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Robert Southey

# Omnia,

OR

## HORÆ OTIOSIORES.

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THE  
MUSEUM  
OF  
THE  
BRITISH  
MUSEUM

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# OMNIANA.

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## 170. Seat of Courage.

In the last and fatal battle, when Arthur was mortally hurt, and all his knights perished, the old king Aguisans especially distinguished himself; *et fist tant de proesse, que tous sen esmerveillerent dont telle proesse venoit a l'homme de son age, car ja estoit vieil et ancien: mais ce luy venoit du grant couraige que il avoit au ventre.*

*Lancelot du Lac, p. 3, ff. 157.*

Every body knows where the seat of honour is, and I have seen the pineal gland handed round upon a saucer at an anatomical lecture, as the seat of the soul:—"Seat of the soul, gentlemen; that is supposed to be the seat of the soul." But this is the first time I ever found it affirmed that the seat of courage is in the belly.

#### 171. *Sensibility.*

In an obscure and short-lived periodical publication, which has long since been *used off* as "winding sheets for herrings and pilchards," I met with one paragraph, which deserves preservation, as connected with public evils in general, as well as more particularly with a subject noticed in the former volume\*. "There is observable among the many, a false and bastard sensibility, prompting them to remove those evils and those alone, which disturb their enjoyments by being

\* No. 160, page 317.



present to their senses. Other miseries, though equally certain and far more terrible, they not only do not endeavour to remedy; they support them, they fatten on them. Provided the dunghill be not before their parlour-window, they are well content to know that it exists, and that it is the hot bed of their luxuries.

“To this grievous failing we must attribute the frequency of war, and the long continuance of the slave-trade. The merchant found no argument against it in his ledger; the citizen at the crowded feast was not nauseated by the filth of the slave vessel; the fine lady’s nerves were not shattered by the shrieks. She could sip a beverage sweetened with the product of human blood, and worse than that, of human guilt, and weep the while over the refined sorrows of Werter or of Clementina. But **SENSIBILITY IS NOT BENEVOLENCE.** Nay, by making us tremblingly alive to trifling

misfortunes, it frequently precludes it, and induces effeminate and cowardly selfishness. Our own sorrows, like the princes of Hell in Milton's Pandemonium, sit enthroned "bulky and vast;" while the miseries of our fellow-creatures dwindle into pigmy forms, and are crowded, an innumerable multitude! into some dark corner of the heart. There is one criterion, by which we may always distinguish benevolence from mere sensibility. Benevolence impels to action, and is accompanied by self-denial."

#### 172. *Text Sparring.*

When I hear (as who now can travel twenty miles in a stage coach without the probability of hearing!) an ignorant religionist quote an unconnected sentence of half a dozen words from any part of the old or new testament, and resting on the literal sense of these words the eternal misery of all who re-

ject, nay, even of all those countless myriads, who have never had the opportunity of accepting, this, and sundry other articles of faith conjured up by the same textual magic; I ask myself, what idea these persons form of the bible, that they should use it in a way which they themselves use no other book in? They deem the whole written by inspiration. Well! but is the very essence of rational discourse, *i. e.* connection and dependency, done away, because the discourse is infallibly rational? The mysteries, which these spiritual Lynxes detect in the simplest texts, remind me of the 500 non-descrip's, each as large as his own black cat, which Dr. Katterfelto, by aid of his solar microscope, discovered in a drop of transparent water.

But to a contemporary, who has not thrown his lot in the same helmet with them, these fanatics think it a crime to listen. Let them then, or far rather,

let those who are in danger of infection from them, attend to the golden aphorisms of the old and orthodox divines. "Sentences in scripture (says Dr. Donne) like hairs in horsetails, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but being *plucked out, one by one, serve only for springes and snares.*"

The second I transcribe from the preface to Lightfoot's works. "Inspired writings are an inestimable treasure to mankind, for so many sentences, so many truths. But then the true sense of them must be known: otherwise, so many sentences, so many authorized falsehoods.

### 173. *Pelagianism.*

Our modern latitudinarians will find it difficult to suppose, that any thing could have been said in the defence of pelagianism equally absurd with the facts and arguments which have been adduced in favour of original sin (taking sin as guilt; *i. e.* observes a socinian wit,

the crime of being born): But in the comment of Rabbi Akibah on Ecclesiastes, xii, 1, we have a story of a mother, who must have been a most determined believer in the uninheritability of sin. For having a sickly and deformed child, and resolved that it should not be thought to have been punished for any fault of its parents or ancestors, and yet having nothing else to blame the child for, she seriously and earnestly accused it before the Judge of having kicked her unmercifully during her pregnancy!!

I am firmly persuaded, that no doctrine was ever widely diffused, among various nations through successive ages, and under different religions, (such as is the doctrine of original sin, and redemption, those fundamental articles of every known religion professing to be revealed) which is not founded either in the nature of things or in the necessities of our nature. In the language of the schools,

it carries with it presumptive evidence, that it is either *objectively* or *subjectively* true. And the more strange and contradictory such a doctrine may appear to the understanding, or discursive faculty, the stronger is the presumption in its favour: for whatever satirists may say, and sciolists imagine, the human mind has no predilection for absurdity. I do not however mean, that such a doctrine shall be always the best possible representation of the truth, on which it is founded, for the same body casts strangely different shadows in different places and different degrees of light; but that it always does shadow out some such truth and derives its influence over our faith from our obscure perception of that truth. Yea, even where the person himself attributes his belief of it to the miracles, with which it was announced by the founder of his religion.

174. *The Soul and its organs of Sense.*

It is a strong presumptive proof against materialism, that there does not exist a language on earth, from the rudest to the most refined, in which a materialist can talk for five minutes together, without involving some contradiction *in terms* to his own system. *Objection.* Will not this apply equally to the astronomer? Newton, no doubt, talked of the sun's rising and setting, just like other men. What should we think of the coxcomb, who should have objected to him, that he contradicted his own system? *Answer.*—No! it does not apply equally; say rather, it is utterly inapplicable to the astronomer and natural philosopher. For his philosophic, and his ordinary language speak of two quite different things, both of which are equally true. In his ordinary language he refers to a *fact* of appearance, to a phenomenon common and necessary to all persons in a given situation: in his

scientific language he determines that one position, figure, &c. which being supposed, the appearance in question would be the necessary result, and all appearances in all situations may be demonstrably foretold. Let a body be suspended in the air, and strongly illuminated. What figure is here? A triangle. But what here? A trapezium, .. and so on. The same question put to twenty men, in twenty different positions and distances, would receive twenty different answers: and each would be a true answer. But what is that one figure, which being so placed, all these facts of appearance must result, according to the law of perspective? . . . Aye! this is a different question, .. this is a new subject. The words, which answer this, would be absurd, if used in reply to the former.

Thus, the language of the scriptures on natural objects is as strictly philosophical as that of the Newtonian system. Perhaps, more so. For it is



not only equally true, but it is universal among mankind, and unchangeable. It describes facts of *appearance*. And what other language would have been consistent with the divine wisdom? The inspired writers must have borrowed their terminology, either from the crude and mistaken philosophy of their own times, and so have sanctified and perpetuated falsehood, unintelligible meantime to all but one in ten thousand; or they must have anticipated the terminology of the true system, without any revelation of the system itself, and so have become unintelligible to all men; or lastly, they must have revealed the system itself, and thus have left nothing for the exercise, development, or reward of the human understanding, instead of teaching that moral knowledge, and enforcing those social and civic virtues, out of which the arts and sciences will spring up in due time, and of their own accord. But nothing of this applies to the materialist; he

refers to the very same facts, which the common language of mankind speaks of: and these too are facts, that have their sole and entire being in our own consciousness; facts, as to which *esse* and *conscire* are identical. Now, whatever is common to all languages, in all climates, at all times, and in all stages of civilization, must be the Exponent and Consequent of the common consciousness of man, as man. Whatever contradicts this universal language, therefore, contradicts the universal consciousness, and the facts in question subsisting exclusively in consciousness, whatever contradicts the consciousness, contradicts the fact. Q. E. D.

I have been seduced into a dry discussion, where I had intended only a few amusing facts in proof, that the mind makes the sense, far more than the senses make the mind. If I have life and health, and leisure, I purpose to compile (from the works, memoirs, transactions, &c. of the different philosophical so-

cieties in Europe, from magazines, and the rich store of medical and psychological publications furnished by the English, French, and German press, all the essays and cases, that relate to the human faculties under unusual circumstances (for pathology is the crucible of physiology); excluding such only as are not intelligible without the symbols or terminology of science. These I would arrange under the different senses and powers: as the eye, the ear, the touch, &c.; the imitative power, voluntary and automatic; the imagination, or shaping and modifying power; the fancy, or the aggregative and associative power; the understanding, or the regulative, substantiating, and realizing power; the speculative reason, *vis theoretica et scientifica*, or the power, by which we produce, or aim to produce, unity, necessity, and universality in all our knowledge by means of principles\* *a priori*; the will, or practi-

\* This phrase, *a priori*, is in common most grossly misunderstood, and an absurdity burthened on it which

cal reason; the faculty of choice (*Germanicè, Willkühr,*) and (distinct both from the moral will, and the choice) the sensation of volition, which I have found reason to include under the head of single and double touch. Thence I propose to make a new arrangement of madness, whether as defect, or as excess of any of these senses or faculties; and thus by appropriate cases to shew the difference between, I. a man, having lost his reason, but not his senses or understanding—that is, he sees things as other men see them; he adapts means to ends, as other men would adapt them, and not seldom, with more sagacity; but his final

it does not deserve! By knowledge *a priori*, we do not mean that we can know any thing previously to experience, which would be a contradiction in terms; but that having once known it by occasion of experience, (i. e. something acting upon us from without) we then know, that it must have pre-existed, or the experience itself would have been impossible. By experience only I know, that I have eyes; but then my reason convinces me, that I must have had eyes in order to the experience.

end is altogether irrational. II. His having lost his wits, i. e. his understanding or judicial power; but not his reason, or the use of his senses. Such was Don Quixote; and, therefore, we love and reverence him, while we despise Hudibras. III. His being out of *his senses*, as is the case of an hypochondrist, to whom his limbs appear to be of glass. Granting that, all his conduct is both rational (or moral) and prudent; IV. or the case may be a combination of all three, though I doubt the existence of such a case; or of any two of them; V. or lastly, it may be merely such an excess of sensation, as overpowers and suspends all; which is frenzy or raving madness.

A diseased state of an organ of sense, or of the inner organs connected with it, will perpetually tamper with the understanding, and unless there be an energetic and watchful counteraction of the judgment (of which I have known more

than one instance, in which the comparing and reflecting judgment has obstinately, though painfully rejected the full testimony of the senses) will finally over-power it. But when the organ is obliterated, or totally suspended, then the mind applies some other organ to a double use. Passing through Temple Sowerby, in Westmoreland, some ten years back, I was shewn a man perfectly blind, and blind from his infancy; Fowell was his name. This man's chief amusement was fishing on the wild and uneven banks of the river Eden, and up the different streams and tarns among the mountains. He had an intimate friend, likewise stone blind, a dexterous card-player, who knows every gate and stile far and near throughout the country. These two often coursed together, and the people, here as every where, fond of the marvellous, affirm that they were the best beaters up of game in the whole country. The every

way amiable and estimable, John Gough of Kendal, is not only an excellent mathematician; but an infallible botanist and zoologist. He has frequently at the first feel corrected the mistakes of the most experienced sportsman, with regard to the birds or vermin which they had killed, when it chanced to be a variety or rare species, so completely resembling the common one that it required great steadiness of observation to detect the difference, even after it had been pointed out. As to plants and flowers, the rapidity of his touch appears fully equal to that of sight; and the accuracy greater. Good heavens! it needs only to look at him! . . . Why, his face sees all over! It is all one eye! I almost envied him: for the purity and excellence of his own nature, never broken in upon by those evil looks (or features, which are looks become fixtures) with which low cunning, habitual cupidity, presumptuous sciolism, and heart-hard-

ening vanity, *caledonianize* the human face, it is the mere stamp, the undisturbed *ectypon*, of his own soul! Add to this, that he is a quaker, with all the blest *negatives*, without any of the silly and factious *positives*, of that sect, which with all its bogs and hollows is still the prime sun-shine spot of Christendom in the eye of the true philosopher. When I was in Germany, in the year 1798, I read at Hanover, and met with two respectable persons, one a clergyman, the other a physician, who confirmed to me, the account of the upper-stall-master at Hanover, written by himself, and countersigned by all his medical attendants. As far as I recollect, he had fallen from his horse on his head, and in consequence of the blow lost both his sight and hearing for nearly three years, and continued for the greater part of this period in a state of nervous fever. His understanding, however, remained unimpaired and unaffected: and his op-



tire consciousness, as to outward impressions, being confined to the sense of touch, he at length became capable of reading any book (if printed as most German books are, on coarse paper) with his fingers, in much the same manner in which the piano forte is played, and latterly with an almost incredible rapidity. Likewise by placing his hand, with the fingers all extended, at a small distance from the lips of any person that spoke slowly, and distinctly to him, he learnt to recognize each letter by its different effects on his nerves, and thus *spelt* the words as they were uttered: and then returned the requisite answers, either by signs of finger-language to those of his own family, or to strangers by writing. It was particularly noticed both by himself from his sensations, and by his medical attendants from observation, that the letter R, if pronounced full and strong, and recurring once or more in the same word, produced a small

spasm, or *twitch* in his hand and fingers. At the end of three years he recovered both his health and senses, and with the necessity soon lost the power, which he had thus acquired.

N. B. The editor scarcely need observe, that the preceding article is taken from his friend's "volume of title pages," &c. scattered in his memorandum books.

175. *Sir George Etherege, &c.*

Often and often had I read Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, and always delighted with its poignant wit and original satire, and if not without noticing its immorality, yet without any offence from it. Some years ago, I for the first time saw it represented in one of the London Theatres; and such were the horror and disgust with which it imprest me, so grossly did it outrage all the best feelings of my nature, that even the angelic voice, and perfect science of Mrs. Bil-

lington, lost half its charms, or rather increased my aversion to the piece by an additional sense of incongruity. Then I learnt the immense difference between reading and seeing a play, : : no wonder, indeed. For who has not passed over with his eye a hundred passages without offence, which he yet could not have even read aloud, or have heard so read by another person, without an inward struggle? In mere passive silent reading the thoughts remain mere thoughts, and these too not our own; : : phantoms with no attribute of place, no sense of appropriation, that fit over the consciousness as shadows over the grass or young corn in an April day. But even the sound of our own or another's voice takes them out of that lifeless, twilight realm of idea, which is the confine, the *inter-mundium*, as it were, of existence and non-existence. Merely that the thoughts have become audible, by blending with

them a sense of *outness* gives them a sort of reality. What then when by every contrivance of scenery, appropriate dresses, accordant and auxiliary looks, and gestures, and the variety of persons on the stage, realities are employed to carry the imitation of reality as near as possible to perfect delusion? If a manly modesty shrinks from uttering an indecent phrase before a wife or sister in a private room, what must be the effect when a repetition of such treasons (for all gross and libidinous allusions are emphatically treasons against the very foundations of human society, against all its endearing charities, and all the mother virtues) is hazarded before a mixed multitude in a public theatre? When every innocent female must blush at once with pain at the thoughts she rejects, and with indignant shame at those, which the foul hearts of others may attribute to her!

Thus too with regard to the comedies of Wycherly, Vanburgh, and Etherege, I used to please myself with the flattering comparison of the manners universal at present among all classes above the lowest with those of our ancestors even of the highest ranks. But if for a moment I think of those comedies, as having been acted, I lose all sense of comparison in the shame, that human nature could at any time have endured such outrages to its dignity; and if conjugal affection and the sweet name of sister were too weak, that yet Filial Piety, the gratitude for a Mother's holy love, should not have risen and hissed into infamy these traitors to their own natural gifts, who lampooned the noblest passions of humanity in order to pandar for its lowest appetites.

As far, however, as one bad thing can be palliated by comparison with a worse, this may be said, in extenuation of these writers; that the mischief, which they

can do even on the stage, is trifling compared with that stile of writing which began in the pest-house of French literature, and has of late been imported by the *Little's* of the age, which consists in a perpetual tampering with the *morals* without offending the *decencies*. And yet the admirers of these publications, nay, the authors themselves, have the assurance to complain of Shakespear, (for I will not refer to one yet far deeper blasphemy)—Shakespear, whose most objectionable passages are but *grossnesses* against lust, and these written in a gross age; while three fourths of *their* whole works are *delicacies* for its support and sustenance. Lastly, that I may leave the reader in better humour with the name at the head of this article, I shall quote one scene from Etherege's *Love in a Tub*, which for exquisite, genuine, original humour, is worth all the rest of his plays, though two or three of his witty contemporaries were thrown in among

them, as a make-weight. The scene might be entitled, "the different ways in which the very same story may be told, without any variation in matter of fact:" for the least attentive reader will perceive the perfect identity of the Foot-boy's account with the Frenchman's own statement in contradiction of it.

## SCENE IV.

Scene, Sir *Frederick's* Lodging.

*Enter Dufoy and Clark.*

*Clark.* I wonder Sir *Frederick* stays out so late.

*Duf.* Dis is noting; six, seven o'clock in the morning is ver good hour.

*Clark.* I hope he does not use these hours often.

*Duf.* Some six, seven time a veek; no oftiner.

*Clark.* My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.

*Duf.* Matr  Clark, to divertise you, I vill tell you, how I did get be acquainted vid dis Bedlam Matr . About

two, tree year ago me had for my convenience discharge myself from attending [*Enter a Foot boy*] as *Matré D'ostel* to a person of condition in *Parie*; it hapen after de dispatch of my little affaire ———

*Foot-b.* That is, after h'ad spent his money, Sir.

*Duf.* Jan foutré de Lacque; me vil have de vip and de belle vor your breeck, rogue.

*Foot-b.* Sir, in a word, he was a *Jack-pudding* to a Mountebank, and turned off for want of wit: my master picked him up before a puppet-show, mumbling a half-penny custard, to send him with a letter to the post.

*Duf.* Morbleau, see, see de insolence of de foot-boy English, bogre, rascale, you lie, begar I vill cutté your Troaté.

[*Exit Foot-boy.*]

*Clark.* He's a rogue; on with your story, Monsieur.

*Duf.* *Matré Clark*, I am your ver



humble serviteur; but begar me have no patience to be abusé. As I did say, after de dispatché of my Affairé, van day being idele, vich does producé de mellanchollique, I did valké over de new bridge in *Parie*, and to devertise de time, and my more serious toughté, me did look to see de marrioneté, and de jack-pudding, vich did play hundred pretty trické, time de collation vas come; and vor I had no company, I vas unvilling to go to de Cabareté, but did buy a darriolé, littel custardé vich did satisfie my appetite ver vel: in dis time young Monsieur de *Grandvil* (a jentelman of ver great quality, van dat vas my ver good friendé, and has done me ver great and insignal faveure) come by in his caroché, vid dis Sir *Frolick*, who did pention at the same academy, to learn de language, de bon mine, de great horse, and many oder trické: Monsieur seeing me did make de bowe, and did beken me come to him: he did tellé

me dat de Englis jentelman had de Letré vor de posté, and did entrea.é me (if I had de oppertunity) to see de letrè deliver: he did tellé me too, it vold be ver great obligation: de memory of de faveur I had received from his famelyé, beside de inclinación I naturally have to servé de strangeré, made me to returné de complemen vid ver great civility, and so I did take de letré and see it deliveré: Sir *Frollick* perceiving (by de management of dis affairé) dat I was man d'esprit, and of Vitté, did entreaté me to be his serviteur; me did take d'affection to his personé, and vas contenté to live vid him, to counsel and advisé him. You see now de lie of de bougre de lacque Englishe, Morbleu.

## 175.

When I was at Malta, there happened a drunken squabble on the road between Valette and St. Antonio, between a party of soldiers, and another of sailors. They

were brought before me on the next morning, and the great effect, which their intoxication had produced on their *memory*, and the little or no effect on their courage in giving evidence, may be seen by the following specimen. The soldiers swore, that the sailors were the first aggressors, and had assaulted them with the following words—"D—n your eyes! &c. who stops the line of march there?" The sailors with equal vehemence and unanimity averred, that the soldiers were the first aggressors, and had burst in on them, calling out "Heave to, you lubbers! or we'll run you down."

176. *Force of Habit.*

An Emir had bought a left eye of a glass eye-maker, supposing that he would be able to see with it. The man begged him to give it a little time: he could not expect that it would see all at once as well as the right eye, which had been for so many years in the *habit* of it.

177. *Phœnix.*

The Phœnix lives a thousand years, "a secular bird of ages:" and there is never more than one at a time in the world. Yet Plutarch very gravely informs us, that the brain of the phœnix is a pleasant bit, but apt to occasion the head-ache. By the bye, there are few styles that are not fit for something. I have often wished to see Claudian's splendid Poem on the Phœnix translated into English verse in the elaborate rhyme and gorgeous diction of Darwin. Indeed, Claudian throughout would *translate better* than any of the ancients.

178. *Memory and Recollection.*

Beasts and babies remember, *i. e.* recognize: man alone *recollects*. This distinction was made by Aristotle.

179. *Aliquid ex Nihilo.*

In answer to the *Nihil e nihilo* of the atheists, and their near relations, the

Anima-mundi men, a humourist pointed to a white blank in a rude wood-cut, which very ingeniously served for the head of hair in one of the figures.

180. *Stone Ships.*

When the Duke of Burgundy besieged Calais, in 1486, he invented the notable project of blocking up the harbour with stone-ships, and sunk six vessels filled with immense stones which were well worked together, and cramped with lead. The experiment failed for this reason, that the Duke had forgotten to take the tides into his calculation; so at low water the stone-ships were left dry, and the people of Calais, men and women alike, amused themselves with pulling them to pieces, and hauling away the wood for fuel, to the great astonishment, the historian adds, of the Duke and his Admirals.

Had this story found its way into the popular histories of England, this

country would have been saved the disgrace of a similar folly, and the ninety thousand pounds which were wasted upon it. But it has been the fashion of modern historians to reject all the circumstances of history, and give only a *caput mortuum* of results. That a first lord of the admiralty should have read Monstrellet was not to be expected; but it might have been expected that he would have known what the rise of the tide is at Boulogne.

181. *Carp.*

This fish, not long after its introduction into England, found its way into the Thames "by the violent rage of sundry land floods, that brake open the heads and dams of divers gentlemen's ponds, by which means it became somewhat partaker of this commodity\*."

\* Holinshed, Vol. I, p. 81.

I wish some such accident would stock our rivers with that beautiful creature the gold fish; or rather, let me wish that some reader of the Omniana, who may have taken half the pleasure that I have done in walking by the side of the New River in Hertfordshire, and watching the motion of its inhabitants (without a rod in my hand), may take the hint, and transfer some half dozen from a glass globe to one of the slow rivers of the midland counties.

It is well known how slowly the carp multiplies in ponds. Izaak Walton accuses the frogs of destroying them, but I cannot persuade myself to find a true bill against these poor persecuted Dutch nightingales, upon the evidence which he produces. The more certain solution is, that they devour their own spawn; and this may be accounted for by the little room they have to range in search of food. Be-

sides, all creatures are, more or less, denaturalized by confinement. I once saw a hen at sea, eating the egg which she had just dropt. The sight of the poor sea-sick poultry, in their miserable coops, is at all times exceedingly unpleasant: but I am not ashamed to say, that this seemed to me something shocking. They who have ever thought upon the mystery of incubation will understand the feeling.

182. *Instinct.*

In Egypt, where they hatch chicken by artificial heat, a hen which has been hatched in the natural way sells for double the price of those from the oven, because the latter will rarely sit upon their eggs. This fact, which is one of the most important upon the subject of instinct, is mentioned in a "Non-Military Journal," written during our campaign against the French in Egypt, and attributed to General



Doyle, who is now serving in Spain. It shows that by this interference with the course of nature, the chain of instinct is broken.

A drake, which had been hatched with a brood of chicken, was killed because it could not be kept from treading the hens. This is another fact, which, though it is partly explicable by other causes, is probably in a great degree to be traced to the same. I remember a singular instance of instinct, overpowered by example. A Turkey-polt, which had been hatched under a duck, and often stood trembling on the brink of the pond where its foster-brothers were enjoying themselves in the water, one day by a desperate effort of courage followed them in, and was drowned.

183. *Adipocire.*

The nature of this substance must always have been known since men

have been buried in church-yards, and grave-digging became a regular occupation. "In an hydropical body," says Sir Thomas Brown, "ten years buried in a church-yard, we met with a fat concretion, where the nitre of the earth, and the salt and lixivious liquor of the body, had coagulated large lumps of fat into the consistence of the hardest Castile soap." (*Hydriotaphia, chap. 3.*) A specimen, he adds, was in his own possession. But even a process by which this substance may be made, was ascertained by Bacon in his "Experiment Solitary, touching fat diffused in flesh." *Sylva Sylvarum.* No. 678. "You may turn (almost) all flesh into a fatty substance, if you take flesh, and cut it into pieces, and put the pieces into a glass covered with parchment;—and so let the glass stand six or seven hours in boiling water. It may be an experiment of profit for making of fat or grease for many uses: but then it must be of such

flesh as is not edible, as horses, dogs, bears, foxes, badgers, &c."

This great author reminds me of Robin Hood:—many men *talk* of his works. It is odd that he should be so much more talked of than read; because Bacon would be fine food for those philosophers who have a taylor-like propensity for cabbage.

184. *Beer and Ale.*

Hops and turkies, carp and beer,  
Came into England all in a year.

A different reading of this old distich adds reformation to the list of imports, and thereby fixes the date to Henry 8th's time.

What was the difference between the beer then introduced into this country, and the ale of our ancestors? There is a passage quoted by Walter Harris, in the Antiquities of Ireland, from the Norman poet, Henry of Araunches, in which the said Henry speaks with not-

able indecorum of this nectar of Valhalla.

*Nescio quod Stygiæ monstrum conforme paludis  
Cervisiam plerique vocant; nil spissius illa  
Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur, unde  
Constat quod multas faeces in ventre relinquit.*

The first requisite of savage luxury is fermented liquor; refining it is the process of a more advanced stage. The Polynesians, like the Tupi tribes, drink their kava as thick as porridge. But Henry must have kept low company, if he never saw better ale than what he abuses, for the art of refining it was known at a much earlier age among the Northern nations. Mr. Turner, in his invaluable history of the Anglo-Saxons, quotes a grant of Offa, in which *clear* ale is mentioned, and distinguished from *mild* ale and *Welch* ale.

In the laws of Hywel Dda, two liquors are mentioned; .. *Bragawd*, of which, tribute was to be paid by a free township, (*Villa libera*) and *Cwrwff*, which

was to be paid by the servile townships (*Villis servilibus*); if the former had no *Bragawd*, they were to supply a double quantity of *Cwrw*; the relative value is thus distinctly marked. Wotton renders the former word *cerevisia aromatis*; the latter *cerevisia vulgaris*; but *vulgaris* he marks as an epithet added to explain the original text. According to Mr. Owen, *Bragawd* or Bragget, is a very different liquor from ale, being made of the wort of ale, and mead fermented together; *Cwrw* is certainly at present good, *clear*, substantial ale, worthy of honorable and grateful mention from all who have drank it; a far better liquor than bragget can be; though this indeed is a matter of taste, and bragget would be the costlier beverage. I am inclined to think that *Cwrw* would not have been thus disrespectfully regarded in the Welch laws, had it been the same liquor then which it is now. Perhaps it was not fined.

That art may have been brought by the Saxons, and this would explain the difference indicated in Offa's grant.

If the *hop* was introduced into the island only in Henry 8th's time, it cannot have been used before in the common drink of the country. Ale, therefore, seems then to have been made with malt alone, and consequently beer was at that time a different liquor.

This I see is confirmed by Fuller the Worthy, in his History of Cambridge. "Erasmus, so he says, when he resided at Queen's College in that university, often complained of the College ale as raw, small, and windy:—*Cercisia hujus loci mihi nullo modo placet*: whereby, continues Fuller, it appears, 1st. Ale in that age was the constant beverage of all colleges, before the innovation of beer (the child of hops) was brought into England. 2d. Queen's College *cercisia* was not *vis cereris*, but *ceres vitiata*. In my time, when I was a member of that

House, scholars continued Erasmus his complaint ; whilst the Brewers, having it seemed prescription on their side for long time, little amended it." (p. 87.)

185. *Te Franciscum.*

" We praise thee O Francis ! we acknowledge thee to be our Patriarch.

All the Earth doth worship thee, the Father Seraphical.

To thee all Minorites cry aloud, the Heavens and all the corded families.

To thee the Seraphic Martyrs and Confessors continually do cry,

Holy, holy, holy Standard-bearer of the Lord God of Sabaoth !

Heaven and Earth are full of the miracles of thy grace.

The glorious company of the Franciscans praise thee ;

The goodly fellowship of the Nuns praise thee ;

The noble army of the Third Order praise thee ;

The Holy Seraphic Religion throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee;

The Father of profoundest humility;

Thine honourable, true and Apostolic Institute;

Also thy holy spirit of poverty.

Thou art the Image of Christ the King of Glory.

Thou art, as it were, the second Son of the Father everlasting.

When thou tookest upon thee the Old Man thou didst not fear the severest sufferings of the Cross.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst stand in the Sepulchre, and like one living, look towards the Kingdom of Heaven.

Thou sittest on the Throne of Lucifer in the glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come to judgement with the Cross of the Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants whom thou hast gathered together with the precious blood of thy wounds.



Make them to be numbered with the Saints in glory everlasting.

Save thine Order of the Minors and bless thine inheritance.

Govern them and lift them up for ever.

Day by day we magnify thee.

And we praise thy name, because thou hast obtained for us an Indulgence which shall endure for ever.

Ask our Lord that he will vouchsafe to keep us this day without sin.

O Father have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us.

Let thy mercy lighten upon us as our trust is in thee.

O Father, in thee have I trusted, obtain of the Lord that I may never be confounded."

This parody, which was published no farther back than 1733, under the sanction of the General and all the other authorities of the Order, and with the approbation of the Inquisition, is to be found at the end of the *Primazia Serafica na Re-*

*giam da America* by Fr. Appollinario da Conceiçam, and is probably his work. It might serve as a *L'envoy* to the famous *Liber Conformitatum*. I possess a copy of that extraordinary book, the Bologna edition of 1590. It has a vignette at the beginning representing two arms nailed to one Cross, the right arm is that of Christ, the left that of St. Francis.

186. *The Glib.*

Among the many fashions which have been devised of wearing the hair, that of the wild Irish is the most savage. "Their beards and heads, (says Stanishurst\*) they never wash, cleanse, nor cut, especially their heads; the hair whereof they suffer to grow, saving that some do use to round it, and by reason the same is never kembered, it groweth fast together, and in process of time it matteth so thick and fast together, that

\* Holinshed. Vol. 6. p. 228.

it is in stead of a hat, and keepeth the head very warm, and also will bear off a great blow or stroke; and this head of hair they call a glib, and therein they have a great pleasure."

It must however be acknowledged, that to a people who were often in danger having their heads broke, the glib was certainly a convenient fashion. Bulwer\* was not aware of this when he included it in his invective against what he calls "superfluous crops of hair." "What emolument it can bring, (he says) none can see, unless it be to breed lice and dandro, after the manner of your Irish; who, as they are a nation estranged from any human excellency, scarce acknowledge any other use of their hair than to wipe their hands from the fat and dirt of their meals, and any other filth; for which cause they nourish long felt locks,

\* Man transformed, or the Artificial Changeling.  
1654.

hanging down to their shoulders, which they are wont to use instead of napkins to wipe their greasy fingers." This expression, long *felt* locks, well describes what their appearance must have been. They are represented in the prints to the curious Description of Ireland by Derrick, which Walter Scott has inserted in his edition of the Somers Tracts.

