to Lord Cobham, claims the honour of reinstating nature in her rights, and seating her once more upon her rustick throne. When his superior talents had procured that portion of wealth, and well-deserved esteem, which such uncommon merit had called forth; we are told that his carriage met by chance that of the great Lord Chatham, where it was difficult to disengage the wheels. At parting, Pitt called out at the coach windows, "Well, go you now and adorn England."—"Go you," replied Brown, "and *preserve* it." The hand with which he steered  
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the helm of state, had certainly preserved us from the *then* impending danger; but we were since that day driven too closely to the contrary shore, nor did the quicksand seem less dangerous than the rock. He had himself in some measure contributed to our distress, and we had to regret his keenness of contempt for every measure adopted by every successor: men capable of imitating Pitt only in his profusion. Pitt! whose abilities unequalled as uncontrollable, were viewed with wonder, almost exclusive even of envy's self. When Walpole was dismissed from office duties, the man was with the minister annihilated. This he confessed, when pulling down a book in his fine library at Houghton-hall; he found attention flown, and tried another, returning that too to the shelf, a third was fetched; "But ah," exclaimed Sir Robert, "long habits of business have quite poisoned pleasure, I can make none from literature at least." Lord Chatham, on the contrary, cultivated his own fertile mind with unremitted care, in place or out; and pouring the surplus upon that of his son, secured to us the only successor worthy himself; as Adrian when he died adopted Antonine. After having perhaps felt the impossibility that those should be subdued by gentle methods, whom he himself had foothed into resistance, by recommending on our parts perpetual concessions, bidding us

Be to their faults a little blind,  
Be to their virtues very kind, &c.

His last appearance in that venerable house, which had so often witnessed his eloquence, and bowed (as it did then) to his acknowledged superiority, was to oppose the mean dismemberment of England's solid empire. "This ancient and *noble monarchy*, my lords," as it that day was called by him who so well knew each point in the political compass. Let then the *last* words of the *first* speaker upon earth, be indelibly impressed on every heart; and let each inhabitant of this island deprecate all vile prostrations at the foot of France, whose powers, even when united with those of Spain, Holland, and America, he died defying. To this great statesman's shining character was super-

added that of a long list of writers, formed to embellish even an Augustan age; Hume, Smith and Gibbon, Robertson, Gray and Melmoth: while Beattie, Blair, and Johnson, strove to *amend* it. The last, *densus et brevis, semper sibi constans*, like Thucydides; fixing at length the limits of that language, in which he taught a pure morality drawn from its sacred source, the fount of truth. Ferguson spurning our low spot called earth, sent his sublimer contemplations to the sky, where he had the felicity to see, in 1761, the repetition of that beautiful phenomenon, a transit of Venus, promised by Kepler when he first constructed the Rudolphine tables\* 1598, and observed by Horrox, our ingenious countryman, in 1639, whose latin letter to Crabtree on the subject is particularly elegant. Bryant meantime brought to the best cause support from the best learning; and Jones, like the white stone of the apocalypse, the gnostick *abrafax*, leaving his white mind *abrafa tabula carte blanche*; carried to India a soul clear from prejudice, prompt to receive those truly sacred *impressions* he since has been desirous to reproduce as truths engraved by oriental eloquence. Yet were the thirty years we are reviewing, oddly polluted by unnatural falsehoods, and people not contented to *tell* lies, *lived* in them. George Pfalmanazar, who had eaten raw flesh and worshipped the sun, to make men fancy him a native of Formosa, was scarce cold in earth before new fictions, new fables perplexed us. An obscure girl, by a meanly constructed tale, set London in a fever of discordant opinions; and the mayor, who wished to punish what he deemed perjury, scarcely escaped with life from her adherents. A boy counterfeiting nephritick pains he never felt, suffered in Guy's hospital the first incision of lithotomy, before he would confess 'twas all a trick; and some years after that, the Douglas cause drawn to disgraceful length, showed that high birth was no security against suspicion of a black imposture. Strange literary fraudulence was found in Lauder, charged\* on Macpherson, and proved clear on Chatterton. Junius,

\* The Rudolphine tables were so called from the emperor Rodolphus, mentioned in this *Retrospect*.

clad in complete darkness, darted malignant, and yet undetected flashes of wit and anger through the gloom, hitting some virtuous and well meaning passengers; but chiefly directing his air-guns against the throne, and taking up attention in a town where no man read for instruction, but every one for curiosity. A pleasing writer, Brown, in his estimate had given a true picture of our falsehoods and follies some years before; as his book was but short, it was read, quoted, and forgotten in twelve months, having run through twelve editions: but even *he* was not aware of the changes which literature was about to experience, when those who professed and called themselves Christian scholars, confined their studies of divinity to two little pocket volumes; written with much spirit and acuteness by Soame Jenyns, a gentleman who made the delight of his particular circle, but who had never I suppose entertained a notion of seeing himself rated as a polemick of six-score duodecimo pages. Yet when the Bishop of London before ordination asked a young gentleman whether he considered himself as grounded in theology, “My Lord, *I have read Jenyns’s Evidence quite through,*” was the reply. The Unbeliever’s Creed, printed in a weekly paper called *Connoisseur*, had likewise its momentary effect, and deserved lasting remembrance, as the sprightliest and most compendious answer to the Dubieties of *Hume*, and his contradictory assertions concerning every thing visible as invisible.

*Example.*—I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter, and that it is no matter whether there be any God or no.

I believe that the world was not made, that the world made itself, that it had no beginning, and yet that it will last for ever, *world without end.*

I believe that there is no such thing as religion, that natural religion is the best of all religions, and that all religion is perfectly unnatural.

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There are other articles, but for fresh proof of that *uncertainty* which we were mentioning, and which found itself able to lurk among the common connections of life in a thronged capital for twenty years, *d'Eon*, dressed up in women's clothes, must be produced; laughing at the grave men who had endured disputes about diplomacy; as at the gay men who had accepted challenges to fight, from one, who though distinguished in the field for bravery, and in the cabinet for finesse, meant not as it appears to end life *uno tenore*, the expression of duc de Nivernois in their long correspondence. To this extraordinary deceit, all Europe now is deemed to have been the dupe, except le Prince de Conti: although the name might have put people upon their guard, it was assumed by an impostor from the same country five centuries ago, the person then desired to pass for the Messiah; and when I read that *he* was called *d'Eon*, it struck me that such an appellation was well chosen to express a dubious undetermined character. But *Retrospection* has to do only with realities.

## C H A P. XX.

SKETCH OF THE SITUATION OF PORTUGAL, SPAIN;  
FRANCE, ITALY AND GERMANY,

FROM 1750 TO 1780.

**I**N the first volume of this general *Retrospect*, ages were exhibited in which, no private vices of a prince or pontiff had much effect towards throwing down the honoured seat he sat on. Our glass takes in its present field moments in which no private virtues, either of civil or ecclesiastical rulers, could be found of power to support it. Don Joseph de Brazil succeeded his good father, John the fifth, upon the last day of July, 1750. Though he had no sons by his consort, a Spanish princess, he lived well with her; and though he considered the treaty with her native country as somewhat disadvantageous to his own, he ratified it, saying, "That no interested considerations should ever lead a king to break his word." They could not lead him ever to love Great Britain, or consent, save by connivance or compulsion, at our receiving Portugal gold in change for corn, of which his nation stood in no small need about the year 1754. Joseph's attachment to the *pomp* of a church, whose *power* he was by no means unwilling to controul, caused his cold looks on England which had left it: yet when the dreadful first of November, 1755, shook his whole kingdom in a frightful manner, and nearly devoured his finely-situated capital, 'twas from the English that he first received those complimentary addresses and civilities, which his own subjects seemed sullenly disinclined to pay, during the horrors of that dreadful week, when amid the hideous prof-

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pect of ninety-six thousand human creatures suddenly destroyed by fire, famine and earthquake, their sovereign had the additional mortification to observe friars haranguing the terrified survivors, and imputing this general desolation to their king, queen, and ministers. Much encrease of evil was by this folly added to the endurance of a court, whose orders being little regarded, only produced more confusion; and whose personal danger from madness of a frenzied multitude, was best counteracted by the activity of *our* ambassador, and the soft voice of Lambertini's nuncio. That of the English factory, so numerous and wealthy, only nineteen souls were lost in this distress, struck not the senseless inhabitants; who, grown delirious with terror, and superstitious rage, seized a young clerk to some Protestant house, hurried him about shrieking, heretick! heretick! in his ears, and resolved, amidst dead and dying, to re-baptize him by force. The youth, newly arrived at Lisbon, ignorant of their language, and incapable of comprehending why *he* was singled out for this extraordinary transaction, lost his wits; and remained many months (what wonder?) a confined lunatick. Meanwhile, Stouelaar, the Hamburgh consul, who lived at Colares, twenty miles out of town, had, on the 31st of October, made observation of a strange fog rising from the sea in form of a tree, not unlike that Sir William Hamilton has since described, preceding an eruption of Vesuvius; and, ere the first concussion came next morning, being alone in the fields, near his own country seat, he perceived electrick sparks strike from the mountains round, with noise incredible; and, still advancing homeward, plainly saw the strong vibration of his firm-built house rocking from west to east, but not thrown down: while he, amidst the open plain, could scarce support himself from falling, or keep his senses clear to view what past: such was the deafening clamour that arose in a calm sunshine day, and such the horrors that overwhelmed his heart, at sight of a distant village all at once consumed, and in its place *a lake*. These shocks went on, with sometimes more, sometimes less violence, till the next Christmas-day, when all was still; but the inhabitants



tants of Portugal, greatest and least, went not to rest for many following years without placing a small bundle of clothes by the bedside in case of night-alarms.

To say true, the earth was much convulsed in all her quarters, Grand Cairo lost two-thirds of its inhabitants in 1754, and Meteline was almost swallowed up the April before this cruel devastation of poor Lisbon. What happened in Peru, was perhaps too little regarded by us; although their sufferings were far greater than any Europe had been scourged with; thunder storms indeed, and frightful hurricanes did mark this period, in almost every island, every continent. Many new fountains of water burst out in Great Britain, and an unusual swelling of the tide was observed by various people on our coasts, and while the king deeply affected, proclaimed a fast expressive of *his* sentiments excited by such terrible phenomena, his generous parliament voted 100,000*l.* for the relief of their Portugueze allies; forming a strong contrast between the rational and religious feelings of our Anglican church, to the fierce bigotry and bursts of ill-understood piety upon the continent. Four years after this tremendous occurrence, the grand conspiracy set on foot by Duc d'Aveiro, Marchioness Tavora, and the rest of them; princes distantly related to the British crown, and bearing among other titles, that of *Leucastre*—against this same Joseph, only because he had concerned himself about some marriage in their family, proved a prodigious change among the minds of men, who used to take the sovereign's interference, for an honour to their *house*, not an infringement on their *liberty*: nor was what passed at execution of these noble criminals less worth remark. People were sorry for *them* as it appeared, not for the object of their sanguinary revenge; although the assassins, excited as was then supposed by Jesuit Malagrida, and paid by these nobles, with only 40 moidores a-piece; must have had hearts as hard as *vaijra*, to use their own odd proverb, borrowed from Malay language as I've read; in which *vaijra* is the word for adamant. The king's conduct was that of saint and hero combined. With six flugs received into the region of the breast, and his right arm torn from the

shoulder to the elbow; he had presence of mind to make the carriage turn about, on recollecting that his first surgeon had a country seat not far from where the assault was given. When arrived there; he suffered not his wounds to be examined till he had confessed his sins, and received absolution from a neighbouring minister, after which, and not before, a messenger was permitted to inform the queen, and secretaries of state. His next care was to obtain a dispensation for his daughter, Maria Francis Isabella, the present sovereign, to marry Don Pedro, by whom she has a son. In 1762, when war broke out again between Spain and England, he nobly rejected every overture made him, to join against his generous friends in Great Britain, but saw with sorrow more than equal to our own, a Lisbon packet, bound for Falmouth, with one hundred thousand Josephuses on board, captured by some Barbary corsairs. This was a species of traffick he detested; and in fact, after a fleet of ours entered the Tagus, and saved their country from a real or pretended Spanish invasion, accelerating the peace of Fontainebleau; I remember seeing but little Portugal gold in our London circulation; with his death, in 1777, we will dismiss this realm, whose ruler, when long illness had broken down that spirit which earthquakes could not shake, nor assassination subdue; sent for a famous St. Michael, from some church, where its peculiar virtues were venerated—and endeavouring to salute the little figure reverentially, kissed by mistake the dragon at its foot: a courtier present, at this chance exclaiming, “Oh great God! what will come next? Our king has kissed the Devil!” On the instant, convulsions strongly and swiftly reiterated, seized and destroyed poor Joseph’s feeble frame. His successor Maria, when inaugurated, found popularity not difficult to acquire. She released a baby brother of young Tavora, and took from his dungeon, the old bishop of Coimbra, who for charging the Marquis de Pombal, chief minister, with heresy; though not without good reason as I have heard; had undergone a long and solitary imprisonment. Yet did the evil destiny of jesuitism drive forward in all countries to a crisis. Ferdinand of Spain’s deep-rooted  
forrow

sorrow for his consort's death, contributed to forward this event: he ceased all care for business, and remained hopeless of ever more enjoying pleasure, deprived of his companion, the gentle Maddalena. In vain his courtiers told him of the earthquake, in vain his once beloved jesuits were accused of conspiring his once beloved brother-in-law's murder: "Bid Farinelli come (said he, interrupting them) and sing the "queen's favourite air." This state of melancholy could not last *very* long; so that while Malagrida's being supposed to meddle in plots for taking away their king's life, enraged, and not unjustly, the Portugueze against that order; Don Carlos, who on his half-brother's death, was called to bear the Spanish sceptre, and did actually shake it royally enough over every thing but prejudice; was made to believe that the strange insurrection against his edict for throwing off flap't hats and short clokes, in the year 1766, was directed secretly by jesuits, who loved the old dress, and the old proverb attached to it: *Debaxo de mi capa al rey mi mata.\** Be this charge true or false: what most attracts a *Retro-spector's* notice, is the *new* cry then first adopted at Madrid—*Brva la libertad*; and the mob's tender care of my Lord Rochford, whom a few years before they would have burned, or christened, as the mad fools at Lisbon did the clerk. It is to be observed, beside, that symptoms of revolt appeared in all the South American colonies about this time, that the king in a manner absconded from his capital eight months, and came back at last in no good humour, having discharged his minister to appease the troubles. Don Carlos was a stern harsh character, hated England, yet suffered us to catch his Acapulco-men, because he never would afford them convoy. When he passed through Italy from Naples, the Pope meant to spare empty etiquette, and met him in the garden as by accident, but the king prostrating himself at his feet, Lambertini turning towards his courtiers, was seen to suppress a laugh at the studied awkwardness of his manner. It was no good joke though when forms went out so fast, and sovereigns set the door so wide to let them through, that many wise things, and many good ones crowded out at the same time.

\* Under one cloke even kings may be killed.

Don Carlos helped to polish his new country: 'twas his reign that saw suppressed those unaccountable things, called *loas*; some of which were acted for his amusement, in the country, whilst Squillace was hooted out of the metropolis. In those dramas, none but *women* were permitted on the stage, where that monarch thought it beneath the dignity of man to appear. He drove Farinelli from his court, said, *Los cappones son buenos sobre las mesas*, and honoured a representation with his presence, of which the following was the dramatis personæ; it must have been a curious piece:

<i>Atheism</i>	. . . . .	A monstrous figure.
<i>The Synagogue</i>	. . . . .	A filthy woman.
<i>The Heathen Religion</i>	. . . . .	An ugly lady.
<i>Baptism</i>	. . . . .	A fine boy.
<i>Wit,</i>	. . . . .	Dressed as a young man.
<i>And St. Paul</i>	. . . . .	Habited as a grave personage.

Yet such were the theatrical shows which he deliberately, as I've read, preferred to the delightful dramas of the correct, elegant, and tender Metastasio. A prince so partial to old usages, should not have banished flap't hats and clokes, while he encouraged these incongruities, numerous as strange, among which, the devil turned preacher, by Calderon della Barca, beats them all for humorous oddity. The Spectator's story of a trick plaid by two coquettes, in a French province, who swathe their lover, is taken, I believe, from a Spanish *Mociganga*, whence it crept into a little book called, *l'Academie Galante*, printed 1708; yet while scenic representation lingered far behind, Peter Collinson says, "They knew how to plant the *palma dactylifera*, male and female, "by tradition from the Moors, without having ever heard of Linnæus." Their monarch meanwhile mindless of the soon-forgotten clamour,

Paz con Yngalatierra,  
Y guerra contoda la tierra;

meaning "Peace with old England, and war with all the world," was hasty and happy to declare the independency of North America, which Don Bernardo di Galvez solemnly proclaimed at New Orleans,

1779: and by the quickness of that measure, a royal sloop of war, besides some vessels laden with stores at Lake Pontchartrain, dropt into the hands of his countrymen. In four short months however, Sir George Rodney took a brave man's best revenge, in a grand capture of fifteen merchantmen richly freighted, with their convoy, a fine sixty-four gun ship and four frigates. Don Juan di Langara, in less than a week after *that*, off Cape St. Vincent, struck to our gallant M'Bride of the *Bienfaisant*, an old French prize; which having the small-pox on board, could not, without danger to his life, receive the Spanish admiral when conquered: the English sailors, for that reason, refitted Don Juan's own ship, the *Phoenix*, and navigated her safely into Gibraltar.

But we must turn our telescope towards France, where Louis XV. had been losing that lovely title *Bien-aimé*, with which we left him honourably invested in 1750, and by which he would have been known to history for ever, had he died of that illness which so alarmed all ranks of people for his safety. In 1757 one *Robert*, fils de *Pierre*, called *d'Amiens*, from the town he was born in, and late a domestick in the Jesuit's college there, assassinated and wounded, but did not kill the king; whose acquiescence in the tortures inflicted on the wretch, pleased nobody in France or out, and proved a hard, if not tyrannick heart. So did his hearing, with an idiot exultation, of Richelieu's ravages in the electorate of Hanover, when he set fire to the orphan house at Zell, and hanged the favourite hounds left by George the second of England in his own palace at Herenhausen. 'Twas *Monf. de Foulon* who held the contract for supplying those soldiers, unworthy as they were of such appellation, who turned their arms upon tame beasts and babies, and were enriched by the iniquities of that campaign; adding some cruelties to an officer *Hugo*, which would have been more credible of a Cayugan Indian. An Englishman meanwhile, who saw the execution of the assassin at Paris, felt so horror-stricken, that he but just recovered to tell the tale and die.

An edict  
was

was made, that none in future should ever bear the name of Damien; and the recollection how Solyman the second's life had been attempted by a person known in Constantinople 1537, by that same nominal distinction, confirmed the sovereign's aversion to it. Although he seems to have been a mere captain of banditti, commanded by *un Picard d'Amiens*, who, sitting in a tree, armed with a carabine, the bough cracked with a loud noise under him, attracting the Sultan's ear: seized on the spot, he owned the fatal truth of his design, and was at once thrown to the panther they had hunted and caught that morning. Another Damien had contrived to kill the Cardinal de Noailles in 1715: and people reflecting how that great man had said, to vex Le Tellier, that he would never be a valet to his Jesuits, and how his assassination, though not his death, soon followed the unguarded expression; a sort of instinctive horror grew towards the whole order, and Lewis the fifteenth felt it in every vein. His queen alone loved and protected them. But her philosophick father, old Stanislaus, having set fire to his night-gown and burned himself to death in his study 1766, she lived but a short time after that shock, and left her royal husband to the unrepined enjoyment of his sensual pleasures: yet he acknowledged *that she had never given him a moment's uneasiness but by her loss*; a thought similar to that of Mr. Pope in his epitaph on Harcourt. Mercier says, "What had this man ever done either to gain or forfeit a nation's love?" Probably nothing; but 'twas the nation's change and not the king's: the world was changing round him: a spirit of insurrection shewed itself perpetually all through the reign. An odd procession of hackney-coaches followed him once to Choisi, and filled him with no small alarm: he would have spoken kindly and relieved them; but busy courtiers drove the crowd away, sending the ringleaders to the Bicêtre. Yet he was heard to say good-humouredly, "If I were *lieutenant de la police*, I would forbid these odious cabriolets;" but, says Mercier, "He thought it beneath

neath *his* dignity, to do so. He thought rightly enough: for if the sovereign will be *lieutenant de la police*, and the *lieutenant de la police* will be the scavenger, things will all go *worse* in the streets—not better. When his seditious parliaments reminded him of the oath he had taken to his country, as they called it; “Nay (replied he) my oath was to the Almighty, not to you, sire; and if I’m to be punished for the breach on’t, ’twill be by God alone.” There are those alive who think he apprehended what has followed; but Pompadour kept him amused, and drove reflexion from him—only when she took the advantage of Pere Poyan’s arrest, and made him believe the Jesuits had upon that occasion bribed the king of Spain’s groom of the *stole* and pages; to procure that monarch’s dirty papers (like what Pope tells of Curl) for their examination. Whether such idle tales, or the appeal of Pere de Saçy to the parliament, which *did* bring out some proofs of secret doctrines, said to be incompatible with sound allegiance, influenced Louis XV. finally to destroy them, or not: certain it is he saw them suppressed in 1773, and died in a year’s time *without* suspicion of poison, by the small-pox. The dauphin’s death, which had preceded that of his father nine or ten years, and the exemplary infant prince’s death, who at such early years, gave signs of so much virtue, had not been felt in France, as losses of the same kind far inferior to *these*, had been in days long past.

Louis XVI. grandson to his predecessor, mounted the throne quietly, and gazed with more admiration on his young queen, daughter to Maria Theresa, empress of Germany, and Francois de Lorraine, than did those subjects from whom, as it appeared, *she* expected much praise, even for her faults and follies. The world however, was grown sour and sullen; her mother’s beauty inherited by Antoinette, and heightened by additional graces I believe, gave no apparent influence to its possessor: her mother’s once commended wit, when displayed in an elaborate letter sent with that lovely girl to Lewis, while dauphin, 1770, had charmed no one; and the conduct observed by her when

on the throne of France, made mankind stare indeed, but not *admire*, to see this progeny of heroes

———Here below

Dress'd like a dancer for a publick show.

