GLEANINGS

FOR THE CURIOUS

FROM THE

Harvest-Fields of Literature.

A MELANGE OF EXCERPTA,

COLLATED BY

C. C. BOMBAUGH, A.M., M.D.

"So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley."—RUTH 2:17.

"I have here made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."—MONTAIGNE.



PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

1890.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Gleanings from the Harvest-Fields of Literature: A Melange of Excerpta

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Gleanings from the Harvest-Fields of Literature: A Melange of Excerpta

Compiler: Charles C. Bombaugh

Release date: March 21, 2018 [eBook #56805]

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/56805

Credits: Produced by Richard Tonsing, Branden Aldridge and the
Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net
(This file was produced from images generously made

available by The Internet Archive)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GLEANINGS FROM THE HARVEST-FIELDS OF LITERATURE: A MELANGE OF EXCERPTA ***

GLEANINGS FOR THE CURIOUS FROM THE *Harvest-Fields of Literature.*

A MELANGE OF EXCERPTA,

COLLATED BY

C. C. BOMBAUGH, A.M., M.D.

"So she gleaned in the field until even, and beat out that she had gleaned: and it was about an ephah of barley." RUTH 2:17.

"I have here made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."—MONTAIGNE.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1890.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO.
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Prefatory.

I am not ignorant, ne unsure, that many there are, before whose sight this Book shall finde small grace, and lesse favour. So hard a thing it is to write or indite and matter, whatsoever it be, that should be able to sustaine and abide the variable judgement, and to obtaine or winne the constant love and allowance of every man, especially if it containe in it any novelty or unwonted strangenesse.—RAYNALD'S WOMAN'S BOOK.

Bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

—A fountain set round with a rim of old, mossy stones, and paved in its bed with a sort of mosaic work of variously-colored pebbles.

HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

—A gatherer and a disposer of other men's stuff.

WOTTON.

A running banquet that hath much variety, but little of a sort.

BUTLER.

They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

There's no want of meat, sir; portly and curious viands are prepared to please all kinds of appetites.

MASSINGER.

A dinner of fragments is said often to be the best dinner. So are there few minds but might furnish some instruction and entertainment out of their scraps, their odds and ends of thought. They who cannot weave a uniform web may at least produce a piece of patchwork; which may be useful and not without a charm of its own.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

—It is a regular omnibus; there is something in it to everybody's taste. Those who like fat can have it; so can they who like lean; as well as those who prefer sugar, and those who choose pepper.

MYSTERIES OF PARIS.

Read, and fear not thine own understanding: this book will create a clear one in thee; and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself.

SHIRLEY.

In winter you may reade them ad ignem, by the fireside, and in summer ad umbram, under some shadie tree; and therewith passe away the tedious howres.

SALTONSTALL.

INTRODUCTION.

An earlier edition of GLEANINGS having attracted the hearty approval of a limited circle of that class of readers who prefer "a running banquet that hath much variety, but little of a sort," the present publisher requested the preparation of an enlargement of the work. In the augmented form in which it is now offered to the public, the contents will be found so much more comprehensive and omnifarious that, while it has been nearly doubled in size, it has been more than doubled in literary value.

Miscellanea of the omnium-gatherum sort appear to be as acceptable to-day as they undoubtedly were in the youthful period of our literature, though for an opposite reason. When books were scarce, and costly, and inaccessible, anxious readers found in "scripscrapologia" multifarious sources of instruction; now that books are like the stars for multitude, the reader who is appalled by their endless succession and variety is fain to receive with thankfulness the cream that is skimmed and the grain that is sifted by patient hands for his use. Our ancestors were regaled with such olla-podrida as "The Gallimaufry: a Kickshaw [Fr. *quelque chose*] Treat which comprehends odd bits and scraps, and odds and ends;" or "The Wit's Miscellany: odd and

uncommon epigrams, facetious drolleries, whimsical mottoes, merry tales, and fables, for the entertainment and diversion of good company." To the present generation is accorded a wider field for excursion, from the Curiosities of Disraeli, and the Commonplaces of Southey, to the less ambitious collections of less learned collaborators.

"Into a hotch-potch," says Sir Edward Coke, "is commonly put not one thing alone, but one thing with other things together." The present volume is an expedient for grouping together a variety which will be found in no other compilation. From the nonsense of literary trifling to the highest expression of intellectual force; from the anachronisms of art to the grandest revelations of science; from selections for the child to extracts for the philosopher, it will accommodate the widest diversity of taste, and furnish entertainment for all ages, sexes, and conditions. As a pastime for the leisure half-hour, at home or abroad; as a companion by the fireside, or the seaside, amid the hum of the city, or in the solitude of rural life; as a means of relaxation for the mind jaded by business activities, it may be safely commended to acceptance.

The aim of this collation is not to be exhaustive, but simply to be well compacted. The restrictive limits of an octavo require the winnowings of selection in place of the bulk of expansion. Gargantua, we are told by Rabelais, wrote to his son Pantagruel, commanding him to learn Greek, Latin, Chaldaic, and Arabic; all history, geometry, arithmetic, music, astronomy, natural philosophy, etc., "so that there be not a river in the world thou dost not know the name and nature of all its fishes; all the fowls of the air; all the several kinds of shrubs and herbs; all the metals

hid in the bowels of the earth, all gems and precious stones. I would furthermore have thee study the Talmudists and Cabalists, and get a perfect knowledge of man. In brief, I would have thee a bottomless pit of all knowledge." While this book does not aspire to such Gargantuan comprehensiveness, it seeks a higher grade of merit than that which attaches to those who "chronicle small beer," or to him who is merely "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

Quaint old Burton, in describing the travels of Paulus Emilius, says, "He took great content, exceeding delight in that his voyage, as who doth not that shall attempt the like? For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety, that some count him unhappy that never traveled, a kind of prisoner, and pity his case that from his cradle to his old age beholds the same still; still, still, the same, the same." It is the purpose of these GLEANINGS to compass such "sweet variety" by conducting the reader here, through the green lanes of freshened thought, and there, through by-paths neglected and gray with the moss of ages; now, amid cultivated fields, and then, adown untrodden ways; at one time, to rescue from oblivion fugitive thoughts which the world should not "willingly let die," at another, to restore to sunlight gems which have been too long "underkept and down suppress." The compiler asks the tourist to accompany him, because with him, as with Montaigne and Hans Andersen, there is no pleasure without communication, and though all men may find in these Collectanea some things which they will recognize as old acquaintances, yet will they find many more with which they are unfamiliar, and to which their attention has never been awakened.

Contents.

Alphabetical Whims.

The Freaks and Follies of Literature—Account of certain Singular Books—What are Pangrammata?—The Banished Letters—Eve's Legend—Alphabetical Advertisement—The Three Initials—A Jacobite Toast—"The Beginning of Eternity"—The Poor Letter II—The Letters of the World—Traps for the Cockneys—Ingenious Verses on the Vowels—Alliterative Verses—"A Bevy of Belles"—Antithetical Sermon—Acrostics—Double, Triple, and Reversed Acrostics—Beautiful and Singular Instances—The Poets in Verse—On Benedict Arnold—Curious Pasquinade—Monastic Verses—The Figure of the Fish—Acrostic on Napoleon—Madame Rachael—Masonic Memento—"Hempe"—"Brevity of Human Life"—Acrostic Valentine—Anagrams—German, Latin, and English Instances—Chronograms. 25

Palindromes.

Reading in every Style—What is a Palindrome?—What St. Martin said to the Devil—The Lawyer's Motto—What Adam said to Eve—The Poor Young Man in Love—What Dean Swift wrote to Dr. Sheridan—"The Witch's Prayer"—The Device of a Lady—Huguenot and Romanist; Double Dealing. 59

Equivoque.

A Very Deceitful Epistle—A Wicked Love Letter—What a Young Wife wrote to her Friend—The Jesuit's Creed—Revolutionary Verses—Double Dealings—A Fatal Name—The Triple Platform—A Bishop's Evasion—The "Toast" given by a Smart Young Man—"The Handwriting on the Wall"—French Actresses—How Mlle. Mars told her Age—A Lenient Judge—What Mlle. Cico whimpered to "the Bench." 64

The Cento.

"A Cloak of Patches"—How Centos are made—Mosaic Poetry—The Poets in a Mixed State—New Version of Old Lines—Cento on Life—A Cento from thirty-eight Authors—Cento from Pope—Biblical Sentiments—The Return of Israel—Religious Centos. 73

Macaronic Verse.

"A Treatise on Wine"—Monkish Opinions—Which Tree is Best?—A Lover with Nine Tongues—Horace in a New Dress—What was Written on a Fly-Leaf —"The Cat and the Rats"—An Advertisement in Five Languages—Parting Address to a Friend—"Oh, the Rhine!"—The Death of the Sea Serpent. 78

Chain Verse.

Lasphrise's Novelties—Singular Ode to Death—On "The Truth"—"Long I looked into the Sky"—A Ringing Song—A Gem of Three Centuries Old. 85

Bouts Rimés.

The Skeletons of Poetry—How the Poet Dulot lost all his Ideas—The Flight of three hundred Sonnets—The "Nettle" Rhymes—How a Young Lady teased her Beau—Assisting a Poet—Miss Lydia's Acrostic —Alfred De Musset's Lines—What the Duc de Malakoff wrote—Reversed Rhymes—How to make "Rhopalic" *verses!—What they are.* 88

Emblematic Poetry.

Poetry in Visible Shape—The Bow and Arrow of Love —The Deceitful Glass—Prudent Advice—A Very Singular Dirge—Poetry among the Monks—Sacred Symbols—A Hymn in Cruciform Shape—Ancient Devices—Verses within the Cross—Cypher—"U O a O. but I O U"—Perplexing Printer's Puzzle—An Oxford Joke—The Puzzle of "The Precepts Ten"—A Mysterious Letter to Miss K. T. J. 92

Monosyllables.

The Power of Little Words—How Pope Ridiculed them —The "Universal Prayer"—Example of Dr. Watts—Wesley's Hymns—Writings of Shakespeare and Milton—"Address to the Daffodils"—Geo. Herbert's Poems—Testimony of Keble, Young, Landor, and Fletcher—Examples from Bailey's "Festus"—The Short Words of Scripture—Big and Little Words Compared. 98

The Bible.

Who wrote the Scriptures—Why—And When—Accuracy of the Bible—The Testimony of Modern Discoveries—Scope and Depth of Scripture Teaching—What Learned Men have written of the Bible—Testimony of Rousseau, Wilberforce, Bolingbroke, Sir Wm. Jones, Webster, John Quincy Adams, Addison, Byron, &c.—Who Translated the Bible—Wickliffe's Version—Tyndale's Translation—Matthew's Bible—Cranmer's Edition—The Geneva Bible—The Breeches Bible—The Bishop's Bible—Parker's Bible—The Douay Bible—King James's Bible—The Number of Books, Chapters, Verses, Words, and Letters in the Old and New Testaments—The Bible Dissected—An Extraordinary Calculation—Distinctions between the Gospels—The Lost Books—What the word "Selah" means—The Poetry of the Bible—Shakespeare's Knowledge of Scripture—The "True Gentleman" of the Bible—Misquotations from Scripture—A Scriptural "Bull"—Wit and Humor in the Bible—Sortes Sacræ—Casting Lots with the Bible. 103

The Name of God.

How God is known—His Name in all the tongues of Earth—Ancient Saxon Ideas of Deity—"Elohim" and "Jehovah"—The "Lord" of the Ancient Jews—"God in Shakespeare"—The Fatherhood of God—The Parsee, Jew, and Christian. 127

I. H. S.

The Name of Jesus—What does I. H. S. Mean?—De Nomine Jesu—*What St. Bernardine did—"The Flower of Jesse"—Story of the Infant Jesus—Ancient Legends of Christ—Persian Story; The Dead Dog—Description of Christ's Person—The Death Warrant of Christ—The Sign of the Cross in Ancient America.* 130

The Lord's Prayer.

Thy and Us—The "Spirit" of the Lord's Prayer—Gothic Version of the Fourth Century—Metrical Versions—Set to Music—The Prayer Illustrated—Acrostical Paraphrase—What the Bible Commentators Said—The Prayer Echoed—A Singular Acrostic. 136

Ecclesiasticæ.

Anecdotes of Clergy—Excessive Civility—A Very Polite Preacher—Dean Swift's short Sermon—"Down with the Dust"—An Abbreviated Sermon—Dr. Dodd's Sermon on Malt—Bombastic Style of Bascom—The Preachers of Cromwell's time—When a man ought to Cough!—Origin of Texts—How the Ancient Prophets Preached—Clerical Blunders—Proving an Alibi—Whitefield and the Sailors—Protestant Excommunication—The Tender Mercies of John Knox. 143

Puritan Peculiarities.

The Puritan Maiden "Tribby"—A Jury-List of 1658—An Extraordinary List of Names—Singular Similes—Early Punishments in Massachusetts—Virginia Penalties in the Olden Time—Primitive Fines for Curious Crimes—Staying away from Church—The "Blue Laws" of Connecticut—Hard Punishments for Little Faults. 150

Paronomasia.

The Art of Pun-making—What is Wit?—Puns Among the Hebrews—A Pungent Chapter—Punning Examples—The Short Road to Wealth—A "Man of Greece"—Witty Impromptus of Sydney Smith—Startling toast of Harry Erskine—"Top and Bottom"—The Imp of Darkness and the Imp o' Light—A Printer's Epitaph—The "whacks" and the "stick"—"Wo-man" *and "Whim-men"—Faithless Sally Brown—Whiskers* versus *Razors—Pleasure and Payne—Plaint of the old Pauper—To my Nose—Bad* "accountants" *but excellent "book-keepers"—The Vegetable Girl—On an Old Horse—Grand Scheme of Emigration—"The Perilous Practice of Punning"—*"Tu Portu Salus"*—On a Youth who was killed by Fruit—The Appeal of Widow-Hood—Swift's Latin Puns—Puns in Macbeth—Classical Puns and Mottoes—Mottoes of the English Peerage—*Jeux-de-Mots*—How Schott Willing—A Catalectic Monody—Bees of the Bible—Franklin's "Re's"—Funny "Miss-Nomers"—Crooked Coincidences—A Court Fool's Pun.* 155

English Words and Forms of Expression.

Dictionary English—Number of words in the English Language—Language of the Bible—Sources of the Language—Helping a Foreigner—Difficulties of the Language—Disraelian English—Why use "Ye"?—Its, His, and Her—How often "That" may be used—How many sounds are given to "ough"—A Literary Squabble—Concerning certain Words—Excise, Pontiff, Rough—Dr. Johnson in Trouble—Americanisms—"No Love Lost"—The Forlorn Hope—Quiz—Tennyson's English—Eccentric Etymologies—Words which have changed their Meaning—Strange Derivations—Influence of Names—Big Words and Long Names. 182

Tall Writing.

The Domicile erected by John—New Version of an Old Story—Curiosities of Advertising—Mr. Connors and his big Words—Curiosities of the Post Office—Singular Play Bill—Andrew Borde, his Book—The Mad Poet—Foote's Funny Farrago—Burlesque of Dr. Johnson—Newspaper Eulogy—"Clear as Mud"—An Indignant Letter—A Chemical Valentine—The Surgeon to his Lady-love—The Lawyers Ode to Spring—Proverbs for Precocious Pupils. 212

Metric Prose.

Unconscious Poetizing—Cowper's Rhyming Letter to Newton—Poetic Prose in Irving's Knickerbocker—Example from Disraeli's "Alroy"—Unintentional Rhythm in Charles Dickens' works—Old Curiosity Shop and Nicholas Nickleby—American Notes—Versification in Scripture—Rhymes from Celebrated Prosers—Curious Instance of Abraham Lincoln—Opinion of Dr. Johnson—Examples from Kemble and Siddons. 223

The Humors of Versification.

The Story of the Lovers—Mingled Moods and Tenses—The Stammering Wife—A Song with Variations—"While She Rocks the Cradle"—A Serio-Comic Elegy—Reminiscence of Troy—Concerning Vegetarianism—W. C. Bryant as a Humorist—Address "To a Mosquito"—The "Poet" of the "Atlantic"—Bryant's Travesty—A Rare Pipe—The Human Ear—A Lesson in Acoustics—Amusing Burlesque of Tennyson—Sir Tray; an Arthurian Idyl—All About the "Ologies"—The Variation Humbug—Buggins and the Busy Bee—Comical Singing in Church—The Curse of O'Kelly. 230

Hiberniana.

Irish Bulls and Blunders—Miss Edgeworth on the "Bull"—Comical Letter of an Irish "M. P."—Bulls in Mississippi—American Bulls—The New Jail—A Frenchman's Blunder—The "Puir Silly Body" who wrote a Book—The "bulls" of Classical Writers—Bulls from every Quarter and of all kinds. 252

Blunders.

Slips of the Press—The Bishop Accused of Swearing—The Damp Old Church—From a French Newspaper—The Pig-killing Machine and the Doctor—Slips of the Telegraph—Simmons and the Cranberries—Finishing his Education—The Poets in a Quandary—Blunders of Translators—Rather Gigantic Grasshoppers—"Love's last Shift"—Amusing Blunder of Voltaire—"A Fortune Cutting Meat"—A New "Translation" of Hamlet—The Frenchman and the Welsh Rabbit. 259

Misquotations.

Curious Misquotations of Well-known Authors—Example of Collins—Sir Walter Scott in Error—Blunder of Sir Archibald Alison—Cruikshank as the Real "Simon Pure"—Judge Best's "Great Mind"—Byron's Little Mistake. 266

Fabrications.

The Description of Christ's Person a Fabrication—"Detector's" Charge against Scott—The "Ministering Angel" not a Fabrication—The Moon Hoax—A Literary "Sell"—Carlyle's Worshippers Outwitted—Mrs. Hemans' Forgeries—Sheridan's "Greek"—Spurious Ballads—The Simple Ballad Trick—A Hoax upon Scott—Psalmanazar's Celebrated Fabrications—Benjamin Franklin's Parable—The Forgeries of Ireland—Imitations of Shakespeare. 269

Interrupted Sentences.

The Judge and the Criminal—"Free from Guile"—Poor Mary "Confined"—Erskine's "Subscription"—A Satisfactory Note—"Little Hel"—Going to War—The Poet Assisted; the Sun and the Fishes—Giving him the "lie"—De Quincey and the Fiend—Wit in the House of Commons. 277

Echo Verse.

Ancient Echo Verses—Address to Queen Elizabeth—London before the Restoration—Echo Song by Addison—A Dutch Pasquinade—The Gospel Echo—Echo and the Lover—Dean Swift's verses on Women—Buonaparte and the Echo—Fatal Verses—Why Palm, the Publisher, was shot—Remarkable Echoes—A Fatal Confession—Extraordinary facts in Acoustics—Hearing Afar Off. 281

Puzzles.

Puzzles defended: their use and value—Exercise for the Mind—Ancient Perplexities—"The Liar"—"Puzzled to Death"—A French rebus—Napoleon Buonaparte's Cypher—A Queer-looking Proclamation—A curious Puzzle for the Lawyers—Sir Isaac Newton's Riddle—Cowper's Riddle—Canning's Riddle—A Prize Enigma—Quincy's Comparison—Perplexing Intermarriages—Prophetic Distich—The "Number of the Beast"—Galileo's Logograph—Persian Riddles—The Chinese Tea Song—Death and Life—The Rebus—What is it?—The Book of Riddles—Bishop Wilberforce's Riddle—Curiosities of Cipher—Secret Writing—Remarkable Cryptographs. 290

The Reason Why.

Why Germans Eat Sauer-Kraut—Why Pennsylvania was Settled—Whence the Huguenots derived their name—How Monarchs Die—Origin of the name of Boston—Concerning Weathercocks—Cutting off with a Shilling—Why Cardinals hats are red—The Roast Beef of England—A Sensible Quack—Who was the first Gentleman—Solution of a Juggler's Mystery. 310

Weather-Wisdom.

Sheridan's Rhyming Calendar—Sir Humphrey Davy's Weather Omens—Jenner's "Signs of the Weather"—"The Shepherd's Calendar"—Predictions from Birds, Beasts, and Insects—Circles round the Sun and Moon—Quaint Old-time Prophecies—The Evil Days of every Month. 317

O. S. and N. S.

The Julian and the Gregorian Calendars—How Cæsar arranged the Calendar—The Julian Year—Going faster than the Sun—Pope Gregory's Efforts—Origin of the New Style—"Poor Job's Almanac"—The Loss of Eleven Days—How the matter was Explained. 325

Memoria Technica.

The Books of the Old Testament—The Books of the New—Versified helps to Memory—Names of Shakespeare's Plays—List of English Sovereigns—Names of the Presidents—The Decalogue in verse—Short Metrical Grammar—Number of days in each Month—How Quakers Remember. 327

Origin of Things Familiar.

Mind your P's and Q's—All Fool's Day—The First Playing Cards—"Sub Rosa"—"Over the Left"—"Kicking the Bucket"—The Bumper—A Royal Saying—Story of Joe Dun, the Bailiff—The First Humbug—Pasquinade—The First Bottled Ale—The Gardener and the Potatoes—Tarring and Feathering—The Stockings of Former Time—The Order of the Garter—Drinking Healths—A Feather in his Cap—The Word "Book"—Nine Tailors and One Man—"Viz"—Signature of the Cross—The Turkish Crescent—The Postpaid Envelopes of the 17th Century—Who first sang the "Old Hundredth?"—Who wrote the "Marseillaise Hymn?"—Thrilling Story of the French Revolution—The Origin of "Yankee Doodle"—Story of Lucy Locket and Kitty Fisher—How Dutchmen sing "Yankee Doodle"—How the American Flag was chosen—Who was Brother Jonathan? What is known of "Uncle Sam!"—The Dollar Mark [$]: what does it mean?—Bows and Arrows in the Olden Time—All about Guns—The first Insurance Company—The Banks of three Centuries ago—The Invention of Bells—Who first said "Boo!"—Who made the first Clock—The Watches of the Olden Time—All about the Invention of Printing—The first Cock-fights—Meaning of the word "Turncoat"—Who invented Lucifer Matches?—When was the Flag of England first unfurled—Why are Literary ladies called "Blue Stockings?"—Origin of the word "Skedaddle"—How Foolscap Paper got its name—The First Forged Bank-Note—Who made the first "Piano Forte?"—The first Doctors—The first Thanksgiving Proclamation—First Prayer in Congress—The first Reporters—Origin of the word "News"—The Earliest Newspapers—Who sent the first Telegraphic Message. 331

Nothing New Under the Sun.

First idea of the Magnetic Telegraph—Telegraph before Morse—Telegraph a Century Ago—Who made the first Steam Engine?—What Marian de l'Orme saw in the Mad-house—What the Marquis of Worcester Did—Richelieu's Mistake—Wonderful Invention of James Watt—The first Ocean Steamer—Fulton and the Steam Engine—The first Balloon Ascension—What Franklin said about the Baby—An Inventor's Mistake—Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood—What is "Anæsthesia?"—How the First Anodynes were made—How Adam's "Rib" was taken from him—All about the Boomerang—Who Discovered the Centre of Gravity?—The first Rifle—Table-moving and Spirit-rapping in Ancient Times—What is "Auscultation?"—The Stereoscope—Ancient Prediction of the Discovery of America. 375

Triumphs of Ingenuity.

How the Planet Neptune was Discovered—Le Verrier's Wonderful Calculation—The Story of a poor Physician—An Astronomer at Home—How Lescarbault became Famous—The Discovery of the Planet Vulcan—Ingenious Stratagem of Columbus—How an Eclipse was made Useful—Story of King John and the Abbot—A Picture of the Olden Time—Clever Reply to Three Puzzling Questions—The Father Abbot in a Fix. 395

The Fancies of Fact.

The Wounds of Julius Cæsar—Some Curious Old Bills —"Mending the Ten Commandments"—Screwing a Horn on the Devil—Gluing a bit on his Tail— Repairing the Virgin Mary before and behind— Making a New Child—Why Bishops and Parsons have no Souls—The Story of a Curious Conversion —Singular Prayer of Lord Ashley—A Moonshine Story of Sir Walter Scott—Do Lawyers tell the Truth?—Patrick Henry's Little Chapel—The True Form of the Cross—How Poets and Painters have led us astray—Curious Coincidences—How a Bird was Shot with a Stick—How a Musket-shot in the Lungs saved a Man's life—Mysterious Tin Box found in a Shark's Stomach—A Curious Card Trick —Which was the right Elizabeth Smith?—How Mrs. Stephens's Patients were Cured—How a Girl's Good Memory Caught a Thief—Choosing a Motto for a Sun-dial—Strange Story of a Murdered Man—The Chick in the Egg—Innate Appetite—The Indian and the Tame Snake—Why do Alligators Swallow Stones?—Curious Anecdote about Sheep— Celebrated Journeys on Horseback—A Horse that went to top of St. Peters' at Rome—A Wonderful Lock—Wonders of Manufacturing—How Iron can be made More Precious than Gold—The Spaniard and his Emeralds—How a Cat was sold for Six Hundred Dollars—Another Cat sold for a Pound of Gold—The amount of Gold in the World—Amount of Treasure collected by David—How much Gold was found in California—What was brought from Australia—The Wealth of Ancient Romans—Wine at Two Million dollars a Bottle or $272 per drop— Who is permitted to drink it—Monster Beer Casks, and who made them—Gigantic Wine-tuns at Heidelberg and Königstein—A Beer-vat in which Two Hundred People Dined—Difference between the English Poets—Perils of Precocity—Children who were too Knowing—What became of 146 Englishmen who were confined in the Black Hole— How the Finns make Barometers of Stone—Singular

Bitterness of Strychnia—Something about Salt—Curious Change of Taste—The Children of Israel armed with Guns—Simeon with a pair of "Specs"—Eve in a handsome Flounced Dress—St. Peter and the Tobacco Pipe—Abraham shooting Isaac with a Blunderbuss—The Marriage of Christ with St. Catherine—Cigar-lighters at the Last Supper—Shooting Ducks with a Gun in the Garden of Eden—Wonderful Specimens of Minute Mechanism—Homer in a Nutshell—The Bible in a Walnut—Squaring the Circle—Mathematical Prodigies—Story of a Wonderful Boy—Babbage's Calculating Machine—Extraordinary Feats of Memory—A Bishop's Heroism—Silent Compliment. 406

The Fancies of Fact.—Continued.

The Exact Dimensions of Heaven—The cost of Solomon's Temple—The Mystic Numbers "Seven" and "Three"—Curious power of Number Nine—Size of Noah's Ark and the Great Eastern*—About Colors: their Immense Variety—Vast Aerolites, and what they are—Fate of America's Discoverers—Facts about the Presidents—Value of Queen Victoria's Jewels—An Army of Women—The Star in the East—Benjamin Franklin's Court Dress—Extraordinary instances of Longevity—Do Americans live long?—A man who lived more than 200 years—"Quack-quack" and "Bow-wow"—A Marriage Vow of the Olden Time—"Buxum in Bedde and at the Borde"—What came in a dream to Herschel—Singular Facts about Sleep—Curious Chinese Torture—Do Fishes ever Sleep?—How a Bird Grasps his Perch when Asleep—How to gain Seven Years and a half of Life—Effects of Opium and Indian Hemp—Confession of an English Opium-Eater—Strange Effects of Fear—The Thief and the Feathers—The Poisoned Coachman—How a Man Died of Nothing—What Chas. Bell did to the Monkey—A Man with Two Faces—Thrilling Story of a "Broken heart"—No Comfort in being Beheaded—A Man who Spoke after his Head was cut off—A Man who Lived after Sensation was Destroyed—Comical Antipathies—Afraid of Boiled Lobsters—A Fish and a Fever—Why Joseph Scaliger couldn't Drink Milk—The Man who Ran away from a Cat—About the Cock that Frightened Cæsar—The Two Brothers with One Set of feelings—How Dennis Hendrick won his Strange Bet—Walking Blindfolded—How to Tell the Time by Cats' Eyes—How a Young Woman was Cured by a Ring—The Story told by a Skull—A Romantic Highway Robber.* 435

Singular Customs.

The Coffin on the Table—Queer Mode of Enjoying Oneself—A Beautiful Indian Custom—Why the People of Carazan Murder their Guests—Danger of Being Handsome—How an Evil Spirit was Frightened Away—Beefsteaks from a Live Cow—Compliments Paid to a Bear—How Noses are Made—How Lions are Caught by the Tail—A Picture of High Life Four Centuries Ago—Why Hairs were put in Ancient Seals—Fining People for not Getting Married—A Curious Matrimonial Advertisement. 477

Facetiæ.

Odd Titles for a Sham Library—Puns of Tom Hood—The Jests of Hierocles—Curious Letter of Rothschild's—Some Singularly Short Letters—A Disappointed Lover—"The Happiest Dog Alive"—What Happened Between Abernethy and the Lady—Witty Sayings of Talleyrand—Why Rochester's Poem was Best—How the Emperor Nicholas was "Sold"—Difference Between "Old Harry" and "Old Nick"—Comical Story of a very Mean Man—Instances of Audacious Boasting—Chas. Mathews and the Silver Spoon—How a King Upset his Inside—Curious Story of Some Relics—What "Topsy's" Other Name Was—Minding their P's and Q's—Practical Jokes of a Russian Jester. 482

Flashes of Repartee.

Curran and Sir Boyle Roche—Witty Reply of a Fishwoman—Cobden and the American Lady—Witty Suggestion of Napoleon—Making "Game" of a Lady—The Road that no Peddler ever Traveled—"A Puppy in his Boots!"—A Quaker's Queer Suggestion—What the Girl said to Curran—A Man who had "never been Weaned"—Ready Wit of Theodore Hook—"Chaff" between Barrow and Rochester—A Windy M. P.—A Clergyman known by his "Walk"—A Man who "had a Right to Speak"—The "Weak Brother" and Tobacco Pipes—Beecher Lecturing for F-A-M-E—Admiral Keppel and the He-Goat—Thackeray and the Beggar-Woman—What Paddy said about "Ayther and Nayther"—Scribe and the French Millionaire—Voltaire and Haller—Why Paddy "Loved her Still"—Bacon and Hogg—"A Most Excellent Judge"—Thackeray Snubbed—Christian Cannibalism—How a Barrister's Eloquence was Silenced. 495

The Sexes.

Masculine and Feminine Virtues and Vices—Character of the Happy Woman—What Mrs. Jameson said about Women—Old Ballad in Praise of Women—The Two Sexes Compared—What John Randolph said in Praise of Matrimony—Wife; Mistress; or Lady?—St. Leon's Toast to his Mother. 501

Moslem Wisdom.

The Caliph of Bagdad—Shrewd Decision of a Moslem Judge—A Question of Dinner—How the Money was Divided—The Wisdom of Ali—The Prophet's Judgment: Wisdom and Wealth—Mohammedan Logic—The Foolish Young Man who Fell in Love—Queer Case of Consequential Damages—Sad Blunder of Omar—A Perplexing Turkish Will—The Dervise's Device. 508

Excerpta from Persian Poetry.

Earth an Illusion—Heaven an Echo of Earth—A Moral Atmosphere—Fortune and Worth—Broken Hearts—To a Generous Man—Beauty's Prerogative—Proud Humility—Folly for Oneself—An Impossibility—Sober Drunkenness—A Wine Drinker's Metaphors—The Verses of Mirtsa Schaffy—The Unappreciative World—The Caliph and Satan—Curious Dodge of the Devil. 511

Epigrams.

*An Epigram on Epigrams—Midas and Modern Statesmen—"Come Gentle Sleep"—A Man who Wrote Long Epitaphs—The Fool and the Poet —"*Dum Vivimus Vivamus*"—Dr. Johnson and Molly Ashton—A Know-Nothing—Epigram on "Our Bed"—On a Late Repentance—A Pale Lady with a Red-Nosed Husband—Snowflakes on a Lady's Breast—To John Milton—Wesley on Butler—Ridiculous Compliment to Pope—Athol Brose—What is Eternity—Stolen Sermons—Comical Advice to an Author—A Frugal Queen—Man With a Thick Skull—Miss Prue and the Kiss—A Ready-Made Angel—The Lover and the Looking-Glass—A Capricious Friend—A Man who Told "Fibs"—Unlucky End of a Scorpion—The Lawyer and the Novel—A Woman's Will—Wellington's Big Nose—The Miser and his Money—On Bad Singing—Old Nick and the Fiddle—*Foot-*man* versus Toe-*man* —"Hot Corn"—Bonnets of Straw—An "Original Sin" Man—On Writing Verses—Prudent Simplicity —A Friend in Distress—Hog v. Bacon—A Warm Reception—Taking Medical Advice—Definition of a Dentist—Dr. Goodenough's Sermon—What Might Have Been—A Reflection—The Woman in the Case —How Lawyers are "Keen"—Dux and Drakes—The Parson's Eyes—"He Didn't Mean Her"—Affinity Between Gold and Love—The Crier who Could not Cry—The Parson and the Butcher—A Hard Case of Strikes—Coats of* Male*—The Beaux upon the Quiver—On Burning Widows—Learning Speeches by Heart—A Golden Webb—The Jawbone of an Ass —Walking on her Head—Marriage à la mode—Quid Pro Quo—Woman pro and con—Abundance of Fools—The World—"Terminer Sans Oyer"—Seeing Double.* 515

Impromptus.

Dr. Young and his Eve—How Ben Jonson Paid his Bill —What Melville said to Queen Elizabeth—The "Angel" in the Pew—How Andrew Horner was Cut up—What Hastings Wrote of Burke—Impromptu of Dr. Johnson—Burlesque of Old Ballads—What was "Running in a Lady's Head"—Improvised Rhymes—Like unto Judas—How the Devil got his Due—The Writing on the Window—"I Thought so Yesterday"—What is Written on the Gates of Hell—Burns' "Grace before Meat". 528

Refractory Rhyming.

Julianna and the Lozenges—Brougham's Rhyme for Morris—The French Speculator's Epitaph—What is a Monogomphe—Rhymes for Month, Chimney, Liquid, Carpet, Window, Garden, Porringer, Orange, Lemon, Pilgrim, Widow, Timbuctoo, Niagara, Mackonochie—Rhyme to Gottingen—The Ingoldsby Legends—Punch's Funny Rhymes—Chapin's Rhyme to Brimblecomb—Butler's Rhyme to Philosopher—A Rhyme to Germany—Hood's Nocturnal Sketch. 534

Valentines.

A Strategic Love-Letter—Love-Letter in Invisible Ink—Secret Invitation Concealed in a Love-Letter—Macaulay's Essay to Mary C. Stanhope—Love-Verses of Robert Burns—Teutonic Alliteration—Singular Letter in Three Columns—Love-Letter Written in Blood—A Valentine in Many Languages—Practical Joke on a Colored Man—Unpublished Verses of Thomas Moore—An Egyptian Serenade—Petition of Sixteen Maids against the Widows of South Carolina—Unlucky Petition to Madame de Maintenon. 544

Sonnets.

How the Fourteen Lines were Written—Sonnet on a Fashionable Church—On the Proxy Saint—About a Nose—On Dyspepsia—Humility—Ave Maria! 551

Conformity of Sense to Sound.

Articulate Imitation of Inarticulate Sounds—Example from Pope—Milton's "Lycidas"—From Dyer's "Ruins of Rome"—Imitations of Time and Motion—"L'Allegro"—Pope's "Homer"—Dryden's "Lucretius"—Milton's "Il Penseroso"—Fine Examples from Virgil—Imitations of Difficulty and Ease. 554

Familiar Quotations from Unfamiliar Sources.

"No Cross, no Crown"—"Corporations have no Souls"—"Children of a Larger Growth"—"Consistency a Jewel"—"Cleanliness next to Godliness"—"He's a Brick"—"When at Rome, do as the Romans"—"Taking Time by the Forelock"—"What will Mrs. Grundy Say?"—"Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear"—"Conspicuous by its Absence"—"Do as I Say, not as I Do"—"Honesty the Best Policy"—"Facts are Stubborn Things"—"Comparisons are Odious"—"Dark as Pitch"—"Every Tub on its own Bottom"—Two Pages of Examples, Interesting, Amusing, and Instructive. 556

Churchyard Literature.

Epitaphs of Eminent Men—Appropriate and Rare Inscriptions—Franklin's Epitaph on Himself—Touching Memorials of Children—Historical and Biographical Epitaphs—Self-Written Inscriptions—Advertising Notices—Unique and Ludicrous Epitaphs—Puns in the Churchyard—Puzzling Inscriptions—Parallels Without a Parallel—Bathos—Transcendental Epitaph—Acrostical Inscriptions—Indian, African, Hibernian, Greek Epitaphs—Patchwork Character on a Tombstone—The Printer's Epitaph—Specimens of Exceedingly Brief Epitaphs—Highly Laudatory Inscriptions—A Chemical Epitaph—On an Architect—On an Orator—On a Watchmaker—On a Miserly Money-Lender—On a Tailor—On a Dancing Master—On an Infidel—On Voltaire—On Hume—On Tom Paine—"Earth to Earth"—Byron's Inscription on his Dog. 564

Inscriptions.

Old English Tavern Sign-Boards—Curious Origin of Absurd Signs—"The Magpie and Crown"—"The Hen and the Razor"—"The Swan-with-two-Necks"—Singular Statement of Sir Joseph Banks —"The Goat and Compasses"—The "Signs" of Puritan Times—A Curious "Reformation"—"The Cat and the Fiddle"—"Satan and the Bag of Nails"—Ancient Signs in Pompeii—The Four Awls and the Grave Morris—The "Queer Door," and the "Pig and Whistle"—Heraldic Signs of the Middle Ages—"I have a Cunen Fox, &c."—Versified Inscriptions—Cooper and his "Zwei Glasses"—How a Sign Cost a Man his Life—An Inscription in Four Columns—Beer-Jug Inscriptions—Inscriptions on Window-Panes—Quaint Description of an Inn in the Olden Time—Curious Inscriptions on Bells—Baptising and Anointing Bells—The Great Tom of Oxford—Amusing Old Fly-Leaf Inscriptions—Sun-Dial Inscriptions—Memorial Verses—Francke's Singular Discovery—Golden Mottoes—"Posies" from Wedding Rings. 615

Parallel Passages.

Imitations and Plagiarisms of Authors—Curious Coincidences—Examples from Young, Congreve, Blair, and Shakespeare—Imitations of Otway, Gray, Milton, and Rogers—The Blindness of Homer and Milton—What Hume said of the Clergy—How Praise Becomes Satire—Parallel Passages from the English Poets—Singular Examples from Shakespeare —Shakespeare's Acquaintance with the Latin Poets —Thoughts Repeated from Age to Age—Which was the True Original?—Historical Similitudes—What Radbod said with his Legs in the Water—Why Wulf, the Goth, wouldn't be Baptised—Why an Indian Refused to go to Heaven—Curious Choice of a Woman—Last Words of Cardinal Wolsey—Death of Sir James Hamilton—Solomon's Judgment Repeated —Why two Women Pulled a Child's Legs—How Napoleon Decided Between two Ladies—The Hindoo Legend of the Weasel and the Babe—The Faithful Dog: a Welsh Ballad—Singular Murder of a Clever Apprentice—Ballads and Legends—Terrible Story of an old Midwife—What a Clergyman did at Midnight —How Genevra was Buried Alive—The Ghost which Appeared to Antonio—Strange Story of a Ring—Death Prophecies—What was done before three Battles—How an Army of Mice Devoured Bishop Hatto. 640

Prototypes.

The Oldest Proverb on Record—Curious Wish of an Old Lady—Cinderella's Slipper—How an Eagle Stole a Shoe, and a King Chose a Wife—Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures—"The Charge of the Light Brigade"—Dr. Faustus and the Devil—"Blown up" Cushions—What the "Poor Cat i' the Adage" Did—The Lady with Two Cork Legs—The Pope's Bull against the Comet—Lincoln "Swapping Horses"—Wooden Nutmegs—Trade Unions Two Centuries Ago—Consequential Damages—The Babies that Never were Born—The Original Shylock—Druidical Excommunication—Fall of Napoleon I.—Lanark and Lodore—The Song of the Bell—Turgot's Eulogistic Epigraph on Franklin—Origin of the Declaration of Independence—The Know-Nothings—The first Conception of the Pilgrim's Progress—Did Defoe Write Robinson Crusoe?—Talleyrand's Famous Saying: Whence?—Mistake about Drinking out of Skulls—Great Literary Plagiarism—Origin of Old Ballads—The Story of the Wandering Jew. 699

Curious Books.

Old Books with Odd Titles—“Shot Aimed at the Devils Headquarters”—“Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant”—“Eggs of Charity Layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and Boiled with the Water of Divine Love”—“High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness”—“Hooks and Eyes for Believers’ Breeches”—“Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit”—“Spiritual Mustard Pot”—“Tobacco Battered and Pipes Shattered”—“News from Heaven”—The Most Curious Book in the World—A Book that was never Written or Printed, but which can be Read—The Silver Book at Upsal—What is a Bibliognoste?—What a Bibliographe?—What a Bibliomane?—What a Bibliophile and a Bibliotaphe? 720

Literariana.

The Mystery of the "Letters of Junius"—Who Wrote Them?—What Canning and Macaulay Thought—A Well-kept Secret—Original MS. of Gray's Elegy—The Omitted Stanzas—Imitations—How Pope Corrected his Manuscript—Importance of Punctuation: Comical Errors—"A Pigeon Making Bread"—How many Nails on a Lady's Hand—A Comical Petition in Church—The Soldier who Died for want of a Stop—Indian Heraldry—Anachronisms of Shakespeare—King Lear's Spectacles—The Heroines of Shakespeare—Shakespeare's Life and Sonnets Compared—Was He Lame?—The Age of Hamlet—Was He Really Mad?—Additional Verses to "Home, Sweet Home"—The Falsities of History—Two Views of Napoleon—Clarence and the Butt of Malmsey—True Character of Richard III—The Name "America" a Fraud—Lexington and the "First Blood Shed"—Eye-Witnesses in Error—Curious Story of Sir Walter Raleigh—The Difference between Wit and Humor—A Rhyming Newspaper—Buskin's Defence of Book-Lovers—Letters and their Endings—Shrewd Words of Lord Bacon. 723

Literati.

Account of some Famous Linguists—A Man who Knew One Hundred and Eleven Languages—A Cardinal of Many Tongues—Elihu Burrito, the Learned Blacksmith—Literary Oddities—Curious Habits of Celebrated Authors—How they have Written their Books—Racine's Adventure with the Workmen—Luther in his Study—Calvin Scribbling in Bed—Rousseau, Le Sage, and Byron at Work—Fontaine, Pascal, Fénélon, and De Quincey—Whence Bacon Sought Inspiration—Culture and Sacrifice—The Sorrows and Trials of Great Men—Sharon Turner and the Printers—A Stingy Old Scribbler—Dryden and His Publisher—Jacob Tonson's Rascality; how He Tried to Cheat the Poet. 756

Personal Sketches and Anecdotes.

Anecdote of George Washington—What Lafayette said to the King of France—Peculiarities of the Name Napoleon—How Napoleon Remembered Milton at the Dreadful Battle of Austerlitz—The Emperor's Personal Appearance—His Opinion of Suicide—Benjamin Franklin's Frugal Wife—Major André and the "Cow-Chase"—An English View of André and Arnold—How the Astronomer Royal Found an Old Woman's Clothes—The Boy who set Fire to an Empty Bottle—Curious Views of Martin Luther—The Hero of the Reformation—Carlyle's Translation of Luther's Hymn—Curious Account of Queen Elizabeth—What She Said to the Troublesome Priest—What was the Real Color of Her Hair?—Was Shakespeare a Christian?—Personal Description of Oliver Cromwell—How Pope's Skull was Stolen—What Became of Wickliffe's Ashes—The Folly of Two Astrologers—Anecdotes of Talleyrand—Parson's Puzzles. 763

Historical Memoranda.

The First Blood of the Revolution—The "Tea-Party" at Boston—Tea-Burning at Annapolis—The First American Ships of War—How Quinn Borrowed Twenty Pounds of Shakespeare—Diabolical Proposition of Cotton Mather—A Rod in Pickle for William Penn—How he Escaped—An American Monarchy—Origin of the "Star-Spangled Banner"—Origin of the French Tri-Color—How the Newspapers Changed their Tune—Story of Eugenie's Flight from France—Rise and Fall of Napoleon III —"L'Empire c'est la Paix"—Jefferson's Idea of Marie Antoinette—Blücher's Insanity—The Secret of Queen Isabella's Daughter—Was Mary Magdalene a Sinner?—The Husband of Mother Goose, and what He Did—History and Fiction: which true?—Verdicts which Posterity have Reversed—Great Events from Little Causes—Why Queen Eleanor Quarreled with her Husband—Story of Queen Anne's Gloves—How the Flies Helped Forward the Declaration of Independence—The Discovery of America—Story of Annie Laurie—Who was Robin Adair?—Was Joan of Arc Really Burnt?—The Mystery of Amy Robsart's Death—Anecdotes of William Tell—Who Was He?—"Society" in the Time of Louis XIV—How Cromwell Tricked his Chaplain—The Last Night of the Girondists—Elizabeth, Essex, and the Ring. 782

Multum in Parvo.

Much Meaning in Little Space—Coleridge and the Beasts—"Boxes" that Govern the World—"I Cannot Fiddle"—"Like a Potato"—The Vowels in Order—Balzac's Instance of Self-Respect—Whom do Mankind Pay Best?—Comical Instance of Wrong Emphasis—"Vive la Mort!"—Motto for all Seasons —Curious Grace before Meat. 823

Life and Death.

What is Death?—Bishop Heber's "Voyage of Life"—Curious Poem of Dr. Horne—"The Round of Life"—Hugh Peters' Legacy to his Daughter—Franklin's Moral Code—How to Divide Time—Living Life over Again—Rhyming Definitions—What is Earth?—Curious Replies—Rhyming Charter of William the Conquerer—Puzzling Question for the Lawyers—What Rabbi Joshua Told the Emperor—Dying Words of Distinguished Persons—Last Prayer of Mary, Queen of Scots—Extraordinary Case of Trance—Curious Question about Lazarus—Preservation of Dead Bodies—Corpse of a Lady Preserved for Eighty Years—Bodies of English Kings Undecayed for many Centuries—Three Roman Soldiers Preserved "Plump and Fresh" for Fifteen Hundred Years—Bodies Converted into Fat—About Mummies—Wonderful Discovery in an Etruscan Tomb—The Reign of Terror—What Became of the Bodies of the French Kings—Jewish Tombs in the Valley of Hinnom—A Whimsical Will—The Tripod of Life—How Many Kinds of Death there Are—Curious Irish Epitaph—Significance of the Fleur de lis—Death of the First Born—Jean Ingelow's "Story of Long Ago"—"This is not Your Rest"—Causes of Ill Success in Life—Futurity—Longfellow on "The Heart"—An Evening Prayer—Beautiful Thought—Life's Parting—Destiny—Sympathy—"After;" Death's Final Conquest—"There is no Death"—Euthanasia. 826

Alphabetical Whims.

LIPOGRAMMATA AND PANGRAMMATA.



In No. 59 of the Spectator, Addison, descanting on the different species of wit, observes, “The first I shall produce are the Lipogrammatists, or letter droppers of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once in a whole poem. One Tryphiodorus was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an Odyssey, or Epic Poem, on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four-and-twenty-books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called *Alpha*, (as *lucus a non lucendo*,) because there was not an alpha in it. His second book was inscribed *Beta*, for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four-and-twenty letters in their turns, and showed them that he could do his business without them. It must have been very pleasant to have seen this Poet avoiding the reprobate letter as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it, through the different Greek dialects, when he was presented with it in any particular syllable; for the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with the wrong letter.”

In No. 63, Addison has again introduced Tryphiodorus, in his Vision of the Region of False Wit, where he sees the phantom of this poet pursued through the intricacies of a dance by four-and-twenty persons, (representatives of the alphabet,) who are unable to overtake him.

Addison should, however, have mentioned that Tryphiodorus is kept in countenance by no less an authority than Pindar, who, according to Athenæus, wrote an ode from which the letter *sigma* was

carefully excluded.

This caprice of Tryphiodorus has not been without its imitators. Peter de Riga, a canon of Rheims, wrote a summary of the Bible in twenty-three sections, and throughout each section omitted, successively, some particular letter.

Gordianus Fulgentius, who wrote "De Ætatibus Mundi et Hominis," has styled his book a wonderful work, chiefly, it may be presumed, from a similar reason; as from the chapter on Adam he has excluded the letter A; from that on Abel, the B; from that on Cain, the C; and so on through twenty-three chapters.

Gregorio Letti presented a discourse to the Academy of Humorists at Rome, throughout which he had purposely omitted the letter R, and he entitled it *the exiled R*. A friend having requested a copy as a literary curiosity, (for so he considered this idle performance,) Letti, to show it was not so difficult a matter, replied by a copious answer of seven pages, in which he observed the same severe ostracism against the letter R.

Du Chat, in the "Ducatiana," says "there are five novels in prose, of Lope de Vega, similarly avoiding the vowels; the first without A, the second without E, the third without I, the fourth without O, and the fifth without U."

The Orientalists are not without this literary folly. A Persian poet read to the celebrated Jami a ghazel of his own composition, which Jami did not like; but the writer replied it was, notwithstanding, a very curious sonnet, for the letter *Aliff* was not to be found in any of the words! Jami sarcastically answered, "You can do a better thing yet; take away

all the letters from every word you have written."

This alphabetical whim has assumed other shapes, sometimes taking the form of a fondness for a particular letter. In the *Ecloga de Calvis* of Hugbald the Monk, all the words begin with a C. In the Nugæ Venales there is a Poem by Petrus Placentius, entitled Pugna Porcorum, in which every word begins with a P. In another performance in the same work, entitled *Canum cum cattis certamen*, in which "apt alliteration's artful aid" is similarly summoned, every word begins with a C.

Lord North, one of the finest gentlemen in the Court of James I., has written a set of sonnets, each of which begins with a successive letter of the alphabet. The Earl of Rivers, in the reign of Edward IV., translated the Moral Proverbs of Christiana of Pisa, a poem of about two hundred lines, almost all the words of which he contrived to conclude with the letter E.

The Pangrammatists contrive to crowd all the letters of the alphabet into every single verse. The prophet Ezra may be regarded as the father of them, as may be seen by reference to ch. vii., v. 21, of his Book of Prophecies. Ausonius, a Roman poet of the fourth century, whose verses are characterized by great mechanical ingenuity, is fullest of these fancies.

The following sentence of only 48 letters, contains every letter of the alphabet:—*John P. Brady, give me a black walnut box of quite a small size.*

The stanza subjoined is a specimen of both lipogrammatic and pangrammatic ingenuity, containing every letter of the alphabet except *e*. Those who remember that *e* is the most indispensable letter, being much more frequently

used than any other,[1] will perceive the difficulty of such composition.

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
  And tax his fancy's might,
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain,
  That what I say is right.

The *Fate of Nassan* affords another example, each stanza containing the entire alphabet except *e*, and composed, as the writer says, with *ease* without *e's*.

Bold Nassan quits his caravan,
A hazy mountain-grot to scan;
Climbs jaggy rocks to spy his way,
Doth tax his sight, but far doth stray.

Not work of man, nor sport of child,
Finds Nassan in that mazy wild;
Lax grow his joints, limbs toil in vain—
Poor wight! why didst thou quit that plain?

Vainly for succor Nassan calls.
Know, Zillah, that thy Nassan falls:
But prowling wolf and fox may joy
To quarry on thy Arab boy.

LORD HOLLAND, after reading the five Spanish novels already alluded to, in 1824, composed the following curious example, in which all the vowels except E are omitted:—

EVE'S LEGEND.

Men were never perfect; yet the three brethren Veres were ever esteemed, respected, revered, even when the rest, whether the select few, whether the mere herd, were left neglected.

The eldest's vessels seek the deep, stem the element, get

pence; the keen Peter, when free, wedded Hester Green,—the slender, stern, severe, erect Hester Green. The next, clever Ned, less dependent, wedded sweet Ellen Heber. Stephen, ere he met the gentle Eve, never felt tenderness: he kept kennels, bred steeds, rested where the deer fed, went where green trees, where fresh breezes, greeted sleep. There he met the meek, the gentle Eve: she tended her sheep, she ever neglected self: she never heeded pelf, yet she heeded the shepherds even less. Nevertheless, her cheek reddened when she met Stephen; yet decent reserve, meek respect, tempered her speech, even when she shewed tenderness. Stephen felt the sweet effect: he felt he erred when he fled the sex, yet felt he defenceless when Eve seemed tender. She, he reflects, never deserved neglect; she never vented spleen; he esteems her gentleness, her endless deserts; he reverences her steps; he greets her:—

"Tell me whence these meek, these gentle sheep,—whence the yet meeker, the gentler shepherdess?"

"Well bred, we were eke better fed, ere we went where reckless men seek fleeces. There we were fleeced. Need then rendered me shepherdess, need renders me sempstress. See me tend the sheep; see me sew the wretched shreds. Eve's need preserves the steers, preserves the sheep; Eve's needle mends her dresses, hems her sheets; Eve feeds the geese; Eve preserves the cheese."

Her speech melted Stephen, yet he nevertheless esteems, reveres her. He bent the knee where her feet pressed the green; he blessed, he begged, he pressed her.

"Sweet, sweet Eve, let me wed thee; be led where Hester Green, where Ellen Heber, where the brethren Vere dwell. Free cheer greets thee there; Ellen's glees sweeten the refreshment; there severer Hester's decent reserve checks heedless jests. Be led there, sweet Eve!"

"Never! we well remember the Seer. We went where he dwells—we entered the cell—we begged the decree,—

'Where, whenever, when, 'twere well
Eve be wedded? Eld Seer, tell.'

"He rendered the decree; see here the sentence decreed!" Then she presented Stephen the Seer's decree. The verses were these:—

"*Ere the green reed be red,*
Sweet Eve, be never wed;
Ere be green the red cheek,
Never wed thee, Eve meek."

The terms perplexed Stephen, yet he jeered the terms; he resented the senseless credence, "Seers never err." Then he repented, knelt, wheedled, wept. Eve sees Stephen kneel; she relents, yet frets when she remembers the Seer's decree. Her dress redeems her. These were the events:—

Her well-kempt tresses fell; sedges, reeds, bedecked them. The reeds fell, the edges met her cheeks; her cheeks bled. She presses the green sedge where her check bleeds. Red then bedewed the green reed, the green reed then speckled her red cheek. The red cheek seems green, the green reed seems red. These were e'en the terms the Eld Seer decreed Stephen Vere.

HERE ENDETH THE LEGEND.

ALPHABETICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

TO WIDOWERS AND SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—WANTED by a lady, a SITUATION to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous, &c.

Address X. Y. Z., Simmond's Library, Edgeware-road. —*London Times*, 1842.

JACOBITE TOAST.

The following remarkable toast is ascribed to Lord Duff, and was presented on some public occasion in the year 1745.

A. B. C.	A Blessed Change.
D. E. F.	Down Every Foreigner.
G. H. J.	God Help James.
K. L. M.	Keep Lord Marr.
N. O. P.	Noble Ormond Preserve.
Q. R. S.	Quickly Resolve Stewart.
T. U. V. W.	Truss Up Vile Whigs.
X. Y. Z.	'Xert Your Zeal.

THE THREE INITIALS.

The following couplet, in which initials are so aptly used, was written on the alleged intended marriage of the Duke of Wellington, at a very advanced age, with Miss Angelina Burdett Coutts, the rich heiress: —

The Duke must in his second childhood be,
Since in his doting age he turns to A. B. C.

ENIGMAS.

The letter E is thus enigmatically described:—

The beginning of eternity,
  The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
  The end of every place.

The letter M is concealed in the following Latin enigma by an unknown author of very ancient date:

Ego sum principium mundi et finis seculorum:
Ego sum trinus et unus, et tamen non sum Deus.

THE LETTER H.

The celebrated enigma on the letter H, commonly attributed to Lord Byron,[2] is well known. The following amusing petition is addressed by this letter to the inhabitants of Kidderminster, England—*Protesting*:

Whereas by you I have been driven
From ’ouse, from ’ome, from ’ope, from ’eaven,
And placed by your most learned society
In Hexile, Hanguish, and Hanxiety;
Nay, charged without one just pretence,
With Harrogance and Himpudence—
I here demand full restitution,
And beg you’ll mend your Helocution.

Rowland Hill, when at college, was remarkable for the frequent wittiness of his observations. In a conversation on the powers of the letter H, in which it was contended that it was no letter, but a simple aspiration or breathing, Rowland took the opposite side of the question, and insisted on its being, to all intents and purposes, a *letter*; and concluded by

observing that, if it were not, it was a very serious affair to him, as it would occasion his being ILL all the days of his life.

When Kohl, the traveller, visited the Church of St. Alexander Nevskoi, at St. Petersburg, his guide, pointing to a corner of the building, said, "*There lies a Cannibal*." Attracted to the tomb by this strange announcement, Kohl found from the inscription that it was the Russian general Hannibal; but as the Russians have no H,[3] they change the letter into K; and hence the strange misnomer given to the deceased warrior.

A city knight, who was unable to aspirate the H, on being deputed to give King William III. an address of welcome, uttered the following equivocal compliment:—

"Future ages, recording your Majesty's exploits, will pronounce you to have been *a Nero*!"

Mrs. Crawford says she wrote one line in her song, *Kathleen Mavourneen*, for the express purpose of confounding the cockney warblers, who sing it thus:—

The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill.

Moore has laid the same trap in the *Woodpecker*:—

A 'eart that is 'umble might 'ope for it 'ere.

And the elephant *confounds* them the other way:—

A helephant heasily heats at his hease,
Hunder humbrageous humbrella trees.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A LADY TO A GENTLEMAN NAMED GEE

Sure, madam, by your choice a taste we see:
What's good or great or grand without a G?
A godly glow must sure on G depend,
Or oddly low our righteous thoughts must end:
The want of G all gratitude effaces;
And without G, the Graces would run races.

ON SENDING A PAIR OF GLOVES.

From this small token take the letter G,
And then 'tis love, and that I send to thee.

UNIVOCALIC VERSES.

A.—THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

Wars harm all ranks, all arts, all crafts appall:
At Mars' harsh blast, arch, rampart, altar, fall!
Ah! hard as adamant, a braggart Czar
Arms vassal swarms, and fans a fatal war!
Rampant at that bad call, a Vandal band
Harass, and harm, and ransack Wallach-land.
A Tartar phalanx Balkan's scarp hath past,
And Allah's standard falls, alas! at last.

E.—THE FALL OF EVE.

Eve, Eden's Empress, needs defended be;
The Serpent greets her when she seeks the tree.
Serene, she sees the speckled tempter creep;
Gentle he seems,—perversest schemer deep,—
Yet endless pretexts ever fresh prefers,
Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,
Sneers when she weeps, regrets, repents she fell;

Then, deep revenged, reseeks the nether hell!

I.—THE APPROACH OF EVENING.

Idling, I sit in this mild twilight dim,
Whilst birds, in wild, swift vigils, circling skim.
Light winds in sighing sink, till, rising bright,
Night's Virgin Pilgrim swims in vivid light!

O.—INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS.

No monk too good to rob, or cog, or plot.
No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot.
From Donjon tops no Oronoko rolls.
Logwood, not Lotos, floods Oporto's bowls.
Troops of old tosspots oft, to sot, consort.
Box tops, not bottoms, school-boys flog for sport.
No cool monsoons blow soft on Oxford dons,
Orthodox, jog-trot, book-worm Solomons!
Bold Ostrogoths, of ghosts no horror show.
On London shop-fronts no hop-blossoms grow.
To crocks of gold no dodo looks for food.
On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood.
Long storm-tost sloops forlorn, work on to port.
Rooks do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks snort,
Nor dog on snow-drop or on coltsfoot rolls,
Nor common frogs concoct long protocols.

U.—THE SAME SUBJECT, CONTINUED.

Dull humdrum murmurs lull, but hubbub stuns.
Lucullus snuffs no musk, mundungus shuns.
Puss purrs, buds burst, bucks butt, luck turns up trumps;
But full cups, hurtful, spur up unjust thumps.

A young English lady, on observing a gentleman's lane newly planted with lilacs, made this neat impromptu:—

Let lovely lilacs line Lee's lonely lane.

ALPHABETICAL ALLITERATION.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders cannonading come—
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavor, engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune—fighting furious fray:—
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honors Heaven, heroic hardihood!
Infuriate,—indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen,—kinsmen kindred kill!
Labor low levels loftiest longest lines—
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines:
Now noisy, noxious, noticed nought
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed:
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter quest,
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.
Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish ye warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Yield! ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeno's, Zapater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
And all attracting—arms against acts appeal.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT CELEBRATION.

Americans arrayed and armed attend;
Beside battalions bold, bright beauties blend.
Chiefs, clergy, citizens conglomerate,—
Detesting despots,—daring deeds debate;
Each eye emblazoned ensigns entertain,—
Flourishing from far,—fan freedom's flame.
Guards greeting guards grown grey,—guest greeting guest.
High-minded heroes, hither, homeward, haste.
Ingenuous juniors join in jubilee,
Kith kenning kin,—kind knowing kindred key.
Lo, lengthened lines lend Liberty liege love,
Mixed masses, marshaled, *Monumentward* move.
Note noble navies near,—no novel notion,—
Oft our oppressors overawed old Ocean;
Presumptuous princes, pristine patriots paled,
Queens' quarrel questing quotas, quondam quailed.
Rebellion roused, revolting ramparts rose.
Stout spirits, smiting servile soldiers, strove.
These thrilling themes, to thousands truly told,
Usurpers' unjust usages unfold.
Victorious vassals, vauntings vainly veiled,
Where, whilesince, Webster, warlike Warren wailed.
'Xcuse 'xpletives 'xtra-queer 'xpressed,
Yielding Yankee yeomen zest.

PRINCE CHARLES PROTECTED BY FLORA MACDONALD.

All ardent acts affright an Age abased
By brutal broils, by braggart bravery braced.
Craft's cankered courage changed Culloden's cry;
"Deal deep" deposed "deal death"—"decoy," "defy:"
Enough. Ere envy enters England's eyes,
Fancy's false future fades, for Fortune flies.
Gaunt, gloomy, guarded, grappling giant griefs,
Here, hunted hard, his harassed heart he heaves;

In impious ire incessant ills invests.
Judging Jove's jealous judgments, jaundiced jests!
Kneel, kirtled knight! keep keener kingcraft known,
Let larger lore life's levelling lessons loan:
Marauders must meet malefactors' meeds;
No nation noisy non-conformists needs.
O oracles of old! our orb ordain
Peace's possession—Plenty's palmy plain!
Quiet Quixotic quests; quell quarrelling;
Rebuke red riot's resonant rifle ring.
Slumber seems strangely sweet since silence smote
The threatening thunders throbbing through their throat.
Usurper! under uniform unwont
Vail valor's vaguest venture, vainest vaunt.
Well wot we which were wise. War's wildfire won
Ximenes, Xerxes, Xavier, Xenophon:
Yet you, ye yearning youth, *your* young years yield
Zuinglius' zealot zest—Zinzendorf zion-zealed.

CACOPHONOUS COUPLET ON CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
How high his honor holds his haughty head!

ADDRESS TO THE AURORA, WRITTEN IN MID-OCEAN.

Awake Aurora! and across all airs
By brilliant blazon banish boreal bears.
Crossing cold Canope's celestial crown,
Deep darts descending dive delusive down.
Entranced each eve Europa's every eye
Firm fixed forever fastens faithfully,
Greets golden guerdon gloriously grand;
How Holy Heaven holds high his hollow hand!

Ignoble ignorance, inapt indeed—
Jeers jestingly just Jupiter's jereed:
Knavish Kamschatkans, knightly Kurdsmen know,
Long Labrador's light lustre looming low;
Midst myriad multitudes majestic might
No nature nobler numbers Neptune's night.
Opal of Oxus or old Ophir's ores
Pale pyrrhic pyres prismatic purple pours,—
Quiescent quivering, quickly, quaintly queer,
Rich, rosy, regal rays resplendent rear;
Strange shooting streamers streaking starry skies
Trail their triumphant tresses—trembling ties.
Unseen, unhonored Ursa,—underneath
Veiled, vanquished—vainly vying—vanisheth:
Wild Woden, warning, watchful—whispers wan
Xanthitic Xeres, Xerxes, Xenophon,
Yet yielding yesternight yule's yell yawns
Zenith's zebraic zigzag, zodiac zones.

Pulci, in his *Morgante Maggiore*, xxiii. 47, gives the following remarkable double alliterations, two of them in every line:—

La *casa cosa* parea *bretta* e *brutta*,
Vinta dal *vento*, e la *natta* e la *notte*,
Stilla le *stelle*, ch'a *tetto* era *tutta*,
Del *pane* ap*pena* ne *dette* ta' *dotte*;
Pere avea *pure* e qualche *fratta frutta*,
E *svina* e *scena* di *botto* una *botte*;
Poscia per *pesci lasche* prese al*l'esca*,
Ma il *letto* al*lotta* alla *frasca* fu*fresca*.

In the imitation of Laura Matilda, in the *Rejected Addresses* occurs this stanza:—

Pan beheld Patroclus dying,
  Nox to Niobe was turned;
From Busiris Bacchus flying,
  Saw his Semele inurned.

TITLE-PAGE FOR A BOOK OF EXTRACTS FROM MANY AUTHORS.

Astonishing Anthology from Attractive Authors.
Broken Bits from Bulky Brains.
Choice Chunks from Chaucer to Channing.
Dainty Devices from Diverse Directions.
Echoes of Eloquence from Eminent Essayists.
Fragrant Flowers from Fields of Fancy.
Gems of Genius Gloriously Garnished.
Handy Helps from Head and Heart.
Illustrious Intellects Intelligently Interpreted.
Jewels of Judgment and Jets of Jocularity.
Kindlings to Keep from the King to the Kitchen.
Loosened Leaves from Literary Laurels.
Magnificent Morsels from Mighty Minds.
Numerous Nuggets from Notable Noodles.
Oracular Opinions Officiously Offered.
Prodigious Points from Powerful Pens.
Quirks and Quibbles from Queer Quarters.
Rare Remarks Ridiculously Repeated.
Suggestive Squibs from Sundry Sources.
Tremendous Thoughts on Thundering Topics.
Utterances from Uppermost for Use and Unction.
Valuable Views in Various Voices.
Wisps of Wit in a Wilderness of Words.
Xcellent Xtracts Xactly Xpressed.
Yawnings and Yearnings for Youthful Yankees.
Zeal and Zest from Zoroaster to Zimmerman.

COMPLIMENTARY CONSIDERATIONS CONCERNING CHESS.

Cherished chess! The charms of thy checkered chambers chain me changelessly. Chaplains have chanted thy charming choiceness; chieftains have changed the chariot and the chase for the chaster chivalry of the chess-board, and the cheerier charge of the chess-knights. Chaste-eyed

Caissa! For thee are the chaplets of chainless charity and the chalice of childlike cheerfulness. No chilling churl, no cheating chafferer, no chattering changeling, no chanting charlatan can be thy champion; the chivalrous, the charitable, and the cheerful are the chosen ones thou cherishest. Chance cannot change thee: from the cradle of childhood to the charnel-house, from our first childish chirpings to the chills of the churchyard, thou art our cheery, changeless chieftainess. Chastener of the churlish, chider of the changeable, cherisher of the chagrined, the chapter of thy chiliad of charms should be chanted in cherubic chimes by choicest choristers, and chiselled on chalcedon in cherubic chirography.

Hood, in describing the sensations of a dramatist awaiting his debut, thus uses the letter F in his Ode to Perry:—

All Fume and Fret,
Fuss, Fidget, Fancy, Fever, Funking, Fright,
Ferment, Fault-fearing, Faintness—more F's yet:
Flushed, Frigid, Flurried, Flinching, Fitful, Flat,
Add Famished, Fuddled, and Fatigued to that;
Funeral, Fate-Foreboding.

The repetition of the same letter in the following is very ingenious:—

FELICITOUS FLIGHT OF FANCY.

"A famous fish-factor found himself father of five flirting females—Fanny, Florence, Fernanda, Francesca, and Fenella. The first four were flat-featured, ill-favored, forbidding-faced, freckled frumps, fretful, flippant, foolish, and flaunting. Fenella was a fine-featured, fresh, fleet-footed fairy, frank, free, and full of fun. The fisher failed, and was forced by fickle fortune to forego his footman, forfeit his forefathers' fine fields, and find a forlorn farm-house in a forsaken forest. The four fretful females, fond of

figuring at feasts in feathers and fashionable finery, fumed at their fugitive father. Forsaken by fulsome, flattering fortune-hunters, who followed them when first they flourished, Fenella fondled her father, flavored their food, forgot her flattering followers, and frolicked in a frieze without flounces. The father, finding himself forced to forage in foreign parts for a fortune, found he could afford a faring to his five fondlings. The first four were fain to foster their frivolity with fine frills and fans, fit to finish their father's finances; Fenella, fearful of flooring him, formed a fancy for a full fresh flower. Fate favored the fish-factor for a few days, when he fell in with a fog; his faithful Filley's footsteps faltered, and food failed. He found himself in front of a fortified fortress. Finding it forsaken, and feeling himself feeble, and forlorn with fasting, he fed on the fish, flesh, and fowl he found, fricasseed, and when full fell flat on the floor. Fresh in the forenoon, he forthwith flew to the fruitful fields, and not forgetting Fenella, he filched a fair flower; when a foul, frightful, fiendish figure flashed forth: 'Felonious fellow, fingering my flowers, I'll finish you! Fly; say farewell to your fine felicitous family, and face me in a fortnight!' The faint-hearted fisher fumed and faltered, and fast and far was his flight. His five daughters flew to fall at his feet and fervently felicitate him. Frantically and fluently he unfolded his fate. Fenella, forthwith fortified by filial fondness, followed her father's footsteps, and flung her faultless form at the foot of the frightful figure, who forgave the father, and fell flat on his face, for he had fervently fallen in a fiery fit of love for the fair Fenella. He feasted her till, fascinated by his faithfulness, she forgot the ferocity of his face, form, and features, and frankly and fondly fixed Friday, fifth of February, for the affair to come off. There was festivity, fragrance, finery, fireworks, fricasseed frogs, fritters, fish, flesh, fowl, and frumentry, frontignac, flip, and fare fit for the fastidious; fruit, fuss, flambeaux, four fat fiddlers and fifers; and the frightful form of the fortunate and frumpish fiend fell from him, and he fell at Fenella's feet a fair-favored, fine, frank, freeman of the forest. Behold the fruits of filial affection."

A BEVY OF BELLES.

The following lines are said to have been admirably descriptive of the five daughters of an English gentleman, formerly of Liverpool;—

Minerva-like majestic Mary moves.
Law, Latin, Liberty, learned Lucy loves.
Eliza's elegance each eye espies.
Serenely silent Susan's smiles surprise.
From fops, fools, flattery, fairest Fanny flies.

MOTIVES TO GRATITUDE.

A remarkable example of the old fondness for antithesis and alliteration in composition, is presented in the following extract from one of Watts' sermons:—

The last great help to thankfulness is to compare various circumstances and things together. Compare, then, your sorrows with your sins; compare your mercies with your merits; compare your comforts with your calamities; compare your own troubles with the troubles of others; compare your sufferings with the sufferings of Christ Jesus, your Lord; compare the pain of your afflictions with the profit of them; compare your chastisements on earth with condemnation in hell; compare the present hardships you bear with the happiness you expect hereafter, and try whether all these will not awaken thankfulness.

ACROSTICS.

The acrostic, though an old and favorite form of verse, in our own language has been almost wholly an exercise of ingenuity, and has been considered fit only for trivial subjects, to be classed among *nugæ*

literariæ. The word in its derivation includes various artificial arrangements of lines, and many fantastic conceits have been indulged in. Generally the acrostic has been formed of the first letters of each line; sometimes of the last; sometimes of both; sometimes it is to be read downward, sometimes upward. An ingenious variety called the Telestich, is that in which the letters beginning the lines spell a word, while the letters ending the lines, when taken together, form a word of an opposite meaning, as in this instance:—

U nite and untie are the same—so U.
say yo
N ot in wedlock, I ween, has this unity N.
bee
I n the drama of marriage each wandering *T*
gou
T o a new face would fly—all except you I
and —
E ach seeking to alter the *spell* in their E.
scen

In these lines, on the death of Lord Hatherton, (1863), the initial and final letters are doubled:—

H ard was his final fight with ghastly *h*,
Deat
H e bravely yielded his expiring *h*.
breat
A s in the Senate fighting freedom's *a*,
ple
A nd boundless in his wisdom as the *a*.
se
T he public welfare seeking to *t*,
direc
T he weak and undefended to *t*.
protec

H is steady course in noble life from birt *h*,
H as shown his public and his private wort *h*.
E vincing mind both lofty and sedat *e*,
E ndowments great and fitted for the Stat *e*,
R eceiving high and low with open doo *r*,
R ich in his bounty to the rude and poo *r*.
T he crown reposed in him the highest trus *t*,
T o show the world that he was wise and jus *t*.
O n his ancestral banners long ag *o*,
O urs willingly relied, and will do s *o*.
N or yet extinct is noble Hatherto *n*,
N ow still he lives in gracious Littleto *n*.

Although the fanciful and trifling tricks of poetasters have been carried to excess, and acrostics have come in for their share of satire, the origin of such artificial poetry was of a higher dignity. When written documents, were yet rare, every artifice was employed to enforce on the attention or fix on the memory the verses sung by bards or teachers. Alphabetic associations formed obvious and convenient aids for this purpose. In the Hebrew Psalms of David, and in other parts of Scripture, striking specimens occur. The peculiarity is not retained in the translations, but is indicated in the common version of the 119th Psalm by the initial

letters prefixed to its divisions. The Greek Anthology also presents examples of acrostics, and they were often used in the old Latin language. Cicero, in his treatise "De Divinatione," has this remarkable passage:—"The verses of the Sybils (said he) are distinguished by that arrangement which the Greeks call Acrostic; where, from the first letters of each verse in order, words are formed which express some particular meaning; as is the case with some of Ennius's verses, the initial letters of which make 'which Ennius wrote!'"

Among the modern examples of acrostic writing, the most remarkable may be found in the works of Boccaccio. It is a poem of fifty cantos, of which Guinguenè has preserved a specimen in his Literary History of Italy.

A successful attempt has recently been made to use this form of verse for conveying useful information and expressing agreeable reflections, in a volume containing a series of acrostics on eminent names, commencing with Homer, and descending chronologically to our own time. The alphabetic necessity of the choice of words and epithets has not hindered the writer from giving distinct and generally correct character to the biographical subjects, as may be seen in the following selections, which are as remarkable for the truth and discrimination of the descriptions as for the ingenuity of the diction:

GEORGE HERBERT.

G ood Country Parson, cheerful, quaint,
E ver in thy life a saint,
O 'er thy memory sweetly rise

R are old Izaak's eulogies,
G iving us, in life-drawn hue,
E ach loved feature to our view.

H oly Herbert, humble, mild,
E 'en as simple as a child,
R eady thy bounty to dispense,
B eaming with benevolence,
E ver blessing, ever blest,
R escuing the most distrest;
T hy "Temple" now is Heaven's bright rest.

DRYDEN.

D eep rolls on deep in thy majestic line.
R ich music and the stateliest march combine;
Y et, who that hears its high harmonious strain
D eems not thy genius thou didst half profane?
E xhausting thy great power of song on themes
N ot worthy of its strong, effulgent beams.

REYNOLDS.

R are Painter! whose unequall'd skill could trace
E ach light and shadow of the changeful face;
Y oung "Samuel's," now, beaming with piety,
N ow the proud "Banished Lord's" dark misery,
O r "Ugolino's" ghastly visage, wild,
L ooking stern horror on each starving child;
D elights not less of social sort were thine,
S uch as with Burke, or e'en with Johnson shine.

BURKE.

B rilliant thy genius 'mongst a brilliant throng;
U nique thy eloquence of pen and tongue;

R ome's Tully loftier flights could scarce command,
K indling thy soul to thoughts that matchless stand
E ver sublime and beautiful and grand.

HUBER.

H ow keen thy vision, e'en though reft of sight!
U sing with double power the mind's clear light:
B ees, and their hives, thy curious ken has scanned.
E ach cell, with geometric wisdom planned,
R ich stores of honeyed knowledge thus at thy command.

CRABBE.

C opyist of Nature—simply, sternly true,—
R eal the scenes that in thy page we view.
"A mid the huts where poor men lie" unknown,
B right humor or deep pathos thou hast thrown.
B ard of the "Borough" and the "Village," see—
E 'en haughty Byron owns he's charm'd by thee.

WALTER SCOTT.

W ondrous Wizard of the North,
A rmed with spells of potent worth!
L ike to that greatest Bard of ours
T he mighty magic of thy powers:
E 'en thy bright fancy's offspring find
R esemblance to his myriad mind.

S uch the creations that we see—
C haracter, manners, life in thee—
O f Scotia's deeds, a proud display,
T he glories of a bygone day;
T hy genius foremost stands in all her long array.

WORDSWORTH.

W andering, through many a year, 'mongst Cumbria's hills,
O 'er her wild fells, sweet vales, and sunny lakes,
R ich stores of thought thy musing mind distils,
D ay-dreams of poesy thy soul awakes:—
S uch was thy life—a poet's life, I ween;
W orshipper thou of Nature! every scene
O f beauty stirred thy fancy's deeper mood,
R eflection calmed the current of thy blood:
T hus in the wide "Excursion" of thy mind,
H igh thoughts in *words* of *worth* we still may find.

IRVING.

I n easy, natural, graceful charm of style,
R esembling Goldy's "Vicar,"—free from guile:
V ein of rich humor through thy "Sketch-Book" flows.
I magination her bright colors shows.
N o equal hast thou 'mongst thy brother band,
G enial thy soul, worthy our own loved land.

MACREADY.

M aster Tragedian! worthy all our praise.
A ction and utterance such as bygone days
C ould oftener boast, were thine. Need we but name
R oman Virginius? while our Shakspeare's fame
E ver 'twas thy chief joy and pride to uprear,
A nd give us back Macbeth, Othello, Lear.
D elight to thousands oft thou gav'st, and now
Y ears of calm lettered ease 'tis thine to know.

LONGFELLOW.

L ays like thine have many a charm;

O ft thy themes the heart must warm.
N ow o'er Slavery's guilt and woes,
G rief and shame's deep hues it throws;
F ar up Alpine heights is heard
"E xcelsior," now the stirring word;
"L ife's Psalm," now, onward is inviting,
L ongings for nobler deeds exciting;
O 'er Britain now resounds thy name,
W hile States unborn shall swell thy fame.

SOUTHEY.

S erenely bright thy life's pure stream did glide,
O n sweet romantic Derwentwater's side.
U nder great Skiddaw—there, in Epic lays,
T hou dream'dst a poet's dreams of olden days,
H ow Madoc wandered o'er the Atlantic wave,
E astern Kehama, Roderic the brave,
Y ears cannot from our fondest memory lave.

MACAULAY.

M asterly critic! in whose brilliant style
A nd rich historic coloring breathes again—
C lothed in most picturesque costume the while—
A ll the dim past, with all its bustling train.
U nder this vivid, eloquent painting, see
L ife given anew to our old history's page;
A nd in thy stirring ballad poetry,
Y outh's dreams of ancient Rome once more our minds engage.

OLIVER'S IMPROMPTU.

Oliver, a sailor and patriot, with a merited reputation for extempore rhyming, while on a visit to his cousin

Benedict Arnold, after the war, was asked by the latter to amuse a party of English officers with some extemporaneous effusion, whereupon he stood up and repeated the following Ernulphus curse, which would have satisfied Dr. Slop[4] himself:—

B orn for a curse to virtue and mankind,
E arth's broadest realm ne'er knew so black a mind.
N ight's sable veil your crimes can never hide,
E ach one so great, 'twould glut historic tide.
D efunct, your cursed memory will live
I n all the glare that infamy can give.
C urses of ages will attend your name,
T raitors alone will glory in your shame.

A lmighty vengeance sternly waits to roll
R ivers of sulphur on your treacherous soul:
N ature looks shuddering back with conscious dread
O n such a tarnished blot as she has made.
L et hell receive you, riveted in chains,
D oomed to the hottest focus of its flames.

ALLITERATIVE ACROSTIC.

The following alliterative acrostic is a gem in its way. Miss Kitty Stephens was the celebrated London vocalist, and is now the Dowager Countess of Essex:—

S he sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing still
T hat to the tone ten thousand thoughts there thrill;
E lysian ecstasies enchant each ear—
P leasure's pure pinions poise—prince, peasant, peer,
H ushing high hymns, Heaven hears her harmony,—
E arth's envy ends; enthralled each ear, each eye;
N umbers need ninefold nerve, or nearly name,
S oul-stirring STEPHENS' skill, sure seraphs sing the same.

CHRONOGRAMMATIC PASQUINADE.

On the election of Pope Leo X., in 1440, the following satirical acrostic appeared, to mark the date

M C C C C X L.

Multi Cœci Cardinales Creaverunt Cœcum Decimum (X) Leonem.

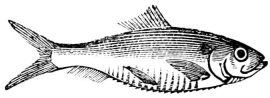
MONASTIC VERSE.

The merit of this fine specimen will be found in its being at the same time *acrostic*, *mesostic*, and *telestic*.

Inter cuncta micans	**I**gniti sidera cœl**I**
Expellit tenebras	**E** toto Phœbus ut orb**E;**
Sic cæcas removet	JE**S**US caliginis umbra**S,**
Vivificansque simul	**V**ero præcordia mot**V,**
Solem justitiæ	**S**ese probat esse beati**S.**

The following translation preserves the acrostic and mesostic, though not the telestic form of the original: —

In glory see the rising sun,	Illustrious orb of day,
Enlightening heaven's wide expanse,	Expel night's gloom away.
So light into the darkest soul,	JESUS, Thou dost impart,
Uplifting Thy life-giving smiles	Upon the deadened heart:
Sun Thou of Righteousness Divine,	Sole King of Saints Thou art.



The figure of a FISH carved on many of the monuments in the Roman Catacombs, is an emblematic acrostic, intended formerly to point out the burial-place of a Christian, without revealing the fact to the pagan persecutors. The Greek word for *fish* is Ιχθῦς, which the Christians understood to mean *Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour*,—the letters forming the initials of the following Greek words:—

Ιησους	Jesus
Χριστος	Christ,
Θεου	of God,
Υιος	Son,
Σωτηρ	Saviour.

NAPOLEON FAMILY.

The names of the male crowned heads of the extinct Napoleon dynasty form a remarkable acrostic:—

N apoleon, Emperor of the French.
I oseph, King of Spain.
H ieronymus, King of Westphalia.
I oachim, King of Naples.
L ouis, King of Holland.

RACHEL.

Rachel, on one occasion, received a most remarkable present. It was a diadem, in antique style, adorned with six jewels. The stones were so set as to spell, in acrostic style, the name of the great *artiste*, and also to signify six of her principal *rôles*, thus:

R uby,	R oxana,
A methyst,	A menaide,
C ornelian,	C amille,
H ematite,	H ermione,
E merald,	E milie,
L apis Lazuli,	L aodice.

This mode of constructing a name or motto by the initial letters of gems was formerly fashionable on wedding rings.

MASONIC MEMENTO.

The following curious memento was written in the early part of last century:—

M—Magnitude, Moderation, Magnanimity.
A—Affability, Affection, Attention.
S—Silence, Secrecy, Security.
O—Obedience, Order, Œconomy.
N—Noble, Natural, Neighborly.
R—Rational, Reciprocative, Receptive.
Y—Yielding, Ypight (fixed), Yare (ready).

Which is explained thus:—

Masonry, of things, teaches how to attain their just	Magnitude.

To inordinate affections the art of	Moderation.
It inspires the soul with true	Magnanimity.
It also teaches us	Affability.
To love each other with true	Affection.
And to pay to things sacred a just	Attention.
It instructs us how to keep	Silence,
To maintain	Secrecy,
And preserve	Security;
Also, to whom it is due,	Obedience,
To observe good	Order,
And a commendable	Œconomy.
It likewise teaches us how to be worthily	Noble,
Truly	Natural,
And without reserve	Neighborly.
It instils principles indisputably	Rational,
And forms in us a disposition	Reciprocative,
And	Receptive.
It makes us, to things indifferent,	Yielding,
To what is absolutely necessary, perfectly	Ypight,
And to do all that is truly good, most willingly	Yare.

HEMPE.

Bacon says, “The trivial prophecy which I heard when I was a child and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years was—

When Hempe is spun
England’s done;

whereby it was generally conceived that after the sovereigns had reigned which had the letters of that word HEMPE, (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, Elizabeth,) England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified in the change of the name, for that the King's style is now no more of *England*, but of *Britain*."

THE BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Behold, alas! our days we spend:
How vain they be, how soon they end!
BEHOLD
How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man;
In those well-tempered days his time was then
Surveyed, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.
ALAS!
What is all that?
They come and slide and pass
Before my tongue can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short-lived task is done.
OUR DAYS
Begun, we bend
To sleep, to antic plays
And toys, until the first stage end;
12 waning moons, twice 5 times told, we give
To unrecovered loss: we rather breathe than live.
WE SPEND
A ten years' breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live in fear of death;
Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys
Which please our sense, and waking prove but toys.
HOW VAIN,
How wretched is

Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short at longest; few at most;
They are but bad at best, yet lavished out, or lost.
THEY BE
The secret springs
That make our minutes flee
On wings more swift than eagles' wings!
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a death.
HOW SOON
Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to gray-haired night;
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.
THEY END
When scarce begun,
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done.
Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the last.

A VALENTINE.

The reader, by taking the first letter of the first of the following lines, the second letter of the second line, the third of the third, and so on to the end, can spell the name of the lady to whom they were addressed by Edgar A. Poe.

For her this rhyme is penned whose luminous eyes,
  BRightly expressive as the twins of Lœda,
ShAll find her own sweet name, that nestling lies
  UpoN the page, enwrapped from every reader.
SearCh narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure
  DivinE—a talisman—an amulet
That muSt be worn *at heart*. Search well the measure—
  The wordS—the syllables! Do not forget

The triviAlest point, or you may lose your labor!
And yet theRe is in this no Gordian knot
Which one miGht not undo without a sabre,
If one could mErely comprehend the plot.
Enwritten upoN the leaf where now are peering
Eyes scintillaTing soul, there lie *perdus*
Three eloquent wOrds, oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets—aS the name's a poet's, too.
Its letters, althouGh naturally lying
Like the knight PintO—Mendez Ferdinando—
Still form a synonym fOr Truth. Cease trying!
You will not read the riDdle, though you do the best you
can do.

ANAGRAMS.

But with still more disordered march advance
(Nor march it seemed, but wild fantastic dance)
The uncouth Anagrams, distorted train,
Shifting in double mazes o'er the plain.—*Scribleriad.*

Camden, in a chapter in his *Remains*, on this frivolous and now almost obsolete intellectual exercise, defines Anagrams to be a dissolution of a name into its letters, as its elements; and a new connection into words is formed by their transposition, if possible, without addition, subtraction, or change of the letters: and the words should make a sentence applicable to the person or thing named. The anagram is complimentary or satirical; it may contain some allusion to an event, or describe some personal characteristic. Thus, Sir Thomas Wiat bore his own designation in his name:—

Wiat—A Wit.

Astronomer may be made *Moon-starer*, and *Telegraph*,

Great Help. *Funeral* may be converted into *Real Fun*, and *Presbyterian* may be made *Best in prayer*. In *stone* may be found *tones*, *notes*, or *seton*; and (taking *j* and *v* as duplicates of *i* and *u*) the letters of the alphabet may be arranged so as to form the words *back*, *frown'd*, *phlegm*, *quiz*, and *Styx*. *Roma* may be transposed into *amor*, *armo*, *Maro*, *mora*, *oram*, or *ramo*. The following epigram occurs in a book printed in 1660:

Hate and debate Rome through the world has spread;
Yet Roma *amor* is, if backward read:
Then is it strange Rome hate should foster? No;
For out of backward *love* all hate doth grow.

It is said that the cabalists among the Jews were professed anagrammatists, the third part of their art called *themuru* (changing) being nothing more than finding the hidden and mystical meaning in names, by transposing and differently combining the letters of those names. Thus, of the letters of *Noah's* name in Hebrew, they made *grace*; and of the *Messiah* they made *he shall rejoice*.

Lycophron, a Greek writer who lived three centuries before the Christian era, records two anagrams in his poem on the siege of Troy entitled *Cassandra*. One is on the name of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in whose reign Lycophron lived:—

ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΣ ΑΠΟ ΜΕΛΙΤΟΣ—Made of honey.

The other is on Ptolemy's queen, Arsinoë:—

ΑΡΣΙΝΟΕ. ΕΡΑΣ ΙΟΝ—Juno's violet.

Eustachius informs us that this practice was common among the Greeks, and gives numerous examples; such, for instance, as the transposition of the word

Αρετη, virtue, into Ερατη, lovely.

Owen, the Welsh epigrammatist, sometimes called the British Martial, lived in the golden age of anagrammatism. The following are fair specimens of his ingenuity:—

Galenus—Angelus.

Angelus es bonus anne malus; *Galene!* salutis
Humana custos, *angelus* ergo bonus,

De Fide—Anagramma quincuplex.

Recta fides, *certa* est, *arcet* mala schismata, non est,
Sicut *Creta*, fides fictilis, arte *caret*.

Brevitas—Anagramma triplex.

Perspicua brevitate nihil magis afficit aures
In *verbis*, *ubi res* postulat, esto *brevis*.

In a *New Help to Discourse*, 12mo, London, 1684, occurs an anagram with a very quaint epigrammatic "exposition:"—

TOAST—A SOTT.

A toast is like a sot; or, what is most
Comparative, a sot is like a toast;
For when their substances in liquor sink,
Both properly are said to be in drink.

Cotton Mather was once described as distinguished for—

"Care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms, *and anagrams*."

Sylvester, in dedicating to his sovereign his translation of Du Bartas, rings the following loyal change on the name of his liege:—

James Stuart—A just master.

Of the poet Waller, the old anagrammatist said:—

His brows need not with *Lawrel* to be bound,
Since in his name with *Lawrel* he is crowned.

The author of an extraordinary work on heraldry was thus expressively complimented:—

Randle Holmes.
Lo, Men's Herald!

The following on the name of the mistress of Charles IX. of France is historically true:—

Marie Touchet,
Je charme tout.

In the assassin of Henry III.,

Frère Jacques Clement,

they discovered

C'est l'enfer qui m'a crée.

The French appear to have practised this art with peculiar facility. A French poet, deeply in love, in one day sent his mistress, whose name was *Magdelaine*, three dozen of anagrams on her single name.

The father Pierre de St. Louis became a Carmelite

monk on discovering that his lay name—

Ludovicus Bartelemi—

yielded the anagram—

Carmelo se devovet.

Of all the extravagances occasioned by the anagrammatic fever when at its height, none equals what is recorded of an infatuated Frenchman in the seventeenth century, named André Pujom, who, finding in his name the anagram *Pendu à Riom*, (the seat of criminal justice in the province of Auvergne,) felt impelled to fulfill his destiny, committed a capital offence in Auvergne, and was actually hung in the place to which the omen pointed.

The anagram on General Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, on the restoration of Charles II., is also a chronogram, including the date of that important event:—

Georgius Monke, Dux de Aumarle,
Ego Regem reduxi Ano. Sa. MDCLVV.

The mildness of the government of Elizabeth, contrasted with her intrepidity against the Iberians, is thus picked out of her title: she is made the English lamb and the Spanish lioness.

Elizabetha Regina Angliæ,
Anglis Agna, Hiberiæ Lea.

The unhappy history of Mary Queen of Scots, the deprivation of her kingdom, and her violent death, are expressed in the following Latin anagram:—

Maria Steuarda Scotorum Regina.
Trusa vi Regnis, morte amara cado.

In Taylor's *Suddaine Turne of Fortune's Wheele*, occurs the following very singular example:—

But, holie father, I am certifyed
That they your power and policye deride;
And how of you they make an anagram,
The best and bitterest that the wits could frame.

As thus:

Supremus Pontifex Romanus.

Annagramma:

O non sum super petrum fixus.

The anagram on the well-known bibliographer, William Oldys, may claim a place among the first productions of this class. It was by Oldys himself, and was found by his executors among his MSS.

In word and WILL I AM a friend to you;
And one friend OLD is worth a hundred new.

The following anagram, preserved in the files of the First Church in Roxbury, was sent to Thomas Dudley, a governor and major-general of the colony of Massachusetts, in 1645. He died in 1653, aged 77.

THOMAS DUDLEY.

Ah! old must dye.
A death's head on your hand you neede not weare,
A dying head you on your shoulders beare.
You need not one to mind you, you must dye,
You in your name may spell mortalitye.
Younge men may dye, but old men, these dye must;
'Twill not be long before you turne to dust.
Before you turne to dust! ah! must! old! dye!

What shall younge doe when old in dust doe lye?
When old in dust lye, what N. England doe?
When old in dust doe lye, it's best dye too.

In an Elegy written by Rev. John Cotton on the death of John Alden, a magistrate of the old Plymouth Colony, who died in 1687, the following *phonetic* anagram occurs:—

John Alden—End al on hi.

The Calvinistic opponents of Arminius made of his name a not very creditable Latin anagram:—

Jacobus Arminius,
Vani orbis amicus;
(The friend of a false world.)

while his friends, taking advantage of the Dutch mode of writing it, *H*arminius, hurled back the conclusive argument,

Habui curam Sionis.
(I have had charge of Zion.)

Perhaps the most extraordinary anagram to be met with, is that on the Latin of Pilate's question to the Saviour, "What is truth?"—St. John, xviii. 38.

Quid est veritas?
Est vir qui adest.
(It is the man who is before you.)

Live, vile, and evil, have the self-same letters;
He lives but vile, whom evil holds in fetters.

If you transpose what ladies wear—VEIL,
'Twill plainly show what bad folks are—VILE.
Again if you transpose the same,
You'll see an ancient Hebrew name—LEVI.

Change it again, and it will show
What all on earth desire to do—LIVE.
Transpose the letters yet once more,
What bad men do you'll then explore—EVIL.

PERSIST.

A lady, being asked by a gentleman to join in the bonds of matrimony with him, wrote the word "STRIPES," stating at the time that the letters making up the word stripes could be changed so as to make an answer to his question. The result proved satisfactory.

When *I cry that I sin* is transposed, it is clear,
My resource *Christianity* soon will appear.

The two which follow are peculiarly appropriate:—

Florence Nightingale,
Flit on, charming angel.

John Abernethy,
Johnny the bear.

T I M E
I T E M
M E T I
E M I T

This word, Time, is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged, and the different transpositions thereof are all at the same time Latin words. These words, in English as well as in Latin, may be read either upward or downward. Their signification as Latin words is as follows:—Time—fear thou; Item—likewise; Meti—to be measured; Emit—he buys.

Some striking German and Latin anagrams have been made of Luther's name, of which the following are specimens. Doctor Martinus Lutherus transposed, gives *O Rom, Luther ist der schwan*. In D. Martinus Lutherus may be found *ut turris das lumen* (like a tower you give light). In Martinus Lutherus we have *vir multa struens* (the man who builds up much), and *ter matris vulnus* (he gave three wounds to the mother church). Martin Luther will make *lehrt in Armuth* (he teaches in poverty).

Jablonski welcomed the visit of Stanislaus, King of Poland, with his noble relatives of the house of Lescinski, to the annual examination of the students under his care, at the gymnasium of Lissa, with a number of anagrams, all composed of the letters in the words *Domus Lescinia*. The recitations closed with a heroic dance, in which each youth carried a shield inscribed with a legend of the letters. After a new evolution, the boys exhibited the words *Ades incolumis*; next, *Omnis es lucida*; next, *Omne sis lucida*; fifthly, *Mane sidus loci*; sixthly, *Sis columna Dei*; and at the conclusion, *I scande solium*.

A TELEGRAM ANAGRAMMATISED.

Though but a *late germ*, with a wondrous elation,
Yet like a *great elm* it o'ershadows each station.
Et malgré the office is still a large fee mart,
So joyous the crowd was, you'd thought it a *glee mart*;
But they raged at no news from the nation's belligerent,
And I said *let'm rage*, since the air is refrigerant.
I then *met large* numbers, whose drink was not sherbet,
Who scarce could look up when their eyes the gas-*glare met*;
So when I had learned from commercial adviser
That *mere galt* for sand was the great fertilizer,

I bade *Mr. Eaglet*, although 'twas ideal,
Get some from the clay-pit, and so *get'm real*;
Then, just as my footstep was leaving the portal,
I met an *elm targe* on a great Highland mortal,
With the maid he had woo'd by the loch's flowery *margelet*,
And row'd in his boat, which for rhyme's sake call
bargelet,
And blithe to the breeze would have set the sail daily,
But it blew at that rate which the sailors *term gale*, aye;
I stumbled against the fair bride he had married,
When a *merle gat* at large from a cage that she carried;
She gave a loud screech! and I could not well blame her,
But lame as I was, I'd no wish to *get lamer*;
So I made my escape—ne'er an antelope fleeter,
Lest my verse, like the poet, should limp through *lag metre*.

Anagrams are sometimes found in old epitaphial inscriptions. For example, at St. Andrews:—

Catharine Carstairs,
Casta rara Christiana.
Chaste, rare Christian.

At Newenham church, Northampton:—

William Thorneton.
O little worth in man.

At Keynsham:—

Mrs. Joane Flover.
Love for anie.

At Mannington, 1631:—

Katherine Lougher,
Lower taken higher.

Maitland has the following curious specimen:—

How much there is in a word—*monastery*, says I:

why, that makes *nasty Rome*; and when I looked at it again, it was evidently *more nasty*—a very vile place *or mean sty*. *Ay, monster*, says I, you are found out. What monster? said the Pope. What monster? said I. Why, your own image there, *stone Mary*. That, he replied, is *my one star*, my Stella Maris, my treasure, my guide! No, said I, you should rather say, *my treason*. *Yet no arms*, said he. No, quoth I, quiet may suit best, as long as you have *no mastery*, I mean *money arts*. No, said he again, those are *Tory means*; and Dan, *my senator*, will baffle them. I don't know that, said I, but I think one might make no *mean story* out of this one word—*monastery*.

CHRONOGRAMS.

Addison, in his remarks on the different species of false wit, (Spect. No. 60,) thus notices the chronogram. "This kind of wit appears very often on modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words:—

CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS.

If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped; for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching

after an apt classical term; but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D, in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought as for the year of the Lord."

Apropos of this humorous allusion to the *Germanesque* character of the chronogram, it is worthy of notice that European tourists find far more numerous examples of it in the inscriptions on the churches on the banks of the Rhine than in any other part of the continent.

On the title-page of "*Hugo Grotius his Sophompaneas*" the date, 1652, is not given in the usual form, but is included in the name of the author, thus:—

FRANCIS GOLDSMITH.

Howell, in his *German Diet*, after narrating the death of Charles, son of Philip II. of Spain, says:—

If you desire to know the year, this chronogram will tell you:

FILIVS ANTE DIEM PATRIOS INQVIRIT IN ANNOS.
MDLVVIIIIIIII, or 1568.

The following commemorates the death of Queen Elizabeth:—

My Day Is Closed In Immortality. (1603.)

A German book was issued in 1706, containing fac-similes and descriptions of more than two hundred medals coined in honor of Martin Luther. An inscription on one of them expresses the date of his death, 1546, as follows:—

ECCe nVnc MorItVs IVstVs In paCe ChrIstI exItV
tVto et beato.

The most extraordinary attempt of this kind that has yet been made, bears the following title:—

Chronographica Gratulatio in Felicissimum adventum Serenissimi Cardinalis Ferdinandi, Hispaniarum Infantis, a Collegio Soc. Jesu.

A dedication to St. Michael and an address to Ferdinand are followed by one hundred hexameters, *every one of which is a chronogram*, and each gives the same result, 1634. The first and last verses are subjoined as a specimen.

AngeLe CæLIVogI MIChaëL LUX UnICa CætUs.
VersICULIs InCLUsa, fLUent In sæCULa CentUM.

Palindromes.

RECURRENT, RECIPROCAL, OR REVERSIBLE WORDS AND VERSES.

The only fair specimen we can find of reciprocal words, or those which, read backwards or forwards, are the same, is the following couplet, which, according to an old book, cost the author a world of foolish labor:—

Odo tenet mulum, madidam mulum tenet Odo.
Anna tenet mappam, madidam mappam tenet Anna.

The following admired reciprocal lines, addressed to St. Martin by Satan, according to the legend, the reader will find on perusal, either backwards or forwards, precisely the same:—

Signa te signa; temere me tangis et angis;
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

[St. Martin having given up the profession of a soldier, and having been made Bishop of Tours, when prelates neither kept carriages nor servants, had occasion to go to Rome, in order to consult the Pope upon ecclesiastical matters. As he was walking along the road he met the devil, who politely accosted him, and ventured to observe how fatiguing and indecorous it was for him to perform so long a journey on

foot, like the commonest pilgrim. The Saint understood the drift of Old Nick's address, and commanded him immediately to become a beast of burden, or *jumentum*; which the devil did in a twinkling by assuming the shape of a mule. The Saint jumped upon the fiend's back, who at first trotted cheerfully along, but soon slackened his pace. The bishop of course had neither whip nor spurs, but was possessed of a much more powerful stimulus, for, says the legend, he made the sign of the cross, and the smarting devil instantly galloped away. Soon however, and naturally enough, the father of sin returned to sloth and obstinacy, and Martin hurried him again with repeated signs of the cross, till, twitched and stung to the quick by those crossings so hateful to him, the vexed and tired reprobate uttered the foregoing distich in a rage, meaning, *Cross, cross yourself; you annoy and vex me without necessity; for owing to my exertions, Rome, the object of your wishes, will soon be near*.]

The Palindrome changes the sense in the backward reading; the *Versus Cancrinus* retains the sense in both instances unchanged, as in this instance:—

Bei Leid lieh stets Heil die Lieb.
(In trouble comfort is lent by love.)

Similarly recurrent is the lawyer's motto,—

Si nummi immunis,

translated by Camden, "Give me my fee, I warrant you free."

The Greek inscription on the mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople,

Νίφον ἀνομήματα μὴ μόναν ὄφιν,[5]

presents the same words, whether read from left to right, or from right to left. So also the expressions in English,—

Madam, I'm Adam. (*Adam to Eve.*)
Name no one man.
Able was I ere I saw Elba. (*Napoleon loq.*)
Snug & raw was I ere I saw war & guns.
Red rum did emit revel ere Lever time did murder.
Red root put up to order.
Trash? even interpret Nineveh's art.
Lewd did I live, evil I did dwel.
Draw pupil's lip upward.

This enigmatical line surrounds a figure of the sun in the mosaic pavement of Sa. Maria del Fiori, at Florence:—

En giro torte sol ciclos et rotor igne.

These lines are supposed to be addressed to a young man detained at Rome by a love affair:—

Roma ibi tibi sedes—ibi tibi Amor;
Roma etsi te terret et iste Amor,
Ibi etsi vis te non esse—sed es ibi,
Roma te tenet et Amor.

At Rome you live—at Rome you love;
From Rome that love may you affright,
Although you'd leave, you never move,
For love and Rome both bar your flight.

Dean Swift wrote a letter to Dr. Sheridan, composed of Latin words strung together as mere gibberish but each word, when read backwards, makes passable English. Take for example the following short sentences:—

Mi Sana. Odioso ni mus rem. Moto ima os illud dama nam? (I'm an ass. O so I do in summer. O Tom, am I so dull, I a mad man?)

Inscription for a hospital, paraphrased from the Psalms:—

Acide me malo, sed non desola me, medica.

The ingenious Latin verses subjoined are reversible verbally only, not literally, and will be found to embody opposite meanings by commencing with the last word and reading backwards:—

Prospicimus modo, quod durabunt tempore longo,
Fœdera, nec patriæ pax cito diffugiet.

Diffugiet cito pax patriæ, nec fœdera longo,
Tempore durabunt, quod modo prospicimus.

The following hexameter from Santa Marca Novella, Florence, refers to the sacrifice of Abel (Gen. iv. 4). Reversed, it is a pentameter, and refers to the sacrifice of Cain (iv. 3).

Sacrum pingue dabo non macram sacrificabo,
Sacrificabo macram non dabo pingue sacrum.