#### 187. Chess.

The King of Prussia and Marshal Keith played chess with soldiers,—the most innocent game they ever played with them. It had been done before them by Akber the Mogul. In a palace of his at Tuttahpoor his *chess court* is still shown, and the elevated seat from whence he directed the moves\*. Mr Scott† describes Sir Gaheret's game with the Fairy, where

\* Hunter's Journey from Agra to Oujein. Asiatic Researches, 8vo. edit. Vol. 6. p. 76.

† Note to Sir Tristrem. p. 259.

massive statues of gold and silver moved at the touch of a magic wand : but the adventure to which he refers in the Romance of Lancelot du Lac is a different one, . . . the Knight played one set and the other played themselves.

A learned school divine of Huarte's acquaintance used to play chess with his servant and was generally beat by him. "Sirrah," said he one day in his anger, "how comes it to pass that thou who hast no skill neither in Latin nor Logick nor Divinity shouldst beat me who am full of Scotus and St. Thomas? Is it possible that thou shouldst have a better wit than I? verily I cannot believe it except the Devil tells thee what moves to make."

There is a curious passage concerning this game in Huarte. "The Moors, as they are great players at chess, have in their soldiers pay set seven degrees, in imitation of the seven draughts which the pawn must make to be a Queen; and so they enlarge the pay from one to

the second, and from the second to the third, untill they arive to seven; answerable to the proof that the soldier shall give of himself; and if he be so gallant as to enlarge his pay to the seventh they yield him the same; and for this cause they are termed Septerniers or sevensters. These have large liberties and exemptions, as in Spain those gentlemen who are called hidalgos."

188. *The Ass at the Meeting.*

"An odd circumstance occured at Rotherham," says Wesley, (Journal, xiii. p. 62) "during the morning preaching. It was well only serious people were present. An Ass walked gravely in at the gate, came up to the door of the house, lifted up his head, and stood stock still in a posture of deep attention. Might not the dumb beast reprove many, who have far less decency, and not much more under-

standing?" This "application" of the story is what in Methodist language would be called *improving* the Ass. When any distinguished member of the Connection dies, the event is *improved* in the next sermon, and this kind of improvement has been carried so far that a dissenting minister in Moorfields *improved* the Battle of Trafalgar. A sailor perhaps may entertain doubts of this, .. here then is the advertisement faithfully copied from the newspaper, and he may satisfy himself concerning the nature of the improvement by sending for the work. "The Destruction of the Combined Fleets of France and Spain illustrated and improved from a passage in the Revelations. A sermon preached at Worship Street, Moorfields, Dec. 5, 1805, by John Evans, A. M. 'And the third part of the ships were destroyed.' Rev. viii. 9.

*"Bella horrida Bella."*

St. Francis, who was accustomed to all.

sorts of congregations, would have preached to the Rotherham Ass and the Ass would have understood him, or there is no truth in Seraphic historians. Wesley perhaps was not aware that this animal is a lover of eloquence, . . . if we may reason, like Darwin, upon a single case. Ammonianus the Grammarian, Origen's master, had an ass who attended his lectures, . . . *asinum habuit sapientiæ auditorem*, in the words of old Johannes Ravisius Textor. This is but a brief and unsatisfactory account of so remarkable a beast, and luckily Lardner (ix. 80) has found a few more particulars concerning him in Photius. It seems that John the Egyptian was more especially attracted by lectures upon poetry; and would at any time, however hungry, leave his oats to attend them. The Asses of our days are less modest; instead of listening with a proper sense of ignorance to the opinion of others, they take upon them to deliver their own, constitute themselves critics,



and bray *ex Cathedrâ* so loudly, that they are heard from Edinburgh to the Land's End.

189. *Religious Epigram.*

In the Mercurio Peruano, T. 1. f. 305, there is a remarkable religious epigram, written by a Persian poet, there called Suzeno, after he had been converted to Christianity. In the Spanish it forms a quatrain which it is beyond my skill to render in verse.

*Quatro cosas, Dios mio  
que en tu erario no tienes, te presento ;  
mi nada, mi necesidad, mi culpa,  
y mi arrepentimiento*

“Four things, O my God, I offer thee, which thou hast not in thy treasury ; my nothingness, my wants, my sin, and my repentance !”

190. *The Holy Fire.*

What was the disease which Robert of Gloucester mentions in the following

lines, as existing in France in his time,  
but not in England?

So clene lond ys Engolond, and so pur with outen  
ore,

That the fairest men of the world, ther inne beth  
y bore,

So clene and fair and purwyt among other men heo  
beth,

That me knoweth hem en eche lond bi sygte, where  
me hem seth,

*So clene al so is that lond & monne's blod so pur,*

*That the gret unel cometh not ther that me clepeth the  
holy fur,*

*That for freteth monne's lymes, rygt as heo were brende.*

*Ac men of France in thilke unel me syth sone a mende*

*Gef heo ben brought in to Engolond: war thorow me may  
wylte*

*That Engolond ys lond best, as yt is y write.* p. 8.

This should seem to mean Erysipelas;  
yet that disease is now common in Eng-  
land, and how it should ever have been  
cured by change of climate is difficult to  
explain.

191. *Beards.*

Guillaume Duprat, bishop of Clermont;

who assisted at the council of Trent, and built the college of the Jesuits at Paris, had the finest beard that ever was seen. It was too fine a beard for a bishop, and the Canons of his Cathedral, in full chapter assembled, came to the barbarous resolution of shaving him. Accordingly when next he came to the choir, the dean, the *prevot* and the *chantre* approached with scissars and razors, soap, bason and warm water. He took to his heels at the sight and escaped to his castle of Beauregard, about two leagues from Clermont, where he fell sick for vexation, and died. During his illness he made a vow never again to set foot in Clermont, where they had offered him so villainous an insult; and to revenge himself he exchanged the bishoprick with cardinal Salviati, nephew to Leo X. who was so young that he had not a hair upon his chin. Duprat, however, repented of the exchange before his death,

and wrote to Salviati, quoting these lines of Martial :

*Sed tu nec propera, brevibus nec crede capillis,  
Tardaque pro tanto munere barba veni.*

*Telemacomanie.* p. 22.

The author of this learned criticism upon the *Telemaque* has not explained why the Chapter of Clermont thought proper to persecute their Bishop's beard. If he was proud of its length, and took pleasure, like the Cid, in cherishing it, that at the worst was a venial offence, which should have been settled between him and his Confessor.

There is a female Saint, whom the Jesuit Sautel, in his *Annus Sacer Poeticus*, has celebrated for her beard, . . . a mark of divine favour bestowed upon her for her prayers. Her day in the kalendar is the 20th of July, and the miracle is thus recorded in these Catholic *Fasti*.

*S. Vuilgefortis Virgo, barbæ repente enascentis miraculo castitatem tuetur.*

Virgineo metuens formosa puella pudori,  
 (Nam nitet eximio pulcher in ore decor :)  
 Quotquot empyreo Superos agnorat Olympo  
 His rogat, aut paribus supplice voce sonis ;  
 “ O Superi, quibus est curæ virtutis honestas,  
 “ Quosque pius tangit virginitatis amor ;  
 “ Vos precor, ut nostro species abscedat ab ore,  
 “ Quæ solet infestos sollicitare procos.  
 “ Non ego deformes vetulæ cutis abnuo rugas,  
 “ Nec quæ gibboso tubere terga tument.  
 “ Nullum ego, Cœlicolæ, quodcumque est, respuo  
 monstrum,  
 “ Dum meus egregio cadet ab ore nitor.”  
 Hirsutis caput crescere barba pius.  
 Spectantum insolitus præcordia perculit horret,  
 Seque fugit comitem jungere virgo comes,  
 Abdicat et mater sobolem, soror ipsa sororem,  
 Nec proprio nota est hispida Nata patri.  
 At Virgo lætatur ovans, dum turba procorum  
 Excidit, optatis non fruitura suis.  
 Namque vero ut propior facta est barbata Virago  
 Cœpit ab impuro tutior esse viro.

This was obtaining a beard *speciali gratiâ*. But there is said to be another way of producing one, which we recommend to the consideration of all Lady-

metaphysicians. " Intense thought, (says a writer in the Lady's Magazine) spoils a lady's features; . . . it banishes *les ris et les graces* which make all the enchantment of a female face. I am not sure (he adds) whether in time it may not perfectly masculate the sex; for a certain woman, named Phatheusa, the wife of one Pytheus, thought so intensely during her husband's absence, that at his return she had a beard grown upon her chin." his con-  
 version to his beard. This Jew was remarkably affected by a text which perhaps never affected any other person. " Son of man, take thee a sharp knife; take thee a barber's razor and cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard; then take thee balances to weigh and divide the hair." Ezek. v. 1.

" I could not but wonder (says he) why the Lord, who in the sixth of Leviticus had expressly prohibited the children of Israel from shaving the beard, should

yet give so opposite a command to Ezekiel, who was also a priest and a prophet! My wonder was augmented, when I remarked that the prophet did not offer any objection to it, as he had done on another occasion, mentioned in the 4th chapter. While meditating on the subject, I felt a strong impression on my mind, as if these words had been addressed to me, as they were to the prophet. I wished to oppose and overcome it, but I had neither rest nor ease: I continually had this rebuke conveyed to my mind: How long wilt thou continue in subjection to the law? How long wilt thou oppose the word of God? In great perplexity, I fell down on my knees, and sighing, said, 'Lord! what wouldst thou have me do? strengthen me to combat with my wicked heart, and enable me to deny myself, and do thy holy will.' I then took a pair of scissars in my right hand, and a looking glass in my left, and began to cut my beard with great quake.

ing and trembling. It is indescribable what I felt while I was engaged in this work; so that I spent upwards of two hours about it. I then lay down for a little repose, and when I awaked my mind was so full of peace and comfort that I could most heartily thank the Lord for his powerful aid, which he had granted to me an unworthy creature."

192. *The Plague.*

Antes has some remarks upon the plague which are well worthy the consideration of philosophical physicians. It always ceases in Egypt when the weather becomes very hot; and extreme heat eradicates it more certainly at Cairo, than cold abates it at Constantinople. "They are always (he says) pretty sure when the plague will cease, for it seldom remains after the 24th of June; this has given occasion to the following superstitious notions, not among the Turks only, but particularly among the Cophtic Chris-



tians. They say, and firmly believe, that angels are sent by God to strike those people who are intended as a sacrifice. All those who receive the stroke must inevitably die, but those that receive the infection through fear only escape or recover. When they feel themselves infected, they say, *anna matrub-bel cuppa!* which signifies, I am struck, or smitten, by the plague. As the 17th of June, according to the Cophts, is the festival of the Archangel Michael, on which day he lets a drop of water of such a fermenting quality fall into the river, as occasions its overflowings; they say that, at the same time, he, as the chief of all the other angels, orders all those occupied in striking the people to retire. The Cophts add, that if any of them should still lurk about in the dark after that day, they must absolutely fly before St John on the 24th of June. A thinking mind, though it acknowledges the hand of God in every thing, cannot con-

tent itself with reasons of this kind; for God, who has all the elements and every thing in nature at his command, can employ a thousand means to obtain his aim without working miracles. The natural cause of the plague ceasing at that time in Egypt is the great heat; Fahrenheit's thermometer at that time standing generally at 90 or 92 degrees in the shade. It has several times fallen under my own immediate observation, that vessels came to Alexandria from other parts of Turkey, with many people on board affected by the plague, after that period, but the infection never took, and even the patients who came on shore infected with that disorder frequently recovered."

*Observations on Egypt, p. 43.*

This very diffident, and yet very sagacious Moravian observes, that "this has made him think whether the same degree of artificial heat, so as to occasion a constant perspiration, might not be of more benefit, even to those infected by

the disorder, than heating medicines applied to the same purpose?" I smiled upon reading this hint, for I remembered a dream which might easily have tempted a Mahomedan physician to try the experiment. It stands thus in a diary or rather noctuary of dreams, which would have been exceedingly curious if the writer had not been as liable to forget them as Nebuchadnezzar, and without the advantage of having a Daniel to remember them for him. "Dec. 15, 1806. I was reading in my dream of a Doctor Bocardo who had discovered a mode of curing fevers, by putting the patients into what he called one of his Burning Hells. It was a place heated to the greatest degree that life could bear, and the extreme heat decomposed the matter of the disease."

The Friars de Propagandâ Fide at Cairo, appoint two of their number to visit the sick and to administer extreme unction to those of their persuasion who

are dying; and these visitors so seldom die of the plague that they make a miracle of it. "The only precaution they take, (says Antes, *p.* 47,) is to drink a great quantity of brandy, as much, and often more than they well can bear without dishonouring their profession. A Venetian Doctor, long resident at Cairo, never performed quarantine, and even visited people who were sick of the plague, but never caught it himself. His antidote was likewise to take so much brandy, that he was seldom free from its effects. Perhaps the increase of perspiration occasioned by the use of the liquor might be the cause. It seems that brandy supplies in this case, what a great degree of heat would naturally do. A timorous person, who is in constant fear and apprehension, will be much more liable to have it. It is well known that fear acts the contrary way, and will prevent or obstruct perspiration."

193. *Alva.*

There was a report that the Sun stood still at the battle of Wittemburg. The King of France asked Alva, who commanded the victorious army, whether it were true : his answer was, Sir, I had too much to do upon earth, to have any leisure for looking at heaven.

*Vieyra. Serm. T. 5. P. 135.*

194. *Anglesea Beef.*

Anglesea Beef was more famous formerly than Welsh mutton is at present. “ The flesh (says Harrison) of such cattle as is bred there, whereof we have store yearly brought unto Cole fair in Essex, is most delicate by reason of their excellent pasture, and so much was it esteemed by the Romans in time past, that Columella did not only commend and prefer them before those of Liguria, but the Emperors themselves, being near hand also, caused their provision to be made for nete out of Anglesea to feed upon at

their own tables, as the most excellent beef." *Holinshed, Vol. 1. P. 64.*

195. *Amphibious Fish.*

Among the number of odd things in New Holland, the amphibious fish is not the least remarkable. "We found (says Captain Cook) a small fish of a singular kind; it was about the size of a minnow, and had two very strong breast fins; we found it in places that were quite dry, where we supposed it might have been left by the tide, but it did not seem to have become languid by the want of water; for upon our approach it leaped away, by the help of the breast fins, as nimbly as a frog; neither indeed did it seem to prefer water to land; for when we found it in the water, it frequently leaped out and pursued its way upon dry ground; we also observed that when it was in places where small stones were standing upon the surface of the water at a little distance from each other, it chose

rather to leap from stone to stone, than to pass through the water; and we saw several of them pass entirely over puddles in this manner, till they came to dry ground and then leap away."

THIS *Cook's first Voyage, B. 3. Ch. 2.* explains a fact mentioned by Capt. Percival in *his account of Ceylon*. "One circumstance (says that author) has often struck me with astonishment, that in every pond or muddy pool casually supplied with rain water, or even only recently formed, and entirely unconnected with any other water, swarms of fishes are continually found. The only explanation (he adds) which it appears possible to give of this phenomenon is, that the spawn is by some unknown process carried up with the rain into the sky and then let down with it upon the earth in a condition immediately to become alive." P. 318.

These fish may be of the same kind as those which Captain Cook observed in

New Holland, . . . a much more easy solution of the apparent wonder than Captain Percival's hypothesis. Yet I have been assured that small fish have been found in India, after a shower, upon the roof of a house. The thing was affirmed so sensitively that it could <sup>not</sup> be believed <sup>without</sup> ~~seeing~~ the direct testimony of one whose veracity there was every reason for believing; it certainly appears impossible, nevertheless it ought to be mentioned in justice to Captain Percival's opinion. The stories which are to be found also of its raining frogs, might have been quoted by that author as cases in point.

196. *Triumphs and Trophies in Cookery, to be used at Festival Times, as Twelfth Day, &c.*

“ Make the likeness of a ship in paste-board with flags and streamers, the guns belonging to it of kickses, bind them about with pack-thread and cover them with



paste porportionable to the fashion of a cannon with carriages ; lay them in places convenient, as you see them in ships of war, with such holes and trains of powder that they may all take fire. Place your ships firm in a great charger ; then make a salt round about it, and stick therein egg-shells full of sweet water ; you may by a great pin take out all the meat out of the egg by blowing, and then fill it with rose - water. Then in another charger have the proportion of a stag made of coarse paste, with a broad arrow in the side of him, and his body filled up with claret wine. In another charger at the end of the stag have the proportion of a castle with battlements, percullices, gates, and drawbridges, made of pasteboard, the guns of kickses, and covered with coarse paste as the former ; place it at a distance from the ship to fire at each other. The stag being placed betwixt them, with egg-shells full of sweet water (as before) placed in salt.

At each side of the charger wherein is the stag, place a pie made of coarse paste, in one of which let there be some live frogs, in the other live birds; make these pies of coarse paste, filled with bran, and yellowed over with saffron, or yolks of eggs; gild them over in spots, as also the stag, the ship and castle; bake them, and place them with gilt bay leaves on the turrets and tunnels of the castle and pies; being baked make a hole in the bottom of your pies, take out the bran, put in your frogs and birds, and close up the holes with the same coarse paste; then cut the lids neatly up to be taken off by the tunnels. Being all placed in order upon the table, before you fire the trains of powder order it so that some of the ladies may be persuaded to pluck the arrow out of the stag; then will the claret wine follow, as blood running out of a wound. This being done with admiration to the beholders, after some short pause, fire the train of the castle, that

the pieces all of one side may go off; then fire the trains of one side of the ship as in a battle; next turn the chargers, and by degrees fire the trains of each other side, as before. This done, to sweeten the stink of the powder, the ladies take the egg shells full of sweet waters, and throw them at each other, all dangers being seemed over, and by this time you may suppose they will desire to see what is in the pies; when lifting first the lid off one pie, out skips some frogs, which makes the ladies to skip and shriek; next after the other pie, whence comes out the birds; who by a natural instinct flying at the light, will put out the candles; so that what with the flying birds and skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company: at length the candles are lighted and a banquet brought in, the music sounds, and every one with much delight and content rehearses their actions

in the former passages. These were formerly the delights of the nobility, before good house-keeping had left England, and the sword really acted that which was only counterfeited in such honest and laudable exercises as these."

The book from which this account of the Triumphs and Trophies in Cookery has been extracted, bears the following title.

*The Accomplisht Cook, or the Art and Mystery of Cookery, wherein the whole Art is revealed in a more easie and perfect method, than hath been publisht in any Language. Expert and ready wayes for the dressing of all sorts of Flesh, Fowl and Fish; the raising of Pastes; the best directions for all manner of Kickshaws, and the most Poinant Sauces; with the Terms of Carving and Sewing. An exact Account of all Dishes for the Season, with other A la mode curiosities. Together with the lively Illustrations of such necessary Figures as are referred to practice.*

*Approved by the fifty years experience and industry of Robert May, in his attendance on several Persons of Honour. London, 1660.*

The terms of carving and sewing form a far more ample list than that with which Sir John Hill has favoured us in the character of Mrs. Glass. “ Break that deer, leech that brawn, rear that goose, lift that swan, sauce that capon, spoil that hen, frust that chicken, unbrace that mallard, unlace that coney, dismember that hern, display that crane, disfigure that peacock, unjoint that bittern, untack that curlew, allay that pheasant, wing that partridge, wing that quail, mince that plover, thigh that woodcock, thigh all manner of small birds.

“ Timber the fire, tire that egg, chine that salmon, string that lamprey, splat that pike, sauce that plaice, sauce that tench, splay that bream, side that had-dock, tusk that barbel, culpon that trout,

fin that chevin, transon that eel, tranch that sturgeon, undertranch that porpus, tame that crab, and barb that lobster."

Robert May, the author of this book, was apprenticed to Mr. Arthur Hollingsworth in Newgate Market, one of the ablest workmen in London, Cook to the Grocer's Hall and Star Chamber. His prenticeship being out, the Lady Dormer sent for him to be her cook under his "father, (who then served that honourable lady) where were four cooks more, such noble houses were then kept, the glory of that, and shame of this present age: then were those golden days, wherein were practised the Triumphs and Trophies of Cookery; then was hospitality esteemed, neighbourhood preserved, the poor cherished, and God honoured; then was religion less talked on and more practised; then was atheism and schism less in fashion; and then did men strive to be good, rather than to seem so."

The two Dedications with which he ushers in the results of his "fifty years experience," are curious as well for the information they give concerning the Gourmands of that age, as for the humorous importance which he ascribes to the science of the kitchen. The first displays his gratitude

"To the Right Honourable my Lord Lumley, and my Lord Lovelace, and to the Right Worshipful Sir William Paston, Sir Kenelme Digby, and Sir Frederick Cornwallis, so well known to the Nation for their admired hospitalities.

"Right Honourable and Right Worshipful, He is an alien, a meer stranger to England that hath not been acquainted with your generous house-keepings: for my own part, my more particular tyes of service to you, my honoured Lords, have built me up to the height of this experience, for which this book now at last dares appear to the world: those times which I attended upon your Ho-

nours were those golden days of peace and hospitality, when you enjoyed your own so as to entertain and relieve others.

“ Right Honourable and Right Worshipful, I have not only been an eye witness, but interested by my attendance, so as that I may justly acknowledge those Triumphs and magnificent Trophies of Cookery that have adorned your tables; nor can I but confess to the world, except I should be guilty of the highest ingratitude, that the only structure of this my art and knowledge I owed to your costs, generous and inimitable expences; thus not only I have derived my experience, but your country hath reapt the plenty of your humanity and charitable bounties:

“ Right Honourable and Right Worshipful, Hospitality, which was once a relique of gentry, and a known cognizance to all ancient houses, hath lost her title through the unhappy and cruel disturbances of these times; she is now



reposing of her lately so alarumed head on your beds of honour. In the mean space, that our English world may know the Mæcenases and Patrons of this generous art, I have exposed this volume to the Publique under the tuition of your names, at whose feet I prostrate these endeavours, and shall for ever remain

Your most humbly devoted Servant,  
Robert May.

*From Sholeby in  
Leicestershire, Jan. 24th, 1659."*

The second displays a dignified sense of the value of his own acquirements, and a proper feeling of duty towards his followers in the savoury science.

“ To the Master Cooks, and to such young Practitioners of the Art of Cookery to whom this Book may be useful.

“ To you first, most worthy Artists, I acknowledge one of the chief motives that made me to adventure this volume

to your censures, hath been to testify my gratitude to your experienced society nor could I omit to direct it to you, as it hath been my ambition that you should be sensible of my proficiency of endeavours in this art. To all honest well-intending men of our profession, or other; this book cannot but be acceptable, as it plainly and profitably discovers the *mystery of the whole art*; for which, though I may be *envied by some that only value their private interests above Posterity and the publick good*, yet God and my own conscience would not permit me to *bury these my experiences with my silver hairs in the grave*: and that more especially as the advantages of my education hath raised me above the *ambitions* of others, in the converse I have had with other nations, who in this art fall short of what *I have known experimented by you, my worthy countrymen*. Howsoever the French by *their insinuations, not without enough of ignorance*, have bewitched some of the Gallants of our Nation with

epigram dishes, smoakt rather than drest, so strangely to captivate the *gusto*, their *mushroom'd experiences* for sauce rather than diet, for the generality, howsoever called *a la mode*, not being worthy of taking notice on. As I lived in France and had the language, and have been an eye-witness of their Cookeries, as well as a peruser of their manuscripts and printed authors, whatsoever I have found good in them I have inserted in this volume. I do acknowledge myself not to be a little beholding to the Italian and Spanish Treatises, though without my fosterage and bringing up under the generousities and bounties of my noble patrons and masters, I could never have arrived to this experience. To be confined and limited to the narrownes of a Price, is to want the materials from which the Artist must gain his knowledge. Those Honourable Persons my Lord Lumley and my Lord Lovelace, and others with whom I have spent a

part of my time, were such whose generous costs never weighed the expence, so that they might arrive to that right and high esteem they had of their *gustos*. Whosoever peruses this volume shall find it amply exemplified in dishes of such high prices, which only their Noblesse hospitalities did reach to: I should have sinned against their to-be-perpetuated bounties, if I had not set down their several varieties, that the Reader might be as well acquainted with what is extraordinary as what is ordinary in this Art; as I am truly sensible that some of those things that I have set down will amaze a not-thorow-paced Reader in the Art of Cookery, as they are delicats; never till this time made known to the World.

“ As those already extant authors have traced but one common beaten road, repeating for the main what others have in the same homely manner done before them; it hath been my task to denote

some *new Faculty or Science* that others have not yet discovered; this the Reader will quickly discern by those new terms of art which he shall meet withal throughout this whole volume. Some things I have inserted of Carving and Sewing, that I might demonstrate the whole Art. In the contrivance of these my labours, I have so managed them for the general good, that those whose purses cannot reach to the cost of rich dishes, I have descended to their meaner expences, that they may give, though upon a sudden treetment, to their kindred, friends, allies, and acquaintance, a handsome and relishing entertainment in all seasons of the year, though at some distance from towns or villages.

“ As for those who make it their business to hide their candle under a bushel, to do only good to themselves, and not to others, such as will curse me for revealing the secrets of this art, I value the discharge of mine own conscience in

doing good, above all their malice; protesting to the whole world that I have not *concealed any material secret* of above my *fifty year's experience*; my father being a Cook, under whom in my childhood I was bred up in this art. To conclude, the diligent peruser of this volume gains that in a small time as to the *theory* which an apprenticeship with some masters could never have taught them. I have no more to do, but to desire of God a blessing upon these my endeavours, and remain

Yours in the most ingenuous ways of  
friendship,

Robert May."

197. *Snails.*

That Mæcenas of Cookery, Sir Kenelm Digby, who is remembered for so many odd things, was one of the persons who introduced the great shell\* snail into this

\* *Helix Pomaria.*

country as a delicacy. He dispersed the breed about Gothurst, his seat, near Newport Pagnel: but the merit of first importing it is due to Charles Howard, of the Arundel family. The fashion seems to have taken, for that grateful and great master cook, Robert May, has left several receipts for dressing snails among the secrets of his fifty years experience.

Snails are still sold in Covent Garden as a remedy for consumptive people. I remember, when a child, having seen them pricked through the shell to obtain a liquor for this purpose, but the liquor was as inefficacious as the means to obtain it were cruel. They were at that time, I know, eaten by the men who worked at the glass-houses, probably from some notion of their restorative virtue.

Shell snails of every kind are rarely found in Cumberland; the large brown species I have never seen there. The snail is so slow a traveller that it will

probably require many centuries before he makes the tour of the island.

198. *Spectral Flowers.*

When Christina of Sweden visited the Propaganda College, Kircher prepared many curious and remarkable things for her inspection. "She stayed some time to consider the herb called Phœnix, which resembling the Phœnix, grew up in the waters perpetually out of its own ashes. She saw the fountains and clocks, which by virtue of the loadstone turn about with secret force. She saw the preparation of the ingredients of herbs, plants, metals, gems, and other rare things for the making of treacle and balsome of life. She saw them distil with the fire of the same furnace sixty five sorts of herbs in as many distinct limbecks. She saw the philosophical calcination of ivory and the like. She saw extracted the spirits of vitriol, salt, and aqua fortis, as likewise a jarre of



pure water, which with only two single drops of the quintessence of milk was turned into true milk, the only medicine for shortness of the breath and affections of the breast."

Presently it is added, that "she honoured particularly the blood of St. Esuperantia, a virgin and martyr, which after a thousand and three hundred years is as liquid as if newly shed.

*Priorato's History of Christina.*

*Engl. Trans. p. 430.*

This passage affords a curious instance of Christina's superstition, and a curious display of the quackeries practised under the sanction of so celebrated and so learned a man as Kircher. What the herb Phoenix may be I know not; its peculiar name and its growing in water seem to show that the trick of the resurrection of plants is not meant.

How this remarkable trick was performed I have never seen explained. It is thus described by Gaffarel, in a book

containing a most curious mixture of superstitious notions and good sense. "Though plants," he says, "be chopt in pieces, brayed in a mortar, and even burnt to ashes; yet do they nevertheless retainè, by a certaine secret and wonderfull power of nature, both in the juyce and in the ashes the selfe same forme and figure that they had before: and though it be not there visible, yet it may by art be drawne forth and made visible to the eye, by an artist. This perhaps will seem a ridiculous story to those who reade only the titles of bookes; but those that please may see this truth confirmed if they but have recourse to the workes of Mr. Du Chesne, S. de la Violette, one of the best chymists that our age hath produced, who affirmes, that himselfe saw an excellent Polish physician of *Cracovia*, who kept in glasses the ashes of almost all the hearbes that are knowne: so that, when any one out of curiosity, had a desire to see any of them, as for

example, a rose, in one of his glasses; he tooke that where the ashes of a rose were preserved; and holding it over a lighted candle, so soon as ever it began to feele the heat, you should presently see the ashes begin to move; which afterwards issuing up, and dispersing themselves about the glasse, you should immediately observe a kind of little dark cloud; which dividing itself into many parts, it came at length to represent a rose; but so faire, so fresh, and so perfect a one, that you would have thought it to have been as substantial, and as odoriferous a rose as any that growes on the rose tree. This learned gentleman sayes, that himself hath often tryed to do the like: but not finding the successe to answer all the industry hee could use, Fortune at length gave him a sight of this prodigy. For as he was one day practising, with M. De Luynes, called otherwise De Fomentieres, Counsellor to the Parliament, having extracted the salt of certaine

nettles burnt to ashes, and set the lye abroad all night in a winter evening; in the morning he found it all frozen; but with this wonder attending it; that the nettles themselves, with their forme and figure, were so lively and so perfectly represented on the ice, that the living nettles were not more. This gentleman, being as it were ravished at the sight, sent for the said Counciller, to be a witness of this secret, the rarity whereof he exprest in these verses:

*Secret, dont on comprend, que, quoy que le corps meure  
Les formes font pourtant aux cendres leur demeure.*

“ But now this secret is not so rare, for M. de Claves, one of the most excellent chymists of our times, shewes the experiment every day.

“ From hence we may draw this conclusion, that the ghosts of dead men which are often seen to appeare in churchyards, are naturall effects, being only the formes of the bodies, which are buried in those places; or their outward shapes, or fi-

gures; and not the souls of those men, or any such like apparition, caused by evill spirits, as the common opinion is. The ancients thought, that these ghosts were the good and evill genii which attended alwaies upon armies: but they are to be excused; seeing they knew not how to give any other reason of these apparitions: it being most certain, that in armies, where, by reason of their great numbers, many die, you shall see some such ghosts very often, (especially after a battle); which are, as we have said, only the figures of the bodies excited and raised up, partly by an internall heat, either of the body, or of the earth: or else by some externall one; as that of the sun, or of the multitudes of the living, or by the violent noise, or heat of great guns, which puts the aire into a heat.

“ I have elsewhere handled the curious history of spirits; wherein I have propounded these following questions, touching these ghosts: namely, whether or

no we may by these explaine all the visions that are mentioned by writers? Whether these wonderfull effects, which we attribute to demons or spirits, may proceed from these figures, or not? and then, whether they have any power at all, or not? and if so, whence they have it."