Parental tenderness itself recoiled from sight of her portrait taken to Vienna; and conjugal passion, although carried to a half-despicable, half-criminal uxoriousness, felt momentary disgust at the bankruptcies, still more perhaps at the blasphemies brought on by her incessant frolicks; among which gaming, though least offensive to relate, was possibly most dangerous to endure. But the queen fancied all expence would be repaid by England's ruin in the separation of her colonies, and the advantage flowing thence to France, from which country she saw with delight, and warmly-expressed applause, *Monf. de la Fayette* and other gay young fellows setting forward in the cause of *freedom*. Doctor Johnson in some of his letters says, "The king will not like " my *Lives* if he is a Whig; but is any king a Whig?" Lewis XVI. was certainly half a Whig. The contagion of democracy had caught a corner of his undecided soul, and he wished, from suggestions of honour, that success to America which his consort desired as an influx of trade, and consequently of cash, to the realm she was accused of exhausting. *Qu'en disent les Grenouilles?* was the common flippant speech at Versailles, when any new absurdity was planned; meaning, What will the *Frogs* find to say of *this*? The court, in allusion to the quaggy state of Paris in old times, when known by name of *Lutetia*, called its inhabitants *Frogs*; nor recollected their own fable of *La Fontaine*, where they petition against poor *King Log*, nor rest a moment quiet from their croaking, till Jupiter from weariness, sends them *King Stork*.

Around the lake *that* monster stray'd  
And dreadful devastation made;  
On mothers, fathers, sons, he fed,  
This lost a limb, and that a head:

O'er



O'er all alike he stretch'd his sway,  
And made whole multitudes his prey!

In vain they cried, for Jove no more

Remain'd indulgent as before:

“Wretches! (said he) most like mankind,

“Ungrateful, faithless, weak and blind:

“You view'd with scorn a peaceful throne,

“Henceforth beneath a tyrant groan.”

We leave them in 1780, somewhat illuminated by Portail's letter, dated 1778, assuring them that England would one day join against their nation, hand and heart with the Americans, who even then he thought esteemed Britons in enmity, more than they did subjects of France, wearing the mask of friendship. Louis seize however, calling to mind Montcalm's expiring words, and strange prediction, that *his* death would in no short time be fully revenged by the defection of those colonies Wolfe died defending: and his philosophick ministers laying it down for a rule that our parting *must* be perpetual, because (said they) “*If you divide a magnet, each part flies his fellow;*” Louis seize nursed in his Bourbon heart the hope of our undoing; nor, I believe, waked from his dream at all, till the defeat of Don Juan de Langara lowered the spirits both of the French and Spanish courts at once. Don Carlos had, when called from ruling the two Sicilies up to Madrid, left there at Naples his youngest son Ferdinand, the eldest being set aside for incapacity, and leaving him under the care of a tutor so ignorant, that he could read nothing but the office of the blessed Virgin—his royal pupil escaped even that; and learning just to get his prayers by heart, depended for amusement on the brute creation. His flatterers observing which way his genius lay, kindly instructed him to skin live rabbits; but the boy having a generous nature, proposed, as better sport, hunting them with lap-dogs, and giving them, as he said, at least some chance for escape. This early trick so rivetted that prince's passion for the chace, that to this hour 'tis his favourite amusement. A marriage be-

tween him and Marie Caroline, sister to the Queen of France, contributed to the filling and polishing his *mind*, which like the lava of his own Vesuvius, brings down a precious stone sometimes amid the heap of rubbish that it fuses; and which, though worked with difficulty into *trinkets*, is useful as ballast to ships, and as foundation stones for future houses. Gorani's story of his taking a turkey from a poor woman,\* who not knowing him, begged his interest with the attorney general, whose oppression was intolerable, is in the taste of old feudal times, the Miller of Mansfield, and a thousand more; yet the great lawyer's countenance, reproached severely by his honest sovereign holding the turkey in his hand, and pointing to it as undeniable proof of the rascality which was detected by the king's accidental meeting of this distressed woman in the wood—if painted by Angelica, would go straight to the heart, and leave more learned pictures empty of all effect. His grief for any poor creature's perishing under aristocratick tyranny could never be appeased by his queen's eloquence, though words had no small effect on one who possesst so few. She found it easy to persuade him seize Benevento, and enter into the league of Princes joined to destroy the order of Jesuits. Miraculous indeed was that preternatural eagerness which prompted even the heedless and superstitious sovereigns of Europe to lend each a hand in picking out cement from the papal throne. Lambertini scarce appears to have considered its de-

\* The woman having sheltered her sovereign from a storm, when separated by that storm from his courtiers, took him for an attendant gentleman, and begged his good word to screen her from the rage of the attorney-general, to whom she had refused her only child as mistress, and sent the girl away---though well convinced he had already planned her often threatened destruction. "What," says the king, "will you give me, and I will get the rascal punished?" "A turkey," replies the woman. "Meet me to-morrow morning, the dead bird in your hand, at *such a place*," says Ferdinand, "and I will ensure you protection." She came, and the king seizing his bribe, brought it laughing to the council chamber, where after no small roughness to the man who wronged her, she was called in to witness his disgrace, and made housekeeper in one of the empty palaces, with a comfortable salary.

truction as so nigh. Not half an hour before his own election to that great dignity which he became so well, he fixed the cardinals' undetermined choice by saying, half in jest, half earnest, these are critical days we must confess—*eminenze!* So if you want a thorough politician now to get us through, take Aldrovandi; if we wish nothing but a saint to pray for us, have Gotti; but if a plain man who loves a joke, will do for you, here's me. His reign, which was that of learning, made poignant by humour, and virtue rendered respectable by knowledge, ended not till 1758, when Rezzonico, a noble Venetian, saw himself suddenly placed in St. Peter's chair, and shed a flood of unfeigned tears before he could recover from his amazement.

Clement the thirteenth, for he took that appellation, sat eleven years in the seat of what once was power; but now, as he observed, a mere preparation for martyrdom. "The popes (said Clement) are coming back apace to their primitive state, the post of honour is once more the post of danger; our last sovereign indeed seemed willing to turn Protestant himself, so am not I;" and as a proof, he published the bull *Apostolicum*. After this open declaration of a war he could in no wise support or conduct; he saw Avignon, Benevento torn from him, heard of his favourite Jesuits proscribed in Portugal, Spain, France, and Naples; where the homage of the white palfrey was disputed, if not actually refused; and only escaped the mortification of being forced to suppress an order he approved; by abrupt and wished-for death, 1769. 'Twas he who but three years before raised his immortal successor to the purple, whom Benedict fourteenth had for his wit and sense already made consultant, observing that he would trust no man in that post who was of gloomy disposition; such was not Ganganelli; when made Cardinal he ran on foot directly to his convent, and "Brothers! (cried he) behold I pray you the most eminent Francis Lawrence, once on a time John Vincent Anthony, son to the honest Doctor at Arcangelo. 'Tis no joke, 'tis not indeed; I am this day created Cardinal, but shall not quit my cell

“except in change for a neat room in your first dormitory, as I will never, *never* quit my hold on these my chosen friends and old companions.” He was no worse than his word. When a tumultuous conclave, yielding to the intrigues of Louis quinzé, seated this great man on the papal chair: “*Here comes a bright rainbow after our long cloud,*” exclaimed his countrymen; and Clement fourteenth, was proclaimed late in an evening in the month of October, 1769. His sound sleep afterwards, the difficulty of awakening him next day; and his first words on waking, proved a mind superior to the chances of this world, more than sublimer speeches would have done. “Oh! ay, I do remember now, that I am *Sovereign* by the Grace of God, (said he) and shall enjoy the prime felicity of having all the world duly informed, every time I have been bled, or taken phyfick.”

It was indeed by the grace of God, that this extraordinary person was put in, apparently to break that fall the Romish church was fated to endure; when that throne which three popes sitting in at once, had not been able to sink; could at the time he mounted have been held firm by no man of less active or vigorous character than *Ganganelli*. It is observable that all the Christian world called him by *that* name, oftener than by that of Clement fourteenth. Another proof that he could easier give immortality to his own family-appellation; than even temporary existence to the sinking papacy.

Portugal exasperated at Malagrida's conduct, meditated means to make herself a separate patriarchate, and Spain menaced aloud. France irritated by Rezzonico's ill-judged behaviour towards the duke of Parma, shewed a high sense of resentment, while Naples, adding Ponte Corvo to Benevento, abridged St. Peter's patrimony southwards, and half Poland was in positive rebellion. A spirit of atheism hovered over Austria with bat's wings, and spread among the French its ever-baleful shade: yet the new primate conciliated all. “They are raising up (cried he) a rampart of pamphlets against religion, but it  
“ will

“ will be blown down by breath of the gospel.” His partiality for France however he took no care to conceal, and wept the death of Louis quinzé, his friend and benefactor, with unfeigned grief, expressed so beautifully in the classical and elegant letter to his successor—*That Titus himself would have been envious*, was the Princess Borghese’s expression. It was perhaps to the French *bon mot*, attributed to Fleury, when he observed, “ that fire, water, and the Jesuits, were good servants but bad masters;” that we may at last ascribe his willingness to destroy a body of men he so truly loved, individually; for, next to virtue and honour, Ganganelli loved a *French bon mot*, and was never seen peevish or angry but when they lost a battle, or a ship to *Britain*; who in *her* turn admired, at seeing thus a Pope of Rome hold down his cardinals with an air of strictness, and call the common people round him with a good-humoured speech of “ Ay, look at *me*, my lads, and see what a low-born fellow like yourselves may arrive at.” In effect, it was his sport *parcere subiectis et debellare superbos*. He spared not the great lady, who, thinking to take advantage of such lenity, laughed at his edict for forbidding cards on a Sunday, saying, “ she despised monks and their college rules;” but suddenly, at sight of an officer in her apartments, found herself obliged to drop on her knees by his Holiness’s command, dismiss her company, and repeat a paternoster. Next day a billet came to her couched in these words—“ Madam! “ for this time you have been chastised by a *monk*, precisely according “ to our *college* rules; the next offence shall be punished by *your Sovereign*, who knows how to correct contumacious princesses.” He was a swallow, that though it skims the ground, never quite touches it; and often rises up to heights, viewless by mortal man.

His chearful heart however shut every entrance against pride: one day in every week he spent the evening of, with his old associates from the convent; who dined, and chatted, and laughed, and told old stories: “ For now I am brother Francis again (says he) and Pope “ Clement the fourteenth must be a sad tyrant if he can’t let a man “ enjoy

“ enjoy the comforts of friendship for a few hours now and then. It  
 “ was his study to make others easy as himself, and nobody, I hope,  
 “ (was his good-humoured expression) lives uncomfortably under my  
 “ pontificate, except the *French cook*, who complains *que l'art se perd*,\*  
 “ living with a Cordelier.” Of nepotism, certainly no one *could* la-  
 ment in his reign; for he had few relations, and scarce ever saw those  
 he *had*. “ Send off an express to Pefaro (cried one of his courtiers,)”  
 “ the day of exaltation.” “ Prythee be quiet man, (interrupted the  
 “ Pontiff) I will write myself by the post; *my* sisters are not used to  
 “ receive embassies from princes, we shall only fright the girls out of  
 “ their *wits*, and I shall insist on their keeping them sound in their heads.”

In fact, he suffered his family to take no advantage of his dignities,  
 nor did he consider them as bestowed but to conciliate the refractory  
 princes, and defer Rome's ruin for awhile. He told them, laughing,  
 “ That for *that* cause, he would oblige them by going as far as hell-  
 “ gates in their company, but that all earthly powers combined should  
 “ not oblige him *to enter* them.” He said, and signed the Jesuits'  
 abolition, 1773, “ which I am convinced, (adds he) is my death war-  
 “ rant; but no matter, one never can *repent* of what scarcely could  
 “ have been *forborn*.”

The next morning on the white walls of the Vatican appeared these  
 letters, red, as if written in blood, *P. s. S. v.* None of the courtiers  
 could explain its meaning, “ Only *this*, Monsignore,” said the Pope to  
 one of them, “ *Presto surà sede vacante*,”† and so it was. An acute ill-  
 ness followed; and Pasquin's observation was, *pregate per il Papa, che*  
*presto morirà*.‡ He died embracing his crucifix, and beseeching the blef-  
 sed Jesus for grace to imitate *him* in praying for his murderers. And  
*now* to immortal Ganganelli, resolute without severity, and temporizing  
 without meanness, succeeded ever undetermined Braschi: beautiful in  
 person, frivolous in enjoyment, attached to his own family, and full of  
 affectation in all things; except his fear of God and love towards his

\* He loses his art.

† The see will soon be vacant.

‡ Pray for the pope, he will die soon.

brother's children. *Sanguis*, say the Italians, *non è acqua*; and the Scotch proverb corresponds to it: *Blude's thicker than water*. A conscience clear from any worse offences, a firm faith, and an unbounded vanity, were all this hapless primate brought to shield him from the dangers hovering round. They are no weak cordials, however; and, with their help, he bore the pelting of a pitiless storm longer than any predecessor ever did, and kept his spirits up surprizingly; though all agreed the name he took was luckless; Pius *sextus*: *Semper sub sextis perditâ Roma fuit*: besides that, as Clement XIV. made him cardinal, the common compliment was omitted in his forbearance to take that appellation. Early mistakes under this sovereign too, accelerated his court's destruction. He quarrelled with Spain about canonizing their favourite Palafox; and Don Carlos shewed himself obstinate in the dispute. Lambertini had laughed at the awkwardness of that prince's prostrations; but Rome saw no more prostrate princes after that day. Catherine of Russia took offence concerning her bishop de Mohilow; and though his Holiness's letter was one of the first which artfully stiled her by the new and desired distinction, *Imperial Majesty*; her answer was directed simply to Pius sextus, bishop of Rome, and *pope in his own district*, putting him on a footing with her own muscovitish clergy, the high dignitaries among which, are all stiled popes in that country.

God knows, the wonders presenting themselves before the bright though serene eyes of astonished Braschi, might easily have confounded a more consummate politician. Whether he turned them towards Venice, whose noblemen seemed to be travelling for improvement in the study of English whiggism and French philosophy: or whether looking at the Genoese republick, he observed Corsica struggling for perpetual independence under Paoli, who said his people would be hewn to pieces, man by man, rather than see their little island sunk in the territories of any other nation. The comte de Marbœuf who disputed that matter with them successfully in 1769, saw, as 'tis said, an infant born at Oletta, who since has subjugated both Rome and Paris.

Such

Such an occurrence indeed could not be discerned by any less than *prophetick* sight into the future. Pius the sixth's might well enough be dazzled and amazed, when he contemplated much nearer objects. Even those harassed Jesuits, whose quick suppression had been so clamorously demanded by *Catholick* princes, protected by the Greek church under Catherine's auspices, and receiving safe asylum in dominions of an infidel professed, Frederick king of Prussia. But as the skilful in punctuation tell us, that to make language quite complete, the note expressive of admiration!!! was *last* added; it seems in these latter days to be most wanted too: for history degenerates into incredible romance, and *Retrospect* is clouded by mere consternation. The death of the elector of Bavaria in 1777, drew the king of Prussia into a willing quarrel with Vienna, where a young emperor felt not undelighted at entering the lists of fame against this veteran: his august mother was less pleased with it, she had experienced wars enough, and tumults, and sufferings.

Her purple was not made at once in haste,

Yet after many other colours past,

It took the deepest princely dye at last.

But sons are seldom disposed as are their parents; and sovereigns, even in their *coins*, turn all their heads the contrary way from that which was adopted by the last who went before them. Joseph the second indeed played more a cautious than a heroick part, during the contest with Frederick, whom he came into the field to study, as it appears by his conduct, rather than oppose: and after his expensive, though not dangerous course of meditated improvement, a peace was settled by mediation of France, 1779, without any diminution of dignity, or dominion to Fortune's old favourite, who retired to plan schemes of enjoyment in the north of Europe, and imitations of Italian luxuries at Potsdam; contented with having debauched Germany, and in some sort its emperor, to the new notions propagated by Weisshaupt and Knigge, those enemies to *every* king; yet, strange to think, those  
cherished



cherished allies of men who placed their happiness and glory in power uncontroled—but as I have read in some old book, that God placed fire in every nation under heaven, that none might escape the general punishment at the last day, so it appears that these infernal agents sowed with care their strange opinions into every breast, that none before that day arrived, should fail to deserve it. Else one could hardly credit what is told of baron Knigge, at twenty-five years old renouncing all terrestrial amusements, to make his sport from subterraneous horrors, and labouring as it were to obtain a fiery diadem from demons, with twenty times the pains and self-denial that a celestial garland would have cost him.

Voltaire had long ago prepared the ground in Switzerland where Monsieur de Bruys says in his *Memoires des Suisses*, “ That things “ were even in *his* early time come to such a pitch of corruption at “ Geneva, that had the two men been both alive when he wrote, “ Servetus would have burned Calvin.” Joseph’s the second’s mind seemed well adapted for the reception of these doctrines. Maria Theresa’s bigotted fondness for all the exteriors of religion, had disgusted him; while her being frequently duped by hypocritical appearances in time of divine service, so as even to pension cunning fellows, who sat where they might be observed without suspicion, beating their bosoms out of affected contrition, was undoubtedly absurd, and the more easily discerned as such; because he and his mother never much had loved each other. People at Vienna, who had opportunities of knowing, told me, when I was there, that the empress’s early partiality for the arch-duke Charles was such, she would not even look over Joseph’s juvenile performances. It should be added too, that his good tutor, bishop of some place, if I remember rightly, set her imperial majesty’s favour to hazard, by honestly protesting against maternal injustice, and was rewarded when his pupil came into power. The queen had ever been a gentle character, and suffered herself to be guided by her husband. She was supposed to have after his death given her hand in *private* to prince

Kaunitz, who had of course great sway in the cabinet council, disliked war, and was disliked by the emperor, who had discovered the connection between them. Her scrupulous behaviour too concerning the duchy of Deux Ponts, looks as if she repented at the close of life the laxity she had lived in, not unreproached, with regard to Poland, during the afternoon of it. Tenacious of her authority, she was however said to have informed her son, *she* should, as queen of Bohemia, withdraw her troops, for that it was ridiculous to see such contention for a territory, the fee simple of which (were it sold) would not pay one year's expences of the war, nor afford subsistence to the armies which attacked, defended, and disputed its possession, as many *hours* as it at one time contained thousands of fighting men. Such were the paradoxes, and such the situations in Germany, just before the year 1780.

## C H A P. XXI.

## REVIEW OF TRANSACTIONS IN THE EAST AND NORTH,

FROM 1750 TO 1780.

**W**HILE the king of Prussia might justly be said to emulate Julius Cæsar in his genius for war, his talents for government, his taste for literature, musick, all the arts of peace, and all the researches of philosophy: the British general Clive pursuing the steps of Pompey in the east, like him drove the enervate natives before him; and having discovered the grand source of wealth and luxury, saw it flow in full tides home to his native shore, *there* swallowing up much of that manly virtue for which his countrymen were once so famed, and softening them into Sybarites, till they felt even the doubled rose-leaf as a wrong. If half were done indeed which is alledged to have been done for purpose of changing the East India Company in twelve years time from a knot of busy and industrious merchants into an association of powerful princes, ruling fifteen millions of subjects in spreading districts, forming a territorial dominion larger than their native land\*—it is less

\* Britannia did certainly, like the maid in Virgil,

—————sive ut templis præfigeret arma  
Troïe, captivo sive ut se ferret in auro,  
Venatrix unum ex omni certamine pugnæ  
Cæca sequebatur.

Our English ambassador, Sir Thomas Rowe, in 1615, had mortified the Great Mogul of that time by a present from King James the first, of Mercator's maps. "Let me," says the Indian King, "survey *my own* domains here."—He did so; and the tale goes

strange that riches so acquired should carry, like those from Mexico, no blessing with them. Orientalists have, to say true, been always slaves : like the story of the girl skinning eels, our leaders might certainly plead *their being used to it* ; yet if it be true, and *Retrospection* is obliged to own it so, that the Mogul, kept a state prisoner by our arms at Delli, was forced to make the servants of the company, omrahs in what was of just right his own domain—interest itself will confess that too much was done on our parts, and too much was suffered on theirs : when tearing from religion her costly trappings, and from administration of empire its dignity and power, they fell next upon the necessaries of life, and having by monopoly of rice and salt brought on a murderous famine, compelled the sad survivors to pay taxes which had been levied on the happier dead. A tyrant of their own, native of Mysore, *Hyder Ally*, started up soon, and showed the miserable inhabitants what he was capable of, who had received birth on the coast of Coromandel, and education among Dutch troops at Nagapatnam. He working on the weakness of the Nizam governing a tract of land mentioned by Milton as peculiarly delightful, *where Malabar and Decan spread their charms*, put himself at the head of a prodigious army, was beaten by Colonel Smith in 1767, and made his aversion to the English an excuse for ruining all they left unspoiled; destroying fields of rice, cutting the looms, and missing his aim when striking at Madras, managed so well, notwithstanding the failure, as to make himself an advantageous peace in 1769. Many abuses were however supposed to have been reformed by Clive's second voyage to India, or Parliament would not have thanked him for his services in 1773. The year after *that*, Smith was offered 400,000*l.* I think, not to pillage Tanjore; and we then read the

he was so grieved at seeing the small space they occupied, he gave the maps back and would see them no more. How would the descendants of that prince, in 1757, have been shocked had he conceived the possibility of a company of merchants belonging to an island not much bigger than Borneo, domineering over him and his tributary princes—but 'tis most like he never understood his own disgrace so deeply.

names

names of Zemindars and Rajahs laying their turbans at foot of Mr. Hastings, with this expression: "Do your pleasure, and do it with your own hands, for I am your slave." If from a country where even metals, even marbles suffer diminution by the intense heat, and an air to which nothing but *pure gold* can be safely exposed, *any man's honesty* should come home untainted, we must conclude him furnished with the only certain antidote—a high sense of his religious duties—the *Moly* of antiquity sent down from heaven to the wisest of all travellers, Ulysses, who quaffing the cup of Circe, forced from that seducer this exclamation:

Amazing strength such poisons to sustain,  
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain.