The subjoined distich arose from the following circumstance. A tutor, after having explained to his class one of the odes of Horace, undertook to dictate the same in hexameter verses, as an exercise (as he said). It cost him considerable trouble: he hesitated several times, and occasionally substituted other words, but finally succeeded. Some of his scholars thought he would not accomplish his task; others maintained that, having begun, it was a point of honor to complete it.

Retro mente labo, non metro continuabo;
Continuabo metro; non labo mente retro.

Addison mentions an epigram called the *Witches' Prayer*, that "fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other."

One of the most remarkable palindromes on record is the following. Its distinguishing peculiarity is that the first letter of each successive word unites to spell the first word; the second letter of each, the second word; and so on throughout; and the same will be found precisely true on reversal.

SATOR AREPO TENET OPERA ROTAS.

But the neatest and prettiest specimen that has yet appeared comes from a highly cultivated lady who was attached to the court of Queen Elizabeth. Having been banished from the court on suspicion of too great familiarity with a nobleman then high in favor, the lady adopted this device,—*the moon covered by a cloud*,—and the following palindrome for a motto:—

ABLATA AT ALBA.

(Banished, but blameless.)

The merit of this kind of composition was never in any example so heightened by appropriateness and delicacy of sentiment.

Paschasius composed the recurrent epitaph on Henry IV.:—

Arca serenum me gere regem, munere sacra,
Solem, arcas, animos, omina sacra, melos.

A very curious continuous series of palindromes was printed in Vienna in 1802. It was written in ancient Greek by a modern Greek named Ambrosius, who called it Πόιημα καρκινικὸν. It contains 455 lines, every one of which is a literal palindrome. A few are selected at random, as examples:—

Ἰσα πασι Ση τε υη, Συ ὁ Μουσηγετης ις απασι.

Νεαν ασω μελιφωνον, ὦ φιλε, Μωσαν αεν.
Ὼ λακωνικε, σε μονω τω Νομε, σε κινω καλω.
Ἀρετα πηγασε σε σα γη πατερα.
Σωτηρ συ εσο, ὦ ελεε θεε λεω ος ευς ρητως.

The following line is expressive of the sentiments of a Roman Catholic; read backwards, of those of a Huguenot:—

Patrum dicta probo, nec sacris belligerabo.
Belligerabo sacris, nec probo dicta patrum.

These lines, written to please a group of youthful folk, serve to show that our English tongue is as capable of being twisted into uncouth shapes as is the Latin, if any one will take the trouble:—

One winter's eve, around the fire, a cozy group we sat,
Engaged, as was our custom old, in after-dinner chat;
Small-talk it was, no doubt, because the smaller folk were there,
And they, the young monopolists! absorbed the lion's share.
Conundrums, riddles, rebuses, cross-questions, puns atrocious,
Taxed all their ingenuity, till Peter the precocious—
Old head on shoulders juvenile—cried, "Now for a new task:
Let's try our hand at *Palindromes*!" "Agreed! But first," we ask,
"Pray, Peter, what *are* Palindromes?" The forward imp replied,
"A *Palindrome*'s a string of words of sense or meaning void,
Which reads both ways the same: and here, with your permission,
I'll cite some half a score of samples, lacking all precision
(But held together by loose rhymes, to test my definition):
—

"A milksop, jilted by his lass, or wandering in his wits,

Might murmur, '*Stiff, O dairy-man, in a myriad of fits!*'

"A limner by photography dead-beat in competition,
Thus grumbled, '*No, it is opposed; art sees trade's opposition!*'

"A nonsense-loving nephew might his soldier-uncle dun
With '*Now stop, major-general, are negro jam-pots won?*'

"A supercilious grocer, if inclined that way, might snub
A child with '*But regusa store, babe, rots a sugar-tub*.'

"Thy spectre, Alexander, is a fortress, cried Hephaestion.
Great A. said, '*No, it's a bar of gold, a bad log for a bastion!*'

"A timid creature, fearing rodents—mice and such small
fry—
'*Stop, Syrian, I start at rats in airy spots*,' might cry.

"A simple soul, whose wants are few, might say, with
hearty zest,
'*Desserts I desire not, so long no lost one rise distressed*.'

"A stern Canadian parent might in earnest, not in fun,
Exclaim, '*No sot nor Ottawa law at Toronto, son!*'

"A crazy dentist might declare, as something strange or
new,
That '*Paget saw an Irish tooth, sir, in a waste gap!*' True!

"A surly student, hating sweets, might answer with *elan*,
'*Name tarts? no, medieval slave, I demonstrate man!*'

"He who in Nature's bitters findeth sweet food every day,
'*Eureka! till I pull up ill I take rue*,' well might say."

Equivoque.

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY CARDINAL RICHELIEU TO THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT ROME.

First read the letter across, then double it in the middle, and read the first column.

SIR,—Mons. Compigne, a Savoyard by birth,	a Friar of the order of Saint Benedict,
is the man who will present to you	as his passport to your protection,
this letter. He is one of the most	discreet, the wisest and the least
meddling persons that I have ever known	or have had the pleasure to converse with.
He has long earnestly solicited me	to write to you in his favor, and
to give him a suitable character,	together with a letter of credence;
which I have accordingly granted to	his real merit, rather I must say, than to
his importunity; for, believe me, Sir,	his modesty is only exceeded by his worth,

I should be sorry that you should be
misinformed of his real character;
as some other gentlemen have been,
and those among the best of my friends;
I think it my duty to advertise you
to have especial attention to all he does,
nor venture to say any thing before him,
in any sort; for I may truly say, there is
none whom I should more regret to see
received and trusted in decent society.
And I well know, that as soon as you
shall become acquainted with him
you will thank me for this my advice.
Courtesy obliges me to desist from
saying any thing more on this subject.
wanting in serving him on account of being
I should be afflicted if you were
misled on that score, who now esteem him,
wherefore, and from no other motive
that you are most particularly desired,
to show him all the respect imaginable,
that may either offend or displease him
no man I love so much as M. Compigne,
neglected, as no one can be more worthy to be
Base, therefore, would it be to injure him.
are made sensible of his virtues, and
you will love him as I do; and then
The assurance I entertain of your
urging this matter to you further, or

Believe me, Sir, &c.
RICHELIEU.

A LOVE-LETTER.

The reader, after perusing it, will please read it again, commencing on the first line, then the third and fifth, and so on, reading each alternate line to the end.

TO MISS M——.

—The great love I have hitherto expressed for you
is false and I find my indifference towards you
—increases daily. The more I see of you, the more
you appear in my eyes an object of contempt.
—I feel myself every way disposed and
determined
to hate you. Believe me, I never had an
intention
—to offer you my hand. Our last conversation has
left a tedious insipidity, which has by no means
—given me the most exalted idea of your
character.
Your temper would make me extremely
unhappy
—and were we united, I should experience
nothing but
the hatred of my parents added to the anything
but
—pleasure in living with you. I have indeed a
heart
to bestow, but I do not wish you to imagine it
—at your service. I could not give it to any one
more
inconsistent and capricious than yourself, and
less
—capable to do honor to my choice and to my
family.
Yes, Miss, I hope you will be persuaded that
—I speak sincerely, and you will do me a favor
to avoid me. I shall excuse you taking the
trouble
—to answer this. Your letters are always full of
impertinence, and you have not a shadow of

—wit and good sense. Adieu! adieu! believe me
so averse to you, that it is impossible for me
even
—to be your most affectionate friend and humble
servant. L——.

INGENIOUS SUBTERFUGE.

A young lady newly married, being obliged to show to her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend. The key is, to read the first and then every alternate line only.

—I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend!
blest as I am in the matrimonial state,
—unless I pour into your friendly bosom,
which has ever been in unison with mine,
—the various sensations which swell
with the liveliest emotion of pleasure,
—my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear
husband is the most amiable of men,
—I have now been married seven weeks, and
never have found the least reason to
—repent the day that joined us. My husband is
both in person and manners far from resembling
—ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous
monsters, who think by confining to secure—
—a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a
bosom friend and confidant, and not as a
—plaything, or menial slave, the woman
chosen to be his companion. Neither party
—he says, should always obey implicitly;
but each yield to the other by turns.
—An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy,
a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady,
—lives in the house with us; she is the de-
light of both young and old; she is ci-
—vil to all the neighborhood round,

generous and charitable to the poor.
—I am convinced my husband loves nothing more
than he does me; he flatters me more
—than a glass; and his intoxication
(for so I must call the excess of his love)
—often makes me blush for the unworthiness
of its object, and wish I could be more deserving
—of the man whose name I bear. To
say all in one word, my dear, and to
—crown the whole—my former gallant lover
is now my indulgent husband; my husband
—is returned, and I might have had
a prince without the felicity I find in
—him. Adieu! may you be blest as I am un-
able to wish that I could be more
—happy.

DOUBLE-FACED CREED.

The following cross-reading from a history of Popery, published in 1679, and formerly called in New England *The Jesuits' Creed*, will suit either Catholic or Protestant accordingly as the lines are read downward in single columns or across the double columns:—

Pro fide teneo sana	Quæ docet Anglicana,
Affirmat quæ Romana	Videntur mihi vana.
Supremus quando rex est	Tum plebs est fortunata,
Erraticus tum Grex est	Cum caput fiat papa.
Altari cum ornatur	Communio fit inanis,
Populus tum beatur	Cum mensa vina panis.
Asini nomen meruit	Hunc morem qui non capit,
Missam qui deseruit	Catholicus est et sapit.

I hold for faith
What England's church allows,
What Rome's church saith,
My conscience disavows.
Where the king is head
The flock can take no shame,
The flock's misled,
Who hold the pope supreme.
Where the altar's drest
The worship's scarce divine,
The people's blest,
Whose table's bread and wine.
He's but an ass
Who their communion flies,
Who shuns the mass,
Is Catholic and wise.

REVOLUTIONARY VERSES.

The author of the following Revolutionary double entendre, which originally appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, is unknown. It may be read in three different ways,—1st. Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written; 2d. Then the lines downward on the left of each comma in every line; and 3d. In the same manner on the right of each comma. By the first reading it will be observed that the Revolutionary cause is condemned, and by the others, it is encouraged and lauded:—

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms,
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine;
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight,
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who Independence boast;
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart.

May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part;
On Mansfield, North, and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General Washington.

THE HOUSES OF STUART AND HANOVER.

I love with all my heart
The Hanoverian part
And for that settlement
My conscience gives consent
Most righteous is the cause
To fight for George's laws

It is my mind and heart
Though none will take my part

The Tory party here
Most hateful do appear
I ever have denied
To be on James's side
To fight for such a king
Will England's ruin bring

In this opinion I
Resolve to live and die.

Lansdowme MSS. 852

THE NEW REGIME.

The following equivoque was addressed to a republican at the commencement of the French Revolution, in reply to the question, "What do you think of the new constitution?"

A la nouvelle loi
Je renonce dans l'âme
Comme épreuve de ma foi

Je veux être fidèle
Au régime ancien,
Je crois la loi nouvelle

Je crois celle qu'on blâme
Dieu vous donne la paix
Noblesse désolée
Qu'il confonde à jamais
Messieurs de l'Assemblée

Opposée à tout bien;
Messieurs les démocrats
Au diable allez-vous en;
Tous les Aristocrats
Ont eux seuls le bon sens.

The newly made law
From my soul I abhor
My faith to prove good,
I maintain the old code
May God give you peace,
Forsaken Noblesse,
May He ever confound
The Assembly all round

'Tis my wish to esteem
The ancient regime
I maintain the new code
Is opposed to all good.
Messieurs Democrats,
To the devil go hence.
All the Aristocrats
Are the sole men of sense.

FATAL DOUBLE MEANING.

Count Valavoir, a general in the French service under Turenne, while encamped before the enemy, attempted one night to pass a sentinel. The sentinel challenged him, and the count answered "*Va-la-voir*," which literally signifies "Go and see." The soldier, who took the words in this sense, indignantly repeated the challenge, and was answered in the same manner, when he fired; and the unfortunate Count fell dead upon the spot,—a victim to the whimsicality of his surname.

A TRIPLE PLATFORM.

Among the memorials of the sectional conflict of

1861–5, is an American platform arranged to suit all parties. The first column is the *Secession*; the second, the *Abolition* platform; and the whole, read together, is the Democratic platform:—

Hurrah for	The Old Union
Secession	Is a curse
We fight for	The Constitution
The Confederacy	Is a league with hell
We love	Free speech
The rebellion	Is treason
We glory in	A Free Press
Separation	Will not be tolerated
We fight not for	The negro's freedom
Reconstruction	Must be obtained
We must succeed	At every hazard
The Union	We love
We love not	The negro
We never said	Let the Union slide
We want	The Union as it was
Foreign intervention	Is played out
We cherish	The old flag
The stars and bars	Is a flaunting lie
We venerate	The *heabus corpus*
Southern chivalry	Is hateful
Death to	Jeff Davis
Abe Lincoln	Isn't the Government
Down with	Mob law
Law and order	Shall triumph.

LOYALTY, OR JACOBINISM?

This piece of amphibology was circulated among the United Irishmen, previous to the Rebellion of 1798. First, read the lines as they stand, then according to the numerals prefixed:—

1. I love my country—but the king,
3. Above all men his praise I sing,
2. Destruction to his odious reign,
4. That plague of princes, Thomas Paine;
5. The royal bankers are displayed,
7. And may success the standard aid
6. Defeat and ruin seize the cause
8. Of France her liberty and laws.

NON COMMITTAL.

NEAT EVASION.

Bishop Egerton, of Durham, avoided three impertinent questions by replying as follows:—

1. What inheritance he received from his father?
   "Not so much as he expected."
2. What was his lady's fortune?
   "Less than was reported."
3. What was the value of his living of Ross?
   "More than he made of it."

A PATRIOTIC TOAST.

Most readers will remember the story of a non-committal editor who, during the Presidential canvass of 1872, desiring to propitiate subscribers of both parties, hoisted the ticket of "Gr—— and —— n" at the top of his column, thus giving those who

took the paper their choice of interpretations between "Grant and Wilson" and "Greeley and Brown." A story turning on the same style of point—and probably quite as apocryphal—though the author labels it "*historique*"—is told of an army officers' mess in France. A brother-soldier from a neighboring detachment having come in, and a *champenoise* having been uncorked in his honor, "Gentlemen," said the guest, raising his glass, "I am about to propose a toast at once patriotic and political." A chorus of hasty ejaculations and of murmurs at once greeted him. "Yes, gentlemen," coolly proceeded the orator, "I drink to a thing which—an object that—Bah! I will out with it at once. It begins with an *R* and ends with an *e*."

"Capital!" whispers a young lieutenant of Bordeaux promotion. "He proposes the *République*, without offending the old fogies by saying the word,"

"Nonsense! He means the *Radicale*," replies the other, an old Captain Cassel.

"Upon my word," says a third, as he lifts his glass, "our friend must mean *la Royauté*."

"I see!" cries a one-legged veteran of Froschweiler: "we drink to *la Revanche*."

In fact the whole party drank the toast heartily, each interpreting it to his liking.

In the hands of a Swift, even so trivial an instance might be made to point a moral on the facility with which, alike in theology and politics—from Athanasian creed to Cincinnati or Philadelphia platform—men comfortably interpret to their own diverse likings some doctrine that "begins with an *R* and ends with an *e*," and swallow it with great unanimity and enthusiasm.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

During the war of the Rebellion, a merchant of Milwaukee, who is an excellent hand at sketching, drew most admirably on the wall of his store a negro's head, and underneath it wrote, in a manner worthy of the Delphic oracle, "Dis-Union for eber." Whether the sentence meant loyalty to the Union or not, was the puzzling question which the gentleman himself never answered, invariably stating to the inquirers, "Read it for yourselves, gentlemen." So from that day to this, as the saying goes, "no one knows how dat darkey stood on de war question."

Another question is puzzling the young ladies who attend a Western Female College. It seems that one of them discovered that some person had written on the outer wall of the college, "Young women should set good examples; for young men *will* follow them." The question that is now perplexing the heads of several of the young ladies of the college is, whether the writer meant what he or she (the handwriting was rather masculine) wrote, in a moral sense or in an ironical one.

HOW FRENCH ACTRESSES AVOID GIVING THEIR AGE.

A servant robbed Mlle. Mars of her diamonds one evening while she was at the theatre. Arrested, he was put upon trial, and witnesses were summoned to bear testimony to his guilt. Among these was Mlle. Mars. She was greatly annoyed at this, as, according to the rules of French practice, the witness, after being sworn, gives his age. Now the age of Mlle. Mars was an impenetrable mystery, for it was a

theme she never alluded to, and she possessed the art of arresting time's flight, or at least of repairing its ravages so effectually that her face never revealed acquaintance with more than twenty years. She was for some days evidently depressed; then, all at once, her spirits rose as buoyant as ever. This puzzled the court—for people in her eminent position always have a court; parasites are plenty in Paris—they did not know whether she had determined frankly to confess her age, or whether she had hit upon some means of eluding this thorny point of practice.

The day of trial came, and she was at her place. The court-room was filled, and when she was put in the witness-box every ear was bent towards her to catch the age she would give as her own. "Your name?" said the presiding judge. "Anne Francoise Hippolyte Mars." "What is your profession?" "An actress of the French Comedy." "What is your age?" "——ty years." "What?" inquired the presiding judge, leaning forward. "I have just told your honor!" replied the actress, giving one of those irresistible smiles which won the most hostile pit. The judge smiled in turn, and when he asked, as he did immediately, "Where do you live?" hearty applause long prevented Mlle. Mars from replying.

Mlle. Cico was summoned before a court to bear witness in favor of some cosmetic assailed as a poison by victims and their physicians. All the youngest actresses of Paris were there, and they reckoned upon a good deal of merriment and profit when Mlle. Cico came to disclose her age. She was called to the stand—sworn—gave her name and profession. When the judge said "How old are you?" she quitted the stand, went up to the bench, stood on tip-toe, and whispered in the judge's ear the

malicious mystery. The bench smiled, and kept her secret.

The Cento.

A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry it denotes a work wholly composed of verses, or passages promiscuously taken from other authors and disposed in a new form or order, so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. According to the rules laid down by Ausonius, the author of the celebrated *Nuptial Cento*, the pieces may be taken from the same poet, or from several; and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided into two, one half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere; but two verses are never to be taken together.

The Empress Eudoxia wrote the life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer. Proba Falconia, and, long after him, Alexander Ross, both composed a life of the Saviour, in the same manner, from Virgil. The title of Ross' work, which was republished in 1769, was *Virgilius Evangelizans, sive historia Domini et Salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi Virgilianis verbis et versibus descripta*.

Subjoined are some modern specimens of this literary confectionery, called in modern parlance

MOSAIC POETRY.

I only knew she came and went	*Lowell.*
Like troutlets in a pool;	*Hood.*
She was a phantom of delight,	*Wordsworth.*
And I was like a fool.	*Eastman.*
"One kiss, dear maid," I said and sighed,	*Coleridge.*
"Out of those lips unshorn."	*Longfellow.*
She shook her ringlets round her head,	*Stoddard.*
And laughed in merry scorn.	*Tennyson.*
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky!	*Tennyson.*
You hear them, oh my heart?	*Alice Cary.*
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock,	*Coleridge.*
Beloved, we must part!	*Alice Cary.*
"Come back! come back!" she cried in grief,	*Campbell.*
"My eyes are dim with tears—	*Bayard Taylor.*
How shall I live through all the days,	*Mrs. Osgood.*
All through a hundred years?"	*T. S. Perry.*
'Twas in the prime of summer time,	*Hood.*
She blessed me with her hand;	*Hoyt.*
We strayed together, deeply blest,	*Mrs. Edwards.*
Into the Dreaming Land.	*Cornwall.*
The laughing bridal roses blow,	*Patmore.*

To dress her dark brown hair;	*Bayard Taylor.*
No maiden may with her compare,	*Brailsford.*
Most beautiful, most rare!	*Read.*
I clasped it on her sweet cold hand,	*Browning.*
The precious golden link;	*Smith.*
I calmed her fears, and she was calm,	*Coleridge.*
"Drink, pretty creature, drink!"	*Wordsworth.*
And so I won my Genevieve,	*Coleridge.*
And walked in Paradise;	*Hervey.*
The fairest thing that ever grew	*Wordsworth.*
Atween me and the skies.	*Osgood.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
Shoot folly as it flies?
Ah, more than tears of blood can tell,
Are in that word farewell, farewell;
'Tis folly to be wise.

And what is Friendship but a name
That burns on Etna's breast of flame?
Thus runs the world away.
Sweet is the ship that's under sail
To where yon taper points the vale
With hospitable ray.

Drink to me only with thine eyes
Through cloudless climes and starry skies,
My native land, good-night.
Adieu, adieu, my native shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.
Whatever is is right.

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
    In russet mantle clad.
The rocks and hollow mountains rung
While yet in early Greece she sung,
    I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad.

In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
O, thou, the nymph with placid eye,
    By Philip's warlike son;
And on the light fantastic toe
Thus hand-in-hand through life we'll go;
    Good-night to Marmion.

LIFE.

1.—Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2.—Life's a short summer, man a flower.

3.—By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4.—The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.

5.—To be is better far than not to be,
6.—Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.

7.—But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;
8.—The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

9.—Your fate is but the common fate of all,
10.—Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.

11.—Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
12.—Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

13.—Custom does not often reason overrule
14.—And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.

15.—Live well, how long or short permit, to heaven;
16.—They who forgive most, shall be most forgiven.

17.—Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18.—Vile intercourse where virtue has not place.

19.—Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20.—Thou pendulum, betwixt a smile and tear;

21.—Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22.—With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.

23.—Soar not too high to fall, but stop to rise;
24.—We masters grow of all that we despise.

25.—Oh then renounce that impious self-esteem;
26.—Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.

27.—Think not ambition wise, because 'tis brave,
28.—The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

29.—What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,
30.—Only destructive to the brave and great.

31.—What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32.—The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

33.—How long we live, not years but actions tell;
34.—That man lives twice who lives the first life well.

35.—Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
36.—Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.

37.—The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38.—For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

1. Young. 2. Dr. Johnson. 3. Pope. 4. Prior. 5. Sewell. 6. Spenser. 7. Daniel. 8. Sir Walter Raleigh. 9. Longfellow. 10. Southwell. 11. Congreve. 12. Churchill. 13. Rochester. 14. Armstrong. 15. Milton. 16. Baily. 17. Trench. 18. Somerville. 19. Thompson. 20. Byron. 21. Smollet. 22. Crabbe. 23. Massinger. 24. Crowley. 25. Beattie. 26. Cowper. 27. Sir Walter Davenant. 28. Grey. 29. Willis. 30. Addison. 31. Dryden. 32. Francis Quarles. 33. Watkins. 34. Herrick. 35. William Mason. 36. Hill. 37. Dana. 38.

Shakespeare.

CENTO FROM POPE.

'Tis education forms the common mind;	*Moral Essays.*
A mighty maze! but not without a plan.	*Essay on Man.*
Ask of the learned the way? The learned are blind;	*Essay on Man.*
The proper study of mankind is man.	*Essay on Man.*
A little learning is a dangerous thing;	*Essay on Criticism.*
Some have at first for wits, then poets passed—	*Essay on Criticism.*
See from each clime the learned their incense bring,	*Essay on Criticism.*
For rising merit will buoy up at last.	*Essay on Criticism.*
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise. —	*Essay on Man.*
Virtue alone is happiness below;	*Essay on Man.*
Honor and shame from no condition rise,	*Essay on Man.*
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.	*Essay on Man.*
Who shall decide when doctors disagree?	*Moral Essay.*
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.	*Essay on Man.*

Since men interpret texts, why should not we	*January and May.*
Read them by day and meditate by night?	*Essay on Criticism.*

BIBLICAL CENTO.

Cling to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix. 19.
Cling in thy grief;	Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Ps. xxxix. 18.
He gives relief;	Ps. lxxxvi. 7.
Cling to the Gracious One,	Ps. cxvi. 5.
Cling in thy pain;	Ps. lv. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	1 Thess. v. 24.
He will sustain.	Ps. xxviii. 8.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii. 25.
Cling in thy woe;	Ps. lxxxvi. 7.
Cling to the Loving One,	1 John iv. 16.
Through all below;	Rom. viii. 38, 39.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	Isa. lv. 7.
He speaketh peace;	John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv. 26.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxlvii. 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John i. 7.
Cling to His side;	John xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi. 9.
In Him abide;	John xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii. 20.

Hope shall arise;	Titus ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvii. 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi. 11.

THE RETURN OF ISRAEL.

I will surely gather the remnant of Israel.—MICAH ii. 12.

And the Temple again shall be built,
And filled as it was of yore;
And the burden be lift from the heart of the world,
And the nations all adore;
Prayers to the throne of Heaven,
Morning and eve shall rise,
And unto and not of the Lamb
Shall be the sacrifice.—FESTUS.

In many strange and Gentile lands	Micah v. 8.
Where Jacob's scattered sons are driven,	Jer. xxiii. 8.
With longing eyes and lifted hands,	Lam. i. 17.
They wait Messiah's sign from heaven.	Matth. xxiv. 30
The cup of fury they have quaffed,	Isa. li. 17.
Till fainted like a weary flock;	Isa. li. 20.
But Heaven will soon withdraw the draught,	Isa. li. 22.
And give them waters from the rock.	Exod. xvii. 6.
What though their bodies, as the ground,	Isa. li. 23.
Th' Assyrian long has trodden o'er!	Isa. lii. 4.

Zion, a captive daughter bound,	Isa. lii. 2.
Shall rise to know her wrong no more.	Isa. liv. 3, 4.
The veil is passing from her eyes,	2 Cor. iii. 16.
The King of Nations she shall see;	Zech. xiv. 9.
Judea! from the dust arise!	Isa. lii. 2.
Thy ransomed sons return to thee!	Jer. xxxi. 17.
How gorgeous shall thy land appear,	Isa. liv. 12.
When, like the jewels of a bride,	Isa. xlix. 18.
Thy broken bands, all gathered there,	Zech. xi. 14.
Shall clothe thy hills on every side!	Isa. xlix. 18.
When on thy mount, as prophets taught,	Isa. xxiv. 23.
Shall shine the throne of David's Son;	Ezek. xxxvii. 22.
The Gospel's latest triumphs brought	Micah iv. 2.
Where first its glorious course begun.	Luke xxiv. 47.
Gentiles and Kings, who thee oppressed,	Isa. lx. 14.
Shall to thy gates with praise repair;	Isa. lx. 11.
A fold of flocks shall Sharon rest,	Isa. lxv. 10.
And clustered fruits its vineyard bear.	Joel ii. 22.
Then shall an Eden morn illume	Isa. li. 3.

Earth's fruitful vales, without a thorn:	Isa. lv. 13.
The wilderness rejoice and bloom,	Isa. xxxv. 1.
And nations in a day be born.	Zech. ii. 11.
The LORD his holy arm makes bare;	Isa. lii. 10.
Zion! thy cheerful songs employ!	Zeph. iii. 14.
Thy robes of bridal beauty wear,	Isa. lii. 1.
And shout, ye ransomed race, for joy!	Isa. lii. 9.

Macaronic Verse.

"A TREATISE OF WINE."

The following specimen of macaronic verse, from the commonplace book of Richard Hilles, who died in 1535, is probably the best of its kind extant. The scriptural allusions and the large intermixture of Latin evidently point to the refectory of some genial monastery as its source:—

The best tree if ye take intent,
  Inter ligna fructifer,
Is the vine tree by good argument,
  Dulcia ferens pondera.

Saint Luke saith in his Gospel,
  Arbor fructu noscitu,
The vine beareth wine as I you tell,
  Hinc aliis præponitur.

The first that planted the vineyard,
  Manet in cœli gaudi,
His name was Noe, as I am learned,
  Genesis testimonio.

God gave unto him knowledge and wit,
  A quo procedunt omni,
First of the grape wine for to get,

Propter magna mysteria.

The first miracle that Jesus did,
Erat in vino rube,
In Cana of Galilee it betide,
Testante Evangelio.

He changed water into wine,
Aquæ rubescunt hydri,
And bade give it to Archetcline,
Ut gustet tunc primarie.

Like as the rose exceedeth all flowers,
Inter cuncta floriger,
So doth wine all other liquors,
Dans multa salutifera.

David, the prophet, saith that wine
Lætificat cor homini,
It maketh men merry if it be fine,
Est ergo digni nominis.

It nourisheth age if it be good,
Facit ut esset juveni,
It gendereth in us gentle blood,
Nam venas purgat sanguinis.

By all these causes ye should think
Quæ sunt rationabile,
That good wine should be best of all drink
Inter potus potabiles.

Wine drinkers all, with great honor,
Semper laudate Dominu,
The which sendeth the good liquor
Propter salutem hominum.

Plenty to all that love good wine,
Donet Deus largiu,
And bring them some when they go hence,
Ubi non sitient amplius.

THE SUITOR WITH NINE TONGUES.

Τι σοι λεγω, μειρακιον,
Now that this fickle heart is won?
Me semper amaturam te
And never, never, never stray?
Herzschätzchen, Du verlangst zu viel
When you demand so strict a seal.
N'est-ce pas assez que je t'aime
Without remaining still the same?
Gij daarom geeft u liefde niet
If others may not have a treat.
Muy largo es mi corazon,
And fifty holds as well as one.
Non far nell' acqua buco che
I am resolved to have my way;
Im lo boteach atta bi,
I'm willing quite to set you free:
Be you content with half my time,
As half in English is my rhyme.

MAGINN'S ALTERNATIONS—HORACE, EPODE II.

Blest man, who far from busy hum,
Ut prisca gens mortalium,
Whistles his team afield with glee
Solutus omni fenore:
He lives in peace, from battles free,
Nec horret iratum mare;
And shuns the forum, and the gay
Potentiorum limina.
Therefore to vines of purple gloss
Altas maritat populos,
Or pruning off the boughs unfit
Feliciores inserit.

* * * * *

Alphius the usurer, babbled thus,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Called in his cast on th'Ides—but he
Quærit Kalendis ponere.

CONTENTI ABEAMUS.

Come, jocund friends, a bottle bring,
And push around the jorum;
We'll talk and laugh, and quaff and sing,
Nunc suavium amorum.

While we are in a merry mood,
Come, sit down ad bibendum;
And if dull care should dare intrude,
We'll to the devil send him.

A moping elf I can't endure
While I have ready rhino;
And all life's pleasures centre still
In venere ac vino.

Be merry then, my friends, I pray,
And pass your time in joco,
For it is pleasant, as they say,
Desipere in loco.

He that loves not a young lass
Is sure an arrant stultus,
And he that will not take a glass
Deserves to be sepultus.

Pleasure, music, love and wine
Res valde sunt jucundæ,
And pretty maidens look divine,
Provided ut sunt mundæ.

I hate a snarling, surly fool,
Qui latrat sicut canis,

Who mopes and ever eats by rule,
  Drinks water and eats panis.

Give me the man that's always free,
  Qui finit molli more,
The cares of life, what'er they be;
  Whose motto still is "Spero."

Death will turn us soon from hence,
  Nigerrimas ad sedes;
And all our lands and all our pence
  Ditabunt tune heredes.

Why should we then forbear to sport?
  Dum vivamus, vivamus,
And when the Fates shall cut us down
  Contenti abeamus.

FLY-LEAF SCRIBBLING.

  Iste liber pertinet,
And bear it well in mind,
  Ad me, Johannem Rixbrum,
So courteous and so kind.
  Quem si ego perdam,
And by you it shall be found,
  Redde mihi iterum,
Your fame I then will sound.
  Sed si mihi redeas,
Then blessed thou shalt be,
  Et ago tibi gratias
Whenever I thee see.

THE CAT AND THE RATS.

Felis sedit by a hole,
Intentus he, cum omni soul,

Prendere rats
Mice cucurrerunt trans the floor,
In numero duo, tres, or more—
Obliti cats.

Felis saw them, oculis;
"I'll have them," inquit he, "I guess,
Dum ludunt."
Tunc ille crept toward the group,
"Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup—
Pingues sunt."

Mice continued all ludere,
Intenti they in ludum vere,
Gaudenter.
Tunc rushed the felis into them,
Et tore them omnes limb from limb,
Violenter.

MORAL.

Mures omnes, nunc be shy,
Et aurem præbe mihi,
Benigne.
Sit hoc satis—"verbum sat,"
Avoid a whopping big tom-cat
Studiose.

POLYGLOT INSCRIPTION.

The following advertisement in five languages, is inscribed on the window of a public house in Germany:—

In questa casa trovarete
Toutes les choses que vous souhaitez;
Vinum bonum, costas, carnes,

Neat post-chaise, and horse and harness.
Βους, ὄρνιθές, ἴχθυς, ἄρνες.

PARTING ADDRESS TO A FRIEND,

Written by a German gentleman on the termination of a very agreeable, but brief acquaintance.

I often wished I had a friend,
Dem ich mich anvertrauen könnt',
A friend in whom I could confide,
Der mit mir theilte Freud und Leid;
Had I the riches of Girard—
Ich theilte mit ihm Haus und Heerd;
For what is gold? 'tis but a passing metal,
Der Henker hol' für mich den ganzen Bettel.
Could I purchase the world to live in it alone,
Ich gäb' dafür nicht eine hohle Bohn';
I thought one time in you I'd find that friend,
Und glaubte schon mein Sehnen hät ein End;
Alas! your friendship lasted but in sight,
Doch meine grenzet an die Ewigkeit.

AM RHEIN.

Oh, the Rhine—the Rhine—the Rhine—
  Comme c'est beau! wie schön! che bello!
He who quaffs thy Luft und Wein,
  Morbleu! is a lucky fellow.

How I love thy rushing streams,
  Groves of ash and birch and hazel,
From Schaffhausen's rainbow beams
  Jusqu'à l'écho d'Oberwesel!

Oh, que j'aime thy Brüchen when
  The crammed Dampfschiff gayly passes!—

Love the bronzed pipes of thy men,
  And the bronzed cheeks of thy lasses!

Oh, que j'aime the "oui," the "bah,"
  From thy motley crowds that flow,
With the universal "ja,"
  And the allgemeine "so"!

THE DEATH OF THE SEA SERPENT.

Arma virumque cano, qui first in Monongahela
Tarnally squampushed the sarpent, mittens horrentia tella.
Musa, look sharp with your Banjo! I guess to relate this
    event, I
Shall need all the aid you can give; so nunc aspirate
    canenti.
Mighty slick were the vessels progressing, Jactata per
    æquora ventis,
But the brow of the skipper was sad, cum solicitudine
    mentis;
For whales had been scarce in those parts, and the skipper,
    so long as he'd known her,
Ne'er had gathered less oil in a cruise to gladden the heart
    of her owner.
"Darn the whales," cries the skipper at length, "with a
    telescope forte videbo
Aut pisces, aut terras." While speaking, just two or three
    points on the lea bow,
He saw coming towards them as fast as though to a combat
    'twould tempt 'em,
A monstrum horrendum informe (qui lumen was shortly
    ademptum).
On the taffrail up jumps in a hurry, dux fortis, and seizing
    a trumpet,
Blows a blast that would waken the dead, mare turbat et
    aera rumpit—
"Tumble up all you lubbers," he cries, "tumble up, for
    careering before us
Is the real old sea sarpent himself, cristis maculisque

decorus."
"Consarn it," cried one of the sailors, "if e'er we provoke him he'll kill us,
He'll certainly chaw up hos morsu, et longis, implexibus illos."
Loud laughs the bold skipper, and quick premit alto corde dolorem;
(If he does feel like running, he knows it won't do to betray it before 'em).
"O socii", inquit. "I'm sartin you're not the fellers to funk, or
Shrink from the durem certamen, whose fathers fit bravely at Bunker
You, who have waged with the bears, and the buffalo, prœlia dura,
Down to the freshets, and licks of our own free enlightened Missourer;
You could whip your own weight, catulus sævis sine telo,
Get your eyes skinned in a twinkling, et ponite tela phæsello!"
Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus æger,
Marshals his cute little band, now panting their foes to beleaguer
Swiftly they lower the boats, and swiftly each man at the oar is,
Excipe Britanni timidi duo, virque coloris.

(Blackskin, you know, never feels, how sweet, 'tis pro patria mori;
Ovid had him in view when he said, "Nimium ne crede colori.")
Now swiftly they pull towards the monster, who seeing the cutter and gig nigh,
Glares at them with terrible eyes, suffectis sanguine et igni,
And, never conceiving their chief will so quickly deal him a floorer,
Opens wide to receive them at once, his linguis vibrantibis ora;
But just as he's licking his lips, and gladly preparing to taste 'em,

Straight into his eyeball the skipper stridentem conjicit
hastam.
Straight as he feels in his eyeball the lance, growing
mightly sulky,
At 'em he comes in a rage, ora minax, lingua trusulca.
"Starn all," cry the sailors at once, for they think he has
certainly caught 'em,
Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.
But the bold skipper exclaims, "O terque quaterque beati!
Now with a will dare viam, when I want you, be only
parati;
This hoss feels like raising his hair, and in spite of his scaly
old cortex,
Full soon you shall see that his corpse rapidus vorat
æquore vortex."
Hoc ait, and choosing a lance: "With this one I think I shall
hit it,
He cries, and straight into his mouth, ad intima viscera
mittit."
Screeches the creature in pain, and writhes till the sea is
commotum,
As if all its waves had been lashed in a tempest por Eurum
et Notum.
Interea terrible shindy Neptunus sensit, et alto
Prospiciens sadly around, wiped his eye with the cuff of his
paletôt;
And, mad at his favorite's fate, of oaths uttered one or two
thousand,
Such as "Corpo di Bacco! Mehercle! Sacre! Mille
Tonnerres! Potztausend!"
But the skipper, who thought it was time to this terrible
fight dare finem,
With a scalping-knife jumps on the neck of the snake secat
et dextrâ crinem,
And hurling the scalp in the air, half mad with delight to
possess it,
Shouts "Darn it—I've fixed up his flint, for in ventos vita
recessit!"

Concatenation or Chain Verse.

LASPHRISE'S NOVELTIES.

Lasphrise, a French poet of considerable merit, claims the invention of several singularities in verse, and among them the following, in which it will be found that the last word of every line is the first word of the following line:—

Falloit-il que le ciel me rendit amoureux,
Amoureaux, jouissant d'une beauté craintive,
Craintive à recevoir douceur excessive,
Excessive au plaisir qui rend l'amant heureux?
Heureux si nous avions quelques paisibles lieux,
Lieux où plus surement l'ami fidèle arrive,
Arrive sans soupçon de quelque ami attentive,
Attentive à vouloir nous surprendre tous deux.

Subjoined are examples in our own vernacular:—

TO DEATH.

The longer life, the more offence;
  The more offence, the greater pain;
The greater pain, the less defence;
  The less defence, the lesser gain—

The loss of gain long ill doth try,
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die.

The shorter life, less count I find;
  The less account, the sooner made;
The count soon made, the merrier mind;
  The merrier mind doth thought invade—
Short life, in truth, this thing doth try,
Wherefore, come, death, and let me die.

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;
  The ebb of care the flood of life;
The flood of life, the joyful fare;
  The joyful fare, the end of strife—
The end of strife that thing wish I,
Wherefore, come, death and let me die.

TRUTH.

Nerve thy soul with doctrines noble,
  Noble in the walks of Time,
Time that leads to an eternal,
  An eternal life sublime;
Life sublime in moral beauty,
  Beauty that shall ever be,
Ever be to lure thee onward,
  Onward to the fountain free;
Free to every earnest seeker,
  Seeker at the Fount of Youth,
Youth exultant in its beauty,
  Beauty found in the quest of Truth.

TRYING SKYING.

Long I looked into the sky,
  Sky aglow with gleaming stars,

Stars that stream their courses high,
  High and grand, those golden cars,
Cars that ever keep their track,
  Track untraced by human ray,
Ray that zones the zodiac,
  Zodiac with milky-way,
Milky-way where worlds are sown,
  Sown like sands along the sea,
Sea whose tide and tone e'er own,
  Own a feeling to be free,
Free to leave its lowly place,
  Place to prove with yonder spheres,
Spheres that trace athrough all space,
  Space and years—unspoken years.

A RINGING SONG.

The following gem is from an old play of Shakspeare's time, called *The True Trojans*:—

The sky is glad that stars above
  Do give a brighter splendor;
The stars unfold their flaming gold,
  To make the ground more tender:
The ground doth send a fragrant smell,
  That air may be the sweeter;
The air doth charm the swelling seas
  With pretty chirping metre;
The sea with rivers' water doth
  Feed plants and flowers so dainty;
The plants do yield their fruitful seed,
  That beasts may live in plenty;
The beasts do give both food and cloth,
  That men high Jove may honor;
And so the World runs merrily round,
  When Peace doth smile upon her!
Oh, then, then oh! oh then, then oh!
  This jubilee last forever;
That foreign spite, or civil fight,

Our quiet trouble never!

Bouts Rimés.

Bouts Rimés, or Rhyming Ends, afford considerable amusement. They are said by Goujet to have been invented by Dulot, a French poet, who had a custom of preparing the rhymes of sonnets, leaving them to be filled up at leisure. Having been robbed of his papers, he was regretting the loss of three hundred sonnets. His friends were astonished that he had written so many of which they had never heard. "They were blank sonnets," said he, and then explained the mystery by describing his "Bouts Rimés." The idea appeared ridiculously amusing, and it soon became a fashionable pastime to collect some of the most difficult rhymes, and fill up the lines. An example is appended:—

nettle,
pains.
mettle.
remains.
natures.
rebel.
graters.
well.

The rhymes may be thus completed:—

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,

And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures,
Use them kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

A sprightly young belle, who was an admirer of poetry, would often tease her beau, who had made some acquaintance with the muses, to write verses for her. One day, becoming quite importunate, she would take no denial. "Come, pray, do now write some poetry for me—won't you? I'll help you out. I'll furnish you with rhymes if you will make lines for them. Here now:—

please, moan,
tease, bone."

He at length good-humoredly complied, and filled up the measure as follows:—

To a form that is faultless, a face that must—please,
Is added a restless desire to—tease;
O, how my hard fate I should ever be—moan,
Could I but believe she'd be bone of my—bone!

Mr. Bogart, a young man of Albany, who died in 1826, at the age of twenty-one, displayed astonishing facility in impromptu writing.

It was good-naturedly hinted on one occasion that his "impromptus" were prepared beforehand, and he was asked if he would submit to the application of a test of his poetic abilities. He promptly acceded, and a most difficult one was immediately proposed.

Among his intimate friends were Col. J. B. Van Schaick and Charles Fenno Hoffman, both of whom

were present. Said Van Schaick, taking up a copy of Byron, “The name of Lydia Kane” (a lady distinguished for her beauty and cleverness, who died a few years ago, but who was then just blushing into womanhood) “has in it the same number of letters as a stanza of Childe Harold has lines: write them down in a column.” They were so written by Bogart, Hoffman, and himself. “Now,” he continued, “I will open the poem at random; and for the ends of the lines in Miss Lydia’s *Acrostic* shall be used the words ending those of the verse on which my finger may rest.” The stanza thus selected was this:—

And must they fall, the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated chief’s unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant’s appeal?
Is all that desperate valor acts in vain?
And counsel sage, and patriotic zeal,
The veteran’s skill, youth’s fire, and manhood’s heart of steel?

The following stanza was composed by Bogart within the succeeding ten minutes,—the period fixed in a wager,—finished before his companions had reached a fourth line, and read to them as here presented:[6] —

L ovely and loved, o’er the unconquered	brave
Y our charms resistless, matchless girl, shall	reign!
D ear as the mother holds her infant’s	grave
I n Love’s own region, warm, romantic	Spain!
A nd should your fate to court your steps	ordain,
K ings would in vain to regal pomp	appeal,
A nd lordly bishops kneel to you in	vain,

N or valor's fire, law's power, nor churchman's zeal
E ndure 'gainst love's (time's up!) untarnished steel.

The French also amuse themselves with *bouts rimés retournés*, in which the rhymes are taken from some piece of poetry, but the order in which they occur is reversed. The following example is from the album of a Parisian lady of literary celebrity, the widow of one of the Crimean heroes. The original poem is by Alfred de Musset, the *retournés* by Marshal Pelissier, who improvised it at the lady's request. In the translation which ensues, the reversed rhymes are carefully preserved.

BY DE MUSSET.

Quand la fugitive espérance
Nous pousse le coude en passant,
Puis à tire d'ailes s'élance
Et se retourne en souriant,
Où va l'homme? où son cœur l'appelle;
L'hirondelle suit le zéphir,
Et moins légère est l'hirondelle
Que l'homme qui suit son désir.
Ah! fugitive enchanteresse,
Sais-tu seulement ton chemin?
Faut-il donc que le vieux destin
Ait une si jeune maîtresse!

BY PELISSIER, DUC DE MALAKOFF.

Pour chanter la jeune maîtresse
Que Musset donne au vieux destin,
J'ai trop parcouru de chemin
Sans atteindre l'enchanteresse;
Toujours vers cet ancien désir

J’ai tendu comme l’hirondelle,
Mais sans le secours du zéphir
Qui la porte où son cœur l’appelle.
Adieu, fantôme souriant,
Vers qui la jeunesse s’élance,
La raison me crie en passant;
Le souvenir vaut l’espérance.

TRANSLATION.

When Hope, a fugitive, retreating
Elbows us, as away she flies,
Then swift returns, another greeting
To offer us with laughing eyes.
Man goeth when his heart is speaking,
The swallows through the zephyrs dart,
And man, who’s every fancy seeking,
Hath yet a more inconstant heart.
Enchantress, fugitive, coquetting!
Know’st thou then true, alone, thy way?
Hath then stern Fate, so old and gray,
So young a mistress never fretting?

REVERSED RHYMES.

To sing the mistress, never fretting,
Musset gives Fate, so old and gray,
Too long I’ve travelled on my way,
And ne’er attained her dear coquetting.
To find that longing of the heart,
I’ve been, like yonder swallow, seeking,
Yet could not through the zephyrs dart,
Nor reach the wish the heart is speaking.
Adieu then, shade, with laughing eyes,
Towards whom youth ever sends its greeting;
Better, cries Reason, as she flies,
Remembrance now, than Hope retreating.

Among the eccentricities of literature may be classed *Rhopalic verses*, which begin with a monosyllable and gradually increase the length of each successive word. The name was suggested by the shape of Hercules' club, ῥόπαλον. Sometimes they run from the butt to the handle of the club. Take as an example of each,—

Rem tibi confeci, doctissime, dulcisonoram.
Vectigalibus armamenta referre jubet Rex.

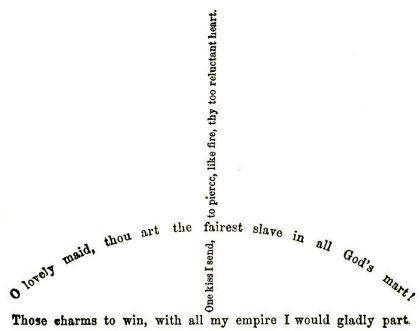
Emblematic Poetry.

A pair of scissors and a comb in verse.—BEN JONSON.

On their fair standards by the wind displayed,
Eggs, altars, wings, pipes, axes, were portrayed.—
Scribleriad.

The quaint conceit of making verses assume grotesque shapes and devices, expressive of the theme selected by the writer, appears to have been most fashionable during the seventeenth century. Writers tortured their brains in order to torture their verses into all sorts of fantastic forms, from a flowerpot to an obelisk, from a pin to a pyramid. Hearts and fans and knots were chosen for love-songs; wineglasses, bottles, and casks for Bacchanalian songs; pulpits, altars, and monuments for religious verses and epitaphs. Tom Nash, according to Disraeli, says of Gabriel Harvey, that "he had writ verses in all kinds: in form of a pair of gloves, a pair of spectacles, a pair of pot-hooks, &c." Puttenham, in his *Art of Poesie*, gives several odd specimens of poems in the form of lozenges, pillars, triangles, &c. Butler says of Benlowes, "the excellently learned," who was much renowned for his literary freaks, "As for temples and pyramids in

poetry, he has outdone all men that way; for he has made a *grid-iron* and a *frying-pan* in verse, that, besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise made by these utensils! When he was a captain, he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, the beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing, with a moral allusion to the sense of the thing: as the *bridle of moderation*, the *saddle of content*, and the *crupper of constancy*; so that the same thing was the epigram and emblem, even as a mule is both horse and ass." Mr. Alger tells us that the Oriental poets are fond of arranging their poems in the form of drums, swords, circles, crescents, trees, &c., and that the Alexandrian rhetoricians used to amuse themselves by writing their satires and invectives in the shape of an axe or a spear. He gives the following erotic triplet, composed by a Hindu poet, the first line representing a bow, the second its string, the third an arrow aimed at the heart of the object of his passion:—



THE WINE GLASS.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who
hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the
wine! They that go to
seek mixed wine. Look
not thou upon the
wine when it is red,
when it giveth its
color in the
CUP;
when it
moveth itself
aright.
At
the last
it biteth like a
serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

The following specimen of this affectation was written by George Wither, who lived from 1588 to 1677. It is called by Mr. Ellis a

RHOMBOIDAL DIRGE.

Farewell,
Sweet groves, to you!
You hills that highest dwell,
And all you humble vales, adieu!
You wanton brooks and solitary rocks,
My dear companions all, and you my tender
flocks!
Farewell, my pipe! and all those pleasing songs
whose moving strains
Delighted once the fairest nymphs that
dance upon the plains.
You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly
smart
Have without pity broke the truest heart,
Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,

And others joy,
Farewell!

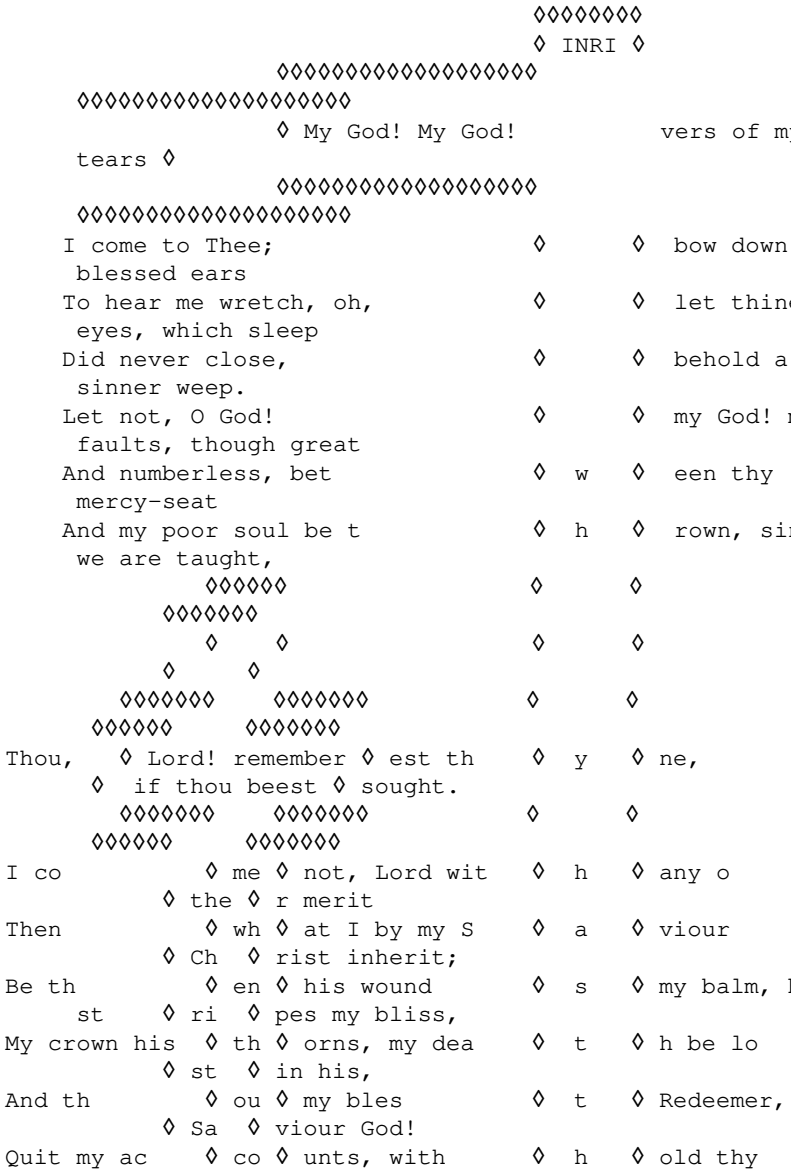
The Christian monks of the Middle Ages, who amused themselves similarly, preferred for their hymns the form of

THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth.
To them the Sacred Scriptures now display,
Christ as the only true and living way:
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven.
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's face.
For them He bore
His Father's frown,
For them He wore
The thorny crown;
Nailed to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That his life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part—
Nor dare refuse
The Lord your heart,
Lest He declare,—
"I know you not;"
And deep despair
Shall be your lot.
Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust on Him alone who there was crucified.

A CURIOUS PIECE OF ANTIQUITY, ON

THE CRUCIFIXION OF OUR SAVIOUR AND THE TWO THIEVES.



```
          ◊  v  ◊ engeful rod;
O beg for     ◊ me ◊ my h            ◊  o   ◊ pes on th
         ◊  e  ◊ are set,
Thou Chri     ◊ st ◊ forgi           ◊  v   ◊ e, as wel
     pay  ◊ th  ◊ e debt.
The liv       ◊ in ◊ g fount, the li ◊  f   ◊ e, the wa
          ◊  y  ◊ I know;
And but       ◊ to ◊ thee            ◊  o   ◊ whither
          ◊  s  ◊ hould I go?
All o         ◊ th ◊ er helps a      ◊  r   ◊ e vain, g
          ◊  e  ◊ thine to me;
For by th     ◊ y  ◊ cross my        ◊  s   ◊ aving hea
          ◊  l  ◊ th must be.
Oh hear       ◊ k  ◊ en then, wh     ◊  a   ◊ t I with
         ◊  f  ◊ aith implore,
Lest s        ◊ in ◊ and death sin   ◊  k   ◊ me forev
         ◊  e  ◊ r more.
Oh Lord! my   ◊ G  ◊ od! my way      ◊  e   ◊ s direct
         ◊  a  ◊ nd keep,
In            ◊ d  ◊ eath defe       ◊  n   ◊ d that fr
     thee I ◊  n  ◊ e'er slip;
And at the do ◊ om ◊ let             ◊  m   ◊ e be rais
         ◊  d  ◊ then,
To liv        ◊ e  ◊ with the        ◊  e.  ◊ Sweet Jes
          ◊ us  ◊ say, Amen!
             ◊◊◊◊◊◊                 ◊◊◊◊◊◊◊◊
           ◊◊◊◊◊◊◊
```

EXPLANATION.

The middle cross represents our Saviour; those on either side, the two thieves. On the top and down the middle cross are our Saviour's expression, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and on the top of the cross is the Latin inscription, "INRI"—Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum, *i.e.* Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. Upon the cross on the right-hand is the prayer of one of the thieves: —"Lord! remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." On the left-hand cross is the saying, or reproach, of the other:—"If thou beest the Christ,

save thyself and us." The whole, comprised together, makes a piece of excellent poetry, which is to be read across all the columns, and makes as many lines as there are letters in the alphabet. It is perhaps one of the most curious pieces of composition to be found on record.

INGENIOUS CYPHER

The following was written by Prof. Whewell at the request of a young lady:—

U 0 a 0 but I 0 U,
O 0 no 0 but O 0 me;
O let not my 0 a 0 go.
But give 0 0 I 0 U so.

Thus de-cyphered:

(You *sigh for* a *cypher*, but I *sigh for* you;
O *sigh for* no *cypher*, but O *sigh for* me:
O let not my *sigh for* a *cypher* go,
But give *sigh for sigh, for* I *sigh for* you so.)

TYPOGRAPHICAL.

We once saw a young man gazing at the *ry heavens, with a † in 1 ☞ and a □ of pistols in the other. We endeavored to attract his attention by .ing to a ¶ in a paper we held in our ☞, relating 2 a young man in that § of the country, who had left home in a state of mental derangement. He dropped the † and pistols from his ☞☜ with the !

"It is I of whom U read. I left home be4 my friends knew of my design. I had s0 the ☞ of a girl who

refused 2 lis10 2 me, but smiled b9nly on another. I ——ed madly from the house, uttering a wild ' 2 the god of love, and without replying 2 the ??? of my friends, came here with this † & □ of pistols, 2 put a . 2 my existence. My case has no || in this §."

OXFORD JOKE.

A gentleman entered the room of Dr. Barton, Warden of Merton College, and told him that Dr. Vowel was dead. "What!" said he, "Dr. Vowel dead! well, thank heaven it was neither U nor I."

In an old church in Westchester county, N. Y., the following consonants are written beside the altar, under the Ten Commandments. What vowel is to be placed between them, to make sense and rhyme of the couplet?

P. R. S. V. R. Y. P. R. F. C. T. M. N.
V. R. K. P. T. H. S. P. R. C. P. T. S. T. N.

ESSAY TO MISS CATHARINE JAY.

An S A now I mean 2 write
  2 U sweet K T J,
The girl without a ||,
  The belle of U T K.

I 1 der if U got that 1
  I wrote 2 U B 4
I sailed in the R K D A,
  And sent by L N Moore.

My M T head will scarce contain
  A calm I D A bright
But A T miles from U I must
  M□ this chance 2 write.

And 1st, should N E N V U,
  B E Z, mind it not,
Should N E friendship show, B true;
  They should not B forgot

From virt U nev R D V 8;
  Her influence B 9
A like induces 10 dern S,
  Or 40 tude D vine.

And if U cannot cut a ——
  Or cut an !
I hope U'll put a .
  2 1 ?.

R U for an X ation 2,
  My cous N?—heart and ☞
He off R's in a ¶
  A § 2 of land.

He says he loves U 2 X S,
  U R virtuous and Y's,
In X L N C U X L
  All others in his i's.

This S A, until U I C,
  I pray U 2 X Q's,
And do not burn in F E G
  My young and wayward muse.

Now fare U well, dear K T J,
  I trust that U R true—
When this U C, then you can say,
  An S A I O U.

Monosyllables.

"And ten low words oft creep in one dull line."

Some of our best writers have very properly taken exception to the above line in Pope's Essay on Criticism, and have shown, by reference to abundant examples, that many of the finest passages in our language are nearly, if not altogether, monosyllabic. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, if it be true that, as Dean Swift has remarked, the English language is "overstocked with monosyllables." It contains more than five hundred formed by the vowel *a* alone; four hundred and fifty by the vowel *e*; nearly four hundred by the vowel *i*; more than four hundred by the vowel *o*; and two hundred and sixty by the vowel *u*; besides a large number formed by diphthongs. Floy has written a lengthy and very ingenious article, entirely in monosyllables, in which he undertakes, as he says, to "prove that short words, in spite of the sneer in the text, need not creep, nor be dull, but that they give strength, and life, and fire to the verse of those who know how to use them."

Pope himself, however, has confuted his own words by his admirable writings more effectively than could be done by labored argument. Many of the best lines

in the Essay above referred to, as well as in the Essay on Man,—and there are few "dull" or "creeping" verses to be found in either,—are made up entirely of monosyllables, or contain but one word of greater length, or a contracted word pronounced as one syllable. The Universal Prayer—one of the most beautiful and elaborate pieces, both in sentiment and versification, ever produced in any language—contains three hundred and four words, of which there are two hundred and forty-nine monosyllables to fifty-five polysyllables, thus averaging but one of the latter to every line. A single stanza is appended as a specimen:—

If I am right, thy grace impart
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
  To find that better way!

Rogers, conversing on this subject, cited two lines from *Eloisa to Abelard*, which he declared could not possibly be improved:—

Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.

Among the illustrations employed by Floy, are numerous selections from the hymnology in common congregational use, such as the following:—

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.—WATTS.

Are there no foes for me to face?
  Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
  To help me on to God?—WATTS.

Save me from death; from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee:
My life, my only heav'n thou art,—
O might I feel thee in my heart!—C. WESLEY.

The same writer, to show Shakspeare's fondness for small words, and their frequent subservience to some of his most masterly efforts, enters upon a monosyllabic analysis of King Lear, quoting from it freely throughout. Those who read the play with reference to this point will be struck with the remarkable number of forcible passages made up of words of one syllable:—

Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry: I will preach to thee; mark me.
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good block?—*Act IV. Sc. 6.*

The following occurs in the play of King John, where the King is pausing in his wish to incite Hubert to murder Arthur:—

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say.—But let it go.—*Act III. Sc. 3.*

But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake
——Thou sun, said I, fair light,
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw how I came thus, how here?—
Tell me, how may I know Him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live?—*Paradise Lost, B. VIII.*

Herrick says, in his address to the daffodils:—

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or any thing.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Like to the rain,
Or as the pearls of dew.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do for me,
None of my books will show;
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,
For sure I then should grow
To fruit or shade: at least some bird might trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.—GEORGE HERBERT.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.—KEBLE.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
Save by its loss; to give it then a tongue
Were wise in man.—YOUNG.

Ah, yes! the hour is come
When thou must haste thee home,
Pure soul! to Him who calls.
The God who gave thee breath
Walks by the side of death,
And naught that step appalls.—LANDOR.

New light new love, new love new life hath bred;
A life that lives by love, and loves by light;
A love to Him to whom all loves are wed;
A light to whom the sun is darkest night:
Eye's light, heart's love, soul's only life, He is;
Life, soul, love, heart, light, eyes, and all are His;

He eye, light, heart, love, soul; He all my joy and bliss.—
FLETCHER'S *Purple Island*.

Bailey's *Festus*, that extraordinary poem the perusal of which makes the reader feel as if he had "eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner," abounds with examples:—

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths:
Though many, yet they help not; bright, they light not.
They are too late to serve us; and sad things
Are aye too true. We never see the stars
Till we can see naught but them. So with truth.
And yet if one would look down a deep well,
Even at noon, we might see those same stars——

Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood—
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths—
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—

HELEN (*sings*.) Oh! love is like the rose,
And a month it may not see,
Ere it withers where it grows—
Rosalie!

I loved thee from afar;
Oh! my heart was lift to thee
Like a glass up to a star—
Rosalie!

Thine eye was glassed in mine
As the moon is in the sea,
And its shine is on the brine—

Rosalie!

The rose hath lost its red,
And the star is in the sea,
And the briny tear is shed—
Rosalie!

FESTUS. What the stars are to the night, my love,
What its pearls are to the sea,
What the dew is to the day, my love,
Thy beauty is to me.

We may say that the sun is dead, and gone
Forever; and may swear he will rise no more;
The skies may put on mourning for their God,
And earth heap ashes on her head; but who
Shall keep the sun back when he thinks to rise?
Where is the chain shall bind him? Where the cell
Shall hold him? Hell he would burn down to embers,
And would lift up the world with a lever of light
Out of his way: yet, know ye, 'twere thrice less
To do thrice this, than keep the soul from God.

Many of the most expressive sentences in the Bible are monosyllabic. A few are subjoined, selected at random:—

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good.—*Gen. I.*

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead. —*Judges V.*

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me. O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave: thou hast kept me alive, that I should not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks. —*Psalm XXX.*

And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live?— *Ezek. XXXVII.*

Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.—*1 Thess. V.*

For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him.—*2 Tim. II.*

For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?—*Rev. VI.*

And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.—*Rev. XXI.*

THE POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
  Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.
To whom can this be true who once has heard
  The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want or woe or fear is in the throat,
  So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note,
  Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
  Which has more height than breadth, more depth than
    length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
  And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
  Light, but no heat—a flash, but not a blaze!

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts:
  It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,
  The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,
The roar of guns, the groans of men that die
  On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick-beds lie;
  For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For them that laugh and dance and clap the hand;
  To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time,
  And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,

With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.

DR. ALEXANDER, *Princeton Magazine*.

The Bible.

God's cabinet of revealed counsel 'tis,
Where weal and woe are ordered so
That every man may know which shall be his;
Unless his own mistake false application make.

It is the index to eternity.
He cannot miss of endless bliss,
That takes this chart to steer by,
Nor can he be mistook, that speaketh by this book.

It is the book of God. What if I should
Say, God of books, let him that looks
Angry at that expression, as too bold,
His thoughts in silence smother, till he find such another.

ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

One of the most remarkable results of modern research is the confirmation of the accuracy of the historical books of the Old Testament. The ruins of Babylon and Nineveh shed a light on those books which no skepticism can invalidate. What surprises us most is their marvellous accuracy in minute details, which are now substantiated by recent discoveries. The fact seems to be that when writing was laboriously performed on stone, men had an

almost superstitious conscientiousness in making their records true, and had not learned the modern indifference to truth which our facile modes of communicating thought have encouraged. A statement to be chiselled on rock must be correct; a statement which can be written in five minutes is likely to embody only first impressions, which may be amended in five minutes thereafter. Hence it comes to pass that we know more exactly many things which took place in the wars between Sennacherib and Hezekiah, than we know what is the precise truth with regard to some of the occurrences in the battle of Bunker's Hill. Sir Henry Rawlinson, speaking of his researches in Babylon, states that the name and situation of every town of note in ancient Assyria, mentioned in the Bible, can be substantiated by the ruins of that city. The visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon is perfectly verified. The prosecution of the researches will be regarded with great interest as corroborating the truth of Scripture.

An astonishing feature of the word of God is, notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the multitude of the topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error,—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered in the books preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients,—in their sacred codes, in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the Church,—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigations of the learned

world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the heavens. Peruse with care the Scriptures from one end to the other, to find such blemishes, and, whilst you apply yourselves to this examination, remember that it is a book which speaks of every thing, which describes nature, which recites its creation, which tells us of the water, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last. It recounts them in the circumstantial language of history, it extols them in the sublimest strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of Oriental rapture, elevation, variety, and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, whilst it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, in the deserts of Judea, in the court of the Temple of the Jews, in the music-schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar; and finally, in the centre of Western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun, the stars, and elements were endowed with intelligence, reacted on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual illuvium. It is a book whose first writer preceded, by more than nine hundred years, the most ancient philosophers of ancient

Greece and Asia,—the Thaleses, and the Pythagorases, the Zaleucuses, the Xenophons, and the Confuciuses. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epochs of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Well: search among its fifty authors, search among its sixty-six books, its eleven hundred and eighty-nine chapters, and its thirty-one thousand one hundred and seventy-three verses; search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and moderns have committed in speaking of the heavens or of the earth—of their revolutions, of their elements; search—but you will find none.

THE TESTIMONY OF LEARNED MEN.

SIR WILLIAM JONES' opinion of the Bible was written on the last leaf of one belonging to him, in these terms:—"I have regularly and attentively read these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more sublimity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed."

ROUSSEAU says, "This Divine Book, the only one which is indispensable to the Christian, need only be read with reflection to inspire love for its author, and the most ardent desire to obey its precepts. Never did virtue speak so sweet a language; never was the most profound wisdom expressed with so much energy and simplicity. No one can arise from its perusal

without feeling himself better than he was before."

WILBERFORCE, in his dying hour, said to a friend, "Read the Bible. Let no religious book take its place. Through all my perplexities and distresses, I never read any other book, and I never knew the want of any other. It has been my hourly study; and all my knowledge of the doctrines, and all my acquaintance with the experience and realities, of religion, have been derived from the Bible only. I think religious people do not read the Bible enough. Books about religion may be useful enough, but they will not do instead of the simple truth of the Bible."

LORD BOLINGBROKE declared that "the Gospel is, in all cases, one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, of benevolence, and of universal charity."

Similar testimony has been accorded in the strongest terms by LOCKE, NEWTON, BOYLE, SELDEN, SALMASIUS, SIR WALTER SCOTT, and numberless others.

DANIEL WEBSTER, having been commended for his eloquence on a memorable occasion, replied, "If any thing I have ever said or written deserves the feeblest encomiums of my fellow-countrymen, I have no hesitation in declaring that for their partiality I am indebted, solely indebted, to the daily and attentive perusal of the Holy Scriptures, the source of all true poetry and eloquence, as well as of all good and all comfort."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, in a letter to his son in 1811, says, "I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once every year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning, immediately after rising from my bed. It employs

about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In whatsoever light we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or to morality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

ADDISON says, in relation to the poetry of the Bible, "After perusing the Book of Psalms, let a judge of the beauties of poetry read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar, and he will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him sensible of the vast superiority of Scripture style."

LORD BYRON, in a letter to Mrs. Sheppard, said, in reference to the truth of Christianity, "Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason:—that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst, for them) out of nothing nothing can arise,—not even sorrow." The following lines of Walter Scott are said to have been copied in his Bible:—

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.—*Monastery*.

ENGLISH BIBLE TRANSLATIONS.

Our version of the Bible is to be loved and prized for this, as for a thousand other things,—that it has preserved a purity of meaning to many terms of natural objects. Without this holdfast, our vitiated imaginations would refine away language to mere abstractions. Hence the French have lost their poetical language; and Blanco White says the same thing has happened to the Spanish.—COLERIDGE.

Wickliffe's Bible.—This was the first translation made into the language. It was translated by John Wickliffe, about the year 1384, but never printed, though there are manuscript copies of it in several public libraries.

Tyndale's Bible.—The translation of William Tyndale, assisted by Miles Coverdale, was the first printed Bible in the English language. The New Testament was published in 1526. It was revised and republished in 1530. In 1532, Tyndale and his associates finished the whole Bible, except the Apocrypha, and printed it abroad.

Matthews' Bible.—While Tyndale was preparing a second edition of the Bible, he was taken up and burned for heresy in Flanders. On his death, Coverdale and John Rogers revised it, and added a translation of the Apocrypha. It was dedicated to Henry VIII., in 1537, and was printed at Hamburg, under the borrowed name of Thomas Matthews, whence it was called Matthews' Bible.

Cranmer's Bible.—This was the first Bible printed by authority in England, and publicly set up in the churches. It was Tyndale's version, revised by Coverdale, and examined by Cranmer, who added a preface to it, whence it was called Cranmer's Bible. It

was printed by Grafton, in large folio, in 1539. After being adopted, suppressed, and restored under successive reigns, a new edition was brought out in 1562.

The Geneva Bible.—In 1557, the whole Bible in quarto was printed at Geneva by Rowland Harte, some of the English refugees continuing in that city solely for that purpose. The translators were Bishop Coverdale, Anthony Gilby, William Whittingham, Christopher Woodman, Thomas Sampson, and Thomas Cole—to whom some add John Knox, John Bodleigh, and John Pullain, all zealous Calvinists, both in doctrine and discipline. But the chief and most learned of them were the first three. Of this translation there were about thirty editions, mostly printed by the King's and Queen's printers, from 1560 to 1616. In this version, the first distinction in verses was made. The following is a copy of the title-page of the edition of 1559, omitting two quotations from the Scriptures:—

THE BIBLE.
THAT IS. THE HO-
LY SCRIPTURES CONTEI-
NED IN THE OLDE AND NEWE
TESTAMENT.
Translated According
to the Ebrew and Greeke, and conferred with the
best translations in divers languages.
With most profitable Annotations vpon all the hard
places,
and other things of Great importance.
IMPRINTED AT LONDON
by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, Printer to the
Queenes most excellent Maiestie,
1599.
Cum priuilegio.

To some editions of the Geneva Bible, one of which is this of 1599, is subjoined Beza's translation of the new text into English by L. Tomson, who was under-secretary to Sir Francis Walsingham. But, though he pretends to translate from Beza, he has seldom varied a word from the Geneva translation. Dr. Geddes gives honorable testimony to the last Geneva version, as he does not hesitate to declare that he thinks it in general better than that of the King James translators. Our readers will hardly agree with him when they read some extracts from it appended in a succeeding paragraph.

The typographical appearance of this work is quite a curiosity. Like most of the old books, it is well printed, and is ornamented with the pen. The head and foot rules, as well as the division of the columns, are made with the pen in red ink. The title-page is quite profusely ornamented with red lines.

This translation of the Bible is known as "the breeches Bible," from the following rendering of Genesis iii. 7:—

> Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed fig tree leaves together, and made themselves *breeches*.

A peculiarity in this Bible is the substitution of the letter *v* for *u*, and, *vice versa*, *u* for *v*. The name of Eve is printed Heuah (Hevah); Cain is printed Kain; Abel, Habel; Enoch, Henock; Isaac, Ishak; Hebrew, Ebrew, &c. The translations of many of the passages differ materially from our received version. The following will serve as illustrations:—

> Thus he cast out man; and at the East side of the garden of Eden he set the cherubims, and the blade of a sword shaken, to keep the way of the tree of life.—Genesis iii. 24.

Then it repented the Lorde that he had made man in the earth, and he was sorie in his heart.—Gen. vi. 6.

Make thee an Arkee of pine trees; thou shalt make cabins in the Arkee, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. Thou shalt make it with the lower, second and third roome.—Gen. vi. 14, 10.

And he said, Hagar, Sarais maide, whence comest thou? & whether wilt thou go? and she said, I flee from my dame Sarai.—Gen. xvi. 8.

When Abram was ninetie years old & nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am God all sufficient, walke before me, and be thou upright.—Gen. xvii. 1.

Then Abraham rose vp from the sight of his corps, and talked with the Hittites, saying, I am a stranger and a forreiner among you, &c.—Gen. xxiii. 3, 4.

Then Abraham yielded the spirit and died in a good age, an olde man, and of great yeeres, and was gathered to his people.—Gen. xxv. 8.

As many were astonied at thee (his visage was so deformed of men, and his forme of the sonnes of men) so shall hee spunckle many nations.—Isa. lii. 14. This chapter has but fourteen verses in it.

Can the blacke Moore change his skinne? or the leopard his spots?—Jer. xiii. 23.

And after those days we trussed up our fardles, and went up to Jerusalem.—Acts xxi. 15.

But Jesus sayde vnto her, Let the children first bee fed; for it is not good to take the childrens bread, and to cast it unto whelps. Then shee answered, and said unto him, Truthe, Lorde; yet in deede the whelps eate under the table of the childrens crummes.—Mark vii. 27, 28.

And she broght forth her fyrst begotten sonne, and wrapped him in swadlyng clothes, and layd him in a cretche, bccause there was no rowme for them with in the ynne.—Luke ii. 7.

The Bishops' Bible.—Archbishop Parker engaged bishops and other learned men to bring out a new translation. They did so in 1568, in large folio. It made what was afterwards called the great English Bible, and commonly the Bishops' Bible. In 1589 it was published in octavo, in small, but fine black letter. In it the chapters were divided into verses, but without any breaks for them.

Matthew Parker's Bible.—The Bishops' Bible underwent some corrections, and was printed in large folio in 1572, and called Matthew Parker's Bible. The version was used in the churches for forty years.

The Douay Bible.—The New Testament was brought out by the Roman Catholics in 1582, and called the Rhemish New Testament. It was condemned by the Queen of England, and copies were seized by her authority and destroyed. In 1609 and 1610, the Old Testament was added, and the whole published at Douay, hence called the Douay Bible.

King James's Bible.—The version now in use was brought out by King James's authority in 1611. Fifty-four learned men were employed to accomplish the work of revising it. From death or other cause, seven of them failed to enter upon it. The remaining forty-seven were ranged under six divisions, and had different portions of the Bible assigned to those divisions. They commenced their task in 1607. After some three or four years of diligent labor, the whole was completed. This version was generally adopted, and the other translations fell into disuse. It has continued in use until the present time.

DISSECTION OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

Books in the Old Testament	39	In the New	27	Total	6(
Chapters	929	In the New	260	Total	1,18
Verses	23,214	In the New	7,959	Total	31,17
Words	592,439	In the New	181,253	Total	773,69
Letters	2,728,100	In the New	838,380	Total	3,566,48(

APOCRYPHA.

Chapters	183	Verses	6,081	Words	152,18

The middle chapter and the least in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse is the eighth of Psalm cxviii.

The middle line is in 2d Chronicles, 4th chapter, 16th verse.

The word *and* occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times.

The same in the New Testament, 10,684.

The word *Jehovah* occurs 6,855 times.

OLD TESTAMENT.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job xxix.

The middle verse is in 2d Chronicles, 20th chapter, between the 17th and 18th verses.

The least verse is in 1st Chronicles, 1st chapter, and 25th verse.

NEW TESTAMENT.

The middle book is the 2d epistle to Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of Romans.

The middle verse is the 17th chapter of Acts, and 17th verse.

The least verse is the 11th chapter of John, verse 35.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, and the 37th of Isaiah, are alike.

N.B.—Three years are said to have been spent in this curious but idle calculation.

DISTINCTIONS IN THE GOSPELS.

1. In regard to their external features and characteristics:

The point of view of the first gospel is mainly Israelitic; of the second, Gentile; of the third, universal; of the fourth, Christian.

The general aspect, and so to speak, physiognomy of the first, mainly, is oriental; of the second, Roman; of the third, Greek; of the fourth, spiritual.

The style of the first is stately and rhythmical; of the second, terse and precise; of the third, calm and copious; of the fourth, artless and colloquial.

The striking characteristic of the first is symmetry; of the second compression; of the third, order; of the fourth, system.

The thought and language of the first are both Hebraistic; of the third, both Hellenistic; while in the second, thought is often accidental though the language is Hebraistic; and in the fourth, the language is Hellenistic, but the thought Hebraistic.

2. In respect to their subject-matter and contents:

In the first gospel, narrative; in the second, memoirs; in the third, history; in the fourth, dramatic portraiture.

In the first we often have the record of events in their accomplishment; in the second, events in detail; in the third, events in their connection; in the fourth, events in relation to the teaching springing from them.

Thus in the first we often meet with the notice of impressions; in the second, of facts; in the third, of motives; in the fourth, of words spoken.

And, lastly, the record of the first is mainly collective, and often antithetical; of the second, graphic and circumstantial; of the third, didactic and reflective; of the fourth, selective and supplemental.

3. In respect to their portraiture of our Lord:

The first presents him to us mainly as the Messiah;

the second, mainly as the God-man; the third, as the Redeemer; the fourth, as the only begotten Son of God.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE NOW LOST OR UNKNOWN.

1. The Prophecy of Enoch. See Epistle to Jude, 14.

2. The Book of the Wars of the Lord. See Numb. xxi. 14.

3. The Prophetical Gospel of Eve, which relates to the Amours of the Sons of God with the Daughters of Men. See Origen cont. Celsum, Tertul. &c.

4. The Book of Jasher. See Joshua x. 13; and 2 Samuel i. 18.

5. The Book of Iddo the Seer. See 2 Chronicles ix. 29, and xii. 15.

6. The Book of Nathan the Prophet. See as above.

7. The Prophecies of Ahijah, the Shilonite. See as above.

8. The acts of Rehoboam, in Book of Shemaiah. See 2 Chronicles xii. 15.

9. The Book of Jehu the Son of Hanani. See 2 Chronicles xx. 34.

10. The Five Books of Solomon, treating on the nature of trees, beasts, fowl, serpents, and fishes. See 1 Kings iv. 33.

11. The 151st Psalm.

THE WORD "SELAH."

The translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word Selah, which occurs so often in the Psalms, as they found it, and of course the English reader often asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means. And the minister or learned friend has most often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums, and most of the Jewish commentators, give to the word the meaning of *eternally forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have considered it a musical or rhythmical note. Herder inclines to the opinion that it indicates a change of tone, which is expressed either by increase of force, or by a transition into another time and mode. Matheson thinks it is a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence*. Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*,—up, my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah." They are calls for aid, and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, Hear, Jehovah! or Awake, Jehovah, and the like, still, earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear, &c. The word itself he considers indicative of a blast of trumpets by the priests, Selah being an abridged expression for Higgaion Selah,—Higgaion indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.

HEXAMETERS IN THE BIBLE.

In the Psalms.

Gōd cāme | ūp wĭth ă | shōut: ōur | Lōrd wĭth thĕ | sōund ŏf ă | trūmpēt.‖
Thēre ĭs ă | rīvĕr thĕ | flōwĭng whĕre- | ōf shāll | glādděn thĕ | cītў.‖
Hăllĕ- | lūjăh thĕ | cītў ŏf | Gōd! Jē- | hōvăh hăth | blēst hēr.‖

In the New Testament.

Art thŏu hĕ | thāt shōuld | cōme, ōr | dō wē | loōk fŏr ă- | nōthēr?‖
Hūsbānds, | lōve yoūr | wīves, ānd | bē nōt | bīttĕr ă- | gāinst thēm.‖
Blēss'd ăre thĕ | pōor īn | spīrĭt, fŏr | thēirs ĭs thĕ | kĭngdŏm ŏf | hēavēn.‖

Mr. Coleridge, whose enthusiastic and reverential admiration of the rhetorical beauty and poetic grandeur with which the Bible abounds,—all the more beautiful and the more sublime because casual and unsought by the sacred writers,—took great delight in pointing out the *hexametrical rhythm* of numerous passages, particularly in the book of Isaiah:—

Hear, O heavens, and give ear, | O earth: for the Lord hath spoken.
I have nourished and brought up children, | and they have rebelled against me.
The ox knoweth his owner, | and the ass his master's crib:
But Israel doth not know, | my people doth not consider.

Winer points out the following hexameters in the

original Greek version of the New Testament:—

Κρῆτες ἀ | εὶ ψεῦ | σται, κακά | θηρία | γαστέρες | ἀργαί.
—Titus i. 12.

Πᾶσα δό | σις ἀγα | θὴ καὶ | πᾶν δώ | ρημα τέ | λειον,—
James i. 17.

Καὶ τροχι | ὰς ὀρ | θὰς ποι | ήσατε | τοῖς ποσὶν | ὑμῶν,—
Heb. xii 13.

PARALLELISM OF THE HEBREW POETRY.

The prominent characteristic of the Hebrew poetry is what Bishop Lowth entitles *Parallelism*, that is, a certain equality, resemblance, or relationship, between the members of each period; so that in two lines, or members of the same period, things shall answer to things, and words to words, as if fitted to each other by a kind of rule or measure. The Psalms, Proverbs, Solomon's Song, Job, and all the Prophets, except Daniel and Jonah, abound with instances.

It is in a great measure owing to this form of composition that our admirable authorized version, though executed in prose, retains so much of a poetical cast; for, being strictly word for word after the original, the form and order of the original sentences are preserved; which, by this artificial structure, this regular alternation and correspondence of parts, makes the ear sensible of a departure from the common style and tone of prose.

The different kinds of parallels are illustrated in the following examples:—

***Parallels Antithetic.*—Prov. x. 1, 7.**

A wise son maketh a glad father;
But a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.
The memory of the just is blessed;
But the name of the wicked shall rot.

Parallels Synthetic.—Prov. vi. 16–19.

These six things doth the Lord hate;
Yea, seven are an abomination unto him:
A proud look, a lying tongue,
And hands that shed innocent blood,
A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations,
Feet that be swift in running to mischief,
A false witness that speaketh lies,
And he that soweth discord among brethren.

Constructive.—Psalm xix. 7–9.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple;
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes;
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever;
The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

Parallels Synonymous.—Psalm xx. 1–4.

The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble;
The name of the God of Jacob defend thee;
Send thee help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen thee out of Zion;
Remember all thine offerings,
And accept thy burnt sacrifice;
Grant thee according to thine own heart,

And fulfil all thy counsel.

Gradational.—Psalm i. 1.

Blessed is the man
That walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Parallels Introverted.—Prov. xxiii. 15, 16.

My son, if thy heart be wise,
My heart shall rejoice, even mine;
Yea, my reins shall rejoice
When thy lips speak right things.

It may be objected to Hebrew poetry, says Gilfillan, that it has no regular rhythm except a rude parallelism. What then? Must it be, therefore, altogether destitute of music? Has not the rain a rhythm of its own, as it patters on the pane, or sinks on the bosom of its kindred pool? Has not the wind a harmony, as it bows the groaning woods, or howls over the mansions of the dead? Have not the waves of ocean their wild bass? Has not the thunder its own deep and dreadful organ-pipe? Do they speak in rhyme? Do they murmur in blank verse? Who taught them to begin in Iambics, or to close in Alexandrines? And shall not God's own speech have a peculiar note, no more barbarous than is the voice of the old woods or the older cataracts?

Besides, to call parallelism a coarse or uncouth rhythm, betrays an ignorance of its nature. Without entering at large on the subject of Hebrew versification, we may ask any one who has paid even

a slight attention to the subject, if the effect of parallels such as the foregoing examples, perpetually intermingled as they are, be not to enliven the composition, often to give distinctness and precision to the train of thought, to impress the sentiments upon the memory, and to give out a harmony which, if inferior to rhyme in the compression produced by the difficulty (surmounted) of uniting varied sense with recurring sound, and in the pleasure of surprise; and to blank verse, in freedom, in the effects produced by the variety of pause, and in the force of long and linked passages, as well as of insulated lines, is less slavish than the one, and less arbitrary than the other? Unlike rhyme, its point is more that of thought than of language; unlike blank verse, it never can, however managed, degenerate into heavy prose. Such is parallelism, which generally forms the differential quality of the poetry of Scripture, although there are many passages in it destitute of this aid, and which yet, in the spirit they breathe, and the metaphors by which they are garnished, are genuine and high poetry. And there can be little question that in the parallelism of the Hebrew tongue we can trace many of the peculiarities of modern writing, and in it find the fountain of the rhythm, the pomp and antithesis, which lend often such grace, and always such energy, to the style of Johnson, of Junius, of Burke, of Hall, of Chalmers,—indeed, of most writers who rise to the grand swells of prose-poetry.

SIMILARITY OF SOUND.

There is a remarkable similarity of sound in a passage in the Second Book of Kings, ch. iii. v. 4, to

the metrical rhythm of Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*: —

A hundred thousand lambs,
And a hundred thousand rams,
With the wool.

By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

PARALLEL PASSAGES BETWEEN SHAKSPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

An English minister, Rev. T. R. Eaton, has written a work entitled *Shakspeare and the Bible*, for the purpose of showing how much Shakspeare was indebted to the Bible for many of his illustrations, rhythms, and even modes of feeling. The author affirms that, in storing his mind, the immortal bard went first to the word, and then to the works, of God. In shaping the truths derived from these sources, he obeyed the instinct implanted by Him who had formed him Shakspeare. Hence his power of inspiring us with sublime affection for that which is properly good, and of chilling us with horror by his fearful delineations of evil. Shakspeare perpetually reminds us of the Bible, not by direct quotations, indirect allusion, borrowed idioms, or palpable imitation of phrase or style, but by an elevation of thought and simplicity of diction which are not to be found elsewhere. A passage, for instance, rises in our thoughts, unaccompanied by a clear recollection of its origin. Our first impression is that it must belong either to the Bible or Shakspeare. No other author

excites the same feeling in an equal degree. In Shakspeare's plays religion is a vital and active principle, sustaining the good, tormenting the wicked, and influencing the hearts and lives of all.

Although the writer carries his leading idea too far, by straining passages to multiply the instances in which Shakspeare has imitated scriptural sentences in thought and construction, and by leading his readers to infer that it was from the Bible Shakspeare drew not only his best thoughts, but in fact his whole power of inspiring us with affection for good and horror for evil, it is certainly true that some hundreds of Biblical allusions, however brief and simple, show Shakspeare's conversance with the Bible, his fondness for it, and the almost unconscious recurrence of it in his mind. The following examples of his parallelisms will be found interesting:—

Othello.—Rude am I in my speech.—i. 3.

But though I be rude in speech.—2 Cor. xi. 6.

Witches.—Show his eyes and grieve his heart.—*Macbeth*, iv. 1.

Consume thine eyes and grieve thine heart.—1 Sam. ii. 33.

Macbeth.—Lighted fools the way to dusty death.—v. 5.

Thou hast brought me into the dust of death.—Ps. xxii. 15.

Dusty death alludes to the sentence pronounced against Adam:—

Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.—Gen. iii. 19.

Macbeth.—Life's but a walking shadow.—v. 5.

Man walketh in a vain show.—Ps. xxxix. 6.

Prince of Morocco.—Mislike me not for my complexion,

The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun.—*Merch. Ven.* ii. 1.

Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me.—Sol. Song, i. 6.

Othello.—I took by the throat, the circumcised dog, and smote him.—v. 2.

I smote him, I caught him by his beard and smote him, and slew him.—1 Sam. xvii. 35.

Macbeth.—Let this pernicious hour stand aye accursed in the calendar.—iv. 1.

Opened Job his mouth and cursed his day; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.—Job iii. 1, 6.

Hamlet.—What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!—ii. 2.

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands.—Ps. viii. 4, 5, 6.

Macbeth.—We will die with harness on our back.—v. 5.

Nicanor lay dead in his harness.—2 Maccabees xv. 28.

Banquo.—Woe to the land that's governed by a child.

Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child.—Eccles. x. 16.

Banquo.—In the great hand of God I stand.—*Macbeth*, ii. 3.

Thy right hand hath holden me up.—Ps. xviii. 35.

Man the image of his Maker.—*Henry VIII.*, iii. 2.—*Gen. I.* 27.

Blessed are the peacemakers.—*2 Henry VI.*, ii. 1.—*Matt.*

V. 29.

And when he falls he falls like Lucifer.—*Henry VIII.*, iii. 2.

How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!—Isaiah xiv. 12.

No, Bolingbroke, if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life.—*Richard II.*, i. 3.

Whose names were not written in the book of life.—Rev. xx., xxi.

Swear by thy gracious self.—*Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 2.

He could swear by no greater, he sware by himself.—Heb. vi. 13.

My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.—*2 Henry VI.*, ii. 3.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Ps. cxix. 105.

Who can call him his friend that dips in the same dish?—*Timon of Athens*, iii. 2.

He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.—Matt. xxvi. 23.

You shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.—*Timon of Athens*, v. 1.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree.—Ps. xcii. 12.

It is written, they appear to men like angels of light.—*Com. of Errors*, iv. 3

Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.—2 Cor. xi. 14.

And lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—*King John*, iv. 3.

Thorns and snares are in the way of the froward.—Prov. xxii. 5.

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.—*Henry VIII.*, v. 2.

He that rolleth a stone, it will return upon him.—Prov. xxvi. 27.

The speech of Ulysses, in "Troilus and Cressida," i. 3, is almost a paraphrase of St. Luke xxi. 25, 26:—

But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! What mutiny!
What raging of the sea! Shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture.

And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.

Hermia and *Lear* both use an expression derived from the same source:—

Hermia.—An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.—*Mid. N. Dream*, iii. 2.

Lear.—Struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—ii. 4.

They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders' poison is under their lips.—Ps. cxl. 3.

Lear.—All the stored vengeances of heaven fall on her ingrateful top.—ii. 4.

As for the head of those that compass me about, let the mischief of their own lips cover them.—Ps. cxl. 9.

Fool to King Lear.—We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring in the winter.—ii. 4.

The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer.—Prov. xxx. 25. See also Prov. vi. 6.

WHO IS THE TRUE GENTLEMAN?

The answer to this question will afford one of numberless instances that can be adduced to show the superiority of inspired composition. Compare Bishop Doane's admired definition with that of the Psalmist:—

A gentleman is but a *gentle* man—no more, no less; a diamond polished that was a diamond in the rough: a gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; a gentleman is generous; a gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it; a gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it; a gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right; a gentleman subjects his appetites; a gentleman refines his tastes; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman controls his speech; and finally, a gentleman deems every other better than himself.

In the paraphrase of Psalm xv. it is thus answered:—

'Tis he whose every thought and deed
  By rules of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
  The thing his heart disproves.
Who never did a slander forge,
  His neighbor's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report,
  By malice whispered round.
Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
  Can treat with just neglect,
And piety, though clothed in rags,

Religiously respect.
Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

MISQUOTATIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."[7] From Sterno's *Sentimental Journey to Italy*. Compare Isaiah xxvii. 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the Burial Service; and this, originally, from a hymn of Luther.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"That the Spirit would go from heart to heart as oil from vessel to vessel." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The scriptural form is, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."—Prov. xii. 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads, "Shall a nation be born at once?"—lxvi. 8.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Prov. xxvii. 17.

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth."—Hab. ii. 2.

"Owe no man any thing but love." "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another."—Rom. xiii. 8.

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." "Born unto

trouble, as the sparks fly upward."—Job v. 7.

"Exalted to heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

Eve was not Adam's *helpmate*, but merely a help meet for him; nor was Absalom's long hair, of which he was so proud, the instrument of his destruction;[8] his head, and not the hair upon it, having been caught in the boughs of the tree. (2 Samuel xviii. 9.)

"Money is the root of evil." Paul said, I. Timothy, vi. 10, "The love of money is the root of all evil."

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," Gen. iii. 19. Commonly quoted "brow."

"Cleanliness akin to godliness." Not in the Bible.

Our Lord's hearing the doctors in the Temple, and asking them questions, is frequently called his disputing with the doctors.

A SCRIPTURAL BULL.

In the book of Isaiah, chapter xxxvii. verse 36, is the following confusion of ideas:—

Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand: and *when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses*.

WIT AND HUMOR IN THE BIBLE.

"Shocking!" many a good old saint will cry, at the very thought of it. "The Bible a jest-book! What godless folly shall we have up next?" No, the Bible is not a jest-book. But there is wit in it of the first quality; and a good reason why it should be there. Take a few specimens.

Job, in his thirtieth chapter, is telling how he scorned the low-lived fellows, who pretend to look down on him in his adversities. They are fools. They belong to the long-eared fraternity. Anybody, with less wit, might come out bluntly and call them asses. But Job puts it more deftly (xxx. 7): "Among the bushes they *brayed*; under the *nettles* they were gathered together." If that is not wit, there is no such thing as wit. And yet the commentators don't see it, or won't see it. They are perfectly wooden when they come to any such gleam of humor.

Take another instance—Elijah's ridicule of the prophets of Baal. They are clamoring to their god, to help them out of a very awkward predicament. And, while they are at it, the prophet shows them up in a way that must have made the people roar with laughter. The stiff, antiquated style of our English Bible tames down his sallies. Take them in modern phrase. These quack prophets have worked themselves into a perfect desperation, and are capering about on the altar as if they had the St. Vitus's dance. The scene (I. Kings xviii. 26, 27) wakes up all Elijah's sense of the ridiculous. "Shout louder! He is a god, you know. Make him hear! Perhaps he is chatting with somebody, or he is off on a hunt, or gone traveling. Or maybe he is taking a nap. Shout away! Wake him up!" Imagine the priests going through their antics on the altar, while Elijah bombards them in this style, at his leisure.

Paul shows a dry humor more than once, as in II. Cor. xii. 13: "Why haven't you fared as well as the other churches? Ah! there is one grievance—that you haven't had *me to support*. Pray do not lay it up against me!"

These instances might be multiplied from the Old

and New Testaments both. What do they show? That the Bible is, on the whole, a humorous book? Far from it. That religion is a humorous subject—that we are to throw all the wit we can into the treatment of it? No. But they show that the sense of the ludicrous is put into a man by his Maker; that it has its uses, and that we are not to be ashamed of it, or to roll up our eyes in a holy horror of it.

THE OLD AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The name Old Testament was applied to the books of Moses by St. Paul (II. Cor. iii. 14), inasmuch as the former covenant comprised the whole scheme of the Mosaic revelation, and the history of this is contained in them. The phrase "book of the covenant," taken from Exod. xxiv. 7, was transferred in the course of time by metonymy to signify the writings themselves. The term New Testament has been in common use since the third century, and was employed by Eusebius in the sense in which it is now applied.

A SCRIPTURAL SUM.

Add to your faith, virtue;
And to virtue, knowledge;
And to knowledge, temperance:
And to temperance, patience;
And to patience, godliness;
And to godliness, brotherly kindness;
And to brotherly kindness, charity.

The Answer:—For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor

unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.—2 Peter i. 5, 8.

BIBLIOMANCY.

Bibliomancy, or divination by the Bible, had become so common in the fifth century, that several councils were obliged expressly to forbid it, as injurious to religion, and savoring of idolatry.

This kind of divination was named *Sortes Sanctorum*, or *Sortes Sacræ*, Lots of the Saints, or Sacred Lots, and consisted in suddenly opening, or dipping into, the Bible, and regarding the passage that first presented itself to the eye as predicting the future lot of the inquirer. The *Sortes Sanctorum* had succeeded the *Sortes Homericæ* and *Sortes Virgilianæ* of the Pagans; among whom it was customary to take the work of some famous poet, as Homer or Virgil, and write out different verses on separate scrolls, and afterwards draw one of them, or else, opening the book suddenly, consider the first verse that presented itself as a prognostication of future events. Even the vagrant fortune-tellers, like some of the gypsies of our own times, adopted this method of imposing upon the credulity of the ignorant. The nations of the East retain the practice to the present day. The famous usurper, Nadir Shah, twice decided upon besieging cities, by opening at random upon verses of the celebrated poet Hafiz.

This abuse, which was first introduced into the church about the third century, by the superstition of the people, afterwards gained ground through the ignorance of some of the clergy, who permitted prayers to be read in the churches for this very

purpose. It was therefore found necessary to ordain in the Council of Vannes, held A.D. 465, “That whoever of the clergy or laity should be detected in the practice of this art should be cast out of the communion of the church.” In 506, the Council of Agde renewed the decree; and in 578, the Council of Auxerre, amongst other kinds of divination, forbade the Lots of the Saints, as they were called, adding, “Let all things be done in the name of the Lord;” but these ordinances did not effectually suppress them, for we find them again noticed and condemned in a capitulary or edict of Charlemagne, in 793. Indeed, all endeavors to banish them from the Christian church appear to have been in vain for ages.

The Name of God.

Tell them I AM, JEHOVAH said
To Moses, while earth heard in dread;
  And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
  Replied, O LORD! THOU ART!
Christopher Smart, an English Lunatic.

It is singular that the *name of God* should be spelled with *four letters* in almost every known language. It is in Latin, Deus; Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Egyptian, Aumn, or Zeut; East Indian, Esgi, or Zenl; Japanese, Zain; Turkish, Addi; Scandinavian, Odin; Wallachian, Zenc; Croatian, Doga; Dalmatian, Rogt; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Etrurian, Chur; Margarian, Oese; Swedish, Codd; Irish, Dich; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; Peruvian, Lian.

The name *God* in the Anglo-Saxon language means *good*, and this signification affords singular testimony of the Anglo-Saxon conception of the essence of the Divine Being. He is goodness itself, and the Author of all goodness. Yet the idea of denoting the Deity by a term equivalent to abstract and absolute perfection, striking as it may appear, is perhaps less remarkable

than the fact that the word *Man*, used to designate a human being, formerly signified *wickedness*; showing how well aware were its originators that our fallen nature had become identified with sin.

JEHOVAH.

The word *Elohim*, as an appellation of Deity, appears to have been in use before the Hebrews had attained a national existence. That *Jehovah* is specifically the God of the Hebrews is clear, from the fact that the heathen deities never receive this name; they are always spoken of as *Elohim*. Both the pronunciation and the etymological derivation of the word *Jehovah* are matters of critical controversy. The Jews of later periods from religious awe abstained from pronouncing it, and whenever it occurred in reading, substituted the word *Adonai* (my Lord); and it is now generally believed that the sublinear vowel signs attached to the Hebrew tetragrammaton *Jhvh* belong to the substituted word. Many believe Jahveh to be the original pronunciation. The Hebrew root of the word is believed to be the verb *havah* or *hayah*, to be; hence its meaning throughout the Scriptures, "the Being," or "the Everlasting."

GOD IN SHAKSPEARE.

Michelet (*Jeanne d'Arc*,) speaking of English literature, says that it is "*Sceptique, judaique, satanique*." In a note he says, "I do not recollect to have seen the word GOD in Shakspeare. If it is there at all, it is there very rarely, by chance, and without a shadow of religious sentiment." Mrs. Cowden

Clarke, by means of her admirable *Concordance to Shakspeare*, enables us to weigh the truth of this eminent French writer's remark. The word GOD occurs in Shakspeare upwards of *one thousand times*, and the word heaven, which is so frequently substituted for the word GOD—more especially in the historical plays—occurs about *eight hundred times*. In the Holy Scriptures, according to Cruden, it occurs about eight hundred times. It is true that the word often occurs in Shakspeare without a reverential sentiment; but M. Michelet says it never occurs with a religious feeling (*un sentiment religieux*.) This statement is almost as erroneous as that regarding the absence of the word. It would be easy for an English scholar to produce from Shakspeare more passages indicative of deep religious feeling than are to be found in any French writer whatever.

THE PARSEE, JEW, AND CHRISTIAN.

A Jew entered a Parsee temple, and beheld the sacred fire. "What!" said he to the priest, "do you worship the fire?"

"Not the fire," answered the priest: "it is to us an emblem of the sun, and of his genial heat."

"Do you then worship the sun as your god?" asked the Jew. "Know ye not that this luminary also is but a work of that Almighty Creator?"

"We know it," replied the priest: "but the uncultivated man requires a sensible sign, in order to form a conception of the Most High. And is not the sun the incomprehensible source of light, an image of that invisible being who blesses and preserves all things?"

"Do your people, then," rejoined the Israelite, "distinguish the type from the original? They call the sun their god, and, descending even from this to a baser object, they kneel before an earthly flame! Ye amuse the outward but blind the inward eye; and while ye hold to them the earthly, ye draw from them the heavenly light! 'Thou shalt not make unto thyself any image or any likeness.'"

"How do you name the Supreme Being?" asked the Parsee.

"We call him Jehovah Adonai, that is, the Lord who is, who was, and who will be," answered the Jew.

"Your appellation is grand and sublime," said the Parsee; "but it is awful too."

A Christian then drew nigh, and said,—

"We call him FATHER."

The Pagan and the Jew looked at each other, and said,—

"Here is at once an image and a reality: it is a word of the heart."

Therefore they all raised their eyes to heaven, and said, with reverence and love, "OUR FATHER!" and they took each by the hand, and all three called one another *brothers*!



De Nomine Jesu.

I	n rebus tantis trina conjunctio mund	**I**
E	rigit humanum sensum, laudare venust	**E**
S	ola salus nobis, et mundi summa, potesta	**S**
V	enit peccati nodum dissolvere fruct	**V**
S	umma salus cunctas nituit per secula terra	**S.** [9]

The letters I. H. S. so conspicuously appended to different portions of Catholic churches, are said to have been designed by St. Bernardine of Sienna, to denote the name and mission of the Saviour. They are to be found in a circle above the principal door of the Franciscan Church of the Holy Cross, (*Santa Croce,*) in Florence, and are said to have been put there by the saint on the termination of the plague of 1347, after which they were commonly introduced into churches. The letters have assigned to them the following signification:—

Jesus hominum Salvator—Jesus, the Saviour of men.
In hoc salus—In him is salvation.

A maker of playing-cards, which, like missels, were

illuminated in those times, was one day remonstrated with by St. Bernardine, upon the sinfulness of his business. The card-maker pleaded the needs of his family. “Well, I will help you,” said the saint, and wrote the letters I. H. S., which he advised the card-maker to paint and gild. The new card “took,” and the saint himself travelled about the country as a poster of these little sacred handbills of the Church.

THE FLOWER OF JESSE.

1520.

There is a flower sprung of a tree,
The root of it is called Jesse,
A flower of price,—
There is none such in Paradise.

Of Lily white and Rose of Ryse,
Of Primrose and of Flower-de-Lyse,
Of all flowers in my devyce,
The flower of Jesse beareth the prize,
For most of all
To help our souls both great and small.

I praise the flower of good Jesse,
Of all the flowers that ever shall be,
Uphold the flower of good Jesse,
And worship it for aye beautee;
For best of all
That ever was or ever be shall.

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

One day Rabbi Judah and his brethren, the seven

pillars of Wisdom, sat in the Court of the Temple, on feast-day, disputing about REST. One said that it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second, that it was fame and praise of all men. The third, that it was the possession of power to rule the State. The fourth, that it consisted only in a happy home. The fifth, that it must be in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said that all that were vain, unless a man keep all the ritual law of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brothers, said, "Ye have spoken wisely; but one thing more is necessary. He only can find rest, who to all things addeth this, that he keepeth the tradition of the elders."

There sat in the Court a fair-haired boy, playing with some lilies in his lap, and, hearing the talk, he dropped them with astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said, "Nay, nay, fathers: he only findeth rest, who loveth his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, and wealth, and power, happier than a happy home, happy without it, better than honored age; he is a law to himself, and above all tradition." The doctors were astonished. They said, "When Christ cometh, shall He tell us greater things?" And they thanked God, for they said, "The old men are not always wise, yet God be praised, that out of the mouth of this young suckling has His praise become perfect."

PERSIAN APOLOGUE.

In Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar may be found the following beautiful story from NISAMI. Mr.

Alger gives a metrical translation in his *Poetry of the East.*

One evening Jesus arrived at the gates of a certain city, and sent his disciples forward to prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place.

And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together, looking at an object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog, with a halter around his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man.

And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence.

"Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose: "it pollutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his torn hide," said a third: "one could not even cut a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth, "all draggled and bleeding." "No doubt," said a fifth, "he has been hanged for thieving."

And Jesus heard them, and looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said, "Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth!"

Then the people turned towards him with amazement, and said among themselves, "Who is this? It must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only HE could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog." And being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him and went each on his way.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PERSON OF JESUS

CHRIST.

The following description is alleged to be derived from an ancient manuscript sent by Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, to the Senate of Rome:—

"There lives at this time in Judea, a man of singular character, whose name is Jesus Christ. The barbarians esteem him as their prophet; but his followers adore him as the immediate offspring of the immortal God. He is endowed with such unparalleled virtue as to call back the dead from their graves and to heal every kind of disease with a word or a touch. His person is tall and elegantly shaped; his aspect, amiable and reverend; his hair flows in those beauteous shades which no united colors can match, falling in graceful curls below his ears, agreeably couching on his shoulders, and parting on the crown of his head; his dress, that of the sect of Nazarites; his forehead is smooth and large; his cheeks without blemish, and of roseate hue; his nose and mouth are formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard is thick and suitable to the hair of his head, reaching a little below his chin, and parting in the middle below; his eyes are clear, bright, and serene.

"He rebukes with mildness, and invokes with the most tender and persuasive language,—his whole address, whether in word or deed, being elegantly grave, and strictly characteristic of so exalted a being. No man has seen him laugh, but the whole world beholds him weep frequently, and so persuasive are his tears that the whole multitude cannot withhold their tears from joining in sympathy with him. He is moderate, temperate, and wise: in short, whatever the phenomenon may turn out in the

end, he seems at present to be a man of excellent beauty and divine perfection, every way surpassing man."

DEATH-WARRANT OF JESUS CHRIST.

Of the many interesting relics and fragments brought to light by the persevering researches of antiquarians, none could be more interesting to the philanthropist and believer than the following,—to Christians, the most imposing judicial document ever recorded in human annals. It has been thus faithfully transcribed:—

Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, stating that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross.

In the year seventeen of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, and the 27th day of March, the city of the holy Jerusalem—Annas and Caiaphas being priests, sacrificators of the people of God—Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting in the presidential chair of the prætory, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves, the great and notorious evidence of the people saying:

1. Jesus is a seducer.

2. He is seditious.

3. He is the enemy of the law.

4. He calls himself falsely the Son of God.

5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel.

6. He entered into the temple followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.

Orders the first centurion, Quilius Cornelius, to lead him

to the place of execution.

Forbids any person whomsoever, either poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus Christ.

The witnesses who signed the condemnation of Jesus are—

1. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee.

2. Joannus Robani.

3. Raphael Robani.

4. Capet, a citizen.

Jesus shall go out of the city of Jerusalem by the gate of Struenus.

The foregoing is engraved on a copper plate, on the reverse of which is written, “A similar plate is sent to each tribe.” It was found in an antique marble vase, while excavating in the ancient city of Aquilla, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1810, and was discovered by the Commissioners of Arts of the French army. At the expedition of Naples, it was enclosed in a box of ebony and preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians. The French translation was made by the Commissioners of Arts. The original is in the Hebrew language.

DOUBLE HEXAMETER.

Si Christum { } nihil est si cætera {
nescis
discis
discis;
nescis.

ANTICIPATORY USE OF THE CROSS.

Madame Calderon de la Barca, in her *Life in Mexico* (*pub. 1843*), says that the symbol of the Cross was known to the Indians before the arrival of Cortez. In the island of Cozumel, near Yucatan, there were several; and in Yucatan[10] itself there was a stone cross. And there an Indian, considered a prophet among his countrymen, had declared that a nation bearing the same as a symbol should arrive from a distant country. More extraordinary still was a temple dedicated to the Holy Cross by the Toltec nation in the city of Cholula. Near Tulansingo there is also a cross engraved on a rock with various characters. In Oajaca there was a cross which the Indians from time immemorial had been accustomed to consider as a divine symbol. By order of Bishop Cervantes it was placed in a chapel in the cathedral. Information concerning its discovery, together with a small cup, cut out of its wood, was sent to Rome to Paul V., who received it on his knees, singing the hymn *Vexilla regis. etc.*

The Lord's Prayer.

The Lord's Prayer alone is an evidence of the truth of Christianity,—so admirably is that prayer accommodated to all our wants.—LORD WELLINGTON.

THY AND US.

The two divisions of the Lord's Prayer—the former relating to the glory of God, the latter to the wants of man—appear very evident on a slight transposition of the personal pronouns:—

Thy name be hallowed.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done, &c.
Us give this day our daily bread.
Us forgive our debts, &c.
Us lead not into temptation.
Us deliver from evil.

SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. This form of petition breathes:—

A *filial* spirit—Father.

A *catholic* spirit—Our Father.
A *reverential* spirit—Hallowed be Thy name.
A *missionary* spirit—Thy kingdom come.
An *obedient* spirit—Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
A *dependent* spirit—Give us this day our daily bread.
A *forgiving spirit*—And forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors.
A *cautious* spirit—And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.
A *confidential* and *adoring* spirit—For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

GOTHIC VERSION.

Ulphilas, who lived between the years 310 and 388, was bishop of the Western Goths, and translated the greater part of the Scriptures into the Gothic language. The following is his rendering of the Lord's Prayer:—

Atta unsar thu in himinam. Weihnai namo thein. Quimai thiudinassus sijaima, swaswe jah weis afletam thaim skulam unsaraim. Jah ni briggais uns in fraistubujai. Ak lausei uns af thamma ubilin, unte theina ist thiudangardi, jah maths, jah wulthus in aiwins. Amen.

METRICAL VERSIONS.

Father in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come: thy will be done the same
In earth and heaven. Give us daily bread;
Forgive our sins as others we forgive.
Into temptation let us not be led;
Deliver us from evil while we live.
For kingdom, power, and glory must remain
For ever and for ever thine: Amen.

Here the sixty-six words of the original, according to the authorized translation of St. Matthew's version, are reduced to fifty-nine, though the latter is fully implied in all points except two. "This day" is omitted; but, if anything, the Greek is slightly approached, for ἐπιούσιον refers rather to *to-morrow* than to *to-day*. The antithesis in "*But* deliver us" does not appear: if the word deliver be sacrificed, we may read, "But keep us safe."

The subjoined metrical version of the Prayer is at least two and a half centuries old, and was written for adaptation to music in public worship:—

Our Father which in heaven art,
All hallowed be thy name;
  Thy kingdom come,
  On earth thy will be done,
Even as the same in heaven is.
Give us, O Lord, our daily bread this day:
  As we forgive our debtors,
  So forgive our debts, we pray.
Into temptation lead us not,
  From evil make us free:
The kingdom, power, and glory thine,
  Both now and ever be.

The Prayer is commended for its authorship, its efficacy, its perfection, the order of its parts, its brevity, and its necessity.

The following paraphrase, which has been set to music as a duet, is of more recent origin:—

Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
Thy name be hallowed everywhere;
Thy kingdom come; on earth, thy will,
E'en as in heaven, let all fulfill;
Give this day's bread, that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;

Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by Thy hand;
Now and forever, unto Thee,
The kingdom, power, and glory be. Amen.

THE PRAYER ILLUSTRATED.

Our Father.—Isaiah lxiii. 16.

1. By right of creation.	Malachi ii. 10.
2. By bountiful provision.	Psalm cxlv. 16.
3. By gracious adoption.	Ephesians i. 5.

Who art in Heaven.—1 Kings viii. 43.

1. The throne of thy glory.	Isaiah lxvi. 1.
2. The portion of thy children.	1 Peter i. 4.
3. The temple of thy angels.	Isaiah vi. 1.

Hallowed be thy Name.—Psalm cxv. 1.

1. By the thoughts of our hearts.	Psalm lxxxvi. 11.
2. By the words of our lips.	Psalm li. 15.
3. By the works of our hands.	1 Corinthians x. 31.

Thy Kingdom come.—Psalm cx. 2.

1. Of Providence to defend us.	Psalm xvii. 8.

2. Of grace to refine us.	1 Thessalonians v. 23.
3. Of glory to crown us.	Colossians iii. 4.

Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.—Acts xxxi. 14.

1. Towards us, without resistance.	1 Samuel iii. 18.
2. By us, without compulsion.	Psalm cxix. 36.
3. Universally, without exception.	Luke i. 6.
4. Eternally, without declension.	Psalm cxix. 93.

Give us this day our daily bread.

1. Of necessity, for our bodies.	Proverbs xxx. 8.
2. Of eternal life, for our souls.	John vi. 34.

And forgive us our trespasses.—Psalm xxv. 11.

1. Against the commands of thy law.	1 John iii. 4.
2. Against the grace of thy gospel.	1 Timothy i. 13.

As we forgive them that trespass against us.—Matthew vi. 15.

1. By defaming our characters.	Matthew v. 11.
2. By embezzling our property.	Philemon 18.
3. By abusing our persons.	Acts vii. 60.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.—Matthew xxvi. 41.

1. Of overwhelming afflictions.	Psalm cxxx. 1.
2. Of worldly enticements.	1 John ii. 16.
3. Of Satan's devices.	1 Timothy iii. 7.
4. Of error's seduction.	1 Timothy vi. 10.
5. Of sinful affections.	Romans i. 26.

For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever.—Jude 25.

1. Thy kingdom governs all.	Psalm ciii. 19.
2. Thy power subdues all.	Philippians iii. 20, 21.
3. Thy glory is above all.	Psalm cxlviii. 13.

Amen.—Ephesians i. 11.

1. As it is in thy purposes.	Isaiah xiv. 27.
2. So is it in thy promises.	2 Corinthians i. 20.
3. So be it in our prayers.	Revelation xxii. 20.
4. So shall it be to thy praise.	Revelation xix. 4.

ACROSTICAL PARAPHRASE.

OUR Lord and King, Who reign'st enthroned on high,
FATHER of Light! mysterious Deity!
WHO art the great I AM, the last, the first,
ART righteous, holy, merciful, and just.
IN realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
HEAVEN is the dwelling-place of God our King.
HALLOWED Thy name, which doth all names transcend,
BE Thou adored, our great Almighty Friend;
THY glory shines beyond creation's bound;
NAME us 'mong those Thy choicest gifts surround.
THY kingdom towers beyond Thy starry skies;
KINGDOM Satanic falls, but Thine shall rise.
COME let Thine empire, O Thou Holy One,
THY great and everlasting will be done.
WILL God make known his will, his power display?
BE it the work of mortals to obey.
DONE is the great, the wondrous work of love;
ON Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above;
EARTH bears the record in Thy holy word.
AS heaven adores Thy love, let earth, O Lord;
IT shines transcendent in the eternal skies,
IS praised in heaven—for man, the Saviour dies.
IN songs immortal, angels laud his name;
HEAVEN shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim
GIVE us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
US needful food on which our souls may live!
THIS be our boon to-day and days to come,
DAY without end in our eternal home.
OUR needy souls supply from day to day;
DAILY assist and aid us when we pray;
BREAD though we ask, yet, Lord, Thy blessings lend.
AND make us grateful when Thy gifts descend.
FORGIVE our sins, which in destruction place
US, the vile rebels of a rebel race;
OUR follies, faults, and trespasses forgive,
DEBTS which we ne'er can pay, nor Thou receive.
AS we, O Lord, our neighbor's faults o'erlook,
WE beg Thou 'd'st blot ours from Thy memory's book.

FORGIVE our enemies, extend Thy grace
OUR souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race.
DEBTORS to Thee in gratitude and love,
AND in that duty paid by saints above,
LEAD us from sin, and in thy mercy raise
US from the tempter and his hellish ways.
NOT in our own, but in His name who bled,
INTO Thine ear we pour our every need.
TEMPTATION'S fatal charm help us to shun,
BUT may we conquer through Thy conquering Son;
DELIVER us from all that can annoy
US in this world, and may our souls destroy.
FROM all calamities that man betide,
EVIL and death, O turn our feet aside,—
FOR we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay,—
THINE 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
IS not thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
THE whole creation knows no God but Thee.
KINGDOM and empire in Thy presence fall;
THE King eternal reigns the King of all.
POWER is Thine—to Thee be glory given,
AND be thy name adored by earth and heaven.
THE praise of saints and angels is Thy own;
GLORY to Thee, the Everlasting One.
FOREVER be Thy holy name adored.
AMEN! Hosannah! blessed be the Lord.

TRIFLING OF BIBLE COMMENTATORS.

Dr. Gill, in his Expository, seriously tells us that the word ABBA read backwards or forwards being the same, may teach us that God is the father of his people in adversity as well as in prosperity.

THE PRAYER ECHOED.

If any be distressed, and fain would gather

Some comfort, let him haste unto
Our Father.
For we of hope and help are quite bereaven
Except Thou succor us
Who art in heaven.
Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Of all our miseries cast up the sum;
Show us thy joys, and let
Thy kingdom come.
We mortal are, and alter from our birth;
Thou constant art;
Thy will be done on earth.
Thou madest the earth, as well as planets seven,
Thy name be blessed here
As 'tis in heaven.
Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except Thou give it us.
Give us this day
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.
We want, but want no faults, for no day passes
But we do sin.
Forgive us our trespasses.
No man from sinning ever free did live
Forgive us, Lord, our sins,
As we forgive.
If we repent our faults, Thou ne'er disdain'st us;
We pardon them
That trespass against us;
Forgive us that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in Thy faith,
And lead us—
Us, Thine own people and Thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation.
Thou that of all good graces art the Giver,
Suffer us not to wander,

But deliver
Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh; so shalt Thou free us
From all evil.
To these petitions let both church and laymen
With one consent of heart and voice, say,
Amen.

THE PRAYER IN AN ACROSTIC.

In the following curious composition the initial capitals spell, "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ." The words in *italics*, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete:—

Make known the Gospel truths, *Our* Father King;
Yield up thy grace, dear *Father* from above;
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of Love!"
Assuage our grief in love *for* Christ, we pray,
Since the bright prince of *Heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our sins and *hallowed* the display,
Infinite *be*-ing—first man, and then the crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* make known;
In Jesus' *name* let all *the* world rejoice.
Now all the world *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own,
The blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice.
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry,
Enemies to *thy* self and all that's *thine*,
Graceless our *will*, we live *for* vanity,
Lending to sin our *be*-ing, *evil* in our design.
O God, thy will be *done from* earth to Heaven;
Reclining *on* the Gospel let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *deliver*-ed and forgiven,
Oh! *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive.
Unless *it*'s power *temptation* doth destroy,

Sure *is* our fall *into* the depths of woe,
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *Heaven*; in *us* no hope can flow.
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on thy way;
Shine on *us* with thy love and give *us* peace;
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay;
Oh! grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease.
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do;
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame;
Help us with heavenly *bread*, *forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts, *and we*'ll adore thy name.
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *trespasses* so high,
Thy son, *our* Saviour, bled on Calvary.

Ecclesiasticæ.

EXCESSIVE CIVILITY.

Tom Brown, in his *Laconics*, says that in the reign of Charles II. a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon: "In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place, which 'tis not good manners to mention here." This suggested to Pope the couplet,

"To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite."

SHORT SERMONS.

Dean Swift, having been solicited to preach a charity sermon, mounted the pulpit, and after announcing his text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," simply said, "Now, my brethren, if you are satisfied with the security, down with the dust." He then took his seat, and there was an unusually large collection.

The following abridgment contains the pith and marrow, sum and substance, of a sermon which occupied an hour in delivery:—

"Man is born to trouble."

This subject, my hearers, is naturally divisible into four heads:—

1. Man's entrance into the world;
2. His progress through the world;
3. His exit from the world; and
4. Practical reflections from what may be said.

First, then:—

1. Man's ingress in life is naked and bare,
2. His progress through life is trouble and care,
3. His egress from it, none can tell where,
4. But doing well here, he will be well there.

Now, on this subject, my brethren dear,
I could not tell more by preaching a year.

A SERMON ON MALT.

The Rev. Dr. Dodd lived within a few miles of Cambridge, (England,) and had offended several students by preaching a sermon on temperance. One day some of them met him. They said one to another,—

"Here's Father Dodd: he shall preach us a sermon." Accosting him with,—

"Your servants."

"Sirs! yours, gentlemen!" replied the Doctor.

They said, "We have a favor to ask of you, which *must* be granted." The divine asked what it was.

"To preach a sermon," was the reply.

"Well," said he, "appoint the time and place, and I will."

"The time, the present; the place, that hollow tree," (pointing to it,) said the students.

"'Tis an imposition!" said the Doctor: "there ought to be consideration before preaching."

"If you refuse," responded they, "we will put you into the tree!" Whereupon the Doctor acquiesced, and asked them for a text.

"Malt!" said they.

The reverend gentleman commenced:—

"Let me crave your attention, my beloved!

"I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a short sermon, upon a short subject, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved! my text is 'MALT.' I cannot divide it into syllables, it being but a monosyllable: therefore I must divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be four:—M-A-L-T. M, my beloved, is *moral*—A, is *allegorical*—L, is *literal*—T, is *theological*.

"1st. The moral teaches such as you drunkards good manners; therefore M, my masters—A, all of you—L, leave off—T, tippling.

"2d. The allegorical is, when one thing is spoken and another meant; the thing here spoken is Malt, the thing meant the oil of malt, which *you* rustics make M, your masters—A, your apparel—L, your liberty—T, your trusts.

"3d. The theological is according to the effects it works, which are of two kinds—the first in this world, the second in the world to come. The effects it works in this world are, *in some*, M, murder—in

others, A, adultery—*in all*, L, looseness of life—and *particularly in some*, T, treason. In the world to come, the effects of it are, M, misery—A, anguish—L, lamentation—T, torment—and thus much for my text, 'Malt.'

"Infer 1st: As words of exhortation: M, my masters—A, all of you—L, leave off—T, tippling.

"2d. A word for conviction: M, my masters—A, all of you—L, look for—T, torment.

"3d. A word for caution, take this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty—the spoiler of civility—the destroyer of reason—the brewer's agent—the alewife's benefactor—his wife's sorrow—his children's trouble—his neighbor's scoff—a walking swill-tub—a picture of a beast—a monster of a man."

The youngsters found the truth so unpalatable, that they soon deserted their preacher, glad to get beyond the reach of his voice.

ELOQUENCE OF BASCOM.

The following passages will serve to illustrate the peculiar oratorical style of Rev. Henry B. Bascom, the distinguished Kentucky preacher:—

"Chemistry, with its fire-tongs of the galvanic battery, teaches that the starry diamond in the crown of kings, and the black carbon which the peasant treads beneath his feet, are both composed of the same identical elements; analysis also proves that a chief ingredient in limestone is carbon. Then let the burning breath of God pass over all the limestone of the earth, and bid its old mossy layers crystalize into new beauty; and lo! at the Almighty *fiat* the

mountain ranges flash into living gems with a lustre that renders midnight noon, and eclipses all the stars!"

He urged the same view by another example, still better adapted to popular apprehension:—

"Look yonder," said the impassioned orator, pointing a motionless finger towards the lofty ceiling, as if it were the sky. "See that wrathful thunder-cloud—the fiery bed of the lightnings and hissing hail—the cradle of tempests and floods!—What can be more dark, more dreary, more dreadful? Say, scoffing skeptic, is it capable of any beauty? You pronounce, 'no.' Well, very well; but behold, while the sneering denial curls your proud lips, the sun with its sword of light shears through the sea of vapors in the west, and laughs in your incredulous face with his fine golden eye. Now, look again at the thunder-cloud! See! where it was blackest and fullest of gloom, the sunbeams have kissed its hideous cheek; and where the kiss fell there is now a blush, brighter than ever mantled on the brow of mortal maiden—the rich blush of crimson and gold, of purple and vermilion—a pictured blush, fit for the gaze of angels—the flower-work of pencils of fire and light, wrought at a dash by one stroke of the right hand of God! Ay, the ugly cloud hath given birth to the rainbow, that perfection and symbol of unspeakable beauty!"

THE LORD BISHOP.

The following incident is said to have occurred in the parish church of Bradford, England, during a special service, on the occasion of a visit from the bishop of the diocese:—

The clerk, before the sermon, gave out the psalm in broad Wiltshire dialect, namely:—"Let us zing to the praayze an' glawry o' God, three varsses o' the hundred and vourteen zaam—a varsion 'specially 'dapted to the 'caasion,—by meself:"—

Why hop ye zo, ye little hills,
  An' what var de'e skip?
Is it 'cas you'm proud to see
  His grace the Lard Bish*ip*?

Why skip ye zo, ye little hills,
  An' what var de'e hop?
Is it 'cas to preach to we
  Is com'd the Lard Bish*op*!

Eese;—he is com'd to preach to we:
  Then let us aul strick up,
An' zing a glawrious zong of praayze,
  An' bless the Lard Bish*up*!

THE PREACHERS OF CROMWELL'S TIME.

Dr. Echard says of the preachers who lived in the time of Cromwell,—"Coiners of new phrases, drawers-out of long godly words, thick pourers-out of texts of Scripture, mimical squeakers and bellowers, vain-glorious admirers only of themselves, and those of their own fashioned face and gesture; such as these shall be followed, shall have their bushels of China oranges, shall be solaced with all manner of cordial essences, and shall be rubbed down with Holland of ten shillings an ell."

One of the singular fashions that prevailed among the preachers of those days was that of coughing or hemming in the middle of a sentence, as an ornament of speech; and when their sermons were

printed, the place where the preacher coughed or hemmed was always noted in the margin. This practice was not confined to England, for Olivier Maillard, a Cordelier, and famous preacher, printed a sermon at Brussels in the year 1500, and marked in the margin where the preacher hemmed once or twice, or coughed.

ORIGIN OF TEXTS.

The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon originated with Ezra, who, we are told, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law, and after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said Amen, “read in the book in the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading.” (Nehemiah viii. 8.)

Previous to the time of Ezra, the Patriarchs delivered, in public assemblies, either prophecies or moral instructions for the edification of the people; and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, during which time they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain, as well as to read, the Scriptures to them. In later times, the book of Moses was thus read in the synagogues every Sabbath day. (Acts xv. 21.) To this custom our Saviour conformed: in the synagogue at Nazareth he read a passage from the prophet Isaiah, then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text.

CLERICAL BLUNDERS.

In an old book of Sermons by a divine named Milsom, we are told that it is one among many proofs of the wisdom and benevolence of Providence that the world was not created in the midst of winter, when Adam and Eve could have found nothing to eat, but in harvest-time, when there was fruit on every tree and shrub to tempt the willing hand.

Another commentator praises Divine Goodness for always making the largest rivers flow close by the most populous towns.

St. Austin undertook to prove that the ten plagues of Egypt were punishments adapted to the breach of the ten commandments,—forgetting that the law was given to the Jews, and that the plagues were inflicted on the Egyptians, and also that the law was not given in the form of commandments until nearly three months after the plagues had been sent.

PROVING AN ALIBI.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of his auditors commended. “Yes,” said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, “it was a good sermon, but he stole it.” This was told to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. “I am not,” replied the aggressor, “very apt to retract my words, but in this instance I will. I said, you had stolen the sermon; I find I was wrong; for on returning home, and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there.”

WHITEFIELD AND THE SAILORS.

Mr. Whitefield, whose gestures and play of features were so full of dramatic power, once preached before the seamen at New York, and, in the course of his sermon, introduced the following bold apostrophe:—

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from the western horizon? Hark! Don't you hear the distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty. How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone. The ship is on her beam ends! What next?" The unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose and exclaimed, "Take to the long boat."

PROTESTANT EXCOMMUNICATION.

John Knox, in his Liturgy for Scotch Presbyterians, sets forth the following form for the exercise of such an attribute of ecclesiastical authority in Protestant communities as excommunication:—

"O Lord Jesus Christ, thy expressed word is our assurance, and therefore, in boldness of the same, here in thy name, and at the commandment of this thy present congregation, we cut off, seclude, and excommunicate from thy body, and from our society, N. as a pround contemner, and slanderous person, and a member for the present altogether corrupted,

and pernicious to the body. And this his sin (albeit with sorrow of our hearts) by virtue of our ministry, we bind and pronounce the same to be bound in heaven and earth. We further give over, into the hands and power of the devil, the said N. to the destruction of his flesh; straitly charging all that profess the Lord Jesus, to whose knowledge this our sentence shall come, to repute and hold the said N. accursed and unworthy of the familiar society of Christians; declaring unto all men that such as hereafter (before his repentance) shall haunt, or familiarly accompany him, are partakers of his impiety, and subject to the like condemnation.

"This our sentence, O Lord Jesus, pronounced in thy name, and at thy commandment, we humbly beseech thee to ratify even according to thy promise."

Puritan Peculiarities.

BAPTISMAL NAMES.

A Puritan maiden, who was asked for her baptismal name, replied, "'Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-the-kingdom-of-Heaven,' but for short they call me 'Tribby.'"

The following names will be found in *Lower's English Sirnames*, and in the *Lansdowne Collection*. Most of them are taken from a jury-list of Sussex County, 1658. The favorite female baptismal names among the Puritans were Mercy, Faith, Fortune, Honor, Virtue; but there were among them those who preferred such high-flown names as Alethe, Prothesa, Euphrosyne, Kezia, Keturah, Malvina, Melinda, Sabrina, Alpina, Oriana.

The-gift-of-God Stringer,
Repentant Hazel,
Zealous King,
Be-thankful Playnard,
Live-in-peace Hillary,
Obediencia Cruttenden,
Goodgift Noake,
The-work-of-God Farmer,

More-tryal Goodwin,
Faithful Long,
Joy-from-above Brown,
Be-of-good-comfort Small,
Godward Freeman,
Thunder Goldsmith.
Faint-not Hewett,
Redeemed Compton,
God-reward Smart,
Earth Adams,
Meek Brewer,
Repentance Avis,
Kill-sin Pimple,
Be-faithful Joiner,
More-fruit Flower,
Grace-ful Harding,
Seek-wisdom Wood,
Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White,
Accepted Trevor,
Make-peace Heaton,
Stand-fast-on-high Stringer,
Called Lower,
Be-courteous Cole,
Search-the-scriptures Moreton,
Return Spelman,
Fly-debate Roberts,
Hope-for Bending,
Weep-not Billing,
Elected Mitchell,
The-peace-of-God Knight

SIMILES.

Prayer is Faith's pump, where't works till the water come;
If't comes not free at first, Faith puts in some.
Prayer is the sacred bellows; when these blow,
How doth that live-coal from God's altar glow!

Faithful Teate's Ter. Tria.,
1658.

Walking in the streets, I met a cart that came near the wall; so I stepped aside, to avoid it, into a place where I was secure enough. *Reflection*: Lord, sin is that great evil of which thou complainest that thou art pressed as a cart is pressed: how can it then but bruise me to powder?—*Caleb Trenchfield's Chris. Chymestree.*

EARLY PUNISHMENTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

From the early records of Massachusetts we learn that the following singular punishments were inflicted in that colony two hundred years ago:—

Sir Richard Salstonstall, fined four bushels of malt for his absence from the court.

Josias Plaistowe, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, to return them eight baskets again, to be fined £5, and hereafter to be called Josias, not Mr. as he used to be.

Thomas Peter, for suspicions of slander, idleness, and stubbornness, is to be severely whipped and kept in hold.

Capt. Stone, for abusing Mr. Ludlow by calling him *justass*, fined £100, and prohibited coming within the patent.

Joyce Dradwick to give unto Alexander Becks 20*s.*, for promising him marriage without her friends' consent, and now refusing to perform the same.

Richard Turner, for being notoriously drunk, fined £2.

Edward Palmer, for his extortion in taking 32*s.* 7*d.*

for the plank and work of Boston stocks, fined £5, and sentenced to sit one hour in the stocks.

John White bound in £10 to good behavior, and not come into the company of his neighbor Thomas Bell's wife alone.

VIRGINIA PENALTIES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

From the old records in the Court House of Warwick County, Virginia, we extract some entries of decisions by the court under date of October 21, 1663. It may be worth while to remark that at that early period tobacco was not only a staple commodity but a substitute for currency.

"Mr. John Harlow, and Alice his wife, being by the grand inquest presented for absenting themselves from church, are, according to the act, fined each of them fifty pounds of tobacco; and the said Mr. John Harlow ordered forthwith to pay one hundred pounds of tobacco to the sheriff, otherwise the said sheriff to levy by way of distress."

"Jane Harde, the wife of Henry Harde, being presented for not 'tending church, is, according to act, fined fifty pounds of tobacco; and the sheriff is ordered to collect the same from her, and, in case of non-payment, to distress."

"John Lewis, his wife this day refusing to take the oath of allegiance, being ordered her, is committed into the sheriff's custody, to remain until she take the said oath, or until further ordered to the contrary."

"John Lewis, his wife for absenting herself from church, is fined fifty pounds of tobacco, to be

collected by the sheriff from her husband; and upon non-payment, the said sheriff to distress."

"George Harwood, being prosecuted for his absenting himself from church, is fined fifty pounds of tobacco, to be levied by way of distress by the sheriff upon his non-payment thereof."

"Peter White and his wife, being presented for common swearing, are fined fifty pounds of tobacco, both of them; to be collected by the sheriff from the said White, and, upon non-payment of the same, to distress."

"Richard King, being presented as a common swearer, is fined fifty pounds of tobacco, to be levied by the sheriff, by way of distress, upon his non-payment."

EXTRACTS FROM THE CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS.

When these free states were colonies
  Unto the mother nation,
And in Connecticut the good
  Old Blue Laws were in fashion.

The following extracts from the laws ordained by the people of New Haven, previous to their incorporation with the Saybrook and Hartford colonies, afford an idea of the strange character of their prohibitions. As the substance only is given in the transcription, the language is necessarily modernized:—

No quaker or dissenter from the established worship of the dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be afforded to a quaker, adamite, or other heretic.

If any person turns quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return, but upon pain of death.

No priest shall abide in the dominion: he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No man to cross a river but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the sabbath-day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave, on the sabbath-day.

No woman shall kiss her child on the sabbath or fasting-day.

The sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the night shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

No one shall buy or sell lands without permission of the selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectmen, who are to debar him the liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor, shall sit in the stocks or be whipped fifteen stripes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Men-stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace, above two shillings by the yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate.

A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death; and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall read common-prayer, keep Christmas or saint-days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and Jews-harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage; the magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

The selectmen, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from their parents, and put them into better hands, at the expense of their parents.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10; a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

Married persons must live together, or be imprisoned.

No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents: £5 penalty for the first offence; £10 for the second; and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

Paronomasia.

Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun;
A *pun-job* dangerous as the Indian one.—HOLMES.

Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbicide* —that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden. *Manslaughter*, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other.—IBID.

The quaint Cardan thus defineth:—"Punning is an art of harmonious jingling upon words, which, passing in at the ears and falling upon the diaphragma, excites a titillary motion in those parts; and this, being conveyed by the animal spirits into the muscles of the face, raises the cockles of the heart."

"He who would make a pun would pick a pocket," is the stereotyped dogma fulminated by laugh-lynchers from time immemorial; or, as the *Autocrat* hath it, "To trifle with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence. He who would violate the sanctities of his mother tongue would invade the recesses of the paternal till without remorse, and repeat the banquet of Saturn without an indigestion."

The “inanities of this working-day world” cannot perceive any wittiness or grace in punning; and yet, according to the comprehensive definition of wit by Dr. Barrow, the eminent divine, it occupies a very considerable portion of the realm of wit. He says, “Wit is a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in *pat allusions to a known story*, or in *seasonable application of a trivial saying*, or in feigning an apposite tale; sometimes it *playeth in words and phrases*, taking advantage of the *ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound*; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression, sometimes it lurketh under *an odd similitude*; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a *quirkish* reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly, divertingly, or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a *plausible reconciling of contradictions*, or in *acute nonsense*; sometimes a scenic representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimic look or gesture, passeth for it. Sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being. Sometimes it riseth only from *a lucky hitting upon what is strange*; sometimes from *a crafty wresting of obvious matter to the purpose*. Often it consisteth of one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language.”

If this definition be true, there is truth as well as wit in the punster's reply to the taunt of the rhetorician that "punning is the *lowest species* of wit." "Yes," said he, "for it is the *foundation* of all wit." But, whatever may be said of the practice by those who affect to despise it, it has been much in vogue in all ages. Horne, in his *Introduction to the Critical Study of the Holy Scriptures*, tells us that it was a very favorite figure of rhetoric among the Hebrews, and is yet common among most of the Oriental nations. Professor Stuart, in his Hebrew grammar, gives numerous examples of it in the Old Testament, and Winer and Horne point out others in the New Testament, especially in the writings of St. Paul. These cannot, of course, be equivalently expressed in English.

Many of the Greek authors exhibit a fondness for this rhetorical figure, and some of the most excellent puns extant are to be found in the Greek Anthologies. As a specimen, the following is given from Wesseling's Diodorus Siculus:—

Dioscurus, an Egyptian bishop, before he began the service, had the common custom of saying ειρηνη πασιν, (irene pasin,) *peace be to all*. It was notorious that the pious churchman had at home a favorite mistress, whose name was Irene, which incident produced the following smart epigram:—

Ειρηνη παντεσσιν επισκοπος ειπεν εχελθων
Πως δυναται πασιν, ήν μονος ενδον εχει;

(The good bishop wishes peace—Irene—to all;
But how can he give that to all, which he keeps to himself
at home?)

A PUN-GENT CHAPTER.

At one time there was a general strike among the workingmen of Paris, and Theodore Hook gave the following amusing account of the affair:—"The bakers, being ambitious to extend their *do*-mains, declared that a revolution was *needed*, and, though not exactly *bred* up to arms, soon reduced their *crusty* masters to terms. The tailors called a council of the *board*, to see what *measures* should be taken, and, looking upon the bakers as the *flower* of chivalry, decided to follow *suit*; the consequence of which was, that a *cereous* insurrection was *lighted up* among the candle-makers, which, however *wick*-ed it might appear in the eyes of some persons, developed traits of character not unworthy of ancient *Greece*."

Why should no man starve on the deserts of Arabia?
Because of the *sand which* is there.
How came the sandwiches there?
The tribe of *Ham* was *bred* there, and *mustered*.

A clergyman who had united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were Benjamin and Annie, on being asked by a mutual friend how they appeared during the ceremony, replied that they appeared both *annie*-mated and *bene*-fitted.

Mr. Manners, who had but lately been created Earl of Rutland, said to Sir Thomas More, just made Lord Chancellor,—

"You are so much elated with your preferment that you verify the old proverb,—

Honores mutant MORES."

"No, my lord," said Sir Thomas: "the pun will do much better in English:—

Honors change MANNERS."

An old writer said that when *cannons* were introduced as negotiators, the *canons* of the church were useless; that the world was governed first by *mitrum*, and then by *nitrum*,—first by *St. Peter*, and then by *saltpetre*.

Column, the dramatist, on being asked whether he knew Theodore Hook, replied, "Oh, yes: *Hook* and *Eye* are old associates."

Punch says, "the milk of human kindness is not to be found in the *pail* of society." If so, we think it is time for all hands to "*kick the bucket*."

Judge Peters, formerly of the Philadelphia Bench, observed to a friend, during a trial that was going on, that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has *carroty* hair, *reddish* cheeks, a *turnup* nose, and a *sage* look."

Tom Hood, seeing over the shop-door of a beer-vendor,—

Bear Sold Here,

said it was spelled right, because it was his own *Bruin*.

Charles Mathews, the comedian, was served by a green-grocer, named Berry, and generally settled his bill once a quarter. At one time the account was sent in before it was due, and Mathews, laboring under an idea that his credit was doubted, said, "Here's a pretty *mull*, Berry. You have sent in your *bill*, Berry, before it is *due*, Berry. Your father, the *elder* Berry, would not have been such a *goose*, Berry; but you need not look so *black*, Berry, for I don't care a *straw*, Berry, and sha'n't pay you till *Christmas*, Berry."

Sheridan, being dunned by a tailor to pay at least the interest on his bill, answered that it was not his interest to pay the principal, nor his principle to pay the interest.

In the "Old India House" may still be seen a quarto volume of *Interest Tables*, on the fly-leaf of which is written, in Charles Lamb's round, clerkly hand,—

"A book of much interest."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"A work in which the interest never flags."—*Quarterly Review.*

"We may say of this volume, that the interest increases from the beginning to the end."—*Monthly Review.*

Turner, the painter, was at a dinner where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened. A poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast, "*The Painters and Glaziers of England.*" The toast was drunk; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed "*Success to the Paper-Stainers*," and called on the poet to respond.

SHORT ROAD TO WEALTH.

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth,
  Better than banking, trade, or leases;
Take a bank-note and fold it across,
  And then you will find your money IN-CREASES!

This wonderful plan, without danger or loss,
  Keeps your cash in your hands, and with nothing to
    trouble it;
And every time that you fold it across,
  'Tis plain as the light of the day that you DOUBLE IT!

"I cannot move," the plaintive invalid cries,
"Nor sit, nor stand."—If he says true, he *lies*.

Dr. Johnson having freely expressed his aversion to punning, Boswell hinted that his illustrious friend's dislike to this species of small wit might arise from his inability to play upon words. "Sir", roared Johnson, "if I were punish-ed for every pun I shed, there would not be left a puny shed of my punnish head." Once, by accident, he made a singular pun. A person who affected to live after the Greek manner, and to anoint himself with oil, was one day mentioned to him. Johnson, in the course of conversation on the singularity of his practice, gave him the denomination of *this man of Grease*.

Sydney Smith—so Lord Houghton in his *Monographs* tells us—has written depreciatingly of all playing upon words; but his rapid apprehension could not altogether exclude a kind of wit which, in its best forms, takes fast hold of the memory, besides the momentary amusement it excites. His objection to the superiority of a city feast: "I cannot wholly value a dinner by the test you do (*testudo*);"—his proposal to settle the question of the wood pavement around St. Paul's: "Let the Canons once lay their heads together and the thing will be done;"—his pretty compliment to his friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe: "Ah! there you are: the cuff that every one would wear, the tie that no one would loose"—may be cited as perfect in their way.

Admiral Duncan's address to the officers who came on board his ship for instructions, previous to the engagement with Admiral de Winter, was laconic and humorous: "Gentlemen, you see a severe Winter approaching; I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire."

Theodore Hook plays thus on the same name:—

Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes;
I advise you to give him whatever he axes;
I advise you to give him without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter his actions are *summary*.

Henry Erskine's toast to the mine-owners of Lancashire:—

Sink your pits, blast your mines, dam your rivers, consume your manufactures, disperse your commerce, and may your labors be in *vein*.

TOM MOORE.

When Limerick, in idle whim,
Moore as her member lately courted,
'The boys,' for form's sake, asked of him
To state what party he supported.

When thus his answer promptly ran,
(Now give the wit his meed of glory:)
"I'm of no party as a man,
But as a poet *am-a-tory*."

TOP AND BOTTOM.

The following playful colloquy in verse took place at a dinner-table, between Sir George Rose and James Smith, in allusion to Craven street, Strand, where the latter resided:—

J. S.—At the top of my street the attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found:
Fly, honesty, fly to some safer retreat,
For there's *craft* in the river, and *craft* in the street.

Sir G. R.—Why should honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys, and barges, od-rot 'em?
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.

OLD JOKE VERSIFIED.

Says Tom to Bill, pray tell me, sir,
Why is it that the devil,
In spite of all his naughty ways,
Can never be uncivil?

Says Bill to Tom, the answer's plain
To any mind that's bright:
Because the imp of darkness, sir,
Can ne'er be *imp o' light*.

A PRINTER'S EPITAPH.

Here lies a *form*—place no *imposing stone*
To mark the *head*, where weary it is lain;
'Tis *matter dead*!—its mission being done,
To be *distributed* to dust again.
The *body's* but the *type*, at best, of man,
Whose *impress* is the spirit's deathless *page*;
Worn out, the *type* is thrown to *pi* again,
The *impression* lives through an eternal age.

STICKY.

I want to seal a letter, Dick,
Some wax pray give to me.—
I have not got a single *stick*,
Or *whacks* I'd give to thee.

WOMEN.

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,
  Old Adam called her *wo-man*;
But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,
  He then pronounced her *woo-man*.

But now with folly and with pride,
  Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whims*,
  The people call them *whim-men*.

BEN, THE SAILOR.

His *death*, which happened in his *berth*,
  At forty odd befell:
They went and *told* the sexton, and
  The sexton *tolled* the bell.—HOOD'S *Faithless Sally Brown*.

WHISKERS VERSUS RAZOR.

With whiskers thick upon my face
  I went my fair to see;
She told me she could never love
  A *bear-faced* chap like me.

I shaved then clean, and called again,
  And thought my troubles o'er;
She laughed outright, and said I was
  More *bare-faced* than before!

COMPLIMENT OF SHERIDAN TO MISS PAYNE.

'Tis true I am ill; but I cannot complain,

For he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne.

FROM DR. HOLMES' "MODEST REQUEST."

Thus great Achilles, who had shown his zeal
In HEALING WOUNDS, died of a WOUNDED HEEL;
Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood doused,
Had saved his BACON had his feet been SOUSED!
Accursed heel, that killed a hero stout!
Oh, had your mother known that you were out,
Death had not entered at the trifling part
That still defies the small chirurgeon's art
With corn and BUNIONS,—not the glorious JOHN
Who wrote the book we all have pondered on,—
But other BUNIONS, bound in fleecy hose,
To "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" unrelenting foes!

PLAINT OF THE OLD PAUPER.

Some boast of their FORE-fathers—I—
  I have not ONE!
I am, I think, like Joshua,
  The son of NONE!

Heedless in youth, we little note
  How quick time passes,
For then flows ruby wine, not sand,
  In OUR glasses!

Rich friends (most pure in honor) all have fled
  Sooner or later;
Pshaw! had they India's spices, they'd not be
  A nutmeg-GRATER!

I've neither chick nor child; as I have nothing,
  Why, 'tis lucky rather;

Yet who that hears a squalling baby wishes
Not to be FATHER?

Some few years back my spirits and my youth
Were quite amazin';
Brisk as a pony, or a lawyer's clerk,
Just fresh from GRAY'S INN!

What am I now? weak, old, and poor, and by
The parish found;
Their PENCE keeps me, while many an ass
Enjoys the parish POUND!

TO MY NOSE.

Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey! the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
Which my nose knows?

Oh, nose! I am as fond of thee
As any mountain of its snows!
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows!

BOOK-LARCENY.

Sir Walter Scott said that some of his friends were bad *accountants*, but excellent *book-keepers*.

How hard, when those who do not wish
To lend—that's lose—their books,
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish
With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favorite tome,
But never read it through;

They thus complete their sett at home,
By making one of you.

I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

They picked my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a Home on earth.

Even Glover's works I cannot put
My frozen hands upon;
Though ever since I lost my Foote,
My Bunyan has been gone.

My life is wasting fast away;
I suffer from these shocks;
And though I've fixed a lock on Gray,
There's gray upon my locks.

They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;
For oh! they've cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Akenside.

But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they have not found me Gay,
They have not left me Sterne.

THE VEGETABLE GIRL.

Behind a market stall installed,
I mark it every day,
Stands at her stand the fairest girl
I've met with in the bay;
Her two lips are of cherry red,

Her hands a pretty pair,
With such a pretty turn-up nose,
And lovely reddish hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till night
Her customers to please,
And to appease their appetite
She sells them beans and peas.
Attracted by the glances from
The apple of her eye,
And by her Chili apples, too,
Each passer-by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,
Throughout the livelong day,
And sells her celery and things,—
A big feat, by the way.
She changes off her stock for change,
Attending to each call;
And when she has but one beet left,
She says, "Now that beats all."

EPITAPH ON AN OLD HORSE.

Here lies a faithful steed,
A stanch, uncompromising "silver gray;"
Who ran the race of life with sprightly speed,
Yet never ran—away.

Wild oats he never sowed,
Yet masticated tame ones with much zest:
Cheerful he bore each light allotted load,
As cheerfully took rest.

Bright were his eyes, yet soft,
And in the main his tail was white and flowing;
And though he never sketched a single draught,
He showed great taste for drawing.

Lithe were his limbs, and clean,
Fitted alike for buggy or for dray,
And like Napoleon the Great, I ween,
He had a *martial neigh*.

Oft have I watched him grace
His favorite stall, well littered, warm, and fair,
With such contentment shining from his face,
And such a stable air!

With here and there a speck
Of roan diversifying his broad back,
And, martyr-like, a halter round his neck,
Which bound him to the rack.

Mors omnibus! at length
The hay-day of his life was damped by death;
So, summoning all his late remaining strength,
He drew his—final breath.

GRAND SCHEME OF EMIGRATION.

The Brewers should to *Malt-a* go,
The Loggerheads to *Scilly*,
The Quakers to the *Friendly Isles*,
The Furriers all to *Chili*.

The little squalling, brawling brats,
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to *Baby-lon*,
To *Lap-land*, or to *Brest*.

From *Spit-head* Cooks go o'er to *Greece*;
And while the Miser waits
His passage to the *Guinea* coast,
Spendthrifts are in the *Straits*.

Spinsters should to the *Needles* go,
Wine-bibbers to *Burgundy*;
Gourmands should lunch at *Sandwich Isles*,

Wags in the *Bay of Fun-dy*.

Musicians hasten to the *Sound*,
The surpliced Priest to *Rome*;
While still the race of Hypocrites
At *Cant-on* are at home.

Lovers should hasten to *Good Hope*;
To some *Cape Horn* is pain;
Debtors should go to *Oh-i-o*,
And Sailors to the *Main-e*.

Hie, Bachelors, to the *United States*!
Maids, to the *Isle of Man*;
Let Gardeners go to *Botany Bay*,
And Shoeblacks to *Japan*.

Thus, emigrants and misplaced men
Will then no longer vex us;
And all that a'n't provided for
Had better go to *Texas*.

THE PERILOUS PRACTICE OF PUNNING.

Theodore Hook thus cautions young people to resist provocation to the habit of punning:—

My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun.
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence
It is to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.
For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill,
You in a *vale* may buy a *vail*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*,
Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover it may be,
A *peer appears* upon the *pier*, who, blind, still goes to *sea*.
Thus one might say when to a treat good friends accept our

greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat, should eat their *meat*
when *meeting*.
Brawn on the board's no *bore* indeed, although from *boar*
prepared;
Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed *foul* feeding be
declared.
Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared* again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare, until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample
care;
For who, however fond of *game*, would choose to swallow
hair?
A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate* to
close;
The farmer sitting on his *stile* no *stylish* person knows;
Perfumers men of *scents* must be; some Scilly men are
bright;
A *brown* man oft *deep read* we see—a *black* a wicked *wight*.
Most wealthy men good manners have, however vulgar
they,
And actors still the harder *slave* the oftener they *play*;
So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their tailors choose,
While grooms and coachmen not in vain each evening seek
the *mews*.
The *dyer* who by dying *lives*, a *dire* life maintains;
The glazier, it is known, receives his *profits* from his *panes*;
By gardeners *thyme* is *tied*, 'tis true, when Spring is in its
prime,
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.
There now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun;
A trick which you, through coming years, should
sedulously shun.
The fault admits of no defense, for wheresoe'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense*, the *sense* is never *sound*.
So let your words and actions too, one single meaning
prove,
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love:
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task is
done;

But parents ne'er should let you go un*pun*ished for a *pun*.

The motto of the Pilotage Commission of the river Tyne:—

In portu salus.
In port you sail us.

SONNET

On a youth who died from a surfeit of fruit.

Currants have checked the current of my blood,
And berries brought me to be buried here;
Pears have pared off my body's hardihood,
And plums and plumbers spare not one so spare:
Fain would I feign my fall; so fair a fare
Lessens not fate, but 'tis a lesson good:
Gilt will not long hide guilt; such thin-washed ware
Wears quickly, and its rude touch soon is rued.
Grave on my grave some sentence grave and terse,
That lies not, as it lies upon my clay;
But, in a gentle strain of unstrained verse,
Prays all to pity a poor patty's prey;
Rehearses I was fruit-full to my hearse,
Tells that my days are told, and soon I'm toll'd away!

Previous to the battle of Culloden, when Marshal Wade and Generals Cope and Hawley were prevented by the severity of the weather from advancing as far into Scotland as they intended, the following lines were circulated among their opposers:—

Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade through the snow,
Nor Hawley haul his cannon to the foe.

When Mrs. Norton was called on to subscribe to a

fund for the relief of Thomas Hood's widow, which had been headed by Sir Robert Peel, she sent a liberal donation with these lines:—

To cheer the widow's heart in her distress,
To make provision for the fatherless,
Is but a Christian's duty, and none should
Resist the heart-appeal of *widow-Hood*.

M. Mario's visit to this country recalls to mind the sharpest witticism of Madame Grisi, at the time his wife, and one of the best bits of repartee on record. Louis Phillippe, passing through a room where Grisi stood, holding two of her young children by the hand, said gaily: "Ah! Madame, are those, then, some of your little *Grisettes*?" "No, Sire," was the quick reply, perfect in every requirement of the pun, "No, Sire, these are my little *Marionettes*."

A learned judge, of facetious memory, is reported to have said, in an argument in arrest of the judgment of death, "I think we had better let the subject drop."

SWIFT'S LATIN PUNS.

Among the *nugæ* of Dean Swift are his celebrated Latin puns, some of which are well known, having been frequently copied, and having never been excelled. The following selections will serve as specimens. They consist entirely of Latin words; but, by allowing for false spelling, and running the words into each other, the sentences make good sense in English:—

Mollis abuti,	(Moll is a beauty,
Has an acuti,	Has an acute eye,

No lasso finis,	No lass so fine is,
Molli divinis.	Molly divine is.
Omi de armis tres,	O my dear mistress,
Imi na dis tres,	I'm in a distress,
Cantu disco ver	Can't you discover
Meas alo ver?	Me as a lover?)

In a subsequent epistolary allusion to this, he says:—

I ritu a verse o na molli o mi ne,
Asta lassa me pole, a lædis o fine;
I ne ver neu a niso ne at in mi ni is;
A manat a glans ora sito fer diis.
De armo lis abuti hos face an hos nos is,
As fer a sal illi, as reddas aro sis;
Ac is o mi molli is almi de lite;
Illo verbi de, an illo verbi nite.

(I writ you a verse on a Molly o' mine,
As tall as a may pole, a lady so fine;
I never knew any so neat in mine eyes;
A man, at a glance or a sight of her, dies.
Dear Molly's a beauty, whose face and whose nose is
As fair as a lily, as red as a rose is;
A kiss o' my Molly is all my delight;
I love her by day, and I love her by night.)

Extract from the consultation of four physicians on a lord that was dying

1st Doctor. Is his honor sic? Præ lætus felis pulse. It do es beat veris loto de.

2d Doctor. No notis as qui cassi e ver fel tu metri it. Inde edit is as fastas an alarum, ora fire bellat nite.

3d Doctor. It is veri hei!

4th Doctor. Noto contra dictu in my juge mentitis veri

loto de. It is as orto maladi, sum callet. [Here e ver id octo reti resto a par lori na mel an coli post ure.]

1st D. It is a me gri mas I opi ne.

2d D. No docto rite quit fora quin si. Heris a plane sim tomo fit. Sorites Paracelsus. Præ re adit.

1st D. Nono, Doctor, I ne ver quo te aqua casu do.

2d D. Sum arso; mi autoris no ne.

3d D. No quare lingat præ senti de si re. His honor is sic offa colli casure as I sit here.

4th D. It is æther an atro phi ora colli casu sed: Ire membri re ad it in Doctor me ades esse, here it is.

3d D. I ne ver re ad apage in it, no re ver in tendit.

2d D. Fer ne is offa qui te di ferent noti o nas i here.

1st D. It me bea pluri si; avo metis veri pro perfor a man at his age.

1st D. Is his honor sick? Pray let us feel his pulse. It does beat very slow to-day.

2d D. No, no, 'tis as quick as ever I felt; you may try it. Indeed, it is as fast as an alarum, or a fire-bell at night.

3d D. It is very high.

4th D. Not to contradict you, in my judgment it is very slow to day. It is a sort of malady, some call it. (Here every doctor retires to a parlor in a melancholy posture.)

1st D. It is a megrim, as I opine.

2d D. No, doctor, I take it for a quinsy. Here is a plain symptom of it. So writes Paracelsus. Pray read it.

1st D. No, no, doctor, I never quote a quack as you do.

2d D. Some are so; my author is none.

3d D. No quarrelling at present, I desire. His honor is sick of a colic as sure as I sit here.

4th D. It is either an atrophy, or a colic, as you said. I remember I read it in Dr. Mead's Essay: here it is.

3d D. I never read a page in it, nor ever intend it.

2d D. Ferne is of a quite different notion, as I hear.

1st D. It may be a pleurisy; a vomit is very proper for a man at his age.

2d D. Ure par donat præsanti des ire; His dis eas is a cata ride clare it.

3d D. Atlas tume findit as tone in his quid ni es.

4th D. Itis ale pro si fora uti se. Ab lis ter me bene cessa risum de cens. Itis as ure medi in manicas es.

3d D. I findit isto late tot hinc offa reme di; fori here his honor is de ad.

2d D. His ti meis cum.

1st D. Is it trudo ut hinc?

4th D. It is veri certa in. His Paris his belli sto ringo ut foris de partu re.

3d D. Næ i fis ecce lens is de ad lætus en dum apri esto præ foris sole.

2d D. Your pardon at present I desire. His disease is a catarrh, I declare it.

3d D. At last you may find it a stone in his kidneys.

4th D. It is a leprosy for aught I see. A blister may be necessary some days hence. It is a sure remedy in many cases.

3d D. I find it is too late to think of a remedy; for I hear his honor is dead.

2d D. His time is come.

1st D. Is it true, do you think?

4th D. It is very certain. His parish bell is to ring out for his departure.

3d D. Nay, if his excellency's dead, let us send 'em a priest to pray for his soul.

UNCONSCIOUS OR UNINTENTIONAL PUNS.

Elizabeth's *sylvan dress* was therefore well suited at once to her height and to the dignity of her mein, which her conscious rank and *long habits* of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary *female weeds*.—*Kenilworth*, iii. 9.

I'll *gild* the faces of the grooms withal
That it may seem their *guilt*.—*Macbeth.*

While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show their sunny backs
  And *twit* me with the spring.—*Song of the Shirt.*

RUSSIAN DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

The following message was sent to the Emperor Nicholas by one of his generals:—

Voliā Vāschā, ā Varschāvoo vsi'at nemogoo.

{ 'Volia is } but Warsaw I cannot take.

CLASSICAL PUNS AND MOTTOES.

Sydney Smith proposed as a motto for Bishop Burgess, brother to the well-known fish-sauce purveyor, the following Virgilian pun (*Æn.* iv. 1),—

Gravi jamdudum *saucia* curâ.

A London tobacconist, who had become wealthy, and determined to set up his carriage, applied to a learned gentleman for a motto. The scholar gave him the Horatian question,—

QUID RIDES?

(Why do you laugh?—*Sat. I.* 69)—

which was accordingly adopted, and painted on the panel.

A pedantic bachelor had the following inscription on his tea-caddy:—

TU DOCES.

(Thou Tea-chest.)

Epitaph on a Cat, ascribed to Dr. Johnson (Hor. lib. i., c. 12):—

MI-CAT INTER OMNES.

Two gentlemen about to enter an unoccupied pew in a church, the foremost found it locked. His companion, not perceiving it at the moment, inquired why he retreated. "*Pudor vetat*" said he. (Modesty forbids.)

A gentleman at dinner requested a friend to help him to a potato, which he did, saying, "I think you will

find that a good mealy one." "Thank you," quoth the other: "it could not be *melior*" (better).

A student of Latin, being confined to his room by illness, was called upon by a friend. "What, John," said the visitor, "sick, eh?" "Yes," replied John, "*sic sum*" (so I am).

In King's College were two delinquents named respectively Payne and Culpepper. Payne was expelled, but Culpepper escaped punishment. Upon this, a wit wrote the following apt line:—

Pœna perire potest; *Culpa per*ennis est.

Andrew Borde, author of the *Breviary of Health*, called himself in Latin Andreas Perforatus. This translation of a proper name was according to the fashion of the time, but in this instance includes a pun,—perforatus, *bored* or pierced.

Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, during a visit to Rome, went to see the princess Santacroce, a young lady of singular beauty, who had an evening *conversazione*. Next morning appeared the following pasquinade. "Pasquin asks, 'What is the Emperor Joseph come to Rome for?' Marforio answers, 'Abaciar la Santa Croce'"—to kiss the Holy Cross.

On the trial of Garnett, the Superior of the Jesuits, for his participation in the Gunpowder Plot, Coke, then Attorney-General, concluded his speech thus:—*Qui cum Jesu itis, non itis cum Jesuitis*.

A few years ago, several Jesuits came into the

lecture-room of an Italian professor in the University of Pisa, believing he was about to assail a favorite dogma of theirs. He commenced his lecture with the following words,—

"Quanti Gesuiti sono all' inferno!"

(How many Jesuits there are in hell!)

When remonstrated with, he said that his words were —

"Quanti—Gesu!—iti sono all' inferno!"

(How many people, O Jesus! there are in hell!)

D'Israeli says that Bossuet would not join his young companions, and flew to his solitary tasks, while the classical boys avenged themselves by a schoolboy's pun; applying to *Bossuet* Virgil's *bos suet-us aratro*— the ox daily toiling in the plough.

John Randolph of Virginia, and Mr. Dana of Connecticut, while fellow-members of Congress, belonged to different political parties. On one occasion Mr. Dana paid some handsome compliments to Mr. Randolph. When the latter spoke in reply, he quoted from Virgil (Æn. ii.):—

Timeo *Danaos* et dona ferentes.

A lady having accidentally thrown down a Cremona fiddle with her mantua, Dean Swift instantly remarked,—

"*Mantua* væ miseræ nimium vicina *Cremonæ*."

Ah, Mantua, too near the wretched Cremona. (Virg.

Ecl. ix. 28.)

To an old gentleman who had lost his spectacles one rainy evening, the Dean said, "If this rain continues all night, you will certainly recover them in the morning betimes:

"Nocte pluit tota—redeunt *spectacula* mane." (Virgil.)

Quid facies facies veneris si veneris ante?
Ne pereas pereas, ne sedeas, sedeas.

(What will you do if you shall come before the face of Venus? Lest you should perish through them, do not sit down, but go away.)

Sir William Dawes, Archbishop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him for the first time after he had lost his wife, he told them he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to be in the time of poor Mary; and, looking extremely sorrowful, added with a deep sigh, "she was indeed *mare pacificum*." A curate who knew pretty well what her temper had been, said, "Yes, my lord, but she was *mare mortuum* first."

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

PUNNING MOTTOES OF THE ENGLISH PEERAGE.

Ne vile FANO—Disgrace not the altar. Motto of the FANES.

NE VILE *velis*—Form no mean wish. The NEVILLES.

CAVENDO *tutus*—Secure by caution. The CAVENDISHES.

FORTE SCU*tum, salus ducum*—A strong shield the safety of leaders. Lord FORTESCUE.

VER NON *semper viret*—The spring is not always green. Lord VERNON.

VERO *nihil verius*—Nothing truer than truth. Lord VERE.

TEMPLA *quam delecta*—Temples how beloved. Lord TEMPLE.

JEUX-DE-MOTS.

SPIRITUAL.

A wag decides—

That whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

That brandy brands the noses of all who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many a man to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings, while beer brings many to the bier.

That champagne is the source of many a real pain.

That gin-slings have “slewed” more than the slings of old.

That the reputation of being fond of cock-tails is not a feather in any man's cap.

That the money spent for port that is supplied by portly gents would support many a poor family.

That porter is a weak supporter for those who are weak in body.

ANAGRAMMATIC.

The following sentence is said to be taken from a volume of sermons published during the reign of James I.:—

This *dial* shows that we must *die all*; yet notwithstanding, *all houses* are turned into *ale houses*; our *cares* into *cates*; our *paradise* into a *pair o' dice*; *matrimony* into a *matter of money*, and *marriage* into a *merry age*; our *divines* have become *dry vines*: it was not so in the days of *Noah*,—*ah! no*.

ITERATIVE.

A clerical gentleman of Hartford, who once attended the House of Representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the readiness of the Legislature of Connecticut to grant divorces, that the result was the following *impromptu*:—

For *cut*-ting all *connect*-ions famed,
Connect-i-cut is fairly named;
I twain *connect* in one, but you
Cut those whom *I connect* in two.

Each legislator seems to say,
What you *Connect I cut* away.

Finn, the comedian, issued the following morceau upon the announcement of his benefit at the Tremont Theatre, Boston:—

Like a *grate full* of coals I burn,
A *great, full* house to see;
And if I should not *grateful* prove,
A *great fool* I should be.

A FAIR LETTER.

The following letter was received by a young lady at the post-office of a Fair held for the benefit of a church:—

Fairest of the Fair. When such *fair* beings as you have the *fair*-ness to honor our *Fair* with your *fair* presence, it is perfectly *fair* that you should receive good *fare* from the *fair* conductors of this *Fair*, and indeed it would be very un-*fair* if you should not *fare* well, since it is the endeavor of those whose wel-*fare* depends upon the success of this *Fair*, to treat all who come *fair*-ly, but to treat with especial *fair*-ness those who are as *fair* as yourself. We are engaged in a *fair* cause, a sacred war-*fare*; that is, to speak without un-*fair*-ness, a war-*fare*, not against the *fair* sex, but against the pockets of their beaux. We therefore hope, gentle reader, "still *fair*est found where all is *fair*," that you will use all *fair* exertions in behalf of the praiseworthy af-*fair* which we have *fair*-ly undertaken. If you take sufficient interest in our wel-*fare* to lend your *fair* aid, you will appear *fair*-er than ever in our sight; we will never treat you un-*fair*-ly, and when you withdraw the light of your

fair countenance from our *Fair*, we will bid you a kind *Fare*-well.

The following was written on the occasion of a duel in Philadelphia, several years ago:—

Schott and Willing did engage
  In duel fierce and hot;
Schott shot Willing willingly,
  And Willing he shot Schott.

The shot Schott shot made Willing quite
  A spectacle to see;
While Willing's willing shot went right
  Through Schott's anatomy.

WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written *write*;
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right:
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite;
But *write*, for so 'tis written right.

TURN TO THE LEFT AS THE (ENGLISH) LAW DIRECTS.

The laws of the Road are a paradox quite:
  For when you are travelling along,
If you keep to the LEFT you're sure to be RIGHT,
  If you keep to the RIGHT you'll be WRONG.

I cannot bear to see a bear, bear down upon a hare,
When bare of hair he strips the hare, for hare I cry,
    "forbear!"

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF KILDARE.

Who *killed Kildare*? Who *dared Kildare* to *kill*?

Death answers,—

I *killed Kildare*, and *dare kill* whom I will.

A *Cat*ALECTIC MONODY.

A *cat* I sing of famous memory,
Though *cat*achrestical my song may be:
In a small garden *cat*acomb she lies,
And *cat*aclysms fill her comrades' eyes;
Borne on the air, the *cat*acoustic song
Swells with her virtues' *cat*alogue along;
No *cat*aplasm could lengthen out her years,
Though mourning friends shed *cat*aracts of tears.
Once loud and strong her *cat*echist-like voice.
It dwindled to a *cat*call's squeaking noise;
Most *cat*egorical her virtues shone,
By *cat*enation joined each one to one;—
But a vile *cat*chpoll dog, with cruel bite,
Like *cat*ling's cut, her strength disabled quite;
Her *cat*erwauling pierced the heavy air,
As *cat*aphracts their arms through legions bear;
'Tis vain! as *cat*erpillars drag away
Their lengths, like *cat*tle after busy day,
She lingering died, nor left in kit *kat* the
Embodiment of this *cat*astrophe.

NOVEMBER.

(The humorous lines of Hood are only applicable to the English climate, where the closing month of autumn is synonymous with fogs, long visages, and suicides.)

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No roads—no streets—no t'other side the way—
No end to any row—
No indication where the crescents go—
No tops to any steeple—
No recognition of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em—
No travellers at all—no locomotion—
No inkling of the way—no motion—
'No go' by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth—no cheerfulness—no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—
No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—
NO-VEMBER!

The name of that monster of brutality, *Caliban*, in Shakspeare's Tempest, is supposed to be anagrammatic of *Canibal*, the old mode of spelling Cannibal.

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;
B sure you make matter subservient to mind.
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true,
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few.
B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine,

B careful of conduct, of money, of time.
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, *be*nevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, *be*cause thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted; B faithful till death.
B honest, B holy, transparent, and pure;
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll B secure.

THE BEES OF THE BIBLE.

Be kindly affectioned one to another.
Be sober, and watch unto prayer.
Be content with such things as ye have.
Be strong in the Lord.
Be courteous.
Be not wise in your own conceits.
Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.
Be not children in understanding.
Be followers of God, as dear children.
Be not weary in well-doing.
Be holy in all manner of conversation.
Be patient unto the coming of the Lord.
Be clothed with humility.

FRANKLIN'S "RE'S."

Dr. Franklin, in England in the year 1775, was asked by a nobleman what would satisfy the Americans. He answered that it might easily be comprised in a few "Re's," which he immediately wrote on a piece of paper, thus:—

Re-call your forces.
Re-store Castle William.
Re-pair the damage done to Boston.
Re-peal your unconstitutional acts.

Re-nounce your pretensions to taxes.
Re-fund the duties you have extorted.

After this—

Re-quire, and
Re-ceive payment for the destroyed tea, with the voluntary
grants of the Colonies; and then
Re-joice in a happy
Re-conciliation.

THE MISS-NOMERS.

After the manner of Horace Smith's "Surnames ever go by contraries."

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
Miss White is as brown as a berry;
Miss Black has a gray head of hair,
Miss Graves is a flirt ever merry;
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone,
Miss Rich scarce can muster a guinea;
Miss Hare wears a wig, and has none,
And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny!

Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold,
Miss Dove's ever cross and contrary;
Miss Young is now grown very old,
And Miss Heavyside's light as a fairy!
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
Miss Noble's of humble extraction;
Miss Love has a hatred towards men,
Whilst Miss Still is forever in action.

Miss Green is a regular *blue*,
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily;
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly!
Miss Goodchild's a naughty young elf,
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool;

Miss Mee's not at all like *myself*,
Miss Carpenter no one can rule.

Miss Sadler ne'er mounted a horse,
While Miss Groom from the stable will run;
Miss Kilmore can't look on a corse,
And Miss Aimwell ne'er levelled a gun;
Miss Greathead has no brains at all,
Miss Heartwell is ever complaining;
Miss Dance has ne'er been at a ball,
Over hearts Miss Fairweather likes *reigning*!

Miss Wright, she is constantly wrong,
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And alas! poor Miss Cash has no money;
Miss Hateman would give all she's worth,
To purchase a man to her liking;
Miss Merry is shocked at all mirth,
Miss Boxer the men don't find *striking*!

Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb;
Miss Joy still anticipates wo,
And Miss Charity's never "at home!"
Miss Hamlet resides in the city,
The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken;
Miss Prettyman's beau is not pretty,
And Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!

Miss Porter despises all froth,
Miss Scales they'll make *wait*, I am thinking;
Miss Meekly is apt to be wroth,
Miss Lofty to meanness is sinking;
Miss Seymore's as blind as a bat,
Miss Last at a party is first;
Miss Brindle dislikes a striped cat,
And Miss Waters has always a thirst!

Miss Knight is now changed into Day,
Miss Day wants to marry a Knight;

Miss Prudence has just run away,
And Miss Steady assisted her flight;
But success to the fair,—one and all!
No miss-apprehensions be making;—
Though wrong the dear sex to *miss-call*,
There's no harm, I should hope, in MISS-TAKING.

CROOKED COINCIDENCES.

A pamphlet published in the year 1703 has the following strange title: "The *Deformity* of Sin cured; a Sermon preached at St. Michael's, *Crooked*-lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. *Crookshanks*. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the *Crooked* Billet near *Cripple*-gate, and by all other booksellers." The words of the text are, "*Every crooked path shall be made straight*;" and the prince before whom it was preached was *deformed* in person.

THE COURT-FOOL'S PUN ON ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

Great praise to God, and *little Laud* to the devil.

English Words and Forms of Expression.

Dictionary English is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about forty thousand words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as ten thousand words could be collected. Of the forty thousand words there are certainly many more than one-half that are only employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say, either with our lips or with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly amounts to ten thousand words; our common spoken English hardly to five thousand.

Odd words are to be found in the dictionaries. Why they are kept there no one knows; but what man in his senses would use such words as zythepsary for a brewhouse, and zymologist for a brewer; would talk of a stormy day as procellous and himself as madefied; of his long-legged son as increasing in procerity but sadly marcid; of having met with such

procacity from such a one; of a bore as a macrologist; of an aged horse as macrobiotic; of important business as moliminous, and his daughter's necklace as moniliform; of some one's talk as meracious, and lament his last night's nimiety of wine at that dapatical feast, whence he was taken by ereption? Open the dictionary at any page, and you will find a host of these words.

By a too ready adoption of foreign words into the currency of the English language, we are in danger of losing much of its radical strength and historical significance. Marsh has compared the parable of the man who built his house upon the sand, as given by Matthew and Luke. Matthew uses the plain Saxon English. The learned Evangelist, Luke, employed a Latinized dictionary. "Now," he says, "compare the two passages and say which to every English ear, is the most impressive:"

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it."—*Matthew.*

"Against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."—*Luke.*

There can scarcely be a difference of opinion as to the relative force and beauty of the two versions, and consequently we find, that while that of Matthew has become proverbial, the narrative of Luke is seldom or never quoted.

Trench says that the Anglo-Saxon is not so much one element of the English language, as the foundation of it—the basis. All its joints, its whole *articulation*, its sinews and its ligaments, the great body of articles, pronouns, conjunctions, prepositions, numerals,

auxiliary verbs, all smaller words which serve to knit together and bind the larger into sentences, these—not to speak of the grammatical structure of the language—are exclusively Saxon. The Latin may contribute its tale of bricks, yea, of goodly and polished hewn stones to the spiritual building, but the mortar, with all that holds and binds these together, and constitutes them into a house, is Saxon throughout. As proof positive of the soundness of the above affirmation, the test is submitted that—"you *can* write a sentence without Latin, but you *cannot* without Saxon." The words of the Lord's Prayer are almost all Saxon. Our good old family Bible is a capital standard of it, and has done more than any other book for the conservation of the purity of our language. Our best writers, particularly those of Queen Anne's time,—Addison, Steele, Swift, &c.,—were distinguished by their use of simple Saxon.

SOURCES OF THE LANGUAGE.

Some years ago, a gentleman, after carefully examining the folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary, formed the following table of English words derived from other languages:—

Latin	6,732
French	4,812
Saxon	1,665
Greek	1,148
Dutch	691
Italian	211
German	116
Welsh	95

Danish	75
Spanish	56
Icelandic	50
Swedish	34
Gothic	31
Hebrew	16
Teutonic	15
Arabic	13
Irish	6
Runic	4
Flemish	4
Erse	4
Syriac	3
Scottish	3
Irish and Erse	2
Turkish	2
Irish and Scottish	1
Portuguese	1
Persian	1
Frisi	1
Persic	1
Uncertain	1
Total	15,784

NOUNS OF MULTITUDE.

A foreigner looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said, “See what a flock of ships.” He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a

fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance, in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and that a gang of angels is called a host, and that a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.

DISRAELIAN ENGLISH.

Mr. Disraeli gives us some queer English in his novel of *Lothair*, as may be seen in the following examples: —"He guarded over Lothair's vast inheritance;" "Lothair observed on" a lady's singing; "of simple but distinguished mien, with a countenance naturally pale, though somewhat bronzed by a life of air and exercise, and a profusion of dark, auburn hair;" "he engaged a vehicle and ordered to be driven to Leicester Square;" "he pointed to an individual seated in the centre of the table;" "their mutual ancestors;" "Is there anything in the *Tenebræ* why I ought not to be present?"; "*thoughts which made him unconscious* how long had elapsed;" "with no companions than the wounded near them;" "The

surgeon was sitting by her side, occasionally wiping the slight foam from her brow." We have heard of people foaming at the mouth, but never before of a lady foaming at the brow.

"YE" FOR "THE."

Ye is sometimes used for *the* in old books wherein *the* is the more usual form, on account of the difficulties experienced by the printers in "spacing out." When pressed for room they put *ye*; when they had plenty of room they put *the*. Many people in reading old books pronounce the abbreviation *ye*. But the proper pronunciation is *the*, for the *y* is only a corruption of the old *thorn-letter*, or symbol for *th*.

ITS.

His is the genitive (or as we say, possessive) of *he*, (*he's*,—*his*,) and *it* or *hit*, as it was long written, is the neuter of *he*, the final *t* being the sign of the neuter. The introduction of *its*, as the neuter genitive instead of *his*, arose from a misconception, similar to that which would have arisen had the Romans introduced *illudius* as the neuter genitive of *ille*, instead of *illius*. *Its* very rarely occurs in our authorized version of the Bible, *his* or *her* being used instead—occurs but a few times in all Shakspeare—was unknown to Ben Jonson—was not admitted into his poems by Milton —and did not come into common use until sanctioned by Dryden.

THAT.

The use of the word *That* in the following examples is strictly in accordance with grammatical rules:—

The gentleman said, in speaking of the word *that*, *that that that that that* lady parsed, was not *that that that that* gentleman requested her to analyze.

Now, *that* is a word that may often be joined,
For *that that* may be doubled is clear to the mind;
And *that that that* is right, is as plain to the view,
As *that that that that* we use, is rightly used too,
And *that that that that that* line has in it, is right—
In accordance with grammar—is plain in our sight.

I SAY.

A gentleman who was in the habit of interlarding his discourse with the expression "I say," having been informed by a friend that a certain individual had made some ill-natured remarks upon this peculiarity, took the opportunity of addressing him in the following amusing style of rebuke:—"I say, sir, I hear say you say I say 'I say' at every word I say. Now, sir, although I know I say 'I say' at every word I say, still I say, sir, it is not for you to say I say 'I say' at every word I say."

PATH-OLOGY.

There once resided in Ayrshire a man who, like Leman, proposed to write an Etymological Dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered, with great readiness and confidence, "Why, the art of *road-making*, to be sure."

THE PRONUNCIATION OF OUGH.

The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where the combination of the letters *ough* is pronounced in no less than seven different ways, viz.: as *o*, *uff*, *off*, *up*, *ow*, *oo*, and *ock*:—

THOUGH the TOUGH COUGH and HICCOUGH PLOUGH me
THROUGH,
O'er life's dark LOUGH my course I still pursue.

The following attempts to show the sound of *ough*, final, are ingenious:—

Though from *rough cough* or *hiccough* free,
That man has pain *enough*
Whose wounds *through plough*, sunk in a *slough*,
Or *lough* begin to *slough*.

'Tis not an easy task to show,
How o, u, g, h, sound; since *though*,
An Irish *lough*, an English *slough*,
And *cough*, and *hiccough*, all allow
Differ as much as *tough* and *through*,
There seems no reason why they do.

"Husband," says Joan, "'tis plain enough
That Roger loves our daughter;
And Betty loves him too, although
She treats his suit with laughter.

"For Roger always hems and coughs,
While on the field he's ploughing;
Then strives to see between the boughs,
If Betty heeds his coughing."

The following *jeu d'esprit*, entitled "A Literary Squabble on the pronunciation of Monckton Milnes's Title," is stated to have been the production of Lord

Palmerston:—

The Alphabet rejoiced to hear,
That Monckton Milnes was made a peer;
For in the present world of letters,
But few, if any, were his betters.
So an address, by acclamation,
They voted, of congratulation.
And O U G H T and N
Were chosen to take up the pen,
Possessing each an interest vital
In the new Peer's baronial title.
'Twas done in language terse and telling,
Perfect in grammar and in spelling.
But when 'twas read aloud—oh, mercy!
There sprung up such a controversy
About the true pronunciation
Of said baronial appellation.
The vowels O and U averred
They were entitled to be heard.
The consonants denied the claim,
Insisting that they mute became.
Johnson and Walker were applied to,
Sheridan, Bailey, Webster, tried too;
But all in vain—for each picked out
A word that left the case in doubt.
O, looking round upon them all,
Cried, "If it be correct to call
T H R O U G H *throo*,
H O U G H must be *Hoo*;
Therefore there must be no dispute on
The question, we should say Lord *Hooton*."
U then did speak, and sought to show
He should be doubled, and not O,
For sure if *ought* and *awt*, then nought on
Earth could the title be but *Hawton*.
H, on the other hand, said he,
In *cough* and *trough*, stood next to G,
And like an F was then looked oft on,
Which made him think it should be *Hofton*.

But G corrected H, and drew
Attention other cases to:
Lough, *Rough* and *Chough*, more than enough
To prove O U G H spelled *uff*,
And growled out in a sort of gruff tone
They must pronounce the title *Hufton*.
N said emphatically No;
For D O U G H is *Doh*,
And though (look there again) that stuff
At sea for fun, they nickname *Duff*,
He should propose they took a vote on
The question should it not be *Hoton*?
Besides, in French 'twould have such force,
A Lord must be *haut ton*, of course.
High and more high contention rose,
From words they almost came to blows,
Till S, as yet, who had not spoke,
And dearly loved a little joke,
Put in *his* word, and said, "Look here,
Plough in this row must have a *share*."
At this atrocious pun, each page
Of Johnson whiter grew with rage.
Bailey looked desperately cut up,
And Sheridan completely shut up.
Webster, who is no idle talker,
Made a sign signifying *Walker*.
While Walker, who had been used badly,
Shook his old dirty dog-ears sadly.
But as we find in prose or rhyme,
A joke, made happily in time,
However poor, will often tend
The hottest argument to end,
And smother anger in a laugh,
So S succeeded with his *chaff*,
Containing, as it did, some wheat,
In calming this fierce verbal heat.
Authorities were all conflicting,
And S there was no contradicting.
P L O U G H was *Plow*
Even *enough* was called *enow*,

And no one who preferred *enough*
Would dream of saying "Speed the *Pluff*."
So they considered it was wise
With S to make a compromise,
To leave no loop to hang a doubt on
By giving three cheers for Lord Houghton (*Howton*).

EXCISE.

The following curious document gives the opinion of Lord Mansfield, when Attorney-General, upon Dr. Johnson's definition of the word Excise:—

Case.

Mr. Samuel Johnson has lately published a book, entitled *A Dictionary of the English Language, in which the words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers. To which are prefixed a history of the Language, and an English grammar.*

Under the title "Excise" are the following words:—

Excise, n. s. (*accijs* Dutch; *excisum*, Latin,) a hateful tax levied upon commodities and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but *wretches* hired by those to whom *Excise* is paid.

The people should pay a ratable tax for their sheep, and an *Excise* for every thing which they should eat.—HAYWARD.

Ambitious now to take *excise*
Of a more fragrant paradise.—CLEVELAND.

EXCISE.

With hundred rows of teeth the shark exceeds,
And on all trades, like Cassowar, she feeds.—MARVEL.

Can hire large houses and oppress the poor
By farmed Excise.—DRYDEN, *Juvenal, Sat. 3*.

The author's definition being observed by the Commissioners of Excise, they desire the favor of your opinion:

Qu.—Whether it will not be considered as a libel; and, if so, whether it is not proper to proceed against the author, printers, and publishers thereof, or any and which of them, by information or how otherwise?

Opinion.

I am of opinion that it is a libel; but, under all the circumstances, I should think it better to give him an opportunity of altering his definition; and, in case he don't, threaten him with an information.

W. MURRAY.

29th Nov. 1755.

PONTIFF.

Mr. Longfellow, in his *Golden Legend*, thus refers to the derivation of this word from *pons* (a bridge) and *facere* (to make):—

Well has the name of Pontifex been given
Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder
And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven.

ROUGH.

Mr. Motley, in his *History of the United Netherlands*, IV. 138, thus ascribes the use of this word to Queen Elizabeth, of England, in her last illness:—

> The great queen, moody, despairing, dying, wrapt in profoundest thought, with eyes fixed upon the ground or already gazing into infinity was besought by the counsellors around her to name the man to whom she chose that the crown should devolve.
>
> "Not to a Rough," said Elizabeth, sententiously and grimly.

These particulars are apparently given on the authority of the Italian Secretary, Scaramelli, whose language is quoted in a foot-note, and who says that the word *Rough* "in lingua inglese significa persona bassa e vile."

Charles Dickens said, "I entertain so strong an objection to the euphonious softening of *ruffian* into *rough*, which has lately become popular, that I restore the right word to the heading of this paper." (*The Ruffian, by the Uncommercial Traveler, All the Year Round.*) "Lately popular" does not mean popular for two hundred and eighty years past. A word that has escaped the notice of the Glossarists cannot have been in use early in the seventeenth century. That it should have been used in its modern sense by Queen Elizabeth, passes all bounds of belief. With all her faults she did not make silly unmeaning remarks; and it would have been extremely silly in her to say she did not wish a low ruffian to succeed her on the throne. If she uttered a word having the same sound, it might possibly have been *ruff*. The "ruff," though worn by men of the upper class, was in Queen Elizabeth's time an especially female article of dress, and the queen might have said, "I will have no ruff to succeed me," just as now-a-days one might say, "I will have no petticoat government." We want better

authority than that of Scaramelli before we can believe that Elizabeth used either the word *rough* or *ruff*, when consulted as to her wishes respecting her successor.

NOT AMERICANISMS.

In Bartlett's Dictionary the term "*stocking-feet*" is given as an Americanism. But the following quotation from Thackeray's *Newcomes* (vol. i. ch. viii.) shows that this is an error:—

"Binnie found the Colonel in his sitting-room arrayed in what are called in Scotland his stocking-feet."

Professor Tyndall, at the farewell banquet given in his honor by the citizens of New York, prior to his departure, in referring to his successful lecture-course in the United States, said he had had—to quote his words—"what you Americans call '*a good time*.'"

But this expression is not an Americanism. It is used by Dean Swift in his letter to Stella, (Feb. 24, 1710–11); "I hope Mrs. Wells had a good time."

That not very elegant adjective *bully*, though found in Bartlett, and used by Washington Irving cannot be claimed as an Americanism. Friar Tuck sings, in Scott's *Ivanhoe*:—

"Come troll the brown bowl to me, bully boy,
Come troll the brown bowl to me."

But to go further back, we find it in the burden of an old three-part song, "We be three poor Mariners," in Ravenscroft's *Deuteromelia*, 1609:

"Shall we go dance the round, the round,

Shall we go dance the round;
And he that is a bully boy,
Come pledge me on the ground."

One of the words which the English used to class among Americanisms—ignorant that it was older and better English than their own usage—was *Fall*, used as the name of the third of the seasons. The English, corrupted by the Johnsonese of the Hanoverian reigns, call it by the Latinism, Autumn. But the other term, in general use on this side of the Atlantic, is the word by which all the old writers of the language know it. "The hole yere," says scholarly Roger Ascham in his *Toxophilus*, "is divided into iiii. partes, Spring tyme, Sommer, Faule of the leafe, & Winter, whereof the hole winter for the roughnesse of it, is cleane taken away from shoting: except it be one day amonges xx., or one yeare amonges xi."

This statement, by the way, that exceptionally mild winters were in the ratio of one to eleven, is worth noting with reference to the recent announcement of science that the spots on the sun have an eleven-year period of maximum frequency.

NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN THEM.

In the ordinary acceptation of the words, "No love was lost between the two," we are led to infer that the two were on very unfriendly terms. But in the ballad of *The Babes in the Wood*, as given in Percy's *Reliques*, occur the following lines, which convey the contrary idea:—

No love between this two was lost,
  Each was to other kind:
In love they lived, in love they died,

And left two babes behind.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

Military and civil writers of the present day seem quite ignorant of the true meaning of the words *forlorn hope*. The adjective has nothing to do with despair, nor the substantive with the "charmer which lingers still behind;" there was no such poetical depth in the words as originally used. Every corps marching in an enemy's country had a small body of men at the head (*haupt* or *hope*) of the advanced guard; and which was termed the *forlorne hope* (*lorn* being here but a termination similar to *ward* in *forward*,) while another small body at the head of the read-guard was called the *rere-lorn hope*. A reference to Johnson's Dictionary shows that civilians were misled as early as the time of Dryden by the mere sound of a technical military phrase; and, in process of time, even military men forgot the true meaning of the words. And thus we easily trace the foundation of an error to which we are indebted for Byron's beautiful line:—

The full of hope, misnamed *forlorn*.

QUIZ.

This word, which is only in vulgar or colloquial use, and which some of the lexicographers have attempted to trace to learned roots, originated in a joke. Daly, the manager of a Dublin play-house, wagered that a word of no meaning should be the common talk and puzzle of the city in twenty-four

hours. In the course of that time the letters *q u i z* were chalked on all the walls of Dublin with an effect that won the wager.

TENNYSON'S ENGLISH.

Probably no poet ever more thoroughly comprehended the value of words in metrical composition than Mr. Tennyson, but he has issued a new coinage which is not pure. Compound epithets are modelled after the Greek or revived from the uncritical Elizabethan era. Thus, where we should naturally say "The bee is cradled in the lily," Mr. Tennyson writes, "The bee is lily-cradled." When a man's nose is broken at the bridge or a lady's turns up at the tip, the one is said to be "a nose bridge-broken," and the other (with much gallantry) to be "tip-tilted, like the petal of a flower."

The movement of the metre again is very peculiar. Discarding Milton's long and complex periods, Mr. Tennyson has restored blank verse to an apparently simple rhythm. But this simplicity is in fact the result of artifice, and, under every variety of movement, the ear detects the recurrence of a set type. One of the poet's favorite devices is to pause on a monosyllable at the beginning of a line, and this affect is repeated so often as to remind the reader of Euripides and his unhappy "oil flask" in *The Frogs*. Take the following instances:—

And the strange sound of an adulterous race,
Against the iron grating of her cell
Beat.

A sound
As of a silver horn across the hills

Blown.
And then the music faded, and the Grail
Passed.
His eyes became so like her own they seemed
Hers.

"THAT MINE ADVERSARY HAD WRITTEN A BOOK."

This passage from Job xxxi. 35, is frequently misapplied, being interpreted as if it had reference to a book or writing as commonly understood. It means rather, according to Gesenius, a charge or accusation. Pierius makes it "libellum accusationis," and Grotius, "scriptam accusationem" Scott expresses this in his *Commentary*:—

"Job challenged his adversary, or accuser, to produce a libel or written indictment against him: he was confident that it would prove no disgrace to him, but an honor; as every article would be disproved, and the reverse be manifested."

Other commentators understand it as meaning a record of Job's life, or of his sufferings. Coverdale translates:—"And let him that my contrary party sue me with a lybell." In the Genevan version it is, "Though mine adversarie should write a book *against me*." In the Bishop's Bible, 1595, "Though mine adversarie write a book *against me*." The meaning seems to have become obscured in our version by retaining the English book instead of the Latin *libel*, but omitting the words in italics, "against me."

ECCENTRIC ETYMOLOGIES.

To trace the changes of form and meaning which many of the words of our language have undergone is no easy task. There are words as current with us as with our forefathers, the significance of which, as we use them, is very different from that of their primitive use. And, in many instances, they have wandered, by courses more or less tortuous, so far from their original meaning as to make it almost impossible to follow the track of divergence. Hence, it is easy to understand why it has been said that the etymologist, to be successful, must have "an instinct like the special capabilities of the pointer." But there are derivations which are only revealed by accident, or stumbled upon in unexpected ways, and which, in the regular course of patient search, would never have been elicited. The following illustrative selections will interest the general reader.

Bombastic.—This adjective has an odd derivation. Originally bombast (from the Latin bombax, cotton) meant nothing but cotton wadding, used for filling or stuffing. Shakspeare employs it in this sense in *Love's Labor Lost*, v. 2.

As bombast and as living to the time.

Decker, in his *Satyromastix*, says, "You shall swear not to bombast out a new play with the old linings of jests." And Guazzo, *Civile Conversation*, 1591, —"Studie should rather make him leane and thinne, and pull out the bombast of his corpulent doublet."

Hence, by easy transition from the falseness of padding or puffing out a figure, bombast came to signify swelling pretentiousness of speech and conduct as an adapted meaning; and gradually this became the primary and only sense.

Buxom.—This word is simply bow-some or bough-some, *i.e.*, that which readily bows, or bends, or yields like the boughs of a tree. No longer ago than when Milton wrote *boughsome*, which as *gh* in English began to lose its guttural sound,—that of the letter *chi* in Greek,—came to be written *buxom*, meant simply yielding, and was of general application.

——"and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air."—*Paradise Lost*, II. 840.

But aided, doubtless, as Dr. Johnson suggests, by a too liberal construction of the bride's promise in the old English marriage ceremony, to be "obedient and buxom in bed and board," it came to be applied to women who were erroneously thought likely to be thus yielding; and hence it now means plump, rosy, alluring, and is applied only to women who combine those qualities of figure, face and expression.

Cadaver.—An abbot of Cirencester, about 1216, conceived himself an etymologist, and, as a specimen of his powers, has left us the Latin word cadaver, a corpse, thus dissected:—"Ca," quoth he, is abbreviated for caro; "da" for data; "ver" for vermibus. Hence we have "caro data vermibus," flesh given to the worms.

Yet while the reader smiles at this curious absurdity, it is worth while to note that the word *alms* is constructed upon a similar principle, being formed (according to the best authority) of letters, taken from successive syllables of the cumbrous Latinized Greek word *eleemosyna*.

Canard.—This is the French for duck, and the origin of its application to hoaxing is said to be as follows:—To ridicule a growing extravagance in story-telling a clever journalist stated that an interesting experiment had just been made, calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty of these animals had been placed together, and one of them having been killed and cut up into the smallest possible pieces, feathers and all, and thrown to the other nineteen, had been gluttonously gobbled up in an exceedingly brief space of time. Another was taken from the remaining nineteen, and being chopped small like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other; and so on to the last, which was thus placed in the remarkable position of having eaten his nineteen companions in a wonderfully short space of time! All this, most pleasantly narrated, obtained a success which the writer was far from anticipating, for the story ran the rounds of all the journals in Europe. It then became almost forgotten for about a score of years, when it came back from America, with an amplification which it did not boast of at the commencement, and with a regular certificate of the autopsy of the body of the surviving animal, whose esophagus was declared to have been seriously injured! Since then fabrications of this character have been called *canards*.

Chum.—A schoolboy's letter, written two centuries ago, has lately revealed that chum is a contraction from "chamber-fellow." Two students dwelling together found the word unwieldly, and, led by another universal law of language, they shortened it in the most obvious way.

Dandy.—Bishop Fleetwood says that "dandy" is derived from a silver coin of small value, circulated in the reign of Henry VIII., and called a "dandy-prat."

Dunce.—This word comes to us from the celebrated Duns Scotus, chief of the Schoolmen of his time. He was "the subtle doctor by preëminence;" and it certainly is a strange perversion that a scholar of his great ability should give name to a class who hate all scholarship. When at the Reformation and revival of learning the works of the Schoolmen fell into extreme disfavor with the Reformers and the votaries of the new learning, Duns, the standard-bearer of the former, was so often referred to with scorn and contempt by the latter that his name gradually became the by-word it now is for hopeless ignorance and invincible stupidity. The errors and follies of a set were fastened upon their distinguished head. Says Tyndale, 1575,—

"Remember ye not how within this thirty years, and far less, and yet dureth unto this day, the old barking curs, *Dunce's* disciples, and like draff called Scotists, the children of darkness, raged in every pulpit against Greek, Latin and Hebrew?"

Eating humble-pie.—The phrase "eating humble-pie" is traced to the obsolete French word "*ombles*," entrails; pies for the household servants being formerly made of the entrails of animals. Hence, to take low or humble ground, to submit one's self, came familiarly to be called eating "humble" or rather "umble" pie. The word "umbles" came to us from the Norman conquest, and though now obsolete, retains its place in the lexicons of

Worcester and Webster, who, however, explain the entrails to be those of the deer only.

Fiasco.—A German, one day, seeing a glassblower at his occupation, thought nothing could be easier than glassblowing, and that he could soon learn to blow as well as the workman. He accordingly commenced operations by blowing vigorously, but could only produce a sort of pear-shaped balloon or little flask (fiasco). The second attempt had a similar result, and so on, until *fiasco* after *fiasco* had been made. Hence arose the expression which we not infrequently have occasion to use when describing the result of our undertakings.

Fudge.—This is a curious word, having a positive personality underlying it. Such at least it is, if Disraeli's account thereof be authentic. He quotes from a very old pamphlet entitled *Remarks upon the Navy*, wherein the author says, "There was in our time one *Captain Fudge*, commander of a merchantman, who upon his return from a voyage, how ill fraught soever his ship was, always brought home his owners a good crop of lies; so much that now, aboard ship, the sailors when they hear a great lie told, cry out, 'You fudge it'." The ship was the Black Eagle, and the time, Charles II.; and thence the monosyllabic name of its untruthful captain comes to us for exclamation when we have reason to believe assertions ill-founded.

Gossip.—This is another of that class of words which by the system of moral decadence that Trench has so ably illustrated as influencing human language, has come to be a term of unpleasant reproach. In some

parts of the country, by the "gossips" of a child are meant his god-parents, who take vows for him at his baptism. The connection between these two actual uses of the word is not so far to seek as one might suppose. Chaucer shows us that those who stood sponsors for an infant were considered "*sib*," or kin, to each other in *God*: thus the double syllables were compounded. Verstigan says:—

"Our Christian ancestors understanding a spirituall affinitie for to grow between the parents, and such as undertooke for the childe at baptisme, called each other by the name of *God-sib*, which is as much as to say as that they were *sib* together, i.e. of kin together, through God."

The Roman church forbids marriage between persons so united in a common vow, as she believes they have contracted an essential spiritual relationship. But from their affinity in the interests of the child they were brought into much converse with one another; and as much talk almost always degenerates into idle talk, and personalities concerning one's neighbors, and the like, so "gossips" finally came to signify the latter, when the former use of it was nearly forgotten. It is remarkable that the French "commérage" has passed through identically the same perversion.

Grog.—Admiral Vernon, whose ardent devotion to his profession had endeared him to the British naval service, was in the habit of walking the deck, in bad weather, in a rough *grogram* cloak, and thence had obtained the nickname of *Old Grog*. Whilst in command of the West India station, and at the height of his popularity on account of his reduction of Porto Bello with six men-of-war only, he introduced the

use of rum and water among the ship's company. When served out, the new beverage proved most palatable, and speedily grew into such favor that it became as popular as the brave admiral himself, and in honor of him was surnamed by acclamation "Grog."

Hocus-pocus.—According to Tillotson, this singular expression is believed to be a corruption of the transubstantiating formula, *Hoc est corpus meum*, used by the priest on the elevation of the host. Turner, in his history of the Anglo-Saxons, traces it to Ochus Bochus, a magician and demon of the northern mythology. We should certainly prefer the latter as the source of this conjurer's catch-word, which the usage of ordinary life connects with jugglery or unfair dealing, but preponderant evidence is in favor of the former.

Malingerer.—This word, brought much into use by the exigencies of our civil war, is from the French "malin gré," and signifies a soldier who from "evil will" shirks his duty by feigning sickness, or otherwise rendering himself incapable: in plain words, a poltroon.

Mustard.—Etymologists have fought vigorously over the derivation of this word. "Multum ardet," says one, or in old French, "moult arde," it burns much. "Mustum ardens, hot must," says another, referring to the former custom of preparing French mustard for the table with the sweet must of new wine. A picturesque story about the name is thus told:—Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, granted to Dijon certain armorial bearings, with the motto "Moult me

tarde"—I long or wish ardently. This was sculptured over the principal gate. In the course of years, by some accident, the central word was effaced. The manufacturers of sinapi or senévé (such were the former names of mustard), wishing to label their pots of condiment with the city arms, copied the mutilated motto; and the unlearned, seeing continually the inscription of "moult-tarde," fell into the habit of calling the contents by this title.

Navvy.—Many persons have been puzzled by the application of this word, abbreviated from navigator, to laborers. Why should earth-workers be called navigators? They whose business is with an element antipodean to water, why receive a title as of seafaring men? At the period when inland navigation was the national rage, and canals were considered to involve the essentials of prosperity, as railways are now, the workmen employed on them were called "navigators," as cutting the way for navigation. And when railways superseded canals, the name of the laborers, withdrawn from one work to the other, was unchanged, and merely contracted, according to the dislike of our Anglo-Saxon tongues to use four syllables where a less number will suffice.

Neighbor.—Formerly this familiar word was employed to signify "the boor who lives nigh to us." And just here is another of those words which have been degraded from their original sense; for boor did not then represent a stupid, ignorant lout, but simply a farmer, as in Dutch now.

Poltroon.—In the olden days the Norman-French "poltroon" had a significance obsolete now: days

when Strongbow was a noble surname, and the yew-trees of England were of importance as an arm of national defence; then the coward or malingerer had but to cut off the thumb ("pollice truncus" in Latin) —the thumb which drew the bow, and he was unfit for service, and must be discharged.

Porpoise.—The common creature of the sea, whose gambols have passed into a jest and a proverb, the porpoise, is so named because of his resemblance to a hog when in sportive mood. "Porc-poisson," said somebody who watched a herd of them tumbling about, for all the world like swine, except for the sharp dorsal fin; and the epithet adhered.

Scrape.—Long ago roamed through the forests the red and fallow deer, which had a habit of scraping up the earth with their fore-feet to the depth of several inches, sometimes even of half a yard. A wayfaring man through the olden woods was frequently exposed to the danger of tumbling into one of these hollows, when he might truly be said to be "in a scrape." Cambridge students in their little difficulties picked up and applied the phrase to other perplexing matters which had brought a man morally into a fix.

Sterling.—This word was originally applied to the metal rather than to a coin. The following extract from Camden points out its origin as applied to money:—

In the time of his sonne King Richard the First, monie coined in the east parts of Germanie began to be of especiall request in England for the puritie thereof, and was called *Easterling* monie, as all the

inhabitants of those parts were called *Easterlings*, and shortly after some of that countrie, skilful in mint matters and alloies, were sent for into this realme to bring the coins to perfection, which, since that time, was called of them *sterling* for *Easterlings*.

Surplice.—That scholastic and ministerial badge, the surplice, is said to derive its name from the Latin "superpelliceum," because anciently worn over leathern coats made of hides of beasts; with the idea of representing how the sin of our first parents is now covered by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that we are entitled to wear the emblem of innocence.

Sycophant.—The original etymology of the word sycophant is curious. The word συχοφαντέω (from σῦχον, a fig, and φαίνω, to show,) in its primary signification, means to inform against or expose those who exported figs from Athens to other places without paying duty, hence it came to signify *calumnior*, to accuse falsely, to be a tale-bearer, an evil speaker of others. The word *sycophanta* means, in its first sense, no more than this. We now apply it to any flatterer, or other abject dependant, who, to serve his own purposes, slanders and detracts from others.

Tariff.—Because payment of a fixed scale of duties was demanded by the Moorish occupants of a fortress on Tarifa promontory, which overlooked the entrance to the Mediterranean, all taxes on imports came to be called a tariff.

Treacle.—A remarkable curiosity in the way of

derivations is one traced by that indefatigable explorer, Archbishop Trench, which connects treacle with vipers. The syrup of molasses with the poison of snakes! Never was an odder relationship; yet it is a case of genuine fatherhood, and embodies a singular superstition. The ancients believed that the best antidote to the bite of the viper was a confection of its own flesh. The Greek word θηρταχή, flesh of the viper, was given first to such a sweetmeat, and then to any antidote of poison, and lastly to any syrup; and easily corrupted into our present word. Chaucer has a line—

Christ, which that is to every harm triacle.

Milton speaks of the "sovran treacle of sound doctrine." A stuff called Venice Treacle was considered antidote to all poisons. "Vipers treacle yield," says Edmund Waller, in a verse which has puzzled many a modern reader, and yet brings one close to the truth of the etymology, and shows that treacle is only a popular corruption of *theriac*.

Wig.—This word may be cited as a good example to show how interesting and profitable it is to trace words through their etymological windings to their original source. Wig is abridged from *periwig*, which comes from the Low Dutch *peruik*, which has the same meaning. When first introduced into the English language, it was written and pronounced *perwick*, the *u* being changed into *w*, as may still be seen in old English books. Afterwards the *i* was introduced for euphony, and it became *periwick*; and finally the *ck* was changed into *g*, making it *periwig*, and by contraction *wig*.

The Dutch word *peruik* was borrowed from the

French *perruque*. The termination *uik* is a favorite one with that nation, and is generally substituted in borrowed words for the French *uque* and the German *auch*. The French word *perruque* comes from the Spanish *peluca*, and this last from *pelo*, hair, which is derived from the Latin *pilus*. Hence the Latin word *pilus*, hair, through successive transformations, has produced the English word *wig*.

Windfall.—Centuries ago a clause was extant in the tenure of many English estates, to the effect that the owners might not fell the trees, as the best timber was reserved for the Royal Navy; but any trees that came down without cutting were the property of the tenant. Hence was a storm a joyful and a lucrative event in proportion to its intensity, and the larger the number of forest patriarchs it laid low the richer was the lord of the land. He had received a veritable "windfall." Ours in the nineteenth century come in the shape of any unexpected profit; and those of us who own estates rather quake in sympathy with our trembling trees on windy nights.

ODD CHANGES OF SIGNIFICATION.

The first verse of Dean Whittingham's version of the 114th Psalm may be quoted as a curious instance of a phrase originally grave in its meaning become strangely incongruous:—

When Israel by God's address
From Pharaoh's land was bent,
And Jacob's house the strangers left
And *in the same train* went.

Since the completion of the Pacific Railway, some

introductory lines in Southey's *Thalaba* require correction:—

Who at this untimely hour
Wander o'er the *desert sands*?
No *station* is in view.

If the author would revisit the earth, he would find numerous "stations" on the railway route across the Great American Desert.

Among funny instances of wresting from a text a meaning to suit a particular purpose, is that of the classical scholar who undertook to prove that the word "smile" was used as a euphemism for a drink in ancient times, by quoting from Horace's *Odes*:—

Amara lento temperat risu.

Which is rendered by Martin:—

Meets life's *bitters* with a jest,
And *smiles* them down.

By *lento risu*, it was argued, is clearly meant a *slow* smile, or one taken through a straw!

The meaning of the word *Wretch* is one not generally understood. It was originally, and is now, in some parts of England, used as a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. This is not the only instance in which words in their present general acceptation bear a very opposite meaning to what they did in Shakspeare's time. The word *Wench*, formerly, was not used in the low and vulgar acceptation that it is at present. *Damsel* was the appellation of young ladies of quality, and *Dame* a title of distinction. *Knave* once signified a servant; and in an early translation of the New Testament, instead of "Paul,

the Servant," we read "Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ," or, Paul, a rascal of Jesus Christ. *Varlet* was formerly used in the same sense as valet. On the other hand, the word *Companion*, instead of being the honorable synonym of Associate, occurs in the play of Othello with the same contemptuous meaning which we now affix, in its abusive sense, to the word "Fellow;" for Emilia, perceiving that some secret villain had aspersed the character of the virtuous Desdemona, thus indignantly exclaims:—

O Heaven! that such *Companions* thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.—iv. 2.

Villain formerly meant a bondman. In feudal law, according to Blackstone, the term was applied to those who held lands and tenements in *villenage*,—a tenure by base services.

Pedant formerly meant a schoolmaster. Shakspeare says in his *Twelfth Night*,—

A pedant that keeps a school in the church.—iii. 2.

Bacon, in his *Pathway unto Prayer*, thus uses the word Imp: "Let us pray for the preservation of the King's most excellent Majesty, and for the prosperous success of his entirely beloved son Edward our Prince, that most *angelic imp*."

The word *brat* is not considered very elegant now, but a few years ago it had a different signification from its present one. An old hymn or *De profundis*, by Gascoine, contains the lines,—

"O Israel, O household of the Lord,
O Abraham's brats, O brood of blessed seed,
O chosen sheep that loved the Lord indeed."