*Unheard of Curiosities; written in French by James Gaffarel, and Englished by Edmund Chilmead, M. A. and Chaplain of Christ Church. Oxon. 1650, p. 136.*

Of the instances which are recorded of this *Palingenesia*, as it was called, a great number may certainly be explained by the imagination of the experimentalist, as Boyle perceived. *Et sane magnopere vereor*, says that good man, *ne qui se ejusmodi plantarum simulacra in glacie vidisse profitentur, imaginationem non minus quam oculos ad hoc spectaculum adhibuerint.* And of this his own expe-

nence convinced him, . . . *enim vero nos ipsi cum non ita pridem optimæ æruginis, quæ salinas uvarum particulas in cuprum ab ipsis corrosam coagulatas copiose continet, solutionem pulcherrimè virescentem sale et nive congelassemus, figuras in glacie minusculas vitium speciem eximie referentes non sine aliquâ admiratione conspeximus.* Yet the Abbe de Vallemont could quote this passage, and say of it, *cette scule experience suffit pour fonder tout ce qu'on a raporté de la Palingenesie des plantes et des Animaux par leurs sels.*

The beautiful forms of crystallization led to this notion, and the revivification of metals was supposed to be an analogous fact; . . . a theory was all that was wanting, and this was found in the opinion that salts retained the nature and property of the body from which they were extracted; for this there was the authority of Geber, and it was an easy step to suppose that the essential form of all bodies was in their salts. But it

is with this subject, as with some of more importance, . . . allow as much as is possible for actual appearance and for the beholder's state of mind, there still remains something which can only be explained by intentional deceit. With whom the deceit originated in this instance, my reading upon such points is too casual and far too limited for me to have discovered. I find it in Paracelsus, in his book *De Resuscitatione Rerum naturalium*, where among the facts and fables which this extraordinary man always mingled together, the following paragraph occurs. *Resuscitatio autem et restauratio ligni est difficilis et ardua, at tamen naturæ possibilis, sed sine insigni solertiâ & industriâ fieri nequit. Ut autem revivificetur, tali maxime modo id fit: Recipe lignum quod primum fuerit carbo, postea cinis, et pone in cucurbita, una cum resinâ, liquore & oleitate illius arboris; omnium sit idem pondus, misceantur, & in leni calore liquefiant; et fiet mucila-*



*ginosa materia, atque ita habes tria principia simul, ex quibus scilicet omnia nascuntur et generantur, nempe phlegma, pinguedinem et cinerem. Phlegma est mercurius, pinguedo est sulphur, cinis est sal. Nam omne quod igni fumat et evaporat, est Mercurius; quod flagrat et comburitur est sulphur, et omnis cinis est sal. Cum jam ista tria principia simul habes, pone ea in ventre equino, et putrefac ad suum tempus. Si postea illa materia in pingue solum sepeliatur, vel infundatur, videbis eam reviviscere, et arborem vel lignum parvum inde nasci, quod quidem in suâ virtute multo est nobilius priore. Hoc verò lignum est, et vocatur resuscitatum lignum et renovatum, et restauratum, quod ab initio quoque lignum fuit, sed mortificatum, destructum, et in carbores et cineres, et in nihilum redactum, et tamen ex illo nihilo aliquid factum et renatum est. Hoc sane in Luce Naturæ magnum est mysterium... A great mystery indeed, thou Prince of Chemists, and*

most celebrated Physician and Philosopher, Aureolus Philippus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombast ab Hohenheim!.. a great mystery indeed! but what is that to thy receipt for making the *Homunculus*, that *arcanum super omnia arcana*, which thou didst not scruple to call *miraculum & magnale Dei*, .. *unum ex maximis secretis quæ Deus mortali, et peccatis obnoxio, homini patefecit!* Oh that this Prince of Chemists, as he was deservedly called in his own age, should deserve to be called the Prince of Liars in all ages!

This *resuscitatio ligni* was a far less beautiful experiment than the resurrection of flowers, of which Kircher has given the receipt, or the Imperial Secret, as it is called, because it was given him by the Emperor Ferdinand III. who purchased it of a chemist. The Imperial secret is this: "1. Take four pounds of the seed of the plant which you mean to raise from its ashes; the seed must be

thoroughly ripe. Pound it in a mortar, put it in a glass bottle, perfectly clean, and of the height of the plant: close the bottle well and keep it in a moderate temperature. 2. Expose the pounded seed to the night dew, chusing for this operation an evening when the sky is perfectly clear; spread it upon a large dish that the seeds may be thoroughly impregnated with the vivifying virtue which is in the dew. 3. Spread a large cloth, which must be perfectly clean, in a meadow, stretched out and fastened to four stakes, and with this collect eight pints of the same dew, which you must put in a clean glass bottle. 4. Replace the seed which has been impregnated with the dew in its bottle, before the sun rises, lest the vivifying virtue should evaporate, and place the bottle, as before, in a moderate temperature. 5. When you have collected dew enough you must filtre and afterwards distil it, in order that no impurities may remain.

The dregs must be calcined to extract a salt from them. 6. Pour the distilled dew imbued with this extracted salt upon the seed, and then close the vessel with pounded glass and with borax. It must then be kept for a month in a hot bed of horse-dung. 7. Take out the vessel and you will see the seed at the bottom become like jelly; the spirit will float on the top like a thin skin of divers colours; between the skin and the thick substance at the bottom you will see a kind of greenish dew. 8. Expose the vessel, being well closed, during the summer to the sun by day, and to the moon by night. When the weather is thick and rainy, it must be kept in a dry and warm place. Sometimes the work is perfected in two months, sometimes it requires a year. The signs of success are, when you see that the muddy substance swells and raises itself; that the spirit or thin skin diminishes daily, and that the whole is thickening. Then when you see in

the vessel by the reflection of the sun, subtle exhalations rising and forming light clouds, verily these are the first rudiments of the renascent plant. 9. In fine, of all this matter there ought to be formed a blue powder, and from this powder when it is excited by heat, there sprouts the stem, leaves, and flowers, in one word the whole apparition of the plant rises out of its ashes. As soon as the heat ceases, the whole spectacle disappears, and the whole matter becomes deranged, and precipitates itself to the bottom of the vessel to form there a new chaos. The return of heat always resuscitates this vegetable Phœnix which lies hid in its ashes; and as the presence of heat gives it life, its absence causes its death."

*Mundus Subterraneus, L. XII.*

*Sect IV. Cap. 5, Exp. 1.*

This imperial secret is as explicit as possible till it comes to the blue powder. The Abbe de Vallemont, in whose *curiositez de la Nature et de l'Art sur la Ve-*

*getation* this passage from Kircher is translated, gives another receipt by M. Dobrzenski de Nigrepont, which seems to be the lie of an impudent quack to puff off his mineral water. It is a shorter way of producing the same effect by virtue of the water. But the Abbé passes on to greater wonders. *Quand j'ai dit*, he says, *ci-devant, que les Physi- ciens en feroient tant par leurs expériences, qu'ils parviendroient jusqu' à faire l'in- comprehensible miracle de la Resurrection, je ne me trompois pas tant. C'est déjà une affaire presque fait. On a passé des Vegetaux aux Animaux.* And with that upon the authority of that *Prænobilis et Reverendus D. Godefridus Aloysius Kinnerus a Lowenthurn. Juris utriusque, et sacro-sanctæ Theologiæ Doctor.* He tells a story of a sparrow resuscitated in like manner from its ashes, and even gives a portrait of the ghost of the sparrow in its bottle. . . . One cares not what may be said by one of these pre

noble and reverend Doctors of Theology, and of both Laws, with their names of a foot and a half long, . . . but it is painful to find a direct falsehood gravely affirmed by such a man as Sir Kenelm Digby, and that the story which the Abbé quotes from his works is a direct falsehood, is beyond all doubt. He says that the Palingenesia of plants is nothing to what he himself had done with animals, being but a shadowy appearance, whereas he had accomplished an actual and substantial reproduction of cray - fish. " Wash the cray - fish well," he says, " to take away their earthiness; boil them two hours in a sufficient quantity of rain water, and keep the decoction. Put them in an earthen alembic, and distil them till nothing more ascends. Preserve that liquor also. Calcine what remains in the alembic, and with the first decoction extract the salt from the ashes, filtrate the salt, and take from it all its superfluous humidity. Then upon

this fixed salt pour the liquor which you have obtained by distillation, and put in a moist place, that it may putrify. In a few days you will see little cray - fish move about in it, no bigger than grains of millet. You must feed them with blood till they grow as big as a filbert; then you must remove them into a wooden trough filled with river water and blood, and renew the water every third day. In this manner you will have cray-fish of what size you please." "*Cela est plus utile,*" says M. l'Abbé, "*que la Palingenesie des plantes dans les fioles. Il y a la du solide. Il y a plus qu' à voir; il y a à manger; & sur tout des Ecrevisses, qui sont d'un usage excèlent pour purifier le sang.*" The Abbé believed all these things, but he must not be despised for his credulity, for in that age they were generally believed. "*C'est elever la Palingenesie,*" he says, "*au dernier degré du merveilleux, que de se former l'idee de la pratiquer sur les cendres mêmes des ani-*



maux, et peut-être des hommes. Que ce seroit un enchantement bien doux, pour Madame la Marquise de — de pouvoir jouir du plaisir de voir l'ombre et le fantôme de son défunt perroquet! Franchement ce seroit une jolie chose, que de voir ainsi dans une fiole une parroquet resusciter du milieu de ses cendres. Ce seroit un phœnix. Il seroit plus agréable resuscité dans une fiole, qu'il n'étoit vivant dans sa cage: c'étoit un grand criard. Ce qui faisoit supporter sa crierie, c'est qu'il parloit à merveilles. Il avoit été élevé à la cour: il disoit ce qu'il ne pensoit pas. Il y a bien des gens, qui comme les parroquets parlent tout-à-fait machinalement. Si Artemise avoit su le secret de la Palin-genesie, elle n'auroit pas avalé les cendres de son Epoux Mausole. Elle les auroit conservées dans une urne de cristal, où l'ombre, les manes du défunt, lui auroient aparû, quand elle l'auroit souhaité." He concludes in a more serious strain:..

" C'est à ceux qui veulent en philosophant,

*adorer la grandeur de Dieu, à raisonner sur cette exactitude, cette emulation, ce penchant que la matiere se conserce pour s'arranger, autant qu'elle peut, selon la figure que lui avoit d'abord imprimée l'Auteur de la Nature."*

So firmly indeed was the Palingenesia believed by men of learning, that it was frequently insisted on by divines as a proof of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. Some trick must have been practised by the chemical wonder-workers which duped the spectators. Perhaps the glass was painted with the solutions of cobalt, such as are used to make sympathetic inks. "Fire screens have thus been painted, which in the cold have shown only the trunk and branches of a dead tree and sandy hills, but on their approach to the fire have put forth green leaves and red flowers, and grass upon the mountains." (*Botanic Garden* Vol. I. p. 56.) What a melancholy thing it is to

consider that for some thousand years science was almost exclusively applied to the purposes of deceit !

Cotton Mather introduces his life of Sir William Phips with a happy allusion to these pretended experiments. " If," says he, " such a renowned chymist as Quercetanus, with a whole tribe of labourers in the fire, since that learned man, find it no easy thing to make the common part of mankind believe, that they can take a plant in its vigorous consistence, and after a due maceration, fermentation, and separation, extract the salt of that plant, which, as it were, in a chaos, invisibly reserves the form of the whole, with its vital principle ; and, that keeping the salt in a glass hermetically sealed, they can by applying a soft fire to the glass, make the vegetable rise by little and little out of its ashes, to surprise the spectators with a notable illustration of that resurrection, in the faith whereof the Jews returning from the

graves of their friends, pluck up the grass from the earth, using those words of the scripture thereupon, 'Your bones shall flourish like an herb:' 'Tis likely that all the observations of such writers as the incomparable Borellus, will find it hard enough to produce our belief, that the essential salts of animals may be so prepared and preserved, that an ingenious man may have the whole Ark of Noah in his own study, and raise the fine shape of an animal out of its ashes at his pleasure: and, that by the like method from the essential salts of human dust, a philosopher may, without any criminal necromancy, call up the shape of any dead ancestor from the dust whereinto his body has been incinerated. The resurrection of the dead will be as just, as great an article of our creed, although the relations of these learned men should pass for incredible romances: but yet there is an anticipation of that blessed resurrection, carrying in it some

resemblance of these curiosities, which is performed, when we do in a book, as in a glass, reserve the history of our departed friends; and by bringing our warm affections unto such an history, we revive, as it were, out of their ashes the true shape of those friends, and bring to a fresh view what was memorable and imitable in them."

199. *Merino Sheep.*

Fernan Gomez de Cibdareal, in one of his Letters (Epist. 73) mentions a dispute between two Spaniards concerning rank, in the presence of Juan II. 1437. It was objected tauntingly to one of them, that he was descended from a Judge of the Shepherds, that is, *Juez de la mesta y Pastoria Real*. The reply was, that this office had always been held by hidalgos of great honour. *Y que el Rey D. Alfonso, quando se traxeron la primera vez en las naves carracas las pecoras de Inglaterra a España, principió este oficio en*

*Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza*...and that King D. Alfonso had instituted it in the person of Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza when the English sheep were first brought over to Spain.

That merino sheep were originally exported from England, is not only remembered in this country, but even the place is specified from whence they were sent. In a work entitled *England's Gazetteer*, by Philip Luckombe, under the head "Dymock, Gloucestershire," it is stated, that "from the Ryelands, a hamlet in this parish, King Edward sent the sheep to Spain which produce their fine wool\*." Martin Sarmiento, whom Mr. Semple quotes in his second travels through Spain, speaks of the introduction of these sheep from England, as a well known historical fact, and he affirms that their name implies their foreign ex-

\* This is transcribed from some magazine or newspaper, but I have no doubt of its accuracy.

traction, *merino* being only a corruption of *marino*, sea-sheep, an appellation to the incongruity of which our own language affords an analogy in the common term, sea-coal. Probable however as this derivation may appear, I believe it is ill-founded. Merino\* is an old Leonese title, still preserved in Portugal, though long since obsolete in the other kingdoms of Spain. The old laws define it thus: *es ome que ha mayoria para facer justícia sobre algun lugar señalado*; "he is a man who has authority to administer justice within a certain district." The first mention of this office is in the reign of Bermudo II. The Merinos then commanded the troops of their respective provinces in war, but before the time of Enrique II. it was become wholly a civil office, and the title was gradually giving place to that of Alguácil Mayor. Most probably the judge of the shepherds was called the Merino, and

\* See Vol. I. p. 288.

hence the appellation extended to the flocks under his care.

It does not seem to be ascertained at what time this introduction of the English sheep took place. Sarmiento thinks under the last Alonso ; but Gil Gonzalez Davila, in his History of Henrique III. (Madrid, 1638) says that Catharine, wife of that King, and daughter of John of Gaunt, brought them into Spain as her dowry. *Y fue la que quando vino a España traxo a Castilla el uso de las camas de campo, y en dote el ganado que llamamos merino.* p. 11.

How long was it before the merino fleece became finer than that of the original stock? Brito, who wrote towards the close of the sixteenth century, says in praise of the wool grown about Santarem, it is so fine that it may vie with that of England (*Monarchia Lusitania, T. 1, p. 93*). If the Spanish wool had been as fine then as it is now, he would hardly have drawn his comparison from the English.



That the merino was originally English is a fact resting upon better authority than can usually be found for facts of this kind. Is there not reason to suppose, that as the wool was improved by the effect of a better climate upon the sheep, it will gradually return to its original state when the breed is again thoroughly naturalised in England? In Denmark, Mr. Macdonald tells us, (*Travels in Denmark*, vol. 1, p. 101) they have already degenerated, for the wool is much coarser than any merino wool which he had seen before. This degeneracy he supposes to be the consequence of bad keeping. The climate has probably had as much influence as neglect. Wool, we know, in very hot countries becomes coarser, till it at last assumes the character of hair; but it does not necessarily follow that fine wool should be the growth of cold countries. A certain degree of temperature may be necessary for its perfection. There is no

reason for supposing that the breed of English sheep has deteriorated in this country since they were introduced into Spain, and therefore inferring that the merino is now, what the original stock was then, for the breed seems to have been more attended to by our ancestors than is generally supposed. R. B. the well-known compiler of little books for the people at the end of the 17th century, says, "the best and biggest bodied sheep in England are in the vale of Aylesbury, where it is nothing to give ten pounds or more for a breed-ram; so that should a foreigner hear the price thereof, he would guess that ram to be rather some Roman engine of batteryr than the creature commonly so called."

Can there possibly be any truth in the remark of Yepes, (*T. 7, ff. 134,*) who says, "*daily experience shews us that if a lamb is suckled by a goat the wool becomes hard and hairy; and on the contrary, if a kid is suckled by a ewe the hair becomes soft.*"

200. *Gigantic Bird.*

M. Henderstrom has discovered in that part of the Russian dominions which he calls New Siberia, the claws of a bird, measuring each a yard in length, and the Yakuts assured him they had frequently in their hunting excursions met with skeletons, and even feathers of this bird, the quills of which were large enough to admit a man's fist. This is the strongest fact which has yet appeared in support of the almost universal tradition, that the earth was formerly inhabited by a race of giants. For though men not exceeding ourselves in stature might have defended themselves against the Megatherion, they would have been helpless against birds of prey of this magnitude.

There is a passage in the *Viage de las Goletas Mexicana y Sutil*, which gives some reason for supposing that this bird is not extinct. A chief at Nootka, where the image of a large bird seemed to be held in some degree of veneration, drew

such a monster, with the additional monstrosity of two horns upon its head, carrying away a whale in its talons, and he affirmed that he had seen a bird of that kind pounce upon a whale and fly off with it. The Spaniards observed, he must have been dreaming, but he insisted upon the literal truth of what he had related. The original passage is as follows: *Notamos que la Canoa tenia en la proa un gran aguilucho de talla, cuya figura hubiamos visto tambien en otras canoas de guerra. Estos Indios, parece, tienen cierta idea de temor o de veneracion a la esfigie de esta ave, asi como los naturales de California la tienen particular gratitud, por haber sacado, dicen ellos, a un Indio de un pozo. Tetacus habiendo tomado lapiz que estaba sobre una mesa, entre otros dibuxos que hizo en un papel, nos figuro con esmero un aguila en accion de volar; tenia la cabeza muy grande, y dos cuernos en ella; la represento llevando asida en sus garras a una ballena y nos aseguro habia el visto descender rapida-*

*mente de las alturas al mar proximo a su habitacion un ave de aquella especie, agarrar a una bullena, y volverse a elevar. Le reproduxo Valdes que estaria durmiendo quando creyo ver cosa tan extrana; y el aseguro que estaba tan despierto como quando lo contaba. Esto, a falta de los conocimientos de su religion que no fue posible adquirir, nos indica el mucho lugar que tienen en la creencia de estos pueblos las fabulas, siendo de presumir que entre los paises pasara por mas ilustrada en aquella, el que tenga imaginacion mas viva.*

Suayuk, it afterwards appears, is the name of this bird. In this incredulous age, I suppose, most persons will agree with the Spaniards in incredulity, and even the probability that Tetacus's whale may have been a porpoise, will not bring the story within the limits of their belief. But whether we have really found Henderstrom's bird at Nootka, or not, I think no person, after perusing the following extract from Cook's first voy-

age, will deny, or doubt, that we have found his nest in New Holland. "At two in the afternoon we set out from Lizard Island to return to the ship (then lying in Endeavour River), and in our way landed upon the low sandy island with trees upon it, which we had remarked in our going out. Upon this island we saw an incredible number of birds, chiefly sea fowl; we found also the nest of an eagle with young ones, which we killed: *and the nest of some other bird, we knew not what, of a most enormous size: it was built with sticks upon the ground, and was no less than six and twenty feet in circumference, and two feet eight inches high.*" Book 3, chap. 5.

This nest is well proportioned to the Siberian claw, and a bird of correspondent magnitude would be as able to carry off a porpoise as the common eagle is to fly away with a lamb. Endeavour River is unluckily too far from Botany Bay for a party to go there birds-nesting.

201. *Tarring and feathering.*

Tarring and feathering, it seems, is a European invention as well as a Tupi-namban. One of Richard Cœur de Lion's ordinances for seamen was, "that if any man were taken with theft or pickery, and thereof convicted, he should have his head polled, and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that the feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he might thereby be known for a thief, and at the next arrival of the ships to any land, be put forth of the company to seek his adventure, without all hope of return unto his fellows." *Holinshed.*

202. *Rondelle.*

In a challenge for a tournament recorded by Monstrellet, one of the conditions is, "that each person shall make provision of lances, but the rondelle which lies on the hands shall be only four fingers broad and no more." Mr. Johnes says he does not understand this.

“ In the original it is *tondelle*, altered by Du Cange to *rondelle*, which is translated by Cotgrave ‘ a small target,’ but four fingers wide would be too insignificant for any defence.”— What Cotgrave means is the roundel, or small shield which was borne before a general, .. a thing of ceremony, not of service. The roundel of the text is the guard of the tilting spear, which was shaped like a funnel.

This explanation will be found in Pineda’s Spanish Dictionary, under the word *Arandela*. Minsheu only interprets the word *rebatoes*, *supporters for women’s ruffs*. I perceive by the Dictionary of the Portuguese Academy, that the word has this meaning also, and that the nozzle of a candlestick was formerly called by the same name. *Arandalla* is the Portuguese word. Some have supposed it to be originally Arabic, but it does not appear in Fr. Joam de Sousa’s *Vestigios da Lingua Arabica em Portu-*



*gal.* Pineda says it is thought to have been invented at Arundel in Sussex, and thence to have its name; this is a very unlikely guess. He calls it "a thing in the shape of a funnel fastened to the thick end of a lance to defend the man's hand." But whoever looks at the representation of a tilting lance will see that the stave itself is shaped like a funnel just at the part where it was held. *Roundel* seems to have been corrupted from this word by an obvious reference to the form of the thing denoted.

203. *If.*

There is a curious use of this important little word in that learned author *Rod. Gocl. Med. D. & Prof. in. Acad. Marp.* . . . Reader, if this be not a very clear reference to the author in question, it is *Rod. Gocl.*'s own fault for not being more explicit in his title page. He tells you that *if* you should find a stone having engraved upon it the figure of a man with a beard, and a long face,

and arched eye-brows, sitting upon a plough, and between two bulls, why then you are a happy man, and whether you go to war, or seek for hidden treasures, or turn farmer, good luck will go with you. If you should happen to meet with one of these stones it may be some satisfaction to know to whom you are obliged for it. That most ancient Doctor Chael, who was one of the sons of the children of Israel, made it during the forty years which he and his brethren wandered in the wilderness. . . He made also a great many others, equally curious, and of no less virtue, of all which an account is given in his own works, . . so at least Rod. Goel. affirms in his treatise *De Magneticâ Vulnerum curatione, citra ullam superstitionem, dolorem, & remedii etiam applicationem.* 1613. P. 18.

The vermicular philosopher Christianus Franciscus Paullinus, has an example of the conjunction *if* which is not less curious. He says that a Sicilian physician who commented upon Galen

affirmed it was possible to make men immortal, and undertook to breed up children to be so, . . . *if* they were fit for the purpose, . . . *qui ad hoc idonei essent.*

Little words are sometimes of great import in cases of history as well as of law. Evagrius tells us (*L. 2. C. 13*), that in the Emperor Leo's reign, Constantinople was set on fire by a malignant and wicked Devil in the shape of a woman, . . . or by a poor woman at the instigation of the Devil. λεγεται γαρ επ αμφοτερα, says the historian, for it is reported both ways.

A thousand instances might be produced, wherein figurative language, as in this case, has been interpreted into a miraculous meaning. I recollect one remarkable instance, on the contrary, in which the words meant what they expressed in the speaker's mouth, and were taken perhaps for less than they were worth by every body else. An English sailor was attacked at the Island of St. Michael's by a fellow who wounded him twice in the

arm with a knife, cutting it to the bone above and below. The Englishman however got the better in the fray, and gave this account of his victory to the surgeon of his ship while he was under his hands. "I got the rascal down, and knelt upon his breast with one knee, and I took a case of razors out of my pocket, and opened one of them: *The Devil bid me cut his throat, but God would not let me . . .* This fine anecdote was told me, many years ago, from his own knowledge, by the master of the Prince Adolphus, Lisbon packet, Mr. Fenner, a man whom I often remember as the perfect model of a good old careful seaman.

204. *Cap. Thomas James, of Bristol.*

I transcribe the following poems from the "Strange and dangerous Voyage" of this excellent old seaman, "in his intended discovery of the North-West passage into the South Sea, in the years 1631 and 1632." The circumstances under which

they were written would alone render them curious, even to those persons who cannot pardon the mannerism of that age. But it is hoped there are many readers who are capable of understanding the strain of fine and manly feeling which is breathed in them.

“The 30th of this month of September, says he, we thought would have put an end to our miseries; for now we were driven amongst rocks, shoals, over-falls, and breaches round about us, that which way to turn we knew not, but there rid amongst them in extremity of distress. All these perils made a most hideous and terrible noise in the night season; and I hope it will not be accounted ridiculous, if I relate with what meditations I was affected, now and then, amongst my ordinary prayers; which I here afford the reader, as I there conceived them, in these few ragged and torn rhymes.

Oh my poor soul, why dost thou grieve to see  
So many deaths muster to murder me?

Look to thyself, regard not me; for I  
 Must do (for what I came) perform or die.  
 So thou mayst free thyself from being in  
 A dunghill dungeon, a mere sink of sin;  
 And happily be freed, if thou believe,  
 Truly in God through Christ, and ever live.  
 Be therefore glad; yet e'er thou go from hence,  
 For our joint sins, let's do some penitence.  
 Unfeignedly together: . . . When we part,  
 I'll wish the Angels joy, with all my heart.  
 We have with confidence relied upon  
 A rusty wire, touched with a little stone,  
 Incompassed round with paper, and alas,  
 To house it harmless, nothing but a glass;  
 And thought to shun a thousand dangers, by  
 The blind direction of the senseless flie;  
 When the fierce winds shattered black night asunder,  
 Whose pitchy clouds, spitting forth fire and thunder,  
 Hath shook the earth, and made the ocean roar,  
 And run to hide it in the broken shore.  
 Now thou must steer *by faith*, a better guide,  
 Twill bring thee safe to heaven against the tide  
 Of Satan's malice. Now let quiet gales  
 Of saving Grace inspire thy zealous sails.

The other and far finer poem was written  
 upon his leaving the dismal island where he  
 had wintered, and which he called Winter's  
 Forest, but which now deservedly bears his

own name. “ And now the sun was set, and the boat came ashore for us ; whereupon we assembled ourselves together, and went up to take the last view of our dead, and to look unto their tombs and other things. Here, leaning upon mine arm, on one of their tombs, I uttered these lines, which though perchance they may procure laughter in the wiser sort, (which I shall be glad of) . . . they yet moved my young and tender-hearted companions at that time with some compassion. And these they were.

I were unkind, unless that I did shed,  
Before I part, some tears upon our dead ;  
And when my eyes be dry, I will not cease,  
In heart to pray their bones may rest in peace ;  
Their better parts (good souls) I know were given  
With an intent they should return to heaven.  
Their lives they spent, to the last drop of blood,  
Seeking God's glory, and their country's good ;  
And as a valiant soldier, rather dies,  
Than yields his courage to his enemies,  
And stops their way with his hewed flesh, when death  
Hath quite deprived him of his strength and breath,

So have they spent themselves, and here they lie  
 A famous mark of our discovery.  
 We that survive, perchance may end our days  
 In some employment meriting no praise,  
 And in a dunghil rot; when no man names  
 The memory of us but to our shames.  
 They have out-lived this fear, and their brave ends  
 Will ever be an honour to their friends.  
 Why drop you so, mine eyes? nay rather pour  
 My sad departure in a solemn shower!  
 The winter's cold, that lately froze our blood,  
 Now were it so extreme, might do this good,  
 As make these tears, bright pearls, which I would lay  
 Tomb'd safely with you, till doom's fatal day;  
 That in this solitary place, where none  
 Will ever come to breathe a sigh or groan,  
 Some remnant might be extant, of the true  
 And faithful love I ever tendered you.  
 Oh, rest in peace, dear friends! and, let it be  
 No pride to say, the sometime part of me.  
 What pain and anguish doth afflict the head,  
 The heart and stomach when the limbs are dead,  
 So grieved, I kiss your graves, and vow to die  
 A foster-father to your memory.

FAREWELL.

205. *Brevity of the Greek and English compared.*

An an instance of compression and



brevity in narration, unattainable in any language but the Greek, the following distich was quoted :

Χρυσον κνηρ ευρων ελιπε βροχον· αυταρ ο χρυσου  
 ου λιπεν, ει ευρων, ηφεν ου ευρε βροχον.

This was denied by one of the company, who instantly rendered the lines in English, contending with reason that the indefinite article in English, together with the pronoun " his," &c. should be considered as one word with the noun following, and more than counterbalanced by the greater number of syllables in the Greek words, the terminations of which are in truth only little words glued on to them. The English distich follows, and the reader will recollect that it is a mere trial of comparative brevity, wit and poetry quite out of the question.

Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground ;  
 Bill missing his gold used the rope, which he found.

206. *Dancing.*

The Waldenses and Albigenses had some extraordinary notions concerning dancing. "A dance (said they), is the Devil's procession, and he that entreth into a dance, entreth into his possession: the Devil is the guide, the middle and the end of the dance. As many paces as a man maketh in dancing, so many paces doth he make to goe to Hell. A man sinneth in dancing divers wayes; as in his pace, for all his steps are numbered; in his touch, in his ornaments, in his hearing, sight, speech, and other vanities. And therefore we will prove, first by the Scripture, and afterwards by divers other reasons, how wicked a thing it is to dance. The first testimony that we will produce is that which wee reade in the Gospell, Mark 6. it pleased Herod so well that it cost John the Baptist his life. The second is in Exodus, 32, when Mosés coming neere to the congregation saw the Calfe, hee cast the Tables

from him, and brake them at the foote of the mountaine, and afterwards it cost three and twenty thousand their lives. Besides the ornaments which women weare in their dances are as crownes for many victories which the Devill hath gotten against the children of God; for the Devill hath not onely one sword in the dance, but as many as there are beautifull and well-adorned persons in the dance; for the words of a woman are a glittering sword, and therefore that place is much to be feared wherein the enemy hath so many swords, since that one onely sword of his may be feared. Againe, the Devill in this place strikes with a sharpened sword, for the women come not willingly to the dance, if they be not painted and adorned, the which painting and ornament is as a grindstone upon which the Devil sharpeneth his sword. They that decke and adorne their daughters are like those that put dry wood to the fire to the end it may

burne the better, for such women kindle the fire of luxury in the hearts of men: as Sampson's foxes fired the Philistines' corne, so these women they have fire in their faces, and in their gestures and actions, their glances and wanton words, by which they consume the goods of men. Againe, the Devill in the dance useth the strongest armour that hee hath; for his most powerfull armes are women; which is made plaine unto us, in that the Devill made choice of the woman to deceive the first man; so did Balaam, that the children of Israel might bee rejected; by a woman, he made Sampson, David, and Absolon to sinne. The Devill tempteth men by women three manner of wayes, that is to say, by the touch, by the eye, by the eare; by these three meanes he tempteth foolish men to dancings, by touching their hands, beholding their beauty, hearing their songs and musicke. Againe, they that dance breake that promise and agreement

which they have made with God in Baptisme, when their Godfathers promise for them, that they shall renounce the Devill and all his pompe, for dancing is the pompe of the Devill, and hee that danceth, maintaineth his pompe, and singeth his Masse. For the woman that singeth in the dance is the Priorresse of the Devill, and those that answer are the Clerks, and the beholders are the Parishioners, and the musicke are the bells, and the fiders the ministers of the Devill. For as when hogges are strayed, if the hog heard call one, all assemble themselves together, so the Devill causeth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on some instrument, and presently all the dancers gather together. Againe, in a dance a man breakes the Ten Commandments of God, as first, Thou shalt have no other Gods but me, for in dancing a man serves that person whom he most desires to serve, and therefore, saith St. Jerom,

every man's God is that hee serves and loves best. Hee sinnes against the second Commandement when hee makes an Idol of that hee loves. Against the third, in that oathes are frequent amongst dancers. Against the fourth, for by dancing, the Sabbath day is profaned. Against the fifth, for in the dance the parents are many times dishonoured, when many bargaines are made without their counsell. Against the sixth, a man kills in dancing, for every one, that standeth to please another, he kills the soule as oft as he perswadeth unto lust. Against the seventh, for the partie that danceth, be it male or female, committeth adultery with the partie they lust after, for he that looketh on a woman and lusteth after her, hath already committed adultery in his heart. Against the eighth Commandement a man sinnes in dancing, when he withdraweth the heart of another from God. Against the ninth, when in dancing he speakes

falsely against the truth. Against the tenth, when women affect the ornaments of others, and men covet the wives, daughters, and servants of their neighbours.