We leave the French allied with Hyder Ally in 1779, for purpose of expelling the English from India, that they might with more convenience devour it themselves: and we leave our own moralists at home lamenting the cruelties of their countrymen in that country, for the best reason—left by grasping at too much, a considerable part of the newly-obtained territory should be lost, and we could no longer be cruel, and no longer could be rich. But gentler souls, filled with the spirit of adventure during that period, went forth from Europe to discover, not desolate distant regions. Dawkins and Wood confirmed our faith in scripture narrative and scripture prophecy; while they embellished literature with their accounts and drawings both of Balbec and Palmyra. *Monf. de la Chappe* Auteroches, who viewed the transit of Venus from Tobolsky, who crossed the rough wilds of vast and ancient Scythia, and who brought back with him descriptions of Kamtschatka and the Wotiaeks till then unknown to fame, seems to have first made hyperborean Ekatarina acquainted with her own widely-spread dominion, although proud of possessing the autocracy of districts till then unexplored, and almost equalling in cubic inches the rest of Europe were it put together. But Bougainville claims a place among these enquiring spirits; and astronomy,

astronomy, whose votaries employed in larger speculations still, seems always to consider space as nothing; sent out her Banks and Solander, convoyed by Cook, whose never-dying name commanded those vessels freighted by learning, and winged by curiosity. Humanity marked the progress of these expeditions, and discovery of much more than was sought—rewarded them. That near proximity of the great continents Asia and America, by ascertaining which an hundred mouths at once were stopt who had denied the possibility of our earth's being peopled from one parent stock, was of great consequence and comfort to believers; while Hasselquist, a Swedish voyager, had before *their* day confessed the truth of holy writ in his account of Palestine, full as he says of capabilities in 1752, a rich red mould, that if 'twere cultivated, would (are his words) amply reward the labours of the husbandman. His journey, quite in modern spirit of the times, exhibits in each page a philosophical attention to keep every devotional idea carefully from his reader's mind. He went from Sweden a true disciple of Linnæus, resolving to bring home none but the natural history of Judæa; and tells us, that while some prejudiced listener to those monks whom he describes as infesting the country, dropt on their knees where Bethlehem was once supposed to stand, kissing perhaps with pious fervor that earth which they imagined to have been one day pressed by the beneficent footsteps of a Saviour—he amused himself with thinking of a plough, so constructed that it might water the ground while it turned it up. Well! all these wights, however they attract the *retrospective* eye,

Did as became distinguish'd men,  
 With compass, pencil, sword or pen—  
 In all life's visits left their name,  
 In characters which yet proclaim  
 That they with ardour sought to raise  
 At once their arts and country's praise;  
 And in the writing took great care  
 That all was full, and round, and fair:—PRIOR.

From

From the writings of an accomplished contemporary of theirs too, Horace Walpole, may be drawn some pleasing consolation; where he says prettily that truth and error gain upon each other like the land and sea, yet still the happy balance is preserved. We may then reasonably hope that proofs of our religion are preparing to appear in the warm clime where its first seeds were dropt; and witnesses will probably yet be produced from all lands, of facts which can alone bring saving health unto all nations.

The Manillas meanwhile were shaken by an earthquake of destructive consequence, scarce inferior to that which desolated Damascus, and yielding in nothing to the horrors exhibited at Lisbon. The Azores trembled in their hollow caves, whence flew the plovers which they first were named from: the Guanches too were discovered in Teneriffe, when that great mountain cracking, gave up its embalmed dead; by avarice and curiosity soon carried to England; where I saw at the Admiralty about the years 1768 or 1769, a female so preserved: as to excite a just astonishment, not to add reasonable contempt of care for dead bodies—since when exerted to perfection of skill, it was not able to protect this princess from being exhibited a show in London, or from receiving reanimation at the last day in the museum of Oxford university; a place probably never heard of in her time at Guia in the Canary Isles. But all nature gave signs as if the last hours of our world were approaching; rough concussions shook every shore, and *Ocean heaved on his extended bed*, as if in agonies preceding dissolution. Philosophical reasoners found the second cause of course, and calmed men's spirits by telling them, and with truth, that these were the tricks of electricity. Africa was not forgotten by the more civilized continent. When my Lord Halifax was at the board of trade, I recollect the prince of Anamboo at Bushy-park with his companions, two tall young blackamoors in fine laced coats; they spoke English very well, played on the flute, and we called them Mr. William, and Mr. Frederick. Nothing is stronger in my recollection, than that the gentlemen and ladies making  
a circle

a circle in the falloon there, and placing us in the middle, set these two youths and me to say our catechism. Doctor Crane, prebendary of Westminster, asking us, and commending our responses; it was my glory not to miss a word, and the applause was unbounded. I was too young to consider the tears they shed at *Oroonoko* as *appropriate*;\* Lady Halifax and my mother saying they half repented trying the experiment, did not escape me, but I comprehended not their meaning: perhaps the Negro Princes sobbed too loud for a stage-box in those decorous days. It was in consequence of conversation with the same noble family, that Mr. Bruce was excited to travel afterward for research of what had so long eluded discovery, the source of Nile; and solitude was hunted from all her chosen places of concealment, so beautifully enumerated in the same period of time by Granger, whose collection of well chosen imagery is unequalled, when he exclaims;

Oh solitude! romantick maid,  
Whether by nodding tow'rs you tread,  
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,  
Or by the Nile's coy source abide;  
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,  
From Hecla view the thawing deep;  
Or Tadmor's marble wastes survey,  
Or in some roofless cloister stray, &c.

While to the countries of Fez and Morocco, before Ben Abdalla chose to quarrel, for no reason, with the king of Spain; an earthquake attended with more than usual horrors, invited her approach, as such a

\* Ignatius Sancho about ten years afterwards applied to Sterne, if I remember rightly, and begged the use of his pathetick pen for the poor negroes. Doctor Johnson meeting the present Bishop of London at a bookfeller's, once in my company, they *talked* about it; but with such asperity, my recollection retains *that* rather than the end or drift of their conversation. It must be now thirty-five years ago, or rather thirty-two. Sterne died I think in 1758.



sudden and dreadful diminution of mankind has not been often suffered, seen, or recorded. With regard to the old Emperor of China, Kien Long, his steady resolutions of keeping his country unpolluted by touch of connexion with any other, seems to have contributed to its safety, even from disasters apparently sent by commission from other worlds. We read of no pestilence, no earthquakes there. But Turkey now has been too long forgotten, where, on a declining throne, we left poor Mahomet fifth sitting in 1750, forced to inglorious peace with Kouli Khan; engaged with ill success enough against Germany and Russia, and terrified by fires at Constantinople, into perpetual change of ministry and measures. Such was the pertinacious spirit of mortifying this unhappy sultan, that he, who never heard of similar practices at home, and could not read history of what happened abroad, suffered sad thoughts to prey upon his empty mind, shaken still more by these extraordinary concussions of the land and sea, one of which threatened all Egypt, and even some nearer provinces of his wide empire, with destruction; till death relieved him from disordered fancies and a fixed melancholick habit, 1754. On that occasion Osman the third, his brother, was set up; and held the Turkish sceptre three years more, succeeded by his nephew Mustapha third, in 1757. This prince desirous to restore the Ottoman glory, provoked in 1769 or 1770, the willing Czarina of Muscovy to war, by giving protection to some Polish emigrants, who ran for refuge among his dominions, from Scythian cruelty, and barbarous politicks. Under pretence of feeling for their pungent sorrows, a great preparation was made, and Mussulmen were summoned almost to rise *en masse*. But though the imputed cause of quarrel was a new one, the mode of opening their campaign was after ancient and respected usages. All Christians were prohibited, on pain of death, from profaning by their appearance in the streets or windows, that sublime display of Mahomet's sacred banner, carried in solemn pomp before the Vizier, when he obeyed the mandate of his master, and set forth from the capital to destroy his enemies. Proclamation

for this purpose was made, but made in vain. Two flippant females, French women of course, defied the united prejudices of nations, and took their dangerous stand at a balcony. Thence by contemptuous titterings they caught the quick and outrageous eye of a fierce populace, easily induced to let go the procession, pull down the house, and kill those who took pains to protect the ladies, who had the pleasure of setting the whole town in tumultuous uproar, and their own lives in peril, not to be expressed. I know not whether the European dames ever learned to comprehend, that the death-dispensing bowstring was cut from their white necks at last, not by any admiration of their beauty, or any respect to their rank, but because Mustapha, like Ben Johnson, thought it seems, that

————— a state's anger

Should not take cognizance of fools or women.

Calling his Mufti to consultation in all haste, that officer of church and state replied, "That females having no souls, ought not to lose their sole existence for their senseless faults; and that what could be done by Christians of that sex, should be forgotten by wise servants of the prophet." Constantinople thought it an ill omen however; and when Prince Gallitzin attacked the Turkish entrenchments at Choczim, making prodigious slaughter, and by pushing his advantages, beat them again not more than three months after; the rough Janissaries began to doubt the mystick powers of a standard which had been stared at by Adelaide and Caroline Broyard, who through this folly of the infidels, revenged the terrors consequent upon their own. The Vizier's caution too, and military prudence, which superstition soon attributed to some spell cast on him by the Christian ladies, who used (said they) no veils to counteract their operation, was represented by the Sultan as mere cowardice; and in compliance to these desires a coarser character was preferred, who stimulated by phrenzy not unlike their own, pursued with the remains of their much shattered army

army the still retiring Russians into Poland, burned some small towns, and fired the magazines, dispatching such news home to Constantinople as sent the emperor to return thanks for victory, whilst every thinking man began to see a probability that Catherine's troops might one day quite surround the Porte by land and sea; and seat, for ought appeared, a Scythian dame upon the Turkish throne. Such was Prince Romanzow's success at Ockzakow, Prince Repnin's courage and Proserowky's zeal, when to repair the Muscovitish honour, the plains of Pruth witnessed a triumph to their arms, obliterating all that the Czar Peter the Great had suffered on that spot. No dignity of mind could fail to shrink a little from the various perplexities with which poor Mustapha was soon surrounded; an insurrection among his Greek subjects excited to revolt by the Count Orlow afflicted him, but the sedition in Egypt favouring Ali Bey, confounded and justly amazed all mankind. This high spirited demagogue planning the freedom of that basest among nations, proposed opening the port of Suez, spoke loudly of dividing the isthmus, and being warmly abetted by the Venetians, hoped for the rule of the Red Sea.

An armistice with Russia now was necessary, that this extraordinary rebel should be checked; whose partial success seems to have given courage to future adventurers, although he and his patriarchal friend, the Sheik Dabir were, after long resistance, finally crushed, before the year 1775. Mustapha out-lived this consolation but a short time, and died well deserving of a better fate than sixteen painful years of turbulence and faction, unprovoked by his clemency, though never unpunished by his justice. His confidence in a brother's care of his young son, shews a prodigious change in Turkish manners, which certainly softened apace, although the contempt and antipathy shewn to women, if exerting any powers expressive of equality with the other sex still remained, while remembrance was retained of *Forka* among them. She had been one of their great prophet's most spirited opposers, when a marauding party of his attacked her castle, long and

valiantly defended, and at length taken by storm. To this circumstance some writers on Arabian and Turkish customs attribute their degradation of man's natural companion into a slave; and in *this*, Abdul Hamet, reigning for his nephew Selim, under title of Achmet the fourth, conformed to the common usage of his country. The reign began most inauspiciously however; his Vizier lost the great battle near Silistria, to Suwarroff, who in a short time demolished the Reis Effendi and his 40,000 men, even without a blow: when Alexis Orlow having burned the Turkish fleet, ruin seemed to surround the sublime Porte on every side; and the hasty and unfavourable negotiation set on foot in 1774, was confirmed by the mediation of France, with fresh concessions from Constantinople, 1779. 'Twas now all Europe saw, and what to *Retrospection's* eye is stranger far, all Europe seemed to pity too, the mean prostrations of a splendid power, against which they all were leagued ere while, and leagued in vain. Some cool reflecting minds opened their testament, and observed with reverential awe, how the four Turkish sultanies expired upon that very day, when Prince Eugene won the great battle that happily preceded the peace of Carlowitz, that incident tallying closely with the 9th chapter of St. John's apocalypse, 15th verse; others who were not perhaps in every thing of bishop Wilson's mind, were led to recollect the Arabian prophet's veneration for *locusts*, apparently considering that animal as symbolical of himself, his colours, and his troops:\* and those who loved to turn the page of history, began to

\* The word *locust* signifying *God's army* in Arabic, Mr. Michaelis observes, was the reason Mahomet forbade them to be injured: I suppose *sin* meaning a *burthen*, in the same language, made the same interpreter take the matter literally; and describe a dying sinner as a person carrying his fardel bound upon his back over a plank laid cross the deep river; if he sinks under it he is condemned; if it rolls off his shoulders spontaneously, and drops into the water, leaving the man light to pursue his way, he is accepted.

Bunyan's Pilgrim could not be taken from this, I think, yet there's a manifest affinity.

feel the whole force of an old axiom, *quod sis esse velis*, when they perceived the Ottoman empire formidable to humankind, while savage barbarity brandished the battle axe; now rather mollified than fertilized by cultivation of arts which suited not the soil: sure it is, a nation or an individual either, who late in life departs from his original character, can but lose by it: and those pacifick virtues which would have made the subjects of a gentler government happy, were little respected or beloved in Achmet IV. as an English bank bill would be of neither use nor estimation, presented on the banks of the Yolibah, by Mungo Parke, to obtain a wretched dinner of oats and milk from Africans, in whose eyes saphies to procure good luck are of far higher value. The modern spirit of toleration prompted this Sultan however to give the Christians leave for rebuilding their churches, 1776; and nothing but fears of actual revolt could make him withdraw his kind permission in our favour. Such conduct indeed was much more mild than political, in a country where, with all the pains Mustapha had taken to enlighten it, they had not arrived at perfecting their alphabet in the year 1780, Mr. Eton says; and tells us how a great law professor having lost an eye, procured a glass one of the proper colour, and ran about a while delighted with his purchase, and praising European arts, though he cursed their religion, till a near friend advised the rich effendi to shut his seeing eye, and make discovery, if no fraud lurked in dealing with those Christians; when, following that advice, our learned patient perceived himself in total darkness—transported with rage, he flew upon the artist; but the keen Florentine protesting with seriousness, that it was not *intended* his Excellency should see with that eye till the *next new moon*, truce was obtained, and the first dark night the instrument maker escaped away, and told his tale at Venice. That republick had added something to Mahometan disgrace, by their brave chevalier Emo's extraordinary success against the Barbary corsairs; but the plague sweeping off more human creatures in a week, along the shores of Tunis, than any war, however desolating, could destroy

deſtroy during half a year or more, little was left to be done; and *Retrospection* muſt turn her tube towards the north of Europe, where Poland, apparently deſtined to ſee her throne conteſted everlaſtingly, between a Staniflaus and Auguſtus, had on mature deliberation preferred this laſt-named prince, and ſent *le philoſophe bienſaifant*, as he was called, to die under protection of his daughter, the Queen of France, at Nantci, in Lorraine. His countrymen however had not ſtudied the old adage with regard to matrimony—“Chuſe where you love, and reſolve to love your choice.”

We are told how in Yemen's land, *Tobba* means a king by ſucceſſion, and *Tumma* means a king by election: the Poles cared neither for Tobba or Tumma, as it appears; yet a king they would have; but affording little more regard to this mild and moderate ſovereign than to his predeceſſor, they looked on with ſmall concern, and ſaw the king of Pruffia drive him back to his electorate. He died there, 1703, and Madame de Bianconi, *dame d'honneur* to his amiable conſort, uſed to mingle tears with her recital of le Grand Frederic's cruelties to that unhappy family. When Dresden's ſad diſtreſs was at its height, the poor electreſs ſtood before a cabinet where ſome valuable papers were depoſited, proteſting to the officers who ſearched her palace, that ſhe would die at the door rather than ſee it opened. They took her in their arms with mock reſpect, adding ſome inſulting expreſſions ſhe was not, as ſhe expreſſed it, born to bear, and left her laid on her own bed, whence ſhe aroſe no more; for in an hour's time, calling her maids and confeſſor, ſhe ſaid, “That all phyſicians help was wholly vain; her heart was broken, “begged to receive the ſacrament”—ſhe did ſo, then preſſed Bianconi's hand, and breathed her laſt. Richardson ſays truly, in a letter written by Lovelace, that our compaſſion is ſtrongly excited, chiefly becauſe the ſufferer is a Clariſſa. How many girls, adds he, ſhare the ſame fate unnoticed!! So they do. Our *Retrospect* can ſcarcely graſp, much leſs enumerate the horrid outrages committed by theſe officers in Poland, where, by their *king's command*, in 1771, when he reſolved

to people his own barren lands at their expence, foldiers were feen binding young females hand and foot, and carrying them off as criminals, forcing fuch parents too, as poffeffed any thing, to add a hog, a cow, a fheep, a bed, for marriage portions. How many hearts were then broken? Yet our eye refts upon a death of greater dignity—It does, it does; the very letters, the characters in which our narrative's compofed, confift of great and fmall, bigger and lefs; nor could Voltaire himfelf, when in his rage for general equality he wrote the *Siècle de Louis quatorze* all in minufculars, bring up that praftice among the flattering writers of his time. Poland's frightful and aftonifhing difmemberment was certainly one of the greateft, ftrangeft, and leaft to be expected occurrences recorded in this fummery: it was the firft breach in the new fystem, and fince Europe was become a fort of commonwealth cemented by commercial intereft, each ftate nominally independent of the others, yet each virtually fubfifting through the fupport of all the reft, no fuch attempt at forcible difarrangement had been dreamed on. Yet monftrous as muft be confeffed the conduct of the three partitioning powers, Auftria, Mufcovy, and Pruffia, mankind's fupinenefs was more monftrous ftill: and further from the common courfe of things, when Dantzick, once the free, the noble city, was feen ruined: and grafs abfolutely growing in a town fo late the mart of all that trade can fhew magnificent or ufeful. Warfaw too, talking of liberty, devoured by armies confeffedly furrounding her walls for purpofe of awing the debates within, whilft the nobility, reduced to wretchednefs, faw their Prince Radzivil's twelve apoftles of mafly gold, fo long preferved in that old family, melted down for their owner's prefent and preffing neceffities. Baronefs Wielopolka's immense eftates too, confifcated without one confcious pang, by the empress queen, whole harfh decrees drove that unhappy lady to madnefs, beggary, and fuicide. For Poniatowfky, (called one fcarce fees why) king of the country; *his* feizure and half-accomplifhed affaffination in 1771, appears to have been followed by no confequences of magnitude, equal to the attempt.

He

His virtues availed him as little as his hardihood, to which alone upon that trying occasion, he must have owed his life: the best thing which befel him in his age, was to have been once the favourite of Catherine in his youth, and that was worth but little, when his tyrant who had in 1764, signed, sealed, and sworn to renounce every claim on Poland, sent in the year 1773, her faucy envoy Stackenburgh, with orders not to be deficient in *hauteur* towards the king: accordingly when he was dealing at the game of pharos—and Poniatowski entered the room: the Russian pointed to a chair (we read) and continued his play unmindful of all but *that*. Her conduct was notwithstanding the least offensive among all the perjured powers. In the year 1774, she condescended to remit 250,000 rubles to the man she once had loved, and once had helped to ruin: while emigrants daily ran to her dominions, as a refuge from the cruelties of Frederick, and the unfeeling sternness of Maria Theresa, leaving the bigot queen and philosophick philanthropist, the pleasure of mutual alliance, mutual applause; while curses of christian martyrs followed her soldiers steps, and blighted nature shrunk at his approach. Unlike these characters superior Catherine, though individual life was nothing sheltered by the relationship of husband or son's confort, when her convenience called for their extinction, thousands have owed their being and felicity to her wise institutions, her mild government, her salutary laws; and millions yet unborn may bless the hour when after 1754, her heart was held firm to the Russian throne by birth of a young boy, on whom 'twas thought the grand duke looked with eyes more jealous than affectionate, so fond was dying Elizaveta of her heir. When once inaugurated, and placed in his aunt's seat however, on which occasion, he was seen to shew a levity not quite becoming; Peter declared his passion for the Prussian hero, wore his uniform, called himself his lieutenant, carried his picture upon his finger as a ring—sighted the infant Czarowitch, and even talked of settling the succession on young Iwan: by ill-judged visits to this hapless prince accelerating his assassination, and bringing forward

other



other tragical events which his friend Frederick had foretold. The death of such an emperor 'tis plain could have produced, however 'twas occasioned, no evil to his country; when the Orloffs with a vast party of nobility set Catherine the II. in the place of power 1762. Her comprehensive mind, her code of laws, her abolition of the torture, and still expressed desire of christian toleration, demand the thanks of mankind and enforce their esteem. Her reign was a succession of general benefits done to her kingdom and the world in general, her care for the police was such, that Peterburgh became the safest city of all Europe to dwell in; and those who come from thence may be forgiven if they reproach the towns of London, and Paris, which were called polished long before, while her imperial residence was a bog. The attention of this queen to trade indeed, added to her insatiate thirst of universal dominion, gave her ill-thoughts of England; and ill-will to our prosperity. She knew Great Britain's power over the sea, and tried to bend, that which she could not break. If the sad tale Gorani tells be true, how an English consul at Leghorn, was made subservient to her cruel purpose on the unfortunate lady, who bred at Rome, was cheated by Alexis Orloff's arts, into consent of a mock marriage with him, and a rebellion against Catherine—we see the neighbour nations blacken under her shade, as the swamp shumac tree is reported to poison those who touch and tamper with it. 'Twas in 1771, that this poor Princess Tarrakannoff, under pretence of seeing the Muscovitish and British navy riding along side each other, near to the Tuscan shore, was trapt on board a Russian ship and carried to the port of Peterburgh, where she was said to expire under the knout, a martyr to the empress's ambition, and her care to exterminate all progeny of her predecessor's private marriage with Count Razumoffky. That such a sovereign knew not the extent of her punishment could not be alledged; none throughout her whole dominions, wide as they were, so well knew what was done in them as the Czarina. She answered many of Mr. Coxe's questions herself, that he might not discern the ignorance of her best

governors. To our incomparable Mr. Howard she was less communicative, because he would not go and see her fine improvements. I follow prisons, was his word, not palaces. In the same strain Diogenes of old delighted to trample on the pride of Plato. "He does it with still greater pride," rejoined the favourite disciple of great Socrates. Mr. Howard lost information and gained nothing by his forbearance of innocent flattery. The empress received all letters, all petitions, herself; sat with the children of the Czarowitch herself: they were by his second marriage. The first consort, unhappy princess of Hesse, was not *permitted* to bring heirs to Catherine, who, while her son and daughter-in-law from Wirtemberg travelled for amusement, made it her's to watch over the instruction of *their* young ones, write tales for them *herself*, and see their tutors mindful of their duty.