It is a somewhat noticeable fact, that the changes in the signification of words have generally been to their deterioration; that is, words that heretofore had no sinister meaning have acquired it. The word *cunning*, for example, formerly meant nothing sinister or underhanded; and in Thrope's confession in Fox's "Book of Martyrs" is the sentence, "I believe that all these three persons [in the Godhead] are even in power, and in cunning, and in might, full of grace and of all goodness." *Demure* is another of this class. It was used by earlier writers without the insinuation which is now almost latent in it, that the external shows of modesty and sobriety rest on no corresponding realities. *Explode* formerly meant to drive off the stage with loud clappings of the hands, but gradually became exaggerated into its present signification. *Facetious*, too, originally meant urbane, but now has so degenerated as to have acquired the sense of buffoonery; and Mr. Trench sees indications that it will ere long acquire the sense of indecent buffoonery.

Frippery now means trumpery and odds and ends of cheap finery; but once it meant old clothes of value, and not worthless, as the term at present implies. The word *Gossip* formerly meant only a sponsor in baptism. Sponsors were supposed to become acquainted at the baptismal font, and by their sponsorial act to establish an indefinite affinity towards each other and the child. Thus the word was applied to all who were familiar and intimate, and finally obtained the meaning which is now predominant in it.

Homely once meant secret and familiar, though in the time of Milton it had acquired the same sense as at present. *Idiot*, from the Greek, originally signified

only a private man as distinguished from one in public office, and from that it has degenerated till it has come to designate a person of defective mental powers. *Incense* once meant to kindle not only anger, but good passions as well; Fuller uses it in the sense of "to incite." *Indolence* originally signified a freedom from passion or pain, but now implies a condition of languid non-exertion. *Insolent* was once only "unusual."

The derivation of *lumber* is peculiar. As the Lombards were the bankers, so they were also the pawnbrokers, of the Middle Ages. The "lumber-room" was then the place where the Lombard banker and broker stored his pledges, and *lumber* gradually came to mean the pledges themselves. As these naturally accumulated till they got out of date or became unserviceable, it is easy to trace the steps by which the word descended to its present meaning.

Obsequious implies an unmanly readiness to fall in with the will of another; but in the original obsequium, or in the English word as employed two centuries ago, there was nothing of this: it rather meant obedience and mildness. Shakspeare, speaking of a deceased person, says,—

"How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead."

Property and *propriety* were once synonymous, both referring to material things, as the French word *propriété* does now. Foreigners do not often catch the distinction at present made in English between the two words; and we know a French gentleman who, recently meeting with some pecuniary reverses, astonished his friends by telling them that he had

lost all his “propriety.”

A poet is a person who writes poetry, and, according to the good old customs, a proser was a person who wrote prose, and simply the antithesis of poet. The word has now a sadly different signification; and it would not be considered very respectable to term Addison, Irving, Bancroft, or Everett “prosers.”

INFLUENCE OF NAMES.

The Romans, from the time they expelled their kings, could never endure the idea of being governed by a *king*. But they submitted to the most abject slavery under an *emperor*. And Oliver Cromwell did not venture to risk disgusting the republicans by calling himself king, though under the title of Protector he exercised regal functions.

The American colonies submitted to have their commerce and their manufactures crippled by restrictions avowedly for the benefit of the mother-country, and were thus virtually *taxed* to the amount of all that they in any instance lost by paying more for some article than it would cost to make it themselves, or to buy it of foreigners. But as soon as *a tax* was imposed *under that name*, they broke out into rebellion.

It is a marvel to many, and seems to them nearly incredible, that the Israelites should have gone after other gods; and yet the vulgar in most parts of Christendom are actually serving the gods of their heathen ancestors. But then they do not *call* them *gods*, but fairies or bogles, etc., and they do not apply the word *worship* to their veneration of them, nor

sacrifice to their offerings. And this slight change of name keeps most people in ignorance of a fact that is before their eyes.

Others, professed Christians, are believed, both by others and by themselves, to be worshippers of the true God, though they invest him with the *attributes* of one of the evil demons worshipped by the heathen. There is hardly any professed Christian who would not be shocked at the application of the word *caprice* to the acts of the Most High. And yet his choosing to inflict suffering on his creatures "*for no cause*" (as some theologians maintain) "except that *such is his will*," is the very definition of caprice.

But when Lord Byron published his poem of "Cain," which contains substantially the *very same* doctrine, there was a great outcry among pious people, including, no doubt, many who were of the theological school which teaches the same, under other *names*.

Why and how any evil comes to exist in the universe, reason cannot explain, and revelation does not tell us. But it does show us what is *not* the cause. That it cannot be from *ill will* or *indifference*, is proved by the sufferings undergone by the *beloved* Son.

Many probably would have hesitated if it had been proposed to them to join a new *Church* under that *name*, who yet eagerly enrolled themselves in the Evangelical *Alliance*,—which is in fact a church, with meetings for worship, and *sermons* under the *name* of *speeches*, and a *creed* consisting of sundry *Articles of Faith* to be subscribed; only not called by those *names*.

Mrs. B. expressed to a friend her great dread of such a medicine as tartar-emetic. She always, she said,

gave her children *antimonial* wine. He explained to her that this is tartar-emetic dissolved in wine; but she remained unchanged.

Mrs. H. did not like that her daughters should be novel-readers; and *all novels* in *prose* were indiscriminately prohibited; but *any* thing in *verse* was as indiscriminately allowed.

Probably a Quaker would be startled at any one's using the very *words* of the prophets, "Thus saith the Lord:" yet he says the same things in the words, "The Spirit moveth me to say so and so." And some, again, who would be shocked at *this*, speak of a person,—adult or *child*,—who addresses a congregation in extempore prayers and discourses, as being under the *influence of the Holy Spirit*; though in neither case is there any miraculous *proof* given. And they abhor a claim to *infallibility*; only they are *quite certain* of being under the guidance of the Spirit in whatever they say or do.

Quakers, again, and some other dissenters, object to a *hired* ministry, (in reality, an *un*hired;) but their preachers are to be *supplied* with all they need; like the father of Molière's Bourgeois, who was no *shopkeeper*, but kindly chose *goods* for his friends, which he let them have for money.

COMPOUND EPITHETS.

The custom of using hard compounds furnished Ben Jonson opportunities of showing his learning as well as his satire. He used to call them "words un-in-one-breath-utterable." Redi mentions an epigram against the sophists, made up of compounds "a mile long."

Joseph Scaliger left a curious example in Latin, part of which may be thus rendered into English:—

Loftybrowflourishers,
Noseinbeardwallowers,
Brigandbeardnourishers,
Dishandallswallowers,
Oldcloakinvestitors,
Barefootlookfashioners,
Nightprivatefeasteaters,
Craftlucubrationers;
Youthcheaters, Wordcatchers, Vaingloryosophers,
Such are your seekersofvirtue philosophers.

The old naturalist Lovell published a book at Oxford, in 1661, entitled *Panzoologicomineralogia*. Rabelais proposed the following title for a book:—*Antipericatametaparhengedamphicribrationes*. The reader of Shakspeare will remember Costard's *honorificabilitudinitatibus*, in Love's Labor Lost, v. 1. There was recently in the British army a major named *Teyoninhokarawen*. In the island of Mull, Scotland, is a locality named *Drimtaidhorickhillichattan*. The original Mexican for country curates is *Notlazomahnitzteopixcatatzins*. The longest Nipmuck word in Eliot's Indian Bible is in St. Mark i. 40, *Wutteppesittukqussunnoowehtunkquoh*, and signifies "kneeling down to him."

OUR VERNACULAR IN CHAUCER'S TIME.

But rede that boweth down for every blaste
Ful lyghtly cesse wynde, it wol aryse
But so nyle not an oke, when it is caste
It nedeth me nought longe the forvyse
Men shall reioysen of a great emprise
Atchewed wel and stant withouten dout

Al haue men ben the longer there about.—*Troylus*, ii.

Tall Writing.

DEFINITION OF TRANSCENDENTALISM.

The spiritual cognoscence of psychological irrefragibility connected with concutient ademption of incolumnient spirituality and etherialized contention of subsultory concretion.

Translated by a New York lawyer, it stands thus:—

Transcendentalism is two holes in a sand-bank: a storm washes away the sand-bank without disturbing the holes.

THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

Translated from the Vulgate.

Behold the Mansion reared by dædal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the Rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides,—

Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce *rodent*
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous Cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The Rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibers that involved the grain
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the Damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine dugs, who drew,
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The harrowing hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw,
Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth.

Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realm ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious Rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous Ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo, here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the Priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,

Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly Rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that *kilt*
The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack
built.

FROM THE CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

TO BE LET,

To an Oppidan, a Ruricolist, or a Cosmopolitan, and may be entered upon immediately:

The House in STONE ROW, lately possessed by CAPT. SIREE. To avoid Verbosity, the Proprietor with Compendiosity will give a Perfunctory description of the Premises, in the Compagination of which he has Sedulously studied the convenience of the Occupant. It is free from Opacity, Tenebrosity, Fumidity, and Injucundity, and no building can have greater Pellucidity or Translucency—in short, its Diaphaneity even in the Crepuscle makes it like a Pharos, and without laud, for its Agglutination and Amenity, it is a most Delectable Commorance; and

whoever lives in it will find that the Neighbors have none of the Truculence, the Immanity, the Torvity, the Spinosity, the Putidness, the Pugnacity, nor the Fugacity observable in other parts of the town, but their Propinquity and Consanguinity occasion Jocundity and Pudicity—from which, and the Redolence of the place (even in the dog-days), they are remarkable for Longevity. For terms and particulars apply to JAMES HUTCHINSON, opposite the MARKET-HOUSE.—*Dub. News.*

FROM THE CURIOSITIES OF THE POST-OFFICE.

The following is a genuine epistle, sent by an emigrant country schoolmaster to a friend at home:—

MR M. CONNORS

With congruous gratitude and decorum I accost to you this debonnaire communication. And announce to you with amicable Complacency that we continually enjoy competent laudable good health, thanks to our omnipotent Father for it. We are endowed with the momentous prerogatives of respectable operations of a supplement concuity of having a fine brave and gallant youthful daughter the pendicity ladies age is four months at this date, we denominated her Margaret Connolly.

I have to respond to the Communication and accost and remit a Convoy revealing with your identity candor and sincerity. If your brother who had been pristinely located and stationed in England whether he has induced himself with ecstasy to be in preparation to progress with you. I am paid by the

respectable potent loyal nobleman that I work for one dollar per day. Announce to us in what Concuity the crops and the products of husbandry dignify, also predict how is John Carroll and his wife and family. My brother and Myself are continually employed and occupied in similar work. Living and doing good. Dictate how John Mahony wife and family is.

Don't you permit oblivion to obstruct you from inserting this. Prognosticate how Mrs Harrington is and if she accept my intelligence or any convoy from either of Her 2 progenies since their embarkation for this nation. If she has please specify with congruous and elysian gratitude with validity and veracity to my magnanimous self.

I remit my respects to my former friends and acquaintances.

I remain

D. CONNOLLY.

P.S. Direct your Epistle to Pembroke, State of Maine.

Dear brother-in-law

I am determined and candidly arrive at Corolary, as I am fully resolved to transfer a sufficient portion of money to you to recompense your liabilities from thence to hence. I hope your similar operations will not impede any occurrence that might obstruct your progression on or at the specified time the 17 of March next.

SPANISH PLAY-BILL,

Exhibited at Seville, 1762.

To the Sovereign of Heaven—to the Mother of the Eternal World—to the Polar Star of Spain—to the Comforter of all Spain—to the faithful Protectress of the Spanish nation—to the Honor and Glory of the Most Holy Virgin Mary—for her benefit and for the Propagation of her Worship—the Company of Comedians will this day give a representation of the Comic Piece called—

NANINE.

The celebrated Italian will also dance the Fandango, and the Theatre will be respectably illuminated.

In a medical work entitled The *Breviarie of Health*, published in 1547, by Andrew Borde, a physician of that period, is a prologue addressed to physicians, beginning thus:—

Egregious doctors and masters of the eximious and arcane science of physic, of your urbanity exasperate not yourselves against me for making this little volume.

THE MAD POET.

McDonald Clarke, commonly called the *mad poet*, died a few years ago in the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, New York. He wrote those oft-quoted lines,—

Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with a star.

In his wilder moments he set all rules at defiance, and mingled the startlingly sublime and the

laughably ridiculous in the oddest confusion. He talks thus madly of Washington:—

Eternity—give him elbow room;
A spirit like his is large;
Earth, fence with artillery his tomb,
And fire a double charge
To the memory of America's greatest man:
Match him, posterity, if you can.

In the following lines, he sketches, with a few bold touches, a well-known place, sometimes called a *rum-hole*:—

Ha! see where the wild-blazing grogshop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell;
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years,
The horrible light-house of hell!

FOOTE'S FARRAGO.

The following droll nonsense was written by Foote, the dramatist, for the purpose of trying the memory of Macklin, who boasted that he could learn any thing by heart on hearing it once:—

So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; and, at the same time, a great she-bear coming up the street pops its head into the shop—What! no soap? So he died; and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblilies, and the Garyulies, and the great Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top. And they all fell to playing the game of "catch as catch can," till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots!

BURLESQUE OF THE STYLE OF DR. JOHNSON.

While I was admiring the fantastical ramifications of some umbelliferous plants that hung over the margin of the Liffey, the fallacious bank, imperceptibly corroded by the moist tooth of the fluid, gave way beneath my feet, and I was suddenly submerged to some fathoms of profundity. Presence of mind, in constitutions not naturally timid, is generally in proportion to the imminence of the peril. Having never learned to move through the water in horizontal progression, had I desponded, I had perished; but, being for a moment raised above the element by my struggles, or by some felicitous casualty, I was sensible of the danger, and immediately embraced the means of extrication. A cow, at the moment of my lapse, had entered the stream, within the distance of a protruded arm; and being in the act of transverse navigation to seek the pasture of the opposite bank, I laid hold on that part of the animal which is loosely pendent behind, and is formed by the continuation of the vertebræ. In this manner I was safely conveyed to a fordable passage, not without some delectation from the sense of the progress without effort on my part, and the exhilarating approximation of more than problematical deliverance. Though in some respects I resembled the pilot of Gyas, *Jam senior madidaque fluens in veste*, yet my companions, unlike the barbarous Phrygian spectators, forbore to acerbitate the uncouthness of embarrassment by the insults of derision. Shrieks of complorance testified sorrow for my submersion, and safety was rendered more pleasant by the felicitations of sympathy. As the danger was over, I took no umbrage at a little

risibility excited by the feculence of my visage, upon which the cow had discharged her gramineous digestion in a very ludicrous abundance. About this time the bell summoned us to dinner; and, as the cutaneous contact of irrigated garments is neither pleasant nor salubrious, I was easily persuaded by the ladies to divest myself of mine. Colonel Manly obligingly accommodated me with a covering of camlet. I found it commodious, and more agreeable than the many compressive ligaments of modern drapery. That there might be no violation of decorum, I took care to have the loose robe fastened before with small cylindrical wires, which the dainty fingers of the ladies easily removed from their dresses and inserted into mine, at such proper intervals as to leave no aperture that could awaken the susceptibility of temperament, or provoke the cachinnations of levity.[11]

NEWSPAPER EULOGY.

The following alliterative eulogy on a young lady appeared, many years ago, in a newspaper:—

If *b*oundless *b*enevolence *b*e the *b*asis of *b*eatitude, and *h*armless *h*umanity a *h*arbinger of *h*allowed *h*eart, these *C*hristian *c*oncomitants *c*omposed her *c*haracteristics, and *c*onciliated the esteem of her *c*otemporary ac*q*uaintances, who *m*ean to *m*odel their *m*anners in the *m*ould of their *m*eritorious *m*onitor.

CLEAR AS MUD.

In a series of *Philosophical Essays* published many

years ago, the author[12] gives some definitions of human knowledge, the following of which he considers “least obnoxious to comprehension:”—

A coincidence between the association of ideas, and the order or succession of events or phenomena, according to the relation of cause and effect, and in whatever is subsidiary, or necessary to realize, approximate and extend such coincidence; understanding, by the relation of cause and effect, that order or succession, the discovery or development of which empowers an intelligent being, by means of one event or phenomenon, or by a series of given events or phenomena, to anticipate the recurrence of another event or phenomenon, or of a required series of events or phenomena, and to summon them into existence, and employ their instrumentality in the gratification of his wishes, or in the accomplishment of his purposes.

INDIGNANT LETTER.

Addressed to a Louisiana clergyman by a Virginia correspondent.

SIR:—You have behaved like an impetiginous acroyli —like those inquinate orosscrolest who envious of my moral celsitude carry their mugacity to the height of creating symposically the fecund words which my polymathic genius uses with uberity to abligate the tongues of the weightless. Sir, you have corassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tangrams. I will not conceroate reproaches. I would obduce a veil over the atramental ingratitude which has chamiered even my undisceptible heart. I am silent on the foscillation which my coadful fancy

must have given you when I offered to become your fanton and adminicle. I will not speak of the liptitude, the ablepsy you have shown in exacerbating me; one whose genius you should have approached with mental discalceation. So, I tell you, Sir, syncophically and without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me. I warn you that I will vellicate your nose if I thought your moral diathesis could be thereby performed. If I thought that I should not impigorate my reputation by such a degladiation. Go tagygraphic; your oness inquinate draws oblectation from the greatest poet since Milton, and draws upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Webster, and send you to sleep over it.

"Knowledge is power," and power is mercy; so I wish you no rovose that it may prove an external hypnotic.

INTRAMURAL ÆSTIVATION.

In candent ire the solar splendor flames;
The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames;
His humid front the cive, anheling, wipes,
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine!

To me, alas! no verdurous visions come,
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-scum;
No concave vast repeats the tender hue
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue!

Me wretched! Let me curr to quercine shades!
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids!
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous clump,—
Depart,—be off,—excede,—evade,—erump!

Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

A CHEMICAL VALENTINE.

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me,
Our mutual flame is like the affinity
That doth exist between two simple bodies.
I am Potassium to thy Oxygen;
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow
Shall shortly make us one. That unity
Is, after all, but metaphysical.
Oh! would that I, my Mary, were an Acid—
A living Acid; thou an Alkali
Endowed with human sense; that, brought together,
We both might coalesce into one Salt,
One homogeneous crystal. Oh that thou
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen!
We would unite to form olefiant gas,
Or common coal, or naphtha. Would to heaven
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime,
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret!
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,
So that thou mightst be Soda. In that case,
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Magnesia
Instead, we'd form the salt that's named from Epsom.
Couldst thou Potassa be, I Aquafortis,
Our happy union should that compound form,
Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.
And thus, our several natures sweetly blent
We'd live and love together, until death
Should decompose this fleshly Tertium Quid,
Leaving our souls to all eternity
Amalgamated! Sweet, thy name is Briggs,
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?

We will! the day, the happy day is nigh,
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs combine.

THE ANATOMIST TO HIS DULCINEA.

I list as thy heart and ascending aorta
  Their volumes of valvular harmony pour;
And my soul from that muscular music has caught a
  New life 'mid its dry anatomical lore.

Oh, rare is the sound when thy ventricles throb
  In a systolic symphony measured and slow,
When the auricles answer with rhythmical sob,
  As they murmur a melody wondrously low!

Oh, thy cornea, love, has the radiant light
  Of the sparkle that laughs in the icicle's sheen;
And thy crystalline lens, like a diamond bright,
  Through the quivering frame of thine iris is seen!

And thy retina, spreading its lustre of pearl,
  Like the far-away nebula, distantly gleams
From a vault of black cellular mirrors that hurl
  From their hexagon angles the silvery beams.

Ah! the flash of those orbs is enslaving me still,
  As they roll 'neath the palpebræ, dimly translucent,
Obeying in silence the magical will
  Of the oculo-motor—pathetic—abducent.

Oh, sweet is thy voice, as it sighingly swells
  From the daintily quivering chordæ vocales,
Or rings in clear tones through the echoing cells
  Of the antrum, the ethmoid, and sinus frontales!

ODE TO SPRING.

WRITTEN IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE.

Whereas on sundry boughs and sprays
  Now divers birds are heard to sing,
And sundry flowers their heads upraise—
  Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The birds aforesaid, happy pairs!
  Love midst the aforesaid boughs enshrines
In household nests, themselves, their heirs,
  Administrators, and assigns.

The songs of the said birds arouse
  The memory of our youthful hours.
As young and green as the said boughs,
  As fresh and fair as the said flowers.

O busiest term of Cupid's court!
  When tender plaintiffs actions bring;
Season of frolic and of sport,
  Hail, as aforesaid, coming Spring!

PRISTINE PROVERBS PREPARED FOR PRECOCIOUS PUPILS.

Observe yon plumed biped fine!
  To effect his captivation,
Deposit particles saline
  Upon his termination.

Cryptogamous concretion never grows
On mineral fragments that decline repose.

Whilst self-inspection it neglects,
  Nor its own foul condition sees,
The kettle to the pot objects
  Its sordid superficies.

Decortications of the golden grain
Are set to allure the aged fowl, in vain.

Teach not a parent's mother to extract
  The embryo juices of an egg by suction:
That good old lady can the feat enact,
  Quite irrespective of your kind instruction.

Pecuniary agencies have force
To stimulate to speed the female horse.

Bear not to yon famed city upon Tyne
The carbonaceous product of the mine.

The mendicant, once from his indigence freed,
And mounted aloft on the generous steed,
Down the precipice soon will infallibly go,
And conclude his career in the regions below.

It is permitted to the feline race
To contemplate even a regal face.

Metric Prose.

Quid tentabam scribere versus erat.—OVID.

COWPER'S LETTER TO NEWTON.

The following letter was written to Rev. John Newton, by William Cowper, in reference to a poem *On Charity*, by the latter:—

My very dear friend, I am going to send, what when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say I suppose, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be verse or not;—by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did ever you see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ "Charity," not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the "Reviewer" should say to be sure, the gentleman's muse wears Methodist shoes, you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard for the tastes and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoydening play, of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan, to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production of a new construction; she has

baited her trap, in the hope to snap all that may come, with a sugar-plum. His opinion in this will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend, my principal end; and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done, although I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far as from hence to the end of my sense, and by hook or by crook, write another book, if I live and am here another year.

I have heard before of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, and suchlike things, with so much art in every part, that when you went in, you were forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of a state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and, as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penned, which that you may do, ere madam and you are quite worn out with jigging about, I take my leave, and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from you humble me—W. C.

EXAMPLE IN IRVING'S NEW YORK.

The following remarkable instance of involuntary poetic prose occurs in Knickerbocker's humorous history of New York, near the commencement of the Sixth Book:—

The gallant warrior starts from soft repose, from golden visions and voluptuous ease; where, in the dulcet "piping time of peace," he sought sweet solace after all his toils. No more in beauty's siren lap

reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows; no more entwines with flowers his shining sword, nor through the livelong summer's day chants forth his love-sick soul in madrigals. To manhood roused, he spurns the amorous flute, doffs from his brawny back the robe of peace, and clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of steel. O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved, where wanton roses breathed enervate love, he rears the beaming casque and nodding plume; grasps the bright shield and ponderous lance, or mounts with eager pride his fiery steed, and burns for deeds of glorious chivalry.

In D'Israeli's *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, are remarkable specimens of prose poetry. For example:—

Why am I here? are you not here? and need I urge a stronger plea? Oh, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival! Our walls are hung with flowers you love; I culled them by the fountain's side; the holy lamps are trimmed and set, and you must raise their earliest flame. Without the gate my maidens wait to offer you a robe of state. Then, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival.

NELLY'S FUNERAL.

In Horne's *New Spirit of the Age*,—a series of criticisms on eminent living authors,—we find an admirable example of prose poetry thus noticed:—

A curious circumstance is observable in a great portion of the scenes of tragic power, pathos, and tenderness contained in various parts of Mr. Dickens's works, which it is possible may have been the result of harmonious accident, and the author not even subsequently conscious of it. It is that they are

written in blank verse, of irregular metre and rhythms, which Southey, and Shelley, and some other poets, have occasionally adopted. Witness the following description from *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

And now the bell—the bell
She had so often heard by night and day
And listened to with solid pleasure,
E'en as a living voice—
Rung its remorseless toll for her,
So young, so beautiful, so good.

Decrepit age, and vigorous life,
And blooming youth, and helpless infancy,
Poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength
And health, in the full blush
Of promise—the mere dawn of life—
To gather round her tomb. Old men were there
Whose eyes were dim
And senses failing—
Granddames, who might have died ten years ago,
And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame,
The palsied,
The living dead in many shapes and forms,
To see the closing of this early grave!
What was the death it would shut in,
To that which still would crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now;
Pale as the new-fallen snow
That covered it; whose day on earth
Had been so fleeting.
Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven
In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
She passed again, and the old church
Received her in its quiet shade.

Throughout the whole of the above, only two unimportant words have been omitted—*in* and *its*; "granddames" has been substituted for

"grandmothers," and "e'en" for "almost." All that remains is exactly as in the original, not a single word transposed, and the punctuation the same to a comma. The brief homily that concludes the funeral is profoundly beautiful.

Oh! it is hard to take
The lesson that such deaths will teach,
But let no man reject it,
For it is one that all must learn
And is a mighty universal Truth.
When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
For every fragile form from which he lets
The parting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise,
In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
To walk the world and bless it.
Of every tear
That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.

Not a word of the original is changed in the above quotation, which is worthy of the best passages in Wordsworth, and thus, meeting on the common ground of a deeply truthful sentiment, the two most unlike men in the literature of the country are brought into close proximation.

The following similar passage is from the concluding paragraph of *Nicholas Nickleby*:—

The grass was green above the dead boy's grave,
Trodden by feet so small and light,
That not a daisy drooped its head
Beneath their pressure.
Through all the spring and summer time
Garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands,
Rested upon the stone.

NIAGARA.

The same rhythmic cadence is observable in the following passage, copied verbatim from the *American Notes:*—

I think in every quiet season now,
Still do those waters roll, and leap, and roar,
  And tumble all day long;
Still are the rainbows spanning them
  A hundred feet below.
Still when the sun is on them, do they shine
  And glow like molten gold.
Still when the day is gloomy do they fall
  Like snow, or seem to crumble away,
  Like the front of a great chalk cliff,
Or roll adown the rock like dense white smoke.

But always does this mighty stream appear
  To die as it comes down.
And always from the unfathomable grave
Arises that tremendous ghost of spray
And mist which is never laid:
  Which has haunted this place
With the same dread solemnity,
  Since darkness brooded on the deep
And that first flood before the Deluge—Light
  Came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

To any one who reads this we need not say that but three lines in it vary at all from the closest requisitions of an iambic movement. The measure is precisely of the kind which Mr. Southey so often used. For the reader's convenience, we copy from *Thalaba* his well remembered lines on Night, as an instance:—

How beautiful is Night!
  A dewy freshness fills the silent air,

No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
  Breaks the serene of heaven.
In full orbed glory yonder Moon divine
  Rolls through the dark blue depths.
  Beneath her steady ray
  The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
  How beautiful is Night!

INVOLUNTARY VERSIFICATION IN THE SCRIPTURES.

The hexametric cadence in the authorized translation of the Bible has been pointed out in another portion of this volume. It is very noticeable in such passages as these, for example, from the Second Psalm:—

Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain
    thing?
Kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take
    counsel together.

The anapæstic cadence prevalent in the Psalms is also very remarkable:—

That will bring forth his fruit in due season.—v. 6.

Whatsoever he doth it shall prosper.—v. 4.

Away from the face of the earth.—v. 5.

Be able to stand in the judgment.—v. 6.

The way of th' ungodly shall perish.—v. 7.

Couplets may be drawn from the same inspired source, as follows:—

Great peace have they that love thy law:
And nothing shall offend them.—Psalm, cxix. 165.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on thee.—Isaiah, xxvi. 3.

When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves,
Ye know that the summer is nigh.—Matthew, xxiv. 32.

UNINTENTIONAL RHYMES OF PROSERS.

The delicate ear of Addison, who would stop the press to add a conjunction, or erase a comma, allowed this inelegant jingle to escape his detection:—

What I am going to *mention*, will perhaps deserve your
attention.

Dr. Whewell, when Master of Trinity College, fell into a similar trap, to the great amusement of his readers. In his work on *Mechanics*, he happened to write *literatim* and *verbatim*, though not *lincatim*, the following tetrastich:—

There is no force, however great,
Can stretch a cord, however fine,
Into a horizontal line,
Which is accurately straight.

A curious instance of involuntary rhythm occurs in President Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address:—

Fondly do we hope,
Fervently do we pray,
That this mighty scourge of war
May speedily pass away:
Yet if be God's will
That it continue until—

but here the strain abruptly ceases, and the President relapses into prose.

In the course of a discussion upon the involuntary metre into which Shakspeare so frequently fell, when he intended his minor characters to speak prose, Dr. Johnson observed;

"Such verse we make when we are writing prose;
We make such verse in common conversation."

Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, from their habit of committing to memory and reciting dramatic blank verse, unconsciously made their most ordinary observations in that measure. Kemble, for instance, on giving a shilling to a beggar, thus answered the surprised look of his companion:—

"It is not often that I do these things,
But *when* I do, I do them handsomely."

And once when, in a walk with Walter Scott on the banks of the Tweed, a dangerous looking bull made his appearance, Scott took the water, Kemble exclaimed:—

"Sheriff, I'll get me up in yonder tree."

The presence of danger usually makes a man speak naturally, if anything will. If a reciter of blank verse, then, fall unconsciously into the rhythm of it when intending to speak prose, much more may an habitual writer of it be expected to do so. Instances of the kind from the table-talk of both Kemble and his sister might be multiplied. This of Mrs. Siddons, —

"I asked for water, boy; you've brought me beer,——"

is one of the best known.

The Humors of Versification.

THE LOVERS.

IN DIFFERENT MOODS AND TENSES.

Sally Salter, she was a young teacher who taught,
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher, who
praught!
Though his enemies called him a screecher, who scraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking, and sunk;
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking, and wunk;
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do, then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode,
They so sweetly did glide, that they both thought they
glode,
And they came to the place to be tied, and were tode.

Then homeward he said let us drive, and they drove,
And soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove;

For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole;
At the feet where he wanted to kneel, then he knole;
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,
While Time his swift circuit was winging, and wung;
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung:

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught—
Was the one she now liked to scratch, and she scraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing and froze,
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze
The girl he had wished to be squeezing, and squoze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and
left,
"How could you deceive, as you have deceft?"
And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft."

A STAMMERING WIFE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed if the lady would only be mine,
I would always be ready to please her;
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word except "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass—iduous teazer!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth
The stammering lady had spoken the truth;
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—dog—dog—
A dog—a dog—matic curmudgeon!"

And once, when I said, “We can hardly afford
This immoderate style with our moderate board,”
  And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, “You’re a Jew—Jew—Jew—
  A very ju-dicious adviser!”

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
  I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, “You’re a cuss—cuss—cuss—
  You were always ac—cus—tomed to labor!”

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling the woman was greatly to blame,
  To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech, like a churl as I am,
And angrily said, “You’re a dam—dam—dam—
  A dam-age instead of a blessing.”

A SONG WITH VARIATIONS.

[SCENE.—Wife at the piano; brute of a husband, who has no more soul for music than his boot, in an adjoining apartment, making his toilet.]

Oh! do not chide me if I weep!—
  Come, wife, and sew this button on.
Such pain as mine can never sleep!—
  Zounds! as I live, another’s gone!
For unrequited love brings grief,—
  A needle, wife, and bring your scissors.
And Pity’s voice gives no relief—
  The child! good Lord! he’s at my razors!
No balm to case the troubled heart,—
  Who starched this bosom? I declare
That writhes from hate’s envenomed dart!—
  It’s enough to make a parson swear!

When faith in man is given up—
  How plaguey shiftless are some women!
Then sorrow fills her bitter cup—
  I'll have to get my other linen.
And to its lees the white lips quaff—
  Smith says he's coming in to-night,
While Malice yields her mocking laugh!—
  With Mrs. S., and Jones and Wright.
Oh! could I stifle in my breast—
  And Jones will bring some prime old sherry.
This aching heart, and give it rest,—
  We'll want some eggs for Tom-and-Jerry
Could Lethe's waters o'er me roll,—
  These stockings would look better mended!
And bring oblivion to my soul,—
  When-will-you-have-that-ditty-ended?
Then haply I, in other skies,—
  We'd better have the oysters fried.
Might find the love that earth denies!
  There! now at last my dickey's tied!

THOUGHTS WHILE SHE ROCKS THE CRADLE.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderful thing, no doubt,
  Unwritten history!
  Unfathomable mystery!
But he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks,
And curious riddles, as any sphinx!
  Warped by colic and wet by tears,
  Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears,
  Our little nephew will lose two years;
    And he'll never know
    Where the summers go:
  He need not laugh, for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what the baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
  By which the manikin feels his way
Out from the shores of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
  Into the light of day?
Out from the shores of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony!
Of the unknown sea that reels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
  And what does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
  What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
  What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
  Cup of his joy and couch of his rest?
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
  Though she murmur the words
  Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
  Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
  I can see the shadow creep
  Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
  Over his brow, and over his lips,
  Out to his little finger tips,
  Softly sinking, down he goes!
  Down he goes! down he goes!
  [*Rising and carefully retreating to her seat.*]
  See! he is hushed in sweet repose!

A SERIO-COMIC ELEGY.

WHATELY ON BUCKLAND.

In his "Common-Place Book," the late Archbishop Whately records the following Elegy on the late geologist, Dr. Buckland:

Where shall we our great professor inter,
  That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre
  He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine each stratum which lies around,
For he's quite in his element underground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
  In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch these tools away
  Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the professor disdains
That embedded should lie his organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,
  His carcase let stalactite cover,
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
  When he is encrusted all over;
There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on a shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

A REMINISCENCE OF TROY.

FROM THE SCHOLIAST.

It was the ninth year of the Trojan war—
  A tedious pull at best:
A lot of us were sitting by the shore—
  Tydides, Phocas, Castor, and the rest—
Some whittling shingles and some stringing bows,
And cutting up our friends, and cutting up our foes.

Down from the tents above there came a man,

Who took a camp-stool by Tydides' side,
He joined our talk, and, pointing to the pan
Upon the embers where our pork was fried,
Said he would eat the onions and the leeks,
But that fried pork was food not fit for Greeks.

"Look at the men of Thebes," he said, "and then
Look at those cowards in the plains below:
You see how ox-like are the ox-fed men;
You see how sheepish mutton-eaters grow.
Stick to this vegetable food of mine:
Men who eat pork grunt, root and sleep like swine."

Some laughed, and some grew mad, and some grew red:
The pork was hissing; but his point was clear.
Still no one answered him, till Nestor said,
"One inference that I would draw is here:
You vegetarians, who thus educate us,
Thus far have turned out very small potatoes."

THE POET BRYANT AS A HUMORIST.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Lowell's *Fable for Critics*, will remember the lines:—

There is Bryant, as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg, that never is ignified,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled 'o nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill Northern Lights.
He may rank (Griswold says so) first bard of your nation;
(There's no doubt he stands in supreme ice-olation,)
Your topmost Parnassus he may set his heel on,
But no warm applauses come, peal following peal on—
He's too smooth and too polished to hang any zeal on;
Unqualified merits, I'll grant, if you choose, he has 'em,
But he lacks the one merit of kindling enthusiasm;
If he stir you at all, it is just, on my soul,
Like being stirred up by the very North Pole.

The Cambridge wit has either misjudged the character of Bryant's genius, or he has sacrificed a man to an epigram, and subordinated fact to a *jeu d'esprit*. Though "quiet and dignified," Mr. Bryant possesses a rare vein of humor, but its bubbling fancies are not generally known or suspected for the reason that he unbends anonymously. Only one of the diversions of his muse appears in his published works—and that is his invocation "To a Mosquito," which begins thus:—

Fair insect! that with thread-like legs spread out,
  And blood-extracting bill and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
  In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins would bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

One day, when Mr. Bryant discovered in a fresh number of the *Atlantic Monthly* a so-called poem, which struck him as uncommonly absurd, he sat down and produced a travesty of it, which was much more effective in its ridicule than any sharper criticism could have been made. Here are the two in conjunction:—

THE "ATLANTIC" POEM.

Bellying earth no anchor throws
Stouter than the breath that blows;
Night and sorrow cling in vain;
It must toss in day again.

Hospital and battle-field,
Myriad spots where fate is sealed,
Brinks that crumble, sins that urge,
Plunge again into the surge.

How the purple breakers throw
Round me their insatiate glow.
Sweep my deck of hideous freight,
Pour through fastening and grate.

BRYANT'S TRAVESTY.

Squint-eyed bacchanals at play,
Keep a Lybian holiday,
Leading trains of solemn apes,
Tipsy with the blood of grapes.

Forty furies—thirty more
Than old Milton had before—
Scattering sparkles from their hair,
Swing their censers in the air.

Toss the flaming goblet off,
Heed not ocean's windy scoff;
Let him dash against the shore,
Gape and grin, and sweat and roar.

Since which time nothing has been heard of the Atlantic poet! Only those who were "behind the scenes," in the office of the *Evening Post*, in the year 1863, knew the authorship of the burlesque—and the burlesque itself will never appear in the poet's "collected works."

ON RECEIPT OF A RARE PIPE.

I lifted off the lid with anxious care,
  Removed the wrappages, stripe after stripe,
And when the hidden contents were laid bare,
  My first remark was: "Mercy, what a pipe!"

A pipe of symmetry that matched its size,

Mounted with metal bright—a sight to see—
With the rich umber hue that smokers prize,
Attesting both its age and pedigree.

A pipe to make the Royal Friedrich jealous,
Or the great Teufelsdröck with envy gripe!
A man should hold some rank above his fellows
To justify his smoking such a Pipe!

What country gave it birth? What blest of cities
Saw it first kindle at the glowing coal?
What happy artist murmured, "*Nunc dimittis*,"
When he had fashioned this transcendent bowl?

Has it been hoarded in a monarch's treasures?
Was it a gift of peace, or prize of war?
Did the great Khalif in his "House of Pleasures"
Wager, and lose it to the good Zaafar?

It may have soothed mild Spenser's melancholy,
While musing o'er traditions of the past,
Or graced the lips of brave Sir Walter Raleigh
Ere sage King Jamie blew his *Counterblast*.

Did it, safe hidden in some secret cavern,
Escape that monarch's pipoclastic ken?
Has Shakespeare smoked it at the Mermaid Tavern,
Quaffing a cup of sack with rare old Ben?

Ay, Shakespeare might have watched his vast creations
Loom through its smoke—the spectre-haunted Thane,
The Sisters at their ghastly invocations,
The jealous Moor and melancholy Dane.

'Round its orbed haze and through its mazy ringlets
Titania may have led her elfin rout,
Or Ariel fanned it with his gauzy winglets,
Or Puck danced in the bowl to put it out.

Vain are all fancies—questions bring no answer;
The smokers vanish, but the pipe remains;
He were indeed a subtle necromancer

Could read their records in its cloudy stains.

Nor this alone: its destiny may doom it
To outlive e'en its use and history—
Some plowman of the future may exhume it
From soil now deep beneath the Eastern sea—

And, treasured by some antiquarian Stultus,
It may to gaping visitors be shown,
Labeled, "The symbol of some ancient Cultus,
Conjecturally Phallic, but unknown."

Why do I thus recall the ancient quarrel
'Twixt Man and Time, that marks all earthly things?
Why labor to re-word the hackneyed moral,
ὥς ψύλλων γενεή, as Homer sings?

For this: Some links we forge are never broken;
Some feelings claim exemption from decay;
And Love, of which this pipe was but the token,
Shall last, though pipes and smokers pass away.

THE HUMAN EAR.

A sound came booming through the air—
"What is that sound?" quoth I.
My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair,
Made answer presently,
"Papa, you know it very well—
That sound—it was Saint Pancras Bell."

My own Louise, put down the cat,
And come and stand by me;
I'm sad to hear you talk like that,
Where's your philosophy?
That sound—attend to what I tell—
That sound was *not* Saint Pancras Bell.

"Sound is the name the sage selects
For the concluding term

Of a long series of effects,
  Of which that blow's the germ.
The following brief analysis
Shows the interpolations, Miss.

"The blow which, when the clapper slips,
  Falls on your friend the Bell,
Changes its circle to ellipse,
  (A word you'd better spell),
And then comes elasticity,
Restoring what it used to be.

"Nay, making it a little more,
  The circle shifts about.
As much as it shrunk in before
  The Bell, you see, swells out;
And so a new ellipse is made,
(You're not attending, I'm afraid).

"This change of form disturbs the air,
  Which in its turn behaves
In like elastic fashion there,
  Creating waves on waves;
Which press each other onward, dear,
Until the outmost finds your ear.

"Within that ear the surgeons find
  A *tympanum*, or drum,
Which has a little bone behind,—
  Malleus, it's called by some;
But those not proud of Latin Grammar
Humbly translate it as the hammer.

"The wave's vibrations this transmits
  On to the *incus* bone,
(*Incus* means anvil, which it hits),
  And this transfers the tone
To the small *os orbiculure*,
The tiniest bone that people carry.

"The *stapes* next—the name recalls

A stirrup's form, my daughter—
Joins three half-circular canals,
Each filled with limpid water;
Their curious lining, you'll observe,
Made of the auditory nerve.

"This vibrates next—and then we find
The mystic work is crowned;
For then my daughter's gentle Mind
First recognizes sound.
See what a host of causes swell
To make up what you call 'the Bell.'"

Awhile she paused, my bright Louise,
And pondered on the case;
Then, settling that he meant to teaze,
She slapped her father's face.
"You bad old man, to sit and tell
Such gibberygosh about a Bell!'"

SIR TRAY: AN ARTHURIAN IDYL.

The widowed Dame of Hubbard's ancient line
Turned to her cupboard, cornered anglewise
Betwixt this wall and that, in quest of aught
To satisfy the craving of Sir Tray,
Prick-eared companion of her solitude,
Red-spotted, dirty white, and bare of rib,
Who followed at her high and pattering heels,
Prayer in his eye, prayer in his slinking gait,
Prayer in his pendulous pulsating tail.
Wide on its creaking jaws revolved the door,
The cupboard yawned, deep-throated, thinly set
For teeth, with bottles, ancient canisters,
And plates of various pattern, blue or white;
Deep in the void she thrust her hooked nose
Peering near-sighted for the wished-for bone,
Whiles her short robe of samite, tilted high,

The thrifty darnings of her hose revealed;—
The pointed feature travelled o'er the delf
Greasing its tip, but bone or bread found none
Wherefore Sir Tray abode still dinnerless,
Licking his paws beneath the spinning-wheel,
And meditating much on savoury meats.

Meanwhile the Dame in high-backed chair reposed
Revolving many memories, for she gazed
Down from her lattice on the self-same path
Whereby Sir Lancelot 'mid the reapers rode
When Arthur held his court in Camelot,
And she was called the Lady of Shalott
And, later, where Sir Hubbard, meekest knight
Of all the Table Round, was wont to pass,
And to her casement glint the glance of love.
(For all the tale of how she floated dead
Between the city walls, and how the Court
Gazed on her corpse, was of illusion framed,
And shadows raised by Merlin's magic art,
Ere Vivien shut him up within the oak.)
There stood the wheel whereat she spun her thread;
But of the magic mirror nought remained
Save one small fragment on the mantelpiece,
Reflecting her changed features night and morn.

But now the inward yearnings of Sir Tray
Grew pressing, and in hollow rumblings spake,
As in tempestuous nights the Northern seas
Within their cavern cliffs reverberate.
This touched her: "I have marked of yore," she said,
"When on my palfry I have paced along
The streets of Camelot, while many a knight
Ranged at my rein and thronged upon my steps,
Wending in pride towards the tournament,
A wight who many kinds of bread purveyed—
Muffins, and crumpets, matutinal rolls,
And buns which buttered, soothe at evensong;
To him I'll hie me ere my purpose cool,
And swift returning, bear a loaf with me,
And (for my teeth be tender grown, and like

Celestial visits, few and far between)
The crust shall be for Tray, the crumb for me."
This spake she; from their peg reached straightway down
Her cloak of sanguine hue, and pointed hat
From the flat brim upreared like pyramid
On sands Egyptian where the Pharaohs sleep,
Her ebon-handled staff (sole palfry now)
Grasped firmly, and so issued swiftly forth;
Yet ere she closed the latch her cat Elaine,
The lily kitten reared at Astolat,
Slipped through and mewing passed to greet Sir Tray.

Returning ere the shadows eastward fell,
She placed a porringer upon the board,
And shred the crackling crusts with liberal hand,
Nor noted how Elaine did seem to wail,
Rubbing against her hose, and mourning round
Sir Tray, who lay all prone upon the hearth.
Then on the bread she poured the mellow milk—
"Sleep'st thou?" she said, and touched him with her staff;
"What, ho! thy dinner waits thee!" But Sir Tray
Stirred not nor breathed: thereat, alarmed, she seized
And drew the hinder leg: the carcase moved
All over wooden like a piece of wood—
"Dead?" said the Dame, while louder wailed Elaine;
"I see," she said, "thy fasts were all too long,
Thy commons all too short, which shortened thus
Thy days, tho' thou mightst still have cheered mine age
Had I but timelier to the city wonned.
Thither I must again, and that right soon,
For now 'tis meet we lap thee in a shroud,
And lay thee in the vault by Astolat,
Where faithful Tray shall by Sir Hubbard lie."

Up a by-lane the Undertaker dwelt;
There day by day he plied his merry trade,
And all his undertakings undertook:
Erst knight of Arthur's Court, Sir Waldgrave hight,
A gruesome carle who hid his jests in gloom,
And schooled his lid to counterfeit a tear.
With cheerful hammer he a coffin tapt,

While hollow, hollow, hollow, rang the wood,
And, as he sawed and hammered, thus he sang:—

Wood, hammer, nails, ye build a house for him,
Nails, hammer, wood, ye build a house for me,
Paying the rent, the taxes, and the rates.

I plant a human acorn in the ground,
And therefrom straightway springs a goodly tree,
Budding for me in bread and beer and beef.

O Life, dost thou bring Death or Death bring thee?
Which of the twain is bringer, which the brought?
Since men must die that other men may live.

O Death, for me thou plump'st thine hollow cheeks,
Mak'st of thine antic grin a pleasant smile,
And prank'st full gaily in thy winding sheet.

This ditty sang he to a doleful tune
To outer ears it sounded like a dirge,
Or wind that wails across the fields of death.
'Ware of a visitor, he ceased his strain,
But still did ply his saw industrious.
With withered hand on ear, Dame Hubbard stood;
"Vex not mine ears," she grated, "with thine old
And creaking saw!" "I deemed," he said, and sighed,
"Old saws might please thee, as they should the wise."
"Know," said the Dame, "Sir Tray that with me dwelt
Lies on my lonely hearthstone stark and stiff;
Wagless the tail that waved to welcome me."—
Here Waldgrave interposed sepulchral tones,
"Oft have I noted, when the jest went round,
Sad 'twas to see the wag forget his tale—
Sadder to see the tail forget its wag."
"Wherefore," resumed she, "take of fitting stuff,
And make therewith a narrow house for him."
Quoth he, "From yonder deal I'll plane the bark,
So 'twill of Tray be emblematical;
For thou, 'tis plain, must lose a deal of bark,
Since he nor bark nor bite shall practice more."

"And take thou, too," she said, "a coffin-plate,
And be his birth and years inscribed thereon
With letters twain 'S. T.' to mark Sir Tray,
So shall the tomb be known in after time."
"This, too," quoth Waldgrave, "shall be deftly done;
Oft hath the plate been freighted with his bones,
But now his bones must lie beneath the plate."
"Jest'st thou?" Dame Hubbard said, and clutched her
crutch,
For ill she brooked light parlance of the dead;
But when she saw Sir Waldgrave, how his face
Was all drawn downward, till the curving mouth
Seemed a horseshoe, while o'er the furrowed cheek
A wandering tear stole on, like rivulet
In dry ravine down mother Ida's side,
She changed her purpose, smote not, lowered the staff;—
So parted, faring homeward with her grief.

Nearing her bower, it seemed a sepulchre
Sacred to memory, and almost she thought
A dolorous cry arose, as if Elaine
Did sound a caterwauling requiem.
With hesitating hand she raised the latch,
And on the threshold with reluctant foot
Lingered, as loath to face the scene of woe,
When lo! the body lay not on the hearth,
For there Elaine her flying tail pursued,—
In the Dame's chair Sir Tray alive did sit,
A world of merry meaning in his eye,
And all his face agrin from ear to ear.

Like one who late hath lost his dearest friend,
And in his sleep doth see that friend again,
And marvels scarce to see him, putting forth
A clasping hand, and feels him warm with life,
And so takes up his friendship's broken thread—
Thus stood the Dame, thus ran she, pattering o'er
The sanded tiles, and clasped she thus Sir Tray,
Unheeding of the grief his jest had wrought
For joy he was not numbered with the dead.

Anon the Dame, her primal transports o'er,
Bethought her of the wisdom of Sir Tray,
And his fine wit, and then it shameful seemed
That he bareheaded 'neath the sky should go
While empty skulls of fools went thatched and roofed;
"A hat," she cried, "would better fit those brows
Than many a courtier's that I've wotted of;
And thou shalt have one, an' my tender toes
On which the corns do shoot, and these my knees
Wherethro' rheumatic twinges swiftly dart,
Will bear me to the city yet again,
And thou shalt wear the hat as Arthur wore
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship."
Whereat Sir Tray did seem to smile, and smote
Upon the chair-back with approving tail.

Then up she rose, and to the Hatter's went,—
"Hat me," quoth she, "your very newest hat;"
And so they hatted her, and she returned
Home through the darksome wold, and raised the latch,
And marked, full lighted by the ingle-glow,
Sir Tray, with spoon in hand, and cat on knee,
Spattering the mess about the chaps of Puss.

THE OLOGIES.

We're going to begin with an ample Apology;
You'll end, we are sure, by a hearty Doxology,
If, all undeterred by our strange Phraseology,
You chose to sit down to a dish of Tautology.

* * * * *

One's pestered in these days by so many 'ologies,
We thought we would fain see the tale of our foes;
A niche of your own in the new Martyrologies
You'd earn if you'd only go halves in our woes.

We'v counted some forty! but how many more there are,

We're even now wholly unable to say;
We fear that at least the same number in store there are,
You'll say we have found quite enough for one day.

* * * * *

"So now for our Catalogue: first comes Anthology—
A bouquet of flowers, a budget of rhymes;
That's pleasant—not so the next, called Anthropology,
The science of man in all ages and climes.

"Then comes a most useful pursuit, Arachnology;
They're bipeds, the spiders who weave the worst webs;
But when one is asked to go in for Astrology,
And Zadkiel! one's courage most rapidly ebbs.

"The next on our roster is old Archæology,
A science that's lately been much in repute;
One can't say as much for Electro-biology,
Which now-o'-days no one seems ever to bruit.

"But none can afford to make light of Chronology,
Tho' ladies are apt to be dark upon dates;
We most of us make rather light of Conchology
Except when the oyster-shell gapes on our plates.

"The Devil's deposed they say, and Demonology
Would certainly seem to have gone to the De'il;
Some savants, like Hooker, still swallow Dendrology,
But tree-names are somewhat too tough for my meal.

"The parsons are great upon Ecclesiology,
And prate about proper pyramidal piles;
Few travelers care to neglect Entomology,
Their wakefulness often its study beguiles.

"'Twould take you a life-time to learn Etymology,
And dabblers get into most marvellous scrapes;
And Huxley would tell you as much of Ethnology,—
Who really believes we are cousins of apes?

"Dean Buckland it was who first started Geology,

And traced the rock pedigrees, fixing their ranks;
And Frank has of late taken up Ichthyology,
The salmon already have voted him thanks.

"Von Humboldt had fairly exhausted Kosmology,
But Nature's a quite inexhaustible mine;
Napoleon has fulfilled a new Martyrology,
Imbrued with the purest blue-blood of the Rhine.

"We all of us thought we were deep in Mythology,
Till Cox and Max Müller both deepened its well;
Our sons may learn something of Meteorology—
The weather our prophets all fail to foretell.

"The study of life is bound up with Necrology,
And we shall have one day to enter its lists,—
And furnish some specimens for Osteology,
The science of bones, on which Owen exists.

"At breakfast we're seldom averse to Oology,
Or lunch, when the plovers are pleased to lay eggs;
But then one would bar embryonic Ontology,
Preferring fowls full-grown with breast, wings, and legs!

"For oh! we decidedly like Ornithology
And chiefly the study of grouse on the wing;
We'd leave it to doctors to study Pathology;
The study of pain is a troublesome thing.

"We all of us need a small dose of Philology,
If caring to make the best use of our tongues;
A careful attention to strict Phraseology
Involves a most notable saving of lungs.

"The study of heads has been christened Phrenology,
Professors would call it the study of brain;
But take my advice, and avoid Pneumatology,
For spirits are apt to treat brains with disdain.

"For much the same reason, we'd banish Psychology,—
What savant can give an account of his soul?
And if we could only abolish Theology,

The parsons alone would be hard to console!

"If ever you happened to study Splanchnology,
You'd know what it is theologians lack,—
Inquisitors never complain of Tautology,
So long as rank heretics roar on the rack.

"And now is the time to strike up your Doxology,
For we would no longer detain you, my friend;—
On Sunday we all have a turn for Zoology,
So here is our Catalogue come to an end."

THE VARIATION HUMBUG.

The *London Charivari* thinks that there is more humbug talked, printed, and practiced in reference to music than to anything else in the world, except politics. And of all the musical humbugs extant it occurs to Mr. Punch that the variation humbug is the greatest. This party has not even the sense to invent a tune for himself, but takes someone else's, and starting therefrom, as an acrobat leaps from a spring-board, jumps himself into a musical reputation on the strength of the other party's ideas. Mr. Punch wonders what would be thought of a poet who should try to make himself renown by this kind of thing—taking a well-known poem of a predecessor and doing variations on it after this fashion:—

BUGGINS' VARIATIONS ON THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the Little Busy Bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day

From every opening flower,
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
That sparkles in a breezy bower,
And gives its sweetness to the shower,
Exhaling scent of gentle power,
That lasts on kerchief many an hour,
And is a lady's graceful dower,
Endeared alike to cot and tower,
Round which the Little Busy Bee
Improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower,
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
From every opening flower.

How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes,
With the sweet food she makes,
With the sweet food she makes, makes, makes,
When rising just as morning breaks,
The dewdrop from the leaf she shakes,
And oft the sleeping moth she wakes,
And diving through the flower she takes,
The honey with her fairy rakes,
And in her cell the same she cakes,
Or sports across the silver lakes,
Beside her children, for whose sakes
How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,
For idle hands to do,
For idle hands to do, do, do.
Things which thereafter they will rue,

When Justice fiercely doth pursue,
Or conscience raises cry and hue,
And evil-doers look quite blue,
When Peelers run with loud halloo,
And magistrates put on the screw,
And then the wretch exclaims, Boo-hoo,
In works of labor or of skill
I wish I'd busied too,
For Satan's found much mischief still,
For my two hands to do.

There! Would a poet get much reputation for these variations, which are much better in their way than most of those built upon tunes? Would the poetical critics come out, as the musical critics do, with "Upon Watts' marble foundation Buggins has raised a sparkling alabaster palace;" or, "The old-fashioned Watts has been brought into new honor by the *étincellant* Buggins;" or "We love the old tune, but we have room in our hearts for the fairy-like fountains of bird-song which Buggins has bid start from it?" Mr. Punch has an idea that Buggins would have no such luck; the moral to be deduced from which fact is, that a musical prig is luckier than a poetical prig.

REITERATIVE VOCAL MUSIC.

A well-known reviewer, in an article on Hymnology, says:—

Who could endure to hear and sing hymns, the meaning and force of which he really felt—set, as they frequently have been, to melodies from the Opera, and even worse, or massacred by the repetition of the end of each stanza, no matter whether or not the grammar and sense were consistent with it. Take such memorable cases of incongruity as:—

"My poor pol—
My pool pol—
My poor polluted heart."

To which he might have added from Dr. Watts:—

"And see Sal—see Sal—see Salvation nigh."

Or this to the same common metre tune, "Miles's Lane":—

"Where my Sal—my Sal—my Salvation stands."

Or this when sung to "Job":—

"And love thee Bet—
And love thee better than before."

Or—

"Stir up this stu—
Stir up this stupid heart to pray."

Or this crowning absurdity:—

"And more *eggs*—more *eggs*—more exalts our joys."

This to the tune of "Aaron" 7's:—

"With thy Benny—
With thy benediction seal."

This has recently been added in a fashionable metropolitan church:—

"And take thy pil—
And take thy pilgrim home."

And further havoc is made with language and sense thus:—

"Before his throne we bow—wow—wow—ow—wow."

And—

"I love to steal
I love to steal—awhile away."

And—

"O, for a man—
O, for a mansion in the skies."

To which we may add:—

"And we'll catch the flea—
And we'll catch the flee—ee—eeting hour."

Two trebles sing, "And learn to kiss"; two trebles and alto, "And learn to kiss"; two trebles, alto, and tenor, "And learn to kiss"; the bass, solus, "the rod."

This is sung to a tune called "Boyce":—

"Thou art my bull—
Thou art my bulwark and defence."

THE CURSE OF O'KELLY.

Carmac O'Kelly, the celebrated Irish harper, went to Doneraile, in the county of Cork, where his watch was pilfered from his fob. This so roused his ire that he celebrated the people in the following unexampled "string of curses:"—

Alas! how dismal is my tale,
I lost my watch in Doneraile,
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers on Doneraile;

May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile.
As lightnings flash across the vale,
So down to hell with Doneraile;
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile.
May beef or mutton, lamb or veal,
Be never found in Doneraile,
But garlic soup and scurvy kale,
Be still the food for Doneraile,
And forward as the creeping snail,
Industry be at Doneraile.
May Heaven a chosen curse entail,
On ragged, rotten Doneraile.
May sun and moon forever fail
To beam their lights on Doneraile;
May every pestilential gale
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile;
May no sweet cuckoo, thrush or quail
Be ever heard in Doneraile;
May patriots, kings, and commonweal
Despise and harass Doneraile;
May every post, gazette and mail,
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile;
May vengeance fall on head and tail,
From north to south of Doneraile
May profit small, and tardy sale,
Still damp the trade of Doneraile:
May fame resound a dismal tale,
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile;
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail,
To thin the knaves at Doneraile;
May frost and snow, and sleet and hail,
Benumb each joint in Doneraile;
May wolves and bloodhounds race and trail
The cursed crew of Doneraile;
May Oscar with his fiery flail
To atoms thrash all Doneraile;
May every mischief, fresh and stale,
May all from Belfast to Kinsale,

Scoff, curse and damn you, Doneraile.
May neither flour nor oatmeal,
Be found or known in Doneraile;
May want and woe each joy curtail,
That e'er was known in Doneraile;
May no one coffin want a nail,
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile;
May all the thieves who rob and steal,
The gallows meet in Doneraile;
May all the sons of Gramaweal,
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile;
May mischief big as Norway whale,
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile;
May curses whole and by retail,
Pour with full force on Doneraile;
May every transport wont to sail,
A convict bring from Doneraile;
May every churn and milking-pail
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile;
May cold and hunger still congeal,
The stagnant blood of Doneraile;
May every hour new woes reveal,
That hell reserves for Doneraile;
May every chosen ill prevail
O'er all the imps of Doneraile;
May th' inquisition straight impale,
The Rapparees of Doneraile;
May curse of Sodom now prevail,
And sink to ashes Doneraile;
May Charon's boat triumphant sail,
Completely manned from Doneraile;
Oh! may my couplet never fail
To find new curse for Doneraile;
And may grim Pluto's inner jail
Forever groan with Doneraile.

Hiberniana.

Maria Edgeworth, in her *Essay on Irish Bulls*, remarks that "the difficulty of selecting from the vulgar herd a bull that shall be entitled to the prize, from the united merits of pre-eminent absurdity and indisputable originality, is greater than hasty judges may imagine."

Very true; but if the prize were offered for a *batch* of Irish diamonds, we think the following copy of a letter written during the Rebellion, by S——, an Irish member of Parliament, to his friend in London, would present the strongest claim:—

"My dear Sir:—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are (thank God!) killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this, I hold a pistol in each hand and a sword in the other. I concluded in the beginning that this would be the end of it; and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on, that every thing is at a stand still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it till this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin

was robbed near this town: the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers who had nothing for thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing here under the French standard; but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; and we were far too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face; but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed we began to be all alive again. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns, except pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of guns and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action, we went to rummage a sort of camp which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled up with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all around the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.

"Yours truly, ——.

"P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried: therefore I beg you will write and let me know."

Miss Edgeworth says, further, that "many bulls, reputed to be bred and born in Ireland, are of foreign extraction; and many more, supposed to be unrivalled in their kind, may be matched in all their capital points." To prove this, she cites numerous examples of well-known bulls, with their foreign prototypes, not only English and Continental, but even Oriental and ancient. Among the parallels of familiar bulls to be found nearer our American home

since the skillful defender of Erin's naïveté wrote her Essay, one of the best is an economical method of erecting a new jail:—

The following resolutions were passed by the Board of Councilmen in Canton, Mississippi:—

1. Resolved, by this Council, that we build a new Jail.

2. Resolved, that the new Jail be built out of the materials of the old Jail.

3. Resolved, that the old Jail be used until the new Jail is finished.

It was a *Frenchman* who, in making a classified catalogue of books, placed Miss Edgeworth's Essay in the list of works on *Natural History*; and it was a *Scotchman* who, having purchased a copy of it, pronounced her "a puir silly body, to write a book on bulls, and no ane word o' horned cattle in it a', forbye the bit beastie [the vignette] at the beginning." Examples from the common walks of life and from periodical literature may readily be multiplied to show that these phraseological peculiarities are not to be exclusively attributed to Ireland. But if we adopt Coleridge's definition, which is, that "a bull consists in a mental juxtaposition of incongruous ideas, with the sensation, but without the sense, of connection," we shall find frequent instances of its occurrence among standard authors. Take the following blunders, for examples:—

Adam, the goodliest man of men *since born*
His sons—the fairest of *her daughters*, Eve.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

The loveliest pair
That ever *since* in love's embraces met.—*Ib. B. iv.*

Swift, being an Irishman, of course abounds in blunders, some of them of the most ludicrous character; but we should hardly expect to find in the elegant Addison, the model of classical English, such a singular inaccuracy as the following:—

So the *pure limpid* stream, when *foul with stains*
Of rushing torrents and descending rains.—*Cato.*

He must have *seen* in a blaze of *blinding* light (this is "ipsis Hibernis Hibernior") the vanity and evil, the folly and madness, of the worldly or selfish, and the grandeur and truth of the disinterested and Christian life.—*Gilfillan's Bards of the Bible.*

The real and peculiar magnificence of St. Petersburgh consists *in thus sailing apparently upon the bosom of the ocean, into a city of palaces*.—*Sedgwick's Letters from the Baltic.*

The astonished Yahoo, smoking, as well as he could, a cigar, *with which he had filled all his pockets*.—*Warren's Ten Thousand a Year.*

The following specimens are from the works of Dr. Johnson:—

Every monumental inscription should be in Latin; for that being a *dead* language, it will always *live*.

Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
But still fought on, *nor knew that he was dead.*

Shakspeare has not only *shown* human nature as it is, but as it would be found *in situations to which it cannot be exposed.*

Turn from the glittering bribe your scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold *what gold can never buy*.

These observations were made *by favor of a contrary*

wind.

The next two are from Pope:—

Eight callow *infants* filled the mossy nest,
Herself the ninth.

When first young Maro, in his noble mind,
A work *t' outlast immortal Rome designed*.

Shakspeare says,—

I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, *get the better of them*.—*Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1.

A *horrid silence* first *invades the ear*.—DRYDEN.

Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote
And *inaccessible* by *shepherds trod*.—HOME: *Douglass*.

In the Irish Bank-bill passed by Parliament in June, 1808, is a clause providing that the profits shall be *equally* divided and the *residue go to the Governor*.

Sir Richard Steele, being asked why his countrymen were so addicted to making bulls, said he believed there must be something in the air of Ireland, adding, "I dare say *if an Englishman were born there* he would do the same."

Mr. Cunningham, to whom we are indebted for the interesting notes to Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," pronounces his author *the most distinguished of his cotemporaries*.

Sir Walter Scott perpetrates a curious blunder in one of his novels, in making certain of his characters behold a sunset over the waters of a seaport on the *eastern* coast of Scotland.

The following occurs in Dr. Latham's *English Language*. Speaking of the genitive or possessive case,

he says,—

"In the plural number, however, it is rare; so rare, indeed, that whenever the plural ends in s (as it always does) there is no genitive."

Byron says,—

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison *on each hand.*

(He meant a palace on one hand, and a prison on the other.)

Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines a *garret* as "a room on the highest floor in the house," and a *cock-loft* as "the room over the garret."

For the sake of comparison, we recur to the favorite pasture of the genuine thorough-bred animal:—

An Irish member of Parliament, speaking of a certain minister's well-known love of money, observed, "Let not the honorable member express a contempt for money,—for if there is any one office that glitters in the eyes of the honorable member, it is that of purse-bearer: a pension to him is a compendium of all the cardinal virtues. All his statesmanship is comprehended in the art of taxing; and for good, better, and best, in the scale of human nature, he invariably reads pence, shillings, and pounds. I verily believe," continued the orator, rising to the height of his conception, "that if the honorable gentleman were an undertaker, it would be the delight of his heart to see all mankind seized with a common mortality, that he might have the benefit of the general burial, and provide scarfs and hat-bands for *the survivors*."

The manager of a provincial theatre, finding upon one occasion but three persons in attendance, made

the following address:—"Ladies and gentlemen—as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all. The performances of this night will not be performed; but *they will be repeated* to-morrow evening."

A Hibernian gentleman, when told by his nephew that he had just entered college with a view to the church, said, "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."

An Irishman, quarrelling with an Englishman, told him if he didn't hold his tongue, he would break his impenetrable head, and let the brains out of his empty skull.

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly how-come-you-so state: "you must be dreadful tired, sure, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah! get away with your nonsense," said Pat: "it wasn't the *length* of the way, at all, that fatigued me: 'twas the *breadth* of it."

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, me honeys," he answered, "I would not be afther parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

A young Irishman who had married when about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as ould as Methuselah.

In an Irish provincial paper is the following notice:—Whereas Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings, this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same, he will be advertised.

"Has your sister got a son or a daughter?" asked an Irishman of a friend. "Upon my life," was the reply, "I don't know yet whether I'm an *uncle* or *aunt*."

"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster Bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well,' says he, 'thank you, Donnelly.' 'Donnelly!' says I: 'that's not *my* name.' 'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' says he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be nayther of us; and where's the bull of *that*, now?"

"India, my boy," said an Irish officer to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here and they drink and they eat, and they drink and they die: and then they write home to their parents a pack of lies, and say it's the climate that has killed them."

In the perusal of a very solid book on the progress of the ecclesiastical differences of Ireland, written by a native of that country, after a good deal of tedious and vexatious matter, the reader's complacency is restored by an artless statement how an eminent person "abandoned the errors of the church of Rome, and adopted those of the church of England."

Here is an American Hibernicism, which is entitled to full recognition:—Among the things that Wells & Fargo's Express is not responsible for as carriers is one couched in the following language in their regulations: "Not for any loss or damage by fire, *the acts of God*, or of Indians, *or any other public enemies of the government*."

George Selwyn once declared in company that a lady could not write a letter without adding a *postscript*. A lady present replied, "The next letter that you

receive from *me*, Mr. Selwyn, will prove that you are wrong." Accordingly he received one from her the next day, in which, after her signature was the following:—

"P. S. Who is right, now, you or I?"

The two subjoined parliamentary utterances are worthy to have emanated from Sir Boyle Roche:—

"Mr. Speaker, I boldly answer in the affirmative—No."

"Mr. Speaker, if I have any prejudice against the honorable member, it is in his favor."

A PAIR OF BULLS.

When my lord he came wooing to Miss Ann Thrope,
He was then a "Childe" from school;
He paid his addresses in a trope,
And called her his sweet bul-bul:
But she knew not, in the modern scale,
That *a couple of bulls* was a *nightingale*.

Blunders.

SLIPS OF THE PRESS.

Lord Brougham was fond of relating an instance which was no joke to the victim of it. A bishop, at one of his country visitations, found occasion to complain of the deplorable state of a certain church, the roof of which was evidently anything but water-tight; after rating those concerned for their neglect, his lordship finished by declaring emphatically that he would not visit the *damp old church* again until it was put in decent order. His horror may be imagined when he discovered himself reported in the local journal as having declared: "I shall not visit this damned old church again." The bishop lost no time in calling the editor's attention to the mistake; whereupon that worthy set himself right with his readers by stating that he willingly gave publicity to his lordship's explanation, but he had every confidence in the accuracy of his reporter. The editor of an evening paper could hardly have had similar confidence in his subordinate when the latter caused his journal to record that a prisoner had been sentenced to "four months imprisonment in the House of Commons!" In this case, we fancy the reporter must have been in the same exhilarated

condition as his American brother, who ended his account of a city banquet with the frank admission: "It is not distinctly remembered by anybody present who made the last speech!"

In a poem on the "Milton Gallery," by Amos Cottle, the poet, describing the pictures of Fuseli, says:—

"The lubber fiend outstretched the chimney near,
Or sad Ulysses on the larboard Steer."

Ulysses steered to the larboard to shun Charybdis, but the compositor makes him get upon the back of the bullock, the left one in the drove! After all, however, he only interprets the text literally. "Steer," as a substantive, has no other meaning than bullock. The substantive of the verb "to steer" is steerage. "He that hath the steerage of my course," says Shakspeare. The compositor evidently understood that Ulysses rode an ox; he would hardly else have spelt Steer with a capital S.

The following paragraphs, intended to have been printed separately, in a Paris evening paper, were by some blunder so arranged that they read consecutively:—

Doctor X. has been appointed head physician to the Hospital de la Charite. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse. The works are being executed with the utmost dispatch.

The old story of Dr. Mudge furnishes one of the most curious cases of typographical accident on record. The Doctor had been presented with a gold-headed cane, and the same week a patent pig-killing and sausage-making machine had been tried at a factory in the place of which he was pastor. The writer of a

report of the presentation, and a description of the machine, for the local paper, is thus made to "mix things miscellaneously:"—

"The inconsiderate Caxtonian who made up the forms of the paper, got the two locals mixed up in a frightful manner; and when we went to press, something like this was the appalling result: Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation, the unsuspicious pig was seized by the hind legs, and slid along a beam until he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, slit his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward, and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one; and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The Doctor concluded his remarks when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it, the pig was cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausages. The occasion will long be remembered by the Doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured for tenpence a pound; and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely."

SLIPS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The Prior of the Dominican Monastery of Voreppe, in France, recently received the following telegram:

—"Father Ligier is dead (*est mort*); we shall arrive by train to-morrow, at three.—LABOREE." The ecclesiastic, being convinced that the deceased, who was highly esteemed in the locality, had selected it for his last resting-place, made every preparation. A grave was dug, a hearse provided, and with the monks, a sorrowing crowd waited at the station for the train. It arrived, and, to the astonishment of every one, the supposed defunct alighted, well and hearty. The matter was soon explained. The reverend father, returning from a visit to Rome, where he had been accompanied by the priest Laboree, stopped to visit some monks at Saint-Jean-de-Maurienne, and requested his companion to telegraph the return to his monastery. The message sent was: "Father Ligier and I (*et moi*) will arrive," &c. The clerks inadvertently changed the *et moi* into *est mort*, with what result has already been told.

A firm in Cincinnati telegraphed to a correspondent in Cleveland, as follows:—"Cranberries rising. Send immediately one hundred barrels *per* Simmons." Mr. Simmons was the agent of the Cincinnati house. The telegraph ran the last two words together, and shortly after, the firm were astonished to find delivered at their store one hundred barrels of persimmons.

"SERIAL" INCONSISTENCY.

In Mrs. Oliphant's interesting story of "Ombra," there is a curious contradiction between the end of Chapter XLV. and the beginning of Chapter XLVI. A domestic picture is given, an interior, with the characters thus disposed:—

"One evening, when Kate was at home, and, as usual, abstracted over a book in a corner; when the Berties were in full possession, one bending over Ombra at the piano, one talking earnestly to her mother, Francesca suddenly threw the door open, with a vehemence quite unusual to her, and without a word of warning—without even the announcement of his name to put them on their guard—Mr. Courtenay walked into the room."

Thus ends Chapter XLV., and thus opens Chapter XLVI.:—

"The scene which Mr. Courtenay saw when he walked in suddenly to Mrs. Anderson's drawing-room, was one so different in every way from what he had expected that he was for the first moment as much taken aback as any of the company. * * * The drawing-room, which looked out on the Lung' Arno, was not small, but it was rather low—not much more than an *entresol*. There was a bright wood-fire on the hearth, and near it, with a couple of candles on a small table by her side, sat Kate, distinctly isolated from the rest, and working diligently, scarcely raising her eyes from her needle-work. The centre-table was drawn a little aside, for Ombra had found it too warm in front of the fire; and about this the other four were grouped—Mrs. Anderson, working too, was talking to one of the young men; the other was holding silk, which Ombra was winding; a thorough English domestic party—such a family group as should have gladdened virtuous eyes to see. Mr. Courtenay looked at it with indescribable surprise."

MISTAKES OF MISAPPREHENSION.

Soon after Louis XIV. appointed Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, he inquired how the citizens liked their new Bishop, to which they answered, doubtfully: “Pretty well.” “But,” asked his Majesty, “what fault do you find with him?” “To say the truth,” they replied, “we should have preferred a Bishop who had finished his education; for, whenever we wait upon him, we are told that he is at his studies.”

There lived in the west of England, a few years since, an enthusiastic geologist, who was presiding judge of the Quarter Sessions. A farmer, who had seen him presiding on the bench, overtook him shortly afterwards, while seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed at him for a minute, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, then exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise: “What, your Honor! be you come to this a’ ready?”

Cottle, in his *Life of Coleridge*, relates an essay at grooming on the part of that poet and Wordsworth. The servants being absent, the poets had attempted to stable their horse, and were almost successful. With the collar, however, a difficulty arose. After Wordsworth had relinquished as impracticable the effort to get it over the animal’s head, Coleridge tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessor; for, after twisting the poor horse’s neck almost to strangulation, and to the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse’s head must have grown (gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on, for he said it was downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar! Just at this moment a servant girl came up, and turning the collar upside

down, slipped it off without trouble, to the great humility and wonderment of the poets, who were each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge to which they had not attained.

BLUNDERS OF TRANSLATORS.

A most entertaining volume might be made from the amusing and often absurd blunders perpetrated by translators. For instance, Miss Cooper tells us that the person who first rendered her father's novel, "The Spy," into the French tongue, among other mistakes, made the following:—Readers of the Revolutionary romance will remember that the residence of the Wharton family was called "The Locusts." The translator referred to his dictionary, and found the rendering of the word to be *Les Sauterelles*, "The Grasshoppers." But when he found one of the dragoons represented as tying his horse to one of the locusts on the lawn, it would appear as if he might have been at fault. Nothing daunted, however, but taking it for granted that American grasshoppers must be of gigantic dimensions, he gravely informs his readers that the cavalryman secured his charger by fastening the bridle to one of the grasshoppers before the door, apparently standing there for that purpose.

Much laughter has deservedly been raised at French *littérateurs* who professed to be "*doctus utriusque linguæ*." Cibber's play of "Love's Last Shift" was translated by a Frenchman who spoke "Inglees" as "*Le Dernière Chemise de l'Amour*;" Congreve's "Mourning Bride," by another, as "*L'Epouse du Matin*;" and a French scholar recently included among his catalogue of works on natural history the

essay on "Irish Bulls," by the Edgeworths. Jules Janin, the great critic, in his translation of "Macbeth," renders "Out, out, brief candle!" as "*Sortez, chandelle*." And another, who *traduced* Shakspeare, commits an equally amusing blunder in rendering Northumberland's famous speech in "Henry IV." In the passage

"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, *so woe-begone*."

the words italicized are rendered, "*ainsi douleur! va-t'en!*"—"so grief, be off with you!" Voltaire did no better with his translations of several of Shakspeare's plays; in one of which the "myriad-minded" makes a character renounce all claim to a doubtful inheritance, with an avowed resolution to *carve* for himself a fortune with his sword. Voltaire put it in French, which, retranslated, reads, "What care I for lands? With my sword I will make a fortune cutting meat."

The late centennial celebration of Shakspeare's birthday in England called forth numerous publications relating to the works and times of the immortal dramatist. Among them was a new translation of "Hamlet," by the Chevalier de Chatelain, who also translated Halleck's "Alnwick Castle," "Burns," and "Marco Bozzaris." Our readers are, of course, familiar with the following lines:—

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! Oh, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely."

The chevalier, less successful with the English than with the modern American poet, thus renders them

into French:—

"*Fi donc! fi donc! Ces jours qu'on nous montrons superbes*
Sont un vilain jardin rempli de folles herbes,
Qui donnent de l'ivraie, et certes rien de plus
Si ce n'est les engines du cholera-morbus."

Some of the funniest mistranslations on record have been bequeathed by Victor Hugo. Most readers will remember his rendering of a peajacket as *paletot a la purée de pois*, and of the Frith of Forth as *le cinquième de le quatrième*.

The French translator of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, knowing nothing of that familiar name for toasted cheese, "a Welsh rabbit," rendered it literally by "*un lapin du pays de Galles*," or a rabbit of Wales, and then informed his readers in a foot-note that the lapins or rabbits of Wales have a very superior flavor, and are very tender, which cause them to be in great request in England and Scotland. A writer in the Neapolitan paper, *Il Giornale della due Sicilie*, was more ingenuous. He was translating from an English paper the account of a man who killed his wife by striking her with a poker; and at the end of his story the honest journalist, with a modesty unusual in his craft, said, "*Non sappiamo per certo se questo pokero Inglese sia uno strumento domestico o bensi chirurgico*"—"We are not quite certain whether this English poker [*pokero*] be a domestic or surgical instrument."

In the course of the famous Tichborne trial, the claimant, when asked the meaning of *laus Deo semper*, said it meant "the laws of God forever, or permanently." An answer not less ludicrous was given by a French Sir Roger, who, on being asked to translate *numero Deus impare gaudet*, unhesitatingly

replied, “Le numéro deux se réjouit d’être impair.”

Some of the translations of the Italian operas in the librettos, which are sold to the audience, are ludicrous enough. Take, for instance, the lines in *Roberto il diavolo*,—

Egli era, dicessi
Abitatore
Del tristo Imperio.

Which some smart interpreter rendered—

“For they say he was
A citizen of the black emporium.”

Misquotations.

In Mr Collins' account of Homer's Iliad, in Blackwood's *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, occurs the following:—

... "The spirit horsemen who rallied the Roman line in the great fight with the Latins at Lake Regillus, the shining stars who lighted the sailors on the stormy Adriatic, and gave their names to the ship in which St. Paul was cast away."

If the reader will take the trouble to refer to the *Acts of the Apostles*, xxviii. 11. he will find, that the ship of Alexandria, "whose sign was Castor and Pollux," was not the vessel in which St. Paul was shipwrecked near Malta, but the ship in which he safely voyaged from the island of "the barbarous people" to Puteoli for Rome.

The misquotations of Sir Walter Scott have frequently attracted attention. One of the most unpardonable occurs in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, chapter xlvii.:—

"The least of these considerations always inclined Butler to measures of conciliation, in so far as he could accede to them, without compromising principle; and thus our simple and unpretending heroine had the merit of those peacemakers, to

whom it is pronounced as a benediction, that they shall *inherit the earth*."

On turning to the gospel of Matthew, v. 9, we find that the benediction pronounced upon the *peacemakers* was that "they shall be called the children of God." It is the meek who are to "inherit the earth," (ver. 5).

Another of Scott's blunders occurs in *Ivanhoe*. The date of this story "refers to a period towards the end of the reign of Richard I." (chap. i.) Richard died in 1199. Nevertheless, Sir Walter makes the disguised Wamba style himself "a poor brother of the Order of St. Francis," although the Order was not founded until 1210, and, of course, the saintship of the founder had a still later date.

Again in *Waverley* (chap. xii.) he puts into the mouth of Baron Bradwardine the words "nor would I utterly accede to the objurgation of the *younger Plinius* in the fourteenth book of his *Historia Naturalis*." The great Roman naturalist whose thirty-seven books on Natural History were written eighteen centuries ago, was the *Elder* Pliny.

Alison, in his *History of Europe*, speaks of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, the Viceroy of Poland, as the son of the emperor Paul I. and the celebrated empress Catherine. This Catherine was the *mother* of Paul, and wife of Peter III., Paul's father. Constantine's mother, i.e. Paul's wife, was a princess of Würtemberg.

Another of Archibald's singular errors is his translation of *droit du timbre* (stamp duty) into "timber duties." This is about as sensible as his quoting with approbation from De Tocqueville the false and foolish assertion that the American people

are “regardless of historical records or monuments,” and that future historians will be obliged “to write the history of the present generation from the archives of other lands.” Such ignorance of American scholarship and research and of the vigorous vitality of American Historical Societies, is unpardonable.

Disraeli thus refers to a curious blunder in Nagler’s *Künstler-Lexicon*, concerning the artist Cruikshank:—

Some years ago the relative merits of George Cruikshank and his brother were contrasted in an English Review, and George was spoken of as “the real Simon Pure”—the first who had illustrated “Scenes of Life in London.” Unaware of the real significance of a quotation which has become proverbial among us, the German editor begins his memoir of Cruikshank by gravely informing us that he is an English artist “whose real name is Simon Pure!” Turning to the artists under letter P. we accordingly read, “Pure (Simon), the real name of the celebrated caricaturist, George Cruikshank.”

This will remind some of our readers of the index which refers to Mr. Justice Best. A searcher after something or other, running his eye down the index through letter B, arrived at the reference “Best—Mr. Justice—his great mind.” Desiring to be better acquainted with the particulars of this assertion, he turned to the page referred to, and there found, to his entire satisfaction, “Mr. Justice Best said he had a great mind to commit the witness for prevarication.”

In the fourth canto of *Don Juan*, stanza CX., Byron says:

Oh, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
As some one somewhere sings about the sky.

Byron was mistaken in thinking his quotation referred to the sky. The line is in Southey's *Madoc*, canto V., and describes fish. A note intimates that dolphins are meant.

"Though in blue ocean seen,
Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
In all its rich variety of shades,
Suffused with glowing gold."

Fabrications.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE SAVIOUR'S PERSON.

Chalmers charges upon Huarte (a native of French Navarre) the publication (as genuine and authentic) of the Letter of Lentulus (the Proconsul of Jerusalem) to the Roman Senate, describing the person and manners of our Lord, and for which, of course, he deservedly censures him. A copy of the letter will be found in the chapter of this volume headed I. H. S.

A CLEVER HOAX ON SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The following passage occurs in one of Sir Walter Scott's letters to Southey, written in September, 1810:—

A witty rogue, the other day, who sent me a letter subscribed "Detector," proved me guilty of stealing a passage from one of Vida's Latin poems, which I had never seen or heard of; yet there was so strong a general resemblance as fairly to authorize "Detector's" suspicion.

Lockhart remarks thereupon:—

The lines of Vida which "Detector" had enclosed to Scott,

as the obvious original of the address to "Woman," in *Marmion*, closing with—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

end as follows: and it must be owned that if Vida had really written them, a more extraordinary example of casual coincidence could never have been pointed out.

"Cum dolor atque supercilio gravis imminet angor,
Fungeris angelico sola ministerio."

"Detector's" reference is Vida *ad Eranen*, El. ii. v. 21; but it is almost needless to add there are no such lines, and no piece bearing such a title in Vida's works.

It was afterwards ascertained that the waggish author of this hoax was a Cambridge scholar named Drury.

THE MOON HOAX.

The authorship of the "Moon Hoax," an elaborate description (which was first printed in the New York *Sun*) of men, animals, &c., purporting to have been discovered in the moon by Sir John Herschel, is now disputed. Until recently it was conceded to R. A. Locke, now dead; but in the *Budget of Paradoxes*, by Professor De Morgan, the authorship is confidently ascribed to M. Nicollet, a French savant, once well known in this country, and employed by the government in the scientific exploration of the West. He died in the government service. Professor De Morgan writes as follows:—"There is no doubt that it

(the 'Moon Hoax') was produced in the United States by M. Nicollet, an astronomer of Paris, and a fugitive of some kind. About him I have heard two stories. First, that he fled to America with funds not his own, and that this book was a mere device to raise the wind. Secondly, that he was a *protegé* of Laplace, and of the Polignac party, and also an outspoken man. The moon story was written and sent to France, with the intention of entrapping M. Arago—Nicollet's especial foe—in the belief of it." It seems not to have occurred to the sage and critical professor that a man who could steal funds, would have little scruple about stealing a literary production. It is, hence, more than probable that Nicollet translated the article immediately after its appearance in the New York *Sun*, and afterwards sent it to France as his own.

A LITERARY SELL.

A story is told in literary circles in New York of an enthusiastic Carlyle Club of ladies and gentlemen of Cambridge and Boston, who meet periodically to read their chosen prophet and worship at his shrine. One of them, not imbued with sufficient reverence to teach him better, feloniously contrived to have the reader on a certain evening insert something of his own composition into the reading, as though it came from the printed page and Carlyle's hand. The interpolation was as follows:—"Word-spluttering organisms, in whatever place—not with Plutarchean comparison, apologies, nay rather, without any such apologies—but born into the world to say the thought that is in them—antiphoreal, too, in the main—butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers;

men, women, pedants. Verily, with you, too, it's now or never." This paragraph produced great applause among the devotees of Carlyle. The leader of the Club especially, a learned and metaphysical pundit, who is the great American apostle of Carlyle, said nothing Carlyle had ever written was more representative and happy. The actual author of it attempted to ask some questions about it, and elicit explanations. These were not wanting, and, where they failed, the stupidity of the questioner was the substitute presumption, delicately hinted. It reminds us of Dr. Franklin's incident in his life of Abraham, which he used to read off with great gravity, apparently from an open Bible, though actually from his own memory. This parable is probably the most perfect imitation of Scripture style extant.

MRS. HEMANS's "FORGERIES."

A gentleman having requested Mrs. Hemans to furnish him with some authorities from the old English writers for the use of the word "barb," as applied to a steed, she very shortly supplied him with the following imitations, which she was in the habit of calling her "forgeries." The mystification succeeded completely, and was not discovered for some time afterwards:—

The warrior donn'd his well-worn garb
  And proudly waved his crest;
Be mounted on his jet-black *barb*
  And put his lance in rest.

PERCY, *Reliques*.

Eftsoons the wight withouten more delay
Spurr'd his brown *barb*, and rode full swiftly on his way.

SPEI

Hark! was it not the trumpet's voice I heard?
The soul of battle is awake within me!
The fate of ages and of empires hangs
On this dread hour. Why am I not in arms?
Bring my good lance, caparison my steed!
Base, idle grooms! are ye in league against me?
Haste with my *barb*, or by the holy saints,
Ye shall not live to saddle him to-morrow.

MASSINGER.

No sooner had the pearl-shedding fingers of the young Aurora tremulously unlocked the oriental portals of the golden horizon, than the graceful flower of chivalry, and the bright cynosure of ladies eyes—he of the dazzling breast-plate and swanlike plume—sprang impatiently from the couch of slumber, and eagerly mounted the noble *barb* presented to him by the Emperor of Aspromontania.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, *Arcadia*.

See'st thou yon chief whose presence seems to rule
The storm of battle? Lo! where'er he moves
Death follows. Carnage sits upon his crest—
Fate on his sword is throned—and his white *barb*,
As a proud courser of Apollo's chariot,
Seems breathing fire.

POTTER,
Æschylus.

Oh! bonnie looked my ain true knight,
His *barb* so proudly reining;
I watched him till my tearfu' sight
Grew amaist dim wi' straining.

Border
Minstrelsy.

Why, he can heel the lavolt and wind a fiery *barb* as well as any gallant in Christendom. He's the very pink and mirror of accomplishment.

SHAKSPEARE.

Fair star of beauty's heaven! to call thee mine,
All other joy's I joyously would yield;
My knightly crest, my bounding *barb* resign
For the poor shepherd's crook and daisied field!
For courts, or camps, no wish my soul would prove,
So thou would'st live with me and be my love.

EARL OF SURREY,
Poems.

For thy dear love my weary soul hath grown
Heedless of youthful sports: I seek no more
Or joyous dance, or music's thrilling tone,
Or joys that once could charm in minstrel lore,
Or knightly tilt where steel-clad champions meet,
Borne on impetuous *barbs* to bleed at beauty's feet!

SHAKSPEARE,
Sonnets.

As a warrior clad
In sable arms, like chaos dull and sad,
But mounted on a *barb* as white
As the fresh new-born light,—
So the black night too soon
Came riding on the bright and silver moon
Whose radiant heavenly ark
Made all the clouds beyond her influence seem
E'en more than doubly dark,
Mourning all widowed of her glorious beam.

COWLEY.

SHERIDAN'S GREEK.

In *Anecdotes of Impudence*, we find this curious story:—

Lord Belgrave having clenched a speech in the House of Commons with a long Greek quotation, Sheridan,

in reply, admitted the force of the quotation so far as it went; "but" said he, "if the noble Lord had proceeded a little farther, and completed the passage, he would have seen that it applied the other way!" Sheridan then spouted something *ore rotundo*, which had all the ais, ois, kons, and kois that give the world assurance of a Greek quotation: upon which Lord Belgrave very promptly and handsomely complimented the honorable member on his readiness of recollection, and frankly admitted that the continuation of the passage had the tendency ascribed to it by Mr. Sheridan, and that he had overlooked it at the moment when he gave his quotation. On the breaking up of the House, Fox, who piqued himself on having some Greek, went up to Sheridan, and said, "Sheridan, how came you to be so ready with that passage? It certainly is as you state, but I was not aware of it before you quoted it." It is unnecessary to observe that there was no Greek at all in Sheridan's impromptu.

BALLAD LITERATURE.

John Hill Burton, in his *Book Hunter*, after speaking of the success with which Surtus imposed upon Sir Walter Scott the spurious ballad of the *Death of Featherstonhaugh*, which has a place in the *Border Minstrelsy*, says:—

Altogether, such affairs create an unpleasant uncertainty about the paternity of that delightful department of literature—our ballad poetry. Where next are we to be disenchanted? Of the way in which ballads have come into existence, there is one sad example within my own knowledge. Some mad young wags, wishing to test the critical powers of an

experienced collector, sent him a new-made ballad, which they had been enabled to secure only in a fragmentary form. To the surprise of its fabricator, it was duly printed; but what naturally raised his surprise to astonishment, and revealed to him a secret, was, that it was no longer a fragment, but a complete ballad,—the collector, in the course of his industrious inquiries among the peasantry, having been so fortunate as to recover the missing fragments! It was a case where neither could say anything to the other, though Cato might wonder, *quod non rideret haruspex, haruspicem cum vidisset.* This ballad has been printed in more than one collection, and admired as an instance of the inimitable simplicity of the genuine old versions!

Psalmanazar exceeded in powers of deception any of the great impostors of learning. His island of Formosa was an illusion eminently bold, and maintained with as much felicity as erudition; and great must have been that erudition which could form a pretended language and its grammar, and fertile the genius which could invent the history of an unknown people. The deception was only satisfactorily ascertained by his own penitential confession; he had defied and baffled the most learned.

FRANKLIN'S PARABLE.

Dr. Franklin frequently read for the entertainment of company, apparently from an open Bible, but actually from memory, the following chapter in favor of religious toleration, pretendedly quoted from the

Book of Genesis. This story of Abraham and the idolatrous traveler was given by Franklin to Lord Kaimes as a "Jewish Parable on Persecution," and was published by Kaimes in his *Sketches of the History of Man*. It is traced, not to a Hebrew author, but to a Persian apologue. Bishop Heber, in referring to the charge of plagiarism raised against Franklin, says that while it cannot be proved that he gave it to Lord Kaimes as his own composition, it is "unfortunate for him that his correspondent evidently appears to have regarded it as his composition; that it had been published as such in all the editions of Franklin's collected works; and that, with all Franklin's abilities and amiable qualities, there was a degree of quackery in his character which, in this instance as well as that of his professional epitaph on himself, has made the imputation of such a theft more readily received against him, than it would have been against most other men of equal eminence."

1. And it came to pass after those things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose, and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and warm thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early on the morrow, and go on thy way.

4. But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most High God, Creator of Heaven and Earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship the

God thou speakest of, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a God, which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship Thee, neither would he call upon Thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against Me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against His servant: Lo, I haved sinned; forgive me, I pray Thee.

13. And he arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him:

14. And returned with him to his tent: and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morrow with gifts.

15. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land:

16. But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance.

THE SHAKSPEARE FORGERIES.

In 1795–96 William Henry Ireland perpetrated the

remarkable Shakspeare Forgeries which gave his name such infamous notoriety. The plays of "Vortigern" and "Henry the Second" were printed in 1799. Several litterateurs of note were deceived by them, and Sheridan produced the former at Drury Lane theatre, with John Kemble to take the leading part. The total failure of the play, conjoined with the attacks of Malone and others, eventually led to a conviction and forced confession of Ireland's dishonesty. For an authentic account of the Shakspeare Manuscripts see *The Confessions of W. H. Ireland*; Chalmers' *Apology for the Believers of the Shakspeare Papers*; Malone's *Inquiry into the Authenticity*, &c.; Wilson's *Shaksperiana*; *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1796–97; *Eclectic Magazine*, xvi. 476. One of the original manuscripts of Ireland, that of Henry the Second, has been preserved. The rascal seems to have felt but little penitence for his fraud.

Interrupted Sentences.

A Judge, reprimanding a criminal, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied: “Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your Honor”—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—“takes me to be.” “Put your words closer together,” said the Judge.

A lady in a dry goods store, while inspecting some cloths, remarked that they were “part cotton.” “Madam,” said the shopman, “these goods are as free from cotton as your breast is”—(the lady frowned) he added—“free from guile.”

A lady was reading aloud in a circle of friends a letter just received. She read, “We are in great trouble. Poor Mary has been confined”—and there she stopped for that was the last word on the sheet, and the next sheet had dropped and fluttered away, and poor Mary, unmarried, was left really in a delicate situation until the missing sheet was found, and the next continued—“to her room for three days, with what, we fear, is suppressed scarlet fever.”

To all letters soliciting his “subscription” to any object Lord Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz.: —“Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and beg to subscribe”—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—“myself your very obedient

servant."

Much more satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend, Dr. Fisher, of the Charter House:—"Dear Fisher—I cannot to day give you the preferment for which you ask. Your sincere friend, Eldon. (*Turn over*)—I gave it to you yesterday."

At the Virginia Springs a Western girl name Helen was familiarly known among her admirers as Little Hel. At a party given in her native city, a gentleman, somewhat the worse for his supper, approached a very dignified young lady and asked: "Where's my little sweetheart? You know,—Little Hel?" "Sir?" exclaimed the lady, "you certainly forgot yourself." "Oh," said he quickly, "you interrupted me; if you had let me go on I would have said Little Helen." "I beg your pardon," answered the lady, "when you said Little Hel, I thought you had reached your final destination."

The value of an explanation is finely illustrated in the old story of a king who sent to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else ——." The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied: "I have not got one, and if I had——." On this weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well enough to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel. "What could you mean," said the second king to the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else——?'" "Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a

black tail, or else some other color. But," retorted he, "what did you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had——?'" "Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it." An explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

It is related of Dr. Mansel, that when an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he chanced to call at the rooms of a brother Cantab, who was absent, but who had left on his table the opening of a poem, which was in the following lofty strain:—

"The sun's perpendicular rays
  Illumine the depths of the sea,"

Here the flight of the poet, by some accident, stopped short, but Mansel, who never lost an occasion for fun, completed the stanza in the following facetious style:—

"And the fishes beginning to sweat,
  Cried, 'Goodness, how hot we shall be.'"

That not very brilliant joke, "to lie—under a mistake," is sometimes indulged in by the best writers. Witness the following. Byron says:—

If, after all, there should be some so blind
  To their own good this warning to despise,
Led by some tortuosity of mind
  Not to believe my verse and their own eyes,
And cry that they the moral cannot find,
  I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;
Should captains the remark, or critics make,
They also lie too—under a mistake.

Don Juan, Canto I.

Shelley, in his translation of the *Magico Prodigioso* of

Calderon, makes Clarin say to Moscon:—

You lie—under a mistake—
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face. I now
Say what I think.

And De Quincey, *Milton versus Southey and Landor*, says:—

You are tempted, after walking round a line (of Milton) threescore times, to exclaim at last,—Well, if the Fiend himself should rise up before me at this very moment, in this very study of mine, and say that no screw was loose in that line, then would I reply: "Sir, with due submission, you are——." "What!" suppose the Fiend suddenly to demand in thunder. "What am I?" "Horribly wrong," you wish exceedingly to say; but, recollecting that some people are choleric in argument, you confine yourself to the polite answer—"That, with deference to his better education, you conceive him to lie"—that's a bad word to drop your voice upon in talking with a friend, and you hasten to add—"under a slight, a *very* slight mistake."

Mr. Montague Mathew, who sometimes amused the House of Commons, and alarmed the Ministers, with his *brusquerie*, set an ingenious example to those who are at once forbidden to speak, and yet resolved to express their thoughts. There was a debate upon the treatment of Ireland, and Mathew having been called to order for taking unseasonable notice of the enormities attributed to the British Government, spoke to the following effect:—"Oh, very well; I shall say nothing then about the murders—(*Order, order!*) —I shall make no mention of the massacres—(*Hear, hear! Order!*)—Oh, well; I shall sink all allusion to the

infamous half-hangings—"(*Order, order! Chair!*)

Lord Chatham once began a speech on West Indian affairs, in the House of Commons, with the words: "Sugar, Mr. Speaker——" and then, observing a smile to prevail in the audience, he paused, looked fiercely around, and with a loud voice, rising in its notes, and swelling into vehement anger, he is said to have pronounced again the word "Sugar!" three times; and having thus quelled the House, and extinguished every appearance of levity or laughter, turned around, and disdainfully asked, "Who will laugh at sugar now?"

Our legislative assemblies, under the most exciting circumstances, convey no notion of the phrenzied rage which sometimes agitates the French. Mirabeau interrupted once at every sentence by an insult, with "slanderer," "liar," "assassin," "rascal," rattling around him, addressed the most furious of his assailants in the softest tone he could assume, saying, "I pause, gentlemen, till these civilities are exhausted."

Mr. Marten, M. P., was a great wit. One evening he delivered a furious philippic against Sir Harry Vane, and when he had buried him beneath a load of sarcasm, he said:—"But as for young Sir Harry Vane ——" and so sat down. The House was astounded. Several members exclaimed: "What have you to say against young Sir Harry?" Marten at once rose and added: "Why, if young Sir Harry lives to be old, *he* will be old Sir Harry."

Echo Verse.

Addison says, in No. 59 of the Spectator, "I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an Echo talk sensibly and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. (Met. iii. 379.) The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo who seems to have been an extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse and furnishes him with rhymes."

Euripides in his Andromeda—a tragedy now lost—had a similar scene, which Aristophanes makes sport with in his Feast of Ceres. In the Greek Anthology (iii. 6) is an epigram of Leonidas, and in Book IV. are some lines by Guaradas, commencing—

α Αχὼ φίλα μοι συγκαταίνεσον τί. β τί;
(Echo! I love: advise me somewhat.—What?)

The French bards in the age of Marot were very fond of this conceit. Disraeli gives an ingenious specimen in his Curiosities of Literature. The lines here transcribed are by Joachim de Bellay:—

Qui est l'auteur de ces maux avenus?—Venus.
Qu'étois-je avant d'entrer en ce passage?—Sage.
Qu'est-ce qu'aimer et se plaindre souvent?—Vent.
Dis-moi quelle est celle pour qui j'endure?—Dure.
Sent-elle bien la douleur qui me point?—Point.

In *The Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* there is detailed a masque, which was enacted for her Majesty's pleasure, in which a dialogue was held with Echo "devised, penned, and pronounced by Master Gascoigne, and that upon a very great sudden."

Here are three of the verses:—

Well, Echo, tell me yet,
How might I come to see
This comely Queen of whom we talk?
Oh, were she now by thee!
By thee.

By me? oh, were that true,
How might I see her face?
How might I know her from the rest,
Or judge her by her grace?
Her grace.

Well, then, if so mine eyes
Be such as they have been,
Methinks I see among them all
This same should be the Queen.
The Queen.

LONDON BEFORE THE RESTORATION.

What want'st thou that thou art in this sad taking?
a king.
What made him hence move his residing?
siding.
Did any here deny him satisfaction?
faction.
Tell me whereon this strength of faction lies?
on lies.
What didst thou do when King left Parliament?
lament.
What terms wouldst give to gain his company?
any.
But thou wouldst serve him with thy best endeavor?
ever.
What wouldst thou do if thou couldst here behold him?
hold
him.
But if he comes not, what becomes of London?
undone.

The following song was written by Addison:—

Echo, tell me, while I wander
O'er this fairy plain to prove him,
If my shepherd still grows fonder,
Ought I in return to love him?
Echo.—Love him, love him.

If he loves, as is the fashion,
Should I churlishly forsake him?
Or, in pity to his passion,
Fondly to my bosom take him?
Echo.—Take him, take him.

Thy advice, then, I'll adhere to,
Since in Cupid's chains I've led him,
And with Henry shall not fear to
Marry, if you answer, "Wed him."

Echo.—Wed him, wed him.

PASQUINADE.

The following squib, cited by Mr. Motley in his *Dutch Republic*, from a MS. collection of pasquils, shows the prevalent opinion in the Netherlands concerning the parentage of Don John of Austria and the position of Barbara Blomberg:—

—sed at Austriacum nostrum redeamus—eamus
Hunc Cesaris filium esse satis est notum—notum
Multi tamen de ejus patre dubitavere—*vere*
Cujus ergo filium cum dieunt Itali—*Itali*
Verum mater satis est nota in nostra republica—*publica*
Imo hactenus egit in Brabantiâ ter voere—hoere
Crimen est ne frui amplexu unius Cesaris tam generosi—osi
Pluribus ergo usa in vitâ est—ita est
Seu post Cesaris congressum non vere ante—ante
Tace garrula ne tale quippiam loquare—quare?
Nescis quâ pœna afficiendum dixerit Belgium insigne—
igne, &c.

THE GOSPEL ECHO.

Found in a pew in a church in Scotland, written in a female hand.

True faith producing love to God and man,
Say, Echo, is not this the gospel plan?
Echo.—The gospel plan!

Must I my faith in Jesus constant show,
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Echo.—Both friend and foe!

When men conspire to hate and treat me ill,

Must I return them good, and love them still?
Echo.—Love them still!

If they my failings causelessly reveal,
Must I their faults as carefully conceal?
Echo.—As carefully conceal!

But if my name and character they tear,
And cruel malice too, too plain appear;
And, when I sorrow and affliction know,
They smile, and add unto my cup of woe;
Say, Echo, say, in such peculiar case,
Must I continue still to love and bless?
Echo.—Still love and bless!

Why, Echo, how is this? Thou'rt sure a dove:
Thy voice will leave me nothing else but love!
Echo.—Nothing else but love!

Amen, with all my heart, then be it so;
And now to practice I'll directly go.
Echo.—Directly go!

This path be mine; and, let who will reject,
My gracious God me surely will protect.
Echo.—Surely will protect!

Henceforth on him I'll cast my every care,
And friends and foes, embrace them all in prayer.
Echo.—Embrace them all in prayer.

ECHO AND THE LOVER.

LOVER. Echo! mysterious
nymph, declare
Of what you're
made and what
you are.

ECHO. Air!

LOVER. Mid airy cliffs
and places
high,
Sweet Echo!
listening, love,
you lie—

ECHO. You lie!

LOVER. Thou dost
resuscitate
dead sounds—
Hark! how my
voice revives,
resounds!

ECHO. Zounds!

LOVER. I'll question thee
before I go—
Come, answer me
more apropos!

ECHO. Poh! poh!

LOVER. Tell me, fair
nymph, if e'er
you saw

So sweet a girl as
Phœbe Shaw?

ECHO. Pshaw!