“Again, a man may prove how great an evill dancing is, by the multitude of sinnes, that accompany those that dance; for they dance without measure or number, and therefore, saith St. Augustine, the miserable dancer knowes not, that as many paces as he makes in dancing, so many leapes he makes to Hell. They sinne in their ornaments after a five fold manner: first by being proud thereof. Secondly, by inflaming the hearts of those that behold them. Thirdly, when they make those ashamed that have not the like ornaments, giving them occasion to covet the like. Fourthly, by making women importunate in demanding the like ornaments of their husbands. And fiftly, when they cannot obtain them of their husbands, they seeke to

get them elsewhere by sinne. They sinne by singing, and playing on instruments, for their songs bewitch the hearts of those that heare them with temporall delight; forgetting God, uttering nothing in their songs but lies and vanities. And the very motion of the body which is used in dancing, gives testimony enough of evill.

“Thus you see that dancing is the Devil’s procession, and he that entreth into a dance, enters into the Devil’s possession. Of dancing the Devil is the guide, the middle and the end; and hee that entreth a good and a wise man into the dance, comineth forth a corrupt and a wicked man.”

*History of the Waldenses and Albigenses, with their doctrine and discipline; by Jean Paul Perrin. tr. by Samson Lennard. Part 3, P. 63.*

A great part of this Bill of Indictment against Dancing has been copied as authority against it by no less a man



than William Penn!.. I smile at his arguments,.. but adhere to his opinion.

207. *French-English.*

It is curious to observe how the English Catholicks of the 17th century wrote English like men who habitually spoke French. Corps is sometimes used for the living body,..and when they attempt to versify, their rhymes are only rhymes according to a French pronunciation.

This path most fair I walking winds  
 By shadow of my pilgrimage,  
 Wherein at every step I find  
 An heavenly draught and image  
 Of my fraile mortality,  
 Tending to eternity.

\* \* \*

The tree that bringeth nothing else  
 But leaves and breathing verdure  
 Is fit for fire, and not for fruit  
 And doth great wrong to Nature,

\* \* \*

But the finest specimen of French-English verse is certainly the inscription which M. Girardin placed at Ermenonville to the memory of Shenstone.

This plain stone,  
 To William Shenstone.  
 In his writings he display'd  
 A mind natural.  
 At Leasowes he laid  
 Arcadian greens rural.

Shenstone used to thank God that his name was not liable to a pun. He little thought that it was liable to such a rhyme as this.

#### 208. *Irish Gambling.*

Stanihurst describes a singular class of gamblers among the wild Irish of his time. "There is among them, (he\* says,) a brotherhood of *karrowes*, that proffer to play at cards all the year long, and

\* Holinshed, Vol. 6, p. 68.

make it their only occupation. They play away mantle and all to the bare skin, and then truss themselves in straw or leaves; they wait for passengers in the highway, invite them to game upon the green, and ask no more but companions to make them sport. For default of other stuff they pawn their glibs, the nails of their fingers and toes, their dimissaries, which they lease or redeem at the courtesy of the winner."

Some fifteen or twenty years ago an instance of this playing at mayhem occurred in England. Two Smithfield drovers tost up for each others ears. They were in savage earnest, and the winner cropt his antagonist with a common knife, close to the head. This however seems to have proceeded from a bravado of brutality on both sides, not from a spirit of gambling, of which there is less among the common people in England than in any other country. Those who have any propensity to this

fatal passion find it sufficiently gratified by the lotteries, the most pernicious manner in which it is possible to raise money from the nation.

While this sheet was in the Printer's hands, a more extraordinary instance of frantic or drunken gambling than either of the foregoing, appeared in the London newspapers. It follows here as related in the Times of April 17, 1812

“ On Wednesday evening an extraordinary investigation took place at Bow Street. Croker, the officer, was passing the Hampstead Road; he observed at a short distance before him two men on a wall, and directly after saw the tallest of them, a stout man about six feet high, hanging by his neck from a lamp-post, attached to the wall, being that instant tied up and turned off by the short man. This unexpected and extraordinary sight astonished the officer; he made up to the spot with all speed, and just after he arrived there,

the tall man who had been hanged, fell to the ground, the handkerchief with which he had been suspended having given way. Croker produced his staff, said he was an officer, and demanded to know of the other man the cause of such conduct; in the mean time the man who had been hanged recovered, got up, and on Croker interfering, gave him a violent blow on the nose, which nearly knocked him backward. The short man was endeavouring to make off; however, the officer procured assistance, and both were brought to the office, when the account they gave was, that they worked on canals. They had been together on Wednesday afternoon, tossed up for money, and afterwards for their clothes; the tall man who was hanged won the other's jacket, trowsers and shoes; they then tossed up which should hang the other, and the short one won the toss. They got upon the wall, the one to submit, and the

other to hang him on the lamp-iron. They both agreed in this statement. The tall one who had been hanged, said, if he won the toss, he would have hanged the other. He said, he then felt the effects on his neck at the time he was hanging, and his eyes was so much swelled that he saw double. The Magistrates expressed their horror and disgust, and ordered the man who had been hanged to find bail for the violent and unjustifiable assault upon the officer, and the short one for hanging the other. Not having bail, they were committed to Bridewell for trial."

209. *Joachim du Bellay.*

An epitaph by this poet is the only thing which I found worth remembering in one of those cubic volumes which Gruter has crammed with trash.

*Quas potius decuit nostro te inferre sepulchro*

*Petronilla, tibi spargimus has lacrimas.*

*Spargimus has lacrimas, mæsti monumenta parentis,*

*Et tibi pro thalamo sternimus hunc tumulum.*

*Sperabam genitor tædas preferre jugales*

*Et titulo patris jungere nomen avi ;*

*Heu ! gener est Orcus ; quique o dulcissima, per te*

*Se sperabat avum desinit esse pater.*

Bellay does not deserve the less credit for these lines for having compounded them from two epitaphs at Naples, both which he probably found in Guevara's Epistles, where they follow each other. The first was placed by an aged mother over the grave of her son.

*Quæ mihi debebas supremæ munera vitæ*

*Infelix solvo nunc tibi nate prior.*

*Fortuna inconstans, lex et variabilis ævi,*

*Debueras cineri jam superesse meo.*

The other is upon a lady who died in the week which had been appointed for her marriage.

*Nate heu miserum, misero mihi nata parenti*

*Unicus ut fieres, unica nata dolor.*

*Nam tibi dum virum, tædas thalamumque parabam,*

*Funera et inferias, anxius ecce pato.*

210. *Eclipses.*

It is well known in Valladolid, says a very learned and able catholic historian, that when any knight of the Castilla family is about to die, strokes are heard within a tomb which is in the choir of St. Clara's, as if to announce the decease of some of that illustrious lineage. "I never wondered at this," says the historian, "remembering what Aristotle says, *de nobilioribus majorem curam habet natura*: for we see that to distinguish princes and kings from the vulgar, and from ordinary people, God is accustomed to send signs which prognosticate their death, such as comets, earthquakes, eclipses, and the like."

The book in which God is thus represented as a respecter of persons, is licensed by the inquisition, as containing no false doctrine. A pretty world it would be if this doctrine were true! if such an incarnation of the evil principle as Nadir Shah or Buonaparte could not



yield up the ghost without the sun's being darkened, and the earth quaking, and the rocks being rent!

The philosophy of eclipses, as affecting Princes, is more fully explained by Miedes.

“ Eclipses and defects of the sun and moon, which are seen from time to time in the heavens, do not announce the death of princes, but really cause it, and that by the great impression which they make upon inferior things; as may be understood of the sun, by perceiving how his strength and vigor influence the elements and their compounds, not only occasioning the production and generation thereof, but also their preservation and support. It may therefore well follow, that when the moon interposes and deprives them of the action and virtue of the sun's influence, and of the sustenance which they derive from it, they may sooner decay and die, that virtue failing them which gave them life; and

especially those compounds which from their tenderness and delicacy are most subject to the celestial influencies, such as the bodies of kings and princes. Eclipses, therefore, of the sun, occasioned by the interposition of the moon, and of the moon, occasioned by the interposition of the earth, are not so much the tokens of the deaths which are to follow, as they are the causes." He then proceeds to shew that comets are the tokens which are sent to these tender and delicate compounds, and concludes with a compliment to that tender and delicate compound Philip II. Of this sagacious distinction between eclipses and comets he is not a little proud.

This writer was a good historian, but a very strange philosopher. According to him, a storm at sea is the happiest thing that can happen to an expedition. When King Jayme of Aragon embarked for the conquest of Majorca the weather soon became tempestuous, and his

people expecting nothing but death, confessed all their most secret sins, "Here," says the old Canon of Valencia, "here may it be seen what sacred and salutary fruits of true religion Christians may gather from the storms and tempests of the sea! For it doth not only by the vomiting which it provokes purge the body of all choler and ill humours, but by the great terror which its fearful yawnings occasion, it roots out from the soul all the evil affections of sin, and with tears and bitter repentance washes with the current of firm and good resolutions all that had till now been defiled. So that every one recovers from his diseases both of body and soul far better at sea than upon shore. It is against all reason therefore to think that a tempest at sea is a sad and unhappy omen for Christian sailors when they begin their voyages and enterprizes; they ought rather to regard it as a fortunate prognostic, since having weather-

ed it, and purged (as we have said) their ills both of body and soul, they remain more acceptable to God, and in sounder health and better plight to go on with their adventure."

*Hist. del R. D. Jayme, L. 6, C. 2.*

Miedes might have *improved* sea-sickness still farther, if the grand discoveries of Swedenborg had been known in his time, or if he had remembered the opinions of his own countryman Huarte, who, though as wild and visionary a theorist as the most visionary of his own days, has had the good luck to be cried up as a philosopher in ours, for some imagined resemblance to the ridiculous fancy of Helvetius. . . The great Swedish Ouranographer, whose discoveries were not always confined to heaven, discovered that all diseases were the works of evil spirits, and in particular that the foul spirits who are ripening for Hell, and take delight in putridity, get into our insides and manufacture for

us all the evils which arise from indigestion. A doctrine very reconcilable with Huarte's philosophy.

It is a thing certain, says that author, that there are to be found some dispositions in a man's body which the Devil coveteth with so great eagerness, as to enjoy them he entereth into the man in whom they are found, wherethrough he becometh possessed: but the same being corrected and changed by contrary medicines, and an alteration being wrought in these black, filthy and stinking humours, he naturally comes to depart. This is plainly discerned by experience; for if there be a house great, dark, foul, putrified, melancholick, and void of dwellers, the Devils soon take it up for their lodging. But if the same be cleansed, the windows opened, and the sunbeams admitted to enter, by and by they get them packing, and especially if it be inhabited by much company, and that there be meetings and pastimes and playing on

musical instruments. The Devil is so slovenly, so melancholick, and so much an enemy to things neat, chearful, and clear, that when Christ entered into the region of Genezaret, St. Matthew recounteth how certain Devils met him in dead carcasses which they had caught out of their graves, crying and saying, Jesus, thou son of David, what hast thou to do with us, that thou art come before hand to torment us? we pray thee, that if thou be to drive us out of this place where we are, thou wilt let us enter into that herd of swine which is yonder. For which reason the holy Scripture termeth them unclean Spirits.

*Huarte, Eng. transl. P. 92. 94.*

211. *Valentine Gretrakes.*

It is Henry\* More who tells us of his civet-like odour of complection. He is

\* See vol. I, p. 144, where I had supposed it was Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

explaining how an enthusiast may cure some diseases by touching or stroking the part diseased, yet it would be no true miracle, ..and the perverse ingenuity with which he supports a true opinion by false reasoning, is very characteristic of this curious writer. "There may be very well, (he says) a sanative and healing contagion, as well as morbid and venomous. And the spirits of melancholy men being more massy and ponderous, when they are so highly refined and actuated by a more than ordinary heat and vigour of the body, may prove a very powerful elixir, Nature having outdone the usual pretences of chemistry in this case." *Enthusiasmus Triumphatus*, Sect. 58.

"This very place," he adds in the Scholia to this Treatise, "I shewed to that excellent person, Mr. Boyle, at London, as I was talking with him in a Bookseller's shop, being asked by him what I thought of the cures of Valentine Gretrakes, with the fame of which all

places rung at that time. I told him my opinion was fixed about those cures some years before they were performed: For that one Coker, (for that was the name of the person whose remarkable way of curing or healing I now mention,) by a very gentle chafing or rubbing of his hand, cured diseases ten years ago, to the best of my remembrance, as Gretrakes did, though not so many and various, for this cured cancers, scrofulas, deafness, king's evil, head-ach, epilepsie, fevers though quartan ones, leprosy, palsy, tympany, lameness, numbness of limbs, stone, convulsions, pty sick, sciatica, ulcers, pains of the body, nay, blind and dumb in some measure, and I know not but he cured the gout. Of all which cures Gretrakes wrote a book, attested by good hands, to which, for brevity's sake I refer the reader. But it is in general to be observed, that although he cured all those diseases, yet he did not succeed in all his applications, nor were



is cures always lasting. Moreover it was not only his hand that had this healing quality, but even his spittle and his urine, whereby you may the more easily discover that cures have relation to the temperament of the body. Besides, it was well known that his body as well as his hand and urine, had a sort of herbous aromatic scent: though that may be no certain sign of a sanative faculty.

“ This I can speak by experience of myself, especially when I was young, that every night, when going to bed I unbuttoned my doublet, my breast would emit a sweet aromatick smell, and every year after about the end of winter. or approaching of the spring, I had usually sweet herbous scents in my nostrils, no external object appearing from whence they came. Nay, my urine would smell like violets, which made me very much to wonder at the mistake of that famous physician and philosopher Henricus Regius, That no body's urine

smelt sweete but from some medicine taken inwardly; whereas I know the contrary to happen in my own certain knowledge. Besides I remember above forty years ago, that one winter pulling off my shoes, and setting them to the fire, my chamber fellow coming into the room at the same time presently cry'd out, what a mighty smell of musk or civet is here! At which I smiling desired him to draw near, and smell to my shoes, which he did, but soon found a different smell there. But I know not how I thus insensibly run into this humour of talking of myself. Let us return to Gretrakes and his cures, which it is manifestly plain may be within the bounds of nature, (though perhaps not a little purified and defecated by the help of religion) because he could only relieve or cure afflicted Nature, but not restore it when decaying. But that which to me seems wonderful above all the rest is, that subtil morbifick matter, which,

By the application of his hand would become volatil, and remove from the part griev'd, and then like lightning disperse itself by the same application of the hand, into several parts of the body, till at last he would drive it into some extreme part, suppose the fingers, and especially the toes, or the nose or tongue; into which parts when he had forced it, it would make them so cold and insensible, that the patient could not feel the deepest prick of a pin, but as soon as his hand should touch those parts, or gently rub them, the whole distemper vanished, and life and sense immediately returned to those parts. So subtil a thing is the matter of most, or all diseases, and yet at the same time so stupid and deadly, that it is, as it were the first-fruits of Death.

“ As to the constitution of these two, Coker was a very melancholick man, as I have been informed by those that conversed with him; Gretrakes was quite

the contrary, being of a sanguine temper, very civil and humane, and really pious, without sourness or superstition. (For I myself have often conversed with him at Ragley, when I used to be at my Lord Viscount Conway's.) Whence I plainly saw, by the ascension of blood and spirits, his brain was in no danger, nor was I mistaken in my conjecture.

“ But I would not be understood in what I have said of these sorts of cures, as if I despised them ; for they may be the special gift of God in Nature, especially in regenerate Nature. Of which sort it is likely these cures of Gretrakes were, as any one may collect from the account of his forepass'd life, for he gave himself up wholly to the study of Godliness and sincere mortification, and through the whole course of his life, shew'd all manner of specimens of a Christian disposition. But, besides the innocence of his private life, and his most effusive charity and humanity, in

the management of public offices, whether military or civil, (for he was a man not only of a pious and liberal education, but of an estate and capacity fit to serve the publick,) he did nothing but what carried an air of justice and equity in it, and a general good will towards all; insomuch, that though he did most heartily embrace the Reformed Religion, yet he would persecute no sect upon the score of religion, not even the Papists, and that in Ireland too, where they had, through their cruelty and perfidy, made such horrible havock of the Protestants. This and other things of this nature, certainly shew us that we ought to impute this gift of his curing diseases, not to the simple, but regenerate nature, since we find so many, and manifest steps and marks of the regenerate man in him; nor could I ever discover any thing in him that was contemptuous or immoral towards the spiritual, or secular magistrate, and truly he

seems to me such an exemplar of candid and sincere Christianity, without any pride, deceit, sourness or superstition; to which let me add his working such wonderful at least, if not properly called miracles, as the Church of Rome in no age, could ever produce for their religion. For what Gretrakes did, was done in the face of the world, seen and attested by Physicians, Philosophers, and Divines of the most penetrating and accurate judgment. But what ridiculous shams and cheats the miracles of the Roman Church are, is too well known to the world to spend any time on them here."

The most remarkable thing about Gretrakes is, that he should have performed these cures without becoming a religious enthusiast. Many men have pretended to 'call spirits from the vasty deep,' without believing themselves conjurers, . . . but none of these pretenders would have doubted the reality of their

own magical powers, if the spirits had "come when they did call for them." There was a time when our saints dealt largely in prophecy, .. but there is a valuable story upon record, of one whose prediction happened to be accomplished, and the effect which it produced upon him was immediately to make him mad. This striking fact is thus related by the faithful historian of the Quakers, William Sewel.

" Thomas Ibbitt of Huntingtongshire, came to London a few days before the burning of that city, and, (as hath been related by the eye-witnesses) did upon his coming thither, alight from his horse, and unbutton his clothes in so loose a manner, as if they had been put on in haste just out of bed.

" In this manner he went about the city on the sixth, being the day he came thither, and also on the seventh day of the week, pronouncing a judgment by fire, which should lay waste the city.

On the evening of these days, some of his friends had meetings with him, to enquire concerning his message and call, to pronounce that impending judgment: In his account whereof he was not more particular and clear, than, that he said he for some time had the vision thereof, but had delayed to come and declare it as commanded until he felt (as he expressed it) the fire in his own bosom: which message or vision was very suddenly proved to be sadly true.

“ The Fire began on the 2d of September, 1666, on the first day of the week, which did immediately follow those two days the said Thomas Ibbitt had gone about the city declaring that judgment.

“ Having gone up and down the city, as hath been said, when afterwards he saw the fire break out, and beheld the fulfilling of his prediction, a spiritual pride seized on him, which, if others had not been wiser than he, might have tended to his utter destruction. For



the fire being come as far as the East end of Cheapside, he placed himself before the flame, and spread his arms forth, as if to stay the progress of it; and if one Thomas Matthews, with others had not pulled him, (who seemed now altogether distracted) from thence, it was like he might have perished by the fire. Yet in process of time, as I have been told, he came to some recovery and confessed this error; an evident proof of human weakness, and a notorious instance of our frailty, when we assume to ourselves the doing of any thing to which Heaven alone can enable us."

212. *Henry More's Song of the Soul.*

Henry More whose philosophical works contain the most extraordinary instances of credulity, is not less curious as a poet than a philosopher. He published a volume of Philosophical Poems, the greater part of which is filled by the

Song of the Soul, 'containing a Christiano-Platonick display of Life', divided into several parts under the following tables. *Psychozoia*, or the Life of the Soul; *Psychathanasia*, or the Immortality of the Soul; *Democritus Platonissans*, or an Essay upon the Infinity of Worlds out of Platonick Principles; *Antipsychopannychia*, or a Confutation of the sleep of the Soul after Death; The preexistency of the Soul, and *Antimonopsychia*, or a Confutation of the Unity of Souls.

Mr. Todd enumerates the Song of the Soul, among the poems which have been written in Spenser's metre, and praises it for "often presenting as just an allegory and as sweet a stanza as the original, which it professes to follow." It is my good fortune to be gifted with some perseverance; and in some of those remnants and fractions of time which are so often left to waste, and which if summed up and carried to account,

amount to so much in the course of an ordinary life, I have read this work through. Few persons perhaps have done this before, and still fewer will do it after me. "Lend me your *eyes*," reader, and in a very few minutes you shall know as much about it, as can be known without a thorough perusal, .. and in fact, almost as much as is worth knowing.

There is perhaps no other poem in existence, which has so little that is good in it; if it has any thing good. Henry More possessed the feelings of a poet; but the subject which he chose is of all others least fitted for poetry, and in fact there is no species of poetry so absurd as the didactic. The memory, when mere memory is concerned, may best be addressed in metre; old Lilly knew this, and the *Memoria Technica* is good proof of it. In these instances it is necessary to impress words, and nothing but words upon the recollection;

which is facilitated by their chiming in. But philosophy set to tune only serves to puzzle the composer, without assisting the student. There is only one way of adapting it to the nature of poetry, which is, by allegorizing it: Henry More attempted this in a small part of his song, and the success of this attempt is not such as to induce a wish that he had extended it. Mr. Todd's praise is ill founded. The allegory in Spenser is the worst part of his poem, but the worst allegory in Spenser is far better than the best in Henry More. This the following specimen will convince. Old Mne-mon is relating his journey from Beiron (the brutish life) into Dizoiā, or double-livedness as he explains it.

So having got experience enough  
Of this ill land, for nothing there was new,  
My purpose I held on, and rode quite through  
That middle way, and did the extremes eschew.  
When I came near the end there was in view

No passage, for the wall was very high,  
 But there no door to me itself did shew ;  
 Looking about at length I did espy  
 A lively youth to whom I presently gan cry.

More willing he's to come than I to call ;  
 Simon he hight, who also's call'd a Rock.  
 Simon is that obedientiall  
 Nature, who boisterous seas and winds doth mock ;  
 No tempest can him move with fiercest shock,  
 The house that's thereon built doth surely stand ;  
 Nor blustering storm, nor rapid torrents stroke  
 Can make it fall ; it easily doth withstand  
 The gates of Death and Hell, and all the stygian band.

When I gan call, forthwith in seemly sort  
 He me approach'd in decent russet clad,  
 More fit for labour than the flaunting Court.  
 When he came near, in chearfull wise he bad  
 Tell what I would ; then I unto the lad  
 Gan thus reply ; alas ! too long astray  
 Here have I trampled foul Behiron's pad ;  
 Out of this land I thought this the next way,  
 But I no gate can find, so vain is mine assay.

Then the wise youth, Good Sir, you look too high ;  
 The wall aloft is rais'd, but that same door  
 Where you must pass, in deep descent doth lie.  
 But he bad follow, he would go before.  
 Hard by there was a place all covered o're

With stinging nettles and such weedery,  
 The pricking thistles the hard'st legs would gore;  
 Under the wall a straight door we descry,  
 The Wall hight *Self-conceit*, the Door *Humility*.

When we came at the door fast lockt it was,  
 And Simon had the key, but he would grant  
 That I into that other land should pass  
 Without I made him my concomitant.  
 It pleased me well, I mus'd not much upon't  
 But straight accord; . . for why? a jolly swain  
 Methought he was; meek, chearful, and pleasant.  
 When he saw this, he thus to me again,  
 Sir, see you that sad couple? . . Then I, . . I see those  
 twain.

A sorry couple certainly they be,  
 The man a bloody knife holds at his heart,  
 With chearless countenance; as sad is she;  
 Or old, or else intolerable smart  
 Which she can not decline by any art,  
 Doth thus distort and writhe her wrinkled face;  
 A leaden quadrate swayes hard on that part  
 That's fit for burdens; foulness doth deface  
 Her aged looks; with a straight staff her steps she stays.

Right well you say, then said that lusty swain,  
 Yet this poor couple be my parents dear,  
 Nor can I hence depart without these twain;  
 These twain give life to me, though void of chear.

They be themselves : then let's all go yfere:  
 The young man's speech caus'd sad perplexity  
 Within my brest, but yet I did forbear,  
 And fairly ask'd their names. He answered me  
 He *Autaparnes* hight; but she *Hypomone*.

I Simon am the son of this sad pair;  
 Who though full harsh they seem to outward sight,  
 Yet when to *Dizoie* men forth do fare,  
 No company in all the land so meet  
 They find as these. Their pace full well I weet  
 Is very slow, and so to youthful haste  
 Displeasing; and their counsels nothing sweet  
 To any *Beironite*; but sweetest taste  
 Doth bitter choler breed, and haste doth maken waste.

Nor let that breast impierced with weeping wound,  
 An uncouth spectacle, disturb your mind.  
 His blood's my food. If he his life effund  
 To utmost death, the high God hath design'd  
 That we both live. He in my heart shall find  
 A seat for his transfused soul to dwell;  
 And when that's done, this death doth eke unbind.  
 That heavy weight that doth *Hypomone* quell,  
 Then I *Anautæsthetus* hight, which seems me well.

So both their lives do vanish into mine,  
 And mine into *Atuvus* life doth melt,  
 Which fading flux of time doth not define,  
 Nor is by any *Autæsthesian* felt.

This life to *On* the good *Atuvus* delt ;  
 In it's all Joy, Truth, Knowledge, Love and Force ;  
 Such force no weight created can repel't.  
 All strength and livelyhood is from this source,  
 All Lives to this first spring have circular recourse.

Here the allegory is, that the way of escape from the brutish condition of human nature, (*Beiron*) is by Obedience, which discovers Humility, the door of passage ; now Obedience (*Simon*) consists in self-denial, *Autaparnes*, and Patience, *Hypomone*. Old *Mnemon* remarks upon this story,

A lecture strange he seem'd to read to me,  
 And though I did not rightly understand  
 His meaning, yet I deem'd it to be  
 Some goodly thing.

Henry More's readers seem to have agreed with old *Mnemon*, in thinking it strange and in not understanding it. Yet this is the best part of the whole allegory, and of the whole poem. He soon begins to imitate John Bunyan in his nomenclature, .. but oh ! what an imitation of



that old King of the Tinkers! .. The passage is curious in another respect,.. it may have suggested the name of Pandæmonium to Milton, who was a friend of Henry More's.

On Ida hill there stands a Castle strong,  
 They that it built call it *Pantheothen* ;  
 Hither resort a rascal rabble throng  
 Of miscreant wights ; but if that wiser men  
 May name that fort, *Pandemoniothen*  
 They would it cleep. It is the strongest delusion  
 That ever Dæmon wrought, the safest pen  
 That ere held silly sheep for their confusion.

Ill life and want of love, hence springs each false conclusion.

That rabble rout that in this Castle won  
 Is *Irefull-Ignorance, Unseemly-Zeal,*  
*Strong-self-conceit, Rotten Religion,*  
*Contentious-reproach-gainst-Michael-*  
*If-he-of-Moses'-body-aught-reveal-*  
*Which-their-dull-skonses-cannot-easily-reach,*  
*Love-of-the-carkass, an-inept-appeal-*  
*T'-uncertain-papers, a-false-formal-fetch-*  
*Of-feigned-sighs. Contempt-of-poor-and-sinful-wretch.*

Two more stanzas follow full of these

Praise-God-Barebones names. The next contains one of those rare gleams of poetry which redeem the author, . . . not indeed from neglect, . . . but certainly from contempt.

These and such like be that rude regiment  
 That from the glittering sword of Michael fly;  
 They fly his outstretched arm, else were they shent,  
 If they unto this Castle did not hie;  
 Strongly within its walls to fortifie  
 Themselves Great Dæmon hathi no stronger hold  
 Than this high Tower. *When the good Majesty*  
*Shines forth in love and light, a vapour cold*  
**And a black hellish smoke from hence doth all infold.**

Here too are lines which none but a true poet could have written, and here the reader will again be reminded of Milton.

Fresh varnished groves, tall hills, and gilded clouds  
 Arching an eyelid for the gloring morn,  
 Fair clustred buildings which our sight so crouds  
 At distance, with high spires to heaven yborn,  
 Vast plains with lowly cottages forlorn  
 Rounded about with the low-wavering sky.

But in general the language of this poem is the most barbarous that can be conceived. Some little excuse he makes for this, in the preface to the second edition. 'I have taken the pains, he says, to peruse these Poems of the Soul, and to lick them into some more tolerable form and smoothness. For I must confess, such was the present haste and heat that I was then hurried in, (dispatching them in fewer months, than some cold-pated gentlemen have conceited me to have spent years about them, and letting them slip from me so suddenly, while I was so immerse in the inward sense and representation of things, that it was even necessary to forget the economy of words, and leave them behind me aloft, to float and run together at random, like chaff and straws on the surface of the water,) that I could not but send them out in so uneven and rude a dress.' In one of his minor poems Cupid reproaches him with his style,

and with the neglect which it has occasioned.

—thy riddles all men do neglect,  
 Thy rugged lines of all do lie forlorn ;—  
 Unwelcome rhymes that rudely do detect  
 The readers ignorance. Men holden scorn  
 To be so often nonplus'd, or to spell,  
 And on one stanza a whole age to dwell.

Besides this harsh and hard obscurity  
 Of the hid sense, thy words are barbarous  
 And strangely new, and yet too frequently  
 Return, as usual, plain and obvious,  
 So that the shew of the new thick-set patch  
 Marrs all the old with which it ill doth match.

This the Poet resolutely answers in  
 his own person.

—What thou dost pedantickly object  
 Concerning my rude, rugged, uncouth style,  
 As childish toy I manfully neglect...  
 How ill alas! with wisdom it accords  
 To sell my living sense for liveless words!

My thought's the fittest measure of my tongue,  
 Wherefore I'll use what's most significant;

And rather than my inward meaning wrong,  
Or my full-shining notion trimly skant,  
I'll conjure up old words out of their grave,  
Or call fresh foreign force in, if need crave;  
And these attending on my moving mind,  
Shall duly usher in the fitting sense.

And then looking on to the warm season which is to succeed the winter of the world, and at the same time anticipating Baron Munchausen's idea, he says,

My words into this frozen air I throw,  
Will then grow vocal at that general thaw.

The following extract is the best specimen that can be given of the strain of feeling, which Henry More could express in no better language than an inharmonious imitation of Spenser's, barbarized by the extremes of carelessness, the most licentious, and erudition the most pedantic.

In silent night when mortalls be at rest,  
 And bathe their molten limbs in slothful sleep,  
 My troubled ghost strange cares did straight molest,  
 And plunged my heavie soul in sorrow deep:  
 Large floods of tears my moistned cheeks did steep,  
 My heart was wounded with compassionate love  
 Of all the creatures: sadly out I creep  
 From men's close mansions, the more to improve  
 My mournfull plight; so softly on I forward move.

Aye me! said I, within my wearied breast,  
 And sighed sad, . . . wherefore did God erect  
 This stage of misery? thrice, foure times blest  
 Whom churlish Nature never did eject  
 From her dark womb, and cruelly object  
 By sense and life unto such balefull smart;  
 Every slight entrance into joy is checkt  
 By that soure step-dames threats, and visage tart:  
 Our pleasure of our pain is not the thousandth part.

Thus vex'd I was 'cause of mortality,  
 Her curst remembrance cast me in this plight,  
 That I grew sick of the world's vanity,  
 Ne ought recomfort could my sunken spright;  
 What so I hate may do me no delight,  
 Few things (alas!) I hate, the more my wo.  
 The things I love by mine own sad foresight,  
 Make me the greater torments undergo,  
 Because I know at last they're gone like idle show.

Each goodly sight my sense doth captivate,  
 When vernal flowers their silken leaves display,  
 And ope their fragrant bosomes, I that state  
 Would not have changed, but indure for aye;  
 Nor care to mind that that fatall decay  
 Is still secured by faithfull succession.  
 But why should aught that's good thus fade away?  
 Should steddy spring exclude summer's accession?  
 Or summer spoil the spring with furious hot oppression!