We will leave in 1779 this character to her panegyrists, who for the acts blamed in all sovereigns we have read of hitherto, heap praises upon Catherine the second. Other monarchs are termed *lavish* to their personal favourites; she is called *munificent*. Her equals have had one, or at least two of these rapacious appendages to greatness; Catherine's biographers enumerate fourteen I think. Elizabeth of England's glory and happiness were thought tarnished by death of Mary Scot, whose machinations never would have ceased but with her rival's life. Young Iwan, Wilhelmina, Peter the third, and his unhappy cousin Mademoiselle de Tarrakanoff, seem never to have come near the great Czarina's conscience. Even tempered and serene were her hours, her letters, her manners; and her mode of enjoying the dignity she strove so hard to obtain; but gentle in her own deportment, it was her will that all her ministers at foreign courts should be haughty. Count Salderin, whom she sent to Copenhagen, was said to have somewhat exceeded his commission. In an evil hour did he awe or persuade the empty king of Denmark, Christiern the seventh, to travel, for his improvement possibly, through France and England. I well remember his dashing through Derbyshire by torch-light, having lain in bed all day

at

at Buxton or Mattock. The sweet blossom we sent him over in 1766, was quickly blighted in their northern atmosphere, and sent disgracefully, after a few years, to Zell, where she won hearts without being suspected of connexions more common in the country she went first to, than that she sprung from. It was Struensee's opposition to the Muscovitish intriguers, Saldern and Philosophoff cost *him* his life: protection from a beautiful young queen could not avail him, as Frederick the second said most wisely, "They must be sovereigns in *their own right*," cried he, "with whom a man may converse freely, and converse safely." Our Carolina's death, in 1776, drew tears from every eye, and sighs from every heart that was not *frozen*. She left a young prince heir to the crown behind her, whose portrait was the last thing touched her lips. Here *Retrospect's* best pleasure is to observe, that the rapacious emissaries (Saldern especially) of their ambitious empress, soon lost her favour; and that before the year 1780, she had lost Holstein too; all for the sake of keeping Denmark's flexible sovereign in her hands, to use against poor Sweden if need were. While good Adolphus reigned there indeed, his gratitude inclined him to oblige the court of Russia, but little did he dream that Catherine's haughty minister count Ostermann meant to abridge his power by private reformation on his table expences, till death relieved him from the strange degradation of begging a bottle of wine in his own house, from the tyrannical ambassador. His successor Gustavus resolved on breaking off such yokes at once. His manners were well formed for purpose of bringing about a revolution in his favour. *Words* have a wonderful effect in ignorant nations, and this prince was eminent for fluency of language. His powers of rhetorick were successful, and he actually *talked* the Swedes into what bears almost a ludicrous idea in any *words* I can use, into a revolt in favour of their king. A speech like those in Livy is attributed to him, where, after enumerating many truths with that graceful energy peculiar to himself, he ends by saying, "Now if

“ any one can contradict these facts, let him reply.” Their silence was interpreted conviction. Count Ostermann however would not be convinced ; he set his agents to foment rebellion, and failing in that attempt, wrote to his mistress, who, on receipt of those dispatches, fitted a fleet of galleys out from Cronstadt. Gustavus, plumed by his power over his countrymen and over their language, in which he wrote a play not destitute of merit, called Curiosity ; set forward to St. Petersburg, June 1777, meaning to try his eloquence on Catherine ; but that sly politician despised his volubility, *verbiage* as she called it, and laid successful snares for his vain-gloriousness ; heaping his toilet with trinkets, and wagering with him that he dared not attempt introducing a new dress in Sweden, where she hoped any innovation would be attended with the same consequences that Charles the third had experienced in Spain. Our Swedish monarch had however better success in the silly hazard : *his* people suffered their prince to persuade *them* that he was restoring the antique fashion of habiliment worn in his great ancestor’s day. Don Carlos by a manifest preference of French manners to those of the nation he was called to rule over, had, and not unjustly, disgusted his subjects, by striking at the prejudices every country, like every individual, feels for itself. Gustavus however, resolved to see more of Europe than either Stockholm or Petersburg could exhibit. A journey to Holland shewed him new varieties in the tulip race, and though his florid talk made little impression on the burghers of Amsterdam, they displayed their wealth willingly, and gave him subjects for future conversation. This sovereign’s character, though rather flashy than brilliant perhaps, was certainly that of a wit ; nor can he be deemed remote from a good statesman, who is able to make words stand in lieu of money, for all saw that Gustavus had little to bestow. The silent Sophi of Persia meanwhile, and the active Tartar Khan Sahim Gueray, took their advantages of Russian power, Russian ambition, and added weight to the miseries of Turkish distress. The

French

French ambassador, *Saint Priest*, and the minister *Vergennes*, made peace among all these potentates, and had, before the year 1780, drawn up the plan of that vile armed neutrality, to which all Europe so willingly acceded, and by which Muscovitish Catherine was set *as it were*, to hold Britannia fast by both hands, whilst the other powers hissed on her rebellious colonies to tease her, and give *them* opportunity to pick her pockets.

## CHAP. XXII.

## GENERAL RETROSPECT,

FROM 1780 TO 1790.

**I**F, during this turbulent period, our partiality should place England as the prominent feature attracting *Retrospection*, let us at least confess she has deserved it. Her follies were the follies of a day, a week at most;

She bears no token of the fabler streams,  
But mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

Though seized in June 1780, with the endemick disease rise among all countries, sedition, breaking out into revolt; one of the members of her legislature did, without doubt, bring up a multitude no fewer than twenty thousand men to awe her councils, and disturb her peace: Parliament not only saw, but *felt* the insult and the danger, and while their very house was threatened with destruction, the law-lords flying from their blazing residences, London's chief magistrate trembling in his chamber, and our capital, for three nights and days, exhibiting the appearance of a city taken by assault; her king's intrepid coolness saved the state. He put the town in peace, preserved the Bank and records of the Tower, and when exertion of prerogative alone could have preserved tranquillity among us, his care was chiefly employed to shorten the time, and the necessity for such exertion. That care was really

really wanted. The dwellers in our opulent metropolis, alarmed at what had past, were willing, as Solon long ago said, "all civilized persons, in like cases, would be *most* willing to become unconditioning servants to one man, their native prince, rather than thus by listening to mad demagogues set all their gains to hazard, and expose their families to tumult, death and ruin." Of such turn in men's opinions our exemplary sovereign was seen to seek no advantage. The course of law, the currents of common life, rolled in their old channel. Ministers danced the haic in and out; the orators declaimed as before, less heeded, perhaps, but not less noisy, than when Burke's laboured panegyric upon Keppel, reminded one of Sostratus the architect, who, building a turret for Ptolemy Philadelphus, engraved his own name on it to last for ever: the other soon wore out. But after various efforts for carrying on administration to men's minds at home, finishing the war abroad, and concluding general peace, that peace was owed at last to the famed Ville de Paris, &c. falling before the merciless fire of Sir Samuel Hood, and gallant Elliot's astonishing defence of Gibraltar, the long-projected capture of which place was meant to heal the breach in Spanish honour made by Sir George Rodney, to form a fine spectacle for Count D'Artois, with which he might delight the Queen of France, who, with that favoured brother-in-law, had seen and mourned their boasted navies, littering the sea: meant also, by Vergennes, to grate the ears of ever-envious Catherine; who, while her artists were employed in cutting out of a solid rock the colossal statue of Czar Peter the first, hated to hear of any thing done greatly out of her own dominions, willingly forgetting that in a part of Europe she wished to annex to them, Alexander's flatterers had, twenty-one centuries before, proposed hewing mount Athos' self into resemblance of *their* admired hero; holding a town in one hand with ten thousand inhabitants, a reservoir in the other to supply that town with water. For capture of Gibraltar then the surly Spaniard gave note of dreadful preparation, setting forth armaments such as had not been since Philip fitted out the invincible

invincible armada, less worthy than the present one to attract just admiration, either for novelty or magnitude; for matchless dignity or deep contrivance. "Well! let the mountebanks come forward with their show," said calmly our incomparable veteran; and when their fifty ships of line *did* come, covering the bay with their attendant frigates, bold Elliot poured upon 'em from the fort, his red-hot balls, with such precision, such rapidity, that upon that triumphant night for England, the few scorched individuals that escaped so singular, so fierce a conflagration, owed their existence to those men's humanity, whose courage was confessed without an equal. Forty thousand French, commanded by their princes of blood-royal, saw from the heights, amidst the darkness of the midnight-hour, with agony of mind equalled alone by their own morning confidence; their combined fleet, their costly work in flames: and almost all Spain collected as spectators, viewed the effect, when faithless Nassau fought against Great Britain. That prince's vessel was among the first consumed. Sixty-five officers and privates only from our active garrison lost their lives in saving the little that was left of the burned enemy's; about three hundred and forty of our almost innumerable foes, mangled and half drowned, shrieking for help to those they had set down as certain prey. Under the impression of this extensive, this disgraceful calamity to the Bourbons, and by the light of this distinguished blaze of glory to Great Britain, peace was signed in 1763.

Holland was deservedly worse dealt with on that day, of all our neighbours; France restored nearly what she had acquired; America gained that independence she had so paid for: and the pleasure (if it was one), of hearing our reciprocal friendship called in future, by the enemies to both, a mere measure of policy; which had till then been supposed by them to flow from duty's warmer spring. How different were the thoughts of copper-coloured chiefs!—when in reply to Washington's application for assistance against us in 1776, they had exclaimed—  
"Brothers! had an *alien* stricken you, our help should have been yours;  
" but



“ but we Indians can find no tradition of blood warring against *itself*.  
 “ May your dark clouds be dispersed !” Amen ! and to the Onondagoc’s simple prayer, be these sweet verses added !

Fly swift ye years ! Ye minutes haste,  
 And in the future lose the past.  
 O’er many a heart-affecting tale  
 Oblivion cast thy friendly veil,  
 Nor backward turn th’ indignant eye,  
 Nor hear sad *Retrospection’s* sigh ;  
 But with affection’s tendrils twine us fast,  
 And may that sacred union ever last.

But we return to Europe, where Charles III. of Spain, crossed in his hope of ever more regaining proud Calpe’s rigid rock, seemed happy in the cession of Minorca, although indebted for its capture to the sickness of a resolute garrison, and brave commander, whose warm resentment of le duc de Grillon’s attempt to corrupt Scotch honour, led them to continue their sallies and defence, till six hundred animated skeletons at length quitted the place to his Castilian majesty, whose possession was confirmed by treaty, 1783. On this occasion Zeno’s account of rhetorick and logick obtrude themselves upon a reader’s mind : the first with open palm, as he says, elegantly presented ; the second with a close-clenched fist, suddenly and roughly returned. The death of this monarch, always familiarly called Don Carlos, and the coronation of his successor, prince of Asturias, was no unwelcome news to England in 1788, or 1789. Their family’s intermarriages with Portugal were pleasing : the sovereign of that realm, faithful to her engagements, had been our friend through the American war ; and to say truth, our sailors had sometimes abused the freedom of her ports. They became daily less dangerous to all nations, from the queen’s new resolve to punish murderers—once safe in the protection of a church porch, but from whom sanctuary was now withheld, making all ranks of men rejoice at the abridgment of that power in the papacy. But her declining health

and growing symptoms of an incurable disease upon the spirits, toward the end of our prescribed ten years, drives back our *Retrospection* to Great Britain, where a strange coalition of two ministers, as successors to Tamerlane and Aurengzebe perhaps, proposed a sudden seizure of all charters, under pretence of checking peculations in East India. The gout and stone leagued thus, do now and then drive petty maladies from harassing our human frame.

The year 1784 however called up Mr. William Pitt, second son to the great Lord Chatham; and inheriting his talents rather than his animation; his value for peace, rather than his passion for war; a financier capable of healing Britannia's recent wounds, soothing her sorrows, conciliating her cruel enemies, and likely, by a series rather than a cluster of endeavours, to seat her high among her struggling competitors; rendering her wealth, her honour, and her happiness, progressive on to times beyond *our* sight; when neighbours unalarmed should let her mount, and touch the pinnacle of earthly perfection. Beneath his hand all breaches seemed to close: Ireland herself, restless and turbulent, inflamed by blasts of irregular patriotism to try an awkward copy of America, as rockets imitate mount *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*; was, before 1787, well disposed to confess, that theirs was an imperial crown annexed to ours; that they wished nothing but a share in England's fate and fame; while their best orator, displaying his best eloquence, magnified their powers to maintain, if uncontrouled by England, large commerce with every continent under heaven. No continent but felt, or hoped to feel, cheering effects from our young statesman's conduct. His cherished friend Wilberforce, another Bernstorff, to whose pious cares the Danish peasants owe their liberties; brought forward petitions to annul the trade for human life upon the coast of Africa. Some characters untainted by that forgetfulness of God and scorn of man which commonly attend immense possessions, assisted the work; and projected a company trading to Sierra Leone, the exportations of which should be Christian instruction, sweetened by Christian liberty; the importations national honour, and the fame of having freed

freed their fellow-creatures from oppression. Whether that colony will be able to counteract the endeavours of Pifania, where Dr. Laidley's politeness to Europeans and gentleness to slaves (an article of *his* commerce) has been remarked and celebrated, I know not; but in a short time freedom *will* come to the negroes by some means; and it would grieve our *Retrospect* to see French philosophy bring to pass what British piety and cool persisting resolution was unable to effect. About the year 1774 or 1775, there came out a beautiful philippic against slavery, in a book called *Voyage à l'Isle de France*, written by Saint Pierre, I fancy. There is a translation from it in one of the Annual Registers, quite in the modern style of philanthropy, sensibility, &c.: but it did good: so did Voltaire's fly satire in *Candide*, where he says, "*C'est à ce prix que vous mangez le sucre en Europe.*" Many pleasing writers took up the cause after they had thus been shewn the way, and all the world now wishes them success, however the interest of private individuals may militate against it for a while.

Meantime the furious cry raised against Mr. Hastings, and the strange artifices used by those who had choice of words at command, to carry that cry beyond St. Stephen's chapel, with which it had in truth too long resounded; was moderated, and we may say modulated by Mr. Pitt into a note of rational interrogation, by which to find out how things did really stand in India, where people were beginning to believe of British governors some facts that might better have been credited had *Retrospection* told them of Caligula. To get money, much had no doubt been done, which good minds would not dictate, nor delicate minds delight even to hear; but of that *much*, Hastings had apparently done little. To hear the cry against him, one would have thought that he had nightly killed a child, to make a poultice for a pimple on his back out of the baby's liver. *This* Hyder Ali did for many weeks. A lady who lived long in Hindostan assured me, that *she knew* of sixteen infants which, when the tyrant had a tumour on his shoulder, were all devoted to this dreadful purpose, and our horror-stricken

English called him Herod. Under Pitt's mild administration each measure took a character of gentleness: he freed our trade at home from all embarrassments, set on foot a treaty of commerce with France, made himself idolized by the popular party hourly increasing in all nations; and desirous to shine rather with the mildness of May than the fervour of August, preferred winning his way by justly increasing esteem, to carrying the world before him, as his father did, by a grand *coup de main*. Coolness indeed, and something like what the French emphatically call *insouciance*, was the prevailing character of the times. A yet unaccounted-for darkness, without eclipse, dropt upon all France; the same accident, a while before, frightened Philadelphia, New York, &c.; and while fires, destructive of forty thousand houses at a time, illuminated the streets of Constantinople: half the town of Christiana, in Denmark dropt down in one day. But these accidents were among people *that nobody knows of*, said our mock-insensibles; and when their own king's life was struck at 1780, it was the way in London to make *that* a fair excuse for laughing at the awkward bow of some men that were knighted when carrying up a complimentary address. This accident was not so coldly received upon the continent; where Margaret Nicholson's insanity obtained less credit than did the fraudulent flattery of a foreign minister, who on that day was supposed to have affected a concern he scarce knew how to feel. But 'twas the year 1789 shewed *our* king his true friends, when happily recovering from a dreadful fever, of infinite importance certainly; though never, I believe, likely for a moment either to shorten life or injure reason; he soon perceived who amplified and who had deprecated his disorder; and learned no doubt the mean advantages which had been meditated to be taken of his absence from power, and at how critical an instant his resumption frustrated their vile designs. To *Retrospection* it seems *most* astonishing how the king's virtues, and our just admiration of them, contributed (as if by the immediate hand of heaven itself) to throw him and his ministers, him and his truest friends, all on the democratick

mocratick side; and set even the closest adherents to monarchy among us, upon cramping every exertion of power in the regent, although lawful heir to an hereditary throne, and graced with accomplishments that have raised to *many a prince*, a formidable party in the state.

But all events tended invariably to one great point, and every sovereign in his turn accelerated the scheme of general providence. On the last year of these eventful ten, died Abdul Achmet the Turkish Adrian, the southern Frederick; refined and learned: half a free-thinker too, far as thought's freedom *can* take place in Turkey. His gay speech to Sir Robert Ainslie was an unprecedented hazard of free speaking.—“Were I,” said he, laughing, “to leave my own religion and turn Christian, I must absolutely become a Roman catholic; for I never yet could hear of one *Protestant wine* that a man could “drink with pleasure.” ’Twas happy that so many losses had so little impaired his sublime highness's good-humour. But while immortal Suwaroff was receiving from Catherina diamonds of inestimable value to put in his uncombed head, as a reward for those unequalled victories he had obtained over the Ottoman Porte; this generous, this disinterested sultan was settling the Turkish crown upon his nephew, young Selim, long confided to his care. Such liberality made the emperor esteemed even by those Janissaries he wished to disannul, and feared by the new prophet, of whose zeal for reformation lately promulgated, the Russian princess took every possible advantage: her heart was set upon the placing *young* Constantine, second son to the grand-duke, upon the throne of the *old* Constantines, and driving out for ever those Mahometan intruders—a project never absent from her head, however she might amuse herself and them by making brilliant and expensive feasts for Joseph or Gustavus, royal visitants. The first of these, soon as his mother's corpse was cold in earth, began his desperate reforms around; and with such violence that Pius sextus, with the extorted consent of his sacred college, resolved upon a journey to Vienna, in order if possible to stop his hand. This scheme has been  
condemned

condemned by wise men since, only, I think, because 'twas ineffectual. the plan was not ill laid, nor could a fitter pontiff have been formed than Braschi for the purpose of such expedition, one who knew better how to mingle dignity with softness, or was nicer skilled to move the passions, and bend a lofty character, without incurring degradation to his own. But Joseph's character was cold, not lofty: neither majestically stern was he, nor roughly barbarous; but hardened by a frigid flat philosophy, incapable of all impression.

From Vienna then in 1782 Pius turned back, to pray and hope, as he himself expressed it. Pasquin cried aloud "Let's sing two masses now directly, one for the Emperor without the *credo*, one for our Pope without the *gloria*." But Cardinal de Bernis dropt a tear, and said, *tristis est anima mea usque ad mortem*. He dreaded and justly the effects of jacobinism; he knew that clubs existed in every great city throughout Europe, of men afterwards known by name of jacobins: when they obtained in Paris an old convent belonging to that order for their meeting-place; they were now called Encyclopedistes, Philosophier-Adeptes, &c. In their despite some momentary fervour had indeed been excited among common minds, wherever the once venerated head of the Romish church appeared upon his journey, although the emperor had licensed many books bursting from Weishaupt's den to damp their warmth—one in particular called, "Who's the Pope?" which publication he was insultingly suffered to see, as if by accident. At Vienna too one of their philosophick nobles had been encouraged to shake him by the hand with a familiar cordiality, rough and unprecedented. But at generous Augsborg, where papal power first met opposition, when popes indeed were powerful, respect alone watched his returning steps. The Lutheran librarian of that Protestant town kneeled to the sovereign bishop he revered, and rising, made a speech full of admiring praises justly bestowed upon the taste, the literature, the erudition of a prince capable, said enchanted Mertens, of enlightening with true knowledge the Christian world. The world was not of Mertens's opinion.

*Illuminati*

*Illuminati*\* of far different shapes appeared, and nought was seen in Germany or France at least, but by the red glare of their asphaltick torches. Pius went home, and was even there, ('tis said) coolly received. A new attempt when unsuccessful *will* be blamed, and his was an expensive one; expensive at a time when every royal treasure seemed exhausted, unless we look to Russia. If graceless Rome regretted even the money which had been spent to drain the Pontine marshes, well might *this* vain endeavour be ill thought on; and if it was, Pius had no resource. The story related in two books I have read lately, evince the feebleness of ecclesiastical government, in its last helpless state of absolute decay; but both the authors have suppressed such passages as were told *me*, upon that spot, and at that moment when and where it happened. Roviglio, an old mechanick of the town, used to come twice o'week to the palace, for purpose of looking over, and cleaning the chronometers, quadrants, and instruments, with which the pope amused his leisure hours, and was a sort of humble favourite; such as are found in all great houses, or used to be. He staid away however, and was asked after: "Ah Santita," replies the page in waiting, "poor old Roviglio has been robbed, and is in great distress" "indeed." The pope commanded his appearance; and the man told his melancholy tale: the shop was stript, and he had applied to Monsignor Busca, lieutenant de police, but could get no relief. "Plague

\* *Illuminati* first sprung up in Spain, by what I can learn, about the year 1575. A priest or visionary from Teneriffe with a Carmelite's Catherina de Jesus as his companion, called themselves *Alombrados*. But Signor Villepandro and the lady were both put to death by the Inquisition at Cordova or Corduba, because they maintained that being *Illuminati*, no sin would be imputed to them do what they would. Their numerous followers were dispersed through fear, and some abjured their errors.

Peter Gurrin revived this sect, and headed a large body of *Illuminez* in France, 1634, but Louis treize dispersed and drove them out of sight.

The Rosycrucians were *Illuminati* in Oliver Cromwell's time—see notes to Grey's Hudibras. They had been called *invisible* brothers, I believe, whilst fear of ecclesiastical power lasted. There has been always some of this free-masonry in the world; 'tis the removal of danger by church and state that produces it as now to *open view*.