LOVER. Say, what will
turn that
frisking coney
Into the toils of
matrimony?

ECHO. Money!

LOVER. Has Phœbe not a
heavenly
brow?
Is it not white as
pearl—as
snow?

ECHO. Ass! no!

LOVER. Her eyes! Was
ever such a
pair?
Are the stars
brighter than
they are?

ECHO. They are!

LOVER. Echo, thou liest,
but can't
deceive me;
Her eyes eclipse
the stars,
believe me—

ECHO. Leave me!

LOVER. But come, thou
saucy, pert
romancer,
Who is as fair as
Phœbe?
answer!

ECHO. Ann, sir.

ECHO ON WOMAN.

In the Doric manner.

These verses of Dean Swift were supposed, by the late Mr. Reed, to have been written either in imitation of Lord Stirling's *Aurora*, or of a scene of Robert Taylor's old play, entitled *The Hog has lost his Pearl.*

SHEPHERD. Echo, I ween, will in
the woods reply,

And quaintly answer
questions. Shall I
try?

ECHO. Try.

SHEP. What must we do our
passion to express?

ECHO. Press.

SHEP. How shall I please her
who ne'er loved
before?

ECHO. Be fore.

SHEP. What most moves
women when we
them address?

ECHO. A dress.

SHEP. Say, what can keep her
chaste whom I
adore?

ECHO. A door.

SHEP. If music softens rocks,
love tunes my lyre.

ECHO. Liar.

SHEP. Then teach me, Echo,
how shall I come by
her?

ECHO. Buy her.

SHEP. When bought, no
question I shall be
her dear.

ECHO. Her deer.

SHEP. But deer have horns:
how must I keep her
under?

ECHO. Keep her under.

SHEP. But what can glad me
when she's laid on
bier?

ECHO. Beer.

SHEP. What, must I do when
women will be kind?

ECHO. Be kind.

SHEP. What must I do when
women will be cross?

ECHO. Be cross.

SHEP. Lord! what is she that
can so turn and
wind?

ECHO. Wind.

SHEP. If she be wind, what
stills her when she
blows?

ECHO. Blows.

SHEP. But if she bang again,
still should I bang
her?

ECHO. Bang her.

SHEP. Is there no way to
moderate her anger?

ECHO. Hang her.

SHEP. Thanks, gentle Echo!
right thy answers tell
What woman is, and
how to guard her
well.

ECHO. Guard her well.

BONAPARTE AND THE ECHO.

The original publication of the following exposed the publisher, Palm, of Nuremberg, to trial by court-martial. He was sentenced to be shot at Braunau in 1807,—a severe retribution for a few lines of poetry.

BONA.—Alone I am in this sequestered spot, not overheard.

ECHO.—Heard.

BONA.—'Sdeath! Who answers me? What being is there nigh?

ECHO.—I.

BONA.—Now I guess! To report my accents Echo has made her task.

ECHO.—Ask.

BONA.—Knowest thou whether London will henceforth continue to resist?

ECHO.—Resist.

BONA.—Whether Vienna and other courts will oppose me always?

ECHO.—Always.

BONA.—Oh, Heaven! what must I expect after so many reverses?

ECHO.—Reverses.

BONA.—What! should I, like coward vile, to compound be reduced?

ECHO.—Reduced.

BONA.—After so many bright exploits be forced to restitution?

ECHO.—Restitution.

BONA.—Restitution of what I've got by true heroic feats and martial address?

ECHO.—Yes.

BONA.—What will be the end of so much toil and trouble?

ECHO.—Trouble.

BONA.—What will become of my people, already too unhappy?

ECHO.—Happy.

BONA.—What should I then be that I think myself immortal?

ECHO.—Mortal.

BONA.—The whole world is filled with the glory of my name, you know.

ECHO.—No.

BONA.—Formerly its fame struck the vast globe with terror.

ECHO.—Error.

BONA.—Sad Echo, begone! I grow infuriate! I die!

ECHO.—Die![13]

EPIGRAM ON THE SYNOD OF DORT.

Dordrechti synodus, nodus; chorus integer, æger;
Conventus, ventus; sessio stramen. Amen!

Referring to the extravagant price demanded in London, in 1831, to see and hear the Orpheus of violinists, the Sunday Times asked,—

What are they who pay three guineas
To hear a tune of Paganini's?
ECHO.—Pack o' ninnies

THE CRITIC'S EPIGRAMMATIC EXCUSE.

I'd fain praise your poem, but tell me, how is it,
When I cry out, "Exquisite," Echo cries, "Quiz it!"

ECHO ANSWERING.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write.
What is necessary for a farmer to assist him?—System.

What would give a blind man the greatest delight?—Light.
What is the best counsel given by a justice of the peace?—
Peace.
Who commit the greatest abominations?—Nations.
What cry is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.
What are some women's chief exercise?—Sighs.

REMARKABLE ECHOES.

An echo in Woodstock Park, Oxfordshire, repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night. One on the banks of the Lago del Lupo, above the fall of Terni, repeats fifteen. But the most remarkable echo known is one on the north side of Shipley Church, in Sussex, which distinctly repeats twenty-one syllables.

In the Abbey church at St. Alban's is a curious echo. The tick of a watch may be heard from one end of the church to the other. In Gloucester Cathedral, a gallery of an octagonal form conveys a whisper seventy-five feet across the nave.

The following inscription is copied from this gallery:—

Doubt not but God, who sits on high,
Thy inmost secret prayers can hear;
When a dead wall thus cunningly
Conveys soft whispers to the ear.

In the Cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar,—a distance of two hundred and fifty feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for

the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors, and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point, (which seems to have been discovered accidentally,) till at length, one listener having had his curiosity somewhat over-gratified by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed.

In the whispering-gallery of St. Paul's, London, the faintest sound is faithfully conveyed from one side to the other of the dome, but is not heard at any intermediate point.

In the Manfroni Palace at Venice is a square room about twenty-five feet high, with a concave roof, in which a person standing in the centre, and stamping gently with his foot on the floor, hears the sound repeated a great many times; but as his position deviates from the centre, the reflected sounds grow fainter, and at a short distance wholly cease. The same phenomenon occurs in the large room of the Library of the Museum at Naples.

EXTRAORDINARY FACTS IN ACOUSTICS.

An intelligent and very respectable gentleman, named Ebenezer Snell, who is still living, at the age of eighty and upwards, was in a corn-field with a negro on the 17th of June, 1776, in the township of Cummington, Mass., one hundred and twenty-nine miles west of Bunker Hill by the course of the road, and at least one hundred by an air-line. Some time during the day, the negro was lying on the ground, and remarked to Ebenezer that there was war somewhere, for he could distinctly hear the

cannonading. Ebenezer put his ear to the ground, and also heard the firing distinctly, and for a considerable time. He remembers the fact, which made a deep impression on his mind, as plainly as though it was yesterday.

Over water, or a surface of ice, sound is propagated with remarkable clearness and strength. Dr. Hutton relates that, on a quiet part of the Thames near Chelsea, he could hear a person read distinctly at the distance of one hundred and forty feet, while on the land the same could only be heard at seventy-six. Lieut. Foster, in the third Polar expedition of Capt. Parry, found that he could hold conversation with a man across the harbor of Port Bowen, a distance of six thousand six hundred and ninety-six feet, or about a mile and a quarter. This, however, falls short of what is asserted by Derham and Dr. Young,—viz., that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at the distance of ten miles, the distance across the strait.

Dr. Hearn, a Swedish physician, relates that he heard guns fired at Stockholm, on the occasion of the death of one of the royal family, in 1685, at the distance of thirty Swedish or one hundred and eighty British miles.

The cannonade of a sea-fight between the English and Dutch, in 1672, was heard across England as far as Shrewsbury, and even in Wales, a distance of upwards of two hundred miles from the scene of action.

Puzzles.

The fastidiousness of mere book-learning, or the overweening importance of politicians and men of business, may be employed to cast contempt, or even odium, on the labor which is spent in the solution of puzzles which produce no useful knowledge when disclosed; but that which agreeably amuses both young and old should, if not entitled to regard, be at least exempt from censure. Nor have the greatest wits of this and other countries disdained to show their skill in these trifles. Homer, it is said, died of chagrin at not being able to expound a riddle propounded by a simple fisherman,—"*Leaving what's taken, what we took not we bring.*" Aristotle was amazingly perplexed, and Philetas, the celebrated grammarian and poet of Cos, puzzled himself to death in fruitless endeavors to solve the sophism called by the ancients *The Liar*:—"If you say of yourself, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell the truth, you lie. If you say, 'I lie,' and in so saying tell a lie, you tell the truth." Dean Swift, who could so agreeably descend to the slightest badinage, was very fond of puzzles. Many of the best riddles in circulation may be traced to the sportive moments of men of the greatest celebrity, who gladly seek occasional relaxation from the graver pursuits of life, in

comparative trifles.

Mrs. Barbauld says, Finding out riddles is the same kind of exercise for the mind as running, leaping, and wrestling are for the body. They are of no use in themselves; they are not work, but play; but they prepare the body, and make it alert and active for any thing it may be called upon to perform. So does the finding out good riddles give quickness of thought, and facility for turning about a problem every way, and viewing it in every possible light.

The French have excelled all other people in this species of literary amusement. Their language is favorable to it, and their writers have always indulged a fondness for it. As a specimen of the ingenuity of the earlier literati, we transcribe a rebus of Jean Marot, a favorite old priest, and valet-de-chambre to Francis I. It would be inexplicable to most readers without the version in common French, which is subjoined:—

```
   riant        fus       n'agueres
     En                      pris
  t  D'une  o              affettée
  u  tile   s
    espoir                 haitée
    Que                    vent
                     ai
       d
Mais  fus  quand  pr  s'amour  is
                ris
Car  j'apper  ses  mignards
       que
  traits
Etoient d'amour  mal  as
                   éo
                    riant
                      En
L'œil
Ecus     de   elle  a  pris
        moi
```

```
manière rusée
te  me  nant
Et quand je veux chez elle e faire e
       que
Me dit to y us mal appris
                  riant
                  En
```

RONDEAU.

En souriant fus n'agueres surpris
D'une subtile entrée tous affettée,
Que sous espoir ai souvent souhaitée,
Mais fus deçue, quand s'amour entrepris;
Car j'apperçus que ses mignards souris
Etoient soustraits d'amour mal assurée
En souriant.

Ecus soleil dessus moi elle a pris,
M'entretenant sous manière rusée;
Et quand je veux chez elle faire entrée,
Me dit que suis entrée tous mal appris
En souriant.

BONAPARTEAN CYPHER.

The following is a key to the cypher in which Napoleon Bonaparte carried on his private correspondence:—

A	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
B	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	w	x	y	z
C	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
D	z	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	w	x	y
E	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
F	y	z	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	w	x

G	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
H	x	y	z	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	w
I	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
K	w	x	y	z	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u
L	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
M	u	w	x	y	z	n	o	p	q	r	s	t
N	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
O	t	u	w	x	y	z	n	o	p	q	r	s
P	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
Q	s	t	u	w	x	y	z	n	o	p	q	r
R	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
S	r	s	t	u	w	x	y	z	n	o	p	q
T	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
U	q	r	s	t	u	w	x	y	z	n	o	p
W	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
X	p	q	r	s	t	u	w	x	y	z	n	o
Y	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	k	l	m
Z	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	w	x	y	z	n

The subjoined is a proclamation, in cypher, from Bonaparte to the French army; a copy of which was in the hands of one or more persons in almost every regiment in the service.

PROCLAMATION.

Neyiptwhklmopenclziuwicetttklmeprtgzkp
Achwhrdpkdabkfntzimepunggwymgftgq
Efdesronwxqfkzxbchqnfmysnqangopolfa
PmmfampabJarwccqznauruvzskqdknh
Hihydghbailxdfqkngtxyogwrlnlwtoy
Pbcizopbgairfgkpzawrwlqipdgacrkff
mwzfcrgpech.

The same deciphered by means of the table and key:

—

"Français! votre pays étoit trahi; votre Empereur seul peut vous remettre dans la position splendide que convient à la France. Donnez toute votre confiance à celui qui vous a toujours conduit a la gloire. Ses aigles pleniront encore en l'air et étonneront les nations."

Frenchmen! your country was betrayed; your Emperor alone can replace you in the splendid state suitable to France. Give your entire confidence to him who has always led you to glory. His eagles will again soar on high and strike the nations with astonishment.

The key (which, it will be seen, may be changed at pleasure) was in this instance "La France et ma famille," France and my family. It is thus used:—

L being the first letter of the key, refer to that letter in the first column of the cypher in capitals; then look for the letter *f*, which is the first letter of the proclamation, and that letter which corresponds with *f* being placed underneath, viz., *n*, is that which is to be noted down. To decipher the proclamation, of course the order of reference must be inverted, by looking for the corresponding letter to *n* in the division opposite that letter L which stands in the column.

CASE FOR THE LAWYERS.

X. Y. applies to A. B. to become a law pupil, offering to pay him the customary fee as soon as he shall have gained his *first suit in law*. To this A. B. formally agrees, and admits X. Y. to the privileges of a student. Before the termination of X. Y.'s pupilage, however, A. B. gets tired of waiting for his money, and determines to sue X. Y. for the amount. He

reasons thus:—If I gain this case, X. Y. will be compelled to pay me by the decision of the court; if I lose it, he will have to pay me by the condition of our contract, he having won his first lawsuit. But X. Y. need not be alarmed when he learns A. B.'s intention, for he may reason similarly. He may say,—If I succeed, and the award of the court is in my favor, of course I shall not have to pay the money; if the court decides against me, I shall not have to pay it, according to the terms of our contract, as I shall not yet have gained my first suit in law. *Vive la logique.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S RIDDLE.

Four persons sat down at a table to play,
They played all that night and part of next day.
It must be observed that when they were seated,
Nobody played with them, and nobody betted;
When they rose from the place, each was winner a guinea.
Now tell me this riddle, and prove you're no ninny.

COWPER'S RIDDLE.

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told;
I am lawful, unlawful,—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought,
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure—when taken by force.

CANNING'S RIDDLE.

There is a word of plural number,

A foe to peace and human slumber:
Now, any word you chance to take,
By adding S, you plural make;
But if you add an S to this,
How strange the metamorphosis!
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet, what bitter was before.

THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

The following enigma was found in the will of Miss Anna Seward (the Swan of Lichfield), with directions to pay £50 to the person who should discover the solution. When competition for the prize was exhausted, it was discovered to be a curtailed copy of a rebus published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1757, and at that time attributed to Lord Chesterfield.

The noblest object in the works of art,
The brightest scenes which nature can impart;
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
The point essential in a tenant's lease;
The farmer's comfort as he drives the plough,
A soldier's duty, and a lover's vow;
A contract made before the nuptial tie,
A blessing riches never can supply;
A spot that adds new charms to pretty faces,
An engine used in fundamental cases;
A planet seen between the earth and sun,
A prize that merit never yet has won;
A loss which prudence seldom can retrieve,
The death of Judas, and the fall of Eve;
A part between the ankle and the knee,
A papist's toast, and a physician's fee;
A wife's ambition, and a parson's dues,
A miser's idol, and the badge of Jews.

If now your happy genius can divine
The correspondent words in every line,
By the first letter plainly may be found
An ancient city that is much renowned.

QUINCY'S COMPARISON.

Josiah Quincy, in the course of a speech in Congress, in 1806, on the embargo, used the following language:—

They who introduced it abjured it. They who advocated it did not wish, and scarcely knew, its use. And now that it is said to be extended over us, no man in this nation, who values his reputation, will take his Bible oath that it is in effectual and legal operation. There is an old riddle on a coffin, which I presume we all learned when we were boys, that is as perfect a representation of the origin, progress, and present state of this thing called non-intercourse, as it is possible to be conceived:—

There was a man bespoke a thing,
Which when the maker home did bring,
That same maker did refuse it,—
The man that spoke for it did not use it,—
And he who had it did not know
Whether he had it, yea or no.

True it is, that if this non-intercourse shall ever be, in reality, subtended over us, the similitude will fail in a material point. The poor tenant of the coffin is ignorant of his state. But the people of the United States will be literally buried alive in non-intercourse, and realize the grave closing on themselves and on their hopes, with a full and cruel consciousness of all the horrors of their condition.

SINGULAR INTERMARRIAGES.

There were married at Durham, Canada East, an old lady and gentleman, involving the following interesting connections:—

The old gentleman is married to his daughter's husband's mother-in-law, and his daughter's husband's wife's mother. And yet she is not his daughter's mother; but she is his grandchildren's grandmother, and his wife's grandchildren are his daughter's step-children. Consequently the old lady is united in the bonds of holy matrimony and conjugal affection to her daughter's brother-in-law's father-in-law, and her great-grandchildren's grandmother's step-father; so that her son-in-law may say to his children, Your grandmother is married to my father-in-law, and yet he is not your grandfather; but he is your grandmother's son-in-law's wife's father. This gentleman married his son-in-law's father-in-law's wife, and he is bound to support and protect her for life. His wife is his son-in-law's children's grandmother, and his son-in-law's grandchildren's great-grandmother.

A Mr. Harwood had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John Coshick; this Coshick had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Harwood married, and by her he had a son; therefore, John Coshick's second wife could say as follows:—

My father is my son, and I'm my mother's mother;
My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to my brother.

PROPHETIC DISTICH.

In the year 1531, the following couplet was found written on the wall behind the altar of the Augustinian monastery at Gotha, when the building was taken down:—

MC quadratum, LX quoque duplicatum,
ORAPS peribit et Huss Wiclefque redibit.

MC quadratum is MCCCC, i.e. 1400. LX duplicatum is LLXX, i.e. 120 = 1520. ORAPS is an abbreviation for *ora pro nobis* (pray for us). The meaning is, that in the sixteenth century praying to the saints will cease, and Huss and Wickliffe will again be recognized.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

VIC*A*RIV*S F*ILII D*E*I.
5 + 1 + 100 + 1 + 5 + 1 + 50 + 1 + 1 + 500 + 1 = 666.

Among the curious things extant in relation to Luther is the covert attempt of an ingenious theological opponent to make him the apocalyptic beast or antichrist described in Revelation ch. xiii. The mysterious number of the beast, “six hundred threescore and six,” excited the curiosity of mankind at a very early period, particularly that of Irenæus, in the second century, who indulged in a variety of shrewd conjectures on the subject. But after discovering the number in several names, he modestly says, “Yet I venture not to pronounce positively concerning the name of antichrist, for, had it been intended to be openly proclaimed to the present generation, it would have been uttered by the same person who saw the revelation.” A later expositor, Fevardent, in his Notes on Irenæus, adds

to the list the name of Martin Luther, which, he says, was originally written Martin Lauter. “Initio vocabatur *Martin Lauter*,” says Fevardent; “cujus nominis literas si Pythagorice et ratione subducas et more Hebræorum et Græcorum alphabeti crescat numerus, primo monadum, deinde decadum, hinc centuriarum, numerus nominis Bestiæ, id est, 666, tandem perfectum comperies, hoc pacto.”

M	30	L	20
A	1	A	1
R	80	U	200
T	100	T	100
I	9	E	5
N	40	R	80

Total, 666.

It is but just to Fevardent, however, to observe that he subsequently gave the preference to *Maometis*.

GALILEO’S LOGOGRAPH.

Galileo was the first to observe a peculiarity in the planet Saturn, but his telescope had not sufficient refractive power to separate the rings. It appeared to him like three bodies arranged in the same straight line, of which the middle was the largest, thus, ○◯○. He announced his discovery to Kepler under the veil of a logograph, which sorely puzzled his illustrious cotemporary. This is not to be wondered at, for it ran —

Smasmrmilmepoetalevmibvnienvgttaviras.

Restoring the transposed letters to their proper

places, we have the following sentence:—

Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi.

(I have observed the most distant planet to be threefold.)

PERSIAN RIDDLES.

Between a thick-set hedge of bones,
A small red dog now barks, now moans.
[redacted]

A soul above it,
And a soul below,
With leather between,
And swift it doth go.
[redacted]

CHINESE TEA SONG.

Punch has favored the world with the following song, sung before her Britannic Majesty by a Chinese lady. It looks rather difficult at first; but if the reader studies it attentively, he will see how easy it is to read Chinese:—

Ohc ometo th ete asho pwit hme,
Andb uya po undo f thebe st,
'Twillpr oveam ostex cellentt ea,
Itsq ua lit yal lwi lla tte st.

'Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und,
Soc omet othet eama rtan dtry,
Nob etterc anel sewh erebefou nd,
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy.

DEATH AND LIFE.

```
  cur      f       w         d       dis       and p
A      sed    iend    rought    eath      ease
     ain.
  bles     fr      b        br       and          ag
```

THE REBUS.

Ben Jonson, in his play *The Alchemist*, takes an opportunity of ridiculing the Rebus, among the other follies of his day which he so trenchantly satirizes. When Abel Drugger, the simple tobacconist, applies to the impostor Subtle to invent for him a sign-board that will magically attract customers to his shop, the cheat says to his confederate, in presence of their admiring dupe,—

I will have his name
Formed in some mystic character, whose radii,
Striking the senses of the passers-by,
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections
That may result upon the party owns it.
As thus: He first shall have a *bell*—that's *Abel*;
And by it standing one whose name is *Dee*,
In a *rug* gown; there's *D* and *rug*—that's *Drug*;
And right anenst him a dog snarling *er*—
There's *Drugger*. ABEL DRUGGER, that's his sign,
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic.

A motto of the Bacon family in Somersetshire has an ingenious rebus,—

PROBA-CONSCIENTIA;

the capitals, thus placed, giving it the double reading, Proba conscientia, and Pro Bacon Scientia.

WHAT IS IT?

A Headless man had a letter to write;
'Twas read by one who lost his Sight;
The Dumb repeated it word for word,
And he was Deaf who listened and heard.

THE BOOK OF RIDDLES.

The Book of Riddles alluded to by Shakspeare in the Merry Wives of Windsor (Act I. sc. I) is mentioned by Laneham, 1575, and in the English Courtier, 1586; but the earliest edition of this popular collection now preserved is dated 1629. It is entitled The *Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and witty Proverbs to make pleasant pastime; no less usefull then behovefull for any young man or child, to know if he be quick-witted or no*. The following extract from this very rare work will be found interesting.

Here beginneth the first Riddle.

Two legs sat upon three legs, and had one leg in her hand; then in came foure legs, and bare away one leg; then up start two legs, and threw three legs at foure legs, and brought again one leg.

Solution.—That is, a woman with two legs sate on a stoole with three legs, and had a leg of mutton in her hand; then came a dog that hath foure legs, and bare away the leg of mutton; then up start the woman, and threw the stoole with three legs at the dog with foure legs, and brought again the leg of mutton.

The Second Riddle.

He went to the wood and caught it,
He sate him down and sought it;
Because he could not finde it,
Home with him he brought it.

Solution.—That is a thorne: for a man went to the wood and caught a thorne in his foote, and then he sate him downe, and sought to have it pulled out, and because he could not find it out, he must needs bring it home.

The iii. *Riddle.*

What work is that, the faster ye worke, the longer it is ere ye have done, and the slower ye worke, the sooner ye make an end?

Solution.—That is turning of a spit; for if ye turne fast, it will be long ere the meat be rosted, but if ye turne slowly, the sooner it is rosted.

The iv. *Riddle.*

What is that that shineth bright all day, and at night is raked up in its own dirt?

Solution.—That is the fire, that burneth bright all the day; and at night is raked up in his ashes.

The v. *Riddle.*

I have a tree of great honour,
Which tree beareth both fruit and flower;
Twelve branches this tree hath nake,

Fifty [*sic*] nests therein he make,
And every nest hath birds seaven;
Thankéd be the King of Heaven;
And every bird hath a divers name:
How may all this together frame?

Solution.—The tree is the yeare; the twelve branches be the twelve months; the fifty-two nests be the fifty-two weekes; the seven birds be the seven days in the weeke, whereof every one hath a divers name.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S PUZZLE.

"All pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, and yet few people have numbered the strange medley of which I am composed. I have a large box and two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, a number of weathercocks, three established measures, some weapons of warfare, and a great many little articles that carpenters cannot do without; then I have about me a couple of esteemed fishes, and a great many of a smaller kind; two lofty trees, and the fruit of an indigenous plant; a handsome stag, and a great number of a smaller kind of game; two halls or places of worship, two students or rather scholars, the stairs of a hotel, and half a score of Spanish gentlemen to attend on me. I have what is the terror of the slave, also two domestic animals, and a number of negatives."

REPLY.—"Chest—eye-lids—kneecaps—drum of the ear—veins—hand, foot, nail—arms—nails—soles of the feet—muscles—palms—apple—heart (hart)—hairs (hares) temples—pupils—insteps—tendons (ten Dons)—lashes—calves—nose (no's.)"

CURIOSITIES OF CIPHER.

In 1680, when M. de Louvois was French Minister of War, he summoned before him one day, a gentleman named Chamilly, and gave him the following instructions:—

"Start this evening for Basle, in Switzerland, which you will reach in three days; on the fourth, punctually at two o'clock, station yourself on the bridge over the Rhine, with a portfolio, ink, and a pen. Watch all that takes place, and make a memorandum of every particular. Continue doing so for two hours; have a carriage and post-horses await you; and at four precisely, mount and travel night and day till you reach Paris. On the instant of your arrival, hasten to me with your notes."

De Chamilly obeyed; he reaches Basle, and on the day, and at the hour appointed, stations himself, pen in hand, on the bridge. Presently a market-cart drives by, then an old woman with a basket of fruit passes; anon, a little urchin trundles his hoop by; next an old gentlemen in blue top-coat jogs past on his gray mare. Three o'clock chimes from the cathedral-tower. Just at the last stroke, a tall fellow in yellow waistcoat and breeches saunters up, goes to the middle of the bridge, lounges over, and looks at the water; then he takes a step back and strikes three hearty blows on the footway with his staff. Down goes every detail in De Chamilly's book. At last the hour of release sounds, and he jumps into his carriage. Shortly before midnight, after two days of ceaseless traveling, De Chamilly presented himself before the Minister, feeling rather ashamed at having such trifles to record. M. de Louvois took the portfolio with eagerness, and glanced over the notes. As his eye caught the mention of the yellow-breeched man, a gleam of joy flashed across his

countenance. He rushed to the king, roused him from sleep, spoke in private with him for a few moments, and then four couriers, who had been held in readiness since five on the preceding evening, were dispatched with haste. Eight days after the town of Strasbourg was entirely surrounded by French troops, and summoned to surrender; it capitulated and threw open its gates on the 30th September, 1681. Evidently the three strokes of the stick given by the fellow in yellow costume, at an appointed hour, were the signal of the success of an intrigue concerted between M. de Louvois and the magistrates of Strasbourg, and the man who executed this mission was as ignorant of the motive as was M. de Chamilly of the motive of his errand.

Now this is a specimen of the safest of all secret communications; but it can only be resorted to on certain rare occasions. When a lengthy dispatch is required to be forwarded, and when such means as those given above are out of the question, some other method must be employed. Herodotus gives us a story to the point; it is found also, with variations, in Aulus Gellius:—

"Histiæus, when he was anxious to give Aristagoras orders to revolt, could find but one safe way, as the roads were guarded, of making his wishes known; which was by taking the trustiest of his slaves, shaving all the hair from off his head, and then pricking letters upon the skin, and waiting till the hair grew again. This accordingly he did; and as soon as ever the hair was grown, he dispatched the man to Miletus, giving him no other message than this: 'When thou art come to Miletus, bid Aristagoras shave thy head, and look thereon.' Now the marks on the head were a command to revolt."—(Bk. V. 35.)

Is this case no cipher was employed. We shall come now to the use of ciphers.

When a dispatch or communication runs great risk of falling into the hands of the enemy, it is necessary that its contents should be so veiled that the possession of the document may afford him no information whatever. Julius Cæsar and Augustus used ciphers, but they were of the utmost simplicity, as they consisted merely in placing D in the place of A; E in that of B and so on; or else in writing B for A, and C for B, &c.

Secret characters were used at the Council of Nicæa; and Rabanus Maurus, Abbot of Fulda and Archbishop of Mayence, in the Ninth Century, has left us an example of two ciphers, the key to which was discovered by the Benedictines. It is only a wonder that any one could have failed to unravel them at the first glance. This is a specimen of the first:—

.Nc.p.tv:rs:.:sB::nf:c..:rch.gl::r::s.q:.::m:
rt.r.s

The clue to this is the suppression of the vowels and the filling of their places by dots—one for i, two for a, three for e, four for o, and five for u. In the second example, the same sentence would run—Knckpkt vfrsxs Bpnkfbckk, &c., the vowel places being filled by the consonants—b, f, k, p, x. By changing every letter in the alphabet, we make a vast improvement on this last; thus, for instance, supplying the place of a with z, b with x, c with v, and so on. This is the very system employed by an advertiser in a provincial paper, which we took up the other day in the waiting-room of a station, where it had been left by a farmer. As we had some minutes to spare, before the train was due, we spent them in deciphering the following:—

Jp Sjddjzbrza rzdd ci sijmr. Bziw rzdd xrndzt, and in

ten minutes we read: “If William can call or write, Mary will be glad.”

When the Chevalier de Rohan was in the Bastile his friends wanted to convey to him the intelligence that his accomplice was dead without having confessed. They did so by passing the following words into his dungeon written on a shirt: “Mg dulhxecclgu ghj yxuj; lm et ulge alj.” In vain did he puzzle over the cipher, to which he had not the clue. It was too short; for the shorter a cipher letter, the more difficult it is to make out. The light faded, and he tossed on his hard bed, sleeplessly revolving the mystic letters in his brain; but he could make nothing out of them. Day dawned, and with its first gleam he was poring over them; still in vain. He pleaded guilty, for he could not decipher “*Le prisonnier est mort; il n’a rien dit.*”

A curious instance of cipher occurred at the close of the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards were endeavoring to establish relations between the scattered branches of their vast monarchy, which at that period embraced a large portion of Italy, the Low Countries, the Philippines, and enormous districts in the New World. They accordingly invented a cipher, which they varied from time to time, in order to disconcert those who might attempt to pry into the mysteries of their correspondence. The cipher, composed of fifty signs, was of great value to them through all the troubles of the “Ligue,” and the wars then desolating Europe. Some of their dispatches having been intercepted, Henry IV. handed them over to a clever mathematician, Viete, with the request that he would find the clue. He did so, and was able also to follow it as it varied, and France profited for two years by his discovery. The

Court of Spain, disconcerted at this, accused Viete before the Roman Court as a sorcerer and in league with the devil. This proceeding only gave rise to laughter and ridicule.

A still more remarkable instance is that of a German professor, Herman, who boasted, in 1752, that he had discovered a cryptograph absolutely incapable of being deciphered without the clue being given by him; and he defied all the savants and learned societies of Europe to discover the key. However, a French refugee, named Beguelin, managed after eight days' study to read it. The cipher—though we have the rules upon which it is formed before us—is to us perfectly unintelligible. It is grounded on some changes of numbers and symbols; the numbers vary, being at one time multiplied, at another added, and become so complicated that the letter *e*, which occurs nine times in the paragraph, is represented in eight different ways; *n* is used eight times, and has seven various signs. Indeed, the same letter is scarcely ever represented by the same figure. But this is not all; the character which appears in the place of *i* takes that of *n* shortly after; another Symbol for *n* stands also for *t*. How any man could have solved the mystery of this cipher is astonishing.

All these cryptographs consist in the exchange of numbers of characters for the real letters; but there are other methods quite as intricate, which dispense with them.

The mysterious cards of the Count de Vergennes are an instance. De Vergennes was Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis XVI., and he made use of cards of a peculiar nature in his relations with the diplomatic

agents of France. These cards were used in letters of recommendation or passports, which were given to strangers about to enter France; they were intended to furnish information without the knowledge of the bearers. This was the system. The card given to a man contained only a few words, such as:—

ALPHONSE D'ANGEHA,
Recommande a Monsieur
le Comte de Vergennes, par le Marquis de Puysegur,
Ambassadeur
de France a la Cour de Lisbonne.

The card told more tales than the words written on it. Its color indicated the nation of the stranger. Yellow showed him to be English; red, Spanish; white, Portuguese; green, Dutch; red and white, Italian; red and green, Swiss; green and white, Russian; &c. The person's age was expressed by the shape of the card. If it were circular, he was under 25; oval, between 25 and 30; octagonal, between 30 and 45; hexagonal, between 45 and 50; square, between 50 and 60; an oblong showed that he was over 60. Two lines placed below the name of the bearer indicated his build. If he were tall and lean, the lines were waving and parallel; tall and stout, they converged; and so on. The expression of his face was shown by a flower in the border. A rose designated an open and amiable countenance, whilst a tulip marked a pensive and aristocratic appearance. A fillet round the border, according to its length, told whether he were bachelor, married, or widower. Dots gave information as to his position and fortune. A full stop after his name showed that he was a Catholic; a semicolon, that he was a Lutheran; a comma, that he was a Calvinist; a dash, that he was a Jew; no stop indicated him an Atheist. So also his

morals and character were pointed out by a pattern in the card. So, at one glance the Minister could tell all about his man, whether he were a gamester or a duelist; what was his purpose in visiting France; whether in search of a wife or to claim a legacy; what was his profession—that of physician, lawyer, or man of letters; whether he were to be put under surveillance or allowed to go his way unmolested.

We come now to a class of cipher which requires a certain amount of literary dexterity to conceal the clue.

During the Great Rebellion, Sir John Trevanion, a distinguished cavalier, was made prisoner, and locked up in Colchester Castle. Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle had just been made examples of, as a warning to "malignants:" and Trevanion had every reason for expecting a similar bloody end. As he awaits his doom, indulging in a hearty curse in round cavalier terms at the canting, crop-eared scoundrels who hold him in durance vile, and muttering a wish that he had fallen, sword in hand, facing the foe, he is startled by the entrance of the jailor, who hands him a letter:

"May't do thee good," growls the fellow; "it has been well looked to before it was permitted to come to thee."

Sir John takes the letter, and the jailor leaves him his lamp by which to read it:—

WORTHIE SIR JOHN:—Hope, that is ye best comport of ye afflictyd, cannot much, I fear me, help you now. That I wolde saye to you, is this only: if ever I may be able to requite that I do owe you, stand not upon asking of me. 'Tis not much I can do; but what I can do, bee verie sure I wille. I knowe that, if dethe comes, if ordinary men fear it,

it frights not you, accounting it for a high honour, to have such a rewarde of your loyalty. Pray yet that you may be spared this soe bitter, cup. I fear not that you will grudge any sufferings; only if it bie submission you can turn them away, 'tis the part of a wise man. Tell me, an if you can, to do for you any thinge that you would have done. The general goes back on Wednesday. Restinge your servant to command.

R. T.

Now this letter was written according to a preconcerted cipher. Every third letter after a stop was to tell. In this way Sir John made out—"Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following even, the prisoner begged to be allowed to pass an hour of private devotion in the chapel. By means of a bribe, this was accomplished. Before the hour had expired, the chapel was empty—the bird had flown.

An excellent plan of indicating the telling letter or words is through the heading of the letter. "Sir," would signify that every third letter was to be taken; "Dear Sir," that every seventh; "My dear sir," that every ninth was to be selected. A system, very early adopted, was that of having pierced cards, through the holes of which the communication was written. The card was then removed, and the blank spaces filled up. As for example:—

MY DEAR X.—[The] lines I now send you are forwarded by the kindness of the [Bearer], who is a friend. [Is not] the message delivered yet [to] my brother? [Be] quick about it, for I have all along [trusted] that you would act with discretion and dispatch.

Yours ever, Z.

Put your card over the note, and through the piercings you will read: "The Bearer is not to be trusted."

Poe, in his story of “The Gold Bug,” gives some valuable hints on the interpretation of the most common cryptographs. He contends that the ingenuity of man can construct no enigma which the ingenuity of man cannot unravel. And he actually read several very difficult ciphers which were sent to him after the publication of “The Gold Bug.”

But we saw, several years ago, a method which makes the message absolutely safe from detection. We will try to describe it.

Take a square sheet of paper of convenient size, say a foot square. Divide it by lines drawn at right angles into five hundred and seventy-six squares, twenty-six each way; in the upper horizontal row write the alphabet in its natural order, one letter in each square; in the second horizontal row write the alphabet, beginning with B. There will then be one square left at the end of this row; into this put A. Fill the third row by beginning with C, and writing A and B after Z at the end. So on until the whole sheet is filled. When completed, the table, if correct, will present this appearance. In the upper horizontal row, the alphabet in its natural order from left to right; in the left-hand vertical row, the same from top to bottom; and the diagonal, from upper right to lower left-hand corner, will be a line of Z’s.

Each party must have one of the tables. A key-word must be agreed upon, which may be any word in the English language, or from any other language if it can be represented by English letters, or, indeed, it may even be a combination of letters which spells nothing.

Now, to send a message, first write the message in plain English. Over it write the key-word, letter over letter, repeating it as many times as it is necessary to

cover the message. Take a simple case as an illustration. Suppose the key-word to be *Grant*, and the message *We have five days' provisions*. It should be placed thus:—

Grantgrantgrantgrantgran
Wehavefivedaysprovisions

Now find, in the upper horizontal row of the table, the first letter of the key-word, G, and in the left-hand vertical column, the first letter of the message, W. Run a line straight down from G, and one to the right from W, and in the angle where the two lines meet will be found the letter which must be written as the first letter of the cipher. With the second letter of the key-word, R, and the second letter of the message, E, find in the same way the second letter of the cipher.

The correspondent who receives the cipher goes to work to translate it thus:—He first writes over it the key-word, letter over letter, repeating it as often as necessary. Then finding in the upper row of his table the first letter of the key-word, he passes his pencil directly down until he comes to the first letter or the cipher; the letter opposite to it in the left vertical column is the first letter of the translation. Each of the succeeding letters is found in a similar way.

A third party, into whose hands such a cipher might fall, could not read it, though he possessed a copy of the table and knew how to use it, unless he knew the key-word. The chance of his guessing this is only one in millions. And there is no such thing as interpreting it by any other method, because there are no repetitions, and hence all comparison is at fault. That is to say, in the same cipher, in one place a letter, as for instance C may stand for one letter in the

translation, and in another place C may stand for quite a different letter. This is the only kind of cryptograph we have ever seen which is absolutely safe.

The Reason Why.

WHY THE GERMANS EAT SAUER-KRAUT.

The reason why the most learned people on earth eat sauer-kraut may be found in the following extract from a work entitled *Petri Andreæ Matthioli Senensis medici commentarii in sex libros Pedacii Dioscoridis de Materiâ Medica. Venetiis. ex officina Valgrisiana* MDLXV. *Traduit de Latin en Francais, par M. Antoine du Pinot. Lyon*, MDCLV. Preface, p. 13. ligne 30: "Finally, in order to omit nothing which can add to the knowledge of simples, it must be noted that Nature, mother and producer of all things, has created various simples, which have a sympathy or natural antipathy to each other; which is a very considerable point in this matter, and has no like as a mystery and secret. And thus it has seemed to me good to hint a word about it, and principally of those which are used in medicine. To commence, then, with the oak and the olive; these two trees hate each other in such sort that, if you plant one in the hole from which the other was dug, it will die there; and, even if you plant one near the other, they will work each other's death. The cabbage and the vine do the like; for it has been seen that, if you plant a cabbage at the foot of a vine, the vine will recoil and draw

itself away. And thus it is no marvel that the cabbage is very useful to sober topers, and that the Germans eat it commonly in *a compost* to safeguard themselves from their wine."

WHY PENNSYLVANIA WAS SETTLED.

Penn refused to pull his hat off
Before the king, and therefore sat off,
Another country to light pat on,
Where he might worship with his hat on.

HUGUENOTS.

They were so called because their first places of meeting in the city of Tours (where Calvin's opinions first prevailed) were cellars under-ground, near Hugo's Gate [Heb. XI. 38], whence the vulgar applied this name to them.

ROYAL DEMISE.

How monarchs die is easily explained,
  And thus upon the tomb it might be chisel'd;
As long as George the Fourth could reign, he reigned,
  And then he mizzled.

BOSTON.

In the seventh century a Roman Catholic monk by the name of Botolph, or Bot-holp, viz., Boat-help, founded a church in what is now Lincolnshire,

England. Gradually a town grew up around the church, and was called Botolphstown, which was afterward contracted into Botolphston, and then shortened to Botoston, and finally to Boston. From that town of Boston in Lincolnshire came to America the Rev. John Cotton, who gave the name to the New England Capital. So that the metropolis of good old Puritan Massachusetts was, it seems, named in honor of a Roman Catholic saint and monk!

WEATHERCOCKS.

The vane or weathercock must have been of very early origin. Vitruvius calls it *triton*, evidently from an ancient form. The usual form on towers and castles was that of a banner; but on ecclesiastical edifices, it generally was a *weathercock*. There was a symbolical reason for the adoption of the figure of a cock. The cross was surmounted by a ball, to symbolize the redemption of the world by the cross of Christ; and the cock was placed upon the cross in allusion to the repentance of St. Peter, and to remind us of the important duties of repentance and Christian vigilance. Apart from symbolism, the large tail of the cock is well adapted to turn with the wind, just as is the arrow which is so frequently chosen.

CUTTING OFF WITH A SHILLING.

According to Blackstone (ii. 32), the Romans were wont to set aside testaments as being *inofficiosa*, deficient in natural duty, if they disinherited or totally passed by (without assigning a true and

sufficient reason) any of the children of the testator. But if the child had any legacy, though ever so small, it was a proof that the testator had not lost his memory or his reason, which otherwise the law presumed; but was then supposed to have acted thus for some substantial cause, and in such case no *querula inofficiosi testamenti* was allowed. Hence, probably, has arisen that groundless error of the necessity of leaving the heir a shilling, or some such express legacy, in order to disinherit him effectually. Whereas the law of England makes no such constrained suppositions of forgetfulness or insanity; and, therefore, though the heir or next of kin be totally omitted, it admits no *querula inofficiosi* to set aside such a testament.

CARDINAL'S RED HAT.

The red hat was given to cardinals by Pope Innocent IV., in the first Council of Lyons, held in 1245, to signify that by that color they should be always ready to shed their blood in defence of the church.

THE ROAST BEEF OF ENGLAND.

Brave Betty was a maiden Queen,
  Bold and clever! bold and clever!
King Philip, then a Spaniard King,
  To court her did endeavor.
Queen Bess she frowned and stroked her ruff,
And gave the mighty Don a huff:
For which he swore her ears he'd cuff,
  All with his grand Armada.
Says Royal Bess, "I'll vengeance take!"

Blessings on her! blessings on her!
"But first I'll eat a nice beefsteak,
All with my maids of honor."
Then to her admirals she went,
Drake, Effingham, and Howard sent,
Who soon dished Philip's armament,
And banged his grand Armada.

A SENSIBLE QUACK.

An empiric was asked by a regular physician how it was that, without education or skill, he contrived to live in considerable style, while he could hardly subsist. "Why" said the other, "how many people do you think have passed us lately?" "Perhaps a hundred." "And how many of them do you think possess common sense?" "Possibly one." "Why, then," said the quack, "that one goes to you, and I get the other ninety-nine."

GENEALOGY.

The doggerel couplet repeated in varied forms but usually presented in this shape—

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

is a translation of the German

Da Adam hackt und Eva spann,
Wer war damals der Edelmann?

which is further referred to a wag who had written the couplet on a wall near to which the Emperor Maximilian was tracing his pedigree; upon which the

Emperor wrote the following impromptu:—

Ich bin ein Mann wie ein ander Mann,
Nur dass mir Gott die Ehre gann,

(I am a man like another man, only that God gave honor to me.)

A JUGGLER'S MYSTERY.

The French Government, which formerly sent dancing-girls and comic actors to cheer up its soldiers when they were ordered away from the dancing-saloons and theatres, so common throughout France, engaged Mr. Robert Houdin to go to Algeria and exhibit his best feats of legerdemain before the natives, to shake the excessive influence exerted by the marabouts or priests, whose power seems to be established solely on their adroit jugglery. The marabouts were not disposed to yield to the new-comer's powers without a struggle, and pressed him as hard as they could. M. Houdin was successful, but his victory was not altogether easy, as he tells in the following narrative:—

The marabout said to me: "I believe now in your supernatural power. You are really a sorcerer. I hope, therefore, you will not refuse to repeat here an exhibition of your powers made on your stage." He gave me two pistols, which he had concealed under his bournous, and said: "Choose one of those pistols; we are going to load it, and I shall fire it at you. You have nothing to fear, since you know how to parry any bullet." I confess I was for a moment dumb with embarrassment. I tried my best to think of some subterfuge, but I could think of nothing. Every eye was fixed on me, in expectation of my reply. The

marabout was triumphant.

Bou Allem, who knew that my tricks were due solely to my adroitness, became angry that his guests should be annoyed in this barbarous way, and he scolded the marabout. I stopped him. An idea had struck me which would at least extricate me for the moment from my embarrassment. So I said to the marabout, speaking with all the assurance I could summon: “You know that I am not invulnerable unless I have a talisman on me. Unfortunately, I have left it at Algiers.” The marabout began to laugh incredulously. “Nevertheless,” I went on to say, “if I remain in prayer for six hours, I shall be able to make myself invulnerable to your pistol, even though I have no talisman. To-morrow morning, at eleven o’clock, I shall let you fire at me before all these Arabs, who are witnesses of your challenge.” Bou Allem, astonished to hear me make such a promise, came up and asked me in a low tone if I was speaking seriously, and if he should invite the Arabs to come the next day. I told him I was. I need not say I did not spend the night in prayers, but I worked for two hours to make myself invulnerable, and then satisfied with my success, I went to sleep with a great deal of pleasure, for I was horribly tired. We breakfasted before eight o’clock, the next morning; our horses were saddled, and our escort was waiting the signal of departure, which was to take place immediately after the famous experiment. The same persons who were present at the challenge the day before, were at the rendezvous, and a great many other Arabs who had heard of what was to take place, had come to witness it.

The pistols were brought. I made them observe the touch-hole was clear. The marabout put a good load

of powder in the pistol and rammed it down well. I chose a ball from among the balls brought, I ostensibly put it in the pistol and rammed it thoroughly. The marabout kept a good eye on me: his honor was at stake. The second pistol was loaded as the first had been, and now came the trying moment. Trying indeed it was for everybody. For the Arabs around, uncertain how the experiment would end; for my wife, who had in vain begged me not to try the experiment which she was afraid of—and I confess it, trying for me, as my new trick was based on none of the expedients I had hitherto used, and I was afraid of some mistake, some treachery, some accident. Nevertheless, I stood fifteen paces in front of the marabout, without exhibiting the least emotion. The marabout instantly took up one of the pistols, and at the given signal he aimed deliberately at me. He fired. I caught the ball in my teeth. More irritated than ever, the marabout ran to snatch up the other pistol; I was quickest and I seized it. “You failed to draw blood from me,” said I to him; “now look, I am going to draw blood from that wall yonder.” I fired at a wall which had just been whitewashed; instantly a large clot of blood was seen on it. The marabout went up to it, put a finger on it, tasted it, and satisfied himself it was really blood. His arms fell down at his side, he hung his head, he was overcome. It was evident he doubted now of everything, even of the Prophet. The Arabs raised their hands to Heaven, muttered prayers, and looked at me with dread.

This trick, however curious it may seem, is managed easily enough. I shall describe it. As soon as I was alone in my chamber, I took out of my pistol-case (which I carry with me wherever I go) a ball-mould. I took a card, turned up its corners and made a sort

of recipient of it, in which I placed a lump of stearine, taken from one of the candles in the room. As soon as the stearine was melted, I mixed a little lamp-black with it—which I obtained by holding a knife over a lighted candle—and then I poured this composition into my ball-mould. If I had allowed the liquid stearine to become entirely cold, the ball would have been solid; but after ten or twelve seconds I reversed the mould, and the portion of the stearine which was not yet solid flowed out and left a hollow ball in the mould. This, by the way, is the mode in which the hollow candles used in the churches are made; the thickness of the sides depends on the time the melted stearine or wax is left in the mould. I wanted a second ball. I made it a little thicker than the first. I filled it with blood, and I closed the aperture with a drop of stearine. An Irishman had showed me years before, how to extract blood from the thumb without pain: I adopted his trick to fill my ball with blood. It is hard to believe how nearly these projectiles of stearine, colored with lamp-black, look like lead: they will deceive anybody, even when examined quite closely. The reader now clearly sees through the trick. While exhibiting the lead bullet to the spectators, I changed it for my hollow ball, and this last I ostensibly placed in the pistol. I rammed it down, to break the stearine into small pieces, which could not reach me at fifteen paces. As soon as the pistol was discharged, I opened my mouth and exhibited the lead ball between my teeth. The second pistol contained the ball filled with blood, which was broken to pieces on the wall, where it left the spot of blood, while the pieces of stearine could no where be found.

This is the whole mystery.

Weather-Wisdom.

SHERIDAN'S RHYMING CALENDAR.

January snowy,
February flowy,
March blowy,
April showery,
May flowery,
June bowery,
July moppy,
August croppy,
September poppy,
October breezy,
November wheezy,
December freezy.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY ON WEATHER-OMENS.

In his shepherd's calling he was prompt,
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipes upon distant Highland hills.

The late Sir Humphry Davy, one of the most successful modern explorers of the secrets of nature, was not above attending to, and explaining, the "weather-omens" which are derived from popular observation.

In his *Salmonia* he has the following dialogue between Haliens, (a fly-fisher,) Poietes, (a poet,) Physicus, (a man of science,) and Ornither, (a sportsman):—

Poiet.—I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the west.

Phys.—I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.

Hal.—Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?

Phys.—The air, when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again refracted in the horizon. I have generally observed a coppery or yellow sunset to foretell rain; but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall.

Hal.—I have often observed that the old proverb is correct,—

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Can you explain this omen?

Phys.—A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite the

sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains, in this climate, are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in those clouds is passing from us.

Poiet.—I have often observed that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. Can you account for this?

Hal.—Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

Poiet.—I have often seen sea-gulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.

Orn.—No such thing. The storm is their element, and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea-insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave; and you may see him flitting above the edge of the highest surge. I believe that the reason of this migration of sea-gulls, and other sea-birds, to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed at this time

feeding greedily on the earth-worms and larvæ driven out of the ground by severe floods; and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the surface, and go deeper, in storms. The search after food, as we have agreed on a former occasion, is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting, in the end of March, for the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome, a great flight appeared on the 3d of April, and the day after heavy rain set in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies; but two may be always regarded as a favorable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favorable for fishing.

Poiet.—The singular connections of causes and effects to which you have just referred, make superstition less to be wondered at, particularly amongst the vulgar; and when two facts, naturally unconnected, have been accidentally coincident, it is not singular that this coincidence should have been observed and registered, and that omens of the most absurd kind should be trusted in. In the west of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea-coast was referred to a spirit or goblin called Bucca,

and was supposed to foretell a shipwreck: the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air, and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic.

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

The following signs of rain were given by Dr. Jenner, [14] in 1810, to a lady, in reply to her inquiry whether it would rain on the morrow:—

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep;
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky;
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel;
The squalid toads at dusk were seen
Slowly crawling o'er the green;
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh;
Hark, how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
Or seem precipitate to fall
As if they felt the piercing ball;
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket too, how loud she sings!

Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws:—
'Twill surely rain, I see, with sorrow:
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

The following is taken from *The Shepherd's Calendar*, 1683:

Signs of Rain, from Birds.—Sea and fresh-water fowls, such as cormorants, sea-gulls, moor-hens, &c. flying from sea or the fresh waters to land, show bad weather at hand; land fowls flying to waters, and those shaking, washing, and noisy, especially in the evening, denote the same; geese, ducks, coots, &c. picking, shaking, washing, and noisy; rooks and crows in flocks and suddenly disappearing; pyes and jays in flocks and very noisy; the raven or hooded-crow crying in the morning, with an interruption in its notes, or crows being very clamorous at evening; the heron, bittern, and swallow flying low; birds forsaking their food and flying to their nests; poultry going to rest or pigeons to their dove-house; tame fowls grubbing in the dust and clapping their wings; small birds seeming to duck and wash in the sand; the late and early crowing of the cock, and clapping his wings; the early singing of woodlarks; the early chirping of sparrows; the early note of the chaffinch near houses; the dull appearance of robin-redbreast near houses; peacocks and owls unusually clamorous.

Of Wind, from Birds.—Sea and fresh-water fowls gathering in flocks to the banks, and there sporting, especially in the morning; wild geese flying high and in flocks, and directing their course eastward; coots restless and clamorous; the hoopoe loud in his note; the king's fisher taking to land; rooks darting or shooting in the air, or sporting on the banks of fresh waters; and lastly, the appearance of the malefigie at

sea, is a certain forerunner of violent winds, and (early in the morning) denotes horrible tempests at hand.

Of Fair Weather, from Birds.—Halcyons, sea-ducks, &c. leaving the land, and flocking to the sea; kites, herons, bitterns, and swallows flying high, and loud in their notes; lapwings restless and clamorous; sparrows after sunrise restless and noisy; ravens, hawks, and kestrils (in the morning) loud in their notes; robin-redbreast mounted high, and loud in his song; larks soaring high, and loud in their songs; owls hooting with an easy and clear note; bats appearing early in the evening.

Of Rain, from Beasts.—Asses braying more frequently than usual; hogs playing, scattering their food, or carrying straw in their mouths; oxen snuffing the air, looking to the south, while lying on their right sides, or licking their hoofs; cattle gasping for air at noon; calves running violently and gamboling; deer, sheep, or goats leaping, fighting, or pushing; cats washing their face and ears; dogs eagerly scraping up earth; foxes barking; rats and mice more restless than usual; a grumbling noise in the belly of hounds.

Of Rain, from Insects.—Worms crawling out of the earth in great abundance; spiders falling from their webs; flies dull and restless; ants hastening to their nests; bees hastening home, and keeping close in their hives; frogs drawing nigh to houses, and croaking from ditches; gnats singing more than usual; but if gnats play in the open air, or if hornets, wasps, and glow-worms appear plentifully in the evening, or if spiders' webs are seen in the air or on the grass, these do all denote fair and warm weather at hand.

Of Rain, from the Sun.—Sun rising dim or waterish;

rising red with blackish beams mixed along with his rays; rising in a musty or muddy color; rising red and turning blackish; setting under a thick cloud; setting with a red sky in the east.

Sudden rains never last long; but when the air grows thick by degrees, and the sun, moon, and stars shine dimmer and dimmer, then it is like to rain six hours usually.

Of Wind, from the Sun.—Sun rising pale and setting red, with an iris; rising large in surface; rising with a red sky in the north; setting of a blood color; setting pale, with one or more dark circles, or accompanied with red streaks, seeming concave or hollow; seeming divided, great storms; parhelia, or mock suns, never appear but are followed by tempest.

Of Fair Weather, from the Sun.—Sun rising clear, having set clear the night before; rising while the clouds about him are driving to the west; rising with an iris around him, and that iris wearing away equally on all sides, then expect fair and settled weather; rising clear and not hot; setting in red clouds, according to the old observation,—

The evening red and morning gray,
Is the sure sign of a fair day.

To the above may be added the following from a more recent source:—

As a rule, a circle around the moon indicates rain and wind. When seen with a north or northeast wind, we may look for stormy weather, especially if the circle be large; with the wind in any other quarter, we may expect rain; so also when the ring is small and the moon seems covered with mist. If, however, the moon rise after sunset, and a circle be

soon after formed around it, no rain is foreboded. In the Netherlands they have this proverb:—

Een kring om de maan	(A ring round the moon
Die kan vergaan;	May pass away soon;
Maar een kring om de zon	But a ring round the sun
Geeft water in de ton.	Gives water in the tun.)

An old astrologer, referring to St. Paul's day, Jan. 25, says:—

If St. Paul be fair and clear,
It promises then a happy year;
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain;
Or if the wind do blow aloft,
Great stirs will vex the world full oft;
And if dark clouds do muff the sky,
Then fowl and cattle oft will die.

Another, alluding to the Ember-day in December, says:—

When Ember-day is cold and clear
There'll be two winters in that year.

The following is from a manuscript in the British Museum:—

If Christmas day on Thursday be,
A windy winter you shall see;
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempests, strong and thick;
The summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beasts shall multiply;
That year is good for lands to till;
Kings and princes shall die by skill;
If a child born that day shall be,
It shall happen right well for thee:
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,

Wise of speech, and reasonable.
Whoso that day goes thieving about,
He shall be punished, without doubt;
And if sickness that day betide,
It shall quickly from thee glide.

UNLUCKY DAYS.

The following list of the "evil days in each month" is translated from the original Latin verses in the old *Sarum Missal*:—

January. Of this first month, the opening day
And seventh like a sword will slay.

February. The fourth day bringeth down to death;
The third will stop a strong man's breath.

March. The first the greedy glutton slays;
The fourth cuts short the drunkard's days.

April. The tenth and the eleventh, too,
Are ready death's fell work to do.

May. The third to slay poor man hath power;
The seventh destroyeth in an hour.

June. The tenth a pallid visage shows;
No faith nor truth the fifteenth knows.

July. The thirteenth is a fatal day;
The tenth alike will mortals slay.

August. The first kills strong ones at a blow;
The second lays a cohort low.

September. The third day of the month September,
And tenth, bring evil to each member.

October. The third and tenth, with poisoned breath,
To man are foes as foul as death.

November. The fifth bears scorpion-sting of deadly pain;
The third is tinctured with destruction's train.

December. The seventh's a fatal day to human life;
The tenth is with a serpent's venom rife.

O. S. and N. S.

THE GREGORIAN CALENDAR.

The Julian calendar was framed about 46 years before Christ. Cæsar made the year consist of 365 days; and the annual excess of six hours, which amounted to one day in four years, was taken into account by making every fourth year (leap-year) consist of 366 days. But Cæsar's correction of the calendar was imperfect, being founded on the supposition that the solar year consisted of 365 days, 6 hours, whereas the true solar year consists of 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 45½ seconds. Thus the Julian year exceeded the solar 11 minutes 14½ seconds,—which amounted to a whole day in 130 years. In consequence of this inaccuracy, the vernal equinox, which happened on the 25th of March in the time of Julius Cæsar, had receded to the 21st of March in the year 325, and was fixed to that day by the Council of Nice. Attempts were afterwards made to effect some change in the calendar; but a complete reformation was not made until 1582. Pope Gregory XIII. invited to Rome the most learned astronomers of the age; and, after the subject had been discussed ten years, it was decreed that the vernal equinox, which had receded ten days since the Council of

Nice, and consequently happened on the 11th of March, should be brought back to the 21st of March, and that for this purpose ten days should be taken from the month of October, 1582. To avoid future deviation, it was determined that instead of every 100th year being leap-year, every 400th year only should be leap-year. By this plan—a diminution of three days in 400 years—the error in the present calendar will not exceed a day and a half in five thousand years.

The calendar thus reformed by Pope Gregory was immediately introduced into Catholic countries, but was not finally adopted in Great Britain until 1752, when, by act of Parliament, eleven days were struck out of the calendar, the 3d of September being reckoned the 14th. The Greek Church still obstinately adheres to the old style.

RESULTS OF THE CHANGE IN THE STYLE.

The following happily-conceived address to the patrons of "Poor Job's Almanac" was occasioned by the change of the style in 1752. The number of that year bears the title—

Poor Job, 1752. *By Job Shepherd, philom. Newport. Printed by James Franklin,*[15] *at the Printing-office under the Town School-house.* In this almanac the month of September has, in the margin, the figures of the successive days, commencing 1, 2; and, after leaving blank a space for eleven days, recommencing with 14, and continuing to the 30th.

KIND READER:—You have now such a year as you never saw before, nor will see hereafter, the King

and Parliament of Great Britain having thought proper to enact that the month of September, 1752, shall contain but nineteen days, which will shorten this year eleven days, and have extended the same throughout the British dominions; so that we are not to have two beginnings to our years, but the first of January is to be the first day and the first month of the year 1752; eleven days are taken from September, and begin 1, 2, 14, 15, &c. Be not astonished, nor look with concern, dear reader, at such a deduction of days, nor regret as for the loss of so much time; but take this for your consolation, that your expenses will perhaps appear lighter, and your mind be more at ease. And what an indulgence is here for those who love their pillows, to lie down in peace on the second of this month, and not perhaps awake or be disturbed till the fourteenth, in the morning! And, reader, this is not to hasten the payment of debts, freedom of apprentices or servants, or the coming to age of minors; but the number of natural days in all agreements are to be fulfilled. All Church holidays and Courts are to be on the same nominal days they were before; but fairs, after the second of September, alter the nominal days, and so seemed to be held eleven days later. Now, reader, since 'tis likely you may never have such another year nor such another almanac, I would advise you to improve the one for your own sake, and I recommend the other for the sake of your friend,

POOR JOB.

Memoria Technica.

NAMES AND ORDER OF THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The Great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers see
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand;
Samuel and numerous Kings appear
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah, now,
Esther the beauteous mourner show.
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet Song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen,
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
Next Jonas, Micah, Nahum come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room—
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Wrapt Zachariah builds his walls;
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

NAMES AND ORDER OF THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, wrote the life of their
Lord;
The Acts, what Apostles accomplished, record;
Rome, Corinth, Galatus, Ephesus, hear
What Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians revere:
Timotheus, Titus, Philemon, precede
The Epistle which Hebrews most gratefully read;
James, Peter, and John, with the short letter Jude,
The rounds of Divine Revelation conclude.

NAMES OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

Omitting the Historical English Dramas, "quos versu dicere non est."

Cymbeline, Tempest, Much Ado, Verona,
Merry Wives, Twelfth Night, As you Like it, Errors,
Shrew Taming, Night's Dream, Measure, Andronicus,
Timon of Athens.
Winter's Tale, Merchant, Troilus, Lear, Hamlet,
Love's Labor, All's Well, Pericles, Othello,
Romeo, Macbeth, Cleopatra, Cæsar,
Coriolanus.

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.

First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third,
Edwards one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard,

Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell
Another Charles too.
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Till, Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent Queen Victoria:
May she long be the last!

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

First stands the lofty WASHINGTON,
That nobly great, immortal one;
The elder ADAMS next we see,
And JEFFERSON comes number three;
The fourth is MADISON, you know,
The fifth one on the list, MONROE;
The sixth an ADAMS comes again,
And JACKSON seventh in the train;
VAN BUREN eighth upon the line,
And HARRISON counts number nine;
The tenth is TYLER in his turn,
And POLK eleventh, as we learn;
The twelfth is TAYLOR that appears;
The thirteenth, FILLMORE fills his years;
Then PIERCE comes fourteenth into view;
BUCHANAN is the fifteenth due;
The sixteenth LINCOLN, foully slain;
The seventeenth was JOHNSON's *reign*;
Then GRANT was by the people sent

To be their eighteenth President.

THE DECALOGUE.

1. Have thou no Gods but me; 2. Nor graven type adore;
3. Take not my name in vain; 'twere guilt most sore:
4. Hallow the seventh day; 5. Thy parents' honor love:
6. No murder do; 7. Nor thou adulterer prove:
8. From theft be pure thy hands; 9. No witness false, thy word:
10. Covet of none his house, wife, maid, or herd.

Worship to God—but not God graven—pay;
Blaspheme not; sanctify the Sabbath day;
Be honored parents; brother's blood unshed;
And unpolluted hold the marriage bed;
From theft thy hand—thy tongue from lying—keep,
Nor covet neighbor's home, spouse, serf, ox, sheep.

Thou no God shalt have but me;
Before no idol bow the knee;
Take not the name of God in vain;
Nor dare the Sabbath day profane;
Give both thy parents honor due;
Take heed that thou no murder do;
Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;
Nor make a willful lie, nor love it;
What is thy neighbor's, do not covet.

METRICAL GRAMMAR.

Three little words we often see
Are Articles, *a*, *an* and *the*.
A Noun's the name of any thing,

As *school*, or *garden*, *hoop*, or *swing*.
Adjectives tell the kind of Noun,
As *great*, *small*, *pretty*, *white*, or *brown*.
Instead of Nouns the Pronouns stand—
Her fan, *his* face, *my* arm, *your* hand.
Verbs tell of something being done—
To *read*, *write*, *count*, *sing*, *jump*, or *run*.
How things are done the Adverbs tell,
As *slowly*, *quickly*, *ill*, or *well*.
Conjunctions join the words together,
As men *and* children, wind *or* weather.
The Preposition stands before
A Noun—as, *in* or *through* a door.
The Interjection shows surprise,
As *Oh!* how pretty, *Ah!* how wise.
The whole are called nine parts of Speech,
Which *Reading*, *Writing*, *Speaking*, teach.

NUMBER OF DAYS IN EACH MONTH.

One of the most useful lessons taught us in early life by arithmetical treatises, is that of Grafton's well-known lines in his *Chronicles of England*, 1590. Sir Walter Scott, in conversation with a friend, adverted jocularly to that ancient and respectable but unknown poet, who had given us this formula:—

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
And all the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which has but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till Leap-Year gives it twenty-nine.

The form used by the Quakers runs thus:—

The fourth, eleventh, ninth and sixth
Have thirty days to each affixed;

Every other, thirty-one,
Except the second month alone.

Origin of Things Familiar.

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

It would be a curious thing, if they could be traced out, to ascertain the origin of half the quaint old sayings and maxims that have come down to the present time from unknown generations. Who, for example, was "DICK," who had the odd-looking "hat-band," and who has so long been the synonym or representative of oddly-acting people? Who knows any thing authentic of the leanness of "Job's turkey," who has so many followers in the ranks of humanity? Scores of other sayings there are, concerning which similar questions might be asked. Who ever knew, until comparatively late years, what was the origin of the cautionary saying, "Mind your P's and Q's"? A modern antiquarian, however, has put the world right in relation to *that* saying. In ale-houses, in the olden time, when chalk "scores" were marked upon the wall, or behind the door of the tap-room, it was customary to put the initials "P" and "Q" at the head of every man's account, to show the number of "pints" and "quarts" for which he was in arrears; and we may presume many a friendly rustic to have tapped his neighbor on the shoulder, when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have

exclaimed, as he pointed to the chalk-score, “Mind your P’s and Q’s, man! mind your P’s and Q’s!” The writer from whom we glean this information mentions an amusing anecdote in connection with it, which had its origin in London, at the time a “Learned Pig” was attracting the attention of half the town. A theatrical wag, who attended the porcine performances, maliciously set before the four-legged actor some *peas*,—a temptation which the animal could not resist, and which immediately occasioned him to lose the “cue” given him by the showman. The pig-exhibitor remonstrated with the author of the mischief on the unfairness of what he had done; to which he replied, “I only wanted to ascertain whether the pig knew his ‘peas’ from his ‘cues!’”

ALL FOOLS’ DAY.

April the First stands marked by custom’s rules,
A day of being, and of making, fools.

The First of April, as is well known, is distinguished in the calendar by the singular appellation of “*All Fools’ Day*.” It would be a curious exception to common experience, if, on the recurrence of this memorable epoch in the division of time, multitudes were not betrayed into a due observance of its peculiarities. Many grave and unsuspecting people have been sent upon the most frivolous and nonsensical errands. Many a passer-by has been told that there was something out of his pocket, which was his hand; or something on his face, which was his nose. Many a school-boy has been sent to the shoemaker’s for stirrup-oil, which he would get from a strap, across his shoulders; or to ask a

schoolmistress for the biography of Eve's mother; or to an old bachelor to purchase pigeon's milk. Many a printer's "devil" has been sent to a neighboring editor for a quart of editorial, and received in return a picture of a jackass; and many a pretty girl despatched to the handsome druggist round the corner for the essence of tulips (two-lips,) which she would sometimes box the pharmaceutic ears for offering to give her. Some would be summoned, upon the most unfounded pretexts, out of their warm beds, an hour or more before the accustomed time. Others were enticed to open packages, promising ample remuneration, but full of disappointment; and others again, as they passed along the streets, were captivated by the sight of pieces of spurious coin, which, when they essayed to lift, they found securely fastened to the pavement,—together with various other whimsicalities, which under other circumstances would have been deemed highly offensive, but, happening on the First of April, were considered, if not agreeable, at least comparatively harmless. The *origin* of this strange custom is shrouded in mystery. It has been traced by some to the scene in the life of Jesus when he was sent from Pilate to Herod, and back from Herod to Pilate, which occurred about this period.

Brady's *Clavis Calendaria*, published in 1812, mentions that more than a century previous the almanacs designated the First of April as "All Fools' Day." In the northern counties of England and Scotland, the jokes on that day were practised to a great extent, and it scarcely required an apology to experiment upon the gravest and most respectable of city or country gentlemen and women. The person whose good nature or simplicity put him momentarily in the power of his facetious neighbor

was called a "*gowk*"—and the sending upon ridiculous errands, "*hunting the gowk*." The term "*gowk*" was a common expression for a cuckoo, which was reckoned among the silliest and simplest of all the feathered tribes.

In France, the person made the butt upon these occasions was styled "*un poisson d'Avril*"—that is, an April fish—by implication, an April fool—"*poisson d'Avril*," the familiar name of the *mackerel*, a fish easily caught by deception, singly and in shoals, at this season of the year. The term "April fool" was therefore, probably, nothing more than an easy substitution of that opprobrious epithet for fish, and it is quite likely that our ancestors borrowed the custom from France, with this change in the phrase peculiar to the occasion. It is possible, however, that it may have been derived from *poison*, mischief. Among the French, ridicule is the most successful weapon for correcting folly and holding vice in *terrorem*. A Frenchman is more afraid of a successful *bon mot* at his expense than of a sword, and the First of April is a day, therefore, of which he can make a double application: he may gratify his love of pleasantry among his friends, or inflict a severe wound on his enemies, if he possess the art and wit to invent and perpetrate a worthy piece of foolery upon them. One of the best tricks that ever occurred in France was that of Rabelais, who fooled the officers of justice, when he had no money, into conveying him from Marseilles to Paris on a charge of treason got up for the purpose, and, when arrived there, showing them how they were hoaxed. For this purpose he made up some brick-dust and ashes in different packets, labelled as poisons for the royal family of France. The bait took, and he was conveyed to the capital as a traitor, seven hundred miles, only

to explain the joke.

There is a very common practical joke on fools' day in the British metropolis: it consists in despatching a letter by an unlucky dupe, who is to wait for an answer. The answer is a second note, to a third person, "to send the fool farther." A young surgeon, a greenhorn in practice, fresh from St. Bartholomew's, his instruments unfleshed on his own account, and his surgery bottles full to repletion, was called a few years ago from the Strand to a patient in Newgate Street, very rich, named Dobbs. It was the First of April, and it was his first patient. The young Esculapius was ushered into the presence of the supposed patient, who was busy writing in his counting-house. The surgeon explained his errand, and Mr. Dobbs, having an excellent mercantile discernment, soon saw through the affair. He bowed and said, "It is a mistake, sir: my name is Dobbs, but I am, thank God, hale and hearty. It is my brother, the sugar-baker, on Fish Street Hill, that has sent for you, [carriage or horse he had none,] three-fourths of a mile farther." He entered among the pyramids of snowy sweets, and found Mr. Dobbs, the sugar-baker, of Fish Street Hill, as hale as his brother of Newgate Street. The refiner of saccharine juice understood his brother's note, stammered out a pretended apology for the mistake, and said he supposed, as the young man's directions were to Mr. J. Dobbs, and not Mr. Jeffry Dobbs, that was intended; that his name was Jeffry, but his brother John, a third member of the family, and in his business, lived at Limehouse, whither he thought, if our surgeon proceeded, he would find the person he sought. An address was handed the young tourniquet at the extreme end of Limehouse, which address, it is needless to say, was false. What will not a surgeon do to obtain his first

patient, and a rich one too? Away he posted to Limehouse, and soon found how far he had travelled for nothing. Tired and disappointed, and scheming vengeance on the authors of the hoax, he set off on his return home, cursing the Dobbs family every step he went. As he passed along Upper Shadwell, he saw a horse gallop furiously down Chamomile Street and fling its rider a heavy fall on the pavement. He ran and lifted the fallen man, whom he found insensible. He conveyed him to a shop hard by, bled him, and had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes. Suffice it to say that, on being conveyed home, our young surgeon attended him until he was restored to health; and so gratefully were his exertions received by the stranger, who was a rich East India merchant, far advanced in life, that he took him into his house as a medical attendant and friend, and ultimately left him the bulk of his property. Thus, out of an intended Fools' Day hoax, by the inscrutable caprice of fortune, a frolic led its dupe to wealth. This anecdote, according to the London Athenæum, may be depended on as true, nothing in the story but the name adopted, to conceal the real actors in the drama, being fictitious.

A day of fooleries, the *Huli Fest*, is observed, also, among the Hindoos, attended with the like silly species of witticism.

By many it is believed that the term "*all*" is a corruption of *auld* or *old*, thereby making it originally "Old Fools' Day," in confirmation of which opinion the following observation is quoted from an ancient Roman calendar respecting the 1st of November:—"The feast of old fools is removed to this day." The oldest almanacs extant, however, have it *all* (and not *old*) fools' day. Besides the Roman

"Saturnalia" and the Druidical rites, superstitions which the early Christians found in existence when they commenced their labors in England, was the *Festum Fatuorum*, or *Fools' Holiday*, which was doubtless our present First of April. In some of the German classics frequent mention is made of the *Aprilen Narr*, so that even the Germans of the olden time understood how to practise their cunning April arts upon their neighbors quite as well as we of the present day.

Enough has been here quoted to prove that the custom is of very ancient existence; but the precise *origin* thereof remains undiscovered, and will have to be dug from some of the musty chronicles of gray antiquity. But, be the origin of the custom what it may, we cannot avoid the conclusion that it is one "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

CARDS.

About the year 1390, cards were invented to divert Charles IV., then King of France, who was fallen into a melancholy disposition. That they were not in use before appears highly probable. 1st, Because no cards are to be seen in any paintings, sculpture, tapestry, &c. more ancient than the preceding period, but are represented in many works of ingenuity since that age. 2dly, No prohibitions relative to cards, by the king's edicts, are mentioned; although some few years before, a most severe one was published, forbidding by name all manner of sports and pastimes, in order that the subjects might exercise themselves in shooting with bows and arrows and be in a condition to oppose the English. Now, it is not to

be presumed that so luring a game as cards would have been omitted in the enumeration had they been in use. 3dly, In all the ecclesiastical canons prior to the same time, there occurs no mention of cards; although, twenty years after that date, card-playing was interdicted the clergy by a Gallican Synod. About the same time is found in the account-book of the king's cofferer the following charge:—"Paid for a pack of painted leaves bought for the king's amusement, three livres." Printing and stamping being not then discovered, the cards were painted, which made them dear. Thence, in the above synodical canons, they are called *pagillæ pictæ*, painted little leaves. 4thly, About thirty years after this came a severe edict against cards in France, and another by Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, only permitting the ladies this pastime, *pro spinilis*, for pins and needles.

Of their designs.—The inventor proposed by the figures of the four suits, or colors, as the French call them, to represent the four states or classes of men in the kingdom. By the *Cæsars* (hearts) are meant the *Gens de Chœur*, choir-men, or ecclesiastics; and therefore the Spaniards, who certainly received the use of cards from the French, have *copas* or chalices instead of hearts. The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by the ends or points of lances, or pikes; and our ignorance of the meaning or resemblance of the figure induced us to call them spades. The Spaniards have *espadas* (swords) in lieu of pikes, which is of similar import. By diamonds are designated the order of citizens, merchants, and tradesmen, *carraux*, (square stone tiles, or the like.) The Spaniards have a coin *dineros*, which answers to it; and the Dutch call the French word *carreaux*, *stieneen*, stones and diamonds, from

the form. *Treste*, the trefoil leaf, or clover grass, (corruptly called clubs,) alludes to husbandmen and peasants. How this suit came to be called clubs is not explained, unless, borrowing the game from the Spaniards, who have *bastos* (staves or clubs) instead of the trefoil, we gave the Spanish signification to the French figure.

The "history of the four kings," which the French in drollery sometimes call "the cards," is that of *David*, *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, and *Charles*, names which were, and still are, on the French cards. These respective names represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks under Charlemagne.

By the queens are intended *Argine*, *Esther*, *Judith*, and *Pallas*, (names retained in the French cards,) typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom, the qualifications residing in each person. "Argine" is an anagram for "Regina," queen by descent.

By the knaves were designed the servants to knights, (for knave originally meant only servant; and in an old translation of the Bible, St. Paul is called the knave of Christ,) but French pages and valets, now indiscriminately used by various orders of persons, were formerly only allowed to persons of quality, esquires, (escuiers,) shield or armor bearers. Others fancy that the knights themselves were designed by those cards, because *Hogier* and *Lahire*, two names on the French cards, were famous knights at the time cards were supposed to be invented.

SUB ROSA.

But when we with caution a secret disclose,

We cry, “Be it spoken, sir, under the rose.”
Since ’tis known that the rose was an emblem of old,
Whose leaves by their closeness taught secrets to hold;
And ’twas thence it was painted on tables so oft
As a warning, lest, when with a frankness men scoft
At their neighbor, their lord, their fat priest, or their
nation,
Some among ’em next day should betray conversation.

British Apollo,
1708.

The origin of the phrase *under the rose* implies secrecy, and had its origin during the year B.C. 477, at which time Pausanias, the commander of the confederate fleet of the Spartans and Athenians, was engaged in an intrigue with Xerxes for the subjugation of Greece to the Persian rule, and for the hand of the monarch’s daughter in marriage. Their negotiations were carried on in a building attached to the temple of Minerva, called the Brazen House, the roof of which was a garden forming a bower of roses; so that the plot, which was conducted with the utmost secrecy, was literally matured *under the rose*. Pausanias, however, was betrayed by one of his emissaries, who, by a preconcerted plan with the ephori, (the overseers and counsellors of state, five in number,) gave them a secret opportunity to hear from the lips of Pausanias himself the acknowledgment of his treason. To escape arrest, he fled to the temple of Minerva, and, as the sanctity of the place forbade intrusion for violence or harm of any kind, the people walled up the edifice with stones and left him to die of starvation. His own mother laid the first stone.

It afterward became a custom among the Athenians to wear roses in their hair whenever they wished to communicate to another a secret which they wished

to be kept inviolate. Hence the saying *sub rosa* among them, and, since, among Christian nations.

OVER THE LEFT.

The earliest trace of the use and peculiar significance of this phrase may be found in the *Records* of the Hartford County Courts, in the (then) Colony of Connecticut, as follows:—

At a County Court held at Hartford, }
September 4, 1705. }

Whereas James Steel did commence an action against Bevell Waters (both of Hartford) in this Court, upon hearing and tryall whereof the Court gave judgment against the said Waters, (as in justice they think they ought,) upon the declaring the said judgment, the said Waters did review to the Court in March next, that, being granted and entered, the said Waters, as he departed from the table, he said, "*God bless you over the left shoulder*."

The Court order a record to be made thereof forthwith.

A true copie: Test.
CALEB STANLEY, Clerk.

At the next court, Waters was tried for contempt, for saying the words recited, "so cursing the Court," and on verdict fined £5. He asked a review of the Court following, which was granted; and pending trial, the Court asked counsel of the Rev. Messrs. Woodbridge and Buckingham, the ministers of the Hartford churches, as to the "common acceptation" of the

offensive phrase. Their reply constitutes a part of the *Record*, and is as follows:—

We are of opinion that those words, said on the other side to be spoken by Bevell Waters, include (1) prophaneness, by using the name of God, that is holy, with such ill words whereto it was joyned; (2) that they carry great contempt in them, arising to the degree of an imprecation or curse, the words of a curse being the most contemptible that can ordinarily be used.

T. WOODBRIDGE.
T. BUCKINGHAM.

March 7th, 1705–6.

The former judgment was affirmed on review.

KICKING THE BUCKET.

The tradition among the slang fraternity as to the origin of this phrase is that "One Bolsover, having hung himself to a beam while standing on the bottom of a pail, or bucket, kicked the vessel away in order to pry into futurity, and it was all UP with him from that moment—*Finis!*"

BUMPER.

When the Roman Catholic religion was in the ascendant in England, the health of the Pope was usually drunk in a full glass immediately after dinner —*au bon père*: hence the word "Bumper."

ROYAL SAYING.

It was Alphonsus, surnamed the Wise, King of Aragon, who used to say, "That among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued in the course of their lives, all the rest are baubles, besides old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read."

DUN.

This word, generally supposed to be derived from the French *donnez*, owes its origin, according to the British Apollo of September, 1708, to one *Joe Dun*, a famous bailiff of Lincoln in the time of Henry VII. He is said to have been so extremely shrewd in the management of his rough business, and so dexterous in the collection of dues, that his name became proverbial; and whenever a man refused to pay his debts, it grew into a prevalent custom to say, "Why don't you DUN him?"

HUMBUG.

Among the many issues of base coin which from time to time were made in Ireland, there was none to be compared in worthlessness to that made by James II. at the Dublin Mint. It was composed of any thing on which he could lay his hands, such as lead, pewter, copper, and brass, and so low was its intrinsic value that twenty shillings of it was only worth twopence sterling. William III., a few days after the battle of the Boyne, ordered that the crown-piece and half-crown should be taken as one penny and one half-

penny respectively. The soft mixed metal of which that worthless coin was composed was known among the Irish as Uim bog, pronounced Oom-bug, i.e. soft copper, i.e. worthless money; and in the course of their dealings the modern use of the word *humbug* took its rise, as in the phrases, "That's a *piece of uimbog*," "Don't think to *pass off your uimbog* on me." Hence the word *humbug* came to be applied to any thing that had a specious appearance but which was in reality spurious. It is curious to note that the very opposite of *humbug*, i.e. false metal, is the word *sterling*, which is also taken from a term applied to the *true* coinage of Great Britain, as *sterling* coin, *sterling* worth, &c.

PASQUINADES.

At one corner of the Palazzo Braschi, the last monument of Papal nepotism, near the Piazza Navona, in Rome, stands the famous mutilated torso known as the statue of Pasquin. It is the remains of a work of art of considerable merit, found at this spot, in the sixteenth century, and supposed to represent Ajax supporting Menelaus. It derives its modern name from the tailor Pasquin, who kept a shop opposite, which was the rendezvous of all the gossips in the city, and from which their satirical witticisms on the manners and follies of the day obtained a ready circulation.

Misson says in his Travels in Italy,—The tailor had precisely the talent to head a regiment of satirical wits, and had he had time to publish, he would have been the Peter Pindar of his day; but his genius seems to have been satisfied to rest cross-legged on his shop-board. When any lampoons or amusing *bon-*

mots were current in Rome, they were usually called, from his shop, *Pasquinades*. After his death, this statue of an ancient gladiator was found under the pavement of his shop. It was soon set up, and by universal consent was inscribed with his name; and they still attempt to raise him from the dead, and keep the caustic tailor alive, in the marble gladiator of wit.

The statue of Marforio, which stood near the arch of Septimus Severus, in the Forum, was made the vehicle for replying to the attacks of Pasquin; and for many years they kept up an incessant fire of wit and repartee. When Marforio was removed to the museum in the capitol, the Pope wished to remove Pasquin also; but the Duke di Braschi, to whom he belongs, would not permit it. Adrian VI. attempted to arrest his career by ordering the statue to be burnt and thrown into the Tiber; but one of the Pope's friends, Ludovico Sussano, saved him, by suggesting that his ashes would turn into frogs, and croak more terribly than before. It is said that his owner is compelled to pay a fine whenever he is found guilty of exhibiting any scandalous placards. The modern Romans seem to regard Pasquin as part of their social system: in the absence of a free press, he has become in some measure the organ of public opinion, and there is scarcely an event upon which he does not pronounce judgment. Some of his sayings are extremely broad for the atmosphere of Rome, but many of them are very witty, and fully maintain the character of his fellow-citizens for satirical epigrams and repartee. When Mezzofanti, the great linguist, was made a cardinal, Pasquin declared that it was a very proper appointment, for there could be no doubt that the "Tower of Babel," "*Il torre di Babel*" required an interpreter. At the time

of the first French occupation of Italy, Pasquin gave out the following satirical dialogue:—

I Francesi son tutti ladri.
Non tutti—ma Bonaparte.

The French are all robbers.
Not all, but a *good part*; (or
Not all—but Bonaparte.)

Another remarkable saying is recorded in connection with the celebrated bull of Urban VIII., excommunicating all persons who took snuff in the Cathedral of Seville. On the publication of this decree, Pasquin appropriately quoted the beautiful passage in Job,—"Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?"

BOTTLED ALE.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt;
It strengtheneth drink and it flavoreth malt;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide, if ye draw not too fast.

Tusser, 1557.

Alexander Newell, Dean of St. Paul's and Master of Westminster School in the reign of Queen Mary, was an excellent angler. But, (says Fuller,) while Newell was catching of fishes, Bishop Bonner was catching of Newell, and would certainly have sent him to the shambles had not a good London merchant conveyed him away upon the seas. Newell was fishing upon the banks of the Thames when he received the first intimation of his danger, which was so pressing that he dared not go back to his own house to make any preparation for his flight. Like an honest angler, he

had taken with him provision for the day, and when, in the first year of England's deliverance, he returned to his country and his old haunts, he remembered that on the day of his flight he had left a bottle of beer in a safe place on the bank: there he looked for it, and "found it no bottle, but a gun—such the sound at the opening thereof; and this (adds Fuller,) is believed (casualty is mother of more invention than industry) the origin of Bottled Ale in England."

THE POTATO.

Although Sir Walter Raleigh was unexpectedly prevented from accompanying Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Newfoundland, he eventually proved one of the greatest benefactors to his own country, by the introduction of the potato on his return from America, in the year 1584. This root was first planted on Sir Walter's estate at Youghall, which he afterward sold to the Earl of Cork; but not having given sufficient directions to the person who had the management of the land, the latter mistook the flowers for the fruit and most valuable part of the plant, and, on tasting them, rejected them as a pernicious exotic. Some time afterwards, turning up the earth, he found the roots spread to a great distance, and in considerable quantities; and from this stock the whole kingdom was soon after supplied with this valuable plant, which gradually spread throughout Europe and North America. Its name, *potato*, in Irish *paitey*, and in French *patate*, is said to be derived from the original language of Mexico, of which it is supposed to be a native.

Anspach's History of Newfoundland.

TARRING AND FEATHERING.

Anquetil, in his *Histoire de France*, 1805, has the following passage in reference to this mode of chastisement:—

They (the two crusading kings, Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus) afterwards made in concert the laws of police which should be observed in both their armies. No women, except washerwomen, were to be permitted to accompany the troops. Whoever killed another was, according to the place where the crime should be committed, to be cast into the sea, or buried alive, bound to the corpse of the murdered person. Whoever wounded another was to have his hand cut off; whoever struck another should be plunged three times into the sea; and whoever committed theft should have *warm pitch poured over his head, which should then be powdered with feathers*, and the offender should afterwards be left abandoned on the first shore.

STOCKINGS.

It is stated that Henry the Second, of France, was the first who wore silk stockings, and this was on the occasion of his sister's wedding to the Duke of Savoy, in 1509. Howell, in his *History of the World*, says that, in 1550, Queen Elizabeth was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings by her silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, and that she never wore cloth ones afterward. He also adds, that Henry the Eighth wore ordinarily cloth hose, unless there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings. His son, Edward the Sixth, was presented with a pair of long

Spanish silk stockings by Sir Thomas Gresham. Hence it would seem that knit stockings originally came from Spain. It is stated that one William Rider, an apprentice on London Bridge, seeing, at the house of an Italian merchant, a pair of knit stockings, from Mantua, took the hint, and made a pair exactly like them, which he presented to the Earl of Pembroke, and that they were the first of that kind worn in England. There have been various opinions with respect to the original invention of the stocking-frame; but it is now generally conceded that it was invented during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1589, by William Lee, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge. In the *London Magazine*, it is related that Mr. Lee was expelled from the University for marrying, contrary to the statutes of the college. Being thus rejected, and ignorant of any other means of subsistence, he was reduced to the necessity of living upon what his wife could earn by knitting stockings, which gave a spur to his invention; and, by curiously observing the working of the needles in knitting, he formed in his mind the model of the frame. Mr. Lee went to France, and, for want of patronage there and in England, died of a broken heart, at Paris. In the hall of Framework Knitters' Company, incorporated by Charles the Second, in 1663, is a portrait of Lee, pointing to one of the iron frames, and discoursing with a woman, who is knitting with needles and her fingers.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

When Salisbury's famed countess was dancing with glee,
Her stocking's security fell from her knee.
Allusions and hints, sneers and whispers, went round;

The trifle was scouted, and left on the ground.
When Edward the Brave, with true soldier-like spirit,
Cried, “The garter is mine; ’tis the order of merit:
The first knights in my court shall be happy to wear—
Proud distinction!—the garter that fell from the fair;
While in letters of gold—’tis your monarch’s high will—
Shall there be inscribed, ‘*Ill to him that thinks ill!*’”

DRINKING HEALTHS.

The drinking of healths originated during the Danish occupation of Britain. The Danes frequently stabbed Englishmen while in the act of drinking, and it finally became necessary for the English, in view of the constant repetition of this dastardly mode of assassination, to enter into a compact to be mutual pledges of security for each other’s health and preservation. Hence the custom of pledging and drinking healths.

A FEATHER IN ONE’S CAP.

In the Lansdowne MS., British Museum, is a *Description of Hungary in 1599*, in which the writer says of the inhabitants, “It hath been an antient custom among them that none should wear a fether but he who had killed a Turk, to whom onlie y^{t} was lawful to shew the number of his slaine enemys by the number of fethers in his cappe.”

THE WORD BOOK.

Before paper came into general use, our Teutonic

forefathers wrote their letters, calendars, and accounts on wood. The *Boc*, or beech, being close-grained and plentiful in Northern Europe, was generally employed for the purpose; and hence the word *book*.

NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN.

The following humorous account of the origin of this saying is from *The British Apollo*. "It happened ('tis no great matter in what year) that eight tailors, having finished considerable pieces of work at the house of a certain person of quality, (whose name authors have thought fit to conceal,) and received all the money due for the same, a virago servant-maid of the house, observing them to be but slender-built animals, and in their mathematical postures on their shop-board appearing but so many pieces of men, resolved to encounter and pillage them on the road. The better to compass her design, she procured a very terrible great black pudding, which, having waylaid them, she presented at the breast of the foremost. They, mistaking this prop of life for an instrument of death, at least a blunderbuss, readily yielded up their money; but she, not contented with that, severely disciplined them with a cudgel she carried in the other hand, all which they bore with a philosophical resignation. Thus, eight, not being able to deal with one woman, by consequence could not make a man; on which account a ninth is added. 'Tis the opinion of our curious virtuosos, that their want of courage ariseth from their immoderate eating of cucumbers, which too much refrigerates their blood. However, to their eternal honor be it spoken, they have often been known to encounter a sort of cannibals, to

whose assaults they are often subject, not fictitious, but real man-eaters, and that with a lance but two inches long; nay, and although they go armed no further than their middle finger."

An earlier authority than the preceding may be found in a note in *Democritus in London, with the Mad Pranks and Comical Conceits of Motley and Robin Goodfellow*, in which the following version of the origin of the saying is given. It is dated 1682:—

There is a proverb which has been of old,
And many men have likewise been so told,
To the discredit of the Taylor's Trade:
Nine Taylors go to make up a man, they said;
But for their credit I'll unriddle it t' ye:
A draper once fell into povertie,
Nine Taylors joined their purses together then,
To set him up, and make him a man again.

VIZ.

The contraction *viz.* affords a curious instance of the universality of arbitrary signs. There are few people now who do not readily comprehend the meaning of that useful particle,—a certain publican excepted, who, being furnished with a list of the requirements of a festival in which the word appeared, apologized for the omission of one of the items enumerated: he informed the company that he had inquired throughout the town for some viz., but he had not been able to procure it. He was, however, readily excused for his inability to do so. Vi3. being a contraction of *videlicet*, the terminal sign 3 was never intended to represent the letter "z," but was simply a mark or sign of abbreviation. It is now always written and expressed as a "z" and will doubtless

continue to be so.

SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.

The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signatures, is in the form of a cross; and this practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance. Anciently the use of the mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the persons signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who *could* write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof presumptive that he was in holy orders. The clericus, or clerk, was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could and those who could not write: it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its sacred associations, as well as *the mark* generally adopted. Hence the origin of the expression “God save the mark,” as a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

THE TURKISH CRESCENT.

When Philip of Macedon approached by night with

his troops to scale the walls of Byzantium, the *moon* shone out and discovered his design to the besieged, who repulsed him. The crescent was afterwards adopted as the favorite badge of the city. When the Turks took Byzantium, they found the crescent in every public place, and, believing it to possess some magical power, adopted it themselves.

The origin of the crescent as a religious emblem is anterior to the time of Philip of Macedon, dating, in fact, from the very beginning of history.

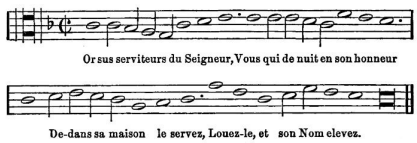
POSTPAID ENVELOPES.

M. Piron tells us that the idea of a postpaid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV., with M. de Valfyer, who, in 1653, established (with royal approbation) a private penny-post, placing boxes at the corners of the streets for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelopes, which were to be bought at offices established for that purpose. M. de Valfyer also had printed certain *forms* of *billets*, or notes, applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks, which were to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. One of these *billets* has been preserved to our times by a pleasant misapplication of it. Pélisson (Mdme. de Sévigné's friend, and the object of the *bon mot* that "he abused the privilege which men have of being ugly") was amused at this kind of skeleton correspondence; and under the affected name of *Pisandre*, (according to the pedantic fashion of the day,) he filled up and addressed one of these forms to the celebrated Mademoiselle de Scuderie, in her *pseudonyme* of *Sappho*. This strange *billet-doux* has happened, from

the celebrity of the parties, to be preserved, and it is still extant,—one of the oldest, it is presumed, of penny-post letters, and a curious example of a *pre*paying envelope, a new proof of the adage that "there is nothing new under the sun."

OLD HUNDRED.

The history of this old psalm-tune, which almost every one has been accustomed to hear ever since he can remember, is the subject of a work recently written by an English clergyman. Luther has generally been considered the author of "Old Hundred," but it has been pretty satisfactorily ascertained that it was composed in the sixteenth century, and certainly previous to 1546, by William Franc, a German. In the course of time its arrangement has undergone repeated alterations; and it is said that, as it originally appeared, it was of a more lively character than at present. Many of these alterations have been carefully preserved and may be seen by reference to Moore's *Encyclopædia of Music*. The oldest copy of it that has been preserved was published in France, in Marot and Beza's Psalms, 1550. Subjoined is a faithful transcript of its original adaptation to the 134th Psalm. It contrasts as broadly with the present style of musical notation as does the English of Chaucer with that of Noah Webster.



LA MARSEILLAISE.

Rouget de Lisle was a young officer of engineers at Strasbourg. He was born at *Lons-le-Saulnier*, in the *Jura* a country of reverie and energy, as mountains commonly are. He relieved the tediousness of a garrison-life by writing verses and indulging a love of music. He was a frequent visitor at the house of the Baron de Diedrich, a noble Alsacian of the constitutional party, the Mayor of Strasbourg. The family loved the young officer, and gave new inspiration to his heart in its attachment to music and poetry, and the ladies were in the habit of assisting, by their performances, the early conceptions of his genius. A famine prevailed at Strasbourg in the winter of 1792. The house of Diedrich was rich at the beginning of the revolution, but had now become poor under the calamities and sacrifices of the time. Its frugal table had always a hospitable place for Rouget de Lisle. He was there morning and evening as a son and brother. One day, when only some slices of ham smoked upon the table, with a supply of camp-bread, Diedrich said to De Lisle, in sad serenity, “Plenty is not found at our meals. But no matter: enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic festivals, and our soldiers’ hearts are full of courage. We have one more bottle of Rhine wine in the cellar. Let us have it, and we’ll drink to liberty and the country. Strasbourg will soon have a patriotic *fête*, and De Lisle must draw from these last drops one of his hymns that will carry his own ardent feelings to the soul of the people.” The young ladies applauded the proposal. They brought the wine, and continued to fill the glasses of Diedrich and the young officer until the bottle was empty. The night was cold. De Lisle’s head and heart were warm.

He found his way to his lodgings, entered his solitary chamber, and sought for inspiration at one moment in the palpitations of his citizen's heart, and at another by touching, as an artist, the keys of his instrument, and striking out alternately portions of an air and giving utterance to poetic thoughts. He did not himself know which came first; it was impossible for him to separate the poetry from the music, or the sentiment from the words in which it was clothed. He sang altogether, and wrote nothing. In this state of lofty inspiration, he went to sleep with his head upon the instrument. The chants of the night came upon him in the morning like the faint impressions of a dream. He wrote down the words, made the notes of the music, and ran to Diedrich's. He found him in the garden digging winter lettuces. The wife of the patriot mayor was not yet up. Diedrich awoke her. They called together some friends, who were, like themselves, passionately fond of music, and able to execute the compositions of De Lisle. One of the young ladies played, and Rouget sang. At the first Stanza, the countenances of the company grew pale; at the second, tears flowed abundantly; at the last, a delirium of enthusiasm broke forth. Diedrich, his wife, and the young officer cast themselves into each others' arms. The hymn of the nation was found. Alas! it was destined to become a hymn of terror. The unhappy Diedrich a few months afterwards marched to the scaffold at the sound of the notes first uttered at his hearth, from the heart of his friend and the voice of his wife.

The new song, executed some days afterwards publicly at Strasbourg, flew from town to town through all the orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and adjournment of the clubs. Hence it took the name of the *Marseillaise Hymn*. The

old mother of De Lisle, a loyalist and a religious person, alarmed at the reverberation of her son's name, wrote to him, "What is the meaning of this revolutionary hymn, sung by hordes of robbers who pass all over France, with which our name is mixed up?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a Federalist, heard its re-echo upon his ears as a threat of death as he fled among the paths of Jura. "What is this song called?" he inquired of his guide. "The *Marseillaise*," replied the peasant. It was with difficulty that he escaped.

The "Marseillaise" was the liquid fire of the revolution. It distilled into the senses and the soul of the people the frenzy of battle. Its notes floated like an ensign, dipped in warm blood over a field of combat. Glory and crime, victory and death, seemed interwoven in its strains. It was the song of patriotism; but it was the signal of fury. It accompanied warriors to the field and victims to the scaffold!

There is no national air that will compare with the Marseillaise in sublimity and power: it embraces the soft cadences full of the peasant's home, and the stormy clangor of silver and steel when an empire is overthrown; it endears the memory of the vine-dresser's cottage, and makes the Frenchman, in his exile, cry, "La belle France!" forgetful of the sword, and torch, and guillotine, which have made his country a spectre of blood in the eyes of nations. Nor can the foreigner listen to it, sung by a company of exiles, or executed by a band of musicians, without feeling that it is the pibroch of battle and war.

YANKEE DOODLE.

The good the Rhine-song does to German hearts,
  Or thine, Marseilles! to France's fiery blood;
The good thy anthemed harmony imparts,
  "God save the Queen!" to England's field and flood,
A home-born blessing, Nature's boon, not Art's,
  The same heart-cheering, spirit-warming good,
To us and ours, where'er we war or woo,
Thy words and music, YANKEE DOODLE!—do.—HALLECK.

The origin of *Yankee Doodle* is by no means so clear as American antiquaries desire. The statement that the air was composed by Dr. Shackburg, in 1755, when the colonial troops united with the British regulars near Albany, preparatory to the attack on the French posts of Niagara and Frontenac, and that it was produced in derision of the old-fashioned equipments of the provincial soldiers as contrasted with the neat and orderly appointments of the regulars, was published some years ago in a musical magazine printed in Boston. The account there given as to the origin of the song is this:—During the attacks upon the French outposts in 1755, in America, Governor Shirley and General Jackson led the force directed against the enemy lying at Niagara and Frontenac. In the early part of June, whilst these troops were stationed on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany, the descendants of the "Pilgrim fathers" flocked in from the Eastern provinces. Never was seen such a motley regiment as took up its position on the left wing of the British army. The band played music as antiquated and *outré* as their *uniforms*; officers and privates had adopted regimentals each man after his own fashion; one wore a flowing wig, while his neighbor rejoiced in hair cropped closely to the head; this one had a coat with wonderful long skirts, his fellow marched without his upper garment; various as the colors of the rainbow were

the clothes worn by the gallant band. It so happened that there was a certain Dr. Shackburg, wit, musician, and surgeon, and one evening after mess he produced a tune, which he earnestly commended, as a well-known piece of military music, to the officers of the militia. The joke succeeded, and Yankee Doodle was hailed by acclamation "their own march."

This account is somewhat apocryphal, as there is no song: the tune in the United States is a march; there are no words to it of a national character. The only words ever affixed to the air in this country is the following doggerel quatrain:—

Yankee Doodle came to town
  Upon a little pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat
  And called it macaroni.

It has been asserted by English writers that the air and words of these lines are as old as Cromwell's time. The only alteration is in making *Yankee Doodle* of what was *Nankee Doodle*. It is asserted that the tune will be found in the *Musical Antiquities of England*, and that *Nankee Doodle* was intended to apply to Cromwell, and the other lines were designed to "allude to his going into Oxford with a single plume, fastened in a knot called a macaroni." The tune was known in New England before the Revolution as *Lydia Fisher's Jig*, a name derived from a famous lady of easy virtue in the reign of Charles II., and which has been perpetuated in the following nursery-rhyme:—

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
  Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,

Only binding round it.

The regulars in Boston in 1775 and 1776 are said to have sung verses to the same air:—

Yankee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a firelock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock, &c.

The manner in which the tune came to be adopted by the Americans, is shown in the following letter of the Rev. W. Gordon. Describing the battles of Lexington and Concord, before alluded to, he says:—

The brigade under Lord Percy marched out (of Boston) playing, by way of contempt, *Yankee Doodle*: they were afterwards told that they had been made to dance to it.

It is most likely that Yankee Doodle was originally derived from Holland. A song with the following burden has long been in use among the laborers who, in the time of harvest, migrate from Germany to the Low Countries, where they receive for their work as much buttermilk as they can drink, and a tenth of the grain secured by their exertions:—

Yanker didel, doodel down,
Didel, dudel lauter,
Yanke viver, voover vown,
Botermilk und Tanther.

That is, buttermilk and a tenth.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

A resolution was introduced in the American

Congress, June 13, 1777, “That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.” There is a striking coincidence between the design of our flag and the arms of General Washington, which consisted of three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon. It is thought by some that the flag was derived from this heraldic design. History informs us that several flags were used by the Yankees before the present national one was adopted. In March, 1775, a Union flag with a red field was hoisted in New York, bearing the inscription on one side of “George Rex and the liberties of America,” and upon the reverse, “No Popery.” General Israel Putnam raised on Prospect Hill, July 18, 1775, a flag bearing on one side the motto of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, “*Qui transtulit sustinet*,” on the other, “An appeal to Heaven,”—an appeal well taken and amply sustained. In October, 1775, the floating batteries of Boston bore a flag with the latter motto, and a pine-tree upon a white field, with the Massachusetts emblem. Some of the colonies used in 1775 a flag with a rattlesnake coiled as if about to strike, and the motto “Don’t tread on me.” On January 18, 1776, the grand Union flag of the stars and stripes was raised on the heights near Boston; and it is said that some of the regulars made the great mistake of supposing it was a token of submission to the king, whose speech had just been sent to the Americans. The *British Register* of 1776 says, “They [the rebels] burnt the king’s speech, and changed their colors from a plain red ground to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies.” A letter from Boston, published in the *Pennsylvania*

Gazette, in 1776, says, “The Union flag was raised on the 2d, a compliment to the United Colonies.” These various flags, the Pine-Tree, the Rattlesnake, and the Stripes, were used, according to the tastes of the patriots, until July, 1777, when the blue union of the stars was added to the stripes, and the flag established by law. At first a stripe was added for each new State; but the flag became too large, and Congress reduced the stripes to the original thirteen, and now the stars are made to correspond in number with the States. No one, who lives under the protection of the Stars and Stripes, will deny that “the American flag is one of the most beautiful that floats upon any land or sea.” Its proportions are perfect when it is properly made,—one-half as broad as it is long. The first stripe at the top is red, the next white, and these colors alternate, making the last stripe red. The blue field for the stars is the width and square of the first seven stripes, viz., four red and three white. The colors of the American flag are in beautiful relief, and it is altogether a splendid national emblem. Long may it wave untarnished!