You chearfull chaunters of the flowring woods,  
 That feed your carelesse souls with pleasant layes,  
 O silly birds! cease from your merry moods:  
 Ill suits such mirth when dreary death's assayes  
 So closely presse your sory carkases:  
 To mournfull note turn your light verilayes,  
 Death be your song, and winter's hoary sprayes,  
 Spend your vain sprights in sighing elegies:  
 I'll help you to lament your wofull miseries.

When we lay cover'd in the shady night  
 Of senselesse matter, we were well content  
 With that estate, nought pierced our anxious spright,  
 No harm we suffered, no harm we ment;  
 Our rest not with light dream of ill was blent:  
 But when rough Nature, with her iron hond,  
 Pull'd us from our soft ease, and hither hent,  
 Disturbing fear and pinching pain we found,  
 Full many a bitter blast, full many a dreadful stound.

Yet life's strong love doth so intoxicate  
 Our misty minds, that we do fear to dy.  
 What did dame Nature brood all things of hate  
 And onely give them life for misery ?  
 Sense for an undeserved penalty ?  
 And show that if she list, that she could make  
 Them happy ? but with sprightfull cruelty  
 Doth force their groaning ghosts this house forsake ?  
 And to their ancient Nought their empty selves betake.

Thus in deep sorrow and restlesse disdain  
 Against the cankered doom of envious fate,  
 I clove my very heart with riving pain,  
 While I in sullen rage did ruminatē  
 The Creature's vanity and wofull state;  
 And night that ought to yield us timely rest,  
 My swelling griefs did much more aggravate :  
 The sighs and groans of weary sleeping beast  
 Seem'd as if sleep itself their spirits did molest :

Or as constrain'd perforce that boon to wrest  
 From envious Nature. All things did augment  
 My heavy plight, that foully I blam'd the best  
 Of stubborn destiny cause of this wayment.  
 Even sleep that's for our restauration ment,  
 As execrable thing I did abhorre,  
 Cause ugly death to th' life it did depeint.  
 What good came to my mind I did deplore,  
 Because it perish must and not live evermore.



Thus wrapt in ruffull thought through the waste field  
I stagger'd on, and scattered my woe,  
Bedew'd the grasse with tears mine eyes did yield;  
At last I am arriv'd with footing slow  
Near a black pitchy wood, that strongest throw  
Of starry beam no'te easily penetrate:  
On the north side I walked to and fro  
In solitary shade. The Moon's sly gate  
Had cross'd the middle line: It was at least so late.

When th' other part of night in painfull grief  
Was almost spent, out of that solemn grove  
There issued forth for my timely relief,  
The fairest wight that ever sight did prove,  
So fair a wight as might command the love  
Of best of mortall race; her count'nance sheen  
The pensive shade gently before her drove;  
A mild sweet light shone from her lovely eyne:  
She seem'd no earthly branch, but sprung of stock divine.

A silken mantle, colour'd like the skie  
With silver starres in a due distance set,  
Was cast about her somewhat carelessly,  
And her bright flowing hair was not ylet  
By art's device; onely a chappelet  
Of chiefest flowers, which from far and near  
The Nymphs in their pure lilly hands had fet,  
Upon her temples she did seemly weare,  
Her own fair beams made all her ornaments appear.

What wilfull wight doth thus his kindly rest  
 Forsake? said she approaching me unto.  
 What rage, what sorrow, boils thus in thy chest  
 That thou thus spend'st the night in wasting wo?  
 Oft help he gets that his hid ill doth show.  
 Ay me! said I, my grief's not all mine own;  
 For all men's griefs into my heart do flow,  
 Nor men's alone, but every mournfull grone  
 Of dying beast, or what so else that grief hath shown.

From fading plants my sorrows freshly spring;  
 And thou thyself that com'st to comfort me,  
 Would'st strong'st occasion of deep sorrow bring,  
 If thou wert subject to mortality:  
 But I no mortall wight thee deem to be,  
 Thy face, thy voice, immortall thee proclaim.  
 Do I not well to wail the vanity  
 Of fading life, and churlish fates to blame,  
 That with cold frozen death life's cheerfull motions tame?

Thou dost not well, said she to me again,  
 Thou hurt'st thyself, and dost to them no good.  
 The sighs thou sendest out cannot regain  
 Life to the dead, thou can'st not change the mood  
 Of sted'ast destiny. That man is wood  
 That weetingly hastes on the thing he hates:  
 Dull sorrow chokes the sprights, congeals the blood,  
 The bodie's fabrick quickly ruins,  
 Yet foolish men do fondly blame the hasty fates,

Come, hasty fates, said I, come take away  
 My weary life, the fountain of my wo :  
 When that's extinct, or shrunk into cold clay,  
 Then well I wote, that I shall undergo  
 No longer pain. O ! why are you so slow.  
 Fond speech, said she, nor changed her countenance,  
 No signe of grief nor anger she did show ;  
 Full well she knew passion's misgovernance,  
 Though her clear brest fond passion never yet did lance.

But thus spake on, Sith friendly sympathy  
 With all the creatures thus invades thy brest,  
 And strikes thine heart with so deep agony  
 For their decay, 'cording to that behest  
 Which the pure source of sympathy hath prest  
 On all that of those lovely streams have drunk,  
 I'll tell thee that that needs must please thee best,  
 All life's immortall; though the outward trunk  
 May chānged be, yet life to nothing never shrunk.

With that she bad me rear my heavie eye  
 Up toward heaven, I rear'd them toward the east,  
 Where in a roscid cloud I did espy  
 A lunar rainbow in her painted vest ;  
 The heavenly maid in the mean while surceast  
 From further speech, while I the bow did view :  
 But mine old malady was more increas'd,  
 The bow gan break, and all the gawdy hiew  
 Dispeared, that my heart the sight did inly rue.

Thus life doth vanish as this bow is gone,  
 Said I. That sacred nymph forthwith reply'd,  
 Vain shewes may vanish that have gaily shone  
 To feeble sense; but if the truth be tri'd,  
 Life cannot perish, or to nothing slide:  
 It is not life that falleth under sight,  
 None but vain flitting qualities are ey'd  
 By wondring ignorance. The vitall spright  
 As surely doth remain as the Sun's lasting light.

This bow, whose breaking struck thy troubled heart,  
 Of causelesse grief, I hope, shall thee secure,  
 When I have well explain'd with skilfull art  
 By its resemblance what things must indure,  
 What things decay and cannot standen sure.  
 The higher causes of that colour'd ark,  
 What ere becomes of it, do sit secure.  
 That so (the body falling) life's fair spark  
 Is safe, I'll clearly show if you but list to mark.

He has found it necessary to annex a glossary to the poem, but these uncouth words which require a glossary are not the worst. The reader who does not understand Greck and Hebrew will naturally look there for the meaning of such words as *acronychall*, *Adamah*, *Anantasthesie*, &c.

&c. . . introducing foreign coin is not so heavy an offence as clipping the King's English is, which he has done most unmercifully. If the word which presented itself did not rhyme, he made it, and wrote *passé* for *past*, *narre* for *near*, *emisse* for *emitted*, *conject* for *conjecture*, &c. and it is sometimes past the reach of conjecture to find out his meaning. In the midst of a very fine passage he calls Fear or Doubt 'a sturdy rascal,' . . . and Alexander the Great is designated as 'that pert Pellæan lad.' *Idee* is generally used for *idea*, a word which had not then been made trite by fashionable metaphysics.

A curious passage occurs against materialism.

For then our soul can nothing be but bloud,  
 Or nerves, or brains, or body modifide,  
 Whence it will follow that cold-stopping crud,  
 Hard moldy cheese, dry nuts, when they have rid  
 Due circuits though the heart, at last shall speed  
 Of life and sense; . . . look thorough our thin eyes

And view the close wherein the cow did feed  
 Whence they were milk'd ; gross pie-crust will grow  
 wise,  
 And pickled cucumbers, sans doubt, philosophize.

Poor young Beattie has something in  
 the same strain of thought.

A certain High Priest could explain  
 How the soul is but nerve at the most,  
 And how Milton had glands in his brain  
 Which secreted the Paradise Lost.

In looking over this account of Henry More's strange poems, I do not perceive that any thing too harsh has been said of their defects, and yet it leaves a more unfavourable opinion of the author's talents, than I feel myself, or by any means wish to communicate. It is generally acknowledged that a man may write good verses, and yet be no poet ; it is not so generally acknowledged that he may be a poet and yet write bad ones. Three fourths of the English poets have had less genius than Henry

More, but not one of them who possessed any has contrived so completely to smother it, and render it useless.

213. *Quaker Preaching.*

Sewel, who is more generally known by his Dutch and English Dictionary than as an English writer, was the grandson of a Brownist who emigrated from Kidderminster and settled at Utrecht. His mother, Judith Zinspenning, visited England, and was much esteemed there among the Quakers. He relates a curious anecdote of her. "She was moved to speak at the meeting at Kingston, where William Caton interpreted for her. At another time, being in a meeting at London, and he not present, and finding herself stirred up to declare of the loving kindness of the Lord to those that feared him, she desired one Peter Sybrands to be her interpreter, but he, though an honest man, yet not very fit for that service, one or more friends

told her, they were so sensible of the Power by which she spoke, though they did not understand her words, yet they were edified by the life and power that accompanied her speech, and therefore they little mattered the want of interpretation. And so she went on without any interpreter." The good Quaker relates this anecdote with perfect simplicity, and yet he thought church-music an abomination! In these cases how much wiser are the Romanists in their generation than the children of light!

214. *Hats.*

The grandfather of Brown, the famous head of the Puritans, is said to have enjoyed the same Grandee privilege as Earl Strongbow. Fuller\* says he had seen a charter granted to this Francis Brown by King Henry VIII. (the 16th of July, in the 13th of his reign) and

\* Church History, Book ix. p. 167.



confirmed by Act of Parliament, giving him leave to put on his cap, in the presence of the King, or his heirs, or any Lord spiritual or temporal in the land, and not to put it off but for his own ease and pleasure. This is a strange story, and though Henry VIII. made some of the strangest laws that ever entered into the head of a capricious and wanton tyrant, it seems very unlikely that he, of all our Kings, should have granted such a privilege to a man of whom nothing else is remembered. But Fuller says he had seen the charter; he was used to examine records, and therefore not liable to be deceived in them, and there seems no imaginable reason why such a charter should have been forged.

Few things occasioned more torment to the Quakers than, the unlucky discovery of George Fox, that "the Lord forbid him to put off his hat to any man, high or low." "For though," says

their faithful historian, "it was pretended that this putting off of the hat was but a small thing, which none ought to scruple; yet it was a wonderful thing to see what great disturbance this pretended small matter caused among people of all sorts; so that even such that would be looked upon as those that practised humility and meekness, soon shewed what spirit they were of, when this worldly honour was denied them. It is almost unspeakable," he says elsewhere, "what rage and fury arose, what blows, pinchings, beatings, and imprisonments they underwent, besides the danger they were sometimes in of losing their lives for these matters."

A Frenchman attached to the embassy in Spain in the year 1659, who published an account of his travels in that country ten years afterwards, says that at the Queen's levee, every lady might have two gallants attending her, who were permitted, or rather expected, to

remain covered before her Majesty, on the presumption that they were *tan embevecidos*, that they forgot every thing but their mistress.

215. *Ship Bottoms preserved by charring.*

The Japanese preserve their ships from the worm (the *teredo navalis*) by charring them,..a process which has also the advantage of preserving them from rotting.

216. *Odour of heresy.*

The Jesuit P. Francisco de Fonseca has a curious story concerning relics in his account of the Embassy of the Conde de Villarmayor, Fernando Telles da Sylva, from Lisbon to Vienna, to bring home an Austrian princess for Joam V. "As we are upon the subject of the miracles which have been wrought by relics in Vienna," says he, "I will relate another prodigy that occurred in the same city, and which will serve

not a little to confirm us in the faith with which we devoutly reverence these things. The Count of Harrach, who was greatly favoured by the Duke of Saxony, besought him that he would be pleased to bestow upon him some of the very many relics in his treasury, which he preserved rather for curiosity than for devotion. The Duke with much benignity ordered that various glasses should be given him, full of precious relics of Christ, of the most holy Virgin, the Apostles, the Innocents, and other various Saints, and desired two Lutheran ministers to pack them with all decency in a valuable box, which the Duke himself locked, and sealed with his own seal, to prevent any fraud, and then sent it to Vienna. The box arrived at Vienna, and was deposited in the Count's chapel, which is in Preiner Street; the Count sent word to the Bishop that he might come to see, open and authenticate the relics; the Bishop came, and upon his

opening the box there issued out a stench so abominable that it was not to be borne, and the whole Chapel was infected with it. The bishop ordered that the relicaries should be taken out in order that he might carefully examine the cause of so strange an accident; this was done, and they soon discovered the mystery, for they found a case from which this pestilential odour proceeded; there was in it a piece of cloth with this inscription, "*Relics of Martin Luther's Breeches,*"..which the Lutheran preachers in mockery of our piety, had placed among the sacred relics. These abominable remains of the Heresiarch were burnt by command of the bishop, and then not only did the stink cease, but there issued from the sacred relics a most sweet perfume, which filled the whole chapel."

This story is certainly *ben trovato*. If the authenticity of the relic had not been established beyond all controversy

by its odour of heresy, no Catholic would have raised a doubt concerning it, founded upon the nature of the thing preserved: for though the Romanists have not gone quite so far as the Priests of Thibet in preparing pastils of *Zibethum occidentale* from their human idols, they have exceeded them in indecency. The relic of which Antwerp boasted, *quod tamen sub annum 1566, templis ac sacra-riis immani Calvinistarum furore direptis, deperditum est*, is one at which I can only hint. It is the subject of the first article in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and the manner in which its existence on earth may be reconciled with the fact of the Resurrection of Christ is there explained, according to the opinion of Suarez, . . . but the question had often been discussed before, *de quo consuli possunt Titus Bostrensis et Theophilactus et alii Interpretes et Doctores!*

217. *Anguinum.*

Thunberg speaks of a mountain, or rather a large single rock in the Cape Colony called Slangenkop, which signifies Serpent's Head. On one side of it is a large and deep crevice, which makes this rock remarkable, for every autumn almost all the serpents of the neighbourhood creep into it and assemble together, in order to remain there secure and unmolested during their torpid state. Towards summer, when the heat begins to set in, serpents of many different kinds, and frequently coiled up together in large knots, are seen coming out from this hole, who spread themselves afterwards over the country, and finding proper food soon recover the flesh which they have lost during their retreat.

This mention of their being coiled together in large knots reminds me of Pliny, and the fable which the Druids grafted upon this as yet unexplained habit of the serpent, for that it is a

habit seems to be proved by the foregoing passage, and by the following extract from one of our newspapers, of the year 1810.

“ Friday last, some boys at play near the Hoop public house, on Hampstead Heath, discovered a number of large adders wreathed together in a knot, and basking in the sun shine under a hedge. The boys attacked them with stones, and the reptiles quickly disentwined themselves, and made battle for some time, by hissing at their assailants ; one, more bold than the rest, advanced towards one of the boys, who fortunately killed it with a stone ; it measured above four feet in length, and had several frogs in its belly.”

#### 218. *Mistranslations.*

A curious collection might be made of the mistranslations in our language, not those which have grown out of an idiomatic expression, like *La dernière chemise de l'amour*, for love's last shift,



but those which have proceeded from the ignorance of the translator. Thevenot in his Travels speaks of the fables of *Damné et Calilve*, meaning the Hectopades, or Pilpay's fables. The translator, however, calls them the fables of damned Calilve. In the compilation from the *Mercurio Peruano*, which was published some years ago, under the title of *The Present State of Peru*, P. Geronymo Roman-de la Higuera, a name but too well known in Spanish literature, is translated, Father Geronymo, a Romance of La Higuera. There is another such instance in the Appendix to Mr. Pinkerton's *Geography*, but whether it rests with him or M. Barbié du Bocage, I know not. The *Memoir* speaks of "Don Michael de Sylva, Bishop of Viseu, Secretary of *La Pureté*, favourite of the King of Portugal." The Bishop was *Escrivam de poridade*, that is, confidential secretary, by which

name the efficient ministers were at that time called.

The translator of Thunberg has made some strange blunders. He makes the traveller say, "On one side of the mountain was a fine cascade that fell down a perpendicular precipice, under which there was a hollow in the mountain filled with several bushes. My inclination called me thither, and I must have gone a very round-about way to it, had I not ventured to take a leap of about *twenty or twenty four yards in height*, which I did without being hurt in the least, the bushes preventing me from making a hard fall." What the original may be I know not, but the translator does not appear even to have admired the jump, much less to have suspected his own accuracy. In another place a Linnæan name saves him from a more portentous blunder. "Dragons, he says, flew about the environs of Batavia in great numbers during the heat of the

day, like bats in a summer's evening in Europe, without injuring me, who sometimes caught them in their flight." The reader would suppose Thunberg to be outdoing St. George or Baron Munchausen, if the translator had not luckily explained his own English by inserting the name *Draco Volans*.. that is, the flying lizard,.. in the text.

219. *The Stigmata.*

I know not who was the author of the *Telemacomanie*: he speaks in the Preface of his profound respect and high esteem for Fenelon, and denies that he had composed a brutal and seditious criticism upon the *Telemaque*, which his enemies imputed to him, and which infamous and scandalous libel, they said, was the cause of his banishment to Auvergne. Certainly there is nothing either seditious or scandalous in the present work, but it is a most extraordinary compound of heathen learn-

ing and Catholic bigotry. In intolerant and barbarous bigotry indeed the writer is only surpassed by the Eclectic reviewer, who affirms that "thousands of unhappy spirits and thousands yet to increase their number, will everlastingly look back with unutterable anguish on the nights and days in which Shakespere ministered to their guilty delights."

"What, (says this Catholic-Methodist,) would our ancient Bishops, the Saints and Doctors of the Gallican Church, have said if they had seen one of their brethren amuse himself with writing Romances! What would St. Loup the Bishop of Troyes have said, he who could not suffer that the Bishop of Auvergne, St. Sidonius Appollinaris, should amuse himself with making verses and speaking in them of Jupiter and Venus and Mars? What would St. Sidonius have said himself, he who so positively assures us, that from the day when he em-

braced the religious profession he renounced that amusement, '*ab exordio religiosæ professionis huic principaliter exercitio renunciavi.*' The profound respect which I feel for the character and for the personal merits of M. de Cambray makes me blush with shame for him at learning that such a work should have proceeded from his pen! That with the same hand with which he offers every day upon the altar of the living God that adorable chalice which contains the blood of Jesus Christ, the price of the redemption of the Universe, he has presented to those very souls which were then redeemed, the cup with the poisoned wine of the Whore of Babylon, . . . for thus it is that the Fathers have called all those detestable books, which under ingenious fictions and elegant language, contain nothing but tales of gallantry and amours, descriptions of the temple and the statue of Venus, and of the enchanted island of Love, and the

empire of little Cupid with his bow and arrows, .. as the greatest of the Gods!"

This writer resembles the Eclectic Critic also in the mixture of sound sense and just feeling, which makes his bigotry at once more disgraceful and more mischievous. But he mingles with it a baseness of adulation from which the Englishman is free. "Oh, (says he,) how much more natural and more efficacious for the instruction of *Messeigneurs les Enfants de France*, would it have been, to have done for them what the late Archbishop of Paris, *Perefixe*, did for the King, to whom he had the honour of being preceptor. Instead of making a romance and writing a fabulous history full of false events tragical or comical, he wrote the true history of the reign of Henry IV. his grandfather, and instructed him thoroughly by a family example which he set before his eyes, of the great art which he has since so well put in practice, of conquering his

enemies, and making himself beloved by his subjects. How is it to be wished that the Archbishop of Cambray had imitated in this the Archbishop of Paris. and that with the same polish, the same elegance of stile, the same grace, and the same grandeur and nobleness of sentiment with which he has written the Romance of the Adventures of Telemaque, he had written the life of Louis the Great ! and instead of proposing to his illustrious pupils, children of the greatest and most powerful monarchs of the world, the sons and grandsons of two princes who are the love and the delight of the human race, the romantic adventures of a little Kingling of Ithaca, whose dominion was not of such extent as the least of the provinces of the Kingdom of France, and who was not so powerful as our Kings of Ivetot and our Sires de Pons, he had proposed to them their incomparable grandfather as a model ! What funds of genius, of wisdom, of

moderation, of greatness, of goodness, of prudence, valour, glory, and probity might he not have made the grandsons observe in their grandsire! What instructions might he not have taught them to draw from his examples! What reflexions might he not have led them to make upon so many miraculous events as those of his reign, so many battles won, and towns and provinces conquered in spite of the irregularity of the seasons, and the universal opposition of all Europe, that is to say, *pour ainsi parler*, in spite of the conspiracy of Heaven and Earth!" "M. de Cambray, (says this prime flatterer) has committed the same fault as the Czar of Muscovy did last year, who left his kingdom *contre la bienséance ordinaire des Rois, qui ne doivent jamais en sortir que comme les Rois de France, pour en conquérir d'autres*, and having committed this breach of *bienséance*, contented himself with visiting a few petty princes in Italy and



Germany, and the States of Holland, . . . *ce qu'il y avoit de plus foible, & de moins considérable parmi les têtes couronnées, . . . par un aveuglement qu'on a peine à comprendre, . . . & n'a pas eu l'esprit de voir la Cour de France, qui est sans contredit la plus fleurissante de toutes les Cours, ni d'y venir étudier la vie, la conduite, & la sagesse de LOUIS LE GRAND.*"

But the most remarkable thing in this book is a comment upon two verses of the Psalms. "*Foderunt pedes meos et manus meas,*" . . . they pierced my hands and my feet. xxii. 17. and "*confige clavis carnes meas.*" For thus it is that the Apostle St. Barnabas pretends that the 120th verse of the 119th Psalm ought to be read, and that instead of the version in the vulgate "*confige timore tuo carnes meas, a judiciis enim tuis timui,*" the true translation is, "*confige clavis carnes meas, quia nequissimorum conventus insurrexerunt in me.*" Or, "*confige clavis de metu tuo carnes meas,*" . . . Καθήλωσόν ἐκ τῆς φόβου σου τὰς σαρκας

us, . . . according to the edition of P. Menard. “*En effet,*” this writer pursues, and the passage is too curious to be given in any but the original language, the *ipsissima verba* of this strange critic, “*en effet, David devant être la figure la plus parfaite, et la plus ressemblante qui fut jamais de J. C. il falloit qu’il le representa dans les principales circonstances de sa passion. Or il n’y en a point de plus essentielle que celle de son crucifiement, lorsqu’il eut les pieds & les mains percées; car, comme dit tres bien Tertulien, c’est précisément dans ce percement des pieds & des mains, que consiste le crucifiement, hæc est propria atrocitas crucis; et ce fut par là que S. Thomas fut persuadé que le Jesus qu’il vit ressuscité étoit le même que celui qu’il avoit vû crucifié, mittam digi- tum meum in locum clavorum. Ainsi il falloit que David pour être une parfaite image et copie de J. C. eut comme lui les pieds et les mains percées, & qu’il porte dans son corps les Stigmates du Sauveur,*

& qu'il pût dire, comme dit S. Paul, Ego  
 stigmata Domini Jesu in corpore meo  
 porto. On ne peut douter que cela ne soit  
 arrivé à ce saint Roi, d'une manière tres-  
 réelle, en quelque façon que la chose lui  
 soit arrivée, soit que Saul, ou les soldats  
 d'Abalom, ou quelqu'autre de ses ennemis  
 lui ayant effectivement fait souffrir cet  
 outrage, soit que comme un autre S. Fran-  
 çois, il ait eu les mains, et les pieds percés  
 d'une manière surnaturelle, mais nean-  
 moins tres-réelle; car ce saint Roi n'est  
 point menteur, et il a dit tres-positivement  
 qu'on lui avoit percé les pieds et les mains,  
 foderunt pedes meos et manus meas. . .  
 confige clavis, in timore tuo, carnes  
 meas."

"It is useless," he says, "to remark  
 upon this subject, that the first of these  
 texts is not to be found in the Hebrew,  
 and the second not in any copy of the  
 scriptures, for nothing can be more na-  
 tural than to suppose that the Jews have  
 had the address to erase them."

Such a specimen of biblical criticism would not be expected in a comment upon Telemaque. It is brought in in the course of the author's remarks upon Fenelon's explanation of the name of Œdipus.

Manoel Valle de Moura wrote a treatise towards the middle of the seventeenth century to show that the wounds of St. Francis were inflicted upon him by an angel, not by Christ himself. *De Stigmatibus S. Francisco impressis ab Angelo, non ab ipso Jesu Domino nostro crucifixo.* A Franciscan of Moura assured Nicolas Antonio that the writer had been stricken blind as a punishment for this opinion!

#### 221. James I.

James I. has often been ridiculed for his *Demonologie*, but with great injustice, because he only erred in common with the age, and because he had not only the sagacity at last to discover his

error, but the honesty to confess it. "His reign, (says Fuller,\*) was scattered over with cheaters in this kind, but the King, remembering what Solomon saith,.. It is the honour of a King to search out a matter,.. was no less dexterous than desirous to make discovery of these deceits. Various were his waies in detecting them, awing some into confession with his presence, perswading others by promise of pardon and fair usage. He ordered it so, that a proper courtier made love to one of these bewitched maids, and quickly Cupid his arrows drave out the pretended darts of the devil. Another there was, the tides of whose possession did so ebbe and flow that punctually they observed one hour, till the King came to visit her. The maid, loath to be so unmannerly as to make His Majesty attend her time, antedated her fits many hours, and instantly ran through the whole zodiack of tricks which she used to play. A third,

\* Church History, Book X. p. 74.

strangely affected when the first verse of St. John's Gospel was read unto her in our translation, was tame and quiet whilst the same was pronounced in Greek, her English devil, belike, understanding no other language. The frequency of such forged possessions wrought such an alteration upon the judgement of King James, that he, receding from what he had written in his *Demonologie*, grew first diffident of, and then flatly to deny the working of witches and devils, as but falsehoods and delusions."

The manners of Charles the Second's reign began under James the First. "Divers sects and particular titles past unpunished, nor regarded, as the sect of the Roaring Boys, Boneventors, Bravadors, Quarterors, and such like, being persons prodigall, and of great expence, who having runne themselves into debt, were constrained to run into factions to defend themselves from danger of the

law; these received maintenance from divers of the nobility, and not a little, as was suspected, from the Earl of Northampton, which persons, although of themselves they were not able to attempt any enterprise, yet faith, honesty, and other good acts were little set by, and the citizens through lasciviousness consuming their estates, it was like that their number would rather increase than diminish, and under these pretences they entered into many desperate enterprises, and scarce any durst walk the streets, after nine at night."

*Truth brought to Light by Time, p. 3.*

222. *Sir Thomas Overbury.*

The rare book from which the last extract is taken, contains a curious account of the manner in which Overbury was murdered. They poisoned him with aqua fortis, white arsenic, mercury, powder of diamonds, lapis costivus, great spiders, and cantharides, what-

ever was or was believed to be most deadly, "to be sure to hit his complexion." The murder was perpetrated with devilish perseverance. It appeared upon the trials that arsenic was always mixed with his salt; once he desired pig for dinner, and Mrs. Turner put into it lapis costitus; at another time he had two partridges sent him from the court, and water and onions being the sauce, Mrs. Turner put in cantharides instead of pepper, so that whatever he took was poisoned.

Overbury made his brags that he had won for Somerset the love of his Lady, by his letters and industry. . . To speak plainly, says Bacon in arraigning Somerset, Overbury had little that was solid for religion or moral virtue, but was wholly possest with ambition and vain glory, . . he was naught and corrupt, . . a man of unbounded and impudent spirit.

Mrs. Turner's execution affected the fashions.



“ Were there now, (says Michael Sparke the stationer,) in these times such sentence and execution performed, as the then learned Lord Cook gave on that fomentor of lust, Mistris Anne Turner, whose sentence was *to be hang'd at Tiburn in her yellow Tiffiny Ruff and Cuffs, being she was the first inventer and wearer of that horrid garb*; were there now in these daies the like upon such notorious black-spotted faces, naked brests and backs, no doubt but that ugly fashion would soon there end in shame and detestation, which now is too vainly followed; for never since the execution of her in that yellow ruff and cuffs, there hang-ed with her, was ever any seen to wear the like.”

*Truth brought to Light. Epistle  
Dedicatory.*

“ Sir Jervas Yelvis also was executed in full dress, hee being arrayed in a black suit, and black jerkin with hanging sleeves (aptly worn on the occasion),

having on his head a crimson sattin cap, laced from the top downward and round about, under that a white linnen night cap with a border, and over that a black hat with a broad rybon and ruffe-band, thick couched with a lace, and a pair of skie-coloured silk stockings, and a paire of three soaled shoes." Do. 150.

223. *Meteorolithes.*

The sky-stone in New Mexico is mentioned by Humboldt, whose book has reached me since the account of it given by Gaspar de Villagra was printed in a former volume (No. 98). "In the environs of Durango, he says, is to be found insulated in the plain the enormous mass of malleable iron and nickel, which is of the identical composition of the aerolithos which fell in 1751, at Hraschina, near Agram, in Hungary. Specimens were communicated to me by the learned director of the *Tribunal de Minería de México*, Don-

Fausto d'Elhuyar, which I deposited in different cabinets of Europe, and of which M. M. Vauquelin and Klaproth published an analysis. This mass of Durango is affirmed to weigh upwards of 1900 miriagrammes, which is 400 more than the aerolithos discovered at Olumpa in the Tucuman, by M. Rubin de Celis. A distinguished mineralogist, M. Frederick Sonnenschmidt, who travelled over much more of Mexico than myself, discovered also in 1792, in the interior of the town of Zacatecas, a mass of malleable iron of the weight of 97 myriagrammes, which in its exterior and physical character was found by him entirely analogous with the malleable iron described by the celebrated Pallas."

*Political Essay. Black's translation, Vol. 2, p. 292.*

Humboldt's account reduces the size of the Mexican sky-stone something more than half; still it remains greatly larger than any other which has been yet discovered.

The mass of pure iron found in the interior of the Cape Colony, which Mr. Barrow\* supposes to have been the thick part of a ship's anchor, carried there from the coast by the Kaffers, is far more probably a sky-stone. It is remarkable that Mr. Barrow should be so well satisfied with his solution of the difficulty as to apply it in another instance, where the aerial origin of the mass appears certain. "We were told (he says,) that in the neighbourhood of the Knysna, another large mass of native iron had been discovered, similar to that which I mentioned to have seen in the plains of the Zaure Veldt, and which I then supposed the Kaffers to have carried thither from the sea shore. I paid little attention to the report at that time; but since my return to the Cape, the discovery of a third mass, in an extraordinary situation, the very summit of Table Mountain,

\* Travels in South Africa, Vol. 1, p. 226.

excited a stronger degree of curiosity. I imagined the first to have been the flat part of an anchor, although it was destitute of any particular shape; but in this of Table Mountain, which may weigh from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty pounds, there appeared some faint traces of the shape of the flook, or the broad part of the arm which takes hold of the ground. It was found half buried in sand and quartz pebbles, every part, as well under as above ground, much corroded, and the cavities filled with pebbles, which however did not appear to be component parts of the mass, not being angular, but evidently rounded by attrition. As, in the first instance, I suppose the Kaffers to have carried the mass into the situation it was discovered in; so also with regard to the latter, I am inclined to think it must have been brought upon the summit of the mountain by the native Hottentots, as to a place of safety,

when Bartholomew Diaz, or some of the early Portuguese navigators, landed first in this country. Others, however, who have seen and examined the mass, are of opinion, that it must have been placed in its present situation at a period long antecedent to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by Europeans. Be that as it may, the Neptunian appearances of various parts of Southern Africa, which are particularly striking in the formation of the Table Mountain, press strongly on the recollection the beautiful observation of the Latin poet :

Vidi ego, quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus  
Esse fretum. Vidi factas ex æquore terras,  
Et procul a pelago conchæ jacuere mariæ,  
Et vetus inventa est in montibus anchora summis."