"him

“him no more,” says Pius sextus, “he is so cross I hardly venture to speak with him myself: here is three hundred pounds to set you up again, poor as I am, we must not lose Roviglio.” The watchmaker went home, telling his wife and every one he met between his own house and the Vatican: and putting the three hundred pounds behind his pillow, lay down to sleep a happier man than ever. The house was broken into that very night, and the purse stolen from under his head: emboldened by the kindness of his sovereign, he ran again to the palace tearing his hair; and the pages laughed at him. Enquiry however was again provoked, and the mechanick once more made his mournful appearance.

“Look ye Roviglio,” says the pope giving him a purse, “this is all I *can*, and all I *will* give on this foolish occasion: but get a gun, d’ye hear, and stand upon your own defence to-night, and kill these rascals if they come again: *don’t be afraid*, even if you should kill *two* of them, for I protest I will give you *absolution myself*; and you may rely upon my sacred promise for it.” This served as chat in Rome when I was there, and all the other talk was about Sweden’s king, and the meeting by a concerted chance of the two sovereigns in the Museum Clementinum. Much too was told about the wonder which Gustavus had excited by hearing divine service daily in his house, as if he were a christian like ourselves, says a lady to me, when every body knows the poor man is a heretick, *e che peggio è non hà Contanti come tal Milord Inglese*.\* Of Joseph the second’s faith they had a far better opinion, though there was question of his new modelling the Lord’s-prayer; and when we returned to Milan, he had struck every faint’s name out of the calendar, except St. Peter and Paul; commanding the Blessed Virgin to be no more called *Mater Dei*, but *Mater Christi*, &c. I said they should publish a pasquinade in return, proclaiming Maria Theresa no longer mother to the emperor, but mother to Joseph the second. A *Christian* could not have spoke better “*di maniera piu catolica*” replied they, ad-

\* And which is worse, *he* is a heretick without money in his pockets, not like an English *my Lord*.



miring at my orthodoxy, and adding, what pity such a one should be a heretick! Ferdinand of Naples would not however by the great brother-in-law's solicitations be led to break up any old usages, except presenting the white palfrey, which he was willing enough to escape. His heart was set on seeing his town full, and 'twas his sport to shew the Grand Duke of Tuscany, how runaways from Florence filled his streets. They were when I saw them, thronged by those dreadful earthquakes which had desolated all Apulia and its environs, and driven multitudes from Sicily, &c. to seek refuge under the wing of their paternal prince, who, when the dreadful news arrived, shut himself up and behaved like one distracted. The queen, enraged, cried, "Here's a coil, indeed—why, one would think that you had lost a *child*."—"And have I *not*, dear mistress," cried the monarch? "Oh, tell not me, I have lost fifty thousand of my children, and find no means of supply for the survivors." No distress ever yet was seen to equal that of which Marie Caroline spoke so lightly. Her husband's beautiful and tributary cousin, Gerace Grimaldi, a feudal countess of the old sort, was, with her ancient castle and numerous attendants, swallowed up alive by a yawning chasm made in the earth; while four thousand faithful subjects strove in vain to rescue her lost body from the black abyss, whence issuing flames for fourteen days successively, guarded the princely prey. "God grant," says Count Ippolito's pathetick letter, "that the columns of our terraqueous globe may not be finally loosened by these concussions! God permit that the necessary balance both of natural and *moral* things may be once again restored!" Both were indeed roughly and preternaturally shaken, and blind self-sufficiency drove unheeding fools into each opening gulph. Among those who thought most highly of themselves, from comparison of her own accomplishments with those of her consort, might be ranked the queen of Naples. When Gustavus came to her court on a visit, and talked away, as was his custom, about the revolution at Stockholm—"Where was the *queen* all this time, Sir," says Marie Caroline.—"At *home*, no doubt," replies her royal friend;

“but I forget, because no one consulted *her* on the occasion.”—“Ah ha!” exclaims Calabrian Ferdinand, in his loud voice and boisterous manner, “you see, mistress—(so he always calls this princess, because “she first taught him to read and write)—you see, mistress, kings are “wiser in the north, than they are down in these warm and effeminate “latitudes. Here Sweden’s monarch, a fine fellow! can rule his *wife* “as well as his country!” The visit was not long delayed, (however, after this conversation. Marie Caroline esteemed no sovereigns but her brother Joseph, who found few such sincere admirers as herself. To gain the world’s applause, he undermined the firm supporters both of church and state; yet scarce could have secured, I think, even his own approbation, when he who had devoted his whole reign to demolition of monastick orders; must have observed upon a *Retrospect* how he had condemned himself, or was at least by unseen power condemned; to lead the life of a laborious monk. St. Paul, who preached salvation to mankind, and at the same time perfected his own, past not his time more painfully than did this emperor, worn out with difficulties, cares and griefs, before he was forty-nine years old. The benefits which he conferred, though numerous, were secret; the evils resulting from his conduct, though few, were glaring: his rest perpetually broken by schemes to reconcile contradictory projects, his every passion crossed, his appetites blunted, and his odd resolution not to return even the innocent caresses of a faithful dog, the only thing that loved him, as he said; were dispositions fit for a faquir, or for a half-disciple of these modern philosophers, whose service is hard, and whose reward is wretchedness. The Milanese, governed by a German, were ill-pleased of course; the Brabantines, still less content with an Italian,\* and when his best defences in the country were all dismantled, the people’s warmest prejudices all offended; Joseph felt fretted at finding *his own* opposed.

\* Count Wilsseg governed at Milan, as we all know. Count Belgioioso had his palace at Bruffells.

The king of Prussia's death and character affords a striking contrast. "Let us eat and drink, if to-morrow we die," was his maxim: he never seems to have contradicted himself at all, and having apparently contradicted others only when some strong passion pushed him to the act, mankind forgave his violences, and he died, regretted even by those whose families had been consumed to nothing in his service: and while the emperor's beneficial kindnesses were still attributed to caprice, Frederic's severities went through the world under no rougher name than *Prussian discipline*. A bright Bohemian ruby, nursed in *Flint*, was the true emblem of this great king's character; and, to say truth, his successor came forward to no small disadvantage after one so rough, but yet so radiant. He had a busy time indeed, an active part to play in Holland engaged in civil discord, and resolved the Stadtholder should *hold their states* no longer. The orange faded fast after 'twas squeezed by France and Spain, and poisoned against England its best friend: and Frederic the third had the strange mortification to see his sister grossly insulted by Dutch boors, who puffed with new ideas of democracy, smoaked their tobacco in the princess's presence, detaining her upon the road, frightening her horses, and brutally laughing at her female fears of being overturned in the canal. These domestick afflictions, howsoever, kept not his mind from projects of ambition; and Poland's impatience under the yoke of her participators, offered him hope of making useful alliance there, with a new, a strong, and independent republick. But Muscovitish Catherine kept the nominal king of that country a pensioner on her munificence, nor meant to loose old Lusitania into a situation of chusing her own fellowships, among which the Turk, every day more and more easy to assimilate with Christian powers, might possibly wish to be one. The court of Petersburg, on that account, held Ponia-towsky fast, and spared no pains to incense his hapless nobles against each other by mutual accusations of evil which they scarcely could have hindered, and sorrows which, when they suffered from surrounding kings, themselves redoubled on their wretched peasantry, till all was anguish and all was oppression. It was a time of turbulence unequalled;

—no country seemed at ease, although philanthropy and a desire of general happiness had never been so talked of. Grave authority hastened to heaven, like Astræa in fabulous times—nor could the king of Sweden hold *his* firm. The grand Autocratrix herself disdained not to use often female influence instead of strict command; while by rewards unparalleled in story, she *purchased* her best servants' best affections. There is indeed something like destiny written on the characters of distinguished personages: for though this lady changing her favourites, heaped on them all at parting liberal gifts of land and money, tenants and cottagers, diamonds and trinkets to immense amount: sending them away to travel for the most part, which must have carried vast sums out of the country—we hear of Catherine's bounty still, and never of her profusion. The queen of France liked to make presents as well as she did, and give fine entertainments; but with her frolics nobody seemed pleased.

After le prince de Guemené broke for thirty millions, 1,500,000l. sterling of our money in the year 1782, Louis seize resolved to set bounds to the much-blamed extravagance of his gay consort, and when she asked for 4000 pounds English for some fine show, bid Turgot bring her the cash all in gold, not paper, that she might *see* what she had required—was his word; and *that*, out of the actual subsistence of the people. Lovely Antoinette with silent,\* but sweet smiles, accepted kindly the reproach with the *rouleau*; and changing its disposal, gave it all in little fortunes to one hundred poor youths and maidens who appeared dressed in a decent uniform, with happy faces, standing in two rows, when the king went next time to Nôtre Dame. A character of so much true desert, levigated by so much frivolous hilarity, would once have

\* Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd,

Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,

But rises in demand for thy delay,

She makes a scourge of past prosperity

To sting thee more, and double thy distress.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

been

been all but adored in France; but more than virtue now was necessary to make kings beloved, and more than merit or than beauty, queens. Some of the pensioners upon this charming creature's greatly abused bounty, disgraced her choice; and some lamentations concerning her astonishing expences greatly disgraced the lamenters. Her milliner's pension of 150*l.* o'year English, was talked of as *enormous*; as for the annuity paid to l'infame Raucoux, it had been better never talked of at all. A near relation of Charles Lameth besides, was said to have assisted in emptying her ever-open purse; and with the money and anecdotes picked up at Versailles, confirmed her kinsman in his resolution to ruin its possessors. The light-hearted daughter of Maria Theresa dreamed not of deep designs; she wore *caps à la Keppel*, saw his effigy trailed through the dirt after the 27th of July, 1778, clapping her hands with joy; and listening with transport to every tale that brought ill news for England from America, till having caught a severe cold, some one observed it was the *influenza* brought over from New York. "Ah Madame! (cried a lady of the court) we shall soon catch a disorder thence, more desperate, and no less contagious." "What can that be?" exclaimed *Antoinette*! "The *independenza*," replies Vaupilliere: but incurable disease of all the French finances much accelerated this sybilline oracle's fulfilment. To remedy it Neekar was called in, how vainly! The king, who seems to have been seldom wrong when consulting his own heart only, said aloud, "This man will make a miserable minister for our extensive dominions, accustomed as he has been all along to the little Swiss cantons." "Sire, we will never consult him about state affairs (replied Maurepas), he is a mere banker." "With which post you will (says Louis) find him not contented." But though Calonne, who, when the queen wanted money always made one answer, and said Madame, if possible the thing shall be done; and if impossible, it shall be tried at, was without doubt, a cash-keeper more pleasing. Scarcely any experiment Neekar proposed to try as remedies to the grand evil met with a real opposition from the sovereign; who willingly, before that man's arrival, had

had very much abridged his prerogatives, abolishing the *mortmain*, giving up the *corvette*, and extinguishing the *droit de poursuite*, whilst he even denied himself a tour to Fontainebleau in 1780, for fear of fresh expences, little imagining, that in eleven years he should be forcibly detained from driving to St. Cloud, by a people whom he loved too well. His predecessors had heaped debts and taxes on *them*; his study was to suffer—all *himself*. The three or four last reigns had quietly endured upon the civil list, even the annuities paid to the mistresses of their king's minister: Madame de Vergennes' pin-money was the last of these shameless charges. Louis seize meantime, destined to expiate all *their* crimes and follies, contracted his own establishment so closely, no room was left for spread of influence; thus cutting off from one hand, by a reform bill, all means of conciliating men of talents or consequence, whilst by the inflammatory temper of the times, all sensation of power was melting away from the other. Lest these measures should prove insufficient to his ruin, some strange fatality, or ill-timed advice, prompted him to retrench the soldiers' pay, and disoblige the only body of individuals joined together for his protection. Reform indeed in every branch belonging to his state had been so long desirable, that 'twas grown dangerous, so long had it been necessary, it was (to speak in paradox) impracticable. An old majestic building fallen to decay with long-permitted ivy clinging round, is a true emblem of the French king's court. The vegetable bat had fixed its claws so fast and thriven so exceedingly; that each apartment was quite over-run, and noxious animals made nests in it, accelerating the fabrick's ruin: where the great stones disjoined by leaves and dirt offend each looker on: "Cut down the clasping evil," is their cry, "tear it away." Lest superficial observers will on approach, see how the pliant branches by their twist, hold tight these parting masses to each other, giving an artificial firmness to the whole. A financier like Necker hastened its fall, he cut the supplemental cords of binding wood, disturbed the obscene birds, and ran away, leaving the house to tumble, when 'twas time; but every little incident brought on that hour. When long before,

before, they idolized our Franklin; he must have laughed I think while teaching them to sing *ça ira*, for from him they learned it; the poor queen dancing her pantin to the tune, dressed in the semblance of her favourite philosopher, must have reminded him of hapless Dido, \* who caressed infant love, as she did infant liberty, to her undoing. But folly was not confined to females: wits wrote the following line upon Franklin's bust,

*Eripuit fulmen cælo, sceptrumque tyrannis.*

“ and the princes applaud with a furious joy, and the king seized a flambeau with haste to destroy.” The nation was intoxicated; air balloons, a new plaything, pleased all ranks of people; another philosophical foppery was introduced under name of animal magnetism. Man's powers over his own reason were daily exalted—he who professed to extract from perspirable essence the elixir of life, was listened to by those who ought to have despised such arrogant absurdity; and some man was expected to walk in wooden sabots over the unfrozen river faster than a horse could trot over the bridge. This seems like madness or fatuity, *mais ils n'avoient de l'esprit que contre Dieu*, as one of their own angry jesters said against the other; and Neckar the state quack, when recalled, could think of no remedy by which to save it, except the desperate one of calling *les états généraux*. They were not *les états généraux au moins*. *Louis le trop bon*, as Dr. Moore calls him, made a much grander effort for general relief *ex mero motu*, by ordering a sort of income-tax like ours; but his vile parliaments, who had the effrontery to call themselves an essential part of the French government, opposed that salutary measure, because then, they must have paid impost as well as the *menu peuple*. They had obtained their situations only by office, that office only by money, yet did these men at length arrive at overturning royal authority, from the mere negligence and vicious supineness of those peers and barons, to whom the members of these parliaments had been

\* *Reginam petit; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto*

*Hæret: et interdum gremio sovet. Infœcia Dido*

*Infideat quantus miseræ Deus.——Virgil's Æneid, first book. †*

originally,

originally, *only clerks*. The king meanwhile betrayed by *them*, overborne by Neckar, hard pressed for money to go on a day with, and distressed now on every side, saw Calonne's last dismissal 1788, preceded by a storm, of magnitude and consequences wholly unprecedented in European annals. The black clouds which threatened England in her sovereign's illness, burst over France with literal as with figurative fury. Four millions sterling were the computed damages from hail-stones, weighing six or eight ounces each. Hail-stones that broke the largest forest trees, and laid the corn fields and vineyards through the country *a desolated waste*. Yet such was the fermentation in men's minds, concerning what they termed the publick welfare, that horrible calamity was half rejoiced in as a hoped-for incentive to speedy insurrection, soon to be deemed a duty, not a fault.

Of all the pretended philanthropists, meanwhile, none gave relief to the poor suffering farmers but the good king and queen; who sent off sixty thousand pounds sterling instantly, and by denuding thus their privy purse, rendered themselves a little more defenceless from insults that increased now every hour. Forty-eight nobles, le duc d'Orleans at their head, ran, like rats from a falling house, and joined the *tiers etat*, and took an oath to separate no more till quiet times. Such times were not coming. During a three weeks absence of Mr. Neckar, the frantick city of Paris flew to arms; destroyed the Bastille, where were found but six people confined by the lamented *lettres de cachet*, and killed the governor. Berthier, l'intendant of the town, they murdered, because bread was dear after that destructive hurricane, and Foulon, the contractor, because his daughter married Monsieur Berthier. Thus unconsciously revenging the deaths of ninety-three Hanoverians, among them Gunderode and Hugo, kept in the year 1757 by Foulon's tyranny for three night and days without even bread and water.

The blood of these unlucky commissaries sharpened the furious appetite for more; and from a purer stream than this; Fesselle hanged on a lanthorn post, brought up *that* mode of instantaneous punishment.

Vainly



Vainly the king hastened from Versailles to calm the tumults; as vainly did he patiently endure Bailly's harangue, tumid and insolent, from whose hand he meanly enough accepted too the ruban tri-color, the ensign of rebellion. They had not then planned the death of the queen; a deputation from the assembly, 2d of May, 1789, called her *la fille de Césars*; so she was. The Césars almost all were massacred: yet the court now must have seen what was coming. Many of the first nobility began to emigrate, and those who staid in France were hunted from their country-seats like wild beasts by the peasantry, enraged at the dearth of provision. Some of the old and faithful adherents advising Louis seize to send his consort safely away to Vienna, while yet her flight was possible; a royal carriage was prepared one day, but she magnanimously refused to stir, saying, "I own no sovereign but yours, gentlemen, no country but this; whatever Frenchmen may think fit to do, I mean to lay my life at the king's feet." An ill-judged dinner given by her majesty to the officers on duty at Versailles, hastened the moments in which she was to shew herself daughter of the Césars. She had on this occasion walked round their table, carrying, in order to wake their warmest affections, the dauphin in her arms, and wore the white cockade, *les fleurs de lys*, for the last time before they drooped and died. For this pretended crime Mounier alone prevented her impeachment, and swift destruction was prepared and hoped. Paris from her parishes answering in some measure to our Wapping, and Billingsgate, and Broad St. Giles's, poured forth a torrent of (*foi-disant*) human creatures in female dresses, mounting to many thousands, which, after a few murders on their march, surrounded the royal residence, and with the most frantick cries and gestures, menaced the queen's life, and demanded bread, which the king promised them, after which La Fayette followed with 30,000 militia, and pacified or pretended to pacify his horrible precursors. All lay down to rest that night at Versailles however; and, strange to think, the mistress on't slept soundly in her own apartment; Madame de Tarente in the

room *beyond*, with Monsieur de Miomandre of les garde du corps, centinel at *her* door. He waked her in two hours time, crying, *sauvez la reine, madame!*—Save, save the queen; I am here against an army of tygers. Maria Antoinette heard the friendly voice, and flying down her own private stairs, communicating with the king's chamber, there dropped undressed, and all but lifeless in his arms. The princess de Tarente, endowed with more than mortal fortitude, saved M. de Miomandre, covered with wounds, under her own bed, and both of them escaped, and both I think are living. The life-guards rallied round the royal children, and brought them shivering to their parents' room; when, after a thousand disappointed swords, pikes, &c. had stabbed the queen's empty bed through and through, La Fayette appeared, and begged them to desist, but not till Huttes and Varicourt, two faithful officers, were basely murdered. That this outrage originated in the duke of Orleans's intrigues, has since been I suppose implicitly believed. La Fayette, jealous of him and Mirabeau, his counsellor, told the duke he must retire into England instantly. Philip obeyed, and Mirabeau said publicly, that he did not deserve the pains they had taken for him. France had indeed, she scarce know why, called him from banishment in 1774, in a half-seditious half-triumphant manner restoring the old parliament: and from that day politicians think he hoped to reach the throne. Wits were contented to repeat this epigram:

Phi, nota factoris; lippus malus omnibus oris:  
Phi, malus, et lippus, totus malus ergo Philippus.

The epigram is pleasant, but not *just*. We all know that *Philippus* means *phil hippus*, the lover of a horse. Pethion's presentation of a silver sword to *René Auduë*, who led on the female banditti to Versailles, leaves us very close upon the year 1790.

## C H A P. XXIII.

## SKETCH OF EVENTS,

FROM 1790 TO 1796.

**A**S in our first chapter of this *Retrospection* Rome took up all the attention of our readers, leaving *that* only luminous and prominent, the other states, if states they may be called, huddled in heaps, and distanced to the back-ground; so in these last little moving pictures of our show, these *derniers tableaux de nos petits ombres chinoises*, France takes up all the room; the rest appearing scarcely important to the general interests of humanity, but as they adopt or reject her principles and conduct; while from a corner of her capital arose, as Rousseau says, “that new-fangled philosophy, the smoke of which stifles “the voice of nature and of man.”\*

That “*not one prodigy foretold our fate,*” can hardly however be complained of with justice. The aurora borealis, not seen in England till the beginning of this century, was considered as portentous by the vulgar, and wondered at a little even by the wise, who then first viewed the northern lights descending into unusual latitudes. Messieurs Rostan and De Coste, astronomers at Geneva, observed in 1762 the sun eclipsed three digits in a preternatural nebulosity never accounted for; and Mars was 1766 said by Toaldo the Venetian to approach the earth more nearly by two millions of miles than he was wont. Having written the circumstance down from *his* lips, I read it confirmed in an Annual Register of that year, when the planet named

\* Lettre à d’Alembert.

from the god of war was in his perihelion 31st of August. Schroeter's observations upon Venus mention extraordinary appearances exhibited by *that* planet July 31, 1793. And as to our *own* terraqueous globe during the last half of this eventful century, such raging typhons, such destructive earthquakes shook the European quarter or continent, as were accustomed to spend all their fury upon the torrid zone, sparing those lands which cannot, as her warmer climate can, restore themselves in a few months again, smoothing the brow of nature. France felt infuriated by her last devastation, since when things have no more flowed in their usual current. All her good-humour too seemed blown away; her levity, her loyalty, each characteristick of her nation lost. Prior, who knew her well in happier days, would sure have said, contemplating such dreadful alteration,

Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,  
Lie all neglected, all forgot;  
And pensive, wav'ring melancholy,  
Thou fear'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not what.

The naturalist meantime would be comparing her to the gay fox-hound struck with madness, "for a while," as Mead observes, "acknowledging his master, though reckless of his food and friends; but soon snapping at *him*." Our poet Somerville describes this creature,

Snuffing th' infectious breeze,  
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts  
At his own shade; jealous as if he deem'd  
The world his foes. Then from his lungs inflam'd  
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,  
Breathing perdition. His dim eyes are glaz'd.  
Now frantick to the kennel's utmost verge  
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round.  
The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets  
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

So far'd it, with France and with her neighbours at beginning of the year 1790, the first week of which saw the deserted king stript of his best prerogatives, and now and then applauding the decrees with unaffected simplicity. “*Je trouve (says he) votre arrêt fort sage,*” to some of their decisions. The bishop of Autun's treachery towards his own body, soon with the nobility and commons amalgamated into one inflexible mass of equality, now first opened the eyes of the most Christian king, who beheld with horror the catholick religion formally suppressed by edicts of authority; churches turned into warehouses or barracks; distinction in dress denied to the clergy; and all armorial bearings, all monastick institutions, all schools and seminaries of learning abolished by the new rulers, who, through the mouth of Abbé Sieyes, stiled themselves next, Constituent Assembly. That horrid massacres should prevail in the provinces, or in the streets of a metropolis so managed, is less surprizing than that Mirabeau did not sooner try to stop the torrent which he had helped to open the source of.