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is as follows. When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, went to Massachusetts to organize it, he found a great want of ammunition and other means of defence; and on one occasion it seemed that no means could be devised for the necessary safety. Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut; and the general, placing the greatest reliance on his

excellency's judgment, remarked, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." The general did so, and the governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army; and thenceforward, when difficulties arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-phrase, "We must consult Brother Jonathan;" and the name has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England.

UNCLE SAM.

Immediately after the declaration of war with England, in 1812, Elbert Anderson, of New York, then a contractor, visited Troy, where he purchased a large quantity of provisions. The inspectors of the articles at that place were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter gentleman (universally known as "Uncle Sam") generally superintended in person a large number of workmen, who, on this occasion, were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor. The casks were marked "E. A.—U. S." Their inspection fell to the lot of a facetious fellow, who, on being asked the meaning of the mark, said he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson* and *Uncle Sam*, alluding to *Uncle Sam Wilson*. The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently; and "Uncle Sam," when present, was often rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions.

THE DOLLAR MARK, $.

Writers are not agreed as to the derivation of this

sign to represent dollars. Some say that it comes from the letters U. S., which, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, were prefixed to the Federal currency, and which afterwards, in the hurry of writing, were run into one another, the U being made first and the S over it. Others say that it is derived from the contraction of the Spanish word *pesos*, dollars; others, from the Spanish *fuertes*, hard, —to distinguish silver from paper money. The more plausible explanation is, that it is a modification of the figure 8, and denotes a piece of eight reals, or, as the dollar was formerly called, a *piece of eight*. It was then designated by the figures

8
8

.

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS INVENTIONS AND CUSTOMS.

The Saxons first introduced archery in the time of Vortigern. It was dropped immediately after the conquest, but was revived by the Crusaders, they having felt the effects of it in their combats with the Saracens, who probably derived it from the Parthians. The Normans brought with them the cross-bow, but after the time of Edward II. its use was supplanted by that of the long-bow, which became the favorite national weapon. Bows and arrows, as weapons of war, were in use with stone cannonballs as late as 1640. All the statutes for the encouragement of archery were framed after the invention of gunpowder and firearms, the object being to prevent this ancient weapon becoming obsolete. Yew-trees were encouraged in churchyards,

for the making of bows, in 1642. Hence their generality in churchyards in England.

Coats of arms, or armorial bearings, came into vogue in the reign of Richard I. of England, and became hereditary in families about the year 1192. They took their rise from the knights painting their banners with different figures to distinguish them in the Crusades.

The first standing army of modern times was established by Charles VII. of France, in 1445. Previous to that time the king had depended upon his nobles for contingents in time of war. A standing army was first established in England in 1638, by Charles I., but it was declared illegal, as well as the organization of the royal guards, in 1769. The first permanent military band instituted in England was the yeomen of the guards, established in 1486.

Guns were invented by Swartz, a German, about 1378, and brought into use by the Venetians, in 1382. Cannon were invented at an anterior date: at Amberg may still be seen a piece of ordnance inscribed 1303. They were first used at the battle of Cressy in 1346. In England, they were first used at the siege of Berwick, in 1405. It was not until 1544, however, that they were cast in England. They were employed on shipboard by the Venetians in 1539, and were in use among the Turks about the same time. An artillery company was instituted in England for weekly military exercises in 1610.

Dating from the Christian Era was commenced in Italy in 525, and in England in 816.

Pliny gives the origin of glass-making thus. As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding

stones to rest their kettles on, they used some pieces of nitre for that purpose: the fire gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, was glass.

Insurance of ships was first practised in the reign of Cæsar, in 45. It was a general custom in Europe in 1494. Insurance-offices were first established in London in 1667.

Astronomy was first studied by the Moors, and was introduced by them into Europe in 1201. The rapid progress of modern astronomy dates from the time of Copernicus. Books of astronomy and geometry were destroyed, as infected with magic, in England, under the reign of Edward VI., in 1552.

Banks were first established by the Lombard Jews, in Italy. The name is derived from *banco*, a term applied to the benches erected in the market-places for the exchanges of money, &c. The first public bank was at Venice, in 1550. The Bank of England was established in 1693. In 1696 its notes were at twenty per cent. discount.

The invention of bells is attributed to Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, about the year 400. They were originally introduced into churches as a defence against thunder and lightning. They were first hung up in England, at Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire, in 945. In the eleventh century and later, it was the custom to baptize them in churches before they were used. The curfew-bell was established in 1068. It was rung at eight o'clock in the evening, when people were obliged to put out their fire and candle. The custom was abolished in 1100. Chimes, or musical bells, were invented at Alost, in Belgium, 1487. Bellmen were appointed in London, in 1556, to ring the bells at night, and cry,

"Take care of your fire and candle, be charitable to the poor, and pray for the dead."

How many are aware of the origin of the word "boo!" used to frighten children? It is a corruption of Boh, the name of a fierce Gothic general, the son of Odin, the mention of whose name spread a panic among his enemies.

Book-keeping was first introduced into England from Italy by Peele, in 1569. It was derived from a system of algebra published by Burgo, at Venice.

Notaries public were first appointed by the Fathers of the Christian Church to make a collection of the acts or memoirs of martyrs in the first century.

The administration of the oath in civil cases is of high antiquity. See Exodus xxii. 11. Swearing on the Gospels was first used in 528. The oath was first administered in judicial proceedings in England by the Saxons, in 600. The words "So help me God, and all saints," concluded an oath, till 1550.

Signals to be used at sea were first contrived by James II., when he was Duke of York, in 1665. They were afterwards improved by the French commander Tourville, and by Admiral Balchen.

Raw silk is said to have first been made by a people of China called Ceres, 150 B. C. It was first brought from India, in 274, and a pound of it at that time was worth a pound of gold. The manufacture of raw silk was introduced into Europe from India by some monks in 550. Silk dresses were first worn in 1455. The eggs of the silk-worm were first brought into Europe in 527.

Paulus Jovius was the first person who introduced mottoes; Dorat, the first who brought anagrams into

fashion. Rabelais was the first who wrote satires in French prose; Etienne Jodelle, the first who introduced tragedies into France. The Cardinal of Ferrara, Archbishop of Lyons, was the first who had a tragicomedy performed on the stage of Italian comedians. The first sonnet that appeared in French is attributed to Jodelle.

Guido Aretino, a Benedictine monk of Arezzo, Tuscany, in 1204 designated the notes used in the musical scale by syllables derived from the following verses of a Latin hymn dedicated to St. John:—

UT queant	laxis REsonare fibris,
MIra gestorum	FAmuli tuorum,
SOLve pollutis	LAbii reatum.
	O Pater Alme.

By this means he converted the old tetrachord into hexachords. He also invented lines and spaces in musical notation.

The invention of clocks is by some ascribed to Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona, in the ninth century; and by others, to Boethius, in the early part of the sixth. The Saracens are supposed to have had clocks which were moved by weights, as early as the eleventh century; and, as the term is applied by Dante to a machine which struck the hours, clocks must have been known in Italy about the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. The most ancient clock of which we have any certain account was erected in a tower of the palace of Charles V., King of France, in 1364, by Henry de Wyck or de Vick, a German artist. A clock was erected at Strasbourg in 1370, at Courtray about the same period, and at Speyer in 1395.

Watches are said to have been made at Nuremberg as early as 1477; but it is uncertain how far the watches then constructed resembled those now in use. Some of the early ones were very small, in the shape of a pear, and sometimes fitted into the top of a walking-stick. As time-keepers, watches could have had very little value before the application of the spiral spring as a regulator to the balance. This was invented by Hooke, in 1658.

The use of the pendulum was suggested by a circumstance similar to that which started in Newton's mind the train of thought that led to the theory of gravitation. Galileo, when under twenty years of age, standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa, observed a lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swing backwards and forwards. This was a thing so common that thousands, no doubt, had observed it before; but Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backwards and forwards, reflected upon it, and perfected the method now in use of measuring time by means of a pendulum.

A monk named Rivalto mentions, in a sermon preached in Florence in 1305, that spectacles had then been known about twenty years. This would place the invention about the year 1285.

Quills are supposed to have been used for writing-pens in the fifth century, though the conjecture rests mainly on an anecdote of Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, who, being so illiterate that he could not write even the initials of his own name, was provided with a plate of gold through which the letters were cut, and, this being placed on the paper when his signature was required, he traced the

letters with a quill. The date of the earliest certain account of the modern writing-pen is 636. The next notice occurs in the latter part of the same century, in a Latin sonnet to a pen by Aldhelm, a Saxon author. The reeds formerly employed are still used in some Eastern nations. Steel pens were first made by Wise, in England, in 1803.

The first known treatise on stenography is the curious and scarce little work entitled "Arte of Shorte, Swifte, and Secrete Writing by Character, invented by Timothe Bright, Doctor of Phisike."

The art of printing, according to Du Halde and the missionaries, was practised in China nearly fifty years before the Christian Era. In the time of Confucius, B.C. 500, books were formed of slips of bamboo; and about 150 years after Christ, paper was first made; A.D. 745, books were bound into leaves; A.D. 900, printing was in general use. The process of printing is simple. The materials consist of a graver, blocks of wood, and a brush, which the printers carry with them from place to place. Without wheel, or wedge, or screw, a printer will throw off more than two thousand five hundred impressions in one day. The paper (thin) can be bought for one-fourth the price in China that it can in any other country. The works of Confucius, six volumes, four hundred leaves, octavo, can be bought for twelve cents.

Stamps for marking wares, packages, &c. were in use among the Roman tradesmen; and it is highly probable that had the modern art of making paper been known to the ancients, they would have diffused among themselves, and transmitted to posterity, printed books.

From the early commercial intercourse of the Venetians with China, there is reason to believe that

the knowledge of the art and of its application to the multiplying of books was derived from thence; for Venice is the first place in Europe, of which we have any account, in which it was practised, a Government decree respecting it having been issued October 11, 1441. Previous to the year 1450, all printing had been executed by means of engraved blocks of wood; but about this period, the great and accumulating expense of engraving blocks for each separate work led to the substitution of movable metal types. The credit of this great improvement is given to Peter Schœffer, the assistant and son-in-law of John Faust, of Mentz, (commonly called Dr. Faustus.) The first book printed with the cast metal types was the "Mentz Bible," which was executed by Faust and Guttemberg, between the years 1450 and 1455.

The Dutch claim to have originated stereotyping. They have, as they say, a prayer-book stereotyped in 1701. The first attempt at stereotyping in America was made in 1775, by Benjamin Mecom, a printer of Philadelphia. He cast plates for a number of pages of the New Testament, but never completed them.

The first printing-press in America was established at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639.

COCK-FIGHTING.

Themistocles, marching against the Persians, beheld two gamecocks in the heat of battle, and thereupon pointed out to his Athenian soldiery their indomitable courage. The Athenians were victorious; and Themistocles gave order that an annual cock-fight should be held in commemoration of the

encounter they had witnessed. No record of this sport occurs in England before the year 1191.

TURNCOAT.

The opprobious epithet, *turncoat*, took its rise from one of the first dukes of Savoy, whose dominions lying open to the incursions of the two contending houses of Spain and France, he was obliged to temporize and fall in with that power that was most likely to distress him, according to the success of their arms against one another. So being frequently obliged to change sides, he humorously got a coat made that was *blue* on one side, and *white* on the other, and might be indifferently worn either side out. While in the *Spanish* interest, he wore the *blue* side out, and the *white* side was the badge for the *French*. Hence he was called Emmanuel, surnamed the *Turncoat*, by way of distinguishing him from other princes of the same name of that house.

INDIA-RUBBER.

Caoutchouc was long known before its most valuable qualities were appreciated. One of the earliest notices of its practical use occurs in Dr. Priestly's *Theory and Practice of Perspective*, printed in 1770. "I have seen" says he, "a substance excellently adapted to the purpose of wiping from paper the marks of a black lead-pencil. It must, therefore, be of singular use to those who practice drawing. It is sold by Mr. Nairne, mathematical instrument-maker, opposite the Royal Exchange. He sells a cubical piece, of about half an inch, for three shillings; and, he says, it

will last several years."

FRICTION MATCHES.

In 1836 the subject of friction matches attracted the attention of Mr. L. C. Allin, of Springfield, Massachusetts. At that time a clumsy phosphoric match, imported from France, had come into limited use in the United States. It was made by dipping the match-stick first into sulphur, and then into a paste composed of chloride of potash, red lead, and loaf sugar. Each box of matches was accompanied by a bottle of sulphuric acid, into which every match had to be dipped in order to light it. To abolish this inconvenience, and make a match which would light from the friction caused by any rough surface, was the task to which young Allin applied himself. He succeeded, but took out no patent. On being urged to do so, he found that a patent had already been obtained by one Phillips of Chicopee, a peddler, who had probably picked up through a third party the result of Mr. Allin's study. Mr. Allin's legal adviser thought that he (Allin) would do better to have the right to manufacture under Phillips' patent (which Phillips gave him without charge, in consideration of the waiving of his claim,) than to bear the expense of the litigation which was feared to be necessary to establish his claim. So the inventor of friction matches became simply a manufacturer under another man's patent.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

On the 12th of April, 1606, the Union Jack—that famous ensign—first made its appearance. From Rymer's *Fœdera*, and the Scottish Annals of Sir James Balfour, we learn that some differences having arisen between ships of the two countries at sea, the king ordained that a new flag be adopted with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George interlaced, by placing the latter fimbriated on the blue flag of Scotland as the ground thereof. This flag all ships were to carry at their main top; but English ships were to display St. George's red cross at their stern, and the Scottish the white saltire of St. Andrew.

BLUE-STOCKING.

It was the fashion in London, in 1781, for ladies to have evening assemblies, where they might participate in conversation with literary men. These societies acquired the name of *Blue-Stocking* Clubs,—an appellation which has been applied to pedantic females ever since. It arose from the custom of Mr. Stillingfleet, one of the most eminent members, wearing blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, and his absence was so great a loss, that it used to be said, "We can do nothing without the Blue Stockings;" and thus the title was gradually established. In Hannah More's poem, *Bas bleu*, many of the most conspicuous members are mentioned.

SKEDADDLE.

This word may be easily traced to a Greek origin. The verb σκεδαννυμι, of which the root is σκεδα, is

used freely by Thucydides, Herodotus, and other Greek writers, in describing the dispersion of a routed army. From the root σκεδα the word skedaddle is formed by simply adding the euphonious termination *dle* and doubling the *d*, as required by the analogy of our language in such words. In many words of undoubted Greek extraction much greater changes are made.

The Swedes have a similar word, *skuddadahl*, and the Danes another, *skyededehl*, both of which have the same signification.

An old version of the Irish New Testament contains the passage, "For it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be *sgedad ol*." This compound Irish word *sgedad ol* (all scattered or utterly routed) was probably used by some Irishman at Bull Run, and, being regarded as felicitous, was at once adopted.

FOOLSCAP PAPER.

The term of "foolscap," to designate a certain size of paper, no doubt has puzzled many an anxious inquirer. It appears that Charles I., of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of the Government, among others the manufacture of paper. The water-mark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, and large fortunes were made by those who purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I. to the scaffold; and, by way of showing contempt for the King, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper,

and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the fool's cap was taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals bears the name of the water-mark placed there as an indignity to King Charles.

THE FIRST FORGED BANK-NOTE.

Sixty-four years after the establishment of the Bank of England, the first forged note was presented for payment, and to Richard William Vaughn, a Stafford linen-draper, belongs the melancholy celebrity of having led the van in this new phase of crime, in the year 1758. The records of his life do not show want, beggary or starvation urging him, but a simple desire to seem greater than he was. By one of the artists employed (and there were several engaged on different parts of the notes) the discovery was made. The criminal had filled up to the number of twenty and deposited them in the hands of a young lady to whom he was attached, as a proof of his wealth. There is no calculating how much longer bank-notes might have been free from imitation had this man not shown with what ease they could be counterfeited. From this period forged notes became common. His execution did not deter others from the offence, and many a neck was forfeited to the halter before the late abolition of capital punishment for that crime.

THE FIRST PIANO-FORTE.

A play-bill of the Covent Garden Theatre, dated May

16, 1767, after setting forth the performance of *The Beggar's Opera*, contains the following notification:—"End of Act First, Miss Brickler will sing a favorite song from *Judith*, accompanied by Mr. Dibdin on a new instrument called Piano-Forte." The first manufacturer is believed to be a German named Backers, as there is still in existence the name-board of a piano inscribed "Americus Backers, *Factor et Inventor*, Jermyn Street, London, 1776."

THE FIRST DOCTORS.

The title of DOCTOR was invented in the twelfth century, at the first establishment of the universities. The first person upon whom it was conferred was IRNERIUS, a learned Professor of *Law*, at the University of Bologna. He induced the Emperor Lothaire II., whose Chancellor he was, to create the title; and he himself was the first recipient of it. He was made Doctor of Laws by that university. Subsequently the title was borrowed by the faculty of Theology, and first conferred by the University of Paris on PETER LOMBARD, the celebrated scholastic theologian. WILLIAM GORDENIO was the first person upon whom the title of Doctor of Medicine was bestowed. He received it from the college at Asti, in 1329.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

The first proclamation of Thanksgiving Day that is to be found in a printed form is the one issued by his Excellency FRANCIS BERNARD, Captain-General and

Governor-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, and Vice-Admiral of the same, in 1767. It is as follows:—

A Proclamation for a Public Thanksgiving.

As the Business of the Year is now drawing towards a Conclusion, we are reminded, according to the laudable Usage of this Province, to join together in a grateful Acknowledgement of the manifold Mercies of the Divine Providence conferred upon Us in the passing Year: Wherefore, I have thought fit to appoint, and I do with the advice of His Majesty's Council appoint, Thursday, the Third Day of *December* next, to be a day of public Thanksgiving, that we may thereupon with one Heart and Voice return our most humble Thanks to Almighty God for the gracious Dispensations of His Providence since the last religious Anniversary of this kind: and especially for—that he has been pleased to preserve and maintain our most gracious Sovereign King GEORGE in Health and Wealth, in Peace and Honour; and to extend the Blessings of his Government to the remotest Part of his Dominions;—that He hath been pleased to bless and preserve our gracious QUEEN CHARLOTTE, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of WALES, the Princess Dowager of WALES, and all the Royal family, and by the frequent Encrease of the Royal Issue to assure to us the Continuation of the Blessings which we derive from that illustrious House;—that He hath been pleased to prosper the whole British Empire by the Preservation of Peace, the Encrease of Trade, and the opening of new Sources of National Wealth;—and now particularly that he hath been pleased to favor the people of this

province with healthy and kindly Seasons, and to bless the Labour of their Hands with a Sufficiency of the Produce of the Earth and of the Sea.

And I do exhort all Ministers of the Gospel, with their several Congregations, within this Province, that they assemble on the said Day in a Solemn manner to return their most humble thanks to Almighty GOD for these and all other His Mercies vouchsafed unto us, and to beseech Him, notwithstanding our Unworthiness, to continue his gracious Providence over us. And I command and enjoin all Magistrates and Civil Officers to see that the said Day be observed as a Day set apart for religious worship, and that no servile Labour be permitted thereon.

GIVEN at the Council Chamber in Boston, the Fourth Day of November, 1767, in the Eighth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

FRA BERNARD.

By his Excellency's Command.

A. OLIVER, *Sec'ry*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

THE FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

In Thatcher's *Military Journal*, under date of December, 1777, is a note containing the first prayer in Congress, made by the Rev. Jacob Duché, rector of

Christ Church, a gentleman of learning and eloquence, who subsequently proved traitorous to the cause of Independence:—

O Lord our heavenly Father, high and mighty King of kings and Lord of lords, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers on earth, and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all the kingdoms, empires, and governments; look down in mercy, we beseech thee, on these American states, who have fled to thee from the rod of the oppressor, and thrown themselves on thy gracious protection, desiring to be henceforth dependent only on thee; to thee they have appealed for the righteousness of their cause; to thee do they now look up for that countenance and support which thou alone canst give; take them, therefore, heavenly Father, under thy nurturing care; give them wisdom in council, and valor in the field; defeat the malicious designs of our cruel adversaries; convince *them* of the unrighteousness of their cause; and if they still persist in their sanguinary purposes, O let the voice of thine own unerring justice, sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands in the day of battle. Be thou present, O God of Wisdom, and direct the counsels of this honorable assembly; enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundation, that the scene of blood may be speedily closed, that order, harmony, and peace may be effectually restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish amongst thy people. Preserve the health of their bodies and the vigor of their minds; shower down on *them* and the *millions* they here represent, such temporal blessings as thou seest expedient for them in this world, and crown them with everlasting glory in the world to come. All this

we ask in the name and through the merits of Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Saviour. Amen!

THE FIRST REPORTERS.

In Sylvester O'Halloran's *History and Antiquities of Ireland*, published in Dublin in 1772, is the curious entry subjoined. Bille, a Milesian king of a portion of Spain, had a son named Gollamh, who "solicited his father's permission to assist their Phœnician ancestors, then greatly distressed by continual wars," and having gained his consent, the passage describing the result proceeds thus:—

With a well-appointed fleet of thirty ships and a select number of intrepid warriors, he weighed anchor from the harbor of Corunna for Syria. It appears that war was not the sole business of this equipment; for in this fleet were embarked twelve youths of uncommon learning and abilities, who were directed to make remarks on whatever they found new, either in astronomy, navigation, arts, sciences, or manufactures. They were to communicate their remarks and discoveries to each other, and keep an exact account of whatever was worthy of notice. This took place in the year of the world, 2650.

These twelve youths were *reporters*, and if this story be true, the profession constituting "the fourth estate" may boast of an ancient lineage.

THE FIRST EPIGRAM.

Among "first things," the following is worth

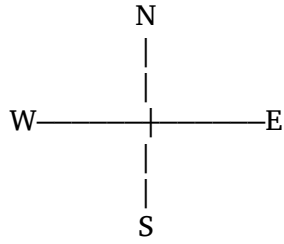
preserving, as it is believed to be the first epigram extant in the English language. It was written by Sir Thomas Wyat, who in some of his sonnets did not hesitate to intimate his secret passion for Anne Boleyn.

Of a new married student that plaid fast or lose.

A studient at his bok so plast,
That wealth he might have wonne,
From bok to wife did flete in hast,
From welth to wo to runne.
Now who hath plaid a feater cast,
Since jugling first begonne?
In *knitting* of himself so *fast*,
Himself he hath undone.

NEWS.

The word news is commonly supposed to be derived from the adjective *new*. It is asserted, however, that its origin is traceable to a custom in former times of placing on the newspapers of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:—



These letters were intended to indicate that the paper contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, but they finally came to assume the form of the word *news*, from which the term newspaper is derived.

THE EARLIEST NEWSPAPERS.

The Englishe Mercurie, now in MS. in the British Museum, has been proved to be a forgery. The oldest regular newspaper published in England was established by Nathaniel Butter, in 1662.

The oldest paper in France was commenced by Theophrastus Renaudet, in 1632, during the reign of Louis XIII. It was called the *Gazette de France*.

The first Dutch newspaper, which is still continued under the name of the *Haarlem Courant*, is dated January 8, 1656. It was then called *De Weeckelycke Courante van Europa*, and contained two small folio pages of news.

The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703. Peter the Great not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence in which are marks and alterations in his own hand. There are two complete copies of the first year's edition of this paper in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg.

The first newspaper established in North America was the Boston News-Letter, commenced April 24, 1704. It was half a sheet of paper, twelve inches by eight, two columns on a page. B. Green was the printer. It survived till 1776,—seventy-two years. It advocated the policy of the British Government at

the commencement of the Revolution.

From a copy of this paper printed in 1769 is obtained the following announcement:—

"The bell-cart will go through Boston, before the end of next month, to collect rags for the paper-mill at Milton, when all people that will encourage the paper-manufactory may dispose of their rags:

Rags are as beauties, which concealéd lie,
But when in paper, how it charms the eye!
Pray save your rags, new beauties it discover;
For paper truly, every one's a lover:
By the pen and press such knowledge is displayed
As wouldn't exist if paper was not made.
Wisdom of things mysterious, divine,
Illustriously doth on paper shine."

THE FIRST PRINTING BY STEAM.

The first printing by steam was executed in the year 1817, by Bensley & Son, London. The first book thus printed was Dr. Elliotson's second edition of Blumenbach's Physiology.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

Professor Morse, having returned to his native land from Europe, proceeded immediately to Washington, where he renewed his endeavors to procure the passage of the bill granting the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars. Towards the close of the session of 1844, the House of Representatives took it up and passed it by a large majority, and it only remained for the action of the Senate. Its progress

through this house, as might be supposed, was watched with the most intense anxiety by Professor Morse. There were only two days before the close of the session, and it was found, on examination of the calendar, that no less than one hundred and forty-three bills had precedence to it. Professor Morse had nearly reached the bottom of his purse; his hard-earned savings were almost spent; and, although he had struggled on with undying hope for many years, it is hardly to be wondered at that he felt disheartened now. On the last night of the session he remained till nine o'clock, and then left without the slightest hope that the bill would be passed. He returned to his hotel, counted his money, and found that after paying his expenses to New York he would have seventy-five cents left. That night he went to bed sad, but not without hope for the future; for, through all his difficulties and trials, that never forsook him. The next morning, as he was going to breakfast, one of the waiters informed him that a young lady was in the parlor waiting to see him. He went in immediately, and found that the young lady was Miss Ellsworth, daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, who had been his most steadfast friend while in Washington.

"I come," said she, "to congratulate you."

"For what?" said Professor Morse.

"On the passage of your bill," she replied.

"Oh, no: you must be mistaken," said he. "I remained in the Senate till a late hour last night, and there was no prospect of its being reached."

"Am I the first, then," she exclaimed, joyfully, "to tell you?"

"Yes, if it is really so."

"Well," she continued, "father remained till the adjournment, and heard it passed; and I asked him if I might not run over and tell you."

"Annie," said the Professor, his emotion almost choking his utterance, "the first message that is sent from Washington to Baltimore shall be sent from you."

"Well," she replied, "I will keep you to your word."

While the line was in process of completion, Prof. Morse was in New York, and upon receiving intelligence that it was in working order, he wrote to those in charge, telling them not to transmit any messages over it till his arrival. He then set out immediately for Washington, and on reaching that city sent a note to Miss Ellsworth, informing her that he was now ready to fulfill his promise, and asking her what message he should send.

To this he received the following reply:—

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!

Words that ought to be written in characters of living light. The message was twice repeated, and each time with the greatest success. As soon as the result of the experiment was made known, Governor Seymour, of Connecticut, afterwards United States minister at St. Petersburg, called upon Professor Morse and claimed the first message for his State, on the ground that Miss Ellsworth was a native of Hartford. We need scarcely add that his claim was admitted; and now, engraved in letters of gold, it is displayed conspicuously in the archives of the Historical Society of Connecticut.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

FORESHADOWINGS OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

O utinam hæc ratio scribendi prodeat usu,
Cautior et citior properaret epistola, nullas
Latronum verita insidias fluviosve morantes:
Ipse suis Princeps manibus sibi conficeret rem!
Nos soboles scribarum, emersi ex æquore nigro,
Consecraremus calamum Magnetis ad aras!

The *Prolusiones Academicæ of Famianus Strada*, first printed in 1617, consist of a series of essays upon Oratory, Philosophy, and Poetry, with some admirable imitations of sundry Roman authors, in the style of *Father Prout's Reliques*. In the imitation of Lucretius, ii. 6, is a description of the loadstone and its power of communicating intelligence, remarkable as foreshadowing the modern method of telegraphic communication. The following is a literal translation of the curious passage:—

The Loadstone is a wonderful sort of mineral. Any articles made of iron, like needles, if touched by it, derive by contact not only peculiar power, but a certain property of motion by which they turn ever towards the Constellation of the Bear, near the North

Pole. By some peculiar correspondency of impulse, any number of needles, which may have touched the loadstone, preserve at all times a precisely corresponding position and motion. Thus it happens that if one needle be moved at Rome, any other, however far apart, is bound by some secret natural condition to follow the same motion.

If you desire, therefore, to communicate intelligence to a distant friend, who cannot be reached by letter, take a plain, round, flat disc, and upon its outer rim mark down the letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, &c., and, traversing upon the middle of your disc, have a needle (which has touched loadstone) so arranged that it may be made to touch upon any particular letter *ad libitum*. Make a similar disc, the exact duplicate of this first one, with corresponding letters on its margin, and with a revolving magnetized needle. Let the friend you propose corresponding with take, at his departure, one disc along with him, and let him agree with you beforehand on what particular days and at what particular hours he will take observation of the needle, to see if it be vibrating and to learn what it marks on the index. With this arrangement understood between you both, if you wish to hold a private conversation with this friend, whom the shores of some distant land have separated from you, turn your finger to the disc and touch the easy-moving needle. Before you lie, marked upon the outer edge, all the various letters: direct the needle to such letters as are necessary to form the words you want, touching a little letter here and there with the needle's point, as it goes traversing round and round the board, until you throw together, one by one, your various ideas. Lo! the wonderful fidelity of correspondence! Your distant friend notes the revolving needle vibrate

without apparent impulse and fly hither and thither round the rim. He notes its movements, and reading, as he follows its motion, the various letters which make up the words, he perceives all that is necessary, and learns your meaning from the interpreting needle. When he sees the needle pause, he, in turn, in like manner touches the various letters, and sends back his answer to his friend. Oh that this style of writing were brought into use, that a friendly message might travel quicker and safer, defying snares of robbers or delaying rivers! Would that the prince himself would finish the great work with his own hands! Then we race of scribblers, emerging from our sea of ink, would lay the quill an offering on the altars of the loadstone.

This idea of Strada is based upon the erroneous impression entertained generally at the time when he wrote, that magnetic power, when imparted by the loadstone to metallic articles like needles, communicated to them a kind of homogeneous impulse, which of necessity caused between them a sympathetic correspondence of motion.

The curious reader will be further interested to learn from the following passage, extracted from the "Tour" of ARTHUR YOUNG, the distinguished agriculturist, who travelled through Ireland in 1775–78, that the theory of electrical correspondence by means of a wire was *practically* illustrated before Mr. Morse was born:—

In electricity, Mons. Losmond has made a remarkable discovery. You write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, in the shape of a small fine pith ball. A wire connects with a similar cylinder and

electrometer in a distant apartment, and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate, *from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance*, within and without a besieged town, for instance, or for a purpose much more worthy and a thousand times more harmless, between two lovers, prohibited or prevented from any better epistolary intercourse.

A second edition of Mr. Young's Tour was published in quarto in 1794, and the above extract may be found on page 79, volume i.

THE FIRST DISCOVERIES OF STEAM-POWER.

The following extracts from an address by Edward Everett, at an agricultural fair, embody facts the more interesting from their limited notoriety:—

I never contemplate the history of navigation of the ocean by steam, but it seems to illustrate to me in the most striking manner the slow steps by which a great movement advances for generations, for ages, from the first germ,—then, when the hour is come, the rapidity with which it rushes to a final consummation. Providence offered this great problem of navigating the ocean by steam to every civilized nation almost on the globe. As long ago as the year 1543, there was a captain in Spain, who constructed a vessel of two hundred tons, and propelled it, at Barcelona, in the presence of the Emperor Charles V. and his court, by an engine, the construction of which he kept a secret. But old

documents tell us it was a monster caldron boiler of water, and that there were two movable wheels on the outside of the vessel. The Emperor was satisfied with its operation, but the treasurer of the kingdom interposed objections to its introduction. The engine itself seems to have sprung to a point of perfection hardly surpassed at the present day, but no encouragement was given to the enterprise. Spain was not ripe for it; the age was not ripe for it; and the poor inventor, whose name was Blasco de Guerere, wearied and disgusted at the want of patronage, took the engine out of the vessel and allowed the ship to rot in the arsenal, and the secret of his machine was buried in his grave.

This was in 1543. A century passed away, and Providence offered the same problem to be solved by France. In reference to this, we have an extraordinary account, and from a source equally extraordinary,—from the writings of a celebrated female, in the middle of that century, equally renowned for her beauty, for her immoralities, and for her longevity,—for she lived to be one hundred and thirty-four years of age,—the famous Marian de l'Orme. There is a letter from this lady, written to one of her admirers in 1641, containing an account of a visit she made to a mad-house in Paris in company with the Marquis of Worcester. She goes on to relate, that in company with the marquis, while crossing the courtyard of that dismal establishment, almost petrified with terror, and clinging to her companion, she saw a frightful face through the bars of the building, and heard this voice:—"I am not mad—I am not mad: I have made a discovery which will enrich the kingdom that shall adopt it." She asked the guide what it meant: he shrugged his shoulders and said, laughingly, "Not much;

something about the powers of steam." Upon this, the lady laughed also, to think that a man should go mad on such a frivolous subject. The guide went on to say that the man's name was Solomon de Coste; that he came from Normandy four years before, and exhibited to the king an invention by which, by the power of steam, you could move a carriage, navigate the ocean: "in short, if you believed him," said the guide, "there was nothing you could not do by the power of steam." Cardinal Richelieu, who at that time was France itself, and who wielded the whole power of government,—and, in truth, an enlightened man, as worldly wisdom goes,—was appealed to by Solomon de Coste. De Coste was a persevering man, and he followed Cardinal Richelieu from place to place, exhibiting his invention, until the cardinal, getting tired of his importunities, sent him to the mad-house. The guide stated further that he had written a book entitled *Motive Power*, and handed the visitors a copy of it. The Marquis of Worcester, who was an inventor, was much interested in the book, and incorporated a considerable portion of it in his well-known work called *The Century of Invention*.

It will be seen from this anecdote how France proved in 1641, as Spain had proved in 1543, that she was unable to take up and wield this mortal thunderbolt. And so the problem of navigating the ocean by steam was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon race. Soon after this period, the best mechanical skill of England was directed towards this invention. Experiments were often made, with no success, and sometimes with only partial success, until the middle of the last century, when the seeds implanted in the minds of ingenious men for two hundred years germinated, and the steam-engine—that scarcely inanimate Titan, that living, burning mechanism—was brought nearly

to a state of perfection by James Watt, who took out a patent in 1769,—the great year in which Wellington and Napoleon were born; and ages after the names of Austerlitz and Waterloo shall perish from the memory of man, the myriad hosts of intelligent labor, marshalled by the fiery champions that James Watt has placed in the field, shall gain their bloodless triumph, not for the destruction but for the service of mankind. All hail, then, to the mute, indefatigable giant, in the depths of the darksome mines, along the pathway of travel and trade, and on the mountain wave, that is destined to drag, urge, heave, haul, for the service of man! No fatigue shall palsy its herculean arm, no trampled hosts shall writhe beneath its iron feet, no widow's heart shall bleed at its beneficent victories. England invented the steam-engine; but it seems as if by the will of Providence she could not go farther. Queen of the seas, as she deemed herself, she could not apply the invention she had brought almost to perfection, and that part of the great problem, the navigation of the ocean by steam, was reserved for the other branch of the Anglo-Saxon race,—the branch situated in a region in this Western hemisphere whose territory is traversed by some of the noblest rivers that belt the surface of the globe, and separated by the world-wide ocean from the Eastern hemisphere. It is amazing to consider how, with the dawn of the Revolution, the thoughts of men turned to the application of steam-navigation. Rumsey, Fitch, and Evans made experiments, and those experiments attracted the notice of one whom nothing escaped pertaining to the welfare of his country: I mean Washington. And we have a certificate from him, expressing the satisfaction with which he had witnessed the experiment of Rumsey.

The attempt proved rather unsuccessful. I think it a providential appointment that the ocean was not navigated by steam in the Revolutionary age. The enormous preponderance of British capital and skill, if the ocean had been navigated by steam, would have put in her possession facilities for blockading our ports and transporting armies to our coasts, which might have had a disastrous effect on the result of the whole contest. But the Revolution passed and independence was established: the hour had come, and the man was there.

In the year 1799 this system of steam-navigation became matured in the mind of Fulton, who found a liberal and active coadjutor in Chancellor Livingston, who, in the same year, applied to the Legislature of New York for an act of incorporation. I am sorry to say that America at that moment could not boast of much keener perception of the nature of this discovery than France or Spain had done before. Chancellor Livingston at last had a petition drawn up of the act he desired passed. It was drafted by the young men of the Legislature, who, when tired of the graver matters of law, used to call up the “steam bill” that they might have a little fun. Young America, on that occasion, did not show himself much wiser than his senior. Nothing daunted at the coldness he received, nothing discouraged by the partial success of the first experiment, Chancellor Livingston persevered. Twenty years elapsed before steamers were found upon our lakes and rivers, and at that time such a system of steam-navigation was wholly unknown, except by hearsay, in Europe. This application of steam soon became a pressing necessity in this country, but twenty years more passed away before it was adopted in England. I could not but think, when the news of the Atlantic

Telegraph came, what must have been the emotions of Fulton and Franklin could they have stood upon the quarter-deck of the Niagara and witnessed the successful termination of that electric communication which is the result of their united discoveries!

ÆRIAL NAVIGATION.

When air-balloons were first discovered, some one flippantly asked Dr. Franklin what was the use of it. The philosopher answered the question by asking another:—"What is the use of a new-born infant? It may become a man."

The first balloon-ascension was made by Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, November 21, 1783, in a montgolfière.

A century and a half before this, John Gregorie wrote, "The air itself is not so unlike to water, but that it may be demonstrated to be navigable, and that a ship may sail upon the convexity thereof by the same reasons that it is carried upon the ocean."

In the first number of the Philosophical Collections, 1679, is "a demonstration how it is practically possible to make a ship, which shall be sustained by the air, and may be moved either by sails or oars," from a work entitled *Prodroma*, published in Italian by P. Francesco Lana. The scheme was that of making a brazen vessel which should weigh less than the air it contained, and consequently float in the air when that which was within it was pumped out. He calculated every thing—except the pressure of the atmosphere, in consequence of which *slight* oversight

he realized no practical result.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood in 1619; but we learn from a passage in Longinus (ch. xxii.) that the fact was known two thousand years before. The father of critics, to exemplify and illustrate the use and value of *trope* in writing, has garbled from the *Timæus* of Plato a number of sentences descriptive of the anatomy of the human body, where the circulation of the blood is pointed at in terms singularly graphic. The exact extent of professional knowledge attained in the time of the great philosopher is by no means clearly defined. He speaks of the fact, however, not with a view to prove what was contested or chimerical, but avails himself of it to figure the surpassing wisdom of the gods in constructing the human frame.

ANÆSTHESIA.

The use of the vapor of sulphuric ether for the purpose of inducing insensibility to surgical operations was first practically adopted by Dr. Morton, of Boston, in 1846; that of chloroform, by Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, in 1847. To this period we must assign the most important epoch in the annals of surgery, and the date of one of the grandest discoveries of science and one of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon humanity.

The idea, however, of saving the human body, by artificial means, from the pains and tortures inflicted

by the knife of the surgeon, has been by no means either first broached or first acted upon in recent times. Intense pain is regarded by mankind generally as so serious an evil that it would have been strange indeed if efforts had not been early made to diminish this species of suffering. The use of the juice of the poppy, henbane, mandragora, and other narcotic preparations, to effect this object by their deadening influence, may be traced back till it disappears in the darkness of a remote antiquity.

Intoxicating vapors were also employed, by way of inhalation, to produce the same effects as drugs of this nature introduced into the stomach. This appears from the account given by Herodotus of the practice of the Scythians, several centuries before Christ, of using the vapor of hemp-seed as a means of drunkenness. The known means of stupefaction were very early resorted to in order to counteract pain produced by artificial causes. In executions under the horrible form of crucifixion, soporific mixtures were administered to alleviate the pangs of the victim. The draught of vinegar and gall, or myrrh, offered to the Saviour in his agony, was the ordinary tribute of human sympathy extorted from the bystander by the spectacle of intolerable anguish.

That some lethean anodyne might be found to assuage the torment of surgical operations as they were anciently performed, [cauterizing the cut surfaces, instead of tying the arteries,] was not only a favorite notion, but it had been in some degree, however imperfect, reduced to practice. Pliny the Naturalist, who perished in the eruption of Vesuvius which entombed the city of Herculaneum in the year 79, bears distinct and decided testimony to this fact.

In his description of the plant known as the

mandragora or circeius, he says, “It has a soporific power on the faculties of those who drink it. The ordinary potion is half a cup. It is drunk against serpents, and *before cuttings and puncturings*, lest they should be felt.” (*Bibitur et contra serpentes, et ante sectiones, punctionesque, ne sentiantur.*)

When he comes to speak of the plant *eruca*, called by us the rocket, he informs us that its seeds, when drunk, infused in wine, by criminals about to undergo the lash, produce a certain callousness or induration of feeling (*duaitiam, quandam contra sensum induere*).

Pliny also asserts that the stone *Memphitis*, powdered and applied in a liniment with vinegar, will stupefy parts to be cut or cauterized, “for it so paralyzes the part that it feels no pain” (*nec sentit cruciatum*).

Dioscorides, a Greek physician of Cilicia, in Asia, who was born about the time of Pliny’s death, and who wrote an extensive work on the materia medica, observes, in his chapter on mandragora,—

1. “Some boil down the roots in wine to a third part, and preserve the juice thus procured, and give one cyathus of it in sleeplessness and severe pains, of whatever part; also *to cause the insensibility*—to produce the anæsthesia ποιειν αναισθησιαν—*of those who are to be cut or cauterized*.”

2. “There is prepared, also, besides the decoction, a wine from the bark of the root, three minæ being thrown into a cask of sweet wine, and of this three cyathi are given *to those who are to be cut or cauterized, as aforesaid*; for, being thrown into a deep sleep, *they do not perceive pain*.”

3. Speaking of another variety of mandragora, called *morion,* he observes, “Medical men use it also for

those who are to be cut or cauterized."

Dioscorides also describes the stone Memphitis, mentioned by Pliny, and says that when it is powdered and applied to parts to be cut or cauterized, they are rendered, *without the slightest danger*, wholly insensible to pain. Matthiolus, the commentator on Dioscorides, confirms his statement of the virtues of mandragora, which is repeated by Dodoneus. "Wine in which the roots of mandragora have been steeped," says this latter writer, "brings on sleep, and appeases all pains, so that it is given to those who are to be cut, sawed, or burned in any parts of their body, that they may not perceive pain."

The expressions used by Apuleius of Madaura, who flourished about a century after Pliny, are still more remarkable than those already quoted from the older authors. He says, when treating of mandragora, "If any one is to have a member mutilated, burned, or sawed, [*mutilandum, comburendum, vel serrandum*,] let him drink half an ounce with wine, and *let him sleep till the member is cut away without any pain or sensation* [*et tantum dormiet, quosque abscindatur membrum aliquo sine dolore et sensu*]."

It was not in Europe and in Western Asia alone that these early efforts to discover some lethean were made, and attended with partial success. On the opposite side of the continent, the Chinese—who have anticipated the Europeans in so many important inventions, as in gunpowder, the mariner's compass, printing, lithography, paper money, and the use of coal—seem to have been quite as far in advance of the Occidental world in medical science. They understood, ages before they were introduced into Christendom, the use of substances containing iodine for the cure of the goitre, and employed

spurred rye (ergot) to shorten dangerously-prolonged labor in difficult accouchements. Among the therapeutic methods confirmed by the experience of thousands of years, the records of which they have preserved with religious veneration, the employment of an anæsthetic agent to paralyze the nervous sensibility before performing surgical operations, is distinctly set forth. Among a considerable number of Chinese works on the pharmacopœia, medicine, and surgery, in the National Library at Paris, is one entitled *Kou-kin-i-tong*, or general collection of ancient and modern medicine, in fifty volumes quarto. Several hundred biographical notices of the most distinguished physicians in China are prefixed to this work. The following curious passages occur in the sketches of the biography of *Hoa-tho*, who flourished under the dynasty of *Wei*, between the years 220 and 230 of our era. "When he determined that it was necessary to employ acupuncture, he employed it in two or three places; and so with the *moxa* if that was indicated by the nature of the affection to be treated. But if the disease resided in parts upon which the needle, moxa, or liquid medicaments could not operate,—for example in the bones, or the marrow of the bones, in the stomach or the intestines,—*he gave* the patient a preparation of hemp, (in the Chinese language *mayo*,) and after a few moments he became as insensible as if he had been drunk or dead. Then, as the case required, he performed operations, incisions, or amputations, and removed the cause of the malady; then he brought together and secured the tissues, and applied liniments. After a certain number of days, the patient recovered, *without having experienced the slightest pain during the operation*."

Almost a thousand years after the date of the

unmistakable phrases quoted from Apuleius, according to the testimony of William of Tyre, and other chroniclers of the wars for the rescue of the holy sepulchre, and the fascinating narrative of *Marco Polo*, a state of anæsthesia was induced for very different purposes. It became an instrument in the hands of bold and crafty impostors to perpetuate and extend the most terrible fanaticism that the world has ever seen.

The employment of anæsthetic agents in surgical operations was not forgotten or abandoned during the period when they were pressed into the appalling service just described. In the thirteenth century, anæsthesia was produced by inhalation of an anodyne vapor, in a mode oddly forestalling the practices of the present day, which is described as follows in the surgical treatise of Theodoric, who died in 1298. It is the receipt for the "spongia somnifera," as it is called in the rubric:—

"The preparation of a scent for performing surgical operations, according to Master Hugo. It is made thus:—Take of opium and the juice of unripe mulberry, of hyoscyamus, of the juice of the hemlock, of the juice of the leaves of the mandragora, of the juice of the woody ivy, of the juice of the forest mulberry, of the seeds of lettuce, of the seed of the burdock, which has large and round apples, and of the water-hemlock, each one ounce; mix the whole of these together in a brazen vessel, and then place a new sponge in it, and let the whole boil, and as long as the sun on the dog-days, till it (the sponge) consumes it all, and let it be boiled away in it. As often as there is need of it, place this same sponge in warm water for one hour, and let it be applied to the nostrils till he who is to

be operated on (*qui incidentus est*) has fallen asleep; and in this state let the operation be performed (*et sic fiat chirurgia*). When this is finished, in order to rouse him, place another, dipped in vinegar, frequently to his nose, or let the juice of the roots of fenigreek be squirted into his nostrils. Presently he awakens."

Subsequent to Theodoric's time, we find many interesting and suggestive observations in the writings of Baptista Porta, Chamappe, Meissner, Dauriol, Haller, and Blandin. About half a century ago, Sir Humphry Davy thus hinted at the possibility that a pain subduing gas might be inhaled:—"As *nitrous oxide*, in its extensive operation, appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place." Baron Larrey, Napoleon's surgeon, after the battle of Eylau, found a remarkable insensibility in the wounded who suffered amputations, owing to the intense cold. This fact afterwards led to the application of ice as a local anæsthetic.

The former general belief that a degree of anæsthetic and prolonged sleep could be induced artificially by certain medicated potions and preparations is also shown by the frequency with which the idea is alluded to by the older poets and storytellers, and made part of the machinery in the popular romance and drama. In the history of Taliesin, (one of the antique Welsh tales contained in the Mabinogion,) Rhun is described as having put the maid of the wife of Elphin into a deep sleep with a powder put into her drink, and as having cut off one of her fingers when she was in this case of artificial anæsthesia. Shakspeare, besides alluding more than once to the soporific property of mandragora, describes with

graphic power in Romeo and Juliet, and in Cymbeline, the imagined effects of subtle distilled potions supposed capable of inducing, without danger, a prolonged state of death-like sleep or lethargy. And Thomas Middleton, in his tragedy of *Women beware Women*, published in 1657, pointedly and directly alludes in the following lines, to the practice of anæsthesia in ancient surgery:—

Hippolito. Yes, my lord,
I make no doubt, as I shall take the course,
Which she shall never know till it be acted;
And when she wakes to honor, then she'll thank me for't.
I'll imitate the pities of old surgeons
To this lost limb; *who, ere they show their art,*
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part;
So out of love to her I pity most,
She shall not feel him going till he's lost;
Then she'll commend the cure.—Act iv. Sc. 1.

The following curious lines from Du Bartas, translated by Joshua Sylvester (?) are also well worth transcribing in this connection.

Du Bartas died about the year 1590:—

Even as a Surgeon minding off-to-cut
Som cureless limb; before in use he put
His violent Engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his Patient in a senseless slumber:
And griefless then (guided by Use and Art)
To save the whole saws off th' infested part.
So God empal'd our Grandsire's (Adam) lively look,
Through all his bones a deadly chilness strook,
Siel'd-up his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,
Led down his feet (almost) to Lethe's sands;
In briefe, so numm'd his Soule's and Bodie's sense,
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence
He took a rib, which rarely He refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankind.

The history of anæsthetics is a remarkable illustration of the acknowledged fact that science has sometimes, for a long season, altogether lost sight of great practical thoughts, from being unprovided with proper means and instruments for carrying out those thoughts into practical execution; and hence it ever and anon occurs that a supposed modern discovery is only the rediscovery of a principle already sufficiently known to other ages, or to remote nations.

THE BOOMERANG.

The following paragraph in Pliny's *Natural History*, xxiv. 72, apparently refers to the Boomerang, with which, according to recent discoveries, the early people of the East were acquainted. See Bonomi's *Nineveh*, p. 136. Pliny, speaking of the account given by Pythagoras of the *Aquifolia*, either the holm-oak or the holly, says:—

Baculum ex eâ factum, in quodvis animal emissum, etiamsi citra ceciderit defectu mittentis, ipsum per sese cubitu proprius adlabi; tam præcipuam naturam inesse arbori.

(If a staff made of this wood, when thrown at any animal, from want of strength in the party throwing it, happens to fall short of the mark, it will fall back again towards the thrower of its own accord—so remarkable are the properties of this tree.)

The readings of the passage vary, *cubitu* being given in some MSS. for *recubitu*. Pythagoras probably heard of the *baculum* during his travels eastward, and being unable to understand how its formation could endow it with the singular property referred to, was induced to believe that this peculiarity was owing to the nature of the tree.

THE ATTRACTION OF GRAVITATION.

Both Dante and Shakspeare preceded Newton in knowledge of the principle, if not the law, of gravitation. In their anticipation of its discovery, the poets may not have deemed it other than a philosophic or poetic speculation. But the following passages attest earlier observations of a physical law than those of Pascal or Newton.

Shakspeare says in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth
Drawing all things to it.—iv. 2.

and

True as earth to its centre.—iii. 2.

Three centuries before Shakspeare, Dante said in the *Inferno*:—

Thou dost imagine we are still
On the other side the central point, where I
Clasped the earth-piercing worm, fell cause of ill.
So far as I continued to descend,
That side we kept; but when I turned, then we
Had passed the point to which all bodies tend.

Canto xxxiv.
106–111.

EARLY INVENTION OF RIFLING.

In Sir Hugh Plat's *Jewel-House of Art and Nature*, 1653, (1st edition 1594) the 17th article runs thus:—

How to make a Pistol, whose Barrel is 2 Foot in Length,

to deliver a Bullet point blank at Eightscore.

A pistol of the aforesaid length, and being of the petronel bore, or a bore higher, having eight gutters somewhat deep in the inside of the barrel, and the bullet a thought bigger than the bore, and so rammed in at the first three or four inches at the least, and after driven down with the scouring stick, will deliver his bullet at such distance. This I had of an English gentleman of good note for an approved experiment.

TABLE-MOVING AND ALPHABET-RAPPING IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

The following remarkable narration is the confession of a conspirator named Hilarius, who was accused of resorting to unlawful arts for the purpose of discovering who should be the successor to the Roman Emperor Valens, who died A.D. 378. We are told by Ammianus Marcellinus, a contemporary historian, that, while under torture, he thus addressed his judges:—

With direful rites, O august judges, we prepared this unfortunate little table, which you see, of laurel branches, in imitation of the Delphic cortina, (or tripod,) and when it had been duly consecrated by imprecation of secret charms and many long and choric ceremonies, we at length moved it. The method of moving it, when it was consulted on secret matters, was as follows: It was placed in the midst of a house purified with Arabian odors; upon it was placed a round dish, made of various metallic substances, which had the twenty-four letters of the alphabet curiously engraved round the rim, at

accurately-measured distances from each other. One clothed with linen garments, carrying branches of a sacred tree, and having, by charms framed for the purpose, propitiated the deity who is the giver of prescience, places other lesser cortinæ on this larger one, with ceremonial skill. He holds over them a ring which has been subjected to some mysterious preparation, and which is suspended by a very fine Carpathian thread. This ring, passing over the intervals, and falling on one letter after the other, spells out heroic verses pertinent to the questions asked. We then thus inquired who should succeed to the government of the empire. The leaping ring had indicated two syllables, (THE-OD;) and on the addition of the last letter one of the persons present cried out, "Theodorus."

Theodorus, and many others, were executed for their share in this dark transaction, (see Gibbon;) but Theodosius the Great finally succeeded to the empire, and was, of course, supposed to be the person indicated by the magic rites. The above literal translation is given by the learned Dr. Maitland in a little book, lately published, *Essay on False Worship*, London, 1856. The original was hardly intelligible, till light had been thrown on it by recent practices, of which we have all heard so much. The coincidence is, to say the least, extraordinary, and opens views which are briefly considered in the above-mentioned work.

AUSCULTATION AND PERCUSSION.

Laennec invented the stethoscope and perfected his discoveries in the physical diagnosis of the diseases of the heart and lungs, in 1816.

Avenbrugger published his work on Percussion in 1761.

One hundred and fifty years before Laennec's suddenly conceived act of applying a roll of paper to the breast of a female patient gave birth to thoracic acoustics, that ingenious and philosophic man, Robert Hooke, said in his writings:—

"There may be a possibility of discovering the internal motions and actions of bodies by the sound they make. Who knows, but that as in a watch we may hear the beating of the balance, and the running of the wheels, and the striking of the hammers, and the grating of the teeth, and a multitude of other noises,—who knows, I say, but that it may be possible to discover the motions of internal parts of bodies, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, by the sounds they make?—that one may discover the works performed in the several offices and shops of a man's body, and thereby discover what engine is out of order, what works are going on at several times and lie still at others, and the like? I have this encouragement not to think all these things impossible, though never so much derided by the generality of men, and never so seemingly mad, foolish, and fantastic, that as the thinking them impossible cannot much improve my knowledge, so the believing them possible may perhaps be an occasion for taking notice of such things as another would pass by without regard as useless, and somewhat more of encouragement I have from experience that I have been able to hear very plainly the beating of a man's heart; and it is common to hear the motion of the wind to and fro in the intestines; the stopping of the lungs is easily discovered by the wheezing. As to the motion of the

parts one among the other, to their becoming sensible they require either that their motions be increased or that the organ (the ear) be made more nice and powerful, to sensate and distinguish them as they are; for the doing of both which I think it is not impossible but that in many cases there may be HELPS found."

THE STEREOSCOPE.

Sir David Brewster, inquiring into the history of the stereoscope, finds that its fundamental principle was well known even to Euclid; that it was distinctly described by Galen fifteen hundred years ago; and that Giambattista Porta had, in 1599, given such a complete drawing of the two separate pictures as seen by each eye, and of the combined picture placed between them, that we recognize in it not only the principle, but the construction, of the stereoscope.

PREDICTIONS OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Seneca, in his *Medea*, Act ii, thus shadowed forth this event fifteen centuries before its occurrence:—

Venient annis Sæcula seris,
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat Tellus,
Tiphysque novos detegat orbes;
Nec sit terris Ultima Thule.

(After the lapse of years, ages will come in which Ocean shall relax his chains around the world, and a vast continent shall appear, and Tiphys—the pilot—shall

explore new regions, and Thule shall be no longer the utmost verge of the earth.)

"A prediction," says the commentator, "of the Spanish discovery of America."

Before Seneca's lines were written, Plato had narrated the Egyptian legend that, engulfed in the ocean, but sometimes visible, was the island of Atalantis, supposed to mean the Western world.

Pulci, the friend of Lorenzo de Medici, in his *Morgante Maggiore*, written before the voyage of Columbus and before the physical discoveries of Galileo and Copernicus, introduces this remarkable prophecy; (alluding to the vulgar belief that the *Columns of Hercules* were the limits of the earth.)

Know that this theory is false: his bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set,
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.
Men shall descry another hemisphere;
Since to one common centre all things tend,
So earth, by curious mystery divine,
Well balanced hangs amid the starry spheres.
At our antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see, the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light.

Dante, two centuries before, put this language into the mouth of Ulysses:—

The broad Atlantic first my keel impressed,
I saw the sinking barriers of the west,
And boldly thus addressed my hardy crew:—

While yet your blood is warm, my gallant train,
Explore with me the perils of the main
And find new worlds unknown to mortal view.
Inferno, Canto 26.

He then proceeds to mention the discovery of a mountainous island, after five months' sailing.

The probability of a short western passage to India is mentioned by Aristotle, *De Cœlo*, ii., a view confirmed in stronger terms afterwards by Edrisi, the Arabian geographer, Strabo, Francis Bacon, Cardinal de Alliaco (*Imago Mundi*), and Toscanelli.

Triumphs of Ingenuity.

Though there were many giants of old in physic and philosophy, yet I say, with Didacus Stella, "A dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself."—BURTON, *Anat. of Melancholy*.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PLANET NEPTUNE.

In his solitary study sat a young man, pale and thoughtful. His eyes were fixed upon myriads of numerals, through whose complexity his far-reaching mind saw into the untold mysteries of the solar universe. His glass was not pointed to the heavens, his eyes looked not out upon the stars, but his soul, in deep abstraction, pondered over the perturbations of Uranus, as noted for many a year before by many a casual observer. He measured the intensity and the direction of the disturbing forces, questioned the planet that was seen and known concerning the unknown cause of its irregularities, and compelled a star, itself beyond the reach of the common eye, to tell of the whereabouts, the volume, the orbit, of its fellow, which no eye, even through an optic-glass, had ever yet seen, and whose very existence then

came for the first time upon the mental vision of the youthful sage through the power of numerical calculation. His was a faith. It was the evidence of things not seen. But it was like that higher and better faith of which spake the great Apostle of the Gentiles,—fast and sure. Full of his discovery, Le Verrier offered his conclusions to the Academy; but learned men, when assembled in bodies, give to enthusiasts but a cold reception. Le Verrier, sure of his position, then wrote to Dr. Galle, the Astronomer-Royal in Berlin, asking him to point his powerful glass to a certain quarter of the heavens, where must be found at that time the last of the planets. And there it was; and thence it was traced upon its mighty way, bending, like its fellows, to the distant influence of its great centre, the sun. There is something almost affecting in the thought that Le Verrier should have been denied the first direct sight of the sublime star towards which his soul had been so long leaning and which had so long been within his mental vision. It was, however, a fortunate loss, since his adversaries would have charged him with having found by chance what he detected by reason, and thus have placed in a common category one of the most magnificent discoveries of modern times, a beautiful illustration of the gigantic power of calculation.

The distance of Neptune from the sun is 2,810,000,000 miles, and the time required for its orbital revolution, 164 years. Its diameter is 41,500 miles.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PLANET VULCAN.

Leverrier, encouraged and made illustrious by his success in exploring those infinite spaces beyond the orbit of Herschel, turned his attention to the innermost circles—the central region of our solar system. By theoretical demonstrations, based on irregularities in the movements of Mercury, he proved the existence of some planet or planets lying still more closely within the light and heat of the sun. While proceeding with his calculations, he received a letter from Lescarbault—a poor physician of Orgères, a village in the department of Eure and Loire, in France—announcing the discovery of an intra-Mercurial body, making its transit, in appearance like a small black spot, across the disk of the sun. Possessed of a sensitive and modest soul,—as all true lovers of science are,—the doctor at first doubted the reality of his discovery, and hesitated to make it known. It was only after vainly waiting nine months, to verify his observation by another view of the object, that he prepared a letter, narrating what he thought he had seen, and sent it to the great Leverrier. The latter had just published an article on Mercury's perturbations in the *Kosmos* of Paris. Astonished at this coincident proof of the correctness of his theory, he lost no time in starting for the village of Orgères, to obtain a personal interview with the humble discoverer of the new orb. The following account of the meeting was reported in the *Kosmos* by the Abbé Moigne, who took it from the lips of Leverrier himself:—

Leverrier left Paris for Orgères, in company with Vallee, four days after the date of Lescarbault's letter. Orgères was twelve miles from the nearest railroad-station, and the party had to foot it across the country. On their arrival, Leverrier knocked loudly at the door, which was opened by the doctor himself;

but his visitor declined to give his name. The simple, modest, timid Lescarbault, small in stature, stood abashed before the tall Leverrier, who, in blunt intonation, addressed him thus: “It is you, then, sir, who pretend to have discovered the intra-Mercurial planet, and who have committed the grave offence of keeping your discovery secret for nine months! I come to do justice to your pretensions, to warn you that you have either been dishonest or deceived. Tell me unequivocally what you have seen.” The lamb-like doctor, trembling at this rude summons, stammered out the following reply:—

“On the 26th of March (1859), about four o’clock, I turned my telescope to the sun, when, to my surprise, I saw, at a small distance from its margin, a black spot, well defined, and perfectly round, advancing upon the disk of the sun. A customer called me away, and, hurrying him off as fast as I could, I came back to my glass, when I found the round spot had continued its transit, and I saw it disappear from the opposite margin of the sun, after a projection upon it of an hour and a half. I did not seize the precise moment of contact. The spot was on the disk when I first saw it. I measured its distance from the margin, and counted the time it took to make the same distance, and so approximated the instant of its entry.” “To count time is easy to say,” said Leverrier; “but where is your chronometer?” “My chronometer is this watch, that beats only minutes,—the faithful companion of my professional labors.” “What! with that old watch? How dare you talk of counting seconds? My suspicions are too well founded.” “Pardon me, sir, but I have a pendulum that nearly beats seconds, and I will bring it down to show you.” He goes above-stairs and brings down a silken thread, the upper end of which he fastens to a

nail, and brings to rest the ivory ball at the lower end. He then starts it from the vertical, and its oscillations beat seconds very nearly. “This is not enough, sir: how do you count these seconds while in the act of observing?” “My profession is to feel pulses and count their pulsations, and my pendulum puts my seconds into my ears, and I have no difficulty in counting them.”

“But where is your telescope?” The doctor showed Leverrier his glass, which was one of Cauchoix’s best. It was four inches in diameter, and mounted on a rude stand. He took the wondering astronomer-imperial to his roof, where he was building a rude revolving platform and dome. “This is all very well; but where is your original memorandum?” The doctor ran and got his almanac, or *Connaissance des Temps*, and in it he finds a square piece of paper, used as a marker, and on it, all covered with grease and laudanum, is the original memorandum! “But you have falsified the time of emergence. It is four minutes too late by this memorandum.” “It is; but the four minutes are the error of my watch, which I corrected by sidereal time, by the aid of this little telescope.”

“But how did you determine the two angular co-ordinates of the point of contact, of the entry and emergence of the planet, and how did you measure the chord of the arc between them?” Having explained the simple method which he pursued in the premises to the satisfaction of the astronomer, the latter next inquired after his rough drafts of calculation for determining the distance of the planet from the sun. “My rough draughts! Paper is scarce with us. I am a joiner as well as an astronomer. I write on my boards, and when I am done, I plane

them off and begin again; but I think I have preserved them." On visiting the shop, they found the board, with all its lines and numbers still unobliterated!

The Parisian savant was now convinced that Lescarbault had really seen the planet whose existence he had himself foretold. Turning to the amateur astronomer, he revealed his personality, and congratulated his humble brother on the magnificent discovery thus confirmed. It was the event in the Orgères physician's life. Honors poured in upon him. The cross of the Legion of Honor was sent to him from Paris, and his name was at once enrolled in the lists of the leading scientific academies of Europe.

The new orb, whose revolution is performed in 19 days, 17 hours, has been felicitously named Vulcan. If objection be offered to the selection of names for the planets from "Olympus' dread hierarchy," it must at least be acknowledged that there is a peculiar fitness in their distribution.

INGENIOUS STRATAGEM OF COLUMBUS

Thou Luther of the darkened deep!
  Nor less intrepid, too, than he
Whose courage broke earth's bigot sleep,
  While thine unbarred the sea!

During the fourth voyage of Columbus, while prosecuting his discoveries among the West India Islands and along the coast of the continent, his vessels, from continual subjection to tempestuous weather, and being, to use his own expression, "bored by the worms as full of holes as a honey-comb," were reduced to mere wrecks, unable any

longer to keep the sea, and were finally stranded on the shore of Jamaica. Being beyond the possibility of repair, they were fitted up for the temporary use of Columbus, who was in feeble health, and of such of his crew as were disabled by sickness, those who were well being sent abroad for assistance and supplies. Their immediate wants were amply provided for, Diego Mendez having made arrangements with the natives for a daily exchange of knives, combs, beads, fish-hooks, &c., for cassava bread, fish, and other provisions. In the course of a short time, however, provisions on the island became scarce, and the supplies began gradually to fall off. The arrangements for the daily delivery of certain quantities were irregularly attended to, and finally ceased entirely. The Indians no longer thronged to the harbor with provisions, and often refused them when applied for. The Spaniards were obliged to forage about the neighborhood for their daily food, but found more and more difficulty in procuring it; and now, in addition to their other causes of despondency, they began to entertain horrible apprehensions of famine.

The admiral heard the melancholy forebodings of his men, and beheld the growing evil, but was at a loss for a remedy. To resort to force was an alternative full of danger, and of but temporary efficacy. It would require all those who were well enough to bear arms to sally forth, while he and the rest of the infirm would be left defenceless on board the wreck, exposed to the vengeance of the natives.

In the mean time, the scarcity daily increased. The Indians perceived the wants of the white men, and had learned from them the art of making bargains. They asked ten times the former quantity of

European articles for a given amount of provisions, and brought their supplies in scanty quantities, to enhance the eagerness of the Spaniards. At length even this relief ceased, and there was an absolute distress for want of food, the natives withholding all provisions, in hopes either of starving the admiral and his people, or of driving them from the island.

In this extremity, a fortunate idea suddenly presented itself to Columbus. From his knowledge of astronomy, he ascertained that within three days there would be a total eclipse of the moon, in the early part of the night. He sent, therefore, an Indian of the island of Hispaniola, who served as his interpreter, to summon the principal caciques to a grand conference, appointing for it the day of the eclipse. When all were assembled, he told them, by his interpreter, that he and his followers were worshippers of a deity who lived in the skies; that this deity favored such as did well, but punished all transgressors; that, as they must all have noticed, he had protected Diego Mendez and his companions in their voyage, they having gone in obedience to the orders of their commander, but that, on the other hand, he had visited Francisco de Porras and his companions with all kinds of crosses and afflictions, in consequence of their rebellion; that this great deity was incensed against the Indians who had refused or neglected to furnish his faithful worshippers with provisions, and intended to chastise them with pestilence and famine. Lest they should disbelieve this warning, a signal would be given that very night, in the heavens. They would behold the moon change its color, and gradually lose its light,—a token of the fearful punishment which awaited them.

Many of the Indians were alarmed at the solemnity of this prediction; others treated it with scoffing: all, however, awaited with solicitude the coming of the night, and none with more than Columbus himself, who was distracted with anxiety lest the weather should prove cloudy or rainy. Imagine his gratitude when the evening sky appeared undimmed by a cloud! When the time arrived, and the natives beheld a dark shadow stealing over the moon, they began to tremble. Their fears increased with the progress of the eclipse; and when they saw mysterious darkness covering the whole face of nature, there were no bounds to their terror. Seizing upon whatever provisions they could procure, they hurried to the ships, uttering cries and lamentations. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, implored him to intercede with his God to avert the threatened calamities, and assured him that thenceforth they would bring him whatever he required. Columbus told them that he would retire and commune with the deity. Shutting himself up in his cabin, he remained there during the increase of the eclipse, the forests and shores all the while resounding with the howlings and supplications of the savages. When the eclipse was about to diminish, he came forth and informed the natives that he had interceded for them with his God, who, on condition of their fulfilling their promises, had deigned to pardon them; in sign of which he would withdraw the darkness from the moon.

When the Indians saw that planet restored presently to its brightness and rolling in all its beauty through the firmament, they overwhelmed the admiral with thanks for his intercession, and repaired to their homes, joyful at having escaped such great disasters. They now regarded Columbus with awe and

reverence, as a man in the peculiar favor and confidence of the Deity, since he knew upon earth what was passing in the heavens. They hastened to propitiate him with gifts, supplies again arrived daily at the harbor, and from that time forward there was no want of provisions.

A LESSON WORTH LEARNING.

The possibility of a great change being introduced by very slight beginnings may be illustrated by a tale which Lockman tells of a vizier, who, having offended his master, was condemned to perpetual captivity in a lofty tower. At night his wife came to weep below his window. “Cease your grief,” said the sage: “go home for the present, and return hither when you have procured a live black beetle, together with a little *ghee*, [or buffalo’s butter,] three clews,—one of the finest silk, another of stout pack-thread, and another of whip-cord; finally, a stout coil of rope.” When she again came to the foot of the tower, provided according to her husband’s demands, he directed her to touch the head of the insect with a little of the *ghee*, to tie one end of the silk thread around him, and to place him on the wall of the tower. Attracted by the smell of the butter, which he conceived to be in store somewhere above him, the beetle continued to ascend till he reached the top, and thus put the vizier in possession of the end of the silk thread, who drew up the pack-thread by means of the silk, the small cord by means of the pack-thread, and, by means of the cord, a stout rope capable of sustaining his own weight,—and so at last escaped from the place of his duress.

CHOOSING A KING.

The Tyrians having been much weakened by long wars with the Persians, their slaves rose in a body, slew their masters and their children, took possession of their property, and married their wives. The slaves, having thus obtained everything, consulted about the choice of a king, and agreed that he who should first discern the sun rise should be king. One of them, being more merciful than the rest, had in the general massacre spared his master, Straton, and his son, whom he hid in a cave; and to his old master he now resorted for advice as to this competition.

Straton advised his slave that when others looked to the east he should look toward the west. Accordingly, when the rebel tribe had all assembled in the fields, and every man's eyes were fixed upon the east, Straton's slave, turning his back upon the rest, looked only westward. He was scoffed at by every one for his absurdity, but immediately he espied the sunbeams upon the high towers and chimneys in the city, and, announcing the discovery, claimed the crown as his reward.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT.

An old and formerly very popular ballad.—Percy Reliques.

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and mainteined little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterburye;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,

They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will doe me no deere
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, your fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot, all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot, of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard agoing to fold:
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home:
What newes do you bring us from good King John?

Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give:
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birthe,
To within one penny of what he is worthe.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke.

Now cheare up, sire abbot: did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And Ile ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us in fair London towne.

Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the Pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;

For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than hee.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
I did not think I had been worth so littel!
Now secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think it could be gone so soone!
Now, from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!
Naye naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke, I can neither write nor reade.

Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.

The Fancies of Fact.

THE WOUNDS OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed."

At a meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, a few years ago, a curious paper was read, on behalf of M. Dubois, of Amiens, entitled "Investigations into the death of Julius Cæsar." M. Dubois having looked up the various passages referring to this famous historic incident to be found in Dion Cassius, Plutarch, Suetonius, Appian, &c., and compared them with one another, has fixed the spots where the four first wounds were inflicted, and the names of the conspirators who inflicted them. The first blow, struck by one of the brothers Casca, produced a slight wound underneath the left clavicle; the second, struck by the other Casca, penetrated the walls of the thorax toward the right; Cassius inflicted the third wound in the face. Decimus Brutus gave the fourth stab in the region of the groin. Contrary to the general opinion, Marcus Brutus, though one of the conspirators, did not strike the dictator. After the first blows Cæsar fainted, and then all the

conspirators hacked his body. He was carried by three slaves in a litter to his house. Anstistius, the physician, was called in and found thirty-five wounds, only one of which was in his opinion fatal, that of the second Casca.

BILLS FOR STRANGE SERVICES.

The bill of the Cirencester painter, mentioned by Bishop Horne, (*Essays and Thoughts*,) is as follows:—

Mr. Charles Terrebee

To Joseph Cook, Dr.

To mending the Commandments, altering the	£1—
Belief, and making a new Lord's Prayer	1—0

Here is a Carpenter's bill of the Fifteenth Century, copied from the records of an old London Church:—

		s.	d.
Item.	To screwynge a home on e y Divil, and glueinge a bitt on hys tayle		vij
Item.	To repayring e y Vyrginne Marye before and behynde, & makynge a new Chylde	ij	viij

LAW LOGIC.

Judge Blackstone says, in his *Commentaries* (Vol. i. ch. xviii.), that every Bishop, Parson or Vicar is *a*

Corporation. Lord Coke asserts, in his Reports (10. Rep. 32,) that "*a Corporation has no soul*." Upon these premises, the logical inference would be that neither Bishops, Parsons nor Vicars have souls.

RECIPROCAL CONVERSION.

A curious case of mixed process of conversion was that of the two brothers, Dr. John Reynold's, King's Professor at Oxford, in 1630, a zealous Roman Catholic, and Dr. Wm. Reynolds, an eminent Protestant. They were both learned men, and as brothers held such affectionate relations, that the deadly heresies of which each regarded the other as the victim were matters of earnest and pleading remonstrance between them by discussion and correspondence. The pains and zeal of each were equally rewarded. The Roman Catholic brother became an ardent Protestant, and the Protestant brother became a Roman Catholic.

PITHY PRAYER.

We are indebted to Hume for the preservation of a short prayer, which he says was that of Lord Astley, before he charged at Edge-hill. It ran thus: "O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me." And Hume adds, "There were certainly much longer prayers in the Parliamentary army, but I doubt if there was as good a one."

MELROSE BY SUNLIGHT.

The beautiful description of the appearance of the ruins of Melrose Abbey by moonlight, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, has led thousands to visit the scene "when silver edges the imagery," yet it is worth noting that the author never saw the ruined pile by "the pale moonlight." Bernard Barton once wrote to Scott to request him to favor a young lady with a copy of the lines in his own handwriting. Sir Walter complied, but substituted for the concluding lines of the original the following:—

"Then go—and muse with deepest awe
On what the writer never saw;
Who would not wander 'neath the moon
To see what he could see at noon."

BACK ACTION.

Alphonse Karr, in his *Guêpes*, speaking of the dexterities of the legal profession, relates a pleasant anecdote of the distinguished lawyer, afterward deputy, M. Chaix d'Est-Ange. He was employed in a case where both the parties were old men. Referring to his client, he said: "He has attained that age, when the mind, freed from the passions, and tyranny of the body, takes a higher flight, and soars in a purer and serener air." Later in his speech, he found occasion to allude to the opposite party, of whom he remarked: "I do not deny his natural intelligence; but he has reached an age in which the mind participates in the enfeeblement, the decrepitude, and the degradation of the body."

THE AUDITORIUMS OF THE LAST

CENTURY.

When we read of Patrick Henry's wonderful displays of eloquence, we naturally figure to ourselves a spacious interior and a great crowd of rapt listeners. But, in truth, those of his orations which quickened or changed the march of events, and the thrill of which has been felt in the nerves of four generations, were all delivered in small rooms and to few hearers, never more than one hundred and fifty. The first thought of the visitor to St. John's Church in Richmond, is: Could it have been *here*, in this oaken chapel of fifty or sixty pews, that Patrick Henry delivered the greatest and best known of all his speeches? Was it here that he uttered those words of doom, so unexpected, so unwelcome, "We must fight"? Even here. And the words were spoken in a tone and manner worthy of the men to whom they were addressed—with quiet and profound solemnity.

TRUE FORM OF THE CROSS.

The ancient and ignominious punishment of crucifixion was abolished by the Roman Emperor Constantine the Great, who thought it indecent and irreligious that the Cross should be used for the putting to death of the vilest offenders, while he himself erected it as a trophy, and esteemed it the noblest ornament of his diadem and military standards. In consequence of his decree, crucifixion has scarcely been witnessed in Europe for the last 1500 years. Those painters, sculptors, poets and writers who have attempted to describe it have, therefore, followed their own imagination or vague tradition rather than the evidence of history. But

they could hardly do otherwise, because the writings of the early fathers of the Church and of pagan historians were not generally accessible to them until after the revival of learning in the Fifteenth Century, and because the example of depicting the cross once given had been religiously followed by the earliest painters and sculptors, and universally accepted without question; and to object to the generally received form would have been deemed sacrilegious. These two reasons may have been sufficient to deter the great artists of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries from making any change; there may, however, have been a third, quite as potent (if not more so), and that is that the introduction of the lower projecting beam, *astride* of which the crucified person was *seated*, would have been both inartistic and indecent, yet this third piece was invariably used when the punishment was inflicted, except in the case where the sufferer was crucified with the head downward. The researches of two eminent scholars of the Seventeenth Century—Salmasius and Lipsius—have put it beyond a doubt that the cross consisted of a strong upright post, not much taller than a man of lofty stature, which was sharpened at the lower end, by which it was fixed into the ground, having a short bar or stake projecting from its middle, and a longer transverse beam firmly joined to the upright post near the top. The condemned person was made to carry his cross to the place of execution, after having been first whipped; he was then stripped of his clothing, and offered a cup of medicated wine, to impart firmness or alleviate pain. He was then made to sit astride the middle bar, and his limbs, having been bound with cords, the legs to the upright beam, the arms to the transverse, were finally secured by driving large iron spikes through the hands and feet.

The cross was then fixed in its proper position, and the sufferer was left to die, not so much from pain (as is generally supposed) as from exhaustion, or heat, or cold, or hunger, or wild beasts, unless (as was usually the case) his sufferings were put an end to by burning, stoning, suffocation, breaking the bones, or piercing the vital organs. If left alone he generally survived two days or three, and there are cases recorded where the sufferer lingered till the fifth day before dying.

Referring to the earliest Christian writers, who witnessed the crucifixion of hundreds of their martyred brethren, it will be seen that the foregoing statement of Salmasius respecting the true form of the cross is well founded. Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, in the second century, says: “The structure of the cross has five ends or summits, two in length, two in breadth, and one in the middle, on which the crucified person rests.” Justin, another Christian writer of the same period, who acquired the surname of Martyr from the cruel death he suffered for his faith, also speaks of “that end projecting from the middle of the upright post like a horn, on which crucified persons are seated.” Tertullian, another Christian writer, who lived a little later, says: “A part, and, indeed, a principal part, of the cross is any post which is fixed in an upright position; but to us the entire cross is imputed, including its transverse beam, and the projecting bar which serves as a seat.”

This fact (of the sufferer being seated) will account for the long duration of the punishment; the wounds in the hands and feet did not lacerate any large vessel, and were nearly closed by the nails which produced them. The Rev. Alban Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, gives numerous instances of the lingering

nature of this mode of execution, and of the wonderful heroism displayed by the Christians who underwent it. The Pagan historians also narrate instances of similar heroism on the part of political offenders, who were put to death on the Cross. Bomilcar, the commander of the Carthaginian army in Sicily, having shown a disposition to desert to the enemy, was nailed to a gibbet in the middle of the forum; but "from the height of the Cross, as from a tribunal, he declaimed against the crimes of the citizens; and having spoken thus with a loud voice amid an immense concourse of the people, he expired." Crucifixion has been practised from the remotest ages in the East, and is still occasionally resorted to in Turkey, Madagascar, and Northern Africa. The Jewish historian, Josephus, states that the chief baker of Pharaoh, whose dream had been interpreted by Joseph, was *crucified*, though Scripture says he was *hanged*; but this may mean hanged on a cross, for the expression seems to be almost equivalent to crucified, as appears from Galatians, chap. III. v. 13. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, 'Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.'" As regards art, it is not now to be expected that the example set by the great masters will be discarded. In this, as in other matters, custom is law, whose arbitrary sway will be exercised in spite of facts.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.

A. was walking with a friend near Oxford, when a snipe rose within shot. They both "presented" their walking-sticks at the bird, remarking what a "pretty

shot" it would have been for a gun. The snipe flew on a short distance, then towered, and fell dead. When examined, the bird was found to be apparently uninjured; but a close examination discovered the trace of a former injury, which had led to the rupture of a blood-vessel. If, instead of a walking-stick a gun had been presented and discharged at the bird, no one would have ventured to doubt that the death of the bird was due to the gun.

A young officer in the army of the famous Wolfe was apparently dying of an abscess in the lungs. He was absent from his regiment on sick-leave; but resolved to rejoin it, when a battle was expected. "For," said he, "since I am given over, I had better be doing my duty; and my life's being shortened a few days, matters not." He received a shot which *pierced the abscess*, and made an opening for the discharge. He recovered, and lived to the age of eighty.

In the United Service Museum, (Whitehall Yard, London,) are exhibited the "jaws of a shark," wide open, and enclosing a tin box. The history of this strange exhibition is as follows:—A ship, on her way to the West Indies, "fell in with" and chased a suspicious-looking craft, which had all the appearance of a slaver. During the pursuit, the chase threw something overboard. She was subsequently captured, and taken into Port Royal to be tried as a slaver. In absence of the ship's papers and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegal detention. While the subject was under discussion, a vessel came into

port, which had followed closely in the track of the chase above described. She had caught a shark; and in its stomach was found a tin box, which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence the slaver was condemned. The written account is attached to the box.

A. B. was present while some "tricks in cards" were being exhibited by a professional juggler. He took a fresh pack of cards, and directed the company to take out a card from the pack, to replace it, and shuffle the pack. This being done, A. B. took the pack in his hand and carelessly tossed on the table a card, which proved to be the correct one. The professor, in the utmost surprise and admiration, offered to give A. B. three of his best tricks if he would give him the secret of the trick which he had just exhibited. A. B. coolly declined the offer, and concealed the fact that it was all *chance*, in the purest sense of the word, that led to the selection of the proper card from the pack.

Upon the death of a seaman, some money became payable to his widow, Elizabeth Smith, No. 20 (of a certain, say "King") Street, Wapping. The government agent called at No. 20 King Street, and finding that Elizabeth Smith lived there, paid the money without further inquiry. Subsequently the true widow, Elizabeth Smith, turned up; and it was then discovered that, at the very time the money was paid, the street was being *re-numbered*, and there were *two* houses numbered 20; and what was most remarkable, there was an Elizabeth Smith living in each of them.

Some time in the last century, a Mrs. Stephens

professed to have received from her husband a medicine for dissolving “the stone in the bladder,” and offered to sell it to government. In order to test the virtue of this medicine, a patient was selected who had undeniably the complaint in question. He took the medicine, and was soon quite well. The doctors watched him anxiously, and when he died, many years after, he was seized by them, and the body examined. It was then discovered that the stone had made for itself a little sac in the bladder, and was so tightly secured that it had never caused any inconvenience.

Government, however, (somewhat prematurely,) rewarded Mrs. Stephens with a sum of £10,000. The cure appeared to have been purely accidental, as the remedy was nothing but potash, which has little or no virtue in such cases.

A gentleman of fortune, named Angerstein, lost a large quantity of valuable plate. His butler was soon on the track of the thieves, (who had brought a coach to carry the plate), and enquired at the first turnpike gate whether any vehicle had lately passed. The gate-keeper stated that a hackney-coach had shortly before gone through; and though he was surprised at its passing by so early in the morning, he had not noticed the “number” on the coach. A servant girl, hearing the conversation, volunteered her statement, that she saw the coach pass by, and its number was “45.” As the girl *could not read*, they were surprised at her knowing the “number.” She stated that she knew it well, as being the same number she had long seen about the walls everywhere, which she knew was “45,” as every one was speaking of it. This allusion of the girl’s was in

reference to the “Wilkes” disturbances, when the 45th number of the *True Briton* was prosecuted, and caused a great deal of public excitement. Mr. Angerstein’s butler went at once to London and found out the driver of the hackney-coach No. 45, who at once drove him to the place where the plate was deposited, and it was all recovered.

Some years since, in the “Temple,” was a vertical sun-dial, with the motto, “Be gone about your business.” It is stated that this very appropriate motto was the result of the following blunder:—When the dial was erected, the benchers were applied to for a motto. They desired the “builder’s man” to call at the library at a certain hour on a certain day, when he should receive instructions. But they forgot the whole matter. On the appointed day and hour the “builder’s man” called at the library, and found only a lawyer in close study over a law book. The man stated the cause of his intrusion, which suited so badly the lawyer’s time and leisure that he bid the man sharply “Be gone about your business.” The lawyer’s testy reply was duly painted in big letters upon the dial, and was considered so apposite that it was not only allowed to remain, but was considered to be as appropriate a motto as could be chosen.

Two men in France took shelter in a barn for the night. In the morning one of them was found dead, with severe injury to the head. The comrade was at once arrested, and told some “cock-and-bull” story about the terrible storm of the night in question, and attributed his companion’s death to the effect of a thunderbolt. He was not credited: and was in a fair

way to be executed for the supposed crime. A scientific gentleman, hearing of the circumstance, examined the place, and found a hole in the roof of the barn, and an aërolite close to the spot where the deceased had slept on the night in question. The innocence of the accused was at once considered as established, and he was released.

Now, even in these cases, there is nothing *supernatural*, or even *un*natural; i.e., there is nothing to *prevent* the occurrence. The improbability is only from the enormous number of chances against each. But when any German theologian, or other, pretends to *explain a series* of alleged *miracles* as mere *accidents*, he should be reminded that the chances are *multiplied* against each repeated occurrence. If, e.g., the chances against a person's bagging a snipe, which died accidentally just as he pointed a stick or a gun at it, be only

$$\frac{1}{1000}$$

, then, against his thus obtaining *two*, the chances would be

$$\frac{1}{1000000}$$

, and so on. No one familiar with what is sometimes called the *Doctrine of Chances* but more correctly called the *Theory of Probabilities*, would believe that a sportsman could bring home a bag full of game, *every* bird having died *accidentally* just when shot at.

CHICK IN THE EGG.

The hen has scarcely sat on the egg twelve hours, when we begin already to discover in it some lineaments of the head and body of the chicken that

is to be born. The heart appears to beat at the end of the day; at the end of forty-eight hours, two vesicles of blood can be distinguished, the pulsation of which is very visible. At the fiftieth hour, an auricle of the heart appears, and resembles a lace, or noose folded down upon itself. At the end of seventy hours, we distinguish wings, and on the head two bubbles for the brain; one for the bill, and two others for the forepart and hindpart of the head; the liver appears towards the fifth day. At the end of one hundred and thirty-one hours, the first voluntary motion is observed. At the end of one hundred and thirty-eight hours the lungs and stomach become visible; at the end of one hundred and forty-two, the intestines, the loins, and the upper jaw. The seventh day, the brain, which was slimy, begins to have some consistence. At the 190th hour of incubation, the bill opens, and the flesh appears in the breast. At the 194th, the sternum is seen, that is to say, the breastbone. At the 210th, the ribs come out of the back, the bill is very visible, as well as the gall-bladder. The bill becomes green at the end of two hundred and thirty-six hours; and if the chick is taken out of its covering, it evidently moves itself. The feathers begin to shoot out towards the 240th hour, and the skull becomes gristly. At the 264th, the eyes appear. At the 288th, the ribs are perfect. At the 331st, the spleen draws near to the stomach, and the lungs to the chest. At the end of three hundred and fifty-five hours, the bill frequently opens and shuts; and at the end of four hundred and fifty-one hours, or the eighteenth day, the first cry of the chick is already heard: it afterwards gets more strength, and grows continually, till at last it sets itself at liberty, by opening the prison in which it was shut up. Thus is it by so many different degrees that these creatures are

brought into life. All these progressions are made by rule, and there is not one of them without sufficient reason. No part of its body could appear sooner or later without the whole embryo suffering; and each of its limbs appears at the proper moment. How manifestly is this ordination—so wise, and so invariable in the production of the animal—the work of a Supreme Being!

INNATE APPETITE.

McKenzie, in his *Phrenological Essays*, mentions the following curious fact, witnessed by Sir James Hall. He had been engaged in making some experiments on hatching eggs by artificial heat, and on one occasion observed in one of his boxes a chicken in the act of breaking from its confinement. It happened that just as the creature was getting out of the shell, a spider began to run along the box, when the chicken darted forward, seized and swallowed it.

THE INDIAN AND HIS TAMED SNAKE.

An Indian had tamed a blacksnake, which he kept about him during the summer months. In autumn he let the creature go whither it chose to crawl, but told it to come to him again upon a certain day, which he named, in the spring. A white man who was present, and saw what was done, and heard the Indian affirm that the serpent would return to him the very day he had appointed, had no faith in the truth of his prediction. The next spring, however, retaining the day in his memory, curiosity led him to the place, where he found the Indian in waiting; and, after

remaining with him about two hours, the serpent came crawling back, and put himself under the care of his old master.

In this case, the Indian had probably observed that blacksnakes usually return to their old haunts at the same vernal season; and as he had tamed, fed, and kept this snake in a particular place, experience taught him that it would return on a certain day.

ALLIGATORS SWALLOWING STONES.

The Indians on the banks of the Oronoko assert that previously to an alligator going in search of prey it always swallows a large stone, that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in diving and dragging its victims under water. A traveller being somewhat incredulous on this point, Bolivar, to convince him, shot several with his rifle, and in all of them were found stones varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about seventeen feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about sixty or seventy pounds.

HABITS OF SHEEP.

Never jumps a sheep that's frightened
Over any fence whatever,
Over wall, or fence, or timber,
But a second follows after,
And a third upon the second,
And a fourth, and fifth, and so on,
When they see the tail uplifted,—
First a sheep, and then a dozen,
Till they all, in quick succession,

One by one, have got clear over.

Dr. Anderson, of Liverpool, relates the following amusing illustration of the singularly persevering disposition of sheep to follow their leader wherever he goes:—

A butcher's boy was driving about twenty fat wethers through the town, but they ran down a street where he did not want them to go. He observed a scavenger at work, and called out loudly for him to stop the sheep. The man accordingly did what he could to turn them back, running from side to side, always opposing himself to their passage, and brandishing his broom with great dexterity; but the sheep, much agitated, pressed forward, and at last one of them came right up to the man, who, fearing it was going to jump over his head, whilst he was stooping, grasped the broom with both hands and held it over his head. He stood for a few seconds in this position, when the sheep made a spring and jumped fairly over him, without touching the broom. The first had no sooner cleared this impediment than another followed, and another, in quick succession, so that the man, perfectly confounded, seemed to lose all recollection, and stood in the same attitude till the whole of them had jumped over him, and not one attempted to pass on either side, although the street was quite clear.

REMARKABLE EQUESTRIAN EXPEDITIONS.

Mr. Cooper Thornhill, an innkeeper at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire, rode from that place to London and back again, and also a second time to London, in

one day,—which made a journey in all of two hundred and thirteen miles. He undertook to ride this journey with several horses in fifteen hours, but performed it in twelve hours and a quarter. This remarkable feat gave rise to a poem called the Stilton Hero, which was published in the year 1745.

Some years ago, Lord James Cavendish rode from Hyde Park Corner to Windsor Lodge, which is upwards of twenty miles, in less than an hour.

Sir Robert Cary rode nearly three hundred miles in less than three days, when he went from London to Edinburgh to inform King James of the death of Queen Elizabeth. He had several falls and sore bruises on the road, which occasioned his going battered and bloody into the royal presence.

On the 29th of August, 1750, was decided at Newmarket a remarkable wager for one thousand guineas, laid by Theobald Taaf, Esq., against the Earl of March and Lord Eglinton, who were to provide a four-wheel carriage with a man in it, to be drawn by four horses nineteen miles in an hour. The match was performed in fifty-three minutes and twenty-four seconds. An engraved model of the carriage was formerly sold in the print-shops.

The Marquis de la Fayette rode in August, 1778, from Rhode Island to Boston, nearly seventy miles distant, in seven hours, and returned in six and a half.

Mr. Fozard, of Park Lane, London, for a wager of one hundred and fifty pounds against one hundred pounds, undertook to ride forty miles in two hours, over Epsom course. He rode two miles more than had been agreed on, and performed it in five minutes under time, in October, 1789.

Mr. Wilde, an Irish gentleman, lately rode one hundred and twenty-seven miles on the course of Kildare, in Ireland, in six hours and twenty minutes, for a wager of one thousand guineas.

The famous Count de Montgomery escaped from the massacre of Paris in 1572, through the swiftness of his horse, which, according to a manuscript of that time, carried him ninety miles without halting.

WONDERFUL HORSE.

In the year 1609, an Englishman named Banks had a horse which he had trained to follow him wherever he went, even over fences and to the roofs of buildings. He and his horse went to the top of that immensely high structure, St. Paul's Church. After many extraordinary performances at home, the horse and his master went to Rome, where they performed feats equally astonishing. But the result was that both Banks and his horse were burned, by order of the Pope, as enchanters. Sir Walter Raleigh observes, that had Banks lived in olden times, he would have shamed all the enchanters of the world, for no beast ever performed such wonders as his.

Fortunately, for men like Thorne, and Rice, and Franconi, who have been so successful in training the noblest animal in creation for the stage-representations of Mazeppa, Putnam's Leap, &c., and for the various and fantastic tricks which have won so much admiration and applause, the present age is not disgraced by such besotted ignorance and superstition.

WONDERFUL LOCK.

Among the wonderful products of art in the French Crystal Palace was shown a lock which admits of 3,674,385 combinations. Heuret passed a hundred and twenty nights in locking it, and Fichet was four months in unlocking it; now they can neither shut nor open it.

CELERITY OF CLOTH-MANUFACTURE.

Many accounts have been published of the celerity with which manufacturers of cloth, both English and American, have completed the various parts of the process, from the fleece to the garment. In England the fleece was taken from the sheep, manufactured into cloth, and the cloth made into a coat, in the short space of thirteen hours and twenty minutes. Messrs. Buck, Brewster & Co., proprietors of the Ontario manufactory at Manchester, Vermont, on perusing an account of this English achievement, conceived, from the perfection of their machinery and the dexterity of their workmen, that the same operations might be accomplished even in a shorter time. A wager of five hundred dollars was offered, and accepted, that they would perform the same operations in twelve hours. The wool was taken from the sack in its natural state, and in nine hours and fifteen minutes precisely, the coat was completed, and worn in triumph by one of the party concerned. The wool was picked, greased, carded, roped, and spun,—the yarn was worked, put into the loom and woven,—the cloth was fulled, colored, and four times shorn, pressed, and carried to the tailor's, and the coat completed,—all within the time above

stated. The cloth was not of the finest texture, but was very handsomely dressed, and fitted the person who wore it remarkably well. The only difference between this and the English experiment was the time occupied in shearing the fleece; and any wool-grower knows that this part of the operation may be performed in ten minutes.

CRUDE VALUE *versus* INDUSTRIAL VALUE.

Algarotti, in his Opuscula, gives the following example to show the prodigious addition of value that may be given to an object by skill and industry. A pound weight of pig-iron costs the operative manufacturer about five cents. This is worked up into steel, of which is made the little spiral spring that moves the balance-wheel of a watch. Each of these springs weighs but the tenth part of a grain, and, when completed, may be sold as high as $3.00, so that out of a pound of iron, allowing something for the loss of metal, eighty thousand of these springs may be made, and a substance worth but five cents be wrought into a value of $240,000.

An American gentleman says, that during a recent visit to Manchester, England, a pound of cotton, which in its crude state may have been worth eight cents, was pointed out to him as worth a pound of gold. It had been spun into a thread that would go round the globe at the equator and tie in a good large knot of many hundred miles in length.

QUANTITY AND VALUE.

For what is worth in any thing
But so much money as 'twill bring?—BUTLER.

When emeralds were first discovered in America, a Spaniard carried one to a lapidary in Italy, and asked him what it was worth; he was told a hundred *escudos*. He produced a second, which was larger; and that was valued at three hundred. Overjoyed at this, he took the lapidary to his lodging and showed him a chest full; but the Italian, seeing so many, damped his joy by saying, "Ah ha, Señor! so many!—these are worth *one* escudo."

Montenegro presented to the elder Almagro the first cat which was brought to South America, and was rewarded for it with six hundred *pesos*. The first couple of cats which were carried to Cuyaba sold for a pound of gold. There was a plague of rats in the settlement, and they were purchased as a speculation, which proved an excellent one. Their first kittens produced thirty *oitavas* each; the next generation were worth twenty; and the price gradually fell as the inhabitants were stocked with these beautiful and useful creatures.

Could every hailstone to a pearl be turned,
Pearls in the mart like oyster-shells were spurned!

AMOUNT OF GOLD IN THE WORLD.

Estimate the yard of gold at £2,000,000, (which it is in round numbers,) and all the gold in the world might, if melted into ingots, be contained in a cellar twenty-four feet square and sixteen feet high. All the boasted wealth already obtained from California and Australia would go into a safe nine feet square and nine feet high; so small is the cube of yellow metal

that has set populations on the march and occasioned such wondrous revolutions in the affairs of the world.

The contributions of the people, in the time of David, for the sanctuary, exceeded £6,800,000. The immense treasure David is said to have collected for the sanctuary amounted to £889,000,000 sterling, (Crito says £798,000,000,)—a sum greater than the British national debt. The gold with which Solomon overlaid the "most holy place," a room only thirteen feet square, amounted to more than thirty-eight millions sterling.

The products of the California mines from 1853 to 1858 are put down at $443,091,000; those of Australia, since their discovery, at $296,813,000; or $739,904,000 in all,—an increase of about one-third, according to the best statistical writers, on the value of this precious metal known in 1850. The total value of gold in the world at the present time, then, is but little more than $3,000,000,000.

IMMENSE WEALTH OF THE ROMANS.

Crassus' landed estate was valued at	$8,333,330
His house was valued at	400,000
Cæcilius Isidorus, after having lost much, left	5,235,800
Demetrius, a freedman of Pompey, was worth	3,875,000
Lentulus, the augur, no less than	16,666,666
Clodius, who was slain by Milo, paid for his house	616,666
He once swallowed a pearl worth	40,000

Apicius was worth more than	4,583,350
And after he had spent in his kitchen, and otherwise squandered, immense sums, to the amount of	4,166,666
He poisoned himself, leaving	416,666
The establishment belonging to M. Scarus, and burned at Tusculum, was valued at	4,150,000
Gifts and bribes may be considered signs of great riches: Cæsar presented Servilia, the mother of Brutus, with a pearl worth	200,000
Paulus, the consul, was bribed by Cæsar with the sum of	292,000
Curio contracted debts to the amount of	2,500,000
Milo contracted a debt of	2,915,666
Antony owed at the Ides of March, which he paid before the Calends of April	1,666,666
He had squandered altogether	735,000,000
Seneca had a fortune of	17,500,000
Tiberius left at his death, and Caligula spent in less than twelve months,	118,120,000
Caligula spent for one supper	150,000
Heliogabalus in the same manner	100,000
The suppers of Lucullus at the Apollo cost	8,330
Horace says that Pegellus, a singer, could in five days spend	40,000
Herrius' fish-ponds sold for	166,000
Calvinus Labinus purchased many learned slaves, none of them at a price less than	4,165
Stage-players sold much higher.	

WINE AT TWO MILLIONS A BOTTLE.

Wine at two millions of dollars a bottle is a drink that in expense would rival the luxurious taste of barbaric splendor, when priceless pearls were thrown into the wine-cup to give a rich flavor to its contents; yet that there is such a costly beverage, is a fixed fact. In the Rose apartment (so called from a bronze bas-relief) of the ancient cellar under the Hotel de Ville in the city of Bremen is the famous Rosenwein, deposited there nearly two centuries and a half ago. There were twelve large cases, each bearing the name of one of the apostles; and the wine of Judas, despite the reprobation attached to his name, is to this day more highly esteemed than the others. One case of the wine, containing five oxhoft of two hundred and four bottles, cost five hundred rix-dollars in 1624. Including the expenses of keeping up the cellar, and of the contributions, interests of the amounts, and interests upon interests, an oxhoft costs at the present time 555,657,640 rix-dollars, and consequently a bottle is worth 2,723,812 rix-dollars; a glass, or the eighth part of a bottle, is worth 340,476 rix-dollars, or $272,380; or at the rate of 540 rix-dollars, or $272, per drop. A burgomaster of Bremen is privileged to have one bottle whenever he entertains a distinguished guest who enjoys a German or European reputation. The fact illustrates the operation of interest, if it does not show the cost of luxury.

CAPACIOUS BEER-CASKS.

A few years before Mr. Thrale's death, which happened in 1781, an emulation arose among the brewers to exceed each other in the size of their casks for keeping beer to a certain age,—probably,

says Sir John Hawkins, taking the hint from the tun at Heidelberg, of which the following is a description:

At Heidelberg, on the river Neckar, near its junction with the Rhine, in Germany, there was a tun or wine-vessel constructed in 1343, which contained twenty-one pipes. Another was made, or the one now mentioned rebuilt, in 1664, which held six hundred hogsheads, English measure. This was emptied, and knocked to pieces by the French, in 1688. But a new and larger one was afterwards fabricated, which held eight hundred hogsheads. It was formerly kept full of the best Rhenish wine, and the Electors have given many entertainments on its platform; but this convivial monument of ancient hospitality is now, says Mr. Walker, but a melancholy, unsocial, solitary instance of the extinction of hospitality: it moulders in a damp vault, quite empty.

The celebrated tun at Königstein is said to be the most capacious cask in the world,—holding 1,869,236 pints. The top is railed in, and it affords room for twenty people to regale themselves. There are also several kinds of welcome-cups, which are offered to strangers, who are invited by a Latin inscription to drink to the prosperity of the whole universe. This enormous tun was built in 1725, by Frederick Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, who, in the inscription just mentioned, is styled “the father of his country, the Titus of his age, and the delight of mankind.”

Dr. Johnson once mentioned that his friend Thrale had four casks so large that each of them held one thousand hogsheads. But Mr. Meux, of Liquorpond Street, Gray’s Inn Lane, could, according to Mr. Pennant, show twenty-four vessels containing in all

thirty-five thousand barrels: one alone held four thousand five hundred barrels; and in the year 1790 this enterprising brewer built another, containing nearly twelve thousand barrels, valued at about £20,000. A dinner was given to two hundred people at the bottom of it, and two hundred more joined the company to drink success to this unrivalled vat.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ENGLISH POETS.

Chaucer describes men and things as they *are*; Shakspeare, as they *would be* under the circumstances supposed; Spenser, as we would *wish* them to be; Milton, as they *ought* to be; Byron, as they ought *not* to be; and Shelley, as they never *can* be.

PERILS OF PRECOCITY.

Baillet mentions one hundred and sixty-three children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian so vaunted by their father did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes, who at the age of fifteen taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die at an early age, but at twenty-four lost his faculties and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pico di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannus Secundus at twenty-five, having at the age of fifteen composed admirable Greek and Latin verses and become profoundly versed in

jurisprudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius developed itself when ten years old, did not attain the third of a century. In 1791, a child was born at Lubeck, named Henri Heinneken, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age he spoke distinctly, at twelve learned the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years he was as familiar with geography and ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. In the ancient and modern languages he was a proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year.

THE BLACK HOLE AT CALCUTTA.

This celebrated place of confinement was only eighteen feet by eighteen, containing, therefore, three hundred and twenty-four square feet. When Fort William was taken, in 1756, by Surajah Dowla, Nabob of Bengal, one hundred and forty-six persons were shut up in the Black Hole. The room allowed to each person a space of twenty-six and a half inches by twelve inches, which was just sufficient to hold them without their pressing violently on each other. To this dungeon there was but one small grated window, and, the weather being very sultry, the air within could neither circulate nor be changed. In less than an hour, many of the prisoners were attacked with extreme difficulty of breathing; several were delirious; and the place was filled with incoherent ravings, in which the cry for water was predominant. This was handed them by the sentinels, but without the effect of allaying their thirst. In less than four hours, many were suffocated, or died in violent

delirium. In five hours, the survivors, except those at the grate, were frantic and outrageous. At length most of them became insensible. Eleven hours after they were imprisoned, twenty-three only, of the one hundred and forty-six, came out alive, and those were in a highly-putrid fever, from which, however, by fresh air and proper attention, they gradually recovered.

STONE BAROMETER.

A Finland newspaper mentions a stone in the northern part of Finland, which serves the inhabitants instead of a barometer. This stone, which they call Ilmakiur, turns black, or blackish gray, when it is going to rain, but on the approach of fine weather it is covered with white spots. Probably it is a fossil mixed with clay, and containing rock-salt, nitre, or ammonia, which, according to the greater or less degree of dampness of the atmosphere, attracts it, or otherwise. In the latter case the salt appears, forming the white spots.

BITTERNESS OF STRYCHNIA.