*Vol. 2, P. 79*

Paracelsus, in his treatise *De Meteoris*, has a curious section, *De Lapide e Cælo*, in which, mingled with some strange and daring errors, he hits upon the true solution of the phænomenon. *Lapidum*

*istorum generationes hoc se modo habent. Compertum vobis est quo pacto fulmen nascatur, quod lapis est, et manifeste quidem Jam si tonitrus principia adsint, et colligantur in fulmen, et possibile et naturale est, ut per generationem ejusmodi fulmina decem, viginti, plura, pauciorave producantur. Quot enim fragores tot lapides. Hujusmodi autem generationum multæ si in generationem unam cöant, ex omnibus lapis fit unicus, qui fulgur est. Hinc sequitur magnitudo aut multitudo lapidis, ac ipsius forma naturaque prout cognoscitur. Si ergo talis generatio est, in tempestatem graviolem desinere non potest. Generatio enim ea nimis celeriter fit, et excidit ex aere quamprimum coagulata fuerit. Et sicut aqua in initio per se mollis est, congelata autem fit dura: sic ista quoque materia in initio est res aëria, postea, ut aqua incipit coagulari. Indurata autem non amplius est aërea, sed fit terrea. Ipsam ergo aer amplius retinere non potest, sed elabi sinit.*

Ex hoc liquet, fieri posse ut hujusma-

di materiæ convenient, sine omni tempestate, et sese citra omnem cursum in cœlo congregent, ejusquæ omnino sint naturæ, ut convenient, et se invicem indurent. Sic plumbum liquefactum, quam primum aquæ infunditur, momento induruit. Hujusmodi materiæ sunt etiam in firmamento ignis. Quæ donec contrarium non habent, aeræ manent. Ubi autem extraneum contrarium incidit, aliæ fiunt, et aeræ esse desinunt. Ita et de pluvîâ notum est, donec nubes est, terram non attingit, sed libratur in sublimitate. Quamprimum autem conjunctionem peregrinam assumit et dissolvitur, fit corporea et terrestris. Inde ergo aqua fit, et pluvia, in sublimitate amplius contineri non valens, sed decidens. Tales in cœlo sunt etiam materiæ ex quibus lapides fiunt ob naturam tonitrualem, hoc est, fulmineam. Sic et alia plura si à contrariis impetantur, lapides fiunt. *T. 2, P. 319.*

The popular and almost universal belief in thunderbolts cannot be without



some foundation. Great quantities of a kind of transparent ore, pointed at one end, are found in Angola, which the inhabitants call *tarc*, and believe to be engendered in the air, and that it falls from thence in thundering weather\*. The peasants in Norway say, that the thunder darts down the stones which they call thunderbolts, aiming them at the Troll, a kind of witches, or infernal spirits of the night, who otherwise would destroy the whole world†.

One of the most remarkable passages which I have met with upon this subject is in Lassels's‡ Italian Voyage. He says that in the cabinet of the Canonigo Setalis at Milan, there was a piece of a thunderbolt, which the Canon said he himself cut out of the thigh of a man that had been stricken with it. The fact may not be true, but I would not pronounce it impossible.

\* Mod. Univ. Hist. Vol. 6, fol. edit. p. 491.

† Pontoppidan.

‡ Part. 1, p. 56.

Is it probable that the showers of dust which are so frequently mentioned, and always attributed to the eruption of some volcano, are sometimes produced in the same manner as the sky-stones? The *black dust* which fell in Zetland and Orkney in 1755 was supposed to have come from Hecla; but it came with a south-west wind, and, as was remarked at the time, supposing that a north wind happening just before had carried this dust to the southward, and the south-west wind immediately following had brought it back to the northward, in that case would not the black dust have been observed in Zetland when on its way to the south\*? One of the missionaries from the Society for propagating the Gospel relates a fact which seems strongly to support what I have conjectured. "Pursuing our voyage among the Canary islands, it was observed one

\* Edmonston's View of the Zetland Islands, vol. 2, p. 185.

morning that the ship's rigging had gathered a red sand, which it posed the sailors to account for, not being within view of any land. None of them had ever seen the like before, and it could only be conjectured that the wind must have brought it off from the Pike of Teneriffe\*."

Spallanzani†, examining some stones which fell in an ignited shower from Vesuvius, found that they were particles of lava, which had become solid in the air, and taken a globose form.

According to some of the Mahomedan doctors, the storm which consumed Sodom and Gomorrah was a hail-storm of red-hot stones, heated in the furnaces of Hell.

224. *West's Immortality of Nelson.*

This frontispiece to the huge life of

\* Two Missionary Voyages to New Jersey, and to the Coast of Guiney, by Thomas Thompson, Vicar of Reculver in Kent, 1758.

† Travels in the Two Sicilies. Ch. I.

our great naval hero is thus described by one of the authors of that joint work. "The leading point in the picture represents Victory presenting the dead body of Nelson to Britannia after the battle of Trafalgar, which is received from the arms of Neptune, with the trident of his dominions and Nelson's triumphant flags. Britannia sits in shaded gloom, as expressive of that deep regret which overwhelmed the United Kingdom at the loss of so distinguished a character. In the other parts of the picture are seen the concomitant events of his life. The Lion, under Britannia's shield, is represented fiercely grasping the tablets with beaks of ships, on which are inscribed his memorable battles; and the sons and daughters of the Union are preparing the mournful sable to his memory. At a distance on the left is represented the 'wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.' The winged boys round his body are emblematic that the influence

of Nelson's genius still exists; other figurative and subordinate parts are introduced to give harmony and effect to the whole composition."

It must be confessed that the daisies and dandelions of eloquence are strewed here with profusion, . . . but it is not all this stile ornate which can conceal the absurdities of the composition. In the right hand corner of the piece is half a horse's head, and over the horse is a hand, and over the hand is the head of a Triton, or sea-devil, and over the Triton is the head of another horse, and over this horse's head are some boys and young ladies, "sons and daughters of the Union," by which I presume is to be understood that some are English and some Irish, though the boys are certainly mulattos. They are "preparing the mournful sable," that is to say, they are making mourning. And over them is a lion, grinning a ghastly smile, and holding in his fore paws three large

pieces of wood, which none but the handiest of all lions could contrive to hold at all, setting aside all considerations of size and weight. Over the lion is the shield of Britannia, resting apparently with the edge upon his back, very uncomfortably for him, sufficiently so, indeed, to account for the expression in his countenance; and over the shield are three little Cupids, looking down in wonder upon the number of odd things below.

Returning to the bottom of the piece, we find a fish's tail showing itself under the arm of a man, whose naked back is turned towards the spectators. Above him, a little to the left, the upper half of a gigantic personage appears out of the water. By the help of the explanation we learn that this is Neptune, though from his black beard and buccaneerish sort of look a sailor would suppose it to be Davy Jones; one of our Hindoo commentators may perhaps prove these

two personages to be the same with a third of Hindoo, or Egyptian, or wild Irish family, having an N, or a D, or a J, or an E, or an A, or an O, in his name. This personage is holding up the dead body of Nelson, wrapt in a sheet, and resting upon what we take to be a cloud; three more little cupids are playing with the dead body, one of them peeping under the sheet: the head is supported by a handsome gentlewoman, decently drest, and with a large pair of wings, holding a trident in her right hand, which she is delivering to an armed virago, who is bending forward to receive the body from the aforesaid Neptune, or Davy Jones; and this transfer of the dead body from a male giant to a female one, is to represent the Immortality of Nelson. Two flying cupids are above steering towards the virago, one holding a wreath, the other a printed label, in the manner of those used at elections.

In the left corner are three young ladies putting their heads out of the water; one is leaning upon the top of a wheel, and one half hiding her face behind what we verily mistook for an umbrella, till upon closer consideration we found reason to suspect that it might be part of Neptune's car. We had forgotten the flags which are above Neptune, between him and the gentlewoman with wings. But what is all this in comparison with "the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds" which is quietly going on in the back-ground, just under that gentlewoman's feet, within the compass of two square barley corns, and without discomposing either lady or child, fish, flesh, man, horse, or devil!

The famous representation of Dr. Burney with his harpsichord in the Thames, appears perfectly reasonable and convenient when compared with this accumulation of incongruities. Why will painters thus wantonly abuse their pre-



rogative? Neither the genius of Mr. West, great as I willingly admit it to be, nor that of our great Barry, nor of Michel Angelo himself, the mightiest mind that ever ennobled the art, can render that sublime which is in itself inherently absurd. And surely if it be absurd to paint a human head upon a horse's neck, with the body of a fowl, ending in a fish's tail, it is not less so to heap heads, tails, horses, fish, lions, and cupids, one upon the other. There will come a time when such gross allegories will be deemed as repugnant to true taste as the gross Anthropomorphism of Catholic church pictures is to true religion. The invisible world is not within the painter's province; there is a commandment of common sense which forbids h'm to make unto himself the likeness of any thing that is in Heaven above.

225. *Tirante el Blanco.*

What could possibly have induced

Cervantes to speak of this book in terms which look like praise, or which could possibly be supposed to imply any thing like commendation? I persevered through the Italian translation, and the disgust which it excited was certainly rewarded by many curious passages; but considered as a whole, never did I meet with any work which implied so beastly a state of feeling in the author.

It begins with a Count William of Varoich taking leave of his wife, under a pretence of going to the Holy Land, and turning hermit near his own home. So far it is the story of my old friend Guy. This hermit recovers England from the Moors, and then returns to his hermitage. Great feasts are made for his victories. Tirante sees him as he is on the way to court upon this occasion, and visits him again on his return, when the history of his exploits there is related by his kinsman Deofebo. Tirante then goes to Rhodes, which the Genoese

were about to betray to the Soldan, but he saves the island, and destroys the infidels. His next adventure is to make Ricomana, the Princess of Sicily, marry Filippo, a younger son of the King of France who is under his protection. This Filippo is half a fool, and the instances of his ill-breeding and want of all princely dignity, and of Tirante's address in concealing them, and interpreting them in a favourable manner, are not a little whimsical. This done, Tirante offers his services to the Emperor of Constantinople, falls in love with his daughter the Princess Carmesina, and lets her know it by means of a mirror in which he bids her look for the picture of his mistress. His wars with the Turks, and his amours, occupy the remainder of the first book, and a great part of the second. The damsel *Piacere de mia vita* is his great friend, and a certain *Vedova riposata*, who is amorous of him herself, his great enemy.

A storm drives him from Constantinople to Barbary, where he is made a slave, but gradually obtains such power, that at last he conquers and converts all the Kings in that country, and returns with them, as his allies, to relieve the Emperor. Then he defeats the Turks, reconquers all the places which they had taken, and makes a peace for an hundred years. Carmesina is given him in marriage, as the reward of these services; but as he is returning to complete the ceremonies, he is seized with a pleurisy, makes his will, and dies. The Emperor dies next. Carmesina dies a few hours afterwards of grief, and the Empress then marries Hippolito, a cousin of Tirante, with whom she had long carried on an adulterous intercourse.

The worst romance which I ever before met with is pure when compared with this. Its obscenity, however, is not so extraordinary as the grossness of manners which it represents, and which exceeds

every thing I ever heard of elsewhere. I should like to see how much of it is imputable to the Italian\* translator. Nothing can be so strange as the mixture of these abominations with the grave theology of the book. In one place there is a discourse upon the Trinity, and in another there is a sermon! The personages write letters, make long speeches, and quote the fathers and the philosophers.

There is not a single adventure of chivalry throughout the whole book; in this it differs from all other romances of its age: but its total want of the spirit of chivalry is still more remarkable, and I am at a loss to conceive where or how

\*The King of France (T. 1, P. 139) is said to be superior in dignity to all other Kings in Christendom. From this and other passages of like import, I suspect that the translator, being a partizan of France, has interpolated the book with language which could not have proceeded from a Spaniard. He may therefore very probably have *cantharidized* it to the taste of the French court.

the spirit in which it is written could have been learnt. This can only be understood from a few specimens. The hermit, Count William, having knighted his young son, stops in the midst of a battle, and gives him a Moor of unusual stature, whom he had taken prisoner, that the boy may try his hand at killing him. This proves a long piece of butchery for the urchin ; when, however, he has at last accomplished it, the Count throws him upon the dead body, and rubs his face upon it, till his eyes and cheeks are covered with blood, and makes him dip his hands in the wounds, *et così lo rincorò, incarnandolo nel sangue di quel Moro.* An English knight, and a right brave one, having been overpowered by Tirante in a tournament, refuses to kneel down and beg his life, as the conqueror requires. “ ‘ God forbid, (he says.) that I should ever do an act of such dishonour ; ..do with me as you think fit ; I would rather die bravely

than live with shame.' When Tirante heard this his evil resolution, he said, 'all knights who will follow arms, and perform the rules of arms for the sake of renown, ought to be cruel, and to have a seat in the midst of Hell;' and he took out his dagger, and placed the point of it upon one of the knight's eyes, holding it in one hand, and with the other hand he struck a great blow upon the head of the hilt of the dagger, so that he drove it through and through." The judges of the field were twelve in number, six of them had a book of the conquerors, and the other six had a book of the vanquished, and those who died without yielding were written down as martyrs of arms; but those who yielded and cried for mercy had their process made as bad knights, and were held in great dishonour and infamy. Tirante fights the Lord of Vill'Ermes, according to the terms of the combat, in his shirt, with a garland on his

head, and a paper shield\* ; the weapon

\* A combat as savage, and still more shocking in appearance is described in that most interesting work, the life of Scanderbeg, by Barletius. It is one of that extraordinary man's first exploits, and is thus related in the original latin. "*Reverso Adrianopoli, quum hostis sublatus esset, domi non defuit; venerat namque ex Scythia quidam ferox magis et insanus, quam fortis bellator, qui familiam omnem Tyranni provocabat, si quis ferro secum vellet decernere. Genus vero certaminis id proposuerat ut in angusto loco nudi ambo relicti, singulis tantum gladiis fortunam experirentur. Ceperat tam stolidum consilium Barbarus, vel quod prodigium vite et sanguinis sui esset, vel ea fortasse inani spe, quod nullum tam ancipitem impendentis periculi sortem petiturum credebat, indeque et laudem eam se et præmia sine certamine laturum sperabat. Nam proposuerat non indigna quoque munera victori Amurathæ, ut iterum saltem spe, excitaretur aliquis, quum nudæ tantum gloriæ fructus segnius alliciat homines. Omnes tamen tam funestum decus, præmiisque eodem tenore aspernabuntur. Sed surgens, stupentibus singulis, plenus animi Epiroensis; non incruentus, inquit, Scythia, hæc præmia laudemque domum feres, aut honoratior me occiso, et iis quoque spoliis onustior ibis. Agendum igitur, accipe tandiu quæsitum hostem. Licet accommodatius feris bestis hoc certaminis genus, sperni à fortibus viris, salvo pudore, et possit et debeat; verum tamen liceat semel et mihi hoc corpus contemnere, quippe*



is a Genoese knife, two palms in length,

quum par membrorum et sanguinis servandæ ratio tibi esse  
deberit; s. d. nihil vilius est homini quærenti laudem.  
Donabo proinde hoc et ipse cruoris hodie Amurathi, so-  
citisque.

Scythæ nihil territus, ferocioribus adhuc verbis in-  
ficere pavorem et conhibetur, puerum appellans; adhuc enim  
in annis pubertatis erat, neque dum hispida prorsus la-  
tugo grata ora exasperaverat. Tum deducti ad Tyrannum  
ingenti clamore vulgæ sunt, et assignatus, ut petie at Bar-  
ba us, certamini locus, depositi ocius ambo veste ultimis-  
que tunicis, nudi prosulientes in medium, novo genere  
spectaculi omnium oculos hausere. Et quamvis fiduciam  
ingentem vultu verbisque ostende et Castriotus, ingens  
tamen cura mixto dolore spectantium animos incessit: et  
simul ætas simul pulchritud. ipse corporis, ac decor mem-  
brorum subjectus oculis, multum et pietatis et favoris ex-  
citaverant. Statura celsa proceraque, brachia in homine  
pulcherrima non visa, collum robustum obstippumque, ut  
laudatur in athletis, humerorum mira latitudo, color  
candidus, latente velut purpura suffusus; aspectus oculo-  
rum non torvus, non vanus, sed gratissimus. Adjuva-  
bant hæc multum cæteras virtutes, atque animi bona au-  
gere videbantur. Intrepidi acceptis brevibus gladiis, non  
enim longiores loci angustia patiebatur, ingressi locum, ac  
ibi dimissi sunt maximo populi silentio. Non consilio ulla  
sibi, non multæ animo, sed impigra quadam et veloci dex-  
tera agendum erat. Erecti ad ictus ambo, Scythæ prior

with a sharp point, and a double edge. The shirts were made a little longer than usual, but with sleeves which reached only to the elbow. But the most extraordinary single combat in which this hero engages is with a great dog. The dog attacks him, and runs away when Tirante alights and draws his sword to defend himself. "Seeing that thou art afraid of my arms, (said

*incubuit in hostem, et punctim intenso ferro ilia ejus petiit. Scanderbegus toto maxime corpore inflexus, ac velut in arcum deductus, et lava simul apprehendens barbari dexteram, ictum inhibuit, et adacto casim gladio, guttur illi cum singulis arteriis impigre abscidit. Balbutienti adhuc lingua, ille collapsus humi locum ferme totum corporis mole complevit. Sublatus repente ab his qui spectaculo aderant, et accurrentes regii juvenem illa sum invio atumque læti ad Amurathem perducunt. Caput cæsi hostis cruentis ipse manibus Tyranno ulcer obtulit, Præmia invitus accepit, quum non argenti aurive causa, sed domestici decoris tuendi, et reprimendæ barbaricæ arrogantæ, susceptum sibi id oneris diceret.*

De Vita et Gestis Scanderbegi Apud  
Chron. Turc. Francofurti. 1578, T. 3,  
P. 4.

the knight,) I will not have it said of me that I have combated thee with that advantage;" so he throws away his sword, grapples with the dog, and gives him bite for bite till he kills him. And then the King went out with the Judges, and they said unto Tirante, that because they had seen the combat between him and the dog, which had been fought with equal arms, inasmuch as he had thrown away his sword, they gave him the same meed and honour for that battle as if he had conquered a knight in the lists; and they gave order to the Kings at Arms, Heralds, and Pursuivants, that the honour which had been awarded to Tirante that day, should be proclaimed in all the Courts, and through the city.

The morals of the book are such as might be expected to accompany such notions of chivalry. The only instance which can be adduced without coming under the cognizance of the Society for

the Suppression of Vice, is a modest request of Tirante to the Princess Carmesina, that she would be pleased to give him the shift which she has on, as being the thing nearest her precious body, and that he may take it off with his own hands. Carmesina has the grace to exclaim, "*Santa Maria, et che è quello che mi dite!*" She gives him the shift, but has decency enough to retire and take it off herself:..it is the only mark of decency which she ever discovers.

In a coronation procession at London, all the wives, widows, and maidens, walk; next all the religioners of both sexes, by special licence of the Pope; the rear is brought up by all the common strumpets and their bullies. The author has several odd things about England. The morning collation at the English court, he says, was green ginger, with good malmsey, which was their custom, because of the coldness of the land. He tells the story of the Institue

tion of the Garter, and writes the motto, *Puni soyt qui mal lu pense*: and here is the story of a stag being taken with a collar round its neck, and an inscription thereon, saying that it was put there by Julius Cæsar. It was a gold collar, inserted under the skin of the animal, and the skin sewn over it. Its shape was wholly of *esses*, SSS, because in the whole A B C there is no letter of greater authority and perfection than the S; standing for *Santità, Saviezza, Sapientia, Signoria, &c.*... and this is the origin of the collar of the Garter. He describes a radical reform of the English law. It begins by hanging six lawyers, upon which the King says to the Duke who hung them, "You could not have done me a greater service in the world, nor a greater pleasure than this thing;" and he makes a law, that from thenceforth there shall be only two lawyers in England, who shall decide every cause which is brought before them within fifteen

days; they are to have a good salary, and be hanged and quartered if they take money from any person.

226. *The Emperor Maximilian.*

The Emperor Maximilian said, as Johannes Aventinus witnesseth, (*De Bello Turcico*,) that the Emperor of Germany was Rex Regum, meaning that his Princes were so great men. The King of Spain was Rex Hominum, because his People would obey their Prince in any reasonable moderation. The King of England was Rex Diabolorum, because the subjects had there divers times deprived their Kings of their crowns and dignity. But the King of France was Rex Asinorum, in as much as his people did bear very heavy burdens of taxes and impositions\*.”

\* Archbishop Abbot's brief Description of the Whole World.

Maximilian, when he thus quainly characterized the people of the four great monarchies, would have been mortified could he have foreseen that the Emperor of Germany would one day be reduced to be *Rex Servorum*, and himself little better than the vassal of an upstart tyrant. *Rex Asinorum* the Ruler of France might well be stiled, if patience were the only crime of his subjects. The King of Spain is still *Rex Hominum*, for never since the commencement of human history have any people acted a more manly part than the Spaniards of our own days. As for the King of England, if folly and fanaticism continue to spread as they are spreading, he bids fair in half a century to be King of the Saints. 1812.

227. *Biography.*

Mr. Daniel Lambert and the Irish Giant both died in fear of the surgeons. Great men of every description are in

equal danger from their biographers, . . . a race of Resurrection-men against whom neither laws nor patent coffins afford any protection. No sooner is the lion dead than these hungry flesh-flies swarm about him, verifying a part only of Sampson's riddle, . . . they find meat, but they produce no sweetness. First come the news-writers, then the magazines, with what Sir Richard Phillips calls "*a good death* for the month." The sharking booksellers, ever on the watch to tempt and delude the curiosity of the lower public, then set their Ghouls at work; . . . and lastly comes the over-zealous admirer, like the Roman Catholics, who rob the body of their saint of his teeth and his nails, . . . to collect, enshrine, and hold out to public view all that ought to have been laid with him in the grave.

228. *Greek Erudition.*

Colarbasius, a heretic of right hereti-



cal name, who lived in the second century, taught that the fulness of Christian perfection consisted in completely understanding the Greek alphabet\*. The sect of the Colarbasians still exists in literature, and from the inordinate applause which is bestowed upon their branch of erudition, we might suppose that the perfection of human learning consisted in an accurate knowledge of the minutiae of Greek prosody.

229. *Tinder from Wormwood.*

The Japanese use the woolly part of the leaves of wormwood (*artemisia vulgaris*,) for tinder; it is so prepared as to form a brownish coloured wool, and it easily catches fire†.

230. *Propagation of Sound.*

Those optical phenomena which passed

\* St. Irenæus, L. 1, C. 11, quoted by Bernius.

† Thunberg, Vol. 3, P. 71.

in former ages for enchantment, and which have so often been practised as miracles, have been explained by modern science. I have met with a phenomenon in acoustics which is not so easily explicable. It is said that the firing at the sieges of Rosas and Gerona in the succession war was heard distinctly at Rieux in Languedoc, a town built where the little river Rise falls into the Garonne, forty-five French leagues from the nearest of those fortresses, in a straight line, and with the Pyrenees between. "But, (says the editor of the *Journal de Hambourg*,) though these mountains might be considered as an obstacle, the curious of that country conjecture that the sound of the cannon acquired a new force when it was confined between the openings of the mountains; and that the vallies through which the Rise runs were better adapted than the others to preserve this sound, which was not heard either at Foix or

at Pamiers, although those towns are less distant from Catalonia, and more towards the opening of the Pyrenees.

231. *Opinions of the Edinburgh Review concerning War.*

During the Peace of Amiens the world was favoured with a new and pleasant description of war, by one of the Wise Men of the North. A species of pecuniary commutation, he told us, had been contrived, by which it's operations were rendered *very harmless*; they were performed by 'some hundreds of sailors fighting *harmlessly* on the barren plains of the ocean, and some thousands of soldiers carrying on a scientific and regular and *quiet* system of warfare, in countries *set apart for the purpose*, and resorted to as the arena where the disputes of nations may be determined. The prudent policy had been adopted of *purchasing defeat* at a distance rather than victory at home: in this manner

we paid our allies for being vanquished; a few useless millions, and a few still more useless lives were sacrificed, and the result was, that we were amply rewarded by safety, increased resources, and real addition of power\*.—These opinions were delivered by the Caledonian Oracle during the breathing time which Mr. Addington's experimental truce afforded to Europe. When it is remembered how shortly afterwards that war recommenced, to which no human wisdom can foresee a termination, the sagacity of the writer will be sufficiently apparent;

\* Edinburgh Review, No. II. Politique de tous les Cabinets de l'Europe, p. 359 and 348. The reader who may entertain a reasonable doubt whether any man can have been at once foolish enough and brutal enough to have written seriously in such language, is requested to verify the quotation. And if he wishes to see in what manner an impure mind can find food for its obscene imaginations in any subject, he is referred to pp. 452 and 498 of the same number, first edition.

the pert nonsense of his phraseology, the shallowness of understanding which it evinces, and the hardness of heart from which it must have proceeded, may be left without a comment. In the victory of the first of June, there was a monkey on board the Royal Sovereign, who making his appearance while preparations were going on, was claimed in the launch on the main deck, that he might be out of the way; and there he was, to the great amusement of all who saw him, 'jumping mad,' as it is expressively called, with fear, during the whole engagement. If the gentleman who talks so pleasantly of the harmlessness of these affairs had been stationed at Pug's quarters, he might have acquired more correct notions, . . . in fit company. I doubt not he would have agreed with the Irish Major, who went a cruise in hopes of seeing what kind of business a naval action was, and when his curiosity came to be gratified, declared with

an oath, that a sea-fight was a mighty *sairious* sort of a thing.

292. *Wild beasts.*

The Missionary Anderson says of the country about the Zak river, in South Africa, (or British Africa, as it may now be called,) that there is very little to entertain a stranger there, excepting the wild beasts. The sort of entertainment which they can afford would be the very last, one should suppose, that either man or horse would wish to meet with.

Some ingenious methods of destroying wild beasts are described in Captain Williamson's *Oriental Sports*, . . . a book which has more interesting facts in it than many a graver work upon India. He tells us, that "when the track of a tyger has been ascertained, which though not invariably the same, may yet be known sufficiently for the purpose, the peasants collect a quantity of

the leaves of the *prauss*, which are like those of the sycamore, and are common in most underwoods, as they form the larger portion of most jungles in the north of India. These leaves are then smeared with a species of bird-lime, made by bruising the berries of an indigenous tree, by no means scarce; they are then strewed with the gluten uppermost, near to that opake spot to which it is understood the tyger usually resorts during the noontide heats. If by chance the animal should tread on one of the smeared leaves, his fate may be considered as decided. He commences by shaking his paw, with the view to remove the adhesive incumbrance; but finding no relief from that expedient, he rubs the nuisance against his face with the same intention, by which means his eyes, ears, &c. become agglutinated, and occasion such uneasiness as causes him to roll, perhaps among many more of the smeared

leaves, till at length he becomes completely enveloped, and is deprived of sight. In this situation he may be compared to a man who has been tarred and feathered. The anxiety produced by this strange and novel predicament soon discovers itself in dreadful howlings, which serve to call the watchful peasants, who in this state find no difficulty in shooting the mottled object of detestation\*.".. It would have been a pity to have altered this "well-cull'd, choice, sweet, and apt" term for a tyger!

A good method of destroying tygers is said to be common in Persia, and towards the north of Hindostan. "This device consists of a large semispherical cage, made of strong bamboos, or other efficient materials, woven together, but leaving intervals throughout, of about three or four inches broad. Under this cover, which is fastened to the ground by means of pickets, in some place where tygers abound, a man, provided

\* *Oriental Sports*, Vol. 1, p. 204.



with two or three short strong spears, takes post at night. Being accompanied by a dog, which gives the alarm, or by a goat, which by its agitation answers the same purpose, the adventurer wraps himself up in his quilt, and very composedly goes to sleep, in full confidence of his safety. When a tyger comes, and perhaps after smelling all around, begins to rear against the cage, the man stabs him with one of the spears through the interstices of the wicker work, and rarely fails of destroying the tyger, which is ordinarily found dead at no great distance in the morning\*.”

Herrera (4, 10, 13,) says of the Indians of Verapaz, that when they meet a tyger they fall down and beseech him not to kill them. This was from superstition; they worshipped their deity, or their devil, in that shape. They who were converted found bows and arrows more effectual than supplications.

\* Oriental Sports, Vol. 1, p. 203.

In 1807, two tygers appeared on the Island of Salsette, and carried off nine persons. The inhabitants firmly believed that these beasts were not beasts, but two malicious spirits disguised under the forms of a royal tyger and tygress, with human countenances, and large gold rings in their noses and ears: this opinion prevailed so strongly, as to prevent them from attempting to destroy these destructive animals, though a large reward was offered, to induce them.

There is a wretched tribe in Hindostan called the Cad' Curuburu, some of whom watch the fields at night to keep off the elephants and wild boars. Their manner of driving away the elephant is by running against him with a burning torch, made of bamboos. The animal sometimes turns and waits till the Curuburu comes close up, but these poor people, taught by experience, push boldly on, and dash their torches against the elephant's head, who never fails to

take immediate flight. Should their courage fail, and should they attempt to run away, the elephant would immediately pursue and put them to death\*.

In the bull-fights, when one of the men on foot is closely pursued by the bull, he drops his cloak immediately before the animal, who continues to vent his fury upon it long enough for the man to escape. This lure never fails to succeed:..the fact, if generally known, might prevent some dangerous accidents in this country. Joinville† says the lion may be deceived in the same manner, and that some knights of *Norone*, knowing this, hunted lions in Syria very successfully. The bear may still more easily be lured. Some of our travellers in Iceland say, that if a glove be thrown to him, he will not leave it

\* Buchanan's Travels.

† Collect. des Memoires relatifs a l'histoire de France, T. 2, P. 78.

till he has turned all the fingers inside out. In those countries where the peasants are liable to frequent rencontres with these animals, it would certainly be good policy always to perform the ceremony of throwing the glove before the combat. Against this beast, who is fond of coming to close quarters, a good hint might be borrowed from the ballad of the Dragon of Wantley. Bruin's hug would prove fatal to himself, if at the moment when he would else be victorious, he should embrace a Moore-of-Moore-hall jerkin.

The ancients had a strange fable concerning the lion, which Archbishop Abbot repeats with full belief in his Brief Description of the World. "Ammianus Marcellinus, (he says,) reporteth one thing of Chaldea, wherein the admirable power of God doth appear; for he writeth, that in those parts are a huge number of lions, which were like enough to devour up both men and beasts

throughout the country; but withall he saith, that by reason of the store of water and mud thereof, there do breed yearly an innumerable company of gnats, whose property is to fly unto the eye of the lion, as being a bright and orient thing; where biting and stinging the lion, he teareth so fiercely with his claws that he putteth out his own eyes, and by that means many are drowned in the rivers\*.”

The total extirpation of all formidable beasts of prey in the British Islands is perhaps the best proof of our highly advanced state. Even in the most barbarous parts of Wales, and in the Highlands of Scotland, the wolf is no longer to be found. It is extinct in Ireland also. Many parts of France which are more populous than the remoter parts of these islands, and probably in many respects much more im-

\* Page 114.

proved, are cruelly annoyed by this destructive animal.

233. *Longevity.*

There is nothing in the system of nature which in our present state of knowledge appears so unintelligible as the scale of longevity. It must be admitted, indeed, that our knowledge upon this subject is very imperfect; but all that is known of domesticated animals, and the accidental facts which have been preserved concerning others, tend to the strange result, that longevity bears no relation either to strength, size, complexity of organization, or intellectual power. True it is that birds, which seem to rank higher than beasts in the scale of being, are also much longer lived. Thirty is a great age for a horse, dogs usually live only from fourteen years to twenty; but it is known that the goose and the hawk exceed a century. But fish, evidently a lower rank

in creation than either, are longer lived than birds: it has been said of some species, and of certain snakes also, that they grow as long as they live, and as far as we know, live till some accident puts an end to their indefinite term of life. And the toad! it cannot indeed be said that the toad lives for ever, but many of these animals who were cased up at the general deluge, are likely to live till they are baked in their cells at the general conflagration.