Mirabeau was a man of parts, although unprincipled: when yet a youth, he pleaded against his own father in a court of justice. “*Why did you so!*” says one; “*To get a thousand pounds (says Mirabeau): If my father could have given me two thousand pounds, I was not *acharné* (stubborn) against the man, I would have taken it.*” He felt like tenderness towards Louis seize. He was not personally *acharné* against his *political* parent; and when to the horrible prospect of an incipient chaos in the country was added a drachm of self-interest and ill-will to Fayette, he lent his support to a monarchical club, although when two years before the French had, in their puerile passion for Roman ideas, proposed establishing an order of a Cincinnatus, Mirabeau had openly preferred the pulling down every order indiscriminately. Yet did the court most willingly forget all his past fury even against the Queen; when, in a violent fit of the tooth-ach, he exclaimed, “*Est ce que j'ai donc un republique dans la bouche!*”\* and this *bon mot*

\*What have I got here, a *republick* in my mouth!

went about all Paris. Worried by Lameth after all, and perhaps half affrighted at the phantom he had himself called up from caverns of till then unopened guilt, the phantom of Egalité (as he would needs be called) replacing his virtuous cousin, Mirabeau\* died. Over the desert plains of Egypt, or of Syria thus; pursued by the hot wind swifter than he, a hooded vulture drops to earth fatigued; and from his carcase spring millions of noxious insects, swarms of vile animals, that buz and sting, destroying all that follow. Marat, whose maw unsatisfied with slaughter, resembled death in character and feature. Danton, whose every decree (says Mercier) smelt of the brandy-cask from whence he drew his ardent thirst of blood. Hebert and Henriot, Chabot the capuchin, struggling for the palm of impiety against Dupont and Chaumette, atheists professed. Ferocious Collot d'Herbois, their proconsul, who, like the executioner *Samson*, considered single murders as lost time, and tied 3000 unresisting fools together, shot for a show at Lyons. Merciless Carrier! whose un pitying eyes feasting on agony, saw the poor priests and women, two and two, fastened in pairs and flung into the Loire; till its insulted stream, putrid with human carcases, grew poisonous, endangering the lives of those who drank. Proud Pethion too, brutal le Gendre; Fouquier Tinville, and Fabre d'Eglantine, jackalls to *Robespierre*, hero of all these horrors. Assassin by hereditary right, his name compounded of those that his ancestor Damien had worn—"A murderer from the beginning." In contrast of these creatures, our *Retrospection* next is called to view

\* Quere, Whether his family was wholly distinct from that of *Mirabaud*, the academician. There was a book called *Système de la Nature*, attributed to this *Mirabaud* in 1770, ten years after his death, and the French say, falsely attributed. *Voltaire's* answer to that book is notwithstanding worth attention *now*. In it he says—"God preserve us from an abominable priest, who shall dip his impious hands in the blood of his *Prince*; and God preserve us from an angry and barbarous tyrant, who not believing in God, is a God to himself; who sacrifices friends, relations, and subjects to his own fury and ambition without remorse." Would not one think he was speaking of *Talleyrand* and *Robespierre*?

the conscientious bishops, and their clergy's magnanimous refusal of an oath tendered to undo, and sweetened to ensnare them. The death of Christian martyrs now began to vie with those of our first volume; and these last labourers in Jesus's vineyard resolved at close of life to claim their penny, with those of ancient time who we have seen, under the reigns of Nero and Dioclesian, bearing the heat and burden of the day. But whilst we venerate the names of Beaupoil St. Aulaire, Maury, and St. Pol de Leon, with the incomparable daughter of Cazotte, whose last dear object in this various world, was his own lovely child emulating Murphy's Euphrasia; let not le marquis de Bouillé pass unremarked over the field of our contracted telescope. Bouillé, whose virtues *exerted* not *exhausted* in another hemisphere, returned to manifest in this, a loyalty *à tout outrage*, trying each mode, each possibility to save his king from the apparent ruin; and since in that he failed, trying at least to draw the expected vengeance upon his own head from his master's. A sister's love alone could equal this: Madame Elizabeth, upon the horrid 21st of June, shewed the same unequivocal desire to save the king's life, and even his consort's peace, if possible, at the expence of her own.

But after every studied refinement of cruelties unutterable had been long practised on their ill-fated house; after M. de la Fayette, pretending by negligence to favour their escape, as cats let a mouse run when all the holes are stoppt, had triumphed in their abject return to his captivity; when that short triumph past, *his* popularity was sunk in that of Santerre, made general in his place, who, with plebeian insolence, scorning disguise, unharboured once again the royal game, and hunted it into the fell devourers' mouths the fatal tenth of August. On *that* day, stiled by them the fourth year of liberty, first year and first day of *equality*; the celebrated fraternity of illuminated freemasons burst their self-created shackles, avowed their secret, and confessed their meditated emancipation of mankind from all subordination and government, exclaiming, "France is free, the universe will quickly follow her example."

Our *Retrospection* cannot now pause to observe upon this extraordinary combination, but 'twere impossible not to have remarked it. Three hundred thousand adepts had been counted in the last *cense* of that *unholy* brotherhood, which two millions of pikemen had so well supported, that it appears as if the deputies themselves did not dare to use the king with decency. Merlin de Thionville said to the duc de Choiseul, as they cross each other in the corridor, "You remain with him, ha?"—"Till now I have done so," replied, with starting tears, the steady royalist, "you will not part us, Merlin!" The representative seemed much affected, pressed his hand cordially, slipped to the assembly, and voted the immediate dismissal of those five faithful servants who till then had followed the fortunes of their master. At parting with them, Louis seize exclaimed, "This is too hard! Why Charles the first of England was permitted to keep a few friends with him to the last." The Queen, when they all five ran to her with their purses, whatever they had saved out of the general wreck; cried out, "Oh *keep* it, *keep* it, generous Monsieur Obyer; you'll want it more than we, you will *indeed*;" and turning from him, with pathetick grace, added, "for you have longer time to live." Joseph and Leopold, her imperial brothers, were dead before that day. The first of these princes, after having spent much of his reign in a delusion, died upon the 20th day of February, 1790, just as the mist removing from his eyes shewed him to what a race of mortals he had lent the aid of his abilities. Eight years passed uneasily in groundless apprehension lest religion should be too much revered—were sunk in two years more of not ill-founded fears lest it should never be revered at all. The natural alliance between church and state had been completely proved by the proceedings of the French assembly, which overturned both at one stroke; and though the Brabanter's plea for rebellion was different at beginning, he saw them moulding it into the form of that strange novelty, the French Republick; gazed at by Europe as an air-balloon; and though like that 'twas dangerous;

and



and like that useless, was gaped after with apparent admiration, every country longing to take one side, and try one fall. However some wise folks cried out, with Shakespear's wrestler, "I'll warrant your grace shall not entreat them to a second, who have so mightily persuaded 'em from a first." Joseph meanwhile, his heart wearing thinner by care, and softer by affliction, felt all his projects palsied ere yet mature, and saw the sister he was once so proud of, reduced, and vainly, to solicit sympathy from those whose adoration he had expected her to command. Health faded before such chilling blasts of disappointment, and comfort was found only in the virtuous society of a young princess he had chosen for his nephew's consort, and in the hope that she would bring heirs to the imperial throne. Her feeble endurance of a first pregnancy filled him with those alarms which still increased as his own end drew near, and the account of *her* death accelerated *his*. Having however lived a philosopher, the son of Maria Theresa resolved to die a christian: "and *as such*, my lord," said he to Cardinal Migazzi, "if I have ever offended *you*, I beg your pardon heartily."—"Sire," was his eminence's answer, "all your offences against men, your death will expiate; for those committed against God, God is merciful." This was indeed a cold viaticum for a much mortified and penitent prince. The Huguenot nurse to Charles the ninth was kinder. From Leopold the world expected a contrary conduct to that of his brother, but he scarce gave them time to applaud or to condemn, dying, and not without suspicion of poison, in February, 1792, leaving his son and successor, Francis II. to take up arms against the French, who kept his aunt in strict confinement, and had insulted his late uncle in their assembly, where Tallefer called him *un vrai plaisant*, and *un feuillant*, and was only interrupted by the general cry of *War, War, War*. This they endeavoured to provoke from all princes, by encouraging rebellion in all subjects, setting on foot a new sort of saturnalia—a *barring out* of kings, and calling all the school-boys to assist them. The kings, to do them justice, were

not hasty, but each finding his own metropolis filled with plotters to bring his person to the block, 'twas time to stir; and a combined army, under the Prince of Brunswick's command, preceded by imprudent manifestoes, added stability to French violence, and bound up their various factions in temporary union.

But whilst the clubs and convention of Paris exhibited a behaviour no less ridiculous than frantick, dressing up vagabonds out of their own streets, to personate ambassadors from all parts of the globe, and listening to the fanatical harangues of a foreigner who stiled himself orator to the human race, &c. War, war, war against every sovereign power became necessary, as Louvet himself confesses; indispensable indeed to their no longer concealed intent, *de tuer la royauté même*.\* As this was to be accomplished by any possible means, five months before the fatal tenth of August, when to cure their own constitution, they stabbed it in the temporal artery by deposing and imprisoning Louis the sixteenth; Gustavus III. of Sweden fell in a ball-room by the pistol of a jacobin, who had worn marks of his master's favour, and of whose treachery he entertained no suspicions, although as many soothsayers' dreams and prodigies were produced to keep him from that masquerade, as crossed Julius Cæsar in his way to the capitol. Republicanism had no triumph in relating how princes dropt under their hands; each died in sentiments of firmness and of piety. Gustavus, polished and intrepid to the last, expired like Augustus, (of whose name his was the anagram) in compliments to his surrounding friends. The Queen of Portugal indeed, had sunk under the distant prospect of these horrors, and lost that reason which, had she possessed it, would scarce have conducted her safely through such a storm.

Catherine of Russia, secure in her prodigious distance from the grand focus of confusion and distress, contented herself a long time with exciting other courts to stop the progress of danger; and desirous to temporise, suffered the babies in her palace to sing *ça ira*, and to dance la carmagnole for her diversion and that of Plato Zuboff at the

\* To kill even royalty itself.

hermitage. When she dismissed the French ambassador, she told him laughing, "Business must be minded; I am an *aristocrate* you know " *of course*. Farewell! and hate me as little as you can." In the same spirit of duplicity she drove away Calonne and the Count d'Artois, and said, no *emigré* should stay more than six weeks at Petersburg—while from her own officers she took an oath of *hatred toward the French Republic*.

Spain, during this period, felt that influence which France has always retained over her councils since the coronation of Philip d'Anjou, but operating now in a new and contradictory manner; and new philosophers, the Prince of Peace, and Marquis di Aranda,\* turned her affection round from king to people. A faint interposition, made without hope of saving Louis's life, was by the French received without or notice or effect. Spain, whose inquisition's self was driven down into a powerless college of enquiry, had greatly changed opinions in these last days, and while they kept their bull-feasts, cared but little whether surrounding sovereigns were or were not massacred. Poland was busy in revolutionizing herself, under the favourite of the north, Koschietffsky; who won some battles, settled some forms of government, and made not only Poles; but Englishmen believe a while that revolutions were of admirable use, by raising up a violent fermentation in each state, whence a *pure spirit* would come over the helm, and fix the happiness of human kind. The earthquake of Calabria did on this principle make sweet one poisonous fountain by concussion; but we have lived to find *that* poor amends for seventy thousand people killed or ruined.

\* Marquis, or Count d'Aranda was the man who wished to engrave upon the front of every church, he said, as equal in excellence and dignity, William Penn, John Calvin, Jesus Christ, Mahomet, and Martin Luther; proposing their united or alternate veneration: it should be blasphemy to speak a word in praise of Ferdinand or Isabella, their past sovereigns; and he would recommend it to be deemed good prudence to take all the chalices, church-plate, &c. to the mint, and build inns with the money.—*Pofadas*.

Our London Corresponding Societies saw not so far. *Free-mason's* Hall, the proper scene for such debates, resounded with seditious blasphemies: a steady hand alone could have restrained them from their own sighed-for ruin: but steady fortitude has power to restrain those whom no logick can convince, no rhetorick persuade. Mr. Burke's eloquence, rich as it was, and radiant, did no good. The pen which taught how "unobtrusive virtue, exciting no astonishment, kindling no emulation, extorting no praise, is still most difficult and most sublime," strengthened those eyes which *his* book did but dazzle, and the remarks on Dupont's speech, by the same author, Hannah More, has no fault but that of perpetuating a name deservedly consigned to oblivion. The world always judges rightly in the end of literary performances; and Mr. Burke's pamphlet of constellated periods will be forgotten, while Mallet du Pan's *Europe in Danger* is consulted as oraculous, and believed in as prophetick. Berosus, the Chaldean historian, thus presented his performance to Antiochus; and so delightful was its diction, that his contemporaries cried out they would erect to him a colossal statue: "A statue be it of the common size," said the king, "but give it a silver tongue."\*

Meanwhile our *retrospective* tube must turn to the last prison of poor Louis seize, for from a monarch's captivity to his death is a short space, as we have often heard—"he crowded that short space with every virtue." Whilst Germany and Prussia armed in his defence, and seemed as if pressing on to his deliverance, not a word escaped him, as if wishing to owe his life to any but a Frenchman's hand. Their strange excesses pained, their crimes afflicted him: he dreaded more his countrymen's disgrace than his own execution: he was, I think, willing to remove royalty itself, if it was thought to obstruct the happiness of those that he desired to live and die for: and when,

\* This tale is told of Antiochus Soter. He was called *Theos*, God, for his wife judgment, but took in modesty the anagram, *Sothe*, corrupted to *Soter*, as I have read and heard.

with that politeness inherent in his family and nation, he had waited on Garat, who brought his sentence back to the door of his apartment in the Temple, "Send up the dinner (said he) now 'tis time." These were most truly unobtrusive virtues, and gained accordingly so little praise, that I have read a loyalist song, saying in French—"Our good king " thinks himself an incumbrance upon the state, and shews his subjects " the method of taking that incumbrance away." He did accordingly deny all accusations of resistance or duplicity; and innocent as infancy, laid his anointed head under their guillotine, leaving Paris a polluted mass behind, unfitting for the residence of such a soul. The royal wretched widow underwent more misery after his decease: separated from her son, her daughter, and her sister-in-law, she was soon thrown into a common dungeon, whence two fierce dogs rushing out open-mouthed at her unexpected entrance, put her in fits, which were supposed to have somewhat injured her fine faculties. She had enquired and heard the ill success of the invading armies, on which her hopes were hung. Shouts of rejoicing at Dumouriez's victories chilled her stricken heart, and few words of any sort fell from her lips at trial or at death. Treading hastily upon the foot of Samson the executioner, habitual politeness indeed resumed its place, and "pray excuse me, " friend," was her last sentence.

Some writers tell how she looked round from off the tumbril cart that she was tied to, as if amazed at the alterations of the town, whence every vestige of its usual appearance had been removed by Robespierre and his adherents. Indeed the rage for overturning altars, destroying statues, plundering old burial-places; together with inscriptions on the new ones setting forth, that death was only an eternal sleep!!!! added to utter abolition of Sunday, and the sight of churches converted as the republican narrator himself confesses, into gaming-houses, brothels, &c. must have made the city an epitome of hell. But if Paris was a scene of slaughter every day, of revelling and pillage all the night, Lyons was still worse treated; so was poor Nantes, so was Avignon.

Their

Their new dictator, from his dirty lodging, which, to do him justice, he never changed, dealt death around him with unsparing hand; both to his countrymen and strangers; to English soldiers quarter was refused, to English prisoners every accustomed decency of accommodation was denied; and General O'Hara, who had fought against their new republick, eat horse-bean broth out of the same gammelle with Helen Williams, once so lovely and beloved, among her own friends, which for theirs, she quitted. Such were the terrors of this tyrant's reign, that Mercier tells us—"Had an officer knocked at the door of any citizen, and said to him be ready with the dawn to-morrow, Samson expects you at his guillotine; *no* citizen however high would have resisted, and none however low could have escaped." No colouring but red shaded to black, can paint the reign of Robespierre, falsely called Maximilian—which was his younger brother's name, *not his*—no christian pen *describe* it. When Caracalla set some soldiers to murder the unarmed audience coming from a theatre, he had been incensed by the representation of a play acted on purpose to strike him with remorse; *this* unoffended despot, on the contrary, having supped freely at a friend's house, and fearing lest the master's hospitality might have drawn forth some secret truths he wished not to communicate, determined, with unheard-of inhumanity, to stop the lips of all who had partaken it. Accordingly next day, each separate soul was sent to its account, companions of the table, servants who had waited, girls that came in to share a little ball given after the entertainment; seventy six persons, as the story tells, among whom *none were spared!* \*

Contagious

\* How different was the behaviour of our Cromwell! whom the French branded as a character of every vice, and above all, suspicion. Walking with Thurlow one long summer evening in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, they talked on business till the stroke of ten warned them to part ('twas a late hour in those days): when the secretary seeking his hat, discerned a young man fast asleep in one of the recesses made for students. "All we have said is betrayed," exclaimed he suddenly, drawing his sword, which Cromwell held suspended; and looking at the lad attentively; "Come away

Contagious phrenzy seemed to seize mankind, who half applauded his ferocity while he permitted, though he seldom shared, their gross intemperance or studied profanations. Infants of three years old were taught *literally* to suck their fellow-creatures' blood; ladies wore little guillotines as ornaments, made of carnation stone and gold: members of the political assembly leaped from their seats, and danced the carmagnole, like frantick bacchanals, their partners dressed up in priest's vestments, and their musicians habited like satyrs. A woman of no mean rank being prevented *assisting* at the horrid 10th of August, by labour pains, called her son born that day, *Dix d' Aout*, in honour of the massacre, for which fact Mercier is my authority. A schoolmaster came forward to protest his and his young boy's hatred of God, and renunciation of divine authority. Our own fools here in England, sung

Plant, plant the tree, the glorious tree,  
'Midst blood and bones and slaughter:

and our wise men acquitted those who sung it. Events appeared without their usual consequences in the world; battles gained over the French by land or sea, whether by their own opponents in the Vendée, or by the combination of foreign powers allied to protect royalism, produced no effect; or none proportionate to the victories that were obtained. Each country appeared as if struck in the vital part; the characteristic feature of every nation as it were, oddly deformed. France lost her *loyalty*; Holland her far-famed *bank* of Amsterdam; Italy suffered in her *ecclesiastical splendour*; and even Great Britain inwardly mourned incipient mutiny exciting in her *fleet*. Science herself suffered some revolutions; and taste, no longer classical, cried out for German

“away Sir (said he), no man can feign such sleep surrounded by such circumstances. All's safe enough; but let us learn at least from this adventure, how very difficult it is to *spea*k unheard, and how impossible to *act* with *too much caution*.”

plays

plays and novels of a new sort, filled with what the Parisians call, emphatically enough, *phantasmagorie*.

Was it for this, in Leo's fostering reign,  
Learning uprose with tempests in her train !\*

And now, if no assertion made is truer, than that " literature, well or ill conducted, is the great engine by which all civilized states must ultimately be supported or overthrown," what *can* become of the most civilized of *all states* ? When their own writers say, and truly I believe, " that could you put a pen in Satan's claw, it would not trace lines more corrupt or more repugnant to well ordered communities, than those which still employ the youth of France to read and to approve." † Scholars in *our* island did certainly both see and deprecate the coming storm. Professor Robison confirmed the assertions of Barruel, and warned us of approaching danger. Bishops gave energetick charges to their clergy ; religious tracts written by pious laymen of high rank, gave new recommendation to virtue, and *poor* people were furnished with incomparable admonitions, well suited to their character and station, from the promoters of the cheap repository. The foe of mankind found his attempts steadily opposed, his vigilance counteracted by our preachers ; and although in the Anglican establishment, discipline long confessed dormant, lay even stretched for dead, since all authority had been changed for influence : that influence was at least well employed. And if our metropolitan was much against his will condemned to hear the hammers beat upon a Sunday noon, getting the new opera house beautified against a new year : those churches that resounded with condemnation of such conduct were filled with decent and attentive auditors. Whilst at subscription chapels, built like theatres, no lecturer could gain that popularity on which he now depended, by any means more efficacious than that of inculcating due

\* Pursuits of Literature.

† Mercier's Nouveau Paris.



detestation of those dreadful principles, the effect of which became hourly more notorious, as every body had some tale to tell, more dreadful than the last. I shall relate but one from *my own* knowledge, and for any thing I ever heard, unprinted.

Sometime in May, 1794, when 22,000 persons were confined in various prisons of the *capital*, and by those men too who, for love of liberty had pulled down the Bastille, and guillotined poor old La Tude, one of the seven people whom they found there; a lady at la Conciergerie languished some weeks in distressful anxiety concerning the safety of that son from whose protecting arms she had been torn. That death which her companions shunned, she sought; but her turn was delayed, and the fine stockings she had on when dragged to prison, were cut off those swelled legs they would no longer cover. "*Voyez un peu donc,*"\* said she to the goaler; who at length roughly referred her to a dark hole, whither his custom was to throw the things worn by the men who had been executed. She put her hand in, and pulled out a pair all stained with blood, but which she quickly recognized, as having marked them with her own fingers not three months before, for use of the dear lad she was in hopes had escaped. Those hopes were now expired; and when the man turned round to drive her back among the crowd, *she was expired too*. Such scenes were grown familiar with the French, and to their now national though brutal furor, we must oppose the national and princely liberality of Britons. Our duke of York's speech to his men, on hearing of Barrere's decree, that to the English and Hanoverian soldiers no quarter should be given, and his gallant recommendation of a contrary conduct, makes us amends for reading their wild boasts, which in state papers do appear like madness, and in another century would have been so accounted; but the contagious phrenzy spread to Holland: and when their Stadtholder was fled to our island, still partial to his colours, and ever fond of his family; their icy plains received the bold Dumouriez, who flushed with conquest threw his eyes across the sea, hoping to erect his standard

\* Do but see, Sir.

tri-color on London's tower. There destiny refused, as erst at Troy; when the too hasty hero heard a voice crying—

Patroclus, no : this heav'n-defended wall  
Defies *thy* force, not fated yet to fall ;  
Thy *friend*, thy greater far it shall withstand,  
Troy shall not fall even by Achilles' hand.