Strychnia, the active principle of the Nux Vomica bean, which has become so famous in the annals of criminal poisoning, is so intensely bitter that it will impart a sensibly bitter taste to six hundred thousand times its weight of water.

SALT, AS A LUXURY.

Mungo Park describes salt as “the greatest of all luxuries in Central Africa.” Says he, “It would appear strange to a European to see a child suck a piece of rock-salt, as if it were sugar. This, however, I have frequently seen; although in the inland parts the poorer class of inhabitants are so very rarely indulged with this precious article, that to say a man eats salt with his victuals is the same as saying that he is a rich man. I have myself suffered great inconvenience from the scarcity of this article. The long-continued use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt, that no words can sufficiently describe it.”

SINGULAR CHANGE OF TASTE.

The sense by which we appreciate the sweetness of bodies is liable to singular modifications. Thus, the leaves of the *Gymnema sylvestre*,—a plant of Northern India,—when chewed, take away the power of tasting sugar for twenty-four hours, without otherwise injuring the general sense of taste.

BLUNDERS OF PAINTERS.

Tintoret, an Italian painter, in a picture of the Children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Saviour; and as aged men in these days wear spectacles, the artist has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon’s nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick, the lookers-on are represented as standing with periwigs

on their heads. To match, or rather to exceed, this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the Wise Men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice, and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch's "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scriptures inform us, he is represented as using a more effectual and modern instrument: he is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar-lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

MINUTE MECHANISM.

There is a cherry-stone at the Salem (Mass.) Museum, which contains one dozen silver spoons. The stone itself is of the ordinary size; but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be well

distinguished by the microscope. Here is the result of immense labor for no decidedly useful purpose; and there are thousands of other objects in the world fashioned by ingenuity, the value of which, in a utilitarian sense, may be said to be quite as indifferent. Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry-stone on which were carved one hundred and twenty-four heads, so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Prussia for fifteen thousand dollars, and thence conveyed to England, where it was considered an object of so much value that its possession was disputed, and it became the object of a suit in chancery. One of the Nuremberg toy-makers enclosed in a cherry-stone, which was exhibited at the French Crystal Palace, a plan of Sevastopol, a railway-station, and the "Messiah" of Klopstock. In more remote times, an account is given of an ivory chariot, constructed by Mermecides, which was so small that a fly could cover it with his wing; also a ship of the same material, which could be hidden under the wing of a bee! Pliny, too, tells us that Homer's Iliad, with its fifteen thousand verses, was written in so small a space as to be contained in a nutshell; while Elian mentions an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a kernel of corn. But the Harleian MS. mentions a greater curiosity than any of the above, it being nothing more nor less than the Bible, written by one Peter Bales, a chancery clerk, in so small a book that it could be enclosed within the shell of an English walnut. Disraeli gives an account of many other exploits similar to the one of Bales. There is a drawing of the head of Charles II. in the library of St. John's College, Oxford, wholly composed of minute

written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The head and the ruff are said to contain the book of Psalms, in Greek, and the Lord's Prayer. In the British Museum is a portrait of Queen Anne, not much larger than the hand. On this drawing are a number of lines and scratches, which, it is asserted, comprise the entire contents of a thin folio. The modern art of Photography is capable of effecting wonders in this way. We have before us the Declaration of Independence, containing seven thousand eight hundred letters, on a space not larger than the head of a pin, which, when viewed through a microscope, may be read distinctly.

THE RATIO OF THE DIAMETER TO THE CIRCUMFERENCE.

The proportion of the diameter of a circle to its circumference has never yet been exactly ascertained. Nor can a square or any other right-lined figure be found that shall be equal to a given circle. This is the celebrated problem called the squaring of the circle, which has exercised the abilities of the greatest mathematicians for ages and been the occasion of so many disputes. Several persons of considerable eminence have, at different times, pretended that they had discovered the exact quadrature; but their errors have readily been detected; and it is now generally looked upon as a thing impossible to be done.

But though the relation between the diameter and circumference cannot be accurately expressed in known numbers, it may yet be approximated to any

assigned degree of exactness. And in this manner was the problem solved, about two thousand years ago, by the great Archimedes, who discovered the proportion to be nearly as seven to twenty-two. The process by which he effected this may be seen in his book *De Dimensione Circuli*. The same proportion was also discovered by Philo Gadarensis and Apollonius Pergeus at a still earlier period, as we are informed by Eutocius.

The proportion of Vieta and Metius is that of one hundred and thirteen to three hundred and fifty-five, which is a little more exact than the former. It was derived from the pretended quadrature of a M. Van Eick, which first gave rise to the discovery.

But the first who ascertained this ratio to any great degree of exactness was Van Ceulen, a Dutchman, in his book *De Circulo et Adscriptis*. He found that if the diameter of a circle was 1, the circumference would be 3·14159265358979323846264338327950288 4 nearly; which is exactly true to thirty-six places of decimals, and was effected by the continual bisection of an arc of a circle, a method so extremely troublesome and laborious that it must have cost him incredible pains. It is said to have been thought so curious a performance that the numbers were cut on his tombstone in St. Peter's churchyard, at Leyden.

But since the invention of fluxions, and the summation of infinite series, several methods have been discovered for doing the same thing with much more ease and expedition. Euler and other eminent mathematicians have by these means given a quadrature of the circle which is true to more than one hundred places of decimals,—a proportion so extremely near the truth that, unless the ratio could be completely obtained, we need not wish for a

greater degree of accuracy.

MATHEMATICAL PRODIGIES.

They with the pen or pencil problems solved;
He, with no aid but wondrous memory.

Prominent among the precocious mathematicians of the present day is a colored boy in Kentucky, named William Marcy, whose feats in mental arithmetic are truly wonderful. His powers of computation appear to be fully equal to those of Bidder, Buxton, Grandimange, Colburn, or Safford. He can multiply or divide millions by thousands in a few minutes from the time the figures are given to him, and always with the utmost exactness. Recently, in the presence of a party of gentlemen, he added a column of figures, *eight* in a line, and *one hundred and eighty* lines, making the sum total of several millions, within *six minutes*. The feat was so astounding, and apparently incredible, that several of the party took off their coats, and, dividing the sum, went to work, and in two hours after they commenced produced identically the same answers. The boy is not quite seventeen years of age; he cannot read nor write, and in every other branch of an English education is entirely deficient. It is worthy of remark that mathematics is the only department of science in which such feats of imbecile minds can be achieved. The supposition would not, *a priori*, be admissible; but frequent facts prove it. A negro, a real idiot, was not long since reported in Alabama, who could beat this Kentuckian in figures, but could scarcely do any thing else worthy of a human intellect. Precocious mathematicians, not imbecile, have usually turned

out poorly; few of them, like Pascal, have shown any general capacity. These facts suggest inferences unfortunate for mathematical genius, if not for mathematical studies. They have sublime relations, in their "mixed" form, with our knowledge of the universe; but their relations to genius—to human sentiments and sensibilities—to the moral and ideal in humanity,—are, to say the least, quite equivocal. The calculating power alone would seem to be the least of human qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it; since a machine like Babbage's can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any of them.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

Lipsius made this offer to a German prince:—Sit here with a poniard, and if in repeating *Tacitus* from beginning to end I miss a single word, stab me. I will freely bare my breast for you to strike.

Muretus tells us of a young Corsican, a law-student at Padua, who could, without hesitation, repeat thirty-six thousand Latin, Greek, or barbarous words, significant or insignificant, upon once hearing them. Muretus himself tested his wonderful memory, and avers all alleged respecting it to be strictly true.

Mr. Carruthers, in the course of a lecture on Scottish history mentioned an instance of Sir Walter Scott's wonderful memory: "I have heard Campbell relate how strongly Scott was impressed with his (Campbell's) poem of *Lochiel's Warning*. 'I read it to him in manuscript,' he said; 'he then asked to read it over himself, which he did slowly and distinctly, after which he handed to me the manuscript, saying,

'Take care of your copyright, for I have got your poem by heart,' and with only these two readings he repeated the poem with scarcely a mistake.' Certainly an extraordinary instance of memory, for the piece contains eighty-eight lines. The subject, however, was one which could not fail powerfully to arrest Scott's attention, and versification and diction are such as are easily caught up and remembered."

SILENT COMPLIMENT.

While an eloquent clergyman was addressing a religious society, he intimated, more than once, that he was admonished to conclude by the lateness of the hour. His discourse, however, was so attractive that some ladies in the gallery covered the clock with their shawls.

SELF-IMMOLATION.

Comyn, Bishop of Durham, having quarrelled with his clergy, they mixed poison with the wine of the Eucharist, and gave it to him. He perceived the poison, but yet, with misguided devotion, he drank it and died.

THE NEED OF PROVIDENCE.

Cecil says in his *Remains*:—We require the same hand to protect us in apparent safety as in the most imminent and palpable danger. One of the most wicked men in my neighborhood was riding near a precipice and fell over: his horse was killed, but he

escaped without injury. Instead of thanking God for his deliverance, he refused to acknowledge the hand of God in it, but attributed his escape to chance. The same man was afterwards riding on a very smooth road: his horse suddenly fell and threw his rider over his head, and killed him on the spot, while the horse escaped unhurt.

The Fancies of Fact.-Continued

DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.

And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.—Rev. xxi. 16.

Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which being cubed, 496,793,088,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the Throne of God and the Court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms.

We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for 33⅓ years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, or 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were one hundred worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet

square for each person.

THE COST OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

According to the computation of Villalpandus, the talents of gold, silver, and brass, used in the construction of the Temple, amounted to £6,879,822,500. The jewels are reckoned to have exceeded this sum; but, for the sake of an estimate, let their value be set down at the same amount. The vessels of gold (*vasa aurea*) consecrated to the use of the Temple are reckoned by Josephus at 140,000 talents, which, according to Capel's reduction, are equal to £545,296,203. The vessels of silver (*vasa argentea*) are computed at 1,340,000 talents, or £489,344,000. The silk vestments of the priests cost £10,000; the purple vestments of the singers, £2,000,000. The trumpets amounted to £200,000; other musical instruments to £40,000. To these expenses must be added those of the other materials, the timber and stone, and of the labor employed upon them, the labor being divided thus: there were 10,000 men engaged at Lebanon in hewing timber (*silvicidæ*); there were 70,000 bearers of burdens (*vectores*); 20,000 hewers of stone (*lapicidinæ*); and 3,300 overseers (*episcopi*); all of whom were employed for seven years, and upon whom, besides their wages and diet, Solomon bestowed £6,733,977 (*donum Solomonis*). If the daily food and wages of each man be estimated at 4*s.* 6*d.*, the sum total will be £93,877,088. The costly stone and the timber in the rough may be set down as at least equal to one-third of the gold, or about £2,545,296,000. The several estimates will then amount to £17,442,442,268, or $77,521,965,636.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

In the year 1502 there was printed at Leipsic a work entitled *Heptalogium Virgilii Salsburgensis*, in honor of the number seven. It consists of seven parts, each consisting of seven divisions. In 1624 appeared in London a curious work on the subject of numbers, bearing the following title: *The Secrets of Numbers, according to Theological, Arithmetical, Geometrical, and Harmonical Computation; drawn, for the better part, out of those Ancients, as well as Neoteriques. Pleasing to read, profitable to understand, opening themselves to the capacities of both learned and unlearned; being no other than a key to lead men to any doctrinal knowledge whatsoever*. In the ninth chapter the author has given many notable opinions from learned men, to prove the excellency of the number *seven*. "First, it neither begets nor is begotten, according to the saying of Philo. Some numbers, indeed, within the compass of ten, beget, but are not begotten; and that is the unarie. Others are begotten, but beget not; as the octonarie. Only the septenarie, having a prerogative above them all, neither begetteth nor is begotten. This is its first divinity or perfection. Secondly, this is a harmonical number, and the well and fountain of that fair and lovely *Digamma*, because it includeth within itself all manner of harmony. Thirdly, it is a theological number, consisting of perfection. Fourthly, because of its compositure; for it is compounded of the first two perfect numbers equal and unequal,—three and four; for the number two, consisting of repeated unity, which is no number, is not perfect. Now, every one of these being excellent of themselves, (as hath been demonstrated,) how can this number be but far more excellent, consisting of them all, and participating, as it were, of all their

excellent virtues?”

Hippocrates says that the septenary number by its occult virtue tends to the accomplishment of all things, is the dispenser of life and fountain of all its changes; and, like Shakspeare, he divides the life of man into seven ages. In seven months a child may be born and live, and not before. Anciently a child was not named before seven days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day. The teeth spring out in the seventh month, and are renewed in the seventh year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At thrice seven years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and we become legally competent to all civil acts; at four times seven man is in the full possession of his strength; at five times seven he is fit for the business of the world; at six times seven he becomes grave and wise, or never; at seven times seven he is in his apogee, and from that time he decays. At eight times seven he is in his first climacteric; at nine times seven, or sixty-three, he is in his grand climacteric, or year of danger; and ten times seven, or threescore years and ten, has, by the Royal Prophet, been pronounced the natural period of human life.

In six days creation was perfected, and the seventh was consecrated to rest. On the seventh of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted seven days and remained seven days in rest; the seventh year was directed to be a sabbath of rest for all things; and at the end of seven times seven years commenced the grand Jubilee; every seventh year the land lay fallow; every seventh year there was a general release from all debts, and all bondsmen were set free. From this law may have originated the custom

of binding young men to seven years' apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for seven, twice seven, or three times seven years. Every seventh year the law was directed to be read to the people; Jacob served seven years for the possession of Rachel, and also another seven years. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood, and was commanded to take the fowls of the air into the ark by sevens, and the clean beasts by sevens. The ark touched the ground on the seventh month; and in seven days a dove was sent, and again in seven days after. The seven years of plenty and seven years of famine were foretold in Pharaoh's dreams by the seven fat and the seven lean beasts, and the seven ears of full corn and the seven ears of blasted corn. The young animals were to remain with the dam seven days, and at the close of the seventh taken away. By the old law, man was commanded to forgive his offending brother seven times; but the meekness of the last revealed religion extended his humility and forbearance to seventy times seven times. "If Cain shall be revenged sevenfold, truly Lamech seventy times seven." In the destruction of Jericho, seven priests bore seven trumpets seven days, and on the seventh day surrounded the walls seven times, and after the seventh time the walls fell. Balaam prepared seven bullocks and seven rams for a sacrifice; Laban pursued Jacob seven days' journey; Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams as an atonement for their wickedness; David, in bringing up the ark, offered seven bullocks and seven rams; Elijah sent his servant seven times to look for the cloud; Hezekiah, in cleansing the temple, offered seven bullocks and seven rams and seven he-goats for a sin-offering. The children of Israel, when

Hezekiah took away the strange altars, kept the feast of unleavened bread seven days, and then again another seven days. King Ahasuerus had seven chamberlains, a seven days' feast, and sent for the queen on the seventh day; and in the seventh year of his reign she was taken to him. Queen Esther had seven maids to attend her. Solomon was seven years building the temple, at the dedication of which he feasted seven days; in the tabernacle were seven lamps; seven days were appointed for an atonement upon the altar, and the priest's son was ordained to wear his father's garment seven days; the children of Israel ate unleavened bread seven days; Abraham gave seven ewe-lambs to Abimelech as a memorial for a well; Joseph mourned seven days for Jacob. The rabbins say God employed the power of answering this number to perfect the greatness of Samuel, his name answering the value of the letters in the Hebrew word, which signifies seven,—whence Hannah, his mother, in her thanks, says "that the barren had brought forth the seventh." In Scripture are enumerated seven resurrections,—the widow's son, by Elias; the Shunamite's son, by Elisha; the soldier who touched the bone of the prophet; the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue; the widow's son of Nain; Lazarus, and our blessed Lord. Out of Mary Magdalene were cast seven devils. The apostles chose seven deacons. Enoch, who was translated, was the seventh after Adam, and Jesus Christ the seventy-seventh in a direct line. Our Saviour spoke seven times from the cross, on which he remained seven hours; he appeared seven times; after seven times seven days he sent the Holy Ghost. In the Lord's Prayer are seven petitions, expressed in seven times seven words, omitting those of mere grammatical connection. Within this number are

contained all the mysteries of the Apocalypse revealed to the seven churches of Asia; there appeared seven golden candlesticks and seven stars that were in the hand of Him that was in the midst; seven lamps, being the seven spirits of God; the book with seven seals; seven kings; seven thunders; seven thousand men slain; the dragon with seven heads, and the seven angels bearing seven vials of wrath; the vision of Daniel seventy weeks. The fiery furnace was made seven times hotter for Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego; Nebuchadnezzar ate the grass of the field seven years. The elders of Israel were seventy. There are also numbered seven heavens, seven planets, seven stars, seven wise men, seven champions of Christendom, seven notes in music, seven primary colors, seven deadly sins, seven sacraments in the Roman Catholic Church, and seven wonders of the world. The seventh son was considered as endowed with pre-eminent wisdom; the seventh son of a seventh son is still thought by some to possess the power of healing diseases spontaneously. Perfection is likened to gold seven times purified in the fire; and we yet say, “you frighten me out of my seven senses.” There were seven chiefs before Thebes. The blood was to be sprinkled seven times before the altar; Naaman was to be dipped seven times in Jordan; Apuleius speaks of the dipping of the head seven times in the sea for purification. In all solemn rites of purgation, dedication, and consecration, the oil or water was seven times sprinkled. The house of wisdom, in Proverbs, had seven pillars.

THE NUMBER THREE.

When the world was created, we find land, water, and sky; sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the whale's belly; our Saviour passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions, for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity, these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. In mythology there were three graces; Cerberus with his three heads; Neptune holding his three-toothed staff; the Oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine Muses sprang from three. The witches in Macbeth ask, "When shall we three meet again?" The Pope's tiara is triple. We have morning, noon, and night; fish, flesh, and fowl; water, ice, and snow. Trees group their leaves in threes; there is three-leaved clover. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle? witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three propositions are indispensable. It is a common phrase that "three is a lucky number." Life stands on a tripod, the feet of which are the circulation, respiration, and innervation; death is therefore the result of a failure in the heart, the lungs, or the brain. Finally, there is earth, heaven, and hell; and above all, the Holy Trinity.

THE NUMBER NINE.

The singular properties of the number nine are well known to arithmeticians. The following is one of the most interesting. If the cardinal numbers from 1 to 9 inclusive, omitting 8, be used as a multiplicand, and any one of them multiplied by 9 be used as a multiplier, the result will present a succession of figures the same as that multiplied by the 9. For example, if we wish a series of fives, we take 5 times 9, equal to 45, for a multiplier:—

```
                                  1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9
                                            4 5
-----------------------------------------------
                                  6 1 7 2 8 3 9 5
4 9 3 8 2 7 1 6
-----------------------------------------------
                                5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5
```

A similar result will be obtained by using all the other numbers, including 8 (72); but the 8 must in all cases be omitted in the multiplicand.

CHANGES OF THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

The following curious calculation has been made of the number of changes which this wonderful instrument will admit:—

Supposing the instrument to contain twenty small pieces of glass, &c., and that you make ten changes in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 462,880,899,576 years and 360 days to go through the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing,—amounting (according to our frail

idea of the nature of things) to an eternity, Or, if you take only twelve small pieces, and make ten changes in each minute, it will then take 33,264 days, or 91 years and 49 days, to exhaust its variations. However exaggerated this statement may appear to some, it is actually the case.

NOAH'S ARK AND THE GREAT EASTERN STEAMSHIP.

The following comparison between the size of Noah's Ark and the Leviathan (Great Eastern), both being considered in point of tonnage, after the old law for calculating the tonnage, exhibits a remarkable similarity. The sacred cubit, as stated by Sir Isaac Newton, is 20·625 English inches; by Bishop Wilkins at 21·88 inches. According to these authorities, the dimensions will be as follows:—

	SIR I. NEWTON.	BP. WILKINS.	GR. EASTERN.
	Feet.	*Feet.*	*Feet.*
Length between perpendiculars	515·62	547·00	680
Breadth	84·94	91·16	83
Depth	51·56	54·70	60
Keel, or length for tonnage	464·08	492·31	630
Tonnage according to old law	18,231 58–94	21,761 50–94	23,092 25–94.

DIVERSITY OF COLORS.

In a very amusing work of the celebrated Goethe, entitled *Winkelmann und sein Jahrhundert*, it is stated that about fifteen thousand varieties of color are employed by the workers of mosaic in Rome, and that there are fifty shades of each of these varieties, from the deepest to the palest, thus affording seven hundred and fifty thousand tints, which the artist can distinguish with the greatest facility. It might be imagined that with the command of seven hundred and fifty thousand tints of colors, the most varied and beautiful painting could be perfectly imitated; yet this is not the case, for the mosaic-workers find a lack of tints, even amid this astonishing variety.

AEROLITES.

Meteoric stones, in single masses and in showers, have fallen from the atmosphere at various, and in many cases uncertain, periods, throughout the world. The largest of these at present known is in the province of Tucuman, in South America, in the midst of an extensive plain. It weighs thirty thousand pounds. A mass in the Imperial Cabinet in Vienna was brought from Agram, in Croatia, where it fell in 1751. It was seen by the inhabitants while falling from the air, and is said to have appeared like a globe of fire. Professor Pallas, in his travels in Siberia, found a mass on the mountains of Kemir, weighing sixteen hundred and eighty pounds, which the inhabitants told him fell from the sky. About one hundred and fifty miles from Bahia, in Brazil, is a mass of a crystalline texture weighing fourteen thousand pounds. There are also large masses in West Greenland, Mexico, Peru, and South Africa. The specimen in the cabinet at New Haven, weighing

three thousand pounds, was brought from Red River in Louisiana. Showers of meteorolites, weighing from a few ounces to twenty pounds, are recorded by observers as having fallen at Ensisheim, in 1492; at Mort, in 1750; at Aire, in 1769; at Juliac, in 1790; at Sienna, in 1794; at Benares, in 1798; at L'Aigle, in 1803; and at St. Germaine, in 1808. One of the most remarkable instances that has occurred in this country under the direct observation of eye-witnesses took place in Fairfield county, Connecticut, in December, 1807, an interesting account of which may be found in vol. vi. American Philosophical Transactions (1809). A similar occurrence happened at Norwich, in the same State, in 1836.

With regard to the extraordinary origin of these aerolites, or meteorolites, it has been incontestably proved to be atmospheric, by eye-witnesses, by the similarity of their composition in all cases, by the fact that though the materials thus mingled—being chiefly native iron, with small proportions of nickel, silex, aluminium, magnesium, and sulphur—are well known, they are never united in the same manner among the productions of the globe; and further, by the fact that they are never projected from terrestrial volcanoes, and that the situations in which they are found are generally isolated and always on the surface of the earth.

It remains, then, for the philosopher to ascertain the source of this interesting portion of nature. The great difficulty of this task is evident from the number and variety of the theories which have been formed respecting it, and their liability to serious objections. Those who hold the opinion that aerolites are formed from substances floating in the atmosphere must resort to the hypothesis that iron, nickel, silex,

sulphur, &c. are first rendered volatile, and then synthetically formed into the ponderous stones which fall from above. Professor Silliman remarks of this recourse to atmospheric formation from gaseous ingredients, that it is a crude, unphilosophical conception, inconsistent with known chemical facts, and physically impossible. The theory which refers these aerolites to *lunar* volcanic origin seems to have more to recommend it. La Place, the illustrious author of the *Mécanique Céleste*,—the respect due to whose opinion no one will dispute,—maintained that these meteoric stones are expelled violently from the active volcanoes which telescopic research has proved to exist in great numbers on the surface of the moon, and that, passing beyond the limits of the attraction of our satellite, they come within the influence of the earth and are drawn towards its surface. It has been calculated that the power required to drive a body beyond the moon's attraction would be only about four times that with which a ball is expelled from a cannon with the ordinary charge of gunpowder. However rapid a velocity of seven thousand seven hundred and seventy feet per second may seem, it would not require an improbable amount of mechanical force.

Professor Olmsted, the American astronomer, has offered the most satisfactory explanation. He has shown that countless bodies, of comparatively small dimensions, cluster together in vast rings, and revolve, as do the planets, around the sun; that these bodies become visible when the orbit of the earth approaches their orbit; that sometimes they are entangled in our atmosphere, catch fire from their enormous velocity, and fall to the earth as meteoric stones. In this way the shooting stars and meteors are shown to be diminutive planets, which in

composition and orbital motion resemble our own earth, and almost fill the planetary space with their countless squadrons.

FATE OF AMERICA'S DISCOVERERS.

It is remarkable how few of the eminent men of the discoverers and conquerors of the New World died in peace. Columbus died broken-hearted; Roldin and Bobadilla were drowned; Ovando was harshly superseded; Las Casas sought refuge in a cowl; Ojeda died in extreme poverty; Enciso was deposed by his own men; Nicuessa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party; Vasco Nunez de Balboa was disgracefully beheaded; Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon, and afterwards died of hardship; Cortez was dishonored; Alvarado was destroyed in ambush; Almagro was garroted; Pizarro was murdered, and his four brothers cut off; and there was no end to the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs among the energetic and daring adventurers.

FACTS ABOUT THE PRESIDENTS.

Of the first seven Presidents of the United States, four were from Virginia, two of the same name from Massachusetts, and one from Tennessee. All but one were sixty-six years old on leaving office, having served two terms, and one of those who served but one term would have been sixty-six years of age at the end of another. Three of the seven died on the 4th of July, and two of them on the same day and year. Two of them were on the sub-committee of

three that drafted the Declaration of Independence; and these two died on the same day and year, on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just half a century from the day of the Declaration. The names of three of the seven end in son, yet none of them transmitted his name to a *son*. The initials of the names of two of the seven are the same; the initials of two others are the same; and those of still two others, the same. The remaining one, who stands alone in this particular, stands also alone in the love and admiration of his countrymen and of the civilized world,—Washington. Of the first five, only one had a son, and that son was also President. Neither of the Presidents who had sons were elected for a second term.

THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

The crown of England is a costly "bauble," bedazzled with jewels enough to found three or four public charities, or a half-dozen ordinary colleges. There are twenty diamonds round the circle, worth $7,500 each, making $150,000; two large centre diamonds, $10,000 each, making $20,000; fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, each $500; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, $60,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, $20,000; twelve diamonds contained in the fleur-de-lis, $50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, $10,000; pearls, diamonds, &c. upon the arches and crosses, $50,000; also one hundred and forty-one small diamonds, $25,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, $15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim, $15,000. The cost of the stones in the crown,

exclusive of the metal, is, therefore, nearly half a million of dollars.

AN ARMY OF WOMEN.

In the army of the Chinese rebels, there were in 1853, in Nanking alone, about half a million of women, collected from various parts of the country and formed into brigades of thirteen thousand, under female officers. Of these, ten thousand were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in the city; the rest were compelled to undergo the drudgery of digging moats, making earth works, erecting batteries, &c.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

Under the influence of a conjunction of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, which took place in the year 1604, Kepler was led to think that he had discovered means for determining the true year of our Saviour's birth. He made his calculations, and found that Jupiter and Saturn were in conjunction in the constellation of the Fishes (a fish is the astrological symbol of Judæa) in the latter half of the year of Rome 747, and were joined by Mars in 748. Here then he fixed the first figure in the date of our era, and here he found the appearance in the heavens which induced the magi to undertake their journey, and conducted them successfully on their way. Others have taken up this view, freed it from astrological impurities, and shown its trustworthiness and applicability in the case under consideration. It appears that Jupiter and Saturn came together for the first time on May 20th

in the twentieth degree of the constellation of the Fishes. They then stood before sunrise in the eastern part of the heavens, and so were seen by the magi. Jupiter then passed by Saturn towards the north. About the middle of September they were near midnight both in opposition to the sun, Saturn in the thirteenth, Jupiter in the fifteenth degree, being distant from each other about a degree and a half. They then drew nearer: on October 27th there was a second conjunction in the sixteenth degree, and on November 12th there took place a third conjunction in the fifteenth degree of the same constellation. In the last two conjunctions the interval between the planets amounted to no more than a degree, so that to the unassisted eye the rays of the one planet were absorbed in those of the other, and the two bodies would appear as one. The two planets went past each other three times, came very near together, and showed themselves all night long for months in conjunction with each other, as if they would never separate again. Their first union in the east awoke the attention of the magi, told them the expected time had come, and bade them set off without delay towards Judæa (the fish land). When they reached Jerusalem the two planets were once more blended together. Then, in the evening, they stood in the southern part of the sky, pointing with their united rays to Bethlehem, where prophecy declared the Messiah was to be born. The magi followed the finger of heavenly light, and were brought to the child Jesus. The conclusion in regard to the time of the advent is that our Lord was born in the latter part of the year of Rome 747, or six years before the common era.

A recent writer of considerable merit, Wieseler (*Chronolog. Synop. der 4 Evangelien.*) has applied this

theory of Kepler in conjunction with a discovery that he has made from some Chinese astronomical tables, which show that in the year of Rome 750 a comet appeared in the heavens, and was visible for seventy days. Wieseler's opinion is that the conjunction of the planets excited and fixed the attention of the magi, but that their guiding-star was the aforesaid comet.

DIPLOMATIC COSTUME.

Dr. Franklin, it is well known, gained great praise for wearing an ordinary plain suit, instead of a gold embroidered Court costume, when formally presented to King Louis XVI. In reference to this anecdote, Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his notebook states that he was told by an aged lady, in England, that the circumstance above mentioned arose from the fact that Franklin's tailor disappointed him of his Court suit, and that he wore his plain one with great reluctance, because he had no other. Franklin, it is said, having by his mishap made a successful impression, continued to wear his plain dress through policy. Thus we have another dissipation of one of those pleasant fictions which have been transmitted by the historian and the painter. It is like the apocryphal story of Franklin reading the prayer of Habakkuk to an assembly of French infidels, who are said to have pronounced it one of the finest compositions they had ever heard, and to have eagerly inquired where it might be found.

INSTANCES OF REMARKABLE

LONGEVITY.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.—Psalm xc. 10.

Haller has noted one thousand cases of centenarians: sixty-two of from 110 to 120 years; twenty-nine of from 120 to 130; and fifteen who had attained from 130 to 140 years. Beyond this advanced age, well-authenticated examples of longevity are very rare. The case of Henry Jenkins, the Yorkshire fisherman, who died in December, 1670, at the age of 169, is one of the most remarkable. He is buried in the church of Bolton-upon-Swale, where may be found a long inscription, chiefly referring to his humble position in life and his patriarchal age. That of Thomas Parr is also well known. He was first married at the age of 80, and afterwards at 122, and died in 1635, aged 152. He was a farmer, and up to the age of 130 was able to dig, plough, and thrash. Had he continued his simple and abstemious habits, his life would probably have been prolonged a considerable period; but the luxurious living of the court of Charles I., at which his latter years were spent, occasioned a plethoric condition which hastened his end. The famous Harvey dissected him after death, and found no appearance of decay in any organ.

The following list of instances of very advanced age is given on the authority of Prichard, Whitehurst, Bailey, and others:—

	Died.	Age.
Apollonius of Tyana	A.D. 99	130
St. Patrick	491	122

Attila	500	124
Llywarch Hên	500	150
St. Coemgene	618	120
St. Mongah, or Kentigern	781	185
Piastus, King of Poland	861	120
Countess of Desmond	1612	145
Thomas Parr	1635	152
Thomas Damme	1648	154
Dr. Mead, Hertfordshire	1652	148
James Bowles, Kenilworth	1656	152
Henry Jenkins	1670	169
William Edwards[16]	1688	168
Petrarch Czartan	1724	185
Margaret Patten	1739	137
John Roven	1741	172
Mrs. John Roven	1741	164
John Effingham, Cornwall	———	144
Thomas Winslow, a captain of Cromwell	1766	146
Draakenburg, a Dane	1772	146
Jonas Warren, Ballydole	1787	167
Jonas Surington, Bergen, Norway	1797	159
Demetrius Grabowsky, Poland	1830	169
Bridget Devine	1845	147

Czartan's biographer says of him:—He was born in the year 1539 and died January 5th, 1724, at Kofrosch, a village four miles from Temeswar. A few days before his death, being nearly 185 years old, he had walked, with the help of a stick, to the post-house at Kofrosch, to ask charity from the travellers. His eyes were much inflamed; but he still enjoyed a

little sight. His hair and beard were of a greenish white color, like mouldy bread; and he had a few of his teeth remaining. His son, who was 97 years of age, declared that his father had once been a head taller; that at a great age he married for the third time, and that he was born in this last marriage. He was accustomed, agreeably to the rules of his religion, (Greek Church,) to observe fast-days with great strictness, and never to use any other food than milk, and certain cakes, called by the Hungarians *collatschen*, together with a good glass of brandy such as is made in the country.

The Hungarian family of Roven affords an extraordinary example of long life. The father attained the age of 172, the wife, 164; they had been married 142 years, and their youngest child was 115; and such was the influence of habit and filial affection that this *child* was treated with all the severity of parental rigidity, and did not dare to act without his *papa's* and *mamma's* permission.

Examples of great longevity are frequent in Russia. According to an official report, there were, in 1828, in the empire, 828 centenarians, of whom forty had exceeded 120 years; fifteen, 130; nine, 136; and three, 138 years. In the government of Moscow there died, in 1830, a man aged 150. In the government of Kieff, an old soldier died in 1844, at the age of 153. There lately died on an estate in the government of Viatka, a peasant named Michael Kniawelkis, who had attained the age of 137 years, 10 months, and 11 days. He was born in a village of the same district, married at the age of 19, and had had, by several wives, 32 children, one of whom, a daughter, is still living, at the age of 100. He never had any serious illness; some years before his death he complained

that he could not read without glasses, but to the last day he retained the use of all his faculties, and was very cheerful. He frequently said that he thought death had forgotten him.

In China, on the contrary, such instances are rare. From a census made a few years ago, we learn that out of a population of 369,000,000 there were but four centenarians.

According to the census of the United States, taken in 1830, there were 2,556 persons a hundred years old, or upwards. The census of 1850 exhibits nearly the same number. This gives one centenarian to a population of 9,000. From this census we also learn that the oldest person then living in the United States was 140. This was an Indian woman residing in North Carolina. In the same State was an Indian aged 125, a negro woman 111, two black slaves 110 each, one mulatto male 120, and several white males and females from 106 to 114. In the parish of Lafayette, La., was a female, black, aged 120. In several of the States there were found persons, white and black, aged from 110 to 115.

There is now living in Murray county, Georgia, on the waters of Holy Creek, a Revolutionary veteran, who has attained the age of 135. His name is John Hames. He is known throughout the region in which he lives by the appellative, “Gran’sir Hames.” He was born in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, and was a lad 10 years old when Washington was in his cradle. He was 32 when Braddock met his disastrous defeat on the Monongahela. He, with a number of his neighbors, set forth to join the ill-fated commander, but after several days’ march were turned back by the news of his overthrow. He migrated to South Carolina nearly 100 years ago. He was in thirteen

considerable conflicts during the war of Independence, and in skirmishes and encounters with Indians, with tories, and with British, times beyond memory. He was with Gates at Camden, with Morgan at Cowpens, with Green at Hillsboro' and Eutaw, and with Marion in many a bold rush into a tory camp or redcoat quarters.

At the time of the Eighth Census there were about 20,000 persons in the United States who were living when the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1776. They must necessarily have been more than eighty years old, in order to have lived at that time. The French Census of 1851 shows only 102 persons over 100 years old,—though the total population was nearly 36,000,000. Old age is therefore attained among us much more frequently than in France.

At Cordova, in South America, in the year of 1780, a judicial inquiry was instituted by the authorities to determine the age of a negress by the name of Louisa Truxo. She testified that she perfectly remembered Fernando Truxo, the bishop, who gave her as his contribution toward a university fund: he died in 1614. Another negress, who was known to be 120, testified that Louisa was an elderly woman when she was a child. On this evidence the authorities of Cordova concluded that Louisa was, as she asserted, 175 years old.

Two cases are recorded by Mr. Bailey, in his *Annals of Longevity*, which throw all these into the shade; but the evidence furnished is inadequate and unsatisfactory. One is that of an Englishman, Thomas Cam, whom the parish register of Shoreditch affirms to have died in 1588, at the age of 207, having paid allegiance to twelve monarchs. The other is that of a Russian,—name not given,—whom the St. Petersburg

Gazette mentioned as having died in 1812, at an age exceeding 200.

The following in relation to Cam is copied literally from the register of burials of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch:—

1588. BURIALLES. Fol. 35.

THOMAS CAM was buriel *
e
y
22 inst. of
Januarye, Aged 207 yeares.

Holywell Street.
Geo. Garrow,
Parish Clerk.

Copy, Aug'st 25, 1832.

In connection with the foregoing facts, it will be interesting to revert to the ages of the antediluvian patriarchs:—

	Years.
Adam lived	930
Seth	912
Enos	905
Canaan	910
Mahalaleel	895
Jared	962
Enoch	365
Methuselah	969
Lamech	777
Noah, who lived before and after the Deluge, in all	950

In Willet's *Hexapla, in Leviticum*, is the following remarkable passage:—

Ludovicus Vives (*in Aug. de Civit, Dei, lib. XV.*) writeth of a town in Spain, consisting of about an hundred houses, all of them inhabited by the seed of one old man, then living; so that the youngest of them knew not what to call him: *Quia lingua Hispana supra abavum non ascendit*, because the Spanish tongue goeth no higher than the great-grandfather's father. And Bas. Johan. Heroldus hath a pretty epigram of an aged matron that lived to see her children's children to the sixth degree:—

[1]Mater ait [2]natæ die quod [3]sua filia [4]natam
Admoneat [5]natæ plangere [6]filiolam.

The [1]Mother said, Go tell my [2]Child
That [3]her Girl should her [4]Daughter tell
She must now mourn (that lately smiled),
Her [5]Daughter's little [6]Babe's not well.

MEANS OF RECOGNITION.

When the English suite of Lord Macartney was invited to a grand entertainment in China, one of them, understanding that it was not expedient to venture upon every dish which appeared under the guise of the native cookery, was desirous of ascertaining how far he might venture with safety, and as the Chinese waiters could understand a little English, he pointed to a dish before him, and said to the attendant in an interrogative tone, "Quack-quack?" meaning to inquire if it was a duck. The attendant perfectly understood him, and immediately replied, with great solemnity and sincerity, "Bow-wow!"

Rossini once unexpectedly met his old friend Sir Henry Bishop, but having at the moment forgotten his name, after puzzling and stammering for some time, he at length took him by the hand, and sang a few bars to prove he identified him through Bishop's beautiful song, "Blow gentle gales."

MARRIAGE VOW.

The matrimonial ceremony, like many others, has undergone some variation in the progress of time. Upwards of three centuries ago, the husband, on taking his wife by the right hand, thus addressed her; "I, A. B., *undersygne* thee, C. D., for my wedded wyfe, for beter, for worse, for richer, for porer, yn sekness, and in helthe, tyl dethe us departe, [not "do part," as now erroneously rendered, *departe* formerly meaning to *separate*,] as holy churche hath ordeyned, and thereto I plyght thee my trowthe." The wife replied in the same form, with an additional clause, "to be buxum to thee, tyl dethe us departe." So it appears in the first edition of the *Missals for the use of the famous and celebrated Church of Hereford*, 1502. In the *Salisbury Missal*, the lady promised "to be bonere [debonnair] and buxum in bedde and at the borde."

COMPOSITION IN DREAMS.

Condorcet is said to have attained the conclusion of some of his most abstruse unfinished calculations in his dreams. Franklin makes a similar admission concerning some of his political projects, which in his waking moments sorely puzzled him. Herschel

composed the following lines in a dream:—

"Throw thyself on thy God, nor mock him with feeble
denial;
Sure of his love, and, oh! sure of his mercy at last;
Bitter and deep though the draught, yet drain thou the cup
of thy trial,
And, in its healing effect, smile at the bitterness past."

Goethe says in his *Memoirs*, "The objects which had occupied my attention during the day often reappeared at night in connected dreams. On awakening, a new composition, or a portion of one I had already commenced, presented itself to my mind." Coleridge composed his poem of the *Abyssinian Maid* during a dream. Cockburn says of Lord Jeffrey:—"He had a fancy that though he went to bed with his head stuffed with the names, dates, and other details of various causes, they were all in order in the morning; which he accounted for by saying that during sleep they all crystallized round their proper centres."

FACTS ABOUT SLEEP.

Come sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe;
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The impartial judge between the high and low.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

While I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory, and blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts; the food that appeases hunger; the drink that quenches thirst; the fire that warms cold; the cold that moderates heat; and

lastly, the general coin that purchases all things; the balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the king, and the simple to the wise.—*Sancho Panza.*

Sir Philip Sidney calls sleep "the poor man's wealth," and, he might have added, it is every man's health. Men have often, according to their own notions, attempted to limit or extend the hours of sleep. Thus, the "immortal Alfred" of England divided the day into three portions of eight hours each, assigning one for refreshment and the health of the body by sleep, diet, and exercise, another for business, and the third for study and devotion. Bishop Taylor considered three hours', and Richard Baxter four hours', sleep sufficient for any man.

"Nature requires five,
  Custom gives seven,
Laziness takes nine,
  And wickedness eleven."

The error into which these and others have fallen arises not only from the fact that in this, as well as in other things, every man is a law to himself, but from the varying amount required in each individual case at different times, depending upon the amount of renovation required by the nervous and muscular systems. John Wesley, the distinguished founder of Methodism, who attained the age of eighty-eight, and who could command sleep on horseback, says very properly, in some curious remarks which he has left upon sleep, that no one measure will do for all, nor will the same amount of sleep suffice even for the same person at all times. A person debilitated by sickness requires more of "tired nature's sweet restorer" than one in vigorous health. More sleep is also necessary when the strength and spirits are exhausted by hard labor or severe mental efforts.

Whatever may be the case with some few persons, of a peculiar constitution, it is evident that health and vigor can scarcely be expected to continue long without six hours' sleep in the four-and-twenty. Wesley adds that during his long life he never knew any individual who retained vigorous health for a whole year, with a less quantity of sleep than this.

It is said that women, in general, require more sleep than men. This is doubtful: it is certain, at least, that women endure protracted wakefulness better than men. The degree of muscular and mental exertion to which the male is accustomed would seem to indicate that a longer period of rest ought to be required by him to admit of the necessary restoration of excitability. In infancy and youth, where the animal functions are extremely active, the necessity for sleep is greatest; in mature age, where time is more valued and cares are more numerous, it is less indulged; whilst the aged may be affected in two opposite ways; they may be either in a state of almost constant somnolency, or their sleep may be short and light.

There are some remarkable cases on record of deviations from the customary amount of sleep, making a "bed shorter than for an ordinary man to stretch himself upon, and a covering narrower than he can wrap himself in," capacious enough for persons of very active habits in their waking hours. Many persons have reached advanced age without ever having had more than one or two hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. There is one case of a man who, throughout his whole life, never slept more than fifteen minutes at one time. General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane that, in the course of his active campaigns, he had for a whole year not more

than one hour of sleep in the twenty-four hours. Frederick of Prussia and Napoleon, as a general thing, only devoted three or four hours to sleep.

One can scarcely conceive a more horrible mode of torture than the Chinese plan of condemning criminals to death by preventing sleep. The victim is kept awake by guards alternately stationed for the purpose. His sufferings last from twelve to twenty days, when death comes to his relief.

The influence of habit in promoting or preventing sleep is remarkable. Those accustomed to the tranquillity of rural districts are excessively annoyed by the din of the carriages on the paved thoroughfares of a large city. It is said, on the other hand, that those who live near the cataracts of the Nile cannot sleep at a distance from them, owing to their having become accustomed to the noise, the stimulus of which upon the ear they lack. Some persons can only sleep in the dark; we knew a woman who slept habitually with a candle burning in her bedroom, and who invariably awoke if the light went out. Some of the soldiers of Bonaparte's army would sleep, after extreme fatigue and exhaustion, on the ground by the side of a twenty-four pounder which was constantly firing. Some boys slept from fatigue on board of Nelson's ship, at the battle of the Nile. We have heard of a boiler-maker who could go to sleep in a boiler while the workmen were constantly hammering the rivets.

Sleep can persist with the exercise of certain muscles. Couriers on long journeys nap on horseback; and coachmen, on their boxes. Among the impressive incidents of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat to Corunna, in Spain, not the least striking is the recorded fact that many of his soldiers steadily

pursued their march while fast asleep. Burdach, however, affirms that this is not uncommon among soldiers. Franklin slept nearly an hour swimming on his back. An acquaintance of Dr. D., travelling with a party in North Carolina, being greatly fatigued, was observed to be sound asleep in his saddle. His horse, being a better walker, went far in advance of the rest. On crossing a hill, they found him on the ground, snoring gently. His horse had fallen, as was evident from his bruised knees, and had thrown his rider on his head on a hard surface, without waking him.

Animals of the lower orders obey peculiar laws in regard to sleep. Fish are said to sleep soundly; and we are told by Aristotle that the tench may be taken in this state, if approached cautiously. Many birds and beasts of prey take their repose in the daytime. When kept in captivity, this habit undergoes a change,—which makes us doubt whether it was not the result of necessity, which demanded that they should take advantage of the darkness, silence, and the unguarded state of their victims. In the menagerie at Paris, even the hyena sleeps at night, and is awake by day. They all, however, seek, as favoring the purpose, a certain degree of seclusion and shade, with the exception of the lion, who, Burdach informs us, sleeps at noonday, in the open plain; and the eagle and condor will poise themselves on the most elevated pinnacle of rock, in the clear blue atmosphere and dazzling sunlight. Birds, however, are furnished with a winking membrane, generally, to shelter the eye from light. Fish prefer to retire to sleep under the shadow of a rock or a woody bank. Of domestic animals, the horse seems to require least sleep; and that he usually takes in the erect posture.

Birds that roost in a sitting posture are furnished with a well-adapted mechanism, which keeps them firmly supported without voluntary or conscious action. The tendon of the claws is so arranged as to be tightened by their weight when the thighs are bent, thus contracting closely and grasping the bough or perch. In certain other animals which sleep erect, the articulations of the foot and knee are described by Dumeril as resembling the spring of a pocket-knife, which opens the instrument and serves to keep the blade in a line with the handle.

The following calculation is interesting. Suppose one boy aged ten years determines to rise at five o'clock all the year round. Another of the same age, indolent and fond of ease, rises at eight, or an average of eight, every morning. If they both live to be seventy years old, the one will have gained over the other, during the intervening period of sixty years, sixty-five thousand seven hundred and forty-five hours, which is equal to two thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine and a third days, or just seven and a half years. If a similar calculation were applied to the whole country, how many millions of years of individual usefulness would it prove to be lost to society!

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I!
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep,
(I really can't avoid the iteration;)
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,

Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off,—early rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
  Observes some solemn, sentimental owl:
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
  But ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about their rise—and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The "time for honest folks to be abed"
  Is in the morning, if I reason right:
And he who cannot keep his precious head
  Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up—to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
  It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed
  At ten o'clock A. M.,—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
  Awake to duty and awake to truth;
But when, alas! a nice review we take
  Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world a while
  For the soft visions of the gentle night,
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
  To live, as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realms so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
  I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase

Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, “Served him right!—it’s not at all surprising:
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!”

OPIUM AND EAST INDIAN HEMP.

Children of Night! from Lethe’s bourn,
Ye come to weave the oblivious veil,
And on the wretched and forlorn
To bid your sweet illusions steal.—*Fracastoro.*

There is nothing in nature more curious and inexplicable than the influence on the circulating fluids, and through these on the brain and its functions, of various narcotic drugs. Among these, opium, and *Cannabis Indica*, or East Indian hemp, occupy the most prominent place. No reflective person can look into the writings of Coleridge, De Quincey, or Bayard Taylor, each of whom has experienced the effects of these drugs in his own person, and graphically described his sensations, thoughts, feelings, and dreams while under their influence, without being struck with awe and astonishment at the modifying and disturbing influences which these substances exert upon that mysterious connection which exists between the mind and the material medium through which it manifests itself. Take the following, for example, from the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, which, not only for grandeur of description, but for psychological interest, is unsurpassed by any thing in the English language.

“The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams,—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of

the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom —a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams, (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement,) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt.

"'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake,—some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives—I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and, at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated, —everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again, reverberated,—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in

struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'"

De Quincey took laudanum for the first time to dispel pain, and he thus describes the effect it had upon him:—"But I took it, and in an hour, oh, heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished was now a trifle in my eyes. This *negative* effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me,—in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea,—a φαρμακον νεπενθες for all human woes. Here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered! Happiness might now be bought for a penny and carried in the waistcoat-pocket; portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint bottle; and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach."

Dr. Madden describes more soberly his sensations when under the influence of the drug in one of the coffee-houses at Constantinople. "I commenced with one grain. In the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect. The coffee-house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and in another half-hour, feeling nothing of the expected revery, I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, my spirits became sensibly excited: the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expansion of mind and matter. My faculties appeared enlarged; every thing I looked at seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my

eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted on by the imagination and magnified into images of pleasure: in short, it was the ‘faint, exquisite music of a dream’ in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading at every step that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground: it seemed as if I slid along the street impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium-eating.”

These after-effects are the source of the misery of the opium-eater. The exciting influence of the drug is almost invariably followed by a corresponding depression. The susceptibility to external impressions and the muscular energy are both lessened. A desire for repose ensues, and a tendency to sleep. The mouth and throat also become dry; the thirst is increased; hunger diminishes; and the bowels usually become torpid.

When large doses are taken, all the above effects are hastened and heightened in proportion. The period of depression comes on sooner; the prostration of energy increases to actual stupor, with or without dreams; the pulse becomes feeble, the muscles exceedingly relaxed; and, if enough has been taken, death ensues.

Of course, all these effects are modified by the

constitution of the individual, by the length of time he has accustomed himself to take it, and by the circumstances in which he is placed. But upon all persons, and in all circumstances, its final effects, like those of ardent spirits taken in large and repeated doses, are equally melancholy and degrading. “A total attenuation of body,” says Dr. Oppenheim, “a withered, yellow countenance, a lame gait, a bending of the spine, frequently to such a degree as to assume a circular form, and glassy, deep-sunken eyes, betray the opium-eater at the first glance. The digestive organs are in the highest degree disturbed: the sufferer eats scarcely any thing, and has hardly one evacuation in a week. His mental and bodily powers are destroyed: he is impotent.”

The influence upon the mental faculties of *Haschisch*, or East Indian hemp, when taken in large doses, is no less extraordinary than that of opium.

That accomplished traveller, Bayard Taylor, when in Damascus, “prompted,” as he says, “by that insatiable curiosity which led him to prefer the acquisition of all lawful knowledge through the channel of his own experience,” was induced to make a trial of this drug. Not knowing the strength of the preparation he employed, he found himself, shortly after taking the second dose, more thoroughly and completely under the influence of the drug than was either pleasant or safe.

Speaking of the effects of the stronger dose, he says, “The same fine nervous thrill of which I have spoken suddenly shot through me. But this time it was accompanied with a burning sensation at the pit of the stomach; and, instead of growing upon me with the gradual pace of healthy slumber, and resolving me, as before, into air, it came with the intensity of a

pang, and shot throbbing along the nerves to the extremities of my body. The sense of limitation—the confinement of our senses within the bounds of our own flesh and blood—instantly fell away. The walls of my frame were burst outward, and tumbled into ruin; and, without thinking what form I wore,—losing sight even of all idea of form,—I felt that I existed throughout a vast extent of space. The blood pulsed from my heart, sped through uncounted leagues before it reached my extremities; the air drawn into my lungs expanded into seas of limpid ether; and the arch of my skull was broader than the vault of heaven. Within the concave that held my brain were the fathomless deeps of blue; clouds floated there, and the winds of heaven rolled them together; and there shone the orb of the sun. It was—though I thought not of that at the time—*like a revelation of the mystery of Omnipresence*."

EFFECTS OF FEAR.

It is a common practice, in many parts of India, to oblige persons suspected of crimes to chew dry rice in presence of the officers of the law. Curious as it may appear, such is the intense influence of fear on the salivary glands, that, if they are actually guilty, there is no secretion of saliva in the mouth, and chewing is impossible. Such culprits generally confess without any further efforts. On the contrary, a consciousness of innocence allows of a proper flow of fluid for softening the rice.

Many of our readers are familiar with the case of the thief to whom, in common with other suspected persons, a stick of a certain length was given, with the assurance that the stick of the thief would grow

by supernatural power. The culprit, imagining that his stick had actually increased in length, broke a piece off, and was thus detected. A similar anecdote is told of a farmer who detected depredations on his corn-bin by calling his men together and making them mix up a quantity of feathers in a sieve, assuring them, at the same time, that the feathers would infallibly stick to the hair of the thief. After a short time, one of the men raised his hand repeatedly to his head, and thus betrayed himself.

A Parisian physician, during his visits made in a hired fly, had received a bottle of real Jamaica rum as a sample, but found, after returning home, that he had left it in the carriage. He went to the office, and informed the manager that he had left a virulent poison in one of the carriages, and desired him to prevent any of the coachmen from drinking it. Hardly had he got back when he was summoned in great haste to three of these worthies, who were suffering from the most horrible colic; and great was his difficulty in persuading them that they had only stolen some most excellent rum.

One of the most singular examples on record of the effect of fear acting through the imagination is given by Breschet, a French author of the sixteenth century, who informs us that the physicians at Montpellier, which was then a great school of medicine, had every year two criminals, the one living, the other dead, delivered to them for dissection. On one occasion they determined to try what effect the mere expectation of death would produce upon a subject in perfect health; and in order to carry out the experiment they told the gentleman (for such was his rank) who was placed at their discretion, that, as the easiest mode of taking

away his life, they would employ the means which Seneca had chosen for himself, and would therefore open his veins in warm water. Accordingly they covered his face, pinched his feet, without lancing them, and set them in a footbath, and then spoke to each other as if they saw that the blood was flowing freely, and life departing with it. The man remained motionless; and when, after a while, they uncovered his face, they found him dead.

FACIAL EXPRESSION.

The facial nerve, which presides over the movements of the face, gives to the physiognomy its different expressions so as to reflect the passions and emotions of the soul. To prove this experimentally, Charles Bell took the most cunning and impressionable monkey he could find in the menagerie of Exeter Change, and divided its facial nerve on one side. Excited by pain, the poor monkey made faces with tenfold energy, but exactly and solely with one side of his face, while the other remained perfectly impassible.

Of course, no one would repeat this experiment on man; but nature sometimes takes the whim to make such a curiosity. All who saw the unfortunate monkey were struck with the strange analogy which its features presented with those of a comic actor then much in vogue in London, who could reproduce all sorts of expressions and mirror every passion with one side of his face, while he kept the other side in a state of perfect immobility. The experiment of Charles Bell gave the key to the enigma. The mimic was the victim of a facial hemiplegia, from some accident to the facial nerve; and he had the

shrewdness to make people believe that voluntary which he could not prevent, and thus to profit by an otherwise mortifying affliction.

A BROKEN HEART.

The following interesting case of a literally *broken heart* was related by a late distinguished medical professor of Philadelphia, to his class, while lecturing upon the diseases of the heart. It will be seen, on perusing it, that the expression "broken-hearted" is not merely figurative.

In the early part of his career, Dr. Mitchell accompanied, as surgeon, a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our Southern ports. On the return-voyage, soon after leaving Liverpool, while the doctor and the captain of the vessel, a weather-beaten son of Neptune, but possessed of uncommonly fine feelings and strong impulses, were conversing in the latter's state-room, the captain opened a large chest, and carefully took out a number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon a table. Dr. M., surprised at the display of costly jewels, ornaments, dresses, and all the varied paraphernalia of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the captain his object in having made so many valuable purchases. The sailor, in reply, said, that for seven or eight years he had been devotedly attached to a lady, to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was as often rejected; that her refusal to wed him, however, had only stimulated his love to greater exertion; and that finally, upon renewing his offer, declaring in the ardency of his passion that, without her society, life was not worth living for, she consented to become

his bride upon his return from his next voyage. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a marriage from which, in the warmth of his feelings, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually allotted to mortals, that he spent all his ready money, while in London, for bridal gifts. After gazing at them fondly for some time, and remarking on them in turn, “I think this will please Annie,” and “I am sure she will like that,” he replaced them with the utmost care. This ceremony he repeated every day during the voyage; and the doctor often observed a tear glisten in his eye as he spoke of the pleasure he would have in presenting them to his affianced bride. On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than his usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible, to hasten to his love. As he was about to step into the carriage awaiting him, he was called aside by two gentlemen who desired to make a communication, the purport of which was that the lady had proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in her, and had married another, with whom she had decamped shortly before. Instantly the captain was observed to clap his hand to his breast and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up, and conveyed to his room on the vessel. Dr. M. was immediately summoned; but, before he reached the poor captain, he was dead. A post-mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate decease. His heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous propulsion of the blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end. The heart was broken.

SENSATION AND INTELLIGENCE AFTER

DECAPITATION.

While some physiologists are of opinion that death by beheading is attended with less actual pain than any other manner of death, and is, therefore, the most *humane* mode of dis-embarrassing society of a villain, others contend, and adduce an equally formidable array of facts to show, that intense agony is experienced, after decollation, in both the head and the body, and that death by the guillotine, so far from being easier than hanging, is one of the most painful known. Whatever may really be the sensations attendant upon the separation of the head from the body, we have, at least, some curious facts, which throw a little light on the subject.

It is related that a professor of physiology at Genoa, who has made this interesting subject his particular study, states that, having exposed two heads, a quarter of an hour after decollation, to a strong light, the eyelids closed suddenly. The tongue, which protruded from the lips, being pricked with a needle, was drawn back into the mouth, and the countenance expressed sudden pain. The head of a criminal named Tillier being submitted to examination after the guillotine, the eyes turned in every direction from whence he was called by name.

Fontenelle declares that he has frequently seen the heads of guillotined persons move their lips, as if they were uttering remonstrances against their cruel treatment. If this be so, there is nothing very incredible in the report, sometimes treated as fabulous, that when the executioner gave a blow on the face of Charlotte Corday after the head was severed from the body, *the countenance* expressed violent indignation.

It is stated on credible authority that some galvanic experiments were once tried on the body of a habitual snuff-taker, after he had undergone the operation of being guillotined. On receiving the first shock, the headless trunk joined its thumb and fore-finger, and deliberately raised its right arm, as if in the act of taking its customary *pinch*, and seemed much astonished and perplexed at finding *no nose* to receive its wonted tribute!

But the most marvellous tale is told of Sir Everard Digby, who was beheaded in 1600 for being concerned in the famous Gunpowder Plot. After the head was struck off, the executioner proceeded, according to the barbarous usages of the day, to pluck the heart from his body; and when he had done so, he held it up in full view of the numerous assemblage gathered round the scaffold to witness the exhibition, and shouted, with a loud voice, *This is the heart of a traitor!* Upon which, the *head*, which was quietly resting on the scaffold, at the distance of a few feet, showed sundry signs of indignation, and, opening its mouth, audibly exclaimed, "*That is a lie!*"

The reader will be reminded, by this case of the English knight, of the conjurer in the Arabian Nights, who, in consequence of a failure in his necromancy, was decapitated by the order and in the presence of the Sultan. The head of the sorcerer, after separation from his body, sat erect upon the floor, and, with a mysterious expression of countenance, informed his highness that as he rather thought he should have no further occasion for his books of magic, he would make a present of them to him; and since he could not very well go to fetch them himself, if his highness would take the trouble to send for them, he would instruct him in their use. On being brought, he

told the Sultan it was first necessary for him to turn over every leaf in the books from the beginning to the end. But he found it was impossible to do this, as they stuck together, without often wetting his fingers at his mouth. This infused into the monarch's veins a subtle and virulent venom, as the books were poisoned, in consequence of which he died very soon in torture, overwhelmed with the taunts and curses of the decapitated head.

A case occurred some years ago at Ticonderoga, N. Y., which settles the question of pain, so far as the body is concerned, and proves that no sensations whatever can exist in the *body* after its connection with the brain is dissolved. It was reported at the time in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, as follows:—

E. D., aged fifty, a man of hale constitution and robust, in making an effort to scale a board fence, was suddenly precipitated backwards to the ground, striking first upon the superior and anterior portion of the head, which luxated the dentatus anteriorly on the third cervical vertebra. He was at length discovered, and taken in (as the patient said) after he had lain nearly an hour, in a condition perfectly bereft of voluntary motion; but, being present, I did not suspect that the power of sensation was also gone, until the patient (whose speech remained almost, or quite, perfect, and who was uncommonly loquacious at that time) said, did he not know to the contrary, he should think that he had no body. His flesh was then punctured, and sometimes deeply, even from the feet to the neck; but the patient gave no evidence of feeling, and, when interrogated, answered that he felt nothing; and, added he, "I never was more perfectly free from pain in my life;"

but he remarked that he could not live, and accordingly sent for his family, twelve miles distant, and arranged all his various concerns in a perfectly sane manner.

The head was thrown back in such a position as to prevent his seeing his body. The pulse was much more sluggish than natural. Respiration and speech, but slightly affected, were gradually failing; but he could articulate distinctly until within a few minutes of his death. All the senses of the head remained quite perfect to the last. He died forty-eight hours after the fall.

Repeated attempts were made to reduce the dislocation, but the transverse processes had become so interlocked that every effort proved abortive. There was undoubtedly in this case a perfect compression of the spinal marrow, which prevented the egress of nervous influence from the brain, while the pneumogastric nerve remained unembarrassed.

ANTIPATHIES.

Antipathies are as various as they are unaccountable, and often in appearance ridiculous. Yet who can control them, or reason himself into a conviction that they are absurd? They are, in truth, natural infirmities or peculiarities, and not fantastical imaginings. In the French “Ana” we find mention of a lady who would faint on seeing boiled lobsters; and several persons are mentioned, among them Mary de Medicis, who experienced the same inconvenience from the smell of roses, though particularly partial to the odor of jonquils and hyacinths. Another is recorded who invariably fell into convulsions at the

sight of a carp. Erasmus, although a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish of any kind that the smell alone threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré mentions a patient of his who could never look at an eel without falling into a fit. Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono could neither of them drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Ladislaus, King of Poland, fell sick if he saw an apple; and if that fruit was exhibited to Chesne, secretary to Francis I., a prodigious quantity of blood would issue from his nose. Henry III. of France could not endure to sit in a room with a cat, and the Duke of Schomberg ran out of any chamber into which one entered. A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose even if he heard the mewing of the obnoxious animal, no matter at how great a distance. M. de l'Ancre, in his *Tableau de l'Inconstance de Toutes Choses*, gives an account of a very sensible man, who was so terrified on seeing a hedgehog that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal. In the same book we find an account of an officer of distinguished bravery who never dared to face a mouse, it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand. M. de l'Ancre says he knew the individual perfectly well. There are some persons who cannot bear to see spiders, and others who eat them as a luxury, as they do snails and frogs. M. Vangheim, a celebrated huntsman in Hanover, would faint outright, or, if he had sufficient time, would run away, at the sight of a roast pig. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to external reverence, that, if any one saluted him, he would involuntarily fall down. Valerius Maximus says that this Chrysippus died of laughing at seeing an ass eat figs out of a silver plate. John Rol, a gentleman of Alcantara, would swoon on

hearing the word *lana* (wool) pronounced, although his cloak was made of wool. Lord Bacon fainted at every eclipse of the moon. Tycho Brahe shuddered at the sight of a fox; Ariosto, at the sight of a bath; and Cæsar trembled at the crowing of a cock.

STRANGE INSTANCE OF SYMPATHY.

The Duke de Saint Simon mentions in his *Mémoires* a singular instance of constitutional sympathy existing between two brothers. These were twins,—the President de Banquemore, and the Governor de Bergues, who were surprisingly alike, not only in their persons, but in their feelings. One morning, he tells us, when the President was at the royal audience he was suddenly attacked by an intense pain in the thigh: at the same instant, as it was discovered afterwards, his brother, who was with the army, received a severe wound from a sword on the same leg, and precisely the same part of the leg!

WALKING BLINDFOLDED.

The difficulty of walking to any given point blindfolded can only be conceived by those who have made the experiment. After wandering about in every possible direction, now east, now west, at one time forward, at another time backward, working for a while at the zigzag, then shooting out like an arrow from a bow, and not unfrequently describing a complete circle like a miller's horse, the party is generally a thousand times more likely to end his travels at the spot from which he set out, than at the spot to which he wished to go. The following

achievement presents as extraordinary an exception to the general experience on this head, as perhaps ever occurred:—

Dennis Hendrick, a stone-mason, for a wager of ten guineas, walked from the Exchange in Liverpool, along Deal Street, to the corner of Byrom Street,—being a distance of three-quarters of a mile,—blindfolded, and rolling a coach-wheel. On starting, there were two plasters of Burgundy pitch put on his eyes, and a handkerchief tied over them, to prevent all possibility of his seeing. He started precisely at half-past seven in the morning, and completed his undertaking at twenty minutes past eight, being in fifty minutes.

FELINE CLOCKS.

M. Huc, in his recent work on the Chinese Empire, tells us that "one day, when we went to pay a visit to some families of Chinese Christian peasants, we met, near a farm, a young lad, who was taking a buffalo to graze along our path. We asked him carelessly, as we passed, whether it was yet noon. The child raised his head to look at the sun; but it was hidden behind thick clouds, and he could read no answer there. 'The sky is so cloudy,' said he; 'but wait a moment;' and with these words he ran towards the farm, and came back a few moments afterward with a cat in his arms. 'Look here,' said he, 'it is not noon yet;' and he showed us the cat's eyes, by pushing up the lids with his hands. We looked at the child with surprise, but he was evidently in earnest; and the cat, though astonished, and not much pleased at the experiment made on her eyes, behaved with the most exemplary complaisance. 'Very well,' said we: 'thank you;' and

he then let go the cat, who made her escape pretty quickly, and we continued our route. To say the truth, we had not at all understood the proceeding; but we did not wish to question the little pagan, lest he should find out that we were Europeans by our ignorance. As soon as we reached the farm, however, we made haste to ask our Christians whether they could tell the clock by looking into a cat's eyes. They seemed surprised at the question; but, as there was no danger in confessing to them our ignorance of the properties of the cat's eyes, we related what had just taken place. That was all that was necessary. Our complaisant neophytes immediately gave chase to all the cats in the neighborhood. They brought us three or four, and explained in what manner they might be made use of for watches. They pointed out that the pupil of their eyes went on constantly growing narrower until twelve o'clock, when they became like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn perpendicularly across the eye, and that after twelve the dilatation recommenced. When we had attentively examined the eyes of all the cats at our disposal, we came to the conclusion that it was past noon, as all the eyes perfectly agreed upon the point."

DEVONSHIRE SUPERSTITION.

The following case of gross superstition, which occurred lately in one of the largest market-towns in the north of Devon, is related by an eye-witness:—

A young woman living in the neighborhood of Holsworthy, having for some time past been subject to periodical fits of illness, endeavored to effect a cure by attending at the afternoon service at the

parish church, accompanied by thirty young men, her near neighbors. Service over, she sat in the porch of the church, and each of the young men, as they passed out in succession, dropped a penny into her lap; but the last, instead of a penny, gave her half a crown, taking from her the twenty-nine pennies which she had already received. With this half-crown in her hand, she walked three times round the communion-table, and afterwards had it made into a ring, by the wearing of which she believes she will recover her health.

A SKULL THAT HAD A TONGUE.

When Dr. John Donne, the famous poet and divine of the reign of James I., attained possession of his first living, he took a walk into the churchyard, where the sexton was at the time digging a grave, and in the course of his labor threw up a skull. This skull the doctor took in his hands, and found a rusty headless nail sticking in the temple of it, which he drew out secretly and wrapped in the corner of his handkerchief. He then demanded of the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull that was. He said it was a man's who kept a brandy-shop,—an honest, drunken fellow, who one night, having taken two quarts, was found dead in his bed next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one: only the neighbors reflect on her because she married the day after her husband was buried." This was enough for the doctor, who, under the pretence of visiting his parishioners, called on the woman: he asked her several questions, and, among others, what sickness her husband died of. She gave him the same account

he had before received, whereupon he suddenly opened the handkerchief, and cried, in an authoritative voice, “Woman, do you know this nail?” She was struck with horror at the unexpected demand, instantly owned the fact, and was brought to trial and executed. Truly might one say, with even more point than Hamlet, that the skull had a tongue in it.

ROMANTIC HIGHWAYMAN.

In a letter to Mr. Mead, preserved among that gentleman’s papers in the British Museum, and dated February 3, 1625, is the following account of a singular highwayman:—

Mr. Clavell, a gentleman, a knight’s eldest son, a great mail and highway robber, was, together with a soldier, his companion, arraigned and condemned on Monday last, at the King’s Bench bar: he pleaded for himself that he never had struck or wounded any man, never taken any thing from their bodies, as rings, &c., never cut their girths or saddles, or done them, when he robbed, any corporeal violence. He was, with his companion, reprieved; he sent the following verses to the king for mercy, and hath obtained it:—

I that have robbed so oft am now bid stand;
Death and the law assault me, and demand
My life and means: I never used men so,
But, having ta’en their money, let them go.
Yet, must I die? and is there no relief?
The King of kings had mercy on a thief!
So may our gracious king, too, if he please,
Without his council grant me a release;
God is his precedent, and men shall see

His mercy go beyond severity.

Singular Customs.

MEMENTO MORI.

The ancient Egyptians, at their grand festivals and parties of pleasure, always had a coffin placed on the table at meals, containing a mummy, or a skeleton of painted wood, which, Herodotus tells us, was presented to each of the guests with this admonition:—"Look upon this, and enjoy yourself; for such will you become when divested of your mortal garb." This custom is frequently alluded to by Horace and Catullus; and Petronius tells us that at the celebrated banquet of Trimalcion a silver skeleton was placed on the table to awaken in the minds of the guests the remembrance of death and of deceased friends.

BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.

Among the superstitions of the Seneca Indians was one remarkable for its singular beauty. When a maiden died, they imprisoned a young bird until it first began to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with messages and caresses, they loosed its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it would not fold its wing nor close its eyes until it had flown to

the spirit-land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.

STRANGE FONDNESS FOR BEAUTY.

In Carazan, a province to the northeast of Tartary, the inhabitants have a custom, says Dr. Heylin, when a stranger of handsome shape and fine features comes into their houses, of killing him in the night,—not out of desire of spoil, or to eat his body, but that the soul of such a comely person might remain among them.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF DRUIDICAL TEMPLES.

There is a curious tradition both of St. Patrick in Ireland, and of St. Columba in Iona, that when they attempted to found churches they were impeded by an evil spirit, who threw down the walls as fast as they were built, until a human victim was sacrificed and buried under the foundation, which being done, they stood firm.

It is to be feared that there is too much truth in this story. Not, of course, that such a thing was done by either a Christian Patrick or Columba, but by the Druids, from whom the story was fathered upon the former. Under each of the twelve pillars of one of the Druidical circular temples in Iona a human body was found to have been buried.

ABYSSINIAN BEEFSTEAKS.

Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, has frequently been ridiculed for asserting that it is a practice in Abyssinia to cut slices from the backs of their cattle while alive, and then drive them back to pasture; but his statements have been confirmed by more recent travellers. Mr. Salt says that a soldier belonging to the party to which he was attached took one of the cows they were driving before them, cut off two pieces of flesh from the glutæi muscles of the buttock, near the tail, and then sewed up the wound, plastering it over with manure, after which the party proceeded to cook the steaks.

OSTIAK REGARD FOR BEARS.

Tooke, in his work on Russia, tells us of a strange custom that prevails among the Ostiaks,—a Finnish nation. The Ostiaks, says he, believe that bears enjoy after death a happiness at least equal to that which they expect for themselves. Whenever they kill one of these animals, therefore, they sing songs over him, in which they ask his pardon, and hang up his skin, to which they show many civilities and pay many fine compliments, in order to induce him not to wreak his vengeance upon them in the abode of spirits.

MAKING NOSES.

At Kat Kangra, a place visited by the traveller Vigne, at the base of the Himalaya, there are native surgeons, celebrated for putting on new noses. The maimed come a great distance for repairs. When it is

recollected that the rajahs cut off ears and noses without stint, it may be readily supposed that these surgeons have plenty of patients. The hope of a restoration of the nasal organ brings them from remote distances. To all intents and purposes, it is done like the Taliacotian operation in our hospitals, —by taking a flap of integument from the forehead. With very simple instruments, and a little cotton wool besmeared with pitch, to keep the parts together, the success is sufficient to extend the reputation of the rude operators.

LION-CATCHING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Lemue, who formerly resided at Motito, and is familiar with the Kallibari country, assures us that the remarkable accounts sometimes circulated as to the people of that part of Africa catching lions by the tail—of which, one would naturally be incredulous—were perfectly true. Lions would sometimes become extremely dangerous to the inhabitants. Having become accustomed to human flesh, they would not willingly eat any thing else. When a neighborhood became infested, the men would determine on the measures to be adopted to rid themselves of the nuisance; then, forming themselves into a band, they would proceed in search of their royal foe, and beard the lion in his lair. Standing close by one another, the lion would make his spring on some one of the party,—every man, of course, hoping he might escape the attack,—when instantly others would dash forward and seize his tail, lifting it up close to the body with all their might; thus not only astonishing the animal, and absolutely taking him off his guard, but rendering his efforts powerless for the

moment; while others closed in with their spears, and at once stabbed the monster through and through.

HIGH LIFE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

We gain the following glimpse of the manners of the upper classes in England, four hundred years ago, from the Journal of Elizabeth Woodville, subsequently Lady Grey, and finally Queen of Edward IV. Royalty *in petto* seems to have taken, with a most refreshing cordiality, to the avocations of baking and brewing, pig-tending, poultry-feeding, and pony-catching.

Monday morning.—Rose at 4 o'clock, and helped Catharine to milk the cows. Rachel, the dairy-maid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before, made a poultice, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

6 o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little stale; (mem. to talk to the cook about the first fault, and to mend the other myself by tapping a fresh barrel immediately.)

7 o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady my mother in the court-yard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill will at attending us with some broken meat.

8 o'clock.—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy; caught Thump, the little pony, myself; rode a matter of ten miles without saddle or bridle.

10 o'clock.—Went to dinner. John Grey, a most comely youth; but what is that to me? a virtuous maid should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender glances at me. Said women could never be handsome in his eyes who were not

good-tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable: nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly youth in our house. John Grey likes white teeth: my teeth are a pretty good color. I think my hair is as black as jet,—though I say it; and John Grey, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

11 o'clock.—Rose from the table; the company all desirous of walking in the field. John Grey lifted me over every stile, and twice squeezed my hand with much vehemence. I cannot say I should have much objection, for he plays at prison-bar as well as any of the country gentlemen, is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my lord and lady, and never misses church on Sunday.

3 o'clock.—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burned down by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for the relief of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent. (Mem. never saw him look so comely as at this moment.)

4 o'clock.—Went to prayers.

6 o'clock.—Fed hogs and poultry.

HAIR IN SEALS.

Stillingfleet, referring to a MS. author who wrote a chronicle of St. Augustine, says:—

He observes one particular custom of the Normans, *that they were wont to put some of the hair of their heads or beards into the wax of their seals*: I suppose rather to be kept as monuments, than as adding any strength or weight to their charters. So he observes that some of the hair of William, Earl of Warren, was in his time kept in the Priory of Lewis.

SCORNING THE CHURCH.

In North Durham, it is customary, in case that the banns of marriage are thrice published, and the marriage does not take place, for the refusing party, whether male or female, to pay forty shillings to the vicar as a penalty for *scorning the church*.

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

The following strange advertisement from an old newspaper exhibits one of the customs of rural life in England more than a century ago:—

May no miscarriage
Prevent my marriage!

Matthew Dowson, in Bothell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen—and to return to Bothell to dine.

Mr. Reed gives a turkey to be roasted; William Elliot gives a hen to be roasted; Edward Clement gives a fat lamb to be roasted; Joseph Gibson gives a fat pig to be roasted; William Hughes gives a fat calf to be roasted.

And in order that all this roast may be well basted—do you see?—Mary Pearson, Betty Hughes, Mary Bushby, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthoust, give, each of them, a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide every thing else suitable for so festive an occasion: and he hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present disengaged, and he advises them to consider that although there may be luck in leisure, yet, in this case, delays are dangerous; for with him, he is determined that it

shall be—first come, first served.

So come along, lasses who wish to be married—
Mattie Dowson is vexed that so long he has tarried.

Facetiæ.

TITLES FOR THE LIBRARY DOOR, CHATSWORTH.

The Duke of Devonshire found it necessary to construct a door of sham books for an entrance to the library of Chatsworth. He was tired of the hackneyed *Plain Dealings*, *Essays on Wood*, *Perpetual Motion*, *etc.*, on such doors, and asked Thomas Hood to give him some new titles. The following are selections from his amusing list:—

McAdam's Views in Rhodes.

Pygmalion. By Lord Bacon.

Dante's Inferno; or, Descriptions of Van Demon's Land.

Tadpoles; or, Tales out of my Own Head.

Designs for Friezes. By Sir John Franklin.

Recollections of Bannister. By Lord Stair.

Ye Devill on Two-Styx (Black Letter).

Malthus' Attack of Infantry.

The Life of Zimmerman. By Himself.

Boyle on Steam.

Book-Keeping by Single Entry.

Rules for Punctuation. By a thorough-bred Pointer.

On the Site of Tully's Offices.

Cornaro on Longevity and the Construction of 74's.

Cursory Remarks on Swearing.

Shelley's Conchologist.

On Sore Throat and the Migration of the Swallow. By Abernethy.

The Scottish Boccaccio. By D. Cameron.

Chronological Account of the Date Tree. Percy Vere. In 40 vols.

In-i-go on Secret Entrances.

Cook's Specimens of the Sandwich Tongue.

Peel on Bell's System.

Lamb's Recollections of Suett.

Blaine on Equestrian Burglary; or The Breaking-in of Horses.

The Rape of the Lock, with Bramah's Notes.

Kosciusko on the Right of the Poles to stick up for themselves.

Haughty-cultural Remarks on London Pride.

THE JESTS OF HIEROCLES.

A YOUNG man, meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard that you were dead." "But," says the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know how that may be," replied he: "you are a notorious liar; but my informant was a person of credit."

A man wrote to a friend in Greece, begging him to purchase books. From negligence or avarice, he neglected to execute the commission; but, fearing

that his correspondent might be offended, he exclaimed, when next they met, “My dear friend, I never got the letter you wrote to me about the books.”

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other, in a rage, said, “I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me.”

A speculative gentleman, wishing to teach his horse to live without food, starved him to death. “I suffered a great loss,” said he, “for just as he learned to live without eating, he died.”

A robust countryman, meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall: being asked the cause, he replied, “It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face.”

A curious inquirer, desirous to know how he looked when asleep, sat with closed eyes before a mirror.

A man, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

One of twin brothers died: a fellow, meeting the survivor, asked, “Which is it that’s dead, you or your brother?”

A man who had to cross a river entered a boat on horseback: being asked why, he replied, “I must ride, because I am in a hurry.”

A foolish fellow, having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

A man, meeting a friend, said, “I spoke to you last night in a dream.” “Pardon me,” replied the other; “I did not hear you.”

A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing, declared that he would never enter the water again till he had learned to swim.

A student in want of money sold his books, and wrote home, “Father, rejoice; for I now derive my support from literature.”

During a storm, the passengers on board a vessel that appeared in danger seized different implements to aid them in swimming; and one of the number selected for this purpose the anchor.

A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot fell first on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool’s head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, “Here’s a pretty mistake! Rascal, you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me.”

A gentleman had a cask of fine wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask, but could find no traces of an opening. “Look if there be not a hole in the bottom,” said a bystander. “Blockhead,” he replied, “do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom?”

BREVITY.

The London member of the house of Rothschild once wrote to his Paris correspondent to ascertain if any alteration had occurred in the price of certain stocks.

The inquiry was only a simple

?

The reply was equally brief: **—**

0

Mr. McNair, a man of few words, wrote to his nephew at Pittsburg the following laconic letter:—

DEAR NEPHEW,

;

To which the nephew replied, by return of mail,—

DEAR UNCLE,

:

The long of this short was, that the uncle wrote to his nephew, *See my coal on*, which a se-mi-col-on expressed; and the youngster informed his uncle that the coal was shipped, by simply saying, *Col-on*.

When Lord Buckley married a rich and beautiful lady, whose hand had been solicited at the same time by Lord Powis, in the height of his felicity he wrote thus to the Duke of Dorset:—

Dear Dorset:—I am the happiest dog alive!

BUCKLEY.

ANSWER:

Dear Buckley:—Every dog has his day.

DORSET.

Louis XIV., who loved a concise style, one day met a

priest on the road, whom he asked, hastily,—

"Whence came you—where are you going—what do you want?"

The priest instantly replied,—

"From Bruges—to Paris—a benefice."

"You shall have it," replied the king.

A lady having occasion to call upon Abernethy, the great surgeon, and knowing his repugnance to any thing like verbosity, forbore speaking except simply in reply to his laconic inquiries. The consultation, during three visits, was conducted in the following manner:—

First Day.—(Lady enters and holds out her finger.) *Abernethy.*—"Cut?" *Lady.*—"Bite." *A.*—"Dog?" *L.*—"Parrot." *A.*—"Go home and poultice it."

Second Day.—(Finger held out again.) *A.*—"Better?" *L.*—"Worse." *A.*—"Go home and poultice it again."

Third Day.—(Finger held out as before.) *A.*—"Better?" *L.*—"Well." *A.*—"You're the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good-bye. Get out."

Since Cæsar's famous "*veni, vidi, vici*," (I came, I saw, I conquered,) many military commanders have rendered their despatches memorable for pith and conciseness; but Sir Sidney Smith bears the palm for both wit and brevity in his announcement of the capture of Scinde:—"*Peccavi*" (I have sinned). Gen. Havelock's "We are in *Lucknow*" has already become a matter of history.

The following *jeu d'esprit*, written in 1793, was occasioned by the circumstance of Lord Howe returning from his pursuit of the French fleet, after an absence of six weeks, during which he had only

seen the enemy, without having been able to overtake and bring them to action:—

When Cæsar triumphed o'er his Gallic foes,
Three words concise his gallant acts disclose;
But Howe, more brief, comprises his in *one*,
And *vidi* tells us all that he has done.

If brevity is the soul of wit, Talleyrand was the greatest of wits. A single word was often sufficient for his keenest retort. When a hypochondriac, who had notoriously led a profligate life, complained to the diplomatist that he was enduring the torments of hell,—"Je sens les tourmens de l'enfer,"—the answer was, "*Déjà?*" (Already?) To a lady who had lost her husband Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words:—"O, Madame!" In less than a year the lady had married again; and then his letter of congratulation was, "Ah, Madame!" Could any thing be more wittily significant than the "O" and the "Ah" of this sententious correspondence?

SAME JOKE DIVERSIFIED.

Prince Metternich once requested the autograph of Jules Janin. The witty journalist sent him the following:—

"I acknowledge the receipt from M. de Metternich of twenty bottles of Johannisberg, for which I return infinite thanks.

"JULES JANIN."

The prince, in return, doubled the quantity, and sent him forty bottles.

This is equal to the joke of Rochester on the occasion

of Charles II.'s crew of rakes writing pieces of poetry and handing them to Dryden, so that he might decide which was the prettiest poet. Rochester finished his piece in a few minutes; and Dryden decided that it was the best. On reading it, the lines were found to be the following:—

"I promise to pay, to the order of John Dryden, twenty pounds.—ROCHESTER."

The following hyperbolical compliment paid to Louis XIV., after his numerous victories, is almost literally translated from the French of a Gascon author of those days, and, extraordinary as it may seem, is said to have obtained for the writer of it the premium alluded to in his gasconade:—

To him whose muse in lofty strains
Shall blazon Louis' famed campaigns
  And every great exploit,
Belongs the prize of twenty pounds:—
What! only twenty! Blood and wounds!
  For each 'tis scarce a doit.[17]

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was thus "sold," a few years ago. During an interview which Martineff, the comedian and mimic, had succeeded in obtaining with the Prince, (Volkhonsky, high steward,) the emperor walked into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was soon made evident. Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents and should like to see a specimen of them, he bade him mimic the old minister. This feat was performed with so much gusto that the emperor laughed immoderately, and then, to the great horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself "taken off." "'Tis physically impossible," pleaded Martineff. "Nonsense!" said Nicholas: "I insist on its being done." Finding himself

on the horns of a dilemma, the mimic took heart of grace, and, with a promptitude and presence of mind that probably saved him, buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head, and, assuming the imperial port to the best of his power, strode across the room and back; then, stopping opposite the minister, he cried, in the exact tone and manner of the Czar, "Volkhonsky! pay Monsieur Martineff one thousand silver roubles." The emperor for a moment was disconcerted; but, recovering himself with a faint smile, he ordered the money to be paid.

OLD NICK.

When Nicholas Biddle was President of the United States Bank, there was an old negro hanger-on about the premises named Harry. One day, in a social mood, Biddle said to the darkey, "Well what is your name, my old friend?" "Harry, sir—ole Harry, sir," said the other, touching his shabby hat. "Old Harry!" said Biddle, "why that is the name that they give to the devil, is it not?" "Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometimes ole Harry and sometimes ole Nick."

SYLLOGISM.

The famous sorites or syllogism of Themistocles was: That his infant son commanded the whole world, proved thus:—

My infant son rules his mother.
His mother rules me.

I rule the Athenians.
The Athenians rule the Greeks.
The Greeks rule Europe.
And Europe rules the world.

A FALSE FRIEND.

"You may say what you please," said Bill Muggins, speaking of a deceased comrade, "Jake was a good boy, he was, and a great hunter; but he was the meanest man that ever breathed in Old Kentuck; and he played one of the sharpest tricks you ever heard of, and I'll tell you how it was. I was out shootin' with him one mornin'. I tell you the duck was plenty; and other game we despised as long as we could see duck. Jake he was too mean to blaze away unless he could shoot two or three at a shot. He used to blow me up for wastin' shot and powder so, but I didn't care—I banged away. Well, somehow or other, while fussin' around the boat, my powder-flask fell overboard in about sixteen feet of water, which was as clear as good gin, and I could see the flask lay at the bottom. Jake was a good swimmer, and a good diver, and he said he'd fetch her up; so in a minit he was in. Well, I waited quite a considerable time for him to come up; then I looked over the side for him. Great Jerusalem! there sot old Jake on a pile of oyster-shells pourin' the powder out of my flask into his'n. Wasn't that mean?"

GASCONADE AND HOAXING.

A Gascon, in proof of his nobility, asserted that in his father's castle they used no other firewood than the

batons of the different marshals of France of his family.

A Gascon officer, on hearing of the boastful exploits of a certain prince, who, among other things, had killed six men with his own hands in the course of an assault upon a city, said, disdainfully, "Poh, that's nothing: the mattress I sleep on is stuffed with nothing but the *whiskers* of those I have sent to the other world."

Vernon's skill in the invention of marvellous stories has never been surpassed, even by the peddlers of wooden nutmegs. Talking one day about the intense heat of the sun in India, he remarked that it was a common thing there for people to be charred to powder by a *coup de soleil*, and that upon one occasion, while dining with a Hindoo, one of his host's wives was suddenly reduced to ashes, whereupon the Hindoo rang the bell, and said to the attendant who answered it, "Bring fresh glasses, and *sweep up your mistress*."

Another of his stories was this. He happened to be shooting hyenas near Carthage, when he stumbled, and fell down an abyss of many fathoms' depth. He was surprised, however, to find himself unhurt; for he lighted as if on a feather bed. Presently he perceived that he was gently moved upward; and, having by degrees reached the mouth of the abyss, he again stood safe on terra firma. He had fallen upon an immense mass of bats, which, disturbed from their slumbers, had risen out of the abyss and brought him up with them.

CHARLES MATHEWS AND THE SILVER SPOON.

Soon after Mathews went from York to the Haymarket Theatre, he was invited with other performers to dine with Mr. A——, afterwards an eminent silversmith, but who at that period followed the business of a pawnbroker. It so happened that A —— was called out of the parlor, at the back of the shop, during dinner. Mathews, with wonderful celerity, altering his hair, countenance, hat, &c., took a large gravy-spoon off the dinner-table, ran instantly into the street, entered one of the little dark doors leading to the pawnbroker's counter, and actually pledged to the unconscious A—— his own gravy-spoon. Mathews contrived with equal rapidity to return and seat himself (having left the street-door open) before A—— reappeared at the dinner-table. As a matter of course, this was made the subject of a wager. An *éclaircissement* took place before the party broke up, to the infinite astonishment of A——.

A ROYAL QUANDARY.

On the first consignment of Seidlitz Powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers; and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the *combination* of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will never be forgotten, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded,

and, in his agony, screamed, "*Hold me down!*" Then, rushing from the throne, he fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spirting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and convincing proof that kings are mortal.

RELICS.

"What is this?" said a traveller, who entertained reasonable doubts as to the genuineness of certain so-called relics of antiquity, while visiting an old cathedral in the Netherlands: "what is contained in this phial?"

"Sir," replied the sacristan, "that phial contains one of the frogs picked up when Pharaoh was visited with the plague of frogs."

"I am sure, then," rejoined the traveller, "there could have been no epicures in those days."

"Why so?" said the sacristan.

"Because they would have eaten him, he is so large and fat."

The traveller took up another phial which was near. "This contains?" said he,—

"That is a most precious relic of the church, which we value very highly."

"It looks very *dark*."

"There is good reason for that."

"I am somewhat curious. Tell me why."

"You perceive it is very dark."

"I own it."

"That, sir, is some of the darkness which Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

"Indeed! I presume, what the moderns call *darkness made visible*."

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

"Mother," asked a little girl, while listening to the reading of Uncle Tom's Cabin, "why don't the book never mention Topsy's last name? I have tried to hear it whenever it speaks of her, but it has not once said it."

"Why, she had no other name, my child."

"Yes she had, mother, and I know it."

"Well, what was it?"

"Why Turvy—Topsy Turvy."

"You had better go to bed, my dear," said the mother. "You are as bad as your old grandmother, for she can't say pork without beans, for the life of her."

P. AND Q.

When it was fully expected that Mr. W——, whose unmanageable voice had obtained for him the title of "Bubble and Squeak," would be elected Speaker of the House of Commons, and Mr. Canning was so informed, he observed that if the report were true, the members must mind their P's and Q's; or else, instead of saying "Mr. S*p*eaker," they would say "Mr.

S*q*ueaker!"

"JACK ROBINSON."

Lord Eldon relates that during the parliamentary debates on the India Bill, when Mr. John Robinson was Secretary to the Treasury, Sheridan, on one evening when Fox's majorities were decreasing, said, "Mr. Speaker, this is not at all to be wondered at, when a member is employed to corrupt everybody in order to obtain votes." Upon this there was a great outcry by almost everybody in the house. "Who is it?" "Name him! Name him!" "Sir," said Sheridan to the Speaker, "I shall not name the person. It is an unpleasant and invidious thing to do so; and, therefore, I shall not name him. But don't suppose, Sir, that I abstain because there is any difficulty in naming him; I could do that, Sir, as soon as you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

A RUSSIAN JESTER AND HIS JOKES.

Popular traditions in Russia unite in representing the jester Balakireff as the constant attendant of Peter the Great, who figures largely in all the stories attached to the name of his buffoon.

On one occasion Balakireff begged permission of his imperial master to attach himself to the guard stationed at the palace, and Peter, for the sake of the joke, consented—warning him at the same time that any officer of the guard who happened to lose his sword, or to be absent from his post when summoned, was punished with death. The newly-

made officer promised to do his best; but the temptation of some good wine sent to his quarters that evening by the Czar, “to moisten his commission,” proved too strong for him; and he partook so freely as to become completely “screwed.” While he was sleeping off his debauch, Peter stole softly into the room, and carried off his sword. Balakireff missing it on awakening, and frightened out of his wits at the probable consequences, could devise no better remedy than to replace the weapon with his own professional sword of lath,—the hilt and trappings of which were exactly similar to those of the guardsmen. Thus equipped, he appeared on parade the next morning, confident in the assurance of remaining undetected, if not forced to draw his weapon. But Peter, who had doubtless foreseen this contingency, instantly began storming at one of the men for his untidy appearance, and at length faced round upon Balakireff with the stern order, “Captain Balakireff, draw your sword and cut that sloven down!”

The poor jester, thus brought fairly to bay, laid his hand on his hilt as if to obey, but at the same time exclaimed fervently, “Merciful Heaven! let my sword be turned into wood!”

And drawing the weapon, he exhibited in very deed a harmless lath. Even the presence of the Emperor was powerless to check the roar of laughter which followed, and Balakireff was allowed to escape.

The jester’s ingenuity occasionally served him in extricating others from trouble as well as himself. A cousin of his, having fallen under the displeasure of the Czar, was about to be executed; and Balakireff presented himself at Court to petition for a reprieve.

Peter, seeing him enter, and at once divining his errand, shouted to him: “It’s no use your coming here; I swear that I will *not* grant what you are going to ask!”

Quick as thought, Balakireff dropped on his knees, and exclaimed, “Peter Alexejevitch, I beseech you put that scamp of a cousin of mine to death!”

Peter, thus caught in his own trap, had no choice but to laugh, and send a pardon to the offender.

During one of the Czar’s Livonian campaigns, a thick fog greatly obstructed the movements of the army. At length a pale watery gleam began to show itself through the mist, and two of the Russian officers fell to disputing whether this were the sun or not. Balakireff, happening to pass by at that moment, they appealed to him to decide. “Is that light yonder the sun, brother?”

“How should I know,” answered the jester; “I’ve never been here before!”

At the end of the same campaign, several of the officers were relating their exploits, when Balakireff stepped in among them. “I’ve got a story to tell, too,” cried he, boastfully; “a better one than any of yours!”

“Let us hear it, then,” answered the officers; and Balakireff began,—

“I never liked this way of fighting, all in a crowd together, which they have nowadays; it seems to me more manly for each to stand by himself; and therefore I always went out alone. Now it chanced that one day, while reconnoitering close to the enemy’s outposts, I suddenly espied a Swedish

soldier lying on the ground, just in front of me. There was not a moment to lose; he might start up and give the alarm. I drew my sword, rushed upon him, and at one blow cut off his right foot!"

"You fool!" cried one of the listeners, "you should rather have cut off his head!"

"So I would," answered Balakireff, with a grin, "but somebody else had done that already!"

At times Balakireff pushed his waggeries too far, and gave serious offense to his formidable patron. On one of these occasions the enraged Emperor summarily banished him from the Court, bidding him "never appear on Russian soil again." The jester disappeared accordingly; but a week had hardly elapsed when Peter, standing at his window, espied his disgraced favorite coolly driving a cart past the very gates of the palace. Foreseeing some new jest, he hastened down, and asked with pretended roughness, "How dare you disobey me, when I forbade you to show yourself on Russian ground?"

"I haven't disobeyed you," answered Balakireff, coolly; "I'm not on Russian ground now!"

"Not on Russian ground?"

"No; this cart-load of earth that I'm sitting on is Swedish soil. I dug it up in Finland only the other day!"

Peter, who had doubtless begun already to regret the loss of his jester, laughed at the evasion, and restored him to favor. Some Russian writers embellished this story (a German version of which figures in the adventures of Tyll Eulenspiegel) with the addition that Peter, on hearing the excuse, answered, "If

Finland be Swedish soil now, it shall be Russian before long”—a threat which he was not slow to fulfill.

The Flashes of Repartee.

Curran, being angry in a debate one day, put his hand on his heart, saying: “I am the trusty guardian of my own honor.” “Then,” replied Sir Boyle Roche, “I congratulate my honorable friend on the snug sinecure to which he has appointed himself.”

On one occasion as the Rev. Matthew Wilkes, a celebrated London preacher, was on his way to a meeting of ministers, he got caught in a shower in the place called Billingsgate, where there were a large number of women dealing in fish, who were using most profane and vulgar language. As he stopped under a shed in the midst of them, he felt called upon to give at least his testimony against their wickedness.

“Don’t you think,” said he, speaking with the greatest deliberation and solemnity, “I shall appear as a swift witness against you in the day of judgment?”

“I presume so,” said one, “for the biggest rogue always turns State’s evidence.”

Matthew, when he got to the meeting, related the incident.

“And what did you say in reply, Mr. Wilkes?” said

one of the ministers present.

"What could I?" was the characteristic reply.

The late Mr. Cobden used to tell the following anecdote:—

"When in America," said he, "I asked an enthusiastic American lady why her country could not rest satisfied with the immense unoccupied territories it already possessed, but must ever be hankering after the lands of its neighbors, when her somewhat remarkable reply was, "Oh, the propensity is a very bad one, I admit; but we came honestly by it, for we inherited it from England."

When Napoleon was only an officer of artillery, a Prussian officer said in his presence with much pride, "My countrymen fight only for glory, but Frenchmen for money." "You are right," replied Napoleon; "each of them fight for what they are most in want of."

A gentleman complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied he, "for I vow you are as plump as a partridge." "At first," responded she, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but you are now actually making game of me."

A pedlar asked an old lady, to whom he was trying to sell some articles, if she could tell him of any road that no pedlar had ever travelled. "I know of but one," said she, "and that is the road to Heaven."

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose

boots were more polished than his ideas. “Why,” said the bystander, “he sees another puppy in your boots.”

A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complaining of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed: “What shall I do to get warm?” “I really don’t know,” replied the Quaker solemnly, “unless thee puts on another breastpin.”

I dined once with Curran, said one of his friends, in the public room of the chief inn at Greenwich, when he talked a great deal, and, as usual, with considerable exaggeration. Speaking of something which he would not do on any inducement, he exclaimed: “I had rather be hanged upon twenty gibbets.” “Don’t you think, sir, that one would be enough for you?” said a girl, a stranger, who was sitting at the table next to us. You ought to have seen Curran’s face just then.

A tourist being exceedingly thirsty, stopped at a house by the roadside, and asked for a drink of milk. He emptied several cups, and asked for more. The woman of the house at length brought out a large bowl filled with milk, and setting it down on the table, remarked, “A person would think, sir, that you had never been weaned.”

Theodore Hook was walking, in the days of Warren’s blacking, where one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on the wall, “Try Warren’s B ——,” but had been frightened by the approach of

the owner of the property, and had fled. “The rest is lacking,” said the wit.

The famous Rochester one day met Dr. Barrow in the Park, and being determined, as he said, to put down the rusty piece of divinity, accosted him by taking off his hat, and with a profound bow, exclaimed: “Doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie.” The Doctor, perceiving his aim, returned the salute with equal ceremony: “My Lord, I am yours to the ground.” His lordship then made a deeper salam, and said: “Doctor, I am yours to the centre.” Barrow replied, “My Lord, I am yours to the antipodes,” on which Rochester made another attempt by exclaiming. “I am yours to the lowest pit.” “There, my Lord, I leave you,” replied Barrow.

A windy M. P., in the midst of a tedious speech, stopped to imbibe a glass of water.

“I rise,” said Sheridan, “to a point of order.”

Everybody started, wondering what the point of order was.

“What is it?” said the speaker.

“I think, sir,” said Sheridan, “it is out of order for a windmill to go by water.”

At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor in one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stopping one day last summer at a railroad station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked him if he was not the chaplain at the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. “I was there,” said the interrogator, “and I know you by your limp.” “Well,” said the doctor, “it

seems that my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the ready reply, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk, rather than by his conversation."

When Onslow was speaker of the British House of Commons, a member, who was very fond of hearing himself speak—though nobody would listen to him—on one occasion made a direct appeal to the chair, in consequence of the accustomed noise that was going on: "Mr. Speaker, I desire to know if I have not a right to be heard?" The speaker hoped, at first, to escape the necessity of a reply, by calling "Order! Order!" but this proving, as usual, of no avail, the honorable member inquired, in a louder tone than before, "Sir, have not I a right to be heard?" "Sir," replied Onslow, "you have a right to speak."

Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, abhorred smoking. His Quaker Council one day observing him approach, laid down their pipes. "I am glad to see," said Penn, "that you are ashamed of that vile habit." "Not at all," said a principal Friend, "we only lay down our pipes lest we should offend *a weak brother*."

A saloon-keeper having started business in a building where trunks had been made, asked a friend what he had better do with the old sign, "Trunk Factory." "O," said the friend, "just change the T to D, and it will suit you exactly."

Years ago, when Henry Ward Beecher's reputation was not world-wide, a Western Young Men's Christian Association tried to persuade the divine to go out and lecture to them without charge, saying it

would increase his *fame*. He telegraphed in reply: "I will lecture for F. A. M. E.—fifty and my expenses."

Admiral Keppel was sent to the Dey of Algiers to negotiate the restoration of some English vessels which had been captured by Algerine pirates. He advocated the cause entrusted to him with a warmth and spirit which completely confounded the Dey's ideas of what was due to absolute power. "I wonder," said the offended dignitary, "at the King of England's insolence in sending me such a foolish, beardless boy."

"Had my master," retorted Keppel, "considered that wisdom was to be measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent you a he-goat."

Thackeray tells us of a woman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out: "May the blessing of God follow you all your life!" But, when he only pulled out his snuff-box, she immediately added: "And never overtake ye."

Dr. Reid, the celebrated medical writer, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," she said as she quitted the room—"No. 1 Chesterfield street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and, I fear, too selfish ever to forget Number One."

Two men disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was ee-ther, the other i-ther—agreed to refer it to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman, who confounded both by declaring, "it's naythe r, for it's aythe r."

A Parisian millionaire once wrote to the celebrated comic author, Scribe:—"Honored Sir—I wish very

much to ally my name with yours in the creation of a dramatic work. Will you be so kind as to write a comedy of which I shall compose one or two lines, so that I may be mentioned in the title; I will bear the entire pecuniary expense, so that I may divide the glory." Scribe, who was vain even to conceit, replied: —"Sir—I regret that I cannot comply with your modest request. It is not in accordance with my ideas of religion or propriety that a horse and an ass should be yoked together." To which the millionaire quickly responded:—"Sir—I have received your impertinent letter. How dare you call me a horse!"

Voltaire was warmly panegyrizing Haller one day, when a person present remarked that his eulogy was very disinterested, for Haller did not speak well of him. "Ah, well," said Voltaire, "perhaps we are both of us mistaken."

An Irishman, abusing Erin, declared that it contained nothing good but the whiskey. Whereupon a wag observed, "You mean to say, then, that with all her faults you love her still."

Bacon relates that a fellow named Hogg importuned Sir Nicholas to save his life on account of the kindred between Hog and Bacon. "Aye," replied the judge, "but you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged, for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

Lord Eldon, struck by the appearance of a beautiful woman passing Westminster Hall, expressed his admiration freely. The lady overhearing, returned the compliment by pronouncing him to a friend near by a most excellent judge.

Thackeray, while in Charleston, S. C., was introduced to Mrs. C., one of the leaders of its society. In his pert

way he said, “I am happy to meet you, madam; I have heard that you are a fast woman.” “Oh, Mr. Thackeray,” she replied with a fascinating smile, “we must not believe all we hear; I had heard, sir, that you were a gentleman.”

Mr. Spurgeon rebuked certain of his followers who refused to interfere in politics on the ground that they were “not of this world.” This, he argued, was mere metaphor. “You might as well,” said he, “being sheep of the Lord, decline to eat mutton-chop on the plea that it would be cannibalism.”

A young barrister, intending to be very eloquent, observed, “such principles as these, my Lord, are written in the Book of Nature.” “What page, sir?” said Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough; and the orator was silenced for life.

The Sexes.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other.—*Hiawatha.*

Mrs. Jameson, speaking of the mistaken belief that there are essential masculine and feminine virtues and vices, says it is not the quality itself, but the modification of the quality, which is masculine or feminine; and on the manner or degree in which these are balanced or combined in the individual, depends the perfection of that individual character. As the influences of religion are extended and as civilization advances, those qualities which are now admired as essentially *feminine* will be considered as essentially *human*,—such as gentleness, purity, the more unselfish and spiritual sense of duty, and the dominance of the affections over the passions. This is, perhaps, what Buffon, speaking as a naturalist, meant when he said that with the progress of humanity *Les races se féminisent*. The axiom of the Greek philosopher Antisthenes, the disciple of Socrates, *The virtue of the man and the woman is the same*, shows a perception of this moral truth, a sort

of anticipation of the Christian doctrine, even in the pagan times.