I have said that birds seem to rank higher than beasts in the scale of being, because the *σοφγη*, which in beasts is confined to the female, extends in birds to both sexes; and because they have the connubial affection, to which there seems no nearer approach among beasts than the Turk-like polygamy of some of the gregarious species.

234. *Souls of Brutes.*

I have somewhere read of an odd hy-

pothesis, or heresy, as it would be called, of Father Bougeant, who endeavoured to deduce from reason, and prove by scripture, that the spirits of brutes are devils, sentenced to punishment in that shape; a doctrine which would admirably accord with the old belief in familiars. It might also afford considerable comfort to the epicures, who used to have their pigs whipt to death, and the gentlemen of the present day who amuse themselves with Welsh mains, riding against time, and other such worthy recreations, if it did not follow as a corollary, that they who make their own spirits evil in one state of existence must afford amusement and occupation in the next to such beadles and executioners of divine retribution as themselves.

The practice which the Tupinambas\* founded upon their theory of generation is a memorable proof that speculative

\* History of Brazil, Vol. 1, p. 212.



follies of this kind may lead to dreadful consequences. Father Bougeant, perhaps, was not aware of this. I can easily imagine that he may have been a man of quick sensibility and lively imagination, who feeling a keen sympathy for the sufferings of domestic animals, took shelter in this hypothesis from the pain and indignation, and possibly from the momentary doubt or distrust of providence, which the contemplation of those sufferings excited. Gomez Pereira, from whom Descartes is said (I know not with what justice,) to have adopted the paradoxical opinion that animals are non-sentient, certainly had this feeling, and it led him to use a most curious *argumentum ad hominem* to his countrymen the Spaniards, asking\* them, how,

\* *Si bestiis datum esset sensationibus exterioribus et organicis interioribus nobiscum convenire, inhumanum, sævum ac crudele fieri ab hominibus passim concedendum esset. Quid enim atrocius quam veterina animalia sub gravibus oneribus et prolixis itineribus fessa, vapulis*

if his opinion were not true, they could possibly enjoy their favourite bull-fights!

235. *Columbus.*

Mr. Pinkerton calls the West Indies the Isles of Colon. A name was certainly wanting for these islands which might be adopted by the writers of all countries. Mr. Pinkerton prefers this appellation to the more natural one of the

*cædere, et ferro adeo crudeliter pungere, donec sanguis e vulneribus manet, ipsis non raro gemitibus ac vocibus quibusdam (si ex nutibus eorum licet elicere animorum suorum affectus) miserationem petentibus? Ac ultra hanc immunitatem, quæ tantò atrocior, quantò frequentior habetur, crudelitatis apicem obtineret taurorum agitatorum tormentum, sudibus, ensibus, lapidibusque cæsis ipsis; nec in alium humanum usum, quam ut iis flagitiis humanus visus delectetur, quibus bestia vindictam mugitu supplex poscere videtur. Atque non tantum hominis pravus affectus culpandus offertur, dum hæc ita percipi à tauris, ut nutus eorum indicant, creduntur, sed omnis benignitas naturæ aboletur et culpatur, quæ genuerit viventia illa, ac quamplurima alia, ut vitam adeo ærumnis et miseris plenum agant.*

Antoniana Margarita, 21. Methymnæ  
Campi, 1554.

Columbian Islands, because, he says, many foreign nations might interpret this latter name to mean the Isles of Doves, and therefore it is better to preserve the original name of the great discoverer. Columbus, however, was the discoverer's family name, and it is thus curiously allegorized, or as the Methodists would say, *improved* by his son Fernando, .. in a manner which might have delighted Mr. Shandy. " His name and surname were not without some mystery. We may instance many names which were given by secret impulse, to denote the effects those persons were to produce, as in his is foretold and expressed the wonder he performed. For if we look upon the common surname of his ancestors, we may say he was true *Columbus*, or *Columba*, for as much as he conveyed the grace of the Holy Ghost into that new world which he discovered, shewing those people who knew him not, which was God's beloved Son, as the Holy Ghost did in the figure

of a dove at *St. John's* baptism; and because he also carried the olive branch and oil of baptism over the waters of the ocean, like *Noah's* dove, to denote the peace and union of those people with the church, after they had been shut up in the ark of darkness and confusion. And the surname of *Colon*, which he revived, was proper to him, which in Greek signifies a member, that his proper name being *Christopher*, it might be known he was a member of *Christ*, by whom salvation was to be conveyed to those people. Moreover, if we would bring his name to the Latin pronunciation, that is *Christophorus Colonus*, we may say, that as *St. Christopher* is reported to have bore that name, because he carried *Christ* over the deep waters, with great danger to himself, whence came the denomination of *Christopher*; and as he conveyed over the people whom no other would have been able to carry; so the admiral.

*Christophorus Colonus*, imploring the assistance of *Christ* in that dangerous passage, went over safe himself and his company, that those Indian nations might become citizens and inhabitants of the Church triumphant in Heaven; for it is to be believed, that many souls, which the Devil expected to make a prey of, had they not passed through the water of baptism, were by him made inhabitants and dwellers in the eternal glory of Heaven."

236. *Limbo.*

Fray Luys de Escobar (*Las 400*, p. 2, ff. 41,) says that the souls which were in limbo, and came out with Christ, did not rise with him; for St. John the Baptist was there, and came out, and yet did not rise from the dead, because his head is upon earth at this day; whereas if the Resurrection had taken effect in him, and he had actually ascended into Heaven with the Messiah, it is perfectly

clear that his head could not have been now upon earth as a relic... A cogent argument, sans doubt: and yet methinks somebody might have accommodated him with a head till the general Resurrection, without any inconvenience. Fray Luys knew that a leg had been lent in this way, which is surely sufficient authority for such an opinion. The leg in question was taken from a dead negro, who received in exchange the incurable limb of a white cripple: the operation, which far exceeds that of Talicotius, was performed by the Saints Cosmes and Damian, and one of the eight hundred questions propounded to the oracular friar, was concerning the sound leg, to which of the parties it was finally to belong.

237. *Blood Showers.*

Paracelsus is less fortunate in explaining blood-showers than sky-stones. He is, however, equally bold.

“ Fit enim quandoque ut pluvia sanguinalis, seu sanguini similis decidat, aspectu mira. Hujus rei causa est, quod stellarum excrementa pluviis interdum permisceantur, et cum ipsis una decidant. Guttae illae stellares ubi vel super lapides aut terram cadunt, colore rubro ea tingunt, et tamen per se clarae, ut aqua, sunt. In permixtione tamen super terra facta colorem adsciscunt.

“ Sæpe etiam ex Iridibus proveniant ita ut resolvantur in aquam. Quæ cum in sese colores omnes habeant, illi cum pluviâ simul in terram cadunt. Postea super eodem fundo similiter quoque coloratae pluviæ visuntur, ubi scilicet Irides in pluviis stant, quæ magnæ et validæ sunt. Dum incipiunt resolvi, una cum pluvia discedunt. Si quis in illis locis sub Iride, tempore resolutionis ejus, linteis candidis tectus stet, colores illi expressè in linteis notantur et deprehenduntur, modo pluvia simul non ubertim coincidat et colores abluat. Quanquam non Irides om-

*nes in aquam resolvantur. Sunt enim quædam aereæ. Magnæ tamen, pluviosæ et salis plenæ, naturâ aqueâ constant. Unde etiam resolvuntur."*

De Meteoris, T. 2, P. 319.

Peiresc thought he had detected the cause of blood-showers in the matter ejected by certain insects when they pass from the chrysalis to the winged state. Any person who has kept silkworms will recollect the appearance; it is rather of an orange than a blood colour, but if many insects should take wing about the same time, in one place, (as was the case when Peiresc observed the fact,) the large drops falling upon any substance which would retain them, would easily be mistaken for blood by the ignorant. But we have lately heard of red snow, and this seems to show that the true solution yet remains to be discovered.



238. *Ottar of Roses.*

In the *Histoire Generale de l'Empire du Mogol*, (*T. 1, p. 327,*) compiled by Catrou the Jesuit from Manouchi's papers, this perfume is said to have been discovered by accident. Nur-Jaham, the favourite wife of the Mogul Jahan-Guir, among her other luxuries had a small canal of rose water. As she was walking with the Mogul upon its banks, they perceived a thin film upon the water, .. it was an essential oil made by the heat of the sun. They were delighted with its exquisite odour, and means were immediately taken for preparing by art a substance like that which had been thus fortuitously produced.

239. *Poison of Serpents.*

“ I know, (says Kicherer,) it is commonly reported that the venom of serpents may be swallowed without danger, but our experience leads us to believe the contrary.” He relates, that in cross-

ing a desert in time of drought, with a large party of his converts, they travelled till the third day without finding a drop of water. At length they came to a very small pool, just sufficient to assuage their own thirst, but not that of their animals. A girl was just going to drink, "when, he says, to our great mortification, we perceived that it had been poisoned by the Boschemen, for we discovered many heads of serpents swimming in it. Water thus poisoned will soon cause a person who has drunk it to become so giddy that he cannot walk upright, and if an antidote be not speedily administered, he will certainly expire in a few hours. It is however true, that Boschemen, being properly prepared, will drink the poisoned water without prejudice to their health\*."

If this excellent Missionary had said that he himself saw such an effect pro-

\* Transactions of the Missionary Society, Vol. 2, p. 34.

duced by this poisoned water, I should without hesitation have believed him, however contrary the fact might have appeared to the received opinion. But his experience, as he calls it, goes no farther than to show that the Hottentots believe water may thus be poisoned:.. they are likely enough to think so, and in those who having the same belief have drunk of the water, there can be little doubt that imagination would produce sickness, and possibly in some cases death.

What Kicherer says of the Boschemen being properly prepared, is worthy of more consideration. Thunberg\* tells us that “the Hottentots and Boschemen are said to fortify themselves against poisoned darts, and the bite of venomous animals, by suffering themselves to be gradually bitten by serpents, scorpions, and other venomous crea-

\* English Translation, Vol. 2, p. 163.

tures, till they become accustomed to it; but these trials sometimes cost them their lives. The urine of an Hottentot thus prepared is esteemed an excellent antidote, or counterpoison, and is therefore drank by such as have been bitten by serpents."

If the former part of this account could be relied on, it should seem that these savages were acquainted with a method of producing by inoculation of animal poison a milder disease, which, like the vaccine, rendered the system proof against a more formidable virus. There is a curious passage in the adventures of Robert Drury, which bears, though distantly, upon this subject. An insect like a cow-tick, called *poropongee*, is found in that part of Madagascar which the Virzimbers possess, and in no other part of the country. Its bite is said to occasion an illness which lasts six or eight weeks, but to which no person is subject a second time, and the

Virzimbers took care not to destroy this insect, because they found it a good protection against their neighbours who used to invade them.

But there is certainly another mode of becoming proof against serpents, besides that of inoculation. Bruce tells us that the mode by which the Arabs render themselves secure against the bite of the serpent is by chewing a certain root, and washing themselves with an infusion of certain plants in water. "I have seen many, (he says,) thus armed for a season, do pretty much the same feats as those that possessed the exemption naturally: the drugs were given me, and I several times armed myself, as I thought resolved to try the experiment; but my heart always failed me when I came to the trial, because among these wretched people it was a pretence they might very probably have sheltered themselves under, that I was a Christian, and therefore it had no

effect upon me." He adds that he had still remaining by him a small quantity of the root, but never had an opportunity of trying the experiment. It is very much to be regretted that he did not give it to some person who would have tried it upon an animal, as might so easily have been done.

M. Jaquin, in a letter to Linnæus, says that the Indians in the West Indies charm serpents with the *Aristolochia Anguicida*. Forskohl also informed him that the Egyptians used a species of *Aristolochia*, (Birthwort,) but did not determine which species it is\*.

It has now been known for more than two thousand years, that some of the barbarous tribes both of Asia and Africa possess this secret, and yet no civilized nation has ever even attempted to procure the knowledge of a fact which very probably might lead to the most impor-

\* Hasselquist, p. 65.—Note.

tant consequences. A secret so widely diffused could not long remain concealed if it were properly sought for. If a trifling sum of money were placed at the disposal of our Consuls in Egypt or Barbary, it might soon be purchased, but it would be worth a philosophical mission. No person can say to what beneficial consequences the acquirement of this new power in medicine might lead;..that it might furnish us with a preventative for canine madness seems not impossible.

239. *Lord Chief Justice Holt.*

When Holt was Lord Chief Justice, he committed some enthusiasts to prison. The next day, one Lacy, who was of the same persuasion, went to his house, and asked to speak with him. The porter answered, his Lordship was not well, and could not be seen. Lacy insisted that he must speak with him, for he was sent to him by the Lord. When this

message was delivered, he obtained admittance. "I come, (said he,) from the Lord, commanding thee to grant a *noli prosequi* to his faithful servants, whom thou hast unjustly committed to prison." "Thou canst not certainly have come from the Lord, (replied Holt,) for he would have sent thee to the Attorney General, knowing very well that it is not in my power to grant thy demand. Therefore thou art a false prophet, and shalt go and keep thy friends company in prison."

Holt would not have disconcerted this prophet by his logic, if it had not been backed by law. Fanaticism and bigotry are proof against logic. When the pictures of the Virgin at Rome in 1796 moved their eyes, and all Rome crowded to behold them, one of the pictures squinted, .. and the squint was admitted to be part of the miracle.

240. *Colour of the Autumnal Leaves.*

In Captain Lewis's Account of the



American Journey of Discovery by way of the Missouri to the Pacific, is a remark of great practical and philosophical importance, if it be well founded.

“ Mr. Dunbar, (he says,) observes, that the change of colour in the leaves of vegetables, which is probably occasioned by the oxygen of the atmosphere acting on the vegetable matter, deprived of the protecting power of vital principle, may serve as an excellent guide to the naturalist who directs his attention to the discovery of new objects for the use of the dyer. For he has always remarked, that the leaves of those trees whose bark or wood is known to produce a dye, are changed in autumn to the same colour which is extracted in the dyer’s vat from the woods; more especially by the use of mordants, as allum, &c. which yields oxygen: thus the foliage of the hickory and oak, which produces the quercitron bark, is changed before its fall into a beautiful

yellow. Other oaks assume a fawn colour, a liver colour, or a blood colour, and are known to yield dyes of the same complexion."

241. *Philosophy of the Bramins.*

The order of creation which is described in the Institutes of Menu\* is remarkable. "First emerges the subtle ether, to which philosophers ascribe the quality of conveying sound; from ether, effecting a transmutation in form, springs the pure and potent air, a vehicle of all scents; and air is held endowed with the quality of touch: then from air, operating a change, rises light, or fire, making objects visible, dispelling gloom, spreading bright rays; and it is declared to have the quality of figure: but from light, a change being effected, comes water, with the quality of taste: and from water is deposited earth, with

the quality of smell; such were they created in the beginning." This passage bears at least as strong a resemblance to the chemical philosophy of our days, as certain parts of the Hindoo fables bear to the mysteries of the Christian religion. But it is more difficult to account for the philosophy, (if, indeed, it be any thing more than mere theory,) than to explain how the distorted traces of Christianity found their way into the fables of Hindostan.

242. *Glow-Beast.*

"The Valley of Calchaquina, running 30 leagues in length from N. to S. is but of a small breadth, and almost enclosed on both sides by high ridges of mountains, that make the borders of Peru and Chili. It is reported that in the night there is a sort of creature seen here which casts a mighty light from its head, and many are of opinion that light is caused by a carbuncle; but as yet this

creature could never be taken or killed, because it suddenly baffles all the designs of men, leaving them in the dark, by clouding that light\*.”

The existence of this animal is still believed. The Missionary Fr. Narciso y Barcel says, in a letter written in 1791, “I had scarcely reached Manoa before I began the commission with which his Excellency the Viceroy charged me, concerning the search of the carbuncle. I found a Pagan of the Pira nation, who has not only seen one, but has killed one, and thrown it away, through ignorance, as a thing of no value. He assured me that there were two kinds, one about a quarter, the other about half a *vara* high. The curtain, or lid, with which it covers its splendor, is, he says, a thing of exquisite plumage, and that it has on its breast spots of singular beauty. He called it in his

\* History of Paraguay, &c. by F. Nicholas del Teche.

Pira language Inuyucoy. He promised to bring me one dead, since it is impossible to take it alive; I regaled him plentifully for the sake of encouraging him, and he set off in full confidence that he should not return without it. As soon as I get this precious jewel, (*alhaja*,) I will send it to his Excellency.

*Mer. Per. N. 152.*

D. Joseph Ignacio de Lequanda, (*Mer. Peruan. N. 249*,) relates some stories of this carbuncle animal, and evidently believes them. By his account, it opens this eye of light when it is in danger, and dazzles its enemy. At other times the eye is covered with its veil, or lid, . . . like Prince Arthur's shield.

The author of the *verse-Argentina*, D. Martin del Barco, says he had seen this beast, and often hunted it in vain, and that happy man would he be who should catch one. Ruy Diaz Melgarejo, he adds, had been thus fortunate.

He had caught a carbuncle-beast, and taken out the stone, .. but the canoe in which he embarked with it upset, and the jewel was lost. I, says D. Martin, saw him lamenting his evil fortune, and heard him say, that if he had not lost the carbuncle, he would have presented it to King Philip\*.

243. *Busaco.*

Busaco is become a memorable name in British History. The place itself has long been well known in Portugal, because the bare-footed Carmelites have what, in Carmelite language, is called a desert, there. In the early ages of Monachism, men became anchorites after their own fashion. Hermits were then described in the Rule of S. Benedict, (cap. 1,) as men "who not by a novitiate fervour of devotion, but by long probation in a monastical kind of life, have learnt by the comfort and encou-

\* Argentina, Canto 3.

agement of others to fight against the Devil, and being well armed, secure now without the help of any, are able, by God's assistance, to fight hand to hand against the vices of the flesh, and evil cogitations; and so proceed from the fraternal army to the single combat of the wilderness." *Qui non conversionis fervore novicio, sed monasterii probatione diuturnâ, didicerunt contra diabolum multorum solatio jam docti pugnare, & bene instructi fraternâ ex acie ad singularem pugnam eremi, securi jam sine consolatione alterius, sola manu vel brachio, contra vitia carnis vel cogitationum, Deo auxiliante, sufficiunt pugnare.*

But in later ages, when discipline was found as necessary for monks as for soldiers, a few reformers established institutions in their respective orders, by which the advantages of the eremetical life might be combined with the obedience and consequent security of the cœnobite. St. Romuald was the most

eminent of these reformers. The Carmelites would probably deny that they followed his example, and trace up their institution directly to Elijah. This question is of little moment at present. They had their desarts also, and the regular establishment seems to have been one for every province. There were six Carmelite provinces in the Peninsula, and each had it's desart, except the province of Portugal, where in the early part of the 17th century they were about to establish one at Cintra, having obtained all the necessary licenses for that purpose. But though Cintra would have been in all natural respects just such a situation as the fathers would have chosen, it was too near the court, and they anticipated with a prudent dread the frequent interruption which would be occasioned by the concourse of visitors. It happened at this time that two of the fraternity, travelling from Aveyro to Coimbra, and convert-



ing upon this matter, fell in with an old man, who said, that if they wanted a good situation for a desert, he would shew them one. Accordingly he led them to the Serra de Busaco; "here is the place, (said he,) here the convent should be, and the garden yonder, and water may be brought there from the fountain of S. Sylvester. By putting this story into the ordinary stile of monastic history, and saying that the man appeared to them on their road, and disappeared, after he had said what he wished to say, the reader was prepared for the conclusion which the fathers drew, that he was either an angel, or the Patriarch St. Joseph, who is an especial friend to the order. As it happened to be about night-fall, they slept upon the spot, and having reported their tale in a proper manner to their superiors, Busaco was preferred to Cintra, and a grant of the land obtained from D. Joam Manoel, the Bishop of Coimbra. This was in 1628.

Carvalho describes the desert as being nearly four miles in circumference, and walled in. Within this circuit are various chapels; the cells of the fathers are round the church, each having its garden and its water-course for the cultivation of flowers, which is their only recreation. The Convent resembles the well known Cork Convent at Cintra; but it is upon a larger scale, and the scenery perhaps more impressive: cork is every where used instead of wood, on account of the dampness of the situation. But the Carmelites of Busaco continued till a very late period to practise austerities, of which there have been probably no instances upon the Serra de Cintra since Fray Honorio was taken out of his den to be laid in his grave, .. the more commodious, as well as capacious, of the two apartments. In the midst of the refectory stood a large cross, against which the Fathers, each in turn, as he finished his meal,

stood up, with extended arms, in the posture of crucifixion, to mortify the flesh after the regale which it had taken. Three or four of the community generally ate upon their knees, with a cross upon their shoulders, a cilice bandage across the eyes, a bit in the mouth, and sometimes a saddle upon the back, in token that they had become as beasts, because of the sins which they had committed while leading a secular life.

A part of this desert is so laid out, as to represent the different scenes of the Passion, from the agony in the garden to the crucifixion. The Father who obtains permission to visit these stations, sets out bare-headed and bare-footed, with his hands tied behind him, and a rope round his neck, and when he comes to Pilate's Palace he is crowned with thorns, and the Cross placed on his shoulders.

What has been said thus far of Busaco, would in this country only provoke

the mirth of the scorner, and the pity of the wise. In Portugal, however, such practises are regarded with far other feelings, and the Fathers of Busaco have been called the worthy successors of the Hilarions and Maccariuses, . . the most perfect ideals of perfection; angels in their actions, and men only in appearance; human Seraphim, the white flock of the Thisbite of Mount Carmel.

*En la quietud venturosa*

*Desta suave aspereza,*

*Del Thesbita del Carmelo*

*El rebaño se apacienta :*

*Aquel candido rebaño,*

*En cuja hermosa pureza*

*El soberano Pastor*

*Sus bellos ojos deleita ;*

*Los Serafines humanos*

*Hijos de la sacra Reyna,*

*Restauracion del Carmelo,*

*Ymitacion de Theresa :*

*Los successores de Elias*

*De Religion en la essencia,*

*En la castidad solene,*

*La obediencia y la pobreza !*

*Aquellos que resuscitan,  
 Mientras los cielos penetran,  
 De Hilariones y Micharios  
 La oracion y penitencia ;  
 Los que de la perfeccion  
 Son perfectissima idea,  
 Angeles en las acciones  
 Homrbes solo en la apariencia.*

Thus Doña Bernarda Ferreira describes them in her *Soledades de Buçaco*, a poem, which for the perception of the beauties of nature, and the natural feeling that it displays, entitles the authoress to a higher rank among the poets of Spain than she would have deserved by her greater work, the *Hespaña Libertada*. In spite of the conceits, which according to the fashion of the age, were probably deemed its finest parts, and in spite of its Manichæan notions of piety, it is a poem to be read with pleasure, and which entitles its authoress to be remembered with respect. One passage I shall quote

as exceedingly beautiful. She describes a father taking possession of a vacant hermitage, and the birds, she says, perch upon his head and shoulders, to welcome him, for they had been the companions of his predecessor, and come to seek at his hands their customary portion.

*Vaxia la halla de todo,*

*Pero de Dios toda llena;*

*Compone sus pobres libros,*

*Barre contento la puerta.*

*Ya sobre el baxan las aves,*

*Y bolando le festejan,*

*Que del antecesor suyo*

*Solian ser compañeras.*

*A buscar su porcion vienen,*

*Que tambien el no les niega,*

*Y unas le cubren los ombros,*

*Otras, manos y cabeza.*

*Alli los corcillos mansos*

*Le van a dar obediencia,*

*Y como a pedir limosna*

*Su portal humildes cercan*

*Con aquella soledad*

*El principiante se alegra,*

*Que hablando con Dios no siente*

*De los hombres ya la ausencia.*

This is, no doubt, a faithful picture. Man had contrived to convert this place into a Purgatory for himself, but as far as man was concerned, it was for animals a perfect Eden.

*Nadie puede entrar a caza,  
En estos bosques sombríos,  
Ni pescar en sus estanques,  
Y arroyuelos cristalinos.*

D. Bernarda's poem is divided into twenty short parts, or sections. A few smaller pieces follow, upon the same subject. Some are in Portuguese, one in Italian, two in Latin rhymes: one of these I shall transcribe. The book which contains them is exceedingly rare, even in Portugal, and however the classical reader may smile at the barbarism of the metre, and at the latinity, he will consider them as no unpleasing specimens of the attainments of a Portuguese lady of noble family, and high rank, in the early part of the 17th century.

*Salve mons sacratus,*  
*Surculus Carmeli,*  
*Firma basis Cæli,*  
*Cælo coronatus ;*  
*Hospitium divinum,*  
*Fertilis Eremus,*  
*Paradisi nemus*  
*Mundo peregrinum.*  
*Jam tua Crux sancta*  
*Dat novos fulgores,*  
*Novos dat nitores*  
*Tam cælestis planta.*  
*Tui sacri fontes.*  
*Jubilis scaturiunt,*  
*Gaudia parturiunt*  
*Ipsi elati montes:*  
*Tua prata pollent*  
*Ostentando rosas,*  
*Rosas gratiosas*  
*Quæ de ominus olent.*  
*Super rupes tuas,*  
*Garrulantes aves*  
*Cantitant suaves*  
*Cantilenas suas.*  
*Inter ipsas plantas,*  
*Frondebis ornatas*  
*Relinquit captatas*  
*Amor almas sanctas.*  
*Vive plures annos*  
*Feliciter vive,*



*Ipsis saxis scribe  
Nostros Lusitanos.*

The other is in a different metre, and somewhat in the brocade fashion of Gongora. One stanza will sufficiently exemplify it.

*Aperiente Aurora  
Fenestras spaciosas orientis,  
Quando diligens Flora  
Conspergit undâ fluvii currentis  
Prata, et cristalo fontis  
Currum ostendit genitor Phaetontis.*

The Catholic visits Busaco for the sake of the indulgencies which are to be obtained there by ascending on his knees the eight and twenty steps of its *Scala Cœli*. Henceforth Lord Wellington's victory will frequently lead an Englishman there, and the beauty of the place would probably well repay the pilgrimage. There are four springs within the walls, one of them ornamented at the expence of Count D.

Joam de Mello, Bishop of Coimbra, with grottos, fountain jets, and fantastic stone-work, less unpleasing, however, in a country where the value of water is so great, and the sound so peculiarly grateful, than they would be in our own. The Portugueze writers describe these ornaments with delight. The water, which is called the Fonte Fria, or Cold Spring, is supposed to possess great virtues. The highest point of the Serra is within the limits of the Desart: from hence there is a most extensive command of prospect. Cardoso says in the *Diccionario Geografico*, that to the east the Serra de Castello Rodrigo may be distinguished, which is thirty leagues off; the Serra de Minde is seen to the south, that of Grijo to the North, fifteen leagues distant; westward is the mouth of the Mondego and the coast. On this point a large wooden cross was erected, by Francisco Pereira de Miranda, some time before the Carmelites settled here:

it had acquired some celebrity, and the Fathers therefore dedicated their establishment to this cross, which gave name to the convent, and was in the place of a Patron Saint to it\*.

This cross was destroyed by lightning†

\* *Desta Cruz tomou o nome aquelle sitio, e se começou a chamar Santa Cruz de Busaco, e ficou sendo o Orago do Mosteyro que os Padres aly edificaram.* *Benedictina Lusitana, T. 2, P. 284.* We have no word in our language which will apply equally to a Patron Saint or a Wooden Cross.

† D. Bernarda has a poem upon the *Effectos del rayo espantoso que cayo en Buçaco el ano de 1630.* The woods, it seems, were set on fire by lightning. This the poetess ascribes, after the manner of poets, to the Devil, who convokes a council, and details his causes of complaint against the Carmelites.

*Danme guerra en toda parte*

*Estos mis perseguidores*

*Inermes ganan ciudades,*

*Humildes allanan montes.*

*Que no solo se contentan*

*Con vivir entre los hombres,*

*Mas havitan como fieras,*

*Los duros riscos y robles.*

in 1645, and the rocks about it are said to have been splintered in an extraordinary manner. The Rector of Coimbra, Manoel Saldanha, erected one of stone in its place, at a great expence. First he made a huge foundation work of masonry, about five and twenty feet\* high, which he whitened, that it might be visible at a greater distance, and surrounded with battlements, in the manner of a mural crown, because it was the summit, or crown, of the mountain. Upon this five steps were raised, and upon this the pedestal. The foot of the cross, (which was hewn out of

Part of his complaint against them is for their services in Great Britain and Ireland.

*Por Anglias y por Hybarnias  
 Van a buscar ocasiones  
 De combatir la heregia,  
 Que rinde a sus pies errores.*

\* *De altura de trinta até quarenta palmos.* The palmo is 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.

one stone,) was in girth as much as a man could clasp: its height was twenty palms,..about fourteen\* feet. More than three thousand cart-loads of stone were employed in this work: they were chiefly brought from the ruins of the Monastery of St. Euphemia, which was near at hand.

The first cedars which were planted in Portugal† are said to have been in the little garden belonging to St. Joseph's Hermitage in this Desart. Cardoso says that Grisley the Botanist found upon this Serra almost every plant which Laguna has described in his Commentary upon Dioscorides: he speaks of it also as abounding with flowers.

#### 244. *Ophites*.

The Ophites must have been just

\* Fr. Leam de St. Thomas says that a croso of *Carabua* was set in it on the top, as a protection against lightning. I do not understand the word.

† *Benedictina Lusitana*, T. 2, P. 283.

such jugglers as always have existed, and still exist in the same countries; they are classed among heretics, because when Christianity became prevalent in Egypt, they made their snakes christian divinities, as they had before been demi-gods, and now are sheiks. St. Augustine's account of them makes this quite clear. "They have a snake (he says) whom they feed and worship, who, at the incantation of the priest, comes out of his cavern, and gets upon the altar, which is placed close thereto, and licks their oblations, and turning himself round them, returns into his hole. They then break the oblations for the Eucharist, as having been sanctified by the serpent Christ." St. Epiphanius adds, that each of them kissed the snake, who had either been tamed by charms, or by some operation of the devil.

The Jacob-Briantists believe that the devil invented snake worship, by way of commemorating his victory over Eve.

They will believe any thing. The snake has been a common deity, because it is a manageable one, and that in a more extraordinary manner than any other animal.

A Malabar Bramin once played off a curious trick upon his flock. He raised money enough among them to make a golden snake and twelve golden eggs, which he carried to the pagoda in solemn procession, and there deposited, telling the people that in six weeks time the snake would be vivified, hatch the eggs, and disappear with its young to become the tutelary divinities of their country. They disappeared accordingly at the time appointed, to the infinite joy of the believers.

In those parts of Malabar where snakes are worshipped, convenience overcomes prejudice. The natives are by no means displeased when a Moor or Christian rids them of one of these venomous gods; perhaps they enjoy a double satis-

faction in having the reptile destroyed, and in believing the infidel will be damned for destroying it.

In one of the volumes of the Asiatic Annual Register, there is a remarkable account of the manner in which monkeys destroy snakes. The monkeys in question inhabit a prodigious Banyan tree, on the banks of the Nerbudda, having three hundred and fifty large trunks, and above three thousand smaller columns;.. but the monkey colonies are annoyed by having snakes for their neighbours, and being perfectly aware of the danger to be apprehended from these enemies, and where it lies, they watch the snakes till they perceive them asleep, then creep towards them, seize them fast by the neck, haul them to the nearest flat stone, and then begin to grind down the head by dint of violent friction, every now and then stopping to breathe a little, and to take a proper grin at the progress of their work.



When the relentless operator has demolished the head so far as to be well assured that the venomous fangs are utterly destroyed, he tosses the writhing body to the young pugs for a plaything, and their exultation is conspicuous in all their motions, as they toss the unarmed reptile from one to another."