Our wooden walls were now its best protection: the dry rot which seemed to infect each fabrick formed upon subordinate dignities on earth, had only threatened, had not yet penetrated through *their* sides; while that vile worm was growing, Lord Howe's immortal victory upon the first of June seemed as the prelude, not consummation of glory to our king, our minister, and our country; who, while they sent out Duncan and Jervis, Trowbridge and Nelson, Sir Sydney Smith and Sir Edward Pellew—all never-dying names, before whose fire the fierce and vaunting Frenchmen never yet failed to fly, fed here at home their numerous prisoners and their emigrés with our best bread and tenderest consolations. “If I had lived (said gentle Louis “seize in his last moments to his confessor) I would have thanked the “king of England for that kind refuge offered to our clergy.” “*Mais “c'est une nation vraiment bienfaisante :*” \* So said poor Pius sextus too, when our navy defended the Italian coasts from plunder, and he struck a medal with a motto on it expressive of these words—*Rome saved by British cannon!* What a change! since the first pages of our first volume; and what a change too from another station, whither his *Retrospect* would point more naturally, the very early pages of our second! How must a man so formed for quiet times and classic pleasures, have felt himself crushed and confounded by the crumbling ruin that seemed to shut him in on every side. Yet his biographers take pains to tell us, that all found temporary alleviation from sight of fugitive princesses, aunts to the king of France, seeking asylum in his capital. Pius sextus was no great character 'tis certain, and the time was arrived, when

\* But 'tis really a beneficent nation.

men were measured fair without advantage of their pedestals. Vanity is a consoling quality, a flattering disease of the mind, and Dr. Johnson told me once a story of a man high in the learned world, but long since dead, whose fondness for his own powers of the pen were such, he longed to publish his pathetick letters to the unregarding seducer of his daughter—so he called a fellow whom his girl, less romantick than himself, had foolishly ran away with. “Nor seemed to see (said the “rough author of the Rambler, *till I told him*), that he was perpetuating his dowdy’s, and his own disgrace.” Not much unlike to this the Roman pontiff delighted in his epistolary correspondence with crowned heads, although on the most distressful of all subjects. Among these, Muscovitish Catherine found most leisure to keep it up: she liked his Holiness’s letters better than the epistle from Kien Long of China, who was never named at her court after he wrote it; and, though since the astonishing exertions of her great general, valiant Suwaroff, who at Ismaeloff had displayed feats of prodigious bravery, so as to animate mankind to mutual slaughter, by an example worthy the warriors or the knights of old, her hopes of driving the Turks from Europe, and setting her own progeny on his throne, were put by to another planting season. Potemkin took due care their roots should take no injury, while his ambition, willingly was gorged with every thing but independent sovereignty, the distant prospect of which gave him to *endure* life a few years longer, diverting its *ennui* with pouring out whole sacks full of diamonds, jewels, precious gems, upon a table covered with black velvet, as we are told, there to admire their value and their lustre.

Those who have read much of great men’s private hours, will recollect (empty as this may be) the *tadium vitæ* less innocently amused, and black velvet put to a worse use than by Potemkin. He died under a tree upon his journey to the town he had built, and called after his queen Ekatarinakoff. Poor Sultan Selim now appeared the only person not persuaded that all great empires, and his own the first, were

hasting to decay, whilst a sick daughter of Achmet the third was living in Paris on charity, from its fierce rulers in 1794, with a sister of their own Mirabeau, who likewise subsisted upon alms. But as Shakspeare says, "Misery acquaints people with strange bedfellows." No more viziers called *Gazi*,\* reminded the Grand Signor of his *victories*. The enigmatical apple which had perplexed the Ottomans so long, the fatal fruit, which when they were to scoop, and put the blood-red peel upon their heads, was to bring ruin with it (see first volume), was now by many deemed the *bonnet rouge*, emblem of freedom grown among the French, the idea borrowed from old caps of liberty, which slaves at Rome had been presented with when manumitted by their masters, who drew it down close on the sides to hide their ears, bored as a badge of slavery. The moderns more enraged, dipt these caps red in blood. Original notions never seem extirpated; deface them how you will: still *Adam Weishaupt* climbed the

*Tree of knowledge*: but instead of fruit

Chew'd bitter ashes, which th' offended taste

With spattering noise rejected.

Dealers in death, these black free-masons and their hierophants, couched in their caves, died some by poison, some by assassination—hunted by Robespierre, whose active blood-hounds found them wherever hid—yet trees of liberty were planted notwithstanding in all nations by them and their agents, workers in Weishaupt's mine, promoters of the social contract—planned by Rousseau half-undefignedly—diligent drivers of that tremendous lever, now strengthened to push under every throne, thus in due time to loosen their foundations, and

\* *Gazi* means victory in Turkish, I have been told. Quere, whether *Gaza* in the scripture might not have been called so, because of triumphs won there to the Philistines; but 'tis those only who are skilled in oriental languages can tell us. Alexander razed that town after a siege—had it meant nothing, it would not have been restored with the same name, I think. The Greeks called towns *Nicopolis*, from victories.

shake them *like ripe figs dropping to earth*. Even Washington felt his seat of power endangered, and published in the year 1794 a proclamation to check the buds of rebellion in America; where after useful hints given by a rough fellow calling himself Peter Porcupine, and a more elaborately written pamphlet had appeared under Mr. Harper's name—the fever of *their* folly seemed to cool, and Æneas's sentiments towards Andromache came into play at last.

Siquando thybrim, vicinaque Thybridis arva  
 Intraro, gentique meæ data mœnia cernam,  
 Cognatas urbis, olim, populosque propinquos  
 Epiro Hesperia, quibus idem Dardanus auctor,  
 Atque idem casus; unam faciemus utranique  
 Trojam animis maneat nostros ea cura Nepotes.

*Third Book of Virgil.*

The death of Robespierre did indeed give mankind a breathing time; Bourdon de l'Oise, who had followed him close up, attacked, and with the aid of Tallien, tore him down from that pre-eminence, whence he had seen companions, friends, enemies go to the guillotine obedient, unresisting as the old gladiators in Roman days, who passing the emperor on their passage to the Colosseum, were accustomed to cry out, *Ave imperator! morituri te salutant*; but Robespierre never, like Claudius Cæsar, answered them, *Avete vos*—and by that word disappointed the people of their show. He saw the royalists all martyred, the Brissotines extinguished, the Dantonists destroyed, adherents to the crown and supporters of the republic alike expiring, and in such crowds, that the last forty days of his existence carried four hundred and eighty-three of his fellow-citizens to the scaffold in Paris only, besides orders for executions in the country, which incredulity herself is forced to confess—*trebled* that number. Among the first of these, princess Elizabeth suffered in company with count d'Estaing, who had served her hapless brother under the royalty, and old Malesherbes, who had *permission* to defend his cause under the democracy, with Mons. d'Espremesnil, who

in the gay days of France despised the necessity of a Redeemer, and Gobet, who in the beginning of her gloomy ones renounced, rejected, and openly derided God in a Christian church. The man who drove them this last journey told them, "That Robespierre had given the world leave to believe in a deity, and had himself officiated as pontiff in a new festival à l'Éternel."—"He's but an ass," said one of her companions. Another made remarks still more offensive. The princess remained mute, having previously stopt her ears, and, exemplary creature as she was, passed on, like parricides of old, to punishment, tied to an ape, a serpent, and an owl. His crimes complete, this tyrant homicide was at last carried himself to death, although, in order to conciliate his favour, Carnot had given consent to see abolished that executive council which alone kept him in check—but denouncing no fewer than an hundred members of the convention in one day,\* they rose on him, and he lived but one day more. His epitaph was admirable :

Passant, ne pleurez pas mon sort,  
Si je vivois tu ferois mort.

Good passengers weep not the loss of my head,  
If I had been living, you'd all have been dead.

This was a pretty thing enough, a strange one was, that this despot had some sincere approvers. Le Bas swore he would die with him, and kept his word—so did his brother and Le Juste, ex-noble. The man's disinterestedness had dazzled *them*; they saw he gained no riches nor no splendour from all these murders, which he said were necessary to keep out kings and terrify their subjects. Barrere protested his worst fault was leaving France so many enemies *alive*—I see not how he could have killed them faster—but those that set up a new constitution after his death with a directory, underwent many disadvantages, and were, as Mercier tells, often reproached with the superior skill of Robespierre; and so attached was France to that new calendar, in which he called the days *pepper* and *salt*, instead of the old martyrs names Ambrosius or Cecilia, that those who

\* See historical epochs by Goudemetz.

have tried to get quit of the folly cannot succeed; and even wise ones among them say, *they* can be but enemies to their country who love not the sound of Vendemaire and Fructidor—so charmed were they to read *Christmas-day* changed to *le jour du chien*.\* Mr. Pitt may glory more than any one, he was about the same time declared *l'ennemi du genre † humain*. Meanwhile the combination of armed princes against these true descendants of the ancient Gauls, though often victorious, never were successful. Their manifestoes were imprudent, their conquests ill-ascertained, and their dissentions childish. Peltier observes well, that the system of *les petits vengeances* is a fatal one. When our parliaments (says he) were inspired with a wish to spite their king in 1787, 1788, and 1789, his courtiers afterwards enjoyed at least the wretched comfort of spiting those vile parliaments, and seeing them soon swallowed up in what was called a constitution. The bankers' momentary triumph over nobility once proud and once reserved, was of the same sort; and as quickly followed by the bourgeois, who in their turn triumphed insultingly over the bankers. Complying curates too rejoiced a while to see recusant bishops, to whose thrones they had preferred many a suit in vain, humbled in dust, or flying for their lives, till the canaille at length lorded it over the ill-mingled mass, and rioting in murder and barbarity, called this a glorious revolution. We must examine now whether Mallet du Pan finds the leagued princes acting on nobler motives. Whilst *one* wished not to aggrandize Austria at any rate; when more than one apparently felt greater eagerness to impoverish old England than even to serve themselves; and when the true interest of that country, which each at first pretended that they came into the field to fight for, was totally forgotten by them all, except Great Britain, its natural and accustomed foe—nay, when not even *her* disinterested virtue could forbear rejoicing at the strange silly figure which Spain made, tricked of her ships, and hung out to the derision of all Europe with certain loss of commerce, character, and consequence: Catherine of Russia, seated on a height whence she could see

\* The day of the dog.

† The enemy of humankind.

the ant-hill all in motion, and view the result of its bustle undisturbed, became sole arbiters of our whole continent. She only could have stilled the fighting elements in France, when towards the close of the year 1796 chaos was come again: she might have given strength to the leagued princes, animation to the grand cause of religion and morality; but when at last she felt a fond desire to amuse the favourite's valiant brother, Valerian Zuboff, whose delight was war; and when the British minister had inspired her with hope of forwarding her darling project to set prince Constantine upon the throne so long, so cruelly usurped by Ottomans; when, in a word, she was at length prevailed on to sign that document by which such vast, such signal changes would have been wrought, the pen dropt from her preparing hand—and *Retrospection* can use none impressive and sublime as that of Mr. Eton, with whose words we close this chapter—Mysterious heaven! she died:

The British minister who had been at her court soliciting her help on former occasions was oddly characterized by Mirabeau, who says in his memoirs, “The Duc de Brunswick would have sense enough to know, before he feels the impotence of his attacks upon *our great nation*, were not his ears perpetually poisoned by that *fly* minister, that artful statesman, that cunning creature, Harris, who like his country will often be found *clever*, but upon very few occasions *wise*.”



## C H A P. XXIV.

## LAST FOUR YEARS OF THE CENTURY,

FROM 1796 TO 1800.

**B**EING arrived at the interesting moment when *Retrospection* ceases and observation is begun, our book must with this chapter end itself, and be submitted to the reader's *Retrospect*. If found at last too short for use, too long for entertainment, the writer will be sorry ;

Yet if we shadows have offended,  
Think but this, and all is mended—  
That you have but slumber'd here,  
While these visions did appear.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The early visions of Rome's glory, papal as imperial, “are vanished into air, into thin air.” Her second cycle of twelve centuries is more than flown, and destiny demands his due. That the successors of her last great founder “have been of late compelled to take “the lowest room” at the long table of our common master, they owe to the coarse struggles he forbade; when pushing for the topmost place \* we saw and felt

The faucy follower grown a sovereign lord,  
Exchanging Peter's keys for Peter's sword.—*Cowley.*

If howsoever, when his church was young, “she girded herself and “walked where she would,” let us lament rather than triumph over

\* See 14th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, 8th and 9th verses.

her, "when now, being old,\* another girdeth and carrieth her whither she would not:" and as a great preacher of the present day wisely admonishes, "Let us not, while poring over the monuments of past greatness, neglect to study those inscriptions on them, from which some warning may be drawn for future times." Different ideas will be called up in different minds by like events, or by the same narration: each student draws after the giant statue, and takes his view according as he fits to it. Far as the past occurrences have place all this goes well; and to anticipate what is yet to come, transcends alike our limits and our power. When the uncertain figure passes by, and like those of Eliphaz,† fear makes *our* bones to shake; we cannot discern the form thereof, though thro' the silent night a voice be heard. Kett, King, and Whitaker, with numbers more, have lent learned and grave conjectures towards explaining, after a mortal mode, the awful signs which have distinguished this half century, fertile in wonders above all the rest: and if, beside texts from both Testaments, description of the latter days by the fictitious Esdras were admitted, the strange things he predicts daily arrive: untimely births do indeed live and are raised up,‡ while children of a year's growth as certainly speak with their voices, and are listened to.

"But woe be to that people (says an old English writer) who live under these young governments! All unripe fruit is harsh (he adds), and they that dwell in new houses be apter to catch diseases than they who inhabit ancient ones well-seasoned." What shall we say then if all this be so concerning our own times? when Poland, Holland, North America, all infant states, speak plain, and speak *aloud*; when new republicks in the north of Italy appear like funguses in fairy rings, produced by tears of the preceding night: when just before the year

\* See 21st chapter of St. John's Gospel, 18th verse.

† See 14th chapter of the Book of Job, the 14th, 15th, and 16th verses.

‡ See 6th chapter, 2d Book of Esdras, 21st verse.

1796 France, to the admiration of all Europe, produced her last new-born constitution, being the fourth she had acknowledged such within five revolutions of the sun; when five men called *directors* took the lead. Before these people, and by their *direction*, were seen stealing off the *camera obscura*, those rugged forms of rough fraternity, which like the sons of *Œdipus* had made the name of brotherhood abhorred; and dresses meant to distinguish and adorn high rank were hung upon these new rulers over twenty-seven millions, which hovering over Europe like locusts darkening the sun, menaced its destruction, and cast a formidable shade around. Nor could men quickly see through the thick gloom, that if this multitude were actually agreed upon the murder of a lamb-like prince, they must have been twenty-seven millions of monsters; and that if they tamely suffered six hundred frantick ruffians to kill him publickly in their despite, they must have been so many millions of cowards. Certain it is the new directory seemed to lament the crush of every virtue by the grand fall of altars and of thrones: they hoped perhaps, while roasting out the substance of monarchy, morality, and religion, to keep at least the *COS*, as chemists call the Colour, Odour, Sapor of all three. But an avowed desire to destroy every other government, gives no good pledge of kind intentions towards our own. Besides that, as Machiavelli says, "a revolution is carnival time to a mob;" and when were boys wearied with barring out their masters? Berquin's description of children tired with doing their own way, and anxious, after suffering for their folly, to be replaced under papa's guidance, was no emblem of his countrymen, who now hated all laws and all restraint; and were, as Mercier himself confesses, loosed into a state of what he calls general *demoralization*. No wonder! Since Louis seize had laid down his authority, the sceptre, after the example of Aaron's rod, assumed a serpent's form, affrighting even those who wished to wield it. And Carnot, to keep turbulent spirits quiet at home, sent to the fighting field his trusted friend Buonaparte. This general, the first who ever

wore *as a name* the title of *Destroyer* ;\* Apollyon Buonaparte burst on Italy, amazing all mankind, not by destruction of his sword alone, but by his powers of fascination too, displayed in their effects among Italian potentates, which, not unlike birds upon a branch, dropt one by one into the mouth of the rattle-snake.

The prince of Piedmont, whose father was so liberally paid by England for keeping the key of their peninsula, stole it, as a girl does from under her governess's head, to let in the seducer who sings beneath the window : while Venice, unwarned perhaps, perhaps unwilling to believe baseness could lurk where liberty displayed her banner ; received and fostered, even against the will of subjects strongly attached to the *old way, new* masters, who arrived only to scorn, to plunder, and forsake them.

Thus, without one blow struck in its defence, did this ancient and once respectable aristocracy, formed when a former Attila ravaged the earth ; tamely yield up its independence to some troops detached by the destroyer Buonaparte, with orders even to burn their bucentoro, golden book, and every mark of former sovereignty, carrying their bronze horses off to Paris, and having (as Frenchmen with no unjust though bitter sarcasm observed) torn the old woman's night-cap from their doge, and put upon his head their *bonnet rouge* ; 'twas time to annihilate every remembrance of happier hours, and abolish even masquerading in their streets ; sending them all to bed at ten o'clock, as by a curfew-bell in ancient times, and linking them fast to their new idol Freedom, by chains of iron never to be broken.

Milan and Mantua meanwhile received the sudden shock of more than gothick fury ; and Lodi's bridge crowned the unfeeling conqueror with laurels, every dark leaf of which, though ornamental, will in the end perhaps prove poisonous to *him*, who shocked the curé de St. Salo by throwing quicklime upon half-dead soldiers, under pretence of

\* See the 9th chapter of St. John's Apocalypse, 11th verse.—The Greek word is Apollyon. The Corsican pronunciation makes it *Napollione*.

*general utility*, and the necessity of avoiding putrid complaints consequent upon such carnage. A Lombard peasant, when the day was done, was called out by a colonel of brigade to shew him a convenient field of *green corn*, it was early in May, where he might turn his horses for refreshment. They passed by one, which the officer observed *would do well enough*, to another fifty yards distant; that was *better*. "Why bring us here, kind citizen?" exclaimed the French commander, "when I told you the lesser inclosure would have done." "Ah eccellenza!" replied his melancholy conductor, "it is because that little field belongs to a poor neighbour of mine who has a wife and child. This meadow is *my own*; a single man (an't please your lordship) need not outlive the honour of his country; life has a claim on dear Antonia's husband; he can't like me, whom she refused to make *him* happy, rush on your swords and lose all sense of sorrow." So fared it with the north of Italy. Rome, fatherless and affrighted, seemed likely to exhibit still deeper distress. Some of her church plunder was sold by French invaders, as it stood, to Jews; who when they had paid for it and claimed their bargain, were beaten off by an incensed populace, which had seen villa Albani long their boast, stript and raz'd quite to earth with infinite displeasure, although care had been taken to enrage them too, against all wealthy individuals; and the sight of princes Colonna and Borghese reduced to eat rice with a horn spoon, affected them but little I believe. 'Tis said their quondam sovereign borne about, sometimes in open carts for more indignity, sometimes in a close coach for fear such sufferings should excite compassion; found leisure during his last sad captivity, for writing a long letter to his bishops sheltered among *us*, expressing gratitude towards heaven for having raised them up friends in a foreign land; and though by nature and by long-fixed prejudice hostile to *our* opinions, it is supposed that his last breath blessed the brave British nation. *They* meantime, whilst Buonaparte drove forward like the Assyrian conqueror Rabshakè, crying, "Where are the gods of Hamath and of Arpad? and have they

“ they indeed delivered Samaria out of my hand?”\* *They* trusting in the God of battles, had under immortal Howe’s command secured our highly favoured country’s safety by destruction of the French fleet, even when their pride was at its loftiest point of elevation; and that blow striking down all their naval strength at once, protected the wide commerce of Great Britain, and gave her ships to cover the obedient seas, subservient from first of June 1796, to all *her* purposes whether of traffick, discovery, or defence. It was in happy consequence of this superiority, that Elphinstone captured rather than conquered the Dutch fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, and *their* possessions—if powers allied to France may be said to *possess* any thing; fell unresistingly into our hands.

Spain saw with envious sorrow, not unnatural, the triumphs of a kingdom which kept Castilian ports from grasp of Castilian natives; and soon through Gibraltar’s streights dispatched a willing fleet, doubling *his* numbers, to attack brave Jervis, whose little squadron’s earliest intention, seems to have been separating the Spanish vessels, so to compensate his own inferior force. But true good-will confers surprisingly those powers it stands in need of. Our gallant captains found their greatest difficulty was dragging home their large unweildy prizes. One huge ship carrying, if I remember right, the admiral’s flag, remained a hopeless wreck on the wide ocean, which upon that day humbly recognized Britannia lawful ruler over his waves. A happy victory was this to England, and happier still the moment it was gained in: for France, which successfully applied her tragick dagger to every other form of Government in Europe, presented to us *here* her poisoned bowl; and having sown with diligence the seeds of mutiny among men, who long had prided themselves on being loved and praised and paid as our defenders, followed their menaces of an inva-

See 18th chapter of the 2d Book of Kings, 34th verse.

sion up by a descent on Wales. There the bold Cambrians, nothing intimidated by *this* extraordinary stroke of policy, applied the remedy of ready valour, and recollecting perhaps, how a small vessel bound from Caernarvon had a few months before beaten off a French privateer only with *mop-sticks*, which they chanced to have on board; the Pembrokeshire peasantry, actuated by equal spirit, came forward with their scythes and pitchforks, headed by a gentleman residing in the country, before whom these far-renowned marauders laid down their arms, whilst Sir Harry Burrard Neale caught up the frigates that conveyed them. These events happened in February 1797, but Duncan's scarcely hoped for success at Camperdown, was necessary to free us from future annoyance of an enemy that hoped, through interference of Winter and Story, two Dutch admirals, to vanquish the *Venerable*, a leaky ship, which, notwithstanding every obstacle, led on our flag to fame; nobly supported by officers, whom to praise justly, we should praise separately; while *Retrospection* can but look on with pleasure, and like Imogen, follow their standards streaming through the air, till our tired eye-strings crack almost with loyalty and love. After this blissful, this decisive day, was the word mutiny erased from our brave seamens' brief vocabulary; and before Christmas, 1797, the king had pardoned some mistaken fellows; then, having thanked his numerous and incomparable subjects, who made him rich amends by their still matchless valour, for that short burst of momentary folly, he consecrated his new acquired colours in the church, and called by piety fresh blessings on his arms. Invasion was a fear no longer fashionable, after the nest of mischief was blown up among the dykes of Bruges and Ostend; to destroy which, some self-devoted warriors braved even the elements, and went, as we may say, triumphantly to prison after their duty done—retreat from danger being found the only service difficult to Britons. This may perhaps be called inflated language, but those who swell less, feel less; of pleasure or of pain. Towards shrinking up our vanity by severe mortification, our sister kingdom largely contributed.

buted. When turning westward, our *Retroſpect* amazed, beholds poor Ireland turned to a theatre of civil blood-ſhed and religious war; miſled by their new light, and new teachers, to adopt French modes of cruelty; encouraged too in their old prejudice for Romiſh tenets, while theſe inſidious inſtigators found them uſeful. The Iriſh peaſantry conſtructed pikes, and ſpitted unrefiſting Proteſtants upon them, with the alacrity of a duke d'Alva, licking the blood from off their reeking ſpears with the more fiend-like fury of Marat. The popiſh prieſts indeed, from time to time, *did* wait a moment to *baptize* an Engliſhman (as if he were not of Chriſt's flock before) with ſomething like the Moor's care for Deſdemona, when going to murder that poor innocent, he ſays,

I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit,

No, Heaven forefend ! I would not kill thy ſoul.