Every reader of Wordsworth will recollect the poem entitled *The Happy Warrior*. It has been quoted as an epitome of every manly, soldierly, and elevated quality. Those who make the experiment of merely substituting the word WOMAN for the word WARRIOR, and changing the feminine for the masculine pronoun, will find that it reads equally well, and from beginning to end is literally as applicable to the one sex as to the other. As thus:—

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WOMAN.

Who is the happy *woman*? Who is *she*
That every *woman* born should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased *her* childish thought;
Whose high endeavors are an inward light,
That makes the path before *her* always bright;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes *her* moral being *her* prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and sorrow, miserable train!
Turns *that* necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives;
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable,—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure

As tempted more; more able to endure
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
'Tis *she* whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
She fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that *she* knows;
Who, if *she* rise to station or command,
Rises by open means, and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire—

* * * * *

Who comprehends *her* trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all;
Whose power shed round *her*, in the common strife
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if *she* be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and, attired
With sudden brightness, like to one inspired;
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what *she* foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need!

Mrs. Jameson adds that in all these fifty-six lines there is only one line which cannot be feminized in its significance,—that filled up with asterisks, and which is totally at variance with the ideal of *a happy*

woman. It is the line—

And in himself possess his own desire.

No woman could exist happily or virtuously in such complete independence of all external affections as these words express. “Her desire is to her husband:” this is the sort of subjection prophesied for the daughters of Eve. A woman doomed to exist without this earthly rest for her affections does not “in herself possess her own desire;” she turns towards God; and, if she does not make her life a life of worship, she makes it a life of charity, or she dies a spiritual and a moral death. Is it much better with the man who concentrates his aspirations in himself?

THE PRAISE OF WOMEN.

An Old English Ballad.

Both sexes, give ear to my fancy,
  While the praise of a woman I sing
Confined not to Polly nor Nancy,
  But alike from the beggar to king.

When Adam at first was created,
  And lord of the universe crowned,
His happiness was not completed,
  Because a help-meet was not found.

He had all things that were wanting,
  Which yield us contentment in life;
Both horses and foxes for hunting,
  Which many love more than a wife.

A garden, so planted by nature,
  Man could not produce in his life;
And yet the all-wise Creator

Saw that he wanted a wife.

Old Adam was cast into slumber,
A rib taken out of his side;
And when he awoke in a wonder,
He beheld his most beautiful bride.

With transport he gazéd upon her,—
His happiness now was complete:
He praised the all-bountiful Donor,
Who thus had provided a mate.

She was not taken out of his head,
To rule and triumph over man;
Nor was she taken out of his heel,
To be ruled and trampled upon.

But she was taken out of his side,
His equal companion to be;
And thus they both were united,
And man is the top of the tree.

Then let not the fair be despiséd
By man, for she's part of himself;
Since woman by Adam was prizéd
More than the whole world full of wealth.

For man without woman's a beggar,
Although the whole world he possessed;
And the beggar who has a good wife,
With more than this world he is blest.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

There is an admirable partition of qualities between the sexes, which the great Author of being has distributed to each with a wisdom which calls for our admiration. Man is strong,—woman is beautiful. Man

is daring and confident,—woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action,—woman, in suffering. Man shines abroad,—woman, at home. Man talks to convince,—woman, to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart,—woman, a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery,—woman relieves it. Man has science,—woman, taste. Man has judgment,—woman, sensibility. Man is a being of justice,—woman, of mercy.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

The following remarks come with peculiar force from one of such querulous and unconnubial habits as John Randolph:—

You know my opinion of female society: without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man makes a shift (a poor one, I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart and guard it from the pollution that besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding-gown,—for qualities that will "wear well." One thing at least is true, that, if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find enjoyment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children around him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.

WIFE—MISTRESS—LADY.

Who marries for love takes a wife; who marries for convenience takes a mistress; who marries from consideration takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and its friends, a lady for the world. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will accommodate you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and join parties with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, and your lady your debts. If you are dead, your wife will shed tears, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning.—*From the German.*

MY MOTHER.

That was a thrilling scene in the old chivalric time—the wine circling around the board, and the banquet-hall ringing with sentiment and song—when, the lady of each knightly heart having been pledged by name, St. Leon arose in his turn, and, lifting the sparkling cup on high, said,—

"I drink to one
  Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
  Till memory is dead;
To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,

So holy 'tis, and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledge to you."
Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid his hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said, "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."
St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another,—
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "MY MOTHER!"

LETTER TO A BRIDE.

The following letter was written by an old friend to a young lady on the eve of her wedding day:—

I have sent you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest types of delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our side when others have deserted it; and they will be found watching over our graves when those who should cherish have forgotten us. It seems that a past, so calm and pure as yours, should expire with a kindred sweetness about it,—that flowers and music, kind friends and earnest words, should consecrate the hour when a sentiment is passing into a sacrament.

The three great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal, and the burial. To the first we bring only weakness—for the last we have nothing but dust! But

here at the altar, when life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man, whispering the deep promise that arms each other's heart, to help on in the life-struggle of care and duty. The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauty from the scene. The gay and thoughtless, with their flounces and frivolities, will look solemn for once. Youth will come to gaze upon the object of its secret yearnings; and age will totter up to hear the words repeated that to their own lives had given the charm. Some will weep over it as if it were a tomb, and some laugh over it as if it were a joke; but two must stand by it, for it is fate, not fun, this everlasting locking of their lives.

And now, can you, who have queened it over so many bending forms, can you come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart? Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch, buried in one particular bosom, warming only his breast, marking only his hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart—where time and feeling shall be in unison, until those lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock, where all hearts are united.

Hoping that calm and sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature.

* * *

Moslem Wisdom.

SHREWD DECISION OF ALI, CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

In the Preliminary Dissertation to Dr. Richardson's Arabic Dictionary the following curious anecdote is recorded:—

Two Arabians sat down to dinner: one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces and left three for the other, who objected, and insisted on having one-half. The cause came before Ali, who gave the following judgment: —"Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one; for, if we divide the eight loaves by three, they make twenty-four parts; of which he who laid down the five loaves had fifteen, while he who laid down three had only nine. As all fared alike, and eight shares was each man's proportion, the stranger ate seven parts of the first man's property, and only one belonging to the other. The money, in justice, must be divided accordingly."

THE WISDOM OF ALI.

The Prophet once, sitting in calm debate,
Said, “I am Wisdom’s fortress; but the gate
Thereof is Ali.” Wherefore, some who heard,
With unbelieving jealousy were stirred;
And, that they might on him confusion bring,
Ten of the boldest joined to prove the thing.
“Let us in turn to Ali go,” they said,
“And ask if Wisdom should be sought instead
Of earthly riches; then, if he reply
To each of us, in thought, accordantly,
And yet to none in speech or phrase the same,
His shall the honor be, and ours the shame.”
Now, when the first his bold demand did make,
These were the words which Ali straightway spake:—
“Wisdom is the inheritance of those
Whom Allah favors; riches, of his foes.”
Unto the second he said:—“Thyself must be
Guard to thy riches; but Wisdom guardeth thee.”
Unto the third:—“By Wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased Wisdom yet for none.”
Unto the fourth:—“Thy goods the thief may take;
But into Wisdom’s house he cannot break.”
Unto the fifth:—“Thy goods decrease the more
Thou givest; but woe enlarges Wisdom’s store.”
Unto the sixth:—“Wealth tempts to evil ways;
But the desire of Wisdom is God’s praise.”
Unto the seventh:—“Divide thy wealth, each part
Becomes a pittance. Give with open heart
Thy wisdom, and each separate gift shall be
All that thou hast, yet not impoverish thee.”
Unto the eighth:—“Wealth cannot keep itself;
But Wisdom is the steward even of pelf.”
Unto the ninth:—“The camels slowly bring
Thy goods; but Wisdom has the swallow’s wing.”
And lastly, when the tenth did question make,
These were the ready words which Ali spake:—
“Wealth is a darkness which the soul should fear;
But Wisdom is the lamp that makes it clear.”

Crimson with shame, the questioners withdrew,
And they declared, “The Prophet’s words were true:
The mouth of Ali is the golden door
Of Wisdom.”
When his friends to Ali bore
These words, he smiled, and said, “And should they ask
The same until my dying day, the task
Were easy; for the stream from Wisdom’s well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.”

MOHAMMEDAN LOGIC.

The laws of Cos discountenance in a very singular manner any cruelty on the part of females towards their admirers. An instance occurred while Dr. Clarke and his companions were on the island, in which the unhappy termination of a love-affair occasioned a trial for what the Mohammedan lawyers casuistically describe as “homicide by an intermediate cause.” The following was the case: a young man desperately in love with a girl of Stanchis eagerly sought to marry her, but his proposals were rejected. In consequence, he destroyed himself by poison. The Turkish police arrested the father of the obdurate fair, and tried him for culpable homicide. “If the accused,” argued they, with much gravity, “had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently he would not have been disappointed; consequently he would not have swallowed poison; consequently he would not have died;—but the accused had a daughter, the deceased had fallen in love,” &c. Upon all these counts he was called upon to pay the price of the young man’s life; and this, being fixed at the sum of eighty piastres, was accordingly exacted.

THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

Said Omar, “Either these books are in conformity with the Koran, or they are not. If they are, they are useless, and if not, they are evil: in either event, therefore, let them be destroyed.”

Such was the logic that led to the destruction of seven hundred thousand manuscript volumes.

TURKISH EXPEDIENTS.

A Turkish testator left to his eldest son one-half of his seventeen horses, to his second son one-third, to his third son one-ninth of his horses. The executor did not know what to do, as seventeen will neither divide by two, nor by three, nor by nine. A dervise came up on horseback, and the executor consulted him. The dervise said, “Take my horse, and add him to the others.” There were then eighteen horses. The executor then gave to the eldest son one-half,—nine; to the second son one-third,—six; to the third son one-ninth,—two: total, seventeen. The dervise then said, “You don’t want my horse now; I will take him back again.”

Excerpta from Persian Poetry.

EARTH AN ILLUSION.

From the mists of the Ocean of Truth in the skies
A Mirage in deluding reflections doth rise,
There is naught but reality there to be seen;
We have here but the lie of its vapory sheen.—HAFIZ.

HEAVEN AN ECHO OF EARTH.

'Tis but a shadow of the earth's familiar bliss,
  Bright mirrored on the sky's ethereal fonts,
That fills our breasts with longings nothing can dismiss,
  In tremulous and glimmering response.

A MORAL ATMOSPHERE.

It is as hard for one whom sinners still prevent
  From prayer, to keep his virtue, yet with them to dwell,
As it would be for a lotus of sweetest scent
  To blossom forth in beauty 'mid the flames of hell.

FORTUNE AND WORTH.

That haughty rich man see, a merely gilded clod;
This poor man see, pure gold with common dust besmeared.
Start not: in needy garb was Moses girt and shod,
When waved and shone before him Pharaoh's golden beard!

BROKEN HEARTS.

When other things are broken they are nothing worth,
Unless it be to some old Jew or some repairer;
But hearts, the more they're bruised and broken here on earth,
In heaven are so much the costlier and the fairer.

TO A GENEROUS MAN.

To cloud of rain refreshing all the land,
It is not fit to liken thy free hand;
For as that gives it weeps meanwhile,
But thou still givest with a smile.

BEAUTY'S PREROGATIVE.

Thy beauty pales all sublunary things,
And man to vassalage eternal dooms:
The road before thee should be swept with brooms
Made of the eye-lashes of peerless kings.

PROUD HUMILITY.

In proud humility a pious man went through the field;
The ears of corn were bowing in the wind, as if they

kneeled;
He struck them on the head, and modestly began to say,
"Unto the Lord, not unto me, such honors should you pay."

FOLLY FOR ONE'S SELF.

He who is only for his neighbors wise,
While his own soul in sad confusion lies,
Is like those men who builded Noah's ark,
But sank, themselves, beneath the waters dark.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY.

When I shall see, though clad in gold or silk,
In peace and joy a wicked man or maid,
I then shall drink a bowl of pigeon's milk,
And eat the yellow eggs the ox has laid.

THE SOBER DRUNKENNESS.

Beware the deadly fumes of that insane elation
Which rises from the cup of mad impiety,
And go get drunk with that divine intoxication
Which is more sober far than all sobriety.

A WINE-DRINKER'S METAPHORS.

As the nightingale oft from a rose's dew sips,
So I wet with fresh wine my belanguishing lips.

As the soul of perfume through a flower's petals slips,
So pure wine passes through the rose-door of my lips.

As to port from afar float the full-loaded ships,

So this wine-beaker drifts to the strand of my lips.

As the white-driven sea o'er a cliff's edges drips,
So the red-tinted wine breaks in foam on my lips.

FROM MIRTSA SCHAFFY.

Better stars without shine,
Than the shine without stars.
Better wine without jars,
Than the jars without wine.
Better honey without bees,
Than the bees without honey.
Better please without money,
Than have money but not please.

THE DOUBLE PLOT.

Three hungry travellers found a bag of gold;
One ran into the town where bread was sold.

He thought, I will poison the bread I buy,
And seize the treasure when my comrades die.

But they too thought, When back his feet have hied,
We will destroy him and the gold divide.

They killed him; and, partaking of the bread,
In a few moments all were lying dead.

O world I behold what ill thy goods have done;
Thy gold thus poisoned two, and murdered one.

THE WORLD'S UNAPPRECIATION.

The lyrical poems of the East called *Ghazels*, of which the following, from Trench, is a brief specimen, have this peculiarity,—that the first two lines rhyme, and for this rhyme recurs a new one in the second line of each succeeding couplet, the alternate lines being free:—

What is the good man and the wise?
Ofttimes a pearl which none doth prize;
Or jewel rare, which men account
A common pebble, and despise.
Set forth upon the world's bazaar,
It mildly gleams, but no one buys,
Till it in anger Heaven withdraws
From the world's undiscerning eyes,
And in its shell the pearl again,
And in its mine the jewel, lies.

THE CALIPH AND SATAN.

In heavy sleep the Caliph lay,
When some one called, "Arise and pray!"

The angry Caliph cried, "Who dare
Rebuke his king for slighted prayer?"

Then, from the corner of the room,
A voice cut sharply through the gloom:—

"My name is Satan. Rise! obey
Mohammed's law: Awake and pray."

"Thy *words* are good," the Caliph said,
"But their intent I somewhat dread;

For matters cannot well be worse
Than when the thief says, 'Guard your purse.'

I cannot trust your counsel, friend:

It surely hides some wicked end."

Said Satan, "Near the throne of God,
In ages past, we devils trod;

Angels of light, to us 'twas given
To guide each wandering foot to Heaven;

Not wholly lost is that first love,
Nor those pure tastes we knew above.

Roaming across a continent,
The Tartar moves his shifting tent,

But never quite forgets the day
When in his father's arms he lay;

So we, once bathed in love divine,
Recall the taste of that rich wine.

God's finger rested on my brow,—
That magic touch, I feel it now!

I fell, 'tis true,—Oh, ask not why!
For still to God I turn my eye;

It was a chance by which I fell:
Another takes me back to hell.

'Twas but my envy of mankind,
The envy of a loving mind.

Jealous of men, I could not bear
God's love with this new race to share.

But yet God's tables open stand,
His guests flock in from every land.

Some kind act toward the race of men
May toss us into heaven again.

A game of chess is all we see,—
And God the player, pieces we.

White, black,—queen, pawn,—'tis all the same;
For on both sides he plays the game.

Moved to and fro, from good to ill,
We rise and fall as suits his will."

The Caliph said, "If this be so
I know not; but thy guile I know;

For how can I thy words believe,
When even GOD thou didst deceive?

A sea of lies art thou,—our sin,
Only a drop that sea within."

"Not so," said Satan: "I serve God,
His angel now, and now his rod.

In tempting, I both bless and curse,
Make good men better, bad men worse.

Good coin is mixed with bad, my brother,
I but distinguish one from th' other."

"Granted," the Caliph said; "but still
You never tempt to good, but ill.

Tell, then, the truth; for well I know
You come as my most deadly foe."

Loud laughed the fiend. "You know me well;
Therefore my purpose will I tell:

If you had missed your prayer, I knew
A swift repentance would ensue;

And such repentance would have been
A good, outweighing far the sin.

I chose this humbleness divine,
Born out of fault, should not be thine;

Preferring prayers elate with pride,

To sin with penitence allied."

Epigrams.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM ON EPIGRAMS.

Omnis epigramma, sit instar apis; sit aculeus illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exigui.
[Three things must epigrams, like bees, have all,—
A sting, and honey, and a body small.]

MIDAS AND MODERN STATESMEN.

Midas, they say, possessed the art, of old,
Of turning whatsoe'er he touched to gold.
This, modern statesmen can reverse with case;
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

INSCRIBED ON A STATUE TO SLEEP.

Somne levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago,
  Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori,
Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vita
  Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.—WARTON.

[Light sleep, though death's strong image, prythee give
Thy fellowship while in my couch I lie;

O gentle, wished-for rest, how sweet to *live*
Thus without *life*, and without *death* to *die*!][18]

TO DR. ROBERT FREIND, WHO WROTE LONG EPITAPHS.

Freind, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,
Where still so much is said:
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.—POPE.

THE FOOL AND THE POET.

Sir, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool;
But you yourself may serve to show it
That every fool is not a poet.—POPE.

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

Live while you live, the *epicure* would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred *preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be;
I live in pleasure while I live to thee.—DODDRIDGE.

TO "MOLLY ASTON,"

A celebrated "beauty, scholar, and wit," who spoke in praise of liberty.

Liber ut esse velim, suasisti, pulchra Maria:

Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale!—DR. JOHNSON.

[Freedom you teach, fair Mary. To be free,
Farewell, lest I should be enslaved by thee!]

ON ONE IGNORANT AND ARROGANT.

Thou mayst of double ignorance boast,
Who knowst not that thou nothing knowst.—OWEN, *Trans. by Cowper*.

TO OUR BED.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry;
And born in bed, in bed we die:
The near approach the bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.—BENSERADE.

LATE REPENTANCE.

Pravus, that aged debauchee,
  Proclaimed a vow his sins to quit;
But is he yet from any free,
  Except what now he *can't* commit?

ON A PALE LADY WITH A RED-NOSED HUSBAND.

Whence comes it that in Clara's face
The lily only has its place?
Is it because the absent rose
Has gone to paint her husband's nose?

ON SOME SNOW THAT MELTED ON A LADY'S BREAST.

Those envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair,
But, grieved to find themselves surpassed,[19]
Dissolved into a tear.

SELYAGGI'S DISTICH ADDRESSED TO JOHN MILTON.

While at Rome.

Græcia Mœonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

DRYDEN'S AMPLIFICATION.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next, in majesty; in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go:
To make a third, she joined the former two.

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is hero in emblem shown:
He asked for bread, and he received a *stone*.—S. WESLEY.

OVERDRAWN COMPLIMENT.

So much, dear Pope, thy English Homer charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after-ages will with wonder seek
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

SUGGESTED BY A GERMAN TOURIST.

Who accompanied Prince Albert into Scotland.

Charmed with the drink which Highlanders compose,
A German traveller exclaimed, with glee,
"Potztausend! sare, if this be Athol *Brose*,[20]
How good the Athol *Boetry* must be!"—TOM HOOD.

ETERNITY.

Reason does but one quaint solution lend
To nature's deepest yet divinest riddle;
Time is a *beginning* and an *end*,
Eternity is nothing but a *middle*.

OCCASIONED BY THE LOSS OF A CLERGYMAN'S PORTMANTEAU,

Containing his Sermons.

I've lost my portmanteau.
"I pity your grief."
It contained all my sermons.
"I pity the thief!"

TO A LIVING AUTHOR.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
  And like the half you pilfered, best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend:
  Take courage, man! and steal the rest.

THE FRUGAL QUEEN.

One Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell,
When deprived of her husband she lovéd so well,
In respect for the love and affection he showed her,
She reduced him to dust, and she drank off the powder.
But Queen Netherplace, of a different complexion,
When called on to order the funeral direction,
Would have ate her dead lord, on a slender pretence,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense!—
    BURNS.

ON COMMISSARY GOLDIE'S BRAINS.

Lord, to account who dares thee call,
  Or e'er dispute thy pleasure?
Else why within so thick a wall
  Enclose so poor a treasure?—BURNS.

GIVING AND TAKING.

"I never give a kiss," says Prue,
  "To naughty man, for I abhor it."
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true:
  She'll *take* one, though, and thank you for it.—MOORE.

TO ——.

"Moria pur quando vuol non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo."

Die when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's court a form more fair
  Than beauty here on earth has given;
Keep but the lovely looks we see,—
The voice we hear,—and you will be
  An angel *ready-made* for heaven!—MOORE.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS, WITH A PRESENT OF A MIRROR.

This mirror my object of love will unfold
  Whensoe'er your regard it allures:
Oh, would, when I'm gazing, that I might behold
  On its surface the object of yours!

TO A CAPRICIOUS FRIEND.

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.—MARTIAL.

[In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.—ADDISON.]

MENDAX.

See! yonder goes old Mendax, telling lies
  To that good, easy man with whom he's walking.

How know I that? you ask, with some surprise;
Why, don't you see, my friend, the fellow's talking!—
LESSING.

ON FELL.

While Fell was reposing himself on the hay,
A reptile, concealed, bit his leg as he lay;
But, all venom himself, of the wound he made light,
And got well, while the scorpion died of the bite.—
LESSING.

ON AN ILL-READ LAWYER.

An idle attorney besought a brother
For "something to read,—some novel or other,
That was really fresh and new."
"Take Chitty!" replies his legal friend:
"There isn't a book that I could lend,
That would prove more 'novel' to you!"—SAXE.

WOMAN'S WILL.

Men dying make their wills; but wives
Escape a work so sad:
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?—SAXE.

WELLINGTON'S NOSE.

"Pray, why does the great Captain's nose
Resemble Venice?" Duncomb cries.
"Why," quoth Sam Rogers, "I suppose
Because it has a bridge of size (sighs)."

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

A poor man went to hang himself
  But treasure chanced to find:
He pocketed the miser's pelf,
  And left the rope behind.

His money gone, the miser hung
  Himself in sheer despair:
Thus each the other's wants supplied,
  And that was surely fair.

BAD SONGSTERS.

Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.—COLERIDGE.

ON A BAD FIDDLER.

Old Orpheus played so well, he moved Old Nick;
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddle-stick.

ON A CERTAIN D.D.

Who, from a peculiarity in his walk, had acquired the sobriquet of Dr. Toe, being jilted by Miss H., who eloped with her father's footman.

'Twixt footman Sam and Doctor Toe
  A controversy fell,
Which should prevail against his foe,
  And bear away the belle.
The lady chose the footman's heart.
  Say, who can wonder? no man:

The whole prevailed above the part:
'Twas *Foot*-man *versus Toe*-man.

ON AN OLD LADY WHO MARRIED HER FOOTMAN.

Old Lady Lovejoy, aged just threescore,
Whose lusty footboy rode behind, before,
Is, in a fit of fondness, grown so kind,
He rides within, who rode before, behind.

"HOT CORN."

"How much corn may a gentleman eat?" whispered P,
While the cobs on his plate lay in tiers.
"As to that," answered Q, as he glanced at the heap,
"'Twill depend on the length of his ears."

BONNETS.

In 1817, when straw bonnets first came into general use, it was common to trim them with artificial wheat or barley, in ears; whence the following:—

Who now of threatening famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain?
See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the plumes:
Our barns are now transferred to drawing-rooms,
And husbands who indulge in active lives,
To fill their granaries, may thresh their wives!

Campbell, the poet, was asked by a lady to write something original in her album. He wrote,—

An original something, dear maid, you would win me

To write; but how shall I begin?
For I'm sure I have nothing original in me,
Excepting *original sin*.
"How very easy 'tis," cries Tom, "to write!
I find 't no hardship verses to indite."
"To credit that," quoth Dick, "no oaths we need:
The hardship is for *those who have to read*."

Thy verses are eternal, O my friend!
For he who reads them, reads them to no end.

Unfortunate lady, how sad is your lot!
Your ringlets are *red*, and your poems are not.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

That thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be;
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee!—COWPER.

TO A FRIEND IN DISTRESS.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend;
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.—
COWPER.

HOG *vs.* BACON.

Judge Bacon once trying a man, Hog by name,
Who made with his lordship of kindred a claim;
"Hold," said the judge,—"you're a little mistaken
Hog must be *hung* first before 'tis good Bacon."

A WARM RECEPTION.

Rusticus wrote a letter to his love,
And filled it full of warm and keen desire;
He hoped to raise a flame, and so he did:
The lady put his nonsense in the fire.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

"I'm very ill," said Skinflint, once essaying
To get a doctor's counsel without paying.
"I see it," quoth the wily old physician;
"You're in a most deplorable condition."
"But tell me," cried the miser, "for God's sake,
Tell me, dear doctor, what I ought to take."
"Take! as to that—why, take, at any price,"
Replied the leech, "*take medical advice*!"

DEFINITION OF A DENTIST.

A dentist fashions teeth of bone
For those whom fate has left without,
And finds provision for his *own*
By pulling other people's out.

Dr. Samuel Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, preached on one occasion before the House of Commons. The event gave rise to the following:—

'Tis well-enough that Goodenough
Before the House should preach;
For sure-enough full bad-enough
Are those he has to teach.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

As two divines their ambling steeds bestriding,

In merry mood o'er Boston Neck were riding,
Sudden a simple structure met their sight,
From which the convict takes his hempen flight;
When sailor-like he bids adieu to hope,
His all depending on a single rope.
"Say, brother," cried the one, "pray where were you
Had yonder gallows been allowed its due?"
"Where?" cried the other, in sarcastic tone,
"Why, where but riding into town alone."

A REFLECTION.

Says the Earth to the Moon "You're a pilfering jade;
What you steal from the Sun is beyond all belief."
Fair Cynthia replies, "Madam Earth, hold your prate;
The receiver is always as bad as the thief."

"THE WOMAN GAVE ME OF THE TREE."

When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
Oh, what a thousand pities, then,
That Adam was not Adamant.

THE BLADES OF THE SHEARS.

Two lawyers when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as friendly as before;
"Zounds!" said the client, "I would fain know how
You can be friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool!" said one, "We lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

The following was written by Southey on Queen Elizabeth's dining on board Sir Francis Drake's ship,

on his return from circumnavigating the globe:—

Oh, Nature! to old England still
  Continue these mistakes;
Give us for all our *Kings* such *Queens*,
  And for our *Dux* such *Drakes*.

INVISIBLE.

I cannot praise your parson's eyes;
  I never *see* his eyes divine,
For when he prays he shuts *his* eyes,
  And when he preaches he shuts mine.

IMPERSONAL.

Quoth Madam Bas Bleu, "I hear you have said,
Intellectual women are always your dread;
  Now tell me, dear sir, is it true?"
"Why, yes," said the wag, "Very likely I may
Have made the remark in a jocular way;
  But then, on my honor, I didn't mean you."

AFFINITIES.

"A lady, once, whose love was sold,
Asked if a reason could be told,
Why wedding rings were made of gold:
  I ventured thus to instruct her:—
Love and lightning are the same;
On earth they glance, from Heaven they came:
Love is the soul's electric flame—
  And gold its best conductor."

THE CRIER WHO COULD NOT CRY.

I heard a judge his tipstaff call
  And say, "Sir, I desire
You go forthwith and search the Hall,
  And send to me the crier."
"And search, my Lord, in vain, I may"—
  The tipstaff gravely said—
"The Crier cannot *cry* to-day,
  Because his wife is dead."

THE PARSON AND BUTCHER.

A parson and a butcher chanced, they say,
To meet and moralize one Sabbath day.
"Ah!" cries the parson, "all things good and fair,
All that is virtuous, wise, belovéd, rare,
Is sure the first to feel the stroke of fate;
While vice and folly have a longer date."
"True," cries the butcher, "for it is decreed,
The fattest pig, alas! must soonest bleed."

THE CLOCK.

A mechanic his labor will often discard,
  If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock—and its *case* is uncommonly hard—
  Will continue to *work* though it *strikes*.—HOOD.

MASCULINE.

"What pity 'tis," said John, the sage,
  "That women should, for hire,
Expose themselves upon the stage,

By wearing men's attire!"

"*Expose!*" cries Ned, who loves a jeer;
"In sense you surely fail:
What do the darlings have to fear
When clad in coats-of-*male*?"

IN RETURN FOR A LADY'S SKETCH OF THE APOLLO.

If fair Apollo drew his bow
As well as you have drawn it here,
No wonder that he carries woe
To many a maiden far and near.

One difference, though, I understand,
Between this picture and the giver:
Apollo keeps his bow in hand—
You keep your beaux upon the quiver.

WIDOWS.

As in India, one day, an Englishman sat
With a smart native lass at the window,
"Do your widows burn themselves? pray tell me that?"
Said the pretty, inquisitive Hindoo.

"Do they burn? ah, yes," the gentleman said,
"With a flame not so easy to smother:
Our widows, the moment one husband is dead,
Immediately burn for another!"—CANNING.

The following epigram by Samuel Rogers, on Lord Dudley's studied speeches in Parliament, was pronounced by Byron, in conversation with Lady Blessington, "one of the best in the English language, with the true Greek talent of expressing, by

implication, what is wished to be conveyed:"—

Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it:
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

On the marriage of Dr. Webb with Miss Gould, a classical friend sent him the following:—

Tela fuit simplex statuens decus addere telæ,
Fecit hymen geminam puroque intexuit auro.
[Single no more, a double Webb behold;
Hymen embroidered it with virgin Gould.]

AFTER GOING TO LAW.

This law, they say, great nature's chain connects,
That *causes* ever must produce *effects*.
In me behold reversed great nature's laws,—
All my *effects* lost by a single *cause*.

SAME JAWBONE.

Jack eating rotten cheese did say,
"Like Samson I my thousands slay."
"I vow," says Roger, "so you do,
And with the selfsame weapon too."

A FUNNY DETERMINATION.

Queenly Miss Quaint, the aim of whose life
Is to die an old maid or a minister's wife,
Grotesquely averred, after hearing young Spread,
"I'll hear him all day, *if I walk on my head*!"
"Good!" said old Hunx, with a comical smile;
"But please, if you're late, don't come up the broad aisle!"

MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

"Tom, you should take a wife." "Nay, God forbid!"
"I found you one last night." "The deuce you did!"
"Softly! perhaps she'll please you." "Oh, of course!"
"Eighteen." "Alarming!" "Witty." "Nay, that's worse!"
"Discreet." "All show!" "Handsome." "To lure the fellows!"
"High-born." "Ay, haughty!" "Tender-hearted." "Jealous!"
"Talents o'erflowing." "Ay, enough to sluice me!"
"And then, Tom, such a fortune!" "Introduce me!"

QUID PRO QUO.

"Marriage, not mirage, Jane, here in your letter:
With your education, you surely know better."
Quickly spoke my young wife, while I sat in confusion,
"'Tis quite correct, Thomas: they're each an illusion."

WOMAN—CONTRA.

When Adam, waking, first his lids unfolds
In Eden's groves, beside him he beholds
Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and knows
His earliest sleep has proved his last repose.

WOMAN—PRO.

Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue:
She, when apostles shrunk, could danger brave;
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave.—BARRETT.

ABUNDANCE OF FOOLS.

The world of fools has such a store,
  That he who would not see an ass
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,
  And break his looking-glass.—LA MONNOYE.

THE WORLD.

'Tis an excellent world that we live in
To lend, to spend, or to give in;
But to borrow, or beg, or get a man's own,
'Tis just the worst world that ever was known.

TERMINER SANS OYER.

"Call silence!" the judge to the officer cries;
  "This hubbub and talk, will it never be done?
Those people this morning have made such a noise,
  We've decided ten causes without hearing one."

DOUBLE VISION UTILIZED.

An incipient toper was checked t'other day,
In his downward career, in a very strange way.
The effect of indulgence, he found to his trouble,
Was that after two bottles he came to see double;
When with staggering steps to his home he betook him,
He saw always *two wives*, sitting up to rebuke him.
One wife in her wrath makes a pretty strong case;
But a *couple* thus scolding, what courage could face?

Impromptus.

One day, as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married,) the servant came to acquaint him that a gentleman wished to speak with him. “Tell him,” said the doctor, “I am too happily engaged to change my situation.” The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, and his friend. But, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and, in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:—

Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven.
Like him I go, but yet to go I’m loath;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind:
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

Ben Jonson having been invited to dine at the Falcon Tavern, where he was already deeply in debt, the landlord promised to wipe out the score if he would tell him what God, and the devil, and the world, and

the landlord himself, would be best pleased with. To which the ready poet promptly replied:—

God is best pleased when men forsake their sin;
The devil is best pleased when they persist therein;
The world's best pleased when thou dost sell good wine;
And you're best pleased when I do pay for mine.

A well-known instance of self-extrication from a dilemma is thus rendered in rhyme:—

When Queen Elizabeth desired
  That Melville would acknowledge fairly
Whether herself he most admired,
  Or his own sovereign, Lady Mary?
The puzzled knight his answer thus expressed:—
"In her own country each is handsomest."

Burns, going into church one Sunday and finding it difficult to procure a seat, was kindly invited by a young lady into her pew. The sermon being upon the terrors of the law, and the preacher being particularly severe in his denunciation of sinners, the lady, who was very attentive, became much agitated. Burns, on perceiving it, wrote with his pencil, on a blank leaf of her Bible, the following:—

Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
  Nor idle texts pursue:
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
  Not angels such as you.

One evening at the King's Arms, Dumfries, Burns was called from a party of friends to see an impertinent coxcomb in the form of an English commercial traveller, who patronizingly invited the *Ayrshire Ploughman* to a glass of wine at his table. Entering into conversation with the *condescending* stranger, Burns soon saw what sort of person he had to deal

with. About to leave the room, the poet was urged to give a specimen of his facility in impromptu versifying, when, having asked the name and age of the conceited traveller, he instantly penned and handed him the following stanza,—after which he abruptly departed:—

In seventeen hundred forty-nine,
Satan took stuff to make a swine,
  And cuist it in a corner;
But wilily he changed his plan,
Shaped it to something like a man,
  And ca'd it Andrew Horner.

After Burke had finished his extraordinary speech against Warren Hastings, the latter (according to the testimony of his private secretary, Mr. Evans) wrote the following sarcastic impromptu:—

Oft have we wondered that on Irish ground
No poisonous reptile ever yet was found;
The secret stands revealed in Nature's work:
She saved her venom to create a *Burke*!

Dr. Johnson's definition of a note of admiration (!), made on the moment, is very neat:—

I see—I see—I know not what:
I see a dash above a dot,
Presenting to my contemplation
A perfect point of admiration!

An old gentleman named Gould, having married a young lady of nineteen, thus addressed his friend Dr. G. at the wedding festival:—

So you see, my dear sir, though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with *old Gould*.

To which the doctor replied,—

A girl of nineteen may love *Gould*, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is *Gold* without *U*.

When Percy first published his collection of Ancient English Ballads, he was rather lavish in commendation of their beautiful simplicity. This provoked Dr. Johnson to say one evening, at the tea-table of Miss Reynolds, that he could rhyme as well and as elegantly in common narrative and conversation. "For instance," said he,—

"As, with my hat upon my head,
  I walked along the strand,
I there did meet another man
  With his hat in his hand.

Or, to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,—

I therefore pray thee, Renny dear
  That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
  Another cup of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
  Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
  Have drank the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
  Nor hear it with a frown;
Thou canst not make the tea as fast
  As I can gulp it down."

Mr. Fox, the great orator, was on one occasion told by a lady that she "*did not care three skips of a louse for him.*" He immediately took out his pencil and wrote the following:—

A lady has told me, and in her own house,

That she cares not for me “three skips of a louse.”
I forgive the dear creature for what she has said,
Since women will talk of what *runs in their head.*

Barty Willard, who formerly lived in the northern part of Vermont, was noted for his careless, vagabond habits, ready wit, and remarkable facility at extempore rhyming. Sitting one day in a village store, among a crowd of idlers who always gathered about him on his arrival, the merchant asked Barty “why he always wore that shocking bad hat.” Barty replied that it was simply because he was unable to purchase a new one.

“Come,” said the merchant; “make me a good rhyme on the old hat immediately, without stopping to think, and I’ll give you the best castor in the store.” Whereupon Barty threw his old tile on the floor, and began:—

Here lies my old hat,
And, pray, what of that?
’Tis as good as the rest of my raiment:
If I buy me a better,
You’ll make me your debtor
And send me to jail for the payment.

The new hat was adjudged, by the “unanimous vote of the house,” to belong to Barty, who wore it off in triumph, saying, “it was a poor head that couldn’t take care of itself.”

An Oxford and Cambridge man, who had had frequent disputes concerning the divinity of Christ, chancing to meet in company, the former, with a serio-comical air, wrote the following lines and handed them to the latter:—

Tu Judæ similis Dominumque Deumque negasti;
Dissimilis Judas est tibi—pœnituit.
[You, Judas like, your Lord and God denied;
Judas, unlike to you, repentant sighed.]

Whereupon the "heretic" retorted,—

Tu simul et similis Judæ, tu dissimilisque;
Judæ iterum similis sis, laqueumque petas.
[You are like Judas, yet unlike that elf;
Once more like Judas be, and hang yourself.]

The common phrase *Give the Devil his due*, was turned very wittily by a member of the bar in North Carolina, some years ago, on three of his legal brethren. During the trial of a case, Hillman, Dews, and Swain (all distinguished lawyers, and the last-named President of the State University) handed James Dodge, the Clerk of the Supreme Court, the following epitaph:—

Here lies James Dodge, who dodged all good,
  And never dodged an evil:
And, after dodging all he could,
  He could not dodge the Devil!

Mr. Dodge sent back to the gentlemen the annexed impromptu reply, which may be considered equal to any thing ever expressed in the best days of Queens Anne or Bess:—

Here lies a Hillman and a Swain;
  Their lot let no man choose:
They lived in sin, and died in pain,
  And the Devil got his dues! (Dews.)

A lady wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass,—

God did at first make man upright; but he—

To which a gentleman added,—

Most surely had continued so; but *she*—

A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:—

The lady whose resolve these words betoken,
Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken.

Sir Walter Raleigh having written on a window,—

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall,—

Queen Elizabeth, the instant she saw it, wrote under it,—

If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.

Perhaps the most delicate flattery ever uttered was that of the ambassador, who, being asked by a beautiful queen, upon his introduction to her court, whether a celebrated beauty in his own country was the handsomest woman he had ever seen, replied, “I thought so yesterday.”

A party of gentlemen at Lord Macclesfield’s, one evening, agreed to amuse themselves by drawing tickets on which various uncomplimentary devices were written. These were extemporaneously turned into compliments by Cowper as follows:—

Vanity.—Drawn by Lord Macclesfield.

Be vain, my
lord, you
have a right;

For who, like
you, can
boast this
night,

A group
assembled in
one place

Fraught with
such beauty,
wit and
grace?

Insensibility.—Mr. Marsham.

Insensible
can Marsham
be?

Yes and no
fault you
must agree;

His heart his
virtue only
warms,

Insensible to
vice's
charms.

Inconstancy.—Mr. Adams.

Inconstancy
there is no
harm in,

In Adams
where it
looks so
charming:

Who wavers
as, he well
may boast,

Which virtue
he shall
follow most.

Impudence.—Mr. St. John.

St. John,
your vice
you can't
disown:

For in this
age 'tis too
well known,

That
impudent
that man
must be

Who dares
from folly to
be free.

Intemperance.—Mr. Gerard.

Intemperance
implies
excess:

Changed
though the
name, the
fault's not
less;

Yet, blush
not, Gerard,
there's no
need,—

In all that's
worthy you
exceed.

A *Blank* was drawn by Mr. Legge.

If she a
blank for
Legge
designed,

Sure Fortune
is no longer
blind;

For we shall
fill the paper
given

With every
virtue under
heaven.

Cowardice.—Gen. Caillard.

Most soldiers
cowardice
disclaim,

But Caillard
owns it
without
shame;

Bold in
whate'er to
arms belong,

He wants the
courage to
do wrong.

A traveller, upon reading the inscription affixed to

the gates of Bandon, (a town in Ireland originally peopled by English Protestants,)—

Jew, Turk or Atheist enter here;
But let no Papist dare appear,—

wrote the following smart reply underneath:—

He who wrote this wrote it well;
The same is written on the gates of hell.

At one of Burns' convivial dinners he was requested to say grace; whereupon he gave the following impromptu:—

Lord, we do thee humbly thank
  For that we little merit.—
Now Jean may take the flesh away,
  And Will bring in the spirit.

Refractory Rhyming.

When Canning was challenged to find a rhyme for *Julianna*, he immediately wrote,—

Walking in the shady grove
With my Julianna,
For lozenges I gave my love
Ipecacuanha.

Ipecacuanha lozenges, though a myth when the stanza was written, are now commonly sold by apothecaries.

Three or four wits, while dining together, discussed the difficulty of finding rhymes for certain names. General Morris challenged any of the party to find a happy rhyme for his name; and the challenge was instantly taken up by John Brougham, whose facility at extempore rhyming is proverbial:—

All hail to thee, thou gifted son!
The warrior-poet Morris!
'Tis seldom that we see in one
A Cæsar and a Horace.

Some years ago a French speculator found himself ruined by a sudden collapse in the stock-market. He resolved to commit suicide, but, as he was a

connoisseur in monumental literature, he decided first to compose his own epitaph. The first line—a very fine one—terminated with the word *triomphe*. To this, search as he might, he could find no rhyme, and he could not bring himself to sacrifice his beloved line. Time passed, finding him still in search of his rhyme, assisted by a number of benevolent friends, but all in vain. One day a promising speculation presented itself: he seized the opportunity and regained his fortune.

The rhyme so zealously sought has at length been found, and the epitaph completed. Here it is:—

Attendre que de soi la vétusté triomphe,
C'est absurde! Je vais au devant de la mort.
Mourir a plus d'attraits quand on est jeune encore:
A quoi bon devenir un vieillard monogomphe?

Monogomphe; a brilliant Hellenism signifying "who has but a single tooth."

To get a rhyme in English for the word *month* was quite a matter of interest with curious people years ago, and somebody made it out or forced it by making a quatrain, in which a lisping little girl is described as saying:—

——I can get a rhyme for a month.
I can thay it now, I thed it wunth!

Another plan was to twist the numeral *one* into an ordinal. For instance:—

Search through the works of Thackeray—you'll find a
rhyme to month;
He tells us of Phil Fogarty, of the fighting onety-oneth!

A parallel lisp is as follows:—

"You can't," says Tom to lisping Bill,
  "Find any rhyme for month."
"A great mithtake," was Bill's reply;
  "I'll find a rhyme at *onth*."

And

Among our numerous English rhymes,
  They say there's none to month;
I tried and failed a hundred times,
  But succeeded the hundred and *onth*.

But these are hardly fair. The rhyme is good, but the English is bad. Christina Rosetti has done better in the admirable book of nursery rhymes which she has published under the title of *Sing-Song*:—

How many weeks in a month?
Four, as the swift moon runn'th—

In both of these instances, however, the rhymes are evasions of the real issue. The problem is not to make a word by compounding two, or distorting one, but to find a word ready-made, in our unabridged dictionaries that will rhyme properly to month. We believe there is none. Nor is there a fair rhyme to the word *silver*, nor to *spirit*, nor to *chimney*. Horace Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*, once attempted to make one for chimney on a bet, and he did it in this way:—

Standing on roof and by chimney
Are master and 'prentice with slim knee.

Another dissyllabic poser is *liquid*. Mr. C. A. Bristed attempts to meet it as follows:—

After imbibing liquid,
  A man in the South
Duly proceeds to stick quid

(Very likely a thick quid)
  Into his mouth.

And "Mickey Rooney" contributes this:—

Shure Quicquid is a thick wit,
If he can not rhyme to liquid,
A thing that any Mick wid
  The greatest aise can do:
Just take the herb called chick-weed,
Which they often cure the sick wid,
That's a dacent rhyme for liquid,
    And from a Mickey, too.

Some one having challenged a rhyme for *carpet*, the following "lines to a pretty barmaid" were elicited in response:—

    Sweet maid of the inn,
    'Tis surely no sin
To toast such a beautiful bar pet;
    Believe me, my dear,
    Your feet would appear
At home on a nobleman's carpet.

Rhymes were thus found for *window*:—

A cruel man a beetle caught,
And to the wall him pinned, oh!
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
"Though I'm stuck up I am not proud,"
And his soul went out of the window.

Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
  Shot down fat buck and *thin* doe;
Rough storms withstood in thick greenwood,
  Nor care for door or window.

This for *garden*:—

Though Afric's lion be not here

In showman's stoutly barred den,
An "Irish Lion" you may see
At large in Winter Garden.

The difficulty with porringer has thus been overcome:—

The second James a daughter had,
Too fine to lick a porringer;
He sought her out a noble lad,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.

And in this stanza:—

When nations doubt our power to fight,
We smile at every foreign jeer;
And with untroubled appetite,
Still empty plate and porringer.

These for *orange* and *lemon*:—

I gave my darling child a lemon,
That lately grew its fragrant stem on;
And next, to give her pleasure *more* range
I offered her a juicy orange,
And nuts—she cracked them in the door-hinge.

And many an *ill*, grim,
And travel-worn pilgrim,

has traveled far out of his way before succeeding with widow:—

Who would not always as he's bid do,
Should never think to wed a widow.

The jury found that Pickwick did owe
Damages to Bardell's widow.

Pickwick *loquitur*:—

Since of this suit I now am rid, O,

Ne'er again I'll lodge with a widow!

Among the stubborn proper names are *Tipperary and Timbuctoo*. The most successful effort to match the latter was an impromptu by a gentleman who had accompanied a lady home from church one Sunday evening, and who found her hymn-book is his pocket next morning. He returned it with these lines:—

My dear and much respected Jenny,
You must have thought me quite a ninny
  For carrying off your hymn-book to
My house. Had you thoughts visionary,
And did you dream some missionary
  Had flown with it to Timbuctoo?

Another attempt runs thus:—

I went a hunting on the plains,
  The plains of Timbuctoo;
I shot one buck for all my pains,
  And he was a slim buck too.

An unattainable rhyme might be sought for *Euxine*, had not Byron said—

——Euxine,
The dirtiest little sea that mortal ever pukes in.

The following is from Tom Moore's *Fudge Family in Paris*:—

Take instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara.

A request for a rhyme for Mackonochie elicited numerous replies, one of which, in reference to a charitable occasion, begins thus:—

Who, folk bestowing

Their alms, when o'erflowing,
  The coffer unlocks?
Fingers upon a key
Placing, Mackonochie
  Opens the box.

Canning's amusing little extravaganza, with which everybody is familiar, beginning:—

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
  The dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of the companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
        niversity of Gottingen,

has been parodied a hundred times; but it is itself a parody of Pindar, whose fashion of dividing words in his odes all students of the classics have abundant occasion to remember. The last stanza was appended by William Pitt,—a fact not generally known:—

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu,
  That kings and priests are plotting in
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
    el, never shall I see the U-
        niversity of Gottingen.

Of these fantastic rhymes, Richard Harris Barham, has given us the finest examples in the language, in his celebrated "Ingoldsby Legends." In the legend "Look at the Clock," we have this:—

"Having once gained the summit, and managed to cross it,
      he
Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity."

This from "The Ghost":—

"And, being of a temper somewhat warm,
  Would now and then seize upon small occasion,

A stick or stool, or anything that round did lie,
And baste her lord and master most confoundedly."

In the "Tragedy" we have one even more whimsical and comical:—

"The poor little Page, too, himself got no quarter, but
Was served the same way,
And was found the next day
With his heels in the air, and his head in the water-butt."

Byron has more than matched any of these in completeness of rhyme and extent, if we may call it so, of rhyming surface, and matched even himself in acidity of cynicism, in his couplet:—

"——Ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Come tell me, have they not hen-pecked you all."

Punch has some very funny samples of eccentric rhymes, of which the best is one that spells out the final word of a couplet, the last letter or two, making so many syllables rhyme with the ending word of the preceding line. Thus:—

"Me drunk! the cobbler cried, the devil trouble you,
You want to kick up a blest r-o-w,
I've just returned from a teetotal party,
Twelve on us jammed in a spring c-a-r-t,
The man as lectured now, was drunk; why bless ye,
He's sent home in a c-h-a-i-s-e."

Twenty-five years or more ago, in Boston, Monday was the gathering time for Universalist clergymen, Tompkins' book store being the place of rendezvous. At these unions, King, Chapin, Hosea Ballou, Whittemore, and other notabilities, were pretty sure to be present; and as it was immediately after the graver labors of the Sabbath, the parsons were apt to

be in an unusually frisky condition.

Chapin, ordinarily, is of reticent habit; but when the company is congenial, and he is in exhilarant mood, his wonderful flow of language and quick perception make him a companion rarely equalled for wit and repartee. On one occasion, when King and Chapin, and a dozen other clergymen were at Tompkins's, as was their wont, Chapin began to rhyme upon the names of those present. Without a moment's hesitation, he ran off the name of each, rhyming it in verse, to the huge delight of the company. Finally, after exhausting that list, the names of absent clergymen were given to the ready poet, and there was not a single failure. At last a clergyman said:—

"I can give you a name, Brother Chapin, to which you cannot make a rhyme."

"Well, what is it?"

"Brother Brimblecomb."

Without a moment's pause, Chapin said:—

"There was a man in our town,
  His name—they called it Brimblecomb;
He stole the tailor's needle and shears,
  But couldn't make the thimble come."

Butler's facility in overcoming stubborn words is amusing. For instance:—

There was an ancient sage philosopher,
Who had read Alexander Ross over.

Coleridge, on the eve of his departure from Göttingen, being requested by a student of the same class in the university to write in his *Stammbuch*, or album, complied as follows:—

We both attended the same college,
  Where sheets of paper we did blur many;
And now we're going to sport our knowledge,
  In England I, and you in Germany.

Father Prout, in his polyglot praise of rum punch, says:—

Doth love, young chiel, one's bosom ruffle?
Would any feel ripe for a scuffle?
The simplest plan is just to take a
Well stiffened can of old Jamaica.

We parted by the gate in June,
  That soft and balmy month,
Beneath the sweetly beaming moon,
  And (wonth—hunth—sunth—bunth—I can't find a
    rhyme to month).

Years were to pass ere we should meet;
  A wide and yawning gulf
Divides me from my love so sweet,
  While (ulf—sulf—dulf—mulf—stuck again; I can't get
    any rhyme to gulf. I'm in a gulf myself).

Oh, how I dreaded in my soul
  To part from my sweet nymph,
While years should their long seasons roll
  Before (nymph—dymph—ymph—I guess I'll have to let
    it go at that).

Beneath my fortune's stern decree
  My lonely spirit sunk,
For a weary soul was mine to be
  And (hunk—dunk—runk—sk—that will never do in the
    world).

She buried her dear, lovely face
  Within her azure scarf,
She knew I'd take the wretchedness
  As well as (parf—sarf—darf—half-and-half; that won't

answer either).

O, I had loved her many years,
I loved her for herself;
I loved her for her tender fears,
And also for her (welf—nelf—helf—pelf; no, no; not for her pelf).

I took between my hands her head,
How sweet her lips did pouch!
I kissed her lovingly and said:
(Bouch—mouche—louche—ouch; not a bit of it did I say ouch!)

I sorrowfully wrung her hand.
My tears they did escape,
My sorrow I could not command,
And I was but a (sape—dape—fape—ape; well, perhaps I did feel like an ape).

I gave to her a fond adieu,
Sweet pupil of love's school;
I told her I would e'er be true,
And always be a (dool—sool—mool—fool; since I come to think of it, I was a fool, for she fell in love with another fellow before I was gone a month).

Hood's *Nocturnal Sketch* presents a remarkable example of *la difficulté vaincue*. Most bards find it sufficiently difficult to obtain one rhyming word at the end of a line; but Hood secures three, with an ease which is as graceful as it is surprising:—

Even has come; and from the dark park, hark
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime—prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain,
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much such;
Or else to see Ducrow, with wide tide, stride

Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic pit, sit split,
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung:
The gas up blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets, and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
Who, trusting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.
Now thieves do enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But, frightened by policeman B 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers grumble, Drat that cat!
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.

Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;
But nurse-maid, in a night-mare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Græmes,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those beaux' woes.

Valentines.

A STRATEGIC LOVE-LETTER.

The following love-letter, dated in 1661, was sent by Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield, to Lady Russell:—

Madam:—The dullness of this last cold season doth afford nothing that is new to divert you; only here is a report that I fain would know the truth of, which is, that I am extremely in love with you. Pray let me know if it be true or no, since I am certain that nothing but yourself can rightly inform me; for if you intend to use me favorably, and do think I am in love with you, I most certainly am so; but if you intend to receive me coldly, and do not believe that I am in love, I also am sure that I am not; therefore let me entreat you to put me out of a doubt which makes the greatest concern of,

Dear Madam, your most obedient faithful servant,
CHESTERfIELD.

(It is the part of a skillful general to secure a good retreat.)

WRITTEN IN SYMPATHETIC INK.

Dear girl, if thou hadst been less fair,

Or I had been more bold,
The burning words I now would write,
Ere this, my tongue had told.

True to its bashful instinct still,
My love erects this screen,
And writes the words it dare not speak
In ink that can't be seen.

CRYPTOGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE.

A lady wrote to a gentleman thus:—

"*I shall be* much obliged to you, as reading *alone* engages my attention *at* present, if you will lend me any one of the *Eight* volumes of the Spectator. I hope you will excuse *this* freedom, but for a winter's *evening* I *don't* know a better entertainment. If I *fail* to return it soon, never trust me for the time *to come*."

The words successively italicized convey the secret invitation.

MACAULAY'S VALENTINE.

The following valentine from Lord Macaulay to the Hon. Mary C. Stanhope, daughter of Lord and Lady Mahon, 1851, is worthy of being preserved for the sake as much of its author as of its own merits:—

Hail, day of music, day of love!
On earth below, and air above.
In air the turtle fondly moans,
The linnet pipes in joyous tones:
On earth the postman toils along,
Bent double by huge bales of song.
Where, rich with many a gorgeous dye,

Blazes all Cupid's heraldry—
Myrtles and roses, doves and sparrows,
Love-knots and altars, lamps and arrows.
What nymph without wild hopes and fears
The double-rap this morning hears?
Unnumbered lasses, young and fair,
From Bethnel Green to Belgrave Square,
With cheeks high flushed, and hearts loud beating,
Await the tender annual greeting.
The loveliest lass of all is mine—
Good morrow to my Valentine!

Good morrow, gentle child: and then,
Again good morrow, and again,
Good morrow following still good morrow,
Without one cloud of strife or sorrow.
And when the god to whom we pay
In jest our homages to-day
Shall come to claim no more in jest,
His rightful empire o'er thy breast,
Benignant may his aspect be,
His yoke the truest liberty:
And if a tear his power confess,
Be it a tear of happiness.
It shall be so. The Muse displays
The future to her votary's gaze:
Prophetic range my bosom swells—
I taste the cake—I hear the bells!
From Conduit street the close array
Of chariots barricades the way
To where I see, with outstretched hand,
Majestic thy great kinsman stand,[21]
And half unbend his brow of pride,
As welcoming so fair a bride;
Gay favors, thick as flakes of snow,
Brighten St. George's portico:
Within I see the chancel's pale,
The orange flowers, the Brussels veil,
The page on which those fingers white,
Still trembling from the awful rite,

For the last time shall faintly trace
The name of Stanhope's noble race.
I see kind faces round thee pressing,
I hear kind voices whisper blessing:
And with those voices mingles mine—
All good attend my Valentine!

St. Valentine's Day, 1851.

T. B. MACAULAY.

Very tender are Burns' verses to his ladie loves. For instance:—

Oh! were I in the wildest waste,
  Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise
  If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or, were I monarch of the globe,
  Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
  Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

TEUTONIC ALLITERATION.

O du Dido, die du da den, der den, den du liebst liebt, lieb 'o liebste des Freundes, den Freund des Freundes, des Freundes wegen.[22]

[O you Dido, you who, him, who him you love, loves, love O dearest of the friend, the friend's friend, for the friend's sake.]

A LOVER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Your face,	your tongue,	your wit,
So fair,	so sweet,	so sharp,

First bent, then drew, then hit,
Mine eye, mine ear, my heart.

Mine eye, mine ear, my heart,
To like, to learn, to love,
Your face, your tongue, your wit,
Doth lead, doth teach, doth move.

Your face, your tongue, your wit,
With beams, with sound, with art,
Doth bind, doth charm, doth rule,
Mine eye, mine ear, my heart.

Mine eye, mine ear, my heart,
With life, with hope, with skill,
Your face, your tongue, your wit,
Doth feed, doth feast, doth fill.

O face! O tongue! O wit!
With frowns, with check, with smart,
Wrong not, vex not, wound not,
Mine eye, mine ear, my heart.

This eye, this ear, this heart,
Shall joy, shall bend, shall swear,
Your face, your tongue, your wit,

To serve, to trust, to fear.

The lines may be read either from left to right, or from above downwards. They may also be read in various directions.

CARDIAC EFFUSION.

Somebody named John Birchall wrote the following lines in 1684 with his “heart’s blood”:—

These loving lines which I to you have sent,
In secrecy in my heart’s blood are pent,
Y^{e} pen I slipt as I y^{e} pen did make,
And freely bleeds, and will do for your sake.

MACARONIC VALENTINE.

Geist und sinn mich beügen über
Vous zu dire das ich Sie liebe!
Das herz que vous so lightly spurn
To you und sie allein will turn
Unbarmherzig—pourquoi scorn
Mon cœur with love and anguish torn?
Croyez vous das my despair
Votre bonheur can swell or faire?
Schönheit kann nicht cruel sein
Mepris ist keine macht divine,
Then, oh then, it can’t be thine.
Glaube das mine love is true,
Changeless, deep wie Himmel’s blue—
Que l’amour that now I swear
Zu Dir Ewigkeit I’ll bear.
Glaube das the gentle rays
Born and nourished in thy gaze
Sur mon cœur will ever dwell

Comme à l'instant when they fell—
Mechante! that you know full well.

George Digby, Earl of Bristol, one of the most graceful writers of the Seventeenth Century, is credited with this:—

Fair Archabella, to thy eyes,
That flame just blushes in the skies,
Each noble heart doth sacrifice.
Yet be not cruel, since you may,
Whene'er you please, to save or slay,
Or with a frown benight the day.
I do not wish that you should rest
In any unknown highway breast,
The lodging of each common guest,
But I present a bleeding heart,
Wounded by love, not pricked by art,
That never knew a former smart.
Be pleased to smile, and then I live;
But if a frown, a death you give,
For which it were a sin to grieve.
Yet if it be decreed I fall,
Grant but one boon, one boon is all:—
That you would me your martyr call.

A COLORED MAN'S LOVE-LETTER.

A colored man living in Detroit had long admired a colored widow in a neighboring street, but being afraid to reveal his passion, went to a white man and asked him to write the lady a letter asking her hand in marriage. The friend wrote, telling the woman in a few brief lines that the size of her feet was the talk of the neighborhood, and asking her if she couldn't pare them down a little. The name of the colored man was signed, and he was to call on her for an answer.

Subsequently the writer of the letter met the negro limping along the street, and asked him what the widow said. The man showed him a bloodshot eye, a scratched nose, a lame leg, and a spot on the scalp where a handful of wool had been violently jerked out; and he answered in solemn tones: “She didn’t say nuffin, an’ I didn’t stay dar mor’n a minute!”

UNPUBLISHED VERSES OF THOMAS MOORE.

Bright leaf, when storms thy bloom shall wither,
Oh, fly for calm and shelter hither;
And I will prize thy tints as truly
As when in Spring they blossom newly.
Bright leaf, when storms thy blooms shall wither,
Oh, fly for calm and shelter hither.

Sweet maid, while hope and rapture cheer thee,
’Tis not for me to linger near thee;
But when joys fade and hope deceives thee,
When all that soothes and flatters leaves thee—
Oh, then, how sweet in one forsaken,
Fresh hopes and joys again to waken!

EGYPTIAN SERENADE.

Sing again the song you sung
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and sing it o’er,
Though I know that nevermore
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

PETITIONS.

THE MAIDS AND WIDOWS.

The following petition, signed by sixteen maids of Charleston, South Carolina, was presented to the Governor of that province in March, 1733, "the day of the feast":—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR JOHNSON.

The humble petition of all the Maids whose names are underwritten:—*Whereas*, We the humble petitioners are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our more youthful charms thereby neglected: the consequence of this our request is, that your Excellency will for the future order that no Widow shall presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction, for invading our liberties; and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids, is, that the widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men; and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition upon us who ought to have the preference.

This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will prevent any farther insults.

And we poor Maids as in duty bound will ever pray.

P. S.—I, being the oldest maid, and therefore most concerned, do think it proper to be the messenger to your Excellency in behalf of my fellow subscribers.

A MALADROIT PETITION.

An autograph of Madame de Maintenon has recently been discovered at Chateau-Guinon, the history of which is curious. A worthy priest of Cuiseaux, a small *Commune* of La Brasse, desiring to repair his church, which was becoming dilapidated, had the happy idea of addressing himself to Madame de Maintenon, whose charitable bounty was upon every tongue. Not being in the habit of corresponding with the great, the style of his supplication cost him much thought, but at last he produced a memorial commencing as follows:—

"Madame:—You enjoy the reputation, which I doubt not is well founded, of according your favors to all who solicit them. I therefore venture to appeal to your bounty in behalf of the church of Cuiseaux," etc.

The exalted lady had no sooner cast her eyes upon the poor priest's unlucky exordium, than she flew into a rage, and had him thrown into prison, whence it was with great difficulty that his friends procured a release. The story seems apocryphal, but the memorial bears the following indorsement in the handwriting of Madame de Maintenon:—The lieutenant of police is ordered to issue a *lettre-de-cachet* against the signer of this petition.

Sonnets.

WRITING A SONNET.

Doris, the fair, a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to 't before;—a Sonnet!
Why fourteen verses must be spent upon it;
'Tis good howe'er to have conquered the first stave,
Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself i' th' midst o' the second.
If twice four verses were but fairly reckoned
I should turn back on th' hardest part and laugh,
Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.
Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet,
Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten,
There's thirteen lines got through driblet by driblet:
'Tis done! count how you will I warrant there's fourteen.

IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

The air is faint, yet still the crowds press in;
With stir of silks and under-flow of talk
That falls from lips of ladies as they walk,
Ere yet the dainty service doth begin:
Ah me! the very organ's glorious din
Is tuned to pliant trimness in its place.
And over all a sweet melodious grace

Floats with the incense-stream good souls to win!
O God, that spak'st of old from Sinai's brow!
And Thou that laid'st the tempest with a word!
Is this Thy worship? Come amongst us now
With all Thy thunders, if Thou wouldst be heard.
So tyrannous is this weight of pageantry,
Almost, we cry, "Give back Gethsemane!"

THE PROXY SAINT.

Each for himself must do his Master's work,
Or at his peril leave it all undone;
Witness the fate of one who sought to shirk
The Sanctuary service yet would shun
The penalty. A man of earthly aims
(So runs the apologue,) whose pious spouse
Would oft remind him of the Church's claims,
Still answered thus, "Go, thou, and pay our vows
For thee and me!" Now, when at Peter's gate
The twain together had arrived at last,
He let the woman in; then to her mate,
Shutting the door, "Thou hast already passed
By *proxy*," said the Saint—"just in the way
That thou on earth was wont to fast and pray."

ABOUT A NOSE.

'Tis very odd that poets should suppose
There is no poetry about a nose,
When plain as is the nose upon your face,
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.
Noses have sympathy: a lover knows
Noses are always *touched* when lips are kissing:
And who would care to kiss where nose was missing?
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,
And where would be our mortal means of telling
Whether a vile or wholesome odour flows

Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?
I know a nose, a nose no other knows,
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows;
Beauty is in its form and music in its blows.

DYSPEPSIA.

Ah, me! what mischiefs from the stomach rise!
  What fatal ills, beyond all doubt or question!
How many a deed of high and bold emprise
  Has been prevented by a bad digestion!
I ween the savory crust of filthy pies
  Hath made full many a man to quake and tremble,
Filling his stomach with dyspeptic sighs,
  Until a huge balloon it doth resemble.
Thus do our lower parts impede the upper,
  And much the brain's good works molest and hinder.
We gorge our cerebellum with hot supper,
  And burn, with drams, our viscera to a cinder,
Choosing our arrows from Disease's quiver,
  Till man in misery lives to loathe his liver.

HUMILITY.

Fair, soft Humility, so seldom seen,
So oft despised upon this little earth,
Counted by men as dross of nothing worth,
Though in the sight of Mightiness supreme
'Tis hailed and welcomed as a glorious birth,
Offspring of greatness, beauty perfected,
And yet of such fragility extreme,
That if we call it ours, 'tis forfeited;
Named, it escapes us, thus we need beware,
When with the Publican we plead the prayer,
"A sinner, Lord, be merciful to me!"
Our hearts do not say softly, "I thank Thee,
O Lord, for this sweet grace, Humility,

Which I possess, unlike the Pharisee."

AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria! 'tis the evening hymn
  Of many pilgrims on the land and sea.
  Soon as the day withdraws, and two or three
Faint stars are burning, all whose eyes are dim
With tears or watching, all of weary limb
  Or troubled spirit, yield the bended knee,
  And find, O Virgin! life's repose in thee.
I, too, at nightfall, when the new-born rim
  Of the young moon is first beheld above,
Tune my fond thoughts to their devoutest key,
And from all bondage—save remembrance—free
  Glad of my liberty as Noah's dove,
Seek the Madonna most adored by me,
  And say mine "Ave Marias" to my love.

Conformity of Sense to Sound.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.—
COLERIDGE: *trans. Schiller*.

ARTICULATE IMITATION OF INARTICULATE SOUNDS.

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
—POPE: *Essay on Criticism*.

On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.—MILTON: *Paradise Lost, ii.*

Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.—MILTON: *Lycidas*.

His bloody hand
Snatched two unhappy of my martial band,
And dashed like dogs against the stony floor.—POPE: *Hom. Odys.*

The Pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison, hears
Aghast the voice of time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitous down-dashed,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon.
—DYER: *Ruins of Rome*.

What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With arms, and George, and Brunswick, crowd the verse,
Rend with tremendous sounds your ears asunder,
With drum, gun, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Then all your muse's softer art display:
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.—POPE: *Sat. I.*

Remarkable examples are afforded by Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, and *The Bells* of Edgar A. Poe.

IMITATION OF TIME AND MOTION.

When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the checkered shade.—MILTON: *L'Allegro*.

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.
POPE: *Hom. Odys.*

Which urged, and labored, and forced up with pain,
Recoils and rolls impetuous down, and smokes along the plain.
DRYDEN: *Lucretius*

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,

That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
POPE: *Essay on Criticism.*

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
POPE: *Essay on Criticism.*

Oft on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.—MILTON: *Il Penseroso.*

The well-known hexameters of Virgil, descriptive respectively of the galloping of horses over a resounding plain, and of the heavy blows in alternately hammering the metal on the anvil, afford good examples,—the dactylic, of rapidity, the spondaic, of slowness.

Quadrupe- | dante pu- | trem soni- | tu quatit | ungula | campum,

Æneid, vi 59

Illi in- | ter se- | se mag- | na vi | brachia | tollunt.—*Æneid,* viii. 452.

IMITATION OF DIFFICULTY AND EASE.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow, &c.—POPE: *Ess. on Criticism.*

He through the thickest of the throng gan threke.—
CHAUCER: *Knight's Tale.*

And strains from hard-bound brains six lines a year.—
POPE: *Sat. Frag.*

Part huge of bulk,
Wallowing, unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean.—MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, vii.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though first
To offend, discountenanced both, and discomposed.
MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, x.

So he with difficulty and labor hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labor he.—MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, ii.

Familiar Quotations from Unfamiliar Sources.

No Cross, no Crown.

Tolle crucem, qui vis auferre coronam.

ST. PAULINUS, Bishop of Nola.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
And he that had no cross deserves no crown.—QUARLES: *Esther*.

Corporations have no souls.

A corporation aggregate of many is invisible, immortal, and vests only in intendment and consideration of the law. They cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for *they have no souls*, neither can they appear in person, but by attorney.—*Coke's Reports*, vol. x. p. 32.

Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.

EURIPIDES: *Fragments*.

For those whom God to ruin has designed,
He fits for fate and first destroys their mind.

DRYDEN: *Hind and*

Panther.

Men are but children of a larger growth;

Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain.

DRYDEN: *All for Love*, iv. 1.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

True friendship's laws are by this rule expressed,
Welcome, etc.—POPE: *Odyssey*, B. xv.

More worship the rising than the setting sun.

POMPEY TO SYLLA: *Plutarch's Lives*.

Incidis in Scillam cupiens vitare Charybdim.

PHILIPPE GAULTIER: *Alexandreis*.

History is philosophy teaching by example.

DIONYSIUS OF HALICARNASSUS.

Consistency a Jewel.

In the search for the source of familiar quotations, none appears to have so completely baffled patient seekers as the phrase "Consistency is a jewel." Several years ago a perplexed scholar offered a handsome reward for the discovery of its origin. Not till quite recently, however, has the claim been set up that the original was found in the "Ballad of Jolly

Robyn Roughhead," which is preserved in "*Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scottish Ballads*." The stanza in which it occurs is the following:—

Tush, tush, my lassie, such thoughts resign,
  Comparisons are cruel;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
  Consistency's a jewel:
For thee and me coarse clothes are best,
Rude folks in homely raiment drest—
Wife Joan and goodman Robyn.

Cleanliness next to Godliness.

The origin of the proverb, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," has been the subject of extended investigation. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" attributes the phrase to Rev. John Wesley; but as this prominent Methodist clergyman uses this sentence in his sermons as a quotation from some other work, it has been suggested that further search is requisite. Rev. Dr. A. S. Bettelheimer, of Richmond, Va., asserts that he has discovered this maxim in an abstract of religious principles contained in an old commentary on the Book of Isaiah. Thus the practical doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness, vigorousness, guiltlessness, abstemiousness and cleanliness. And cleanliness is next to godliness, which is next to holiness.

He's a brick.

An Eastern prince visited the ruler of a neighboring country, and after viewing various objects worthy of attention, asked to see the fortifications. He was

shown the troops with this remark—"These are my fortifications; every man is a brick."

When you are at Rome do as the Romans do.

This proverb has been traced to a saying of St. Ambrose. St. Augustine mentions in one of his letters (*Ep.* lxxxvj *ad Casulan.*) that when his mother was living with him at Milan, she was much scandalized because Saturday was kept there as a festival; whilst at Rome, where she had resided a long time, it was kept as a fast. To ease her mind he consulted the bishop on this question, who told him he could give him no better advice in the case than to do as he himself did. "For when I go to Rome," said Ambrose, "I fast on the Saturday, as they do at Rome; when I am here, I do not fast." With this answer, he says that "he satisfied his mother, and ever after looked upon it as an oracle sent from heaven."

A Nation of Shopkeepers.

To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.—ADAM SMITH, *Wealth of Nations*.

On May 31, 1817, Napoleon is reported to have said to Barry O'Meara,—

You were greatly offended with me for having called you a nation of shopkeepers. Had I meant by this that you were a nation of cowards, you would have had reason to be displeased.... I meant that you were a nation of merchants,

and that all your great riches arose from commerce.... Moreover, no man of sense ought to be ashamed of being called a shopkeeper.—*Voice from St. Helena.*

Only a pauper.

The lines—

Rattle his bones
Over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns,

are from the *Pauper's Drive*, by Thomas Noel.

Taking time by the forelock.

Spenser says, *Sonnet* lxx.:—

Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winter's bower not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the forelock take.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?

In Morton's clever comedy, *Speed the Plough*, the first scene of the first act opens with a view of a farm-house, where Farmer Ashfield is discovered at a table with his jug and pipe, holding the following colloquy with his wife, Dame Ashfield, who figures in a riding-dress, with a basket under her arm:—

Ashfield—Well, Dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?

Dame.—What news husband? What I always told you; that Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash.—All the better vor he.

Dame.—Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

Ash.—Come, come, missus, as thee has not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Dame.—And I assure you Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ash.—Be quiet woolye? always ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—*What will Mrs. Grundy zay?* What will Mrs. Grundy think? Canst thee be quiet, let ur alone, and behave thyself pratty.

Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

This oft-quoted line is traced by a modern wag, of an inventive turn, to Ruthven Jenkyns, who wrote the following verses, published in the *Greenwich Magazine for Marines, in 1701*:—

Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee;
And soon, before the fav'ring gale,
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;
But unforgotten every charm,
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace!
O, cruel fate! true souls to sever;
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shalt dwell forever!
And still shall recollection trace

In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear—that form, that face—
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

Builders who adopt this motto are indebted for it to Young, *The Complaint,* viii. 215.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Dr. Johnson, according to Boswell, is credited with this phrase.

So much the worse for the facts.

M. Royer Collard disapproved of the opinions of the Fathers of Port Royal on the doctrine of grace: "*Ils ont les textes pour eux*, disait il, *j'en suis faché pour les textes*." So much the worse for the texts,—a very different and much more reasonable saying than the paradoxical expression commonly ascribed to Voltaire.

Conspicuous by its absence.

Earl Russell, in an address to the electors of the city of London, alluding to Lord Derby's Reform Bill, which had just been defeated, said:—

Among the defects of the Bill, which were numerous, one provision was conspicuous by its presence, and one by its absence.

In the course of a speech subsequently delivered at a meeting of Liberal electors at the London Tavern, he justified his use of these words thus:—

It has been thought that by a misnomer or a bull on my part I alluded to it as "a provision conspicuous by its absence," a turn of phraseology which is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity.

The historian referred to is Tacitus, who, (*Annals*, iii. 761) speaking of the images carried in procession at the funeral of Junia, says: *Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur*. Russell's adaptation recalls the "brilliant flashes of silence" which Sydney Smith attributed to Macaulay. Since the Jesuits succeeded in causing the lives of Arnauld and Pascal to be excluded from *L'Histoire des Hommes Illustres*, by Perrault, the epigrammatic expression *Briller par son absence* has been popular among the French.

Do as I say, not as I do.

This proverbial expression was in common use among the Italian monks in the Middle Ages. It occurs in the *Decameron* of Boccacio thus: "Ils croient avoir bien répondu et être absous de tout crime quand ils ont dit, *Faites ce que nous disons et ne faites pas ce que nous faisons*." The germ of the words thus put into the mouths of the friars of his day, Boccacio no doubt found in the language of our Saviour recorded in Matthew xxiii. 2, 3:—"The scribes and

Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: *for they say and do not.*"

Mr. Longfellow, in his *New England Tragedies*, puts into the mouth of Captain Kempthorne, back in the times of Quaker persecution, a now familiar phrase. He speaks of

> *A solid man of Boston*;
> A comfortable man, with dividends,
> And the first salmon, and the first green peas.

Aubrey in his *Letters*, speaking of the handwriting of the poet Waller, says:—"He writes a lamentable hand, as bad as the *scratching of a hen*." Probably suggested by the "*gallina scripsit*" of Plautus.

The phrase *masterly inactivity*, first used by Sir James Mackintosh in his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, finds a prototype in the Horatian expression, "*strenua nos exercet inertia*," (*Epist. lib.* I., xi. 28,) and in the words of Isaiah, "their strength is to sit still" (xxx. 7).

From *Don Quixote* we have *Honesty is the best policy*. From *Gil Blas*, (Smollet's trans.,) comes *Facts are stubborn things*. From Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, (P. iii. Sec. 3, Mem. i. Subs. 2,) *Comparisons are odious*. From Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Dark as pitch*, and *Every tub must stand on its own bottom*. From Shakspeare, *Fast and loose* (*Love's Labor Lost, iii. 1.*); *Main chance* (*2 Henry IV. iii. 1*); *Let the world slide* (*Taming of the Shrew*, *Induc. i.*). From Burns, (*Epistle from Esopus to Maria,*) *Durance vile*.

> CHRISTMAS comes but once a year.—THOMAS TUSSER, 1580.
> It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Originally written,—

It is an ill wind turns none to good.—THOMAS TUSSER.
Look ere thou leap.—TUSSER.

And

Look before you ere you leap.—BUTLER: *Hudibras*, c. 2.
Bid the devil take the hindmost.—*Hudibras*, c. 2.
Count the chickens ere they're hatched.—*Hudibras*, c. 3.
Necessity, the tyrant's plea.—MILTON.—*Paradise Lost, B.* iv.
Peace hath her victories, &c.—IBID.: *Sonnet* xvi.
The old man eloquent.—IBID.: *Tenth Sonnet*.
On the light fantastic toe.—IBID.: *L'Allegro*.
The devil may cite Scripture for his purpose.
SHAKSPEARE: *Merchant of Venice*.
Assume a virtue though you have it not.—*Hamlet.*
Brevity is the soul of wit.—*Hamlet.*
The sere, the yellow leaf.—*Macbeth.*
Curses not loud, but deep.—*Macbeth.*
Make assurance doubly sure.—*Macbeth.*
Thereby hangs a tale.—*As You Like It.*
Good wine needs no bush.—As You Like It.
Though last, not least, in love.—*Julius Cæsar*.
Food for powder.—*First Part Henry IV*.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—*Troilus and Cressida.*
And made a sunshine in a shady place.—SPENSER: *Fairy Queen*.
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.
DR. JOHNSON: *Prologue at the opening of the Drury Lane Theatre*, 1747.
To point a moral or adorn a tale.—IBID.: *Vanity of Human Wishes*.
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.—IBID.: *London*.
Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs.
GOLDSMITH: *She Stoops to Conquer*.

And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.—IBID.: *Retaliation*.
Winter lingering chills the lap of May.—IBID.: *The Traveller*.
Of two evils I have chose the least.—PRIOR.
His (God's) image cut in ebony.—THOMAS FULLER.
Richard's himself again.—COLLEY CIBBER.
Building castles in the air.

Originally written,—

Building castles in Spain.—SCARRON.
Hope, the dream of a waking man.—BASIL.
Music has charms to soothe a savage breast.
CONGREVE: *The Mourning Bride*.
Earth has no rage like love to hatred turned.—IBID.

Let who may make the laws of a people, allow me to write their ballads, and I'll guide them at my will.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.

Originally,

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.
NAT LEE: *Play of Alexander the Great*, 1692.
Westward the course of empire takes its way.—BISHOP BERKELEY.
No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.
J. M. SEWALL: *Epilogue to Cato*, 1778.

Out of sight, out of mind.

Originally,

Out of minde as soon as out of sight.—LORD BROOKE.
Through thick and thin.—DRYDEN: *Absalom and Achitophel*.
He whistled as he went for want of thought.—IB.: *Cymon*

and Iphigenia.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied.—IB.: *Absalom & Achitophel*.

None but the brave deserve the fair.—IBID.: *Alexander's Feast*.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.—POPE: *Essay on Criticism*.

In wit a man; simplicity, a child.—IBID.: *Epitaph on Gay*.

I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.—IB.: *Prologue to the Satires*.

Damns with faint praise.—IBID.: *Prologue to the Satires*.

Order is Heaven's first law.—IBID.: *Essay on Man*.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.—IBID.: *Essay on Man*.

Looks through nature up to nature's God.—IBID.: *Essay on Man*.

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.—IBID.: *Essay on Man*.

Who never mentions hell to ears polite.—IBID.: *The Epistles*.

From seeming evil still educing good.—THOMSON: *Hymn*.

To teach the young idea how to shoot: IBID.: *The Seasons, Spring*.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope*.

And man the hermit sighed till woman smiled.—IBID.

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.—GRAY: *Ode on Eton College*.

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.—IB.: *The Progress of Poesy*.

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.—BURNS: *Tam O'Shanter*.

As clear as a whistle.—BYROM: *The Astrologer*.

She walks the waters like a thing of life.—BYRON: *The Island*.

The cups that cheer but not inebriate.—COWPER: *Task*.

Not much the worse for wear.—IBID.

Masterly inactivity.—MACKINTOSH: 1791.

The Almighty Dollar.—WASHINGTON IRVING: *Creole Village*.

Entangling alliances.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Where liberty dwells, there is my country.—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The post of honor is the private station.—THOS. JEFFERSON.

Straws show which way the wind blows.—JAMES CHEATHAM.

A good time coming.—WALTER SCOTT: *Rob Roy*.

Face the music.—J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Churchyard Literature.

HIC JACET SACRUM MEMORIÆ.

EARTH'S highest station ends in HERE HE LIES!
And DUST TO DUST concludes her noblest song.

EMIGRAVIT is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies:
Dead he is not, but departed, for the Christian never dies.

A hieroglyph formed by the two first letters of the Greek word *Christos*, intersecting the *Chi* longitudinally by the *Rho*,—a palm-leaf, or a wreath of palm-leaves, indicating victory,—a crown, which speaks of the reward of the saints,—an *immortelle*, or a vessel supporting a column of flame, indicating continued life,—an anchor, which indicates hope,—a ship under sail, which says, "Heavenward bound,"—the letters *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Apocalyptic title of Christ,—the dove, the emblem of innocence and holiness,—the winged insect escaping from the chrysalis, typical of the resurrection,—the cross, the Christian's true and only glory in life and death, by which he is crucified to the world, and the world to him,—these are the emblems that speak to the Christian's heart of faith, and hope, and love, and humility.

EPITAPHS OF EMINENT MEN.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS died at Valladolid, May 20, 1506, æt. 70. In 1513 his body was taken to Seville, on the Guadalquivir, and there deposited in the family vault of the Dukes of Alcala, in the Cathedral. Upon a tablet was inscribed, in Castilian, this meagre couplet, which is still legible:—

A Castilla y Arragon
Otro mondo dio Colon.[23]

[To Castile and Aragon
Columbus gave another world.]

In 1536, the remains of the great navigator were conveyed to St. Domingo and deposited in the Cathedral, where they continued until a recent period, when they were finally disinterred, and removed to Havana. The inscription on the tablet in the Cathedral of St. Domingo, now obliterated, was as follows:—

Hic locus abscondit præclari membra COLUMBI
  Cujus nomen ad astra volat.
Non satis unus erat sibi mundus notus, at orbem
  Ignotum priscis omnibus ipse dedit;
Divitias summas terras dispersit in omnes,
Atque animas cœlo tradidit innumeras;
Invenit campos divinis legibus aptos,
Regibus et nostris prospera regna dedit.[24]

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE died April 23, 1616, æt. 52, and was buried in the chancel of the church of Stratford. The monument erected to his memory represents the poet with a thoughtful countenance, resting on a cushion and in the act of writing. Immediately below the cushion is the following distich:—

Judicio Pylium; genio Socratem; arte Maronem:

Terra tegit; populis mœrot; Olympus habet.[25]

On a tablet underneath are inscribed these lines:—

Stay, passenger: why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath placed
Within this monument,—Shakspeare; with whom
Quick Nature died; whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living Art but page to serve his wit:

and on the flat stone covering the grave is inscribed, in very irregular characters, the following quaint supplication, blessing, and menace:—

Good Friend, for JESVS sake forbeare

To digg T-E dvst EncloASed HERE;

Blest be T-E Man
T
Y
spares T-hs stones,

And evrst be He
T
Y
moves my bones.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, OB. 1727, ÆT. 85.

Here lies interred Isaac Newton, knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had ever suspected, that the rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colors; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful

interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners, he expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature.

Pope's inscription is as follows:—

Isaacus Newtonus:
Quem Immortalem
Testantur *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:
Mortalem
Hoc marmor fatetur.
Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night:
GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

JOHNSON'S EPITAPH ON GOLDSMITH.[26]

Thou seest the tomb of Oliver; retire,
  Unholy feet, nor o'er his ashes tread.
Ye whom the deeds of old, verse, nature, fire,
  Mourn nature's priest, the bard, historian, dead.

COWPER'S EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

Here Johnson lies,—a sage by all allowed,
Whom to have bred may well make England proud;
Whose prose was eloquence, by wisdom taught,
The graceful vehicle of virtuous thought;
Whose verse may claim—grave, masculine and strong—
Superior praise to the mere poet's song;
Who many a noble gift from heaven possessed,
And faith at last, alone worth all the rest.
O man immortal by a double prize,
By fame on earth,—by glory in the skies!

GEORGE WASHINGTON, ob. Dec. 14, 1799, æt. 67.

When, in 1838, the remains of Washington were removed from the old vault into the new, at Mount Vernon, the coffin was placed in a beautiful sarcophagus of white marble, from a quarry in Chester county, Pennsylvania, and prepared in Philadelphia by the gentleman who presented it. The lid is wrought with the arms of the country and the inscription here appended. Independently of other considerations, it is desirable, for the honor of the nation so largely indebted to Washington, that his grave should be something more than an advertising medium for a marble-mason. But the faithful chronicler must take things as he finds them, not always as they should be:—

WASHINGTON.
By the permission of
Lawrence Lewis,
The surviving executor of
George Washington,
this sarcophagus
was presented by
John Struthers,
of Philadelphia, Marble Mason,
A.D. 1837.

The stone and the inscription over the grave of Franklin and his wife, at the corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, and recently opened to public view by substituting for the old brick wall a neat iron railing, are according to his own direction in his will. The exceeding plainness of both are strikingly characteristic of the man. The stone is a simple marble slab, six feet by four, lying horizontally, and raised about a foot above the ground. It bears the

following:—

BENJAMIN }
AND } FRANKLIN.
DEBORAH }
1790.

The following is a copy of the epitaph written by Franklin upon himself, at the age of twenty-three, while a journeyman printer:—

The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies food for worms:
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will [as he believed] appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
by
The Author.

That this well-known typographical inscription was plagiarized from Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana*, is evident from Franklin's own admission of his familiarity with the works of "the great Cotton." To the perusal in early life of Mather's excellent volume, *Essays to do Good*, published in 1710, Franklin ascribed all his "usefulness in the world." The lines alluded to in the famous Ecclesiastical History are by Benjamin Woodbridge, a member of the first graduating class of Harvard University, 1642:—

A living, breathing Bible; tables where
Both Covenants at large engraven were.

Gospel and law, in 's heart, had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and, next,
His life a commentary on the text.
O what a monument of glorious worth,
When, in a new edition, he comes forth!
Without errata may we think he'll be,
In leaves and covers of eternity!

Old Joseph Capen, minister of Topsfield, had also, in 1681, given John Foster, who set up the first printing-press in Boston, the benefit of the idea, *in memoriam*:—

Thy body, which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside like an old almanac,
But for the present only's out of date;
'Twill have at length a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiléd be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from errata, new in Heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator—
It shall be done when he saith *Imprimatur*.

Davis, in his *Travels in America*, finds another source in a Latin epitaph on the London bookseller Jacob Tonson, published with an English translation in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb., 1736. This is its conclusion:—

When Heaven reviewed th' *original text*,
'Twas with *erratas* few perplexed:
Pleased with the *copy* 't was *collated*,
And to a better life *translated*.
But let to life this *supplement*
Be printed on thy *monument*,
Lest the *first page* of *death* should be,
Great editor, a *blank* to thee;
And thou who many *titles* gave

Should want *one title* for this grave.
Stay, passenger, and drop a tear;
Here lies a noted Bookseller;
This marble *index* here is placed
To tell, that when he found defaced
His *book of life*, he died with grief:
Yet he, by true and genuine belief,
A new edition may expect,
Far more *enlarged* and more *correct*.

AT MONTICELLO, VA.
Here lies buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the Declaration of American Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And Father of the University of Virginia.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Garrick's epitaph on Hogarth at Chiswick is well known. That written by Dr. Johnson is shorter and superior:—

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.

LORD BROUGHAM'S EPITAPH ON WATT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Not to perpetuate a name
Which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish,
But to show
That mankind have learned to honor those
Who best deserve their gratitude,
The King, his Ministers, and many of the Nobles

And Commoners of the Realm
Raised this Monument to
JAMES WATT,
Who, directing the force of an original genius,
Early exercised in philosophic research,
To the improvement of
The Steam Engine,
Enlarged the resources of his Country,
Increased the power of man,
And rose to an eminent place
Among the most illustrious followers of Science
And the real benefactors of the World.

EULOGISTIC, APT, APPROPRIATE.

BEN JONSON'S ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister,—Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days;
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

ON ANOTHER LADY FRIEND.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,

Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.

ANDREW JACKSON'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE.

Here lie the remains of MRS. RACHEL JACKSON, wife of President Jackson, who died December 22d, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress; to the rich she was an example; to the wretched a comforter; to the prosperous an ornament. Her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence; and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God.

BISHOP LOWTH'S EPITAPH ON HIS DAUGHTER.

Cara, vale, ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,
  Et plus quam natæ nomine cara, vale.
Cara Maria, vale: ab veniet felicius ævum,
  Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.
Cara redi, lætâ tum dicam voce, paternos
  Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi!

[Dearer than daughter,—paralleled by few
In genius, goodness, modesty,—adieu!
Adieu! Maria,—till that day more blest,
When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest.
Come, then, thy sire will cry in joyful strain,
Oh, come to my paternal arms again.]

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF OLD ST. PANCRAS.

Miss Basnett, 1756, æt. 23.

Go, spotless honor and unsullied truth;
Go, smiling innocence, and blooming youth;
Go, female sweetness joined with manly sense;
Go, winning wit, that never gave offence;
Go, soft humanity, that blest the poor;
Go, saint-eyed patience, from affliction's door
Go, modesty that never wore a frown;
Go, virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse:
The friend inscribed thy tomb, whose tear bedewed thy hearse.

MALHERBE'S EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

Elle était de ce monde, ou les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

[She was of this world, where all things the rarest
Have still the shortest race;
A rose she lived (so lives of flowers the fairest)
A little morning's space!]

IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NOTTINGHAM.

LUKE XX. 36.

Sleep on in peace; await thy Maker's will;
Then rise unchanged, and be an angel still!

In the church of Ightham, near Sevenoaks, Kent, is a mural monument with the bust of a lady, who was famous for her needle-work and was traditionally reported to have written the letter to Lord Monteagle

which resulted in the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The following is the inscription:—

D. D. D.
To the pretious name and honour of Dame Dorothy Selby,
Relict of
Sir William Selby, Kt. the only daughter and heire of
Charles Bonham, Esq.
She was a Dorcas,
Whose curious needle wound the abused
stage
Of this leud world into the golden age;
Whose pen of steel and silken inck enrolled
The acts of Jonah in records of gold;
Whose arte disclosed that plot, which, had it
taken,
Rome had triumphed, and Britain's walls had
shaken.
She was
In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hanna;
In zeale a Ruth, in wedlock a Susanna;
Prudently simple, providently wary,
To the world a Martha, and to heaven a
Mary.
Who put on { in the year } Pilgrimage,
69.
immortality { of her } Redeemer,
1641.

AT WESTFIELD, N. J.

Mrs. Jennet Woodruff, 1750, æt. 43.

The dame, that rests within this tomb,
Had Rachel's beauty, Leah's fruitful womb,
Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart,
Martha's just care, and Mary's better part.

AT QUINCY, MASS.

1708.

Braintree, thy prophet's gone; this tomb inters
The Rev. Moses Fiske his sacred herse.
Adore heaven's praiseful art, that formed the man,
Who souls, not to himself, but Christ oft won;
Sailed through the straits with Peter's family
Renowned, and Gaius' hospitality,
Paul's patience, James's prudence, John's sweet love,
Is landed, entered, cleared, and crowned above.

IN CRANSTON, R.I.

Here lies the Body of
JOSEPH WILLIAMS, ESQ.
Son of Roger Williams, Esq.
(The first white man that came to Providence.)
Born 1644. Died 1725.

In King Philip's war, he courageously went through,
And the native Indians he bravely did subdue;
And now he's gone down into the grave, and he will be no more
Until it please Almighty God his body to restore
Into some proper shape, as he thinks fit to be,
Perhaps like a grain of wheat, as Paul set forth, you see,
Corinthians 1 Book, 15 chap. 37 verse.

ON THE TOMB OF MRS. DUNBAR, TRENTON, N.J.

The meed of merit ne'er shall die,
Nor modest worth neglected lie,
The fame that pious virtue gives,
The Memphian monuments outlives.
Reader, wouldst thou secure such praise,

Go, learn Religion's pleasant ways.

POPE'S EPITAPH ON HARCOURT.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near;
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

The idea in the last line appears to be derived from an epitaph on an excellent wife, in the Roman catacombs:—

CONJUGI PIISSIMÆ
DE QUA NIHIL ALIUD DOLITUS EST
NISI MORTEM.

ON A SPANISH GIRL WHO DIED BROKEN-HEARTED.

She who lies beneath this stone
Died of constancy alone:
Fear not to approach, oh, passer-by—
Of naught contagious did she die.

One of the simplest, truest, and most dignified epitaphs ever written may be found in the *Spectator*, No. 518:—

HIC JACET R. C. IN EXPECTATIONE DIEI SUPREMI.
QUALIS ERAT DIES ISTE INDICABIT.

AT BARNSTABLE, MASS.

Rev. Joseph Green, 1770, æt. 70.

Think what the Christian minister should be,
You've then his character, for such was he.

A similar epitaph may be found in Torrington churchyard, Devon:—

She was—but words are wanting to say what.
Think what a woman should be—she was that.

Which provoked the following reply:—

A woman should be both a wife and mother,
But Jenny Jones was neither one nor t'other.

AT GRIMSTEAD, ESSEX.

A wife so true, there are but few,
And difficult to find;
A wife more just, and true to trust,
There is not left behind.

AT BATON ROUGE, LA.

Here lies the body of David Jones. His last words were, "I die a Christian and a Democrat."

AT ELIZABETH CITY, N. J.

Elias Boudinot, 1770, æt. 63.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man.[27]

ON SIR THOMAS VERE.

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and shield,

Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

BEN JONSON'S EPITAPH ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.

(*One of the Elizabethan Poets, ob. 1631.*)

Do, pious Marble, let thy readers know
What they and what their children owe
To DRAYTON'S name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy TRUST:
Protect his memory and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory;
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee!

The epigrammatic turn in the concluding stanza was evidently plagiarized from Ion's inscription upon the tomb of Euripides, which is thus faithfully translated: —

Divine Euripides, this tomb we see
So fair, is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it; since all will own
Thy name and lasting praise adorn the stone.

IN TICHFIELD CHURCH, HANTS.

The Husband, speakinge trewly of his wife,
Read his losse in hir death, hir praise in life:
Heare Lucie Quinsie Bromfield buried lies,
With neighbors sad deepe, weepinge, hartes, sighes, eyes.
Children eleaven, tenne livinge, me she brought.
More kind, trewe, chaste was noane, in deed, word,
thought.

Howse, children, state, by hir was ruld, bred, thrives.
One of the best of maides, of women, wives,
Now gone to God, her heart sent long before;
In fasting, prayer, faith, hope, and alms' deedes stoare.
If anie faulte, she lovéd me too much.
Ah, pardon that, for ther are too fewe such!
Then, reader, if thou not hard-hearted be,
Praise God for hir, but sigh and praie for me.
Heare, by hir dead, I dead desire to lie,
Till, raised to life, wee meet no more to die.
1618.

ON INFANTS AND CHILDREN.

The following epitaph on an infant is by Samuel Wesley, the author of the caustic lines on the custom of perpetuating lies on monumental marble, by commemorating virtues which never had an existence,—ending thus:—

If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity such worth as his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

ON AN INFANT.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies.
To earth whose ashes lent
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
But not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls and bodies join,
What crowds will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

ON FOUR INFANTS BURIED IN THE SAME TOMB.

Bold infidelity, turn pale and die!
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie:
  Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned; for they are here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
  Reason, ah, how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page; the knot's untied:
They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died.

IN MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

On the base of a beautiful recumbent statuette in Yarrow Path is inscribed:—

EMILY.
Shed not for her the bitter tear,
  Nor give the heart to vain regret;
Tis but the casket that lies here:
  The gem that filled it sparkles yet.

ON A LITTLE BOY IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

Our GOD, to call us homeward,
  His only SON sent down;
And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
  Has taken up our own.

ON THE TOMBSTONE OF A CHILD BLIND FROM BIRTH.

There shall be no night there.

ON A CHILD FOUR YEARS OLD, WHO WAS

BURNED TO DEATH.

"O!"
Says the gardener, as he passes down the walk,
"Who destroyed that flower? Who plucked that plant?"
His fellow-servant said,
"The Master."
And the gardener held his peace.

AT LITIZ, LANCASTER COUNTY, PA.

Oh, blest departed one!
Whose all of life—a rosy ray—
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Uhland's beautiful epitaph on an infant[28] has been thus paraphrased:—

Thou art come and gone with footfall low,
A wanderer hastening to depart;
Whither, and whence? we only know
From God thou wast, with God thou art.

Better than this in spirit, by all that makes Christian faith and hope better than vague questioning, and fully equal to it in poetic merit, is the following by F. T. Palgrave:—

Pure, sweet, and fair, ere thou could'st taste of ill,
God willed it and thy baby breath was still;
Now 'mong his lambs thou livest thy Saviour's care,
Forever as thou wast, pure, sweet and fair.

COPIED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Just with her lips the cup of life she pressed,
Found the taste bitter and declined the rest;

Averse then turning from the light of day,
She softly sighed her little soul away.

The child that sleeps within this silent tomb
  Departed at the end of two short years:
Many will wish when the great Judge shall come,
  They'd lived no longer in this vale of tears.

This lovely bud, so young, so fair,
  Called hence by early doom,
Just came to show how sweet a flower
  In Paradise would bloom.

This by Burton, author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*:—

Can nurse choose in her sweet babe more to find
Than goods of Fortune, Body, and of Mind?
Lo here at once all this; what greater bliss
Canst hope or wish? Heaven. Why there he is.

ON A TOMBSTONE IN AUVERGNE.

Marie was the only child of her mother,
  "And she was a widow."
Marie sleeps in this grave—
  And the widow has now no child.

HISTORICAL EPITAPH.

A person of the name of Mary Scott was buried near the church of Dalkeith, in 1728, for whom the following singular epitaph was composed, but never engraved on her tombstone, though it has been frequently mentioned as copied from it:—

Stop, passenger, until my life you read:
The living may get knowledge from the dead.
Five times five years unwedded was my life;
Five times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I wept a widow's woes;
Now, tired of human scenes, I here repose.
Betwixt my cradle and my grave were seen
Seven mighty Kings of Scotland and a Queen.
Full twice five years the Commonwealth I saw,
Ten times the subjects rise against the law;
And, which is worse than any civil war,
A king arraigned before the subjects' bar;
Swarms of sectarians, hot with hellish rage,
Cut off his royal head upon the stage.
Twice did I see old Prelacy pulled down,
And twice the cloak did sink beneath the gown.
I saw the Stuart race thrust out,—nay, more,
I saw our country sold for English ore;
Our numerous nobles, who have famous been,
Sunk to the lowly number of sixteen;
Such desolation in my days have been,
I have an end of all perfection seen.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ON THE MONUMENT OF A DROPSICAL LADY.

Here lies Dame Mary Page,
Relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart.
She departed this life, March 4th, 1728,
In the 56th year of her age.
In 67 months she was tapped 66 times, and
Had taken away 240 gallons of water.

AT THE OLD MEN'S HOSPITAL, NORWICH, ENG.

In Memory of Mrs. Phebe Crewe, who died May 28, 1817, aged 77 years; who, during forty years' practice as a midwife in this city, brought into the world nine thousand seven hundred and thirty children.

IN THE ABBEY CHURCH OF CONWAY.

Here lyeth the body of Nich[las] Hooker, who was the one and fortieth child of his father by Alice his only wife, and the father of seven and twenty children by one wife. He died March 20th, 1637.

AT WOLSTANTON.

Mrs. Ann Jennings.
Some have children, some have none:
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HEYDON.

Here lieth the body of William Strutton, of Paddington, buried May 18th, 1734, who had by his first wife, 28 children, and by a second wife, 17; own father to 45, grandfather to 86, great-grandfather to 97, and great-great-grandfather to 23; in all, 251.

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF PEWSEY, WILTSHIRE.

Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great-niece of Burke, commonly called the sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious; also, she painted in water-colors, and sent several pictures to the exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones; and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

IN CRAYFORD CHURCHYARD, KENT.

Here lieth the body of Peter Snell, thirty-five years clerk of the parish. He lived respected as a pious and faithful man, and died on his way to church to assist at a wedding, on the 31st day of March, 1811. Aged 70 years. The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen.
In his youth he was married, like other young men,
But his wife died one day, so he chanted Amen.
A second he took; she departed: what then?
He married and buried a third with Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were *treble*; but then
His voice was deep *bass*, as he sang out Amen.
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
So "his horn was exalted" in blowing Amen.
But he lost all his wind after threescore and ten,
And here with his wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

AT WREXHAM, WALES.

Elihu Yale, (founder of Yale College,) ob. 1721, æt. 73.

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travelled, and in Asia wed;
Where long he lived and thrived, in London dead.
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to Heaven.
You that survive, and read this tale, take care,
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where, blest in peace, the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust.

SELF-WRITTEN.

MATTHEW PRIOR'S.

Painters and heralds, by your leave,
  Here lie the bones of Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:—
  Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher!

It is said (and the statement appears highly probable) that Prior borrowed his lines from the following very ancient epitaph upon a tombstone in Scotland:—

John Carnagie lies here,
  Descended from Adam and Eve;
If any can boast of a pedigree higher,
  He will willingly give them leave.

COLERIDGE'S.

Stop, Christian passer-by! stop, child of God,
And read with gentle heart. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he:—
O lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.,
That he, who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death;
Mercy for praise, to be forgiven for fame,
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same!

JOHN BACON'S, TOTTENHAM COURT CHAPEL.

What I was as an Artist
Seemed to me of some importance
while I lived;
But what I really was as a believer
in Christ Jesus,
is the only thing of importance
to me now.

DR. COOPER'S, EDINBURGH.

Here lies a priest of English blood,
Who, living, liked whate'er was good,—
Good company, good wine, good name,
Yet never hunted after fame;
But as the first he still preferred,
So here he chose to be interred,
And, unobscured, from crowds withdrew
To rest among a chosen few,
In humble hopes that sovereign love
Will raise him to be blest above.

POPE ADRIAN'S.

Adrianus, Papa VI., hic situs est, que nihil sibi
Infelicius in vita, quam quod imperaret duxit.

SHEIL'S, (THE IRISH ORATOR).

Here lie I. There's an end to my woes.
  And my spirit at length at *aise* is,
With the tip of my nose, and the ends of my toes,
  Turned up 'gainst the roots of the daisies.

The eccentric Sternhold Oakes offered a reward for the best epitaph for his grave. Several tried for the prize, but they flattered him too much, he thought. At last he undertook it himself; and the following was the result:—

Here lies the body of Sternhold Oakes,
Who lived and died like other folks.

That was satisfactory, and the old gentleman claimed the prize, which, as he had the paying of it, was of course allowed.

MORALIZING AND ADMONITORY.

AT KENNEBUNK, MAINE.

Rev. Daniel Little, 1801.

Memento mori! preached his ardent youth,
Memento mori! spoke maturer years;
Memento mori! sighed his latest breath,
Memento mori! now this stone declares.

AT ANDOVER, MASS.

John Abbot, 1793, æt. 90.

Grass, smoke, a flower, a vapor, shade, a span,
Serve to illustrate the frail life of man;
And they, who longest live, survive to see
The certainty of death, of life the vanity.

IN LLANGOWEN CHURCHYARD, WALES.

Our life is but a summer's day:
Some only breakfast, and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
Large his account, who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.

IN ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCHYARD, SOUTHWARK.

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,

Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth:
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

IN GILLINGHAM CHURCHYARD, ENG.

Take time in time while time doth last,
For time is not time when time is past.

GARRICK'S EPITAPH ON QUINN, ABBEY CHURCH, BATH.

Here lies James Quinn! Deign reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast,
To this complexion thou must come at last.

IN NEWINGTON CHURCHYARD.

Through Christ, I am not inferior
To William the Conqueror.

IN LINCOLNSHIRE, ENGLAND.

Under this solitary sod
  There lies a man
Whose ways were very odd:
Whatever his faults were,
  Let them alone.
Let thy utmost care be
  To mend thine own:

Let him without a sin
First cast a stone.

ADVERTISING INSCRIPTIONS AND NOTICES.

IN WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND.

Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion,
Is laid the landlord of the Lion.
Resigned unto the heavenly will,
His son keeps on the business still.

In the cemetery of Montmartre, a memorial to a Parisian tradesman, killed in