245. *Judas.*

It was believed in Pier della Valle's time, that the descendants of Judas Iscariot still existed at Corfu, though the persons who suffered this imputation stoutly denied the truth of the genealogy.

When the ceremony of washing the feet is performed in the Greek Church at Smyrna, the bishop represents Christ, and the twelve apostles are acted by as many priests. He who personates Judas must be paid for it, and such is the feeling of the people, that whoever ac-

cepts this odious part, commonly retains the name of Judas for life\*.

Judas serves in Brazil for a Guy Faux to be carried about by the boys, and made the subject of an auto-da-fe. The Spanish sailors hang him at the yard arm. It is not long since a Spaniard lost his life at Portsmouth, during the performance of this ceremony, by jumping overboard after the figure.

The Armenians, who believe hell and limbo to be the same place, say that Judas, after having betrayed our lord, resolved to hang himself, because he knew Christ was to go to limbo, and deliver all the souls which he found there, and therefore he thought to get there in time. But the Devil was cunninger than he, and knowing his intent, held him over limbo till the Lord had past through, and then let him fall plum into hell†.

\* Hasselquist, p. 43.

† Thevenot.

Vincenzo Monti has written three Sonnets upon the death of Judas, in his own peculiar strain of fancy.

*Sulla morte di Giuda.*

I.

*Gittò l'infame presso, e disperato  
 L'albero ascese il venditor di Cristo ;  
 Strinse il laccio, e col corpo abbandonato  
 Da l'irto ramo penzolar fu visto.  
 Cigolava lo spirito serrato  
 Dentro la strozza in tuon rabbioso e tristo,  
 E Gesù bestemmiava, e il suo peccato,  
 Ch' empia l'Averno di cotanto acquisto.  
 Sboccò dal varco al fin con un ruggito.  
 Allor Giustizia l'afferrò, e sul monte  
 Nel sangue di Gesù tingendo il dito,  
 Scrisse con quello al maladetto in fronte  
 Sentenza d'immortal pianto infinito ;  
 E lo piombò sdegnosa in Acheronte.*

II.

*Piombò quell' alma a l'inferral riviera,  
 E si fè gran tremuoto in quel momento :  
 Balzava il monte, ed ondeggiava al vento  
 La sulma in alto strangolata e nera,  
 Gli angeli del Calvario in su la sera  
 Partendo a volo taciturno e lento,*

*La videro da lunge, e per spavento  
 Si fer de l'ale a gli occhi una visiera,  
 I demoni frattanto a l'aere tetro  
 Calár l'appeso, e l'infocate spalle  
 A l'esecrato incarco eran feretro.  
 Così ululando e schiamazzando, il calle  
 Preser di Stige, e al vagabondo spetro  
 Resero il corpo ne la morta valle.*

## III.

*Poichè ripresa avea l'alma digiuna  
 L'antica gravità di polpe e d'ossa,  
 La gran sentenza su la fronte bruna  
 In riga apparve trasparente e rossa.  
 A quella vista di terror percossa  
 Va la gente perduta: altri s'aduna  
 Dietro le piante, che Cocito ingrossa,  
 Altri si tuffa ne la rea laguna.  
 Vergognoso egli pur del suo delitto  
 Fuggia quel crudo, e stretta la mascella,  
 Forte graffiava con la man lo scritto.  
 Ma piu terso il rendea l'anima fella.  
 Dio tra le tempie gliel' avea confitto,  
 Nè sillaba di Dio mai si cancella.*

The old legend of the Sabbath of Hell, which represents Judas as coming out to cool himself, was invented in a better spirit than this horrible conceit of writ-

ing upon the forehead of the dead a sentence of eternal and infinite anguish in the blood of the Redeemer!

246. *Luis de Escobar.*

Fray Luis d'Escobar is the author of *Las Quatrocientas*, one of the oddest books in the Spanish, or indeed in any other language. After the manner of bibliographers, here follow the full titles of the two volumes. They are in what we should call small folio, but the paper must have been of enormous size, the sheets being folded in octavo.

*Las Quatrocientas Respuestas a otras tantas preguntas, quel Illustrissimo Señor Don Fadrique Enrriquez, Almirante de Castilla, y otras personas, embiaron a preguntar en diversas vezes al autor, no nombrado, mas de que era frayle menor. Con quinientos proverbios de consejos y avisos a manera de letania, agora segunda vez estampadas, corregidas y emendadas. Y por el mesmo autor añadidas cient glosas,*

*o declaraciones, a cient respuestas que parecía avellas menester. Dirigido a los Illustrísimos Señores, Don Luys Enrriquez, Almirante de Castilla, y Doña Ana de Cabrera, Duquesa de Medina, su muger, Condes de Modica, &c. En este año M. D. L. Con Privilegio Imperial.*

*Aqui se ponen estas quatrocientas respuestas, porque avia otras muchas mas con ellas, las quales se imprimiran presto, plaziendo a Dios, que sera la segunda parte deste libro.*

At the end of the volume.—*Fenesce el libro intitulado las Quatrocientas Respuestas, con las cient glosas o declaraciones, que nuevamente añadió su propio autor. El qual fue visto, examinado y aprobado por los senores del muy alto consejo, y impresso en esta muy noble Villa de Valladolid (Pincia otro tiempo llamada). En casa de Francisco Fernandez de Cordova, junto a las escuelas mayores. Acabose a veynte y cinco dias del mes de Mayo. Año de M. D. L.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*La Segunda Parte de las Quatrocientas Respuestas, en que se contienen otras Quatrocientas Respuestas a otras tantas preguntas, que el Illustrissimo Senor Don Fadrique Enrriquez Almirante de Castilla, y otras personas embiaron a preguntar al mesmo auctor, assi en prosa, como en metro. Con cincuenta declaraciones, o glosas, en los lugares que parescio ser mas menester, por el mesmo auctor. Impresso en Valladolid por F. F. de Cordova. Año de M. D. L. I. I. Con privilegio. Tassado por los Senores del Consejo a dos m. r. s. el pliego.*

At the end.—*A gloria y alabança de nuestro señor Jesu Christo, y de su bendita Madre y señora nuestra, haze fin la segunda parte de las quatrocientas respuestas del Almirante de Castilla, Don Fadrique Enrriquez y otras personas, respondidas por el autor no nombrado, el qual queda acabando otras dozientas para que con las quatrocientas de la primera parte, y*

*con estas CCCC desta segunda seran mil cabales. Fueron impressas en la muy noble villa de Valladolid (Pincia otro tiempo llamada) por Francisco de Cordova, y a costa de Francisco de Alfaro, cuyo es el privilegio, acabose a dos dias del mes de henero deste ano de M. D. L. I. I.*

There had been a prior edition of the first volume in 1545, printed in the same city, and a surreptitious one printed out of the kingdom. I do not know whether the third part was ever published; Nicolas Antonio does not observe that it was promised. The manner in which he speaks of the book makes me believe, that he scarcely looked beyond the title. Certain it is, that he had not discovered the author's name, which if he had perused the first volume he must have done; for though the good Friar chooses to be anonymous in his title pages, he has by a sort of Irish contrivance given his name, at full length in an acrostic, at the end of what he calls his Litany. *Fray*



*Luys d'Escobar hyzo esta Letanya. T. 1, ff. 135.*

This is so extraordinary and whimsical a work, that having once looked into it, I was led through the whole of the poetry, between 40 and 50,000 verses. "Social verses" of modern times are of all compositions the least interesting to those who are not concerned in them; but these "Diversions of Valladolid," such as Valladolid was nearly three centuries ago, give a most amusing picture of the Admiral and his circle of friends. They conceived the Friar to be a sort of living oracle, capable of resolving all questions, and every thing which came into their heads was propounded to him. Fray Luys complains in his Preface, or *Argumento*, as he calls it, that many of the questions came to him so badly versified, that it was more trouble to mend them than to reply to them, and they were not fit to appear till they were turned into a good

style, . . . except those of his Excellency, which were perfect ; . . . *salvo las de su Señoría, que eran perfectas.*

The first and second parts consist wholly of theological questions, in which the Friar took such delight, that he wished every body would come to him with such questions, for day and night, he said, would be well employed upon them.

*De essas preguntas querria  
que todos me preguntassen,  
y gastando noche y dia,  
bien empleado seria  
el tiempo que alli gastassen.*

Sometimes, however, these questions puzzled him. A religioner sends to ask how many keys Christ gave to Peter, and he begins his answer by saying, he ought to prepare himself by a course of physic for such grave, sweet, and savoury questions.

*Cumple me tomar xaraves,  
y aun otros preparativos,  
para preguntas tan graves,  
tan sabrosas, tan suaves,  
y de tan altos motivos.*

The main amusement of the Admiral's old age seems to have been in inventing questions for the Friar. Before I got up this morning, says he, I and Roca could not agree how many years David lived before Christ; we are now sitting at table awaiting your answer. Presently he asks, who was the first writer in the world; what became of the Ark of the Covenant at the first destruction of Jerusalem; whether God concealed it, or destroyed it: and if it was not destroyed, whether it would ever be found? The Friar replies, that the oldest writing in the world was the work of Jubal, who having heard Adam prophecy that the world would be twice destroyed, once by water, and once by fire, was very solicitous to know by which element it

was to suffer first. But as Adam would not gratify his curiosity, he, to secure the art which he had invented in either case, inscribed his system of music upon two pillars, one of stone, the other of clay, the one being secure from fire, the other from water; and accordingly at this very day the stone pillar is remaining in the land called Sirida. The Ark and the Tabernacle were carried by Jeremiah to a stone cave in the mountain of Nob; where at his prayers the rock opened and closed upon these precious relics: and he fastened the entrance of the cave with a stone, and wrote upon the stone the holy Tetragrammaton with his finger; the letters, as he traced them, being miraculously imprinted in the stone. His companions wanted to make some mark whereby the place might be known, but as this was not the will of Heaven, they were rendered unable to find it again. It is, however, somewhere between the two mountains.

Hor and Nob, where Moses and Aaron were buried\*, but whether it will ever

\* Some Judaizing Christian invented this legend, which is given with varying but finer circumstances by Dorotheus, thus:

“ Before the temple was taken, this prophet (Jeremiah) took out the Ark of the Covenant, and all that was laid up therein, and hid it in a certain rock, saying unto such as were present, the Lord from Sinai is gone up into Heaven, and again, the law-giver shall come out of Sion with great power, and the signs of his coming shall be unto you, when all nations shall honour a tree. He said, moreover, no man shall take away that Ark except Aaron; and no man shall see the tables laid up therein, be he priest or prophet, except Moses, the chosen of God. And at the Resurrection the Ark shall first rise, and come forth out of the rock, and it shall be laid on Mount Sinai, and thither unto it will all the Saints assemble together, looking for the Lord, and flying from the enemy which would have destroyed them, coming unto this rock. And he sealed up this rock with his finger, writing thereon the name of God; the form of it was like the engraving of iron, and a light cloud overshadowed and covered the name of God; neither knew any man this place, neither could any man read the sealing unto this day, neither shall unto the end. This rock is in the desert where the Ark was made at the first, between

be discovered or not, the Friar cannot tell.

When God made dresses for Adam and Eve, how did he get the skins of which those dresses were made, says my Lord the Admiral, observing that at that time no beasts had yet been killed. Why, replies the Friar, perhaps he made skins by themselves on purpose; or perhaps he did not actually clothe our first parents himself, but only gave them direc-

two mountains, where Moses and Aaron lie buried. And in the night time a cloud, much like fire, covered the place, even as it did of old; the glory of God can never be away from the name of God. Therefore God gave unto Jeremiah the grace that he should finish this mystery, and become companion with Moses and Aaron, who are joined together unto this day, for Jeremiah came of the line of the Priests."

The Monks of Mount Sinai show an inscription at the foot of Mount Horeb, in unknown characters, which they affirm to be this very writing of Jeremiah. Pier della Valle had geographical doubts upon the subject when he saw it, but afterwards the authority of St. Epiphanius induced him to change his opinion, and incline to believe the tradition.

tions about the cloaths. Which, says my Lord the Admiral, is most obliged to the other, the Virgin Mary to sinners, or sinners to the Virgin Mary; they to her for bringing forth their Redeemer, or she to them for having made a Redeemer necessary? Pinnacle of discretion, the Friar replies, wise among the wise,

*Cumbre de la discrecion  
de los discretos discreto.*

When you went to quell the disturbances in Navarre, and procured the pardon of the guilty, if they had not been guilty you could not have obtained the honour of interceding for them; but are you indebted to them for your revolt, or they to you for your clemency? My Lord the Admiral wishes to know whether a babe in the womb has a guardian angel of his own, or if one guardian angel suffices for him and his mother before he is born. The answer of the

Friar is, that one is enough for both, as the gardener who takes care of an apple tree takes care of the apples upon it, and as he who has the charge of a damsel, has the charge of her honour also.

Next comes a perilous question. The Friar has preached a sermon upon the Trinity, in which he has made the mystery appear so perfectly intelligible, that the Admiral is afraid he shall no longer have any merit in believing it, because he understands it so well. This occasions considerable discussion, for neither a first nor a second answer can persuade D. Fadrique that he has the same merit in believing the Trinity as he had when it was wholly incomprehensible. He now wishes to know whether the grief which our Lady felt at the Crucifixion was greater or less than her joy at the Resurrection. The wisdom of the question astonishes the Friar, who declares that he had never seen such a question in the writings of any Doctor of Theology.



*En tan alta perficion  
pregunta su Senoria,  
que en doctor en theologia  
nunca yo vi tal quision.*

He gives reasons for both opinions; the Admiral desires to know which opinion is the most probable, and then Fray Luys says, her grief was the greatest, and that he can prove it by twelve reasons. Of course D. Fadrique wishes to hear these reasons, and the Friar then strings together twelve stanzas, much in the style of the *Siete Dolores*, or our own Christmas Carol of the Seven Good Joys, . . . a relic of Catholicism which I have often heard in my youth.

We have now a very long discussion upon Free Will, to which I thought there would be no end. The good Friar, who never loses an opportunity of giving good advice to the Admiral, or of paying him a handsome compliment, reminds him dexterously here of his exploit at Tordesillas,

*Vuestra Senoria ha hecho  
 lo que acostumbra hazer,  
 por do me avra de vencer  
 o ponerme en gran estrecho :  
 que haze en estas renzillas  
 lo que hizo en Tordesillas,  
 dar combate tan seguido,  
 que no pueda el combatido,  
 si no venir de rodillas.*

Notwithstanding this compliment, Fray Luys argues stoutly upon this knotty point; a friend of the Admiral interferes, and takes part with him against the Friar: the Friar, who grows very sore in the course of this long discussion of an endless subject, tells this person that he has fallen into a great blasphemy, and that he understands nothing at all about the matter, and he interdicts any farther dispute with him about it. Notwithstanding this, the Admiral goes on, till the poor Friar is obliged at last to tell him it is better to stop, or he will fall into Pelagianism, and therefore he begs pardon for positively declaring that

he will answer no more questions upon the subject.

Metaphysics having thus been prohibited, my Lord the Admiral returns to theology, and desires to know why God is three persons rather than four or five, or any other number, particularly as musicians account three an imperfect number. The Friar answers, that God is three persons because he is, and moreover that three is a perfect number; but he is astonished at the depth and wisdom of such questions, and his astonishment is increased by the next, which is, Who governed Heaven when God was in the Virgin Mary's womb? The Friar is ready with two solutions, there were the other two persons of the Trinity, .. in this way the difficulty might be explained, but that in reality there is no difficulty, because the soul is not infused in conception.

Will Antichrist have a guardian angel, or not? Just as well as Judas, but to

as little purpose. Is there a free will in brutes? When the Devil tempts us, does he come of himself, or does God send him? In what part of the body does the soul reside, and at what part does it go out? Why did Christ chuse to be born of a Virgin? The question and answer will give the Spanish scholar a good specimen of the style of this extraordinary old Omniana.

PREGUNTA 155.

*Del Senor Almirante, porque quiso  
Christo nascer de Virgen.*

*No es culpable que pregunto  
las dudas en que me veo,  
pues es bueno mi deseo  
en las cosas que yo apunto:  
Que de lo que a Christo toca  
no se deve hombre hartar  
de saber y preguntar  
pues la sciencia no se apoca,*

*Dezidme porque razones  
de virgen quiso nascer,*

*y en esto no quiso ser  
como los otros varones ;  
Que el mismo quiso ordenar  
que virgen le concibiesse,  
y que virgen le pariesse  
y en virginidad quedar.*

### Respuesta del Auctor.

*Respondo por abreviar,  
que se dan muchas razones  
por los yllustres varones  
que en esso suelen hablar.  
Mas yo dire si acertare  
quatro solas, y no mas,  
que pone Sancto Thomas :  
enmendad si algo errare.*

### Razon primera.

*A la dignidad de Dios  
gran descomveniencia fuera,  
que si de varon nasciera  
ya sus padres fueran dos.  
Que por gloria de su nombre  
tiene alla padre sin madre,  
y aca la madre sin padre,  
Dios de Dios, y hombre de hombre.*

## Razon segunda.

*Fuera otra inconveniencia  
 ser hijo de corrupcion,  
 pues la hembra y el varon  
 no son sin concupiscencia ;  
 Y trayendo en tal manera  
 tal concupiscencia bruta,  
 o nasciendo de corrupta  
 gran inconveniente fuera.*

## Razon tercera.

*Mas assi devia ser  
 segun el nombre y la fama,  
 que aquel que verbo se llama  
 como verbo ha de nacer ;  
 Y mirad quanto le toca  
 que el verbo sin corrupcion,  
 qual le engendra el coraçon  
 tal le mana por le boca.*

## Razon quarta.

*Y aun por mostrar la excelencia  
 de aquella virginidad,  
 pues que la summa verdad  
 la escogio por prehemencia ;  
 Y assi la sublimo tanto,  
 porque en su madre no uiesse  
 cosu que a carne supiesse,  
 mas que todo fuesse sancto.*

*Mas misterio tan superno  
 catalle hasta el hondon,  
 no puede nuestra razon,  
 sino solo Dios eterno.*

*Harto nos basta Señor  
 tener por la fe creydo,  
 que fue de Virgen nascido,  
 y aquello fue lo mejor.*

*Y assi querer alcançallo  
 buscando la suma causa,  
 esto baste para pausa,  
 y loallo y contemplallo;  
 Y aquella sancta donzella,  
 sera muy sano consejo  
 contemplar la como espejo  
 y remirar nos en ella.*

Some of these reasons, like many other passages of this extraordinary book, could not be expressed in our language without shocking the reader. Nothing, however, is more evident than that the Admiral had no thought of irreverence in proposing such questions, and that the Friar replied to them not only with seriousness, but even with a sense of devotion.

What will become of the world after the last judgement, is one of the following questions. The heavens, we are told, will be still, none of the spheres will move, time will cease, and the winds, and heat, and cold. Heaven will finally rest in that situation where it was first created, the sun will be in the east, and the moon in the west.

*Estaran los cielos quedos,  
ninguno se movera,  
y assi el tiempo cessara,  
vientos, calores, y yelos.*

*El cielo en aquel lugar  
o sitio do fue criado,  
alli sera situado,  
y alli tornara a parar.  
No avra mas alteraciones ;  
sera el sol en oriente,  
y la luna en ocidente  
segun muchas opiniones.*

Where will the Lord appear at the Day of Judgement, because at that time both Heaven and Earth will have been



destroyed? No, says the Friar, the world will only be destroyed as to its temporal uses, *quanto al temporal provecho*, and Christ will appear over the Valley of Jehosaphat near Mount Olivet, and there we shall all be gathered together, men, angels, and devils; and then if you have served God better than I have done, you will be better off than I shall be, and a pretty joke it would be if you with your rank and fortune were to go to Heaven, and the Friar to go to Hell.

*y sera muy gran donayre,  
 si con vuestro grande estado  
 vays al cielo coronado,  
 y vaya al infierno el frayre.*

Will the glory of men be greater than the glory of angels? Yes, twofold: because they will be glorified in the body, and angels have no body in which to be glorified. Moreover, having had greater toil for salvation, they will have greater

reward. Where was God before he created the Heavens? This is finely answered, though the answer somewhat diluted in the familiar verse of the original, .. he was then where he is now, for he who is incomprehensible cannot be in any place. God himself is in himself, and all things are in him.

*que Dios mismo esta en si mismo  
y todo el mundo esta en el.*

During what particular part of the Salutation did the act of Incarnation take place? The Friar, who resolves all questions, answers, that it was as soon as Mary had replied to the Angel, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word."

*Y el hijo de Dios que oyo  
esta ultima respuesta,  
fuele tan grata y honesta  
que en este punto encarno.  
Que pues Christo contraya  
bodas con natura humana,  
el consentimiento y gana  
de entramos se requeria.*

The Admiral now condescending to a question of simple chronology, asks in what year of the world Christ was born, and the Friar says in reply, Let us count our own years; I am sixty, you are sixty-five; I am near death, and you, by this reckoning, are still nearer. Is bull-fighting sinful? Yes.—Is it sinful to treat the people with a bull-fight, if you do not fight yourself? Certainly it is.—But why is it sinful? pursues the Admiral, sticking with the keenness of a sportsman to his favourite amusement, . . . why is it sinful, when the practice is so customary, and is a thing allowed? Sir, says the honest Friar, if you will persist in these things at your age, I must tell you that you have one foot in the grave, and another in Hell.—St. Cosmes and St. Damian cut off a black man's leg, and fastened it upon a white man; which will have this leg at the Resurrection? The black man, and the other will then have his own original

leg.—How long will a soul remain in Purgatory for every particular sin? I cannot tell: you will know when you get there, and you will neither suffer the less nor get out the sooner for having been an Admiral.—At the Day of Judgement there will be souls in Purgatory who will not have been there their full time: how will their account be settled? The intensity of their sufferings may compensate for its brevity: they will have condensed and quintessential torments.

One division of the work consists of questions in physics, another of moral points, another of riddles. The Admiral enquires how many intestines (*tripas*) a man has, and what is the use of each, . . . a question which the Friar says is of very dirty discussion, *es muy suzio plá-ticar*, and he remarks upon this occasion,

*Lo que puedo ymaginar  
es que estavades purgando,  
y alli estavades pensando  
si avria que preguntar.*

A Cavallero who is troubled with hæmorrhoids wants to know what is good for him. The Friar makes a joke or two upon the disease, but advises him to boil four or five frogs in three parts of a pint of oil, and thus make an ointment. One person asks what is the best method for preserving the teeth; he recommends him to clean them first with the pith of pine wood, then with white wine, lastly with a linen cloth.—What shall I do for the tooth-ache, says one of his querists. Fray Luys replies, have the tooth drawn; but if you do not like to part with it, it is a singular remedy to bear the pain and keep the tooth.

*es remedio singular*

*que lo ayays de tolerar*

*Y este se queda la muela.*

This is a very unsatisfactory answer to a poor man with a raging tooth-ache, and the patient requests him in good verse to

leave off joking, and tell him how he may obtain relief.

*Remedio estoy esperando,  
de essas burlas os dexad;  
yo preguntava raviando,  
vos me respondeys burlando;  
respondedme la verdad.*

The prescription is, . . . about a spoonful of salt, tied in a cloth, held in boiling oil during the time in which a man can twice repeat the creed, then laid on the jaw.

In the course of these physical questions it appears that the Friar never ate salt, because he says, that being only an earth it can afford no nutriment, . . . an argument which I have heard a medical man assign as a philosophical reason for disliking salt, though if this condiment were not in some degree necessary to our well-being, savages and animals would not seek it with such an instinctive desire. Fray Luys also abstained from saffron, a great article in the cook-

ery of those ages, in England as well as in Spain; he thought it hurt his eyesight. But he was a great eater of eggs; one of his rhyming friends reminds him of this, and expresses his astonishment at the Friar's *ovivorous* propensities: this seems to have nettled him, and he replies, I am more astonished that you do not eat straw; for one who brays ought to be fed like an ass, not with meat which has been drest, but with straw and barley, as his proper food.

*Mas me maravillo yo  
 como vos no comes paja,  
 Que quien suele rebuznar,  
 por asno le han de pensar,  
 no con vianda guisada,  
 sino con paja y cevada,  
 que son su proprio manjar.*

The Friar very honestly reproves the Admiral for his rigorous execution of the game laws, and complains to him

of the grievous oppressions which his vassals endured in consequence. Certainly he was no fawner. The Admiral sends one day to consult him upon a case of conscience, whether he may lawfully keep any thing which he has found. Ah—ha! says Fray Luys, you found a hawk yesterday, and you want to keep her, though you know by her jesses and her bells that she belongs to another person! Whoever keeps any thing which he has found in such a way, and does not have it cried, is guilty of theft.

In this portion of the work is one of the most complete specimens of that sort of laborious trifling, which gives two directly opposite meanings to one composition, according to the manner in which the lines are read. In this example the verses form a panegyric if they are read at length, or a satire, if read as two columns.



## PREGUNTA 318.

*De un honrrado bachiller, que pregunta  
de si mismo al autor en burla.*

*Segun de mi mismo yo puedo juzgar,  
no sienten algunos segun que yo siento,  
y algunos me juzgan por hombre sin tiento,  
y yo tengo a ellos por locos de atar.  
Yo os ruego que vos me querays informar,  
y en lo que dixeredes os quiero creer,  
y en todo pregunto vuestro parecer,  
porque yo sepa en que soy de tachar.*

## Respuesta.

*No se que respuesta os pueda yo dar  
a vuestra pregunta la qual yo ley,  
sino quatro coplas que os quise embiar,  
que son las siguientes escriptas aqui.  
Si fueren leydas enteras en si,  
diran de vos mismo lo que juzgays vos :  
empero si de una hizieremos dos,  
es lo que parece a otros y a mi.*

## I

*Dechado y espejo . . . . de buena criança . . .  
de nescios beodos, . . . . del todo quitudo ;  
por muchos de modos . . . estays ya marcado . . .  
en todo ya viejo . . . . sin otra mudança.*

Razon ni reposo . . . . . no os falta jamas . .  
 vos nunca tuvistes . . . . . en boca maldades ;  
 vos nunca entendistes . . . en viles ruyndades . .  
 en ser virtuoso . . . . . no puede ser mas.

## 2

Vos soys muy amigo . . . . d' hablar verdad . .  
 d' embidia y cobdicia . . . no es vuestra costumbre ;  
 de amor y justicia . . . . . estays en la cumbre . .  
 mortal enemigo . . . . . de toda maldad.  
 De hombres viciosos . . . vos os apartays . .  
 vos soys estandarte . . . . de sabios prudentes ;  
 vos no teneys parte . . . . con pessimas gentes . .  
 con los virtuosos . . . . . bivis y tratays.

## 3

Soys acostumbrado . . . . huyr de luxurias . .  
 dexir nescdades . . . . . no lo acostumbrays ;  
 hablar las verdades . . . vos nunca dubdays . .  
 es muy escusado . . . . . hablar con injurias.  
 En vos resplandesce . . . la sancta prudencia . .  
 la ypocresia . . . . . es vuestro enemigo ;  
 y la cortesia . . . . . teneys por amigo . .  
 en vos no paresce . . . . . offender in ausencia.

## 4

Vos nada entendeys . . . en hechizerias . .  
 en hechos onestos, . . . . muy buen compañero ;  
 de sabios modestos . . . vos soys el primero . .  
 ni oys ni aprendeys . . . de trafuguerias,  
 En murmuracion . . . . nunca soys hallado, . .  
 ni teneys perexa , . . . . en la devocion ;  
 con toda nobleza . . . . . teneys aficion . .  
 gran odio y passion . . . al naype y al dudo.

Another metrical specimen occurs *T.* 1, ff. 90. The Friar has fallen out of bed, and sprained his foot, upon which the Admiral requires from him a whole *copla de pie quebrado*, and he rhymes away, exemplifying the metre by glossing upon this pun.

A *Cavallero* has such a pain in one of his double teeth, that he writes to ask if it is not the gout. Frays Luys replies, that he never heard of gout in the teeth; that all grinders, whether of man or of miller, will wear out in time; and that as the knight was threescore years of age, it was no wonder that his tooth should be done with, and be in a state to be plucked out. The knight is not pleased that one who is four and twenty years older than himself should call him sixty before his wife, and complains of this as an injurious mis-statement of the real fact. The Friar upon this makes something like an apology, but he says it is no great error, for he is fourscore, and fifty-

six is not far from sixty. This occurs in the second volume\*, which is by no means so amusing as the first, ..less from any decay of faculties in the old Franciscan, than because his friends' stock of questions was nearly exhausted. Some of them, however, are sufficiently curious. Has any one entered the kingdom of Heaven, and afterwards been turned out of it? Would it not have been a greater work of power for God to have created Adam from nothing, than to have made him of clay? Why did God make woman, when he knew that she would be the occasion of the fall? May not Eve be called Adam's daughter, seeing that she was made out of him? Which sinned the most, Adam or Eve? Would there have been any distinction

\* The second volume also falls far short of the first in typographical beauty, though it has a noble L in the title page, after the fashion of that which is represented in Mr. Dibdin's.

of master and servant in the world if Adam had not fallen? How happened it that Adam did not wake when Eve was taken out of his side? Why was she made of his rib more than of his head, or any other part? Had Adam a rib the less after this? and had Eve one rib more than her husband? The rib of which Eve was made having belonged to both, which will have it at the Resurrection? How did Adam learn Hebrew? Would the Serpent have been forgiven at the fall if he had confessed his fault, like Adam and Eve? These questions are my Lord the Admiral's, and have all his genuine oddity about them, but when he quits the stage, and Doctor Cespedes *medico famoso, clerigo y cathedratico en Valladolid*, succeeds as first querist to Fray Luys, a lamentable alteration appears. Who, indeed, could be worthy to propound questions after the Admiral?

Toward the close of the work the pic-

tures of old age are loathsome to the last degree. The Friar seems to have been afflicted with every infirmity which can render age helpless, wretched, and disgusting. It may be worthy of mention, that he says he had past seven stones, in consequence of taking ivy berries. The last hundred and fifty questions are almost all in prose, ..dull prosing answers to dull questions from Monks and Nuns; chiefly from two noble Sisters, both old women, the one of whom was Abbess of St. Clara de Tordesillas, the other a Nun in the same Convent. At the end of the second volume he repeats his assertion, that he has finished two hundred more questions, in order that the whole number may be a thousand.

Nicolas Antonio not having discovered Escobar's name, notices the book under that of Federicus Henriquiz, and says of the Admiral, *Non facile pro germano ingenii sui monumento venditari*

*permississet, si vivus adhuc inter nos degeret; sed pro anonymi Franciscani opere, qui respondens interrogationibus cati hujus viri, interrogationes ipsas versibus formavisse credendus est.* This opinion, gratuitous as it is, can have no weight against the positive affirmation of Fray Luys, that his Excellency's verses were *perfectas*. Had he been palming his own verses upon the world as the Admiral's, he would hardly have ventured to dedicate them to the Admiral's son. And indeed the internal evidence that D. Fadrique's questions are genuine, (particularly in the discussion concerning Free Will,) is decisive; even if the general character of the book were not far too dramatic, in its little delays, and apologies, and pettishnesses, to have been all the writer's fiction. This insinuation that my Lord the Admiral did not write his questions himself, is almost as unpardonable a want of proper respect to the character of the dead, as Berganza

shows to the Bishop Don Hieronymo, when he attempts to prove that that perfect one with the shaven crown used no other arms against the Moors than those of the Spirit.

There is a remarkable similarity of talent between this quaint old Friar and John Byron, whose verbal criticisms and theological discussions in rhyme have found their way, by favour of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, into the last collection of the British Poets. There is something so odd and so original in this good man's verses, that in spite of their alloy of dullness, I was glad to find them there. Byron and Escobar seem to have differed only as the circumstances of their age and country and situations were different. But the Admiral must remain without a rival, .. *sibi ipsi simillimus*, "none but himself can be his parallel."

END OF VOL. II.

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PRELUDE.

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