How tedious muſt this ſtrange proceſs have appeared to their ſtill more inhuman agitators, who ſighed to ſee the moment arrive when each idea, however erroneous, of conciliating Heaven, ſhould be put a final end to: nor could the invaders, led by Hoche or Humbert, ſo often called for, *believe*, without even ocular demonſtration, that the pope, whom as they ſaid they had juſt driven from Italy, ſhould thus be found in Ireland; and that *their* cauſe ſhould have been miſtaken even by Hibernian heads, for the cauſe of *piety*. Murder and maſſacre however ſtalked around, and nothing breathed but mutual accuſation. Such was the effervence formed, by pouring a large portion of modern philoſophy upon the obſolete ſuperſtition and ſlumbering ignorance of our forefathers, never rouzed from its ſtagnant putridity, till the *illuminées* of our day delighted in throwing up by this unnatural mixture an artificial gas, meant for the ſuffocation of both church and ſtate; and with the Anglican eſtabliſhment to extinguiſh the laſt reſort of true religion, honour, valour, virtue.

From this *grotta del cane*\* our active adminiſtration, our exemplary ſovereign, aided by the energy and ſpirit of a loyal body armed to pro-

\* The grotto filled with mephitic air at Naples.



teet, did, after many an effort, drag us out *alive*; and it is, perhaps, to national obedience of a meek Saviour's precepts graciously accepted, that England owes her own tranquillity, amid the tumult and horror of such times. We have, as much as in us lay, loved even our enemies; blessed them who cursed, and kindly treated those who have despitefully used us. We sheltered fugitives from that Bourbon-house, which, well we know, has ever hated *us*; and sighed when we beheld the feffent flower, concealing itself low in the grass like a violet: that hour so little distant too, when high on the aspiring stalk it reared the head, and flourished under its own native skies.

Monastick institutions likewise, although expensive, troublesome and inimical to all our old ideas of propriety; have found refuge in our generous island: which thus extends her tenderest toleration to those who will not even pray for our prosperity, but only our *conversion*, as if we were a nation of all heathens; devoted souls till we return to Rome, and own subjection to her higher power. Were these fit times for such faint feverish dreams? when Paris poured out her starving multitudes to war, incapable of finding food or fire at home, where Mercier says, "six theatres were filled every night with those, who, sitting close, "wanted no other warmth, and cheated hunger by help of amusement." From these scenes Buonaparte led a willing number of wise men destined to make observation on another continent, and men before whose observation the face of *ours* had been almost wholly changed.

A fantastick lady in London, some fifteen years ago, said to her friend, "That she had always found geography a tedious repetition of the same thing: because, in fine, it is only so many monarchies, said she, and "so many republicks; I am tired with telling them over!"

To vary lectures for such students, France, since that day, flung in chaotick heaps, the empires, kingdoms, and commonwealth of Europe; and, after a fashion so very new and strange, ran them all oddly one into another; that uniformity could at least no longer be complained of, and nothing was wanted but the *destroyer*, with his quick lime, to consume all at once.

His course was bent towards Asia, where our ever irreconcilable enemy Tippoo Saib waited his help to drive us from possessions greater than any we possessed at home; and capable of causing in the Sultan of Mysore's dusky bosom, envy unquenched even by the kindness shewn to his dear-loved children. This chief had sworn never to sleep in calico, it is said, until the country which had produced Cornwallis should be humbled; and Buonaparte, for his purpose, was found a willing tool. To effect this humiliation every artifice was tried. The son of Hyder Ali in French letters, was one day called his highness, and in one *refuge of all the world*; according to the ideas they entertained of oriental diction. In a while we read of their addressing him by the familiar name *Citizen Tippoo*, trying with vain endeavour to imbue an eastern despot with their new philosophy, and the doctrine of equal rights.

That the plunderer of Rome, by whose command the long-venerated sanctuary of Loretto had been torn in pieces, for the sake of carrying off those treasures it contained; should hope to possess Mecca by a bold exertion of similar principles in similar pillage, need amaze no one; but the Sultan of Mysore saw only his own projects ripening by Gallick heat, and heard, of course with horror, how his great ally was crossed and thwarted on his first arrival in Egypt, "That key of earth and water too," as Buonaparte not unjustly termed it, after the opinion of Augustus Cæsar, delivered not less than eighteen centuries ago; and likelier now than ever to deserve such appellation, when Malta and her knights tamely resigned the ring to which the important key was hung.

Our Nelson following with press of sail, although blown forward by all England's wishes, and driven along by his own martial ardour, overtook not the enemy's fleet till anchored safe at Alexandria; where, having adopted the same mode of placing themselves which had made Barrington's squadron impregnable to Monsieur D'Estaing in a former war, their captains fate them down in full security, and one friend was employed in taking another's portrait, when the bold Goliath, passing a head of their van ship, poured into her a most destructive fire.

Pliny

Pliny in his thirty-fifth book, tenth chapter, tells how Protogenes painted his finest work when the town he lived in was nearly taken by assault, and *pinxit sub gladio\** is his quaint expression. This might have applied well to the Gallick artist, but a less classick jest expressed our triumph; and when some foreigner was saying afterwards how the French admiral *pris son caffè* at the same critical instant, our reply was, that Nelson came *toute-suite* with the *chasse-café*. He did indeed; a victory so won, and *such* a victory, was new upon the annals even of British seamanship, when Egypt's echoes answered to the names of Berry, Ball, and Trowbridge; less appropriate perhaps than that of Bellerophon when employed against l'Orient, with the success annexed to that old appellation; when in half fabulous times we read how fell Chimera yielded to his power. Was our brave leader on that glorious day ever to read this trifling summary, he might condemn me as Canute his minstrel, for thus compressing deeds of such distinguished merit into a few weak lines; but how else must I find room to notice even for a moment, the consequent recapture of Malta by our troops, the joy of Austria and hopes of Italy, reanimated by this turn in favour of princes ill combined against the power of France, which to oppose required equal exertion among *all* the allies; and it was found only on England's part. The kings of Naples and Sardinia sent away for safety to their insulate dominions, could but *applaud*: the plundered dukes of Modena and Parma could but *pray*; and Switzerland's brave, but thinly spread inhabitants could only *die* in defence of a cause, which rotting at the core, shewed private interest and base intrigue working their way even to the softening surface. Among those that were in serious earnest, let us however stop to celebrate the Bernoise women, six hundred of whom at least wore soldiers coats, and fell in honour's field; selling their lives dearly in that disguise to Frenchmen, who when they found them spinning in their cottages,

\* He drew his line under the dagger's point.

had stuck their infants upon points of spears; and violated their free will by force of arms, under pretence of giving them liberty. Vengeance is virtue in a cause like this; but life must have endured sad change in Europe, when female honour could find no security save from a musket in a female hand. Arts, sciences, and commerce, prospered we must own; while princedom, virtues, powers felt decay. Manufacturers in our own realm surprisngly enriched, rose to respectability and justly: they only wondered (when they bought up old family estates) why they were made to pay such price for labour: nor had sir Richard Arkwright possibly ever reflected that the wonder was, why any body tilled the earth at all; when for attendance on his spinning-jennies, a man might gain more in one day, than he could carry home for toiling at a plough or cart best part of the week, in many an English county. High payment for provisions was most natural, where money flowing in with every tide, augmented in a degree quite unexampled the circulating medium; and mouths to feed increased beyond imagination under a mild government and laws protecting every individual against all possibility of oppression. Union was next in consequence of this same gentle spirit, offered to Irishmen; at length accepted, not suddenly, or without much of that hesitation which did but little flatter, to say true, the spread of such attraction: but they perhaps thought, that as touched iron loses all its magnetick qualities when once bent into form of a *ring*, the *marriage* might be found less beneficial than 'twas at first supposed. Be this as it may, France must have suffered some mortification surely, when shewn her evil influence recoiled upon herself; incapable of separating the British Isles, or lessening the love borne to their exemplary sovereign, by each individual of his now widely extended domain.

Meanwhile discoveries were diligently pursued, and christianity disseminated in places where it appear t have been driven, as much for the accomplishment of prophecy, as for the benefit of ignorance. A *Maroon* war, as it was not ill called, against and among the *chefsnut*

\* *Maron* is French for chefnut—whence *marone* colour.

coloured people, desolated our West Indies indeed, and horrible cruelties were perpetrated there by wicked chieftains: characters which, as the writer of a book called the Pursuits of Literature observes, are better left for ever in oblivion, than dragged to light only that they may be execrated. During that time however, Moravian missionaries had been successful in countries of later discovery, and the same annual registers record much happiness as well as misery diffused over the new hemisphere.

Whilst the northern shores likewise of Africa shook with the cannon of contending Europeans, Mungo Parke proceeded silently upon his travels eastward, hoping to reach its heart, tracing at least the course of the majestick *Yolibah*, which appears still to have kept that Ethiopick name among its natives, reminding us of the Almighty's threatenings against Jerusalem, when for her love of their idolatries, Ezekiel was inspired to call her by *that* appellation, saying, "Son of man! wilt thou judge Aholah and *Aholibah*? and declare unto them their abominations."\*

Names have endured few changes in the east: a parsee, native of Ispahan, and resident in London, was enquired of whether his countrymen remembered still the victories of Alexander the Great. "Oh yes," was the reply, "I once did hear about a *Shiek* who came from Macedonia, and destroyed the elephants and armies of our *Rajah Pore*," so he described King Porus, as we learned to call him from the Roman historians. But Buonaparte now with an adroitness and celerity of which no ages past afford example, and most resembling the abrupt transitions found in this short epitome of facts, returned from scenes of discord and dismay at Cairo, and at Alexandria, to Paris; whence by a sudden revolution, best represented in mock-tragedies, such as our duke of Buckingham's Rehearsal—he drove the wonder-struck directory, and yet escaped as if by miracle himself, from that fierce spirit of assassination, lately deemed the duty of one sect of Frenchmen, and seemingly

\* See 23d chapter Ezekiel, 36th verse.

the favourite amusement of them all. When firmly fixed upon the seat of power : to which he neither rose by conquest, nor was called by election, still less pretending to hereditary right ; his first care seems to have been the restoration of that catholicism in Europe, the very foundation of which he had sought in other continents completely to destroy. Having by publick proclamation told the Turks that God had no son or associate in his kingdom : that the faith of Mussulmen had his peculiar approbation, and that his business among them was but to abolish the tyranny of Mamelucks and Beys, barons of the east in short, and tributary princes trenching on the Grand Signor's authority, his first care when arrived at home appears to have been, making the Roman state and Romish sectaries, believe him tender of Christ's vicar here on earth ; digging up Pius sextus from the garden plot whither some soldiers had interred the body, and paying it, who can guess why ? Funeral honours. Add to this the farce of not appearing in their choice of a new pope, near cousin to poor Braschi, whose election he contrived, encouraging him to undertake the journey from insulted Venice where he was chosen, to the still worse-insulted capital of once proud Italy. His influence over the successor in Russia, was not so carefully concealed. That prince, placed on his throne, shewed signs of close resemblance to Czar Peter, his anti-predecessor, husband to cooler-headed Catherinc. Paul dug his corpse up, shewing it extraordinary veneration ; yet, contrary to those appearances of preference, pursued his mother's steps in many things, and gave the coalition hopes, that her loss would not be felt by Europe. The habits of his private life indeed grew coarser after the queen was gone, who watched and who controuled them ; but such rough manners were not inconsistent with his apparent predilection for a general, the only one which the world was in humour to acknowledge as a competitor for Buonaparte ; his rugged character, his conduct at Ismaeloff and Ockzackow were likely enough to enforce him the good will of a sovereign determined upon conquest and renown : for if men were to wade through  
blood

blood of enemies to fame, no man less feared to dip his foot than Suwarroff. In effect, such were the glories of his first campaign as to draw from his emperor a publick letter, expressing more than we had ever read of kindness or esteem, not unlike Pharaoh's \* ample grant to Hebrew Joseph, when he had saved the realm of Egypt for his master. "Only in the throne henceforth will I be greater than thou," but vehemence, whether exhibited upon occasions of indulgence or severity is without difficulty made to defeat its own immediate purpose. French diplomacy knew how to turn such tempers to advantage. Suwarroff received a check in Switzerland, and gained no consolation from his king. In a few months this veteran commander, who never spared the feelings of another, expired of grief, a martyr to his own. The world's pity seldom embalms a fallen favourite; he died, and with him died the hopes of the whole Bourbon house.

Meanwhile the streets of Naples streamed with blood, where Championet, amazed he could make no impression on the Lazaroni but by blows, which they were active to return with interest, after a four days battle in the town, hit on the way to cajole *them* to peace. An elephant will lie down at the word of command, 'tis said, can you but catch hold of her by the ear, and speak in a tone of authority. By treachery of their own countryman, the youthful prince de Moliterno, France had discovered *their* vulnerable part. "Respect St. Januarius, and be still," cried the republican General, with a loud voice. The elephant lay down, her ear was caught, and Championet calling immediately for the archbishop, bid him prepare his popular miracle—it should be done directly. "'Tis not the time of year," replied the other. "Oh, Sir, you know not Frenchmen," was the reply; "*our* miracles are always in season. Fetch out the saint's blood, I say. he will declare in favour of freedom: and let it liquefy *sans phrases*, (without hesitation) or your head shall answer it." The phial was

\* See 41st chapter of Genesis, and the 40th verse.

produced—the function performed; and the oft-cheated Neapolitans cried out, “Long live the great Republick, long live St. Januarius.” Those who believe this world will quickly end, must surely think its folly at the full. More horrors may remain for future exhibition, but madness and fatuity have no further to go: while even the Turk that expected to see, though blind, through an eye made of glass, could alone match such imbecillity. Poor Selim indeed, needed no spectacles to observe his once enormous power giving way. Pressed on every side, the rebel Bassas hoped to drive *him* down the great precipice prepared for princes of this century; and among many foes, all unprovoked, Passwan Oglou had for some years led the way. A man of a mysterious character was he; his ultimate intentions undisclosed, we vainly sought to find them in his conduct, which showed him one moment as if attached most powerfully to the Mahometan religion, and breathing vengeance against every one whom that religion deems an infidel; though underhand it has been much believed he kept a secret correspondence with Greek Christians, and was perhaps a distant tool to France. That artful, that insidious cabinet managed alike the headlong Muscovite and crafty Oriental: dark hypocrisy shews plainer in this *enlightened* age than it did in the semi-barbarous centuries, as masses of deep shadow make more impression on minds unprepared, viewed among Grecian, than old Gothick architecture. Tippoo Sultan, of nobler carriage, and a soul more lofty, fell, in the last year of the century, a bloody but majestic sacrifice to *his* opinion of his Parisian friends and *fellow citizens*. He saw not how the *huma*, emblem of sovereignty, was departing from earth, no more to hover over heads crowned and anointed;—a bird of paradise! whose happy region ought from henceforth to bound and to concentrate all royal hopes and cares. The storming of his capital, Seringapatam, brought Tippoo for the last time to the field of honour; and though obliged to yield where British intrepidity pressed forward in the warm chace of profit and renown, his sceptre lost, he grasped the trustier sabre in his



his hand, which, faithful to his valour, was found clenched in it, nor could death suddenly force them to separate.

The Emperor of Germany meanwhile, merits more tenderness and more concern. His counsels all perplexed, his arms betrayed,\* his honour suffering, and his metropolis endangered; obliged to make peace, and obliged to break it; seeing the family he loves too, clinging round him for succour and support he scarce can give; and looking now and then, no doubt, on Francis with something not very unlike reproach, to find their great name nearly perishing under *his* care, yet for a moment to be called Imperial. Misfortune scarcely ever comes alone, or from the quarter whence she has been expected. Vienna, like the one-eyed doe in *Æsop*, was always on her guard against the Ottomans: but although

Now gliding far off on the verge of the sky,  
The moon half-extinct, her *wan crescent* displays,  
Where lately we mark'd how majestick on high,  
She shone till the planets were lost in her blaze.

'Tis *infidelity* at last, though 'tis not turcism, that ruins the once Christian, and once holy Roman empire. The year 1680 told those who had leisure for listening after such events, that having caught a daring

\* His arms were perhaps most *apparently* betrayed at Genoa, where the republican general Massena, plundered the bank; after which reinforcement of their finances, Melas, with 1700 full-fed Austrians, safely posted upon a high hill over the town, quietly laid down their arms to 500 starving Frenchmen, unable from weakness to walk up and fetch them. It had been secretly stipulated, however, that the gulled emperor's troops should for six days remain possessors of the city, where a dog's head had, during the siege, sold for five shillings English, and half a cat, I think, for three shillings and sixpence. So miserably too had France shared in the woes she had caused, that a true Briton who relates the anecdote, was himself called upon by mere humanity to keep life warm in the centinels that watched his house, by putting bits of chocolate into their mouths, and now and then a drop of cordial, stolen by himself from his own private hoard, which they were not unlikely to betray.

atheist in Poland, they tied him to a cannon's mouth pointed towards Tartary, whether they meant, 'twas said, to shoot his ashes. A *change of wind* perhaps, blew a large portion of them into Germany, and formed a future Weishaupt. Siberia's wilds remained innocent of such disseminated mischief; and far south-east of these the Afghan's also, mentioned by Hanway, and since him more fully by Sir William Jones, as Jews settled remotely in a region little known, a distant land, the Arfareth of Esdras, 13th chapter and 45th verse; the Hazeroth of modern travellers; some of whose books, added to the surprising scenes under review, have led innumerable minds of late towards a belief, that the conclusion *now* is hard at hand. The last act of the grand drama, as Dr. Young calls it, does seem indeed begun, perhaps advanced: and whilst each glowing fancy has been struck by some peculiar and unlooked-for combination, like that in Pithæana,\* one hardly can help thinking that Baronius had some concealed meaning (more than was supposed) in his old technical verses, which explained the alphabet into numerals, as it seemed *then* merely for the amusement of young students. My memory just retains the first line and last.

Possidet *A* números *quingentos* ordine recto,  
Ultima *Z*. tenens, finem *bis mille* tenebit.

The cardinal might have had it in his head perhaps, although a better Latin Scholar than a Greek one, how God is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end; and how the fathers thought it probable, that when *bis mille* (two thousand years) were past after the birth of

\* The story told in Pithæana is of an old stone found when they were repairing a church in Lyons, with some inscription in obsolete French, importing, that on a given day 1794 mas should cease to be said there. We must recollect that Monsieur de Pithou read the inscription 1557, and it was wearing out with age even then. To pacify the people's fears of Turkish power, from whence this odd prediction's accomplishment was expected to arrive, he and his brother calculated, till having discovered that the time fell out on a *Good Friday*, when high mas is *not* said; he thought some one had written the words and buried them there for a joke: and so the matter rested till quite lately.

Christ, he would return again and judge the world.— *Quingentos* are alluded to in an abraxas stone possessed as I believe by Mr. Townley, notwithstanding the true gem should be *white*, and *abra-fax* its name; composed of the Persick word for *fair*, and the Latin word, or half on't, for a *stone*. Fifteen had merit as a mystick number, when meaning was attached to such strange matters three hundred years ago.

But these conjectures tire my readers' patience: Oh! let them then at least kindly prefer *A* for *abſolvo*, in the Roman mode, to *C*, that meant *condemno*: for whether the world's end be coming soon or not, 'tis sure the last short chapter of this *summary* draws towards its final period. We have presented you a passing show; less durable than pleasing, less pleasing than uncommon; while empires, sciences, opinions, states, took each their momentary turn and vanished; as in the appearance now and then exhibited when morning dawns on Faro di Messina, and the high mountains rising like a wall behind it, give to the glassy surface of the sea, powers far exceeding that of any mirror: reflecting every object for an instant to him who, standing with his *back* turned towards the east, desires to enjoy the transient *Retroſpection*, supposed, as Mr. Swinburne says, by the near residents, to be indeed a fairy vision, which they call after the presiding sylph, *Fata Morgana*. An English friend told me the other day he once had seen a sight of this same kind from Falmouth. But whilst each image on Sicilia's shores passed rapidly along in sweet succession, melting at length and mingling with pure ether, as the bright sun advancing stooped the mind, and fixed it on the present brilliant moment: our Cornish appearance, if I am right, escaped his observation *lost in haze*.—So will this book, I fear.—A vaporous veil precludes all further looking on life's ocean; and

What these awful glooms conceal  
Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal.

We may however safely assert, that systems, schemes; hopes, hazards, and hypotheses, all bred of heat in the warm regions of controversy,

will, like the meteors either of a troubled or a sportive atmosphere, flit off and leave no trace of their existence: but holy writ, eternal and inspired, shall shine the full perfection of *His Word* who laid the first foundations of the earth, and the work of whose hand is the heavens. "They shall perish (exclaims his servant David) but thou shalt endure; yea all of them shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail."

FINIS.











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Piozzi, Hester Lynch  
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Retrospection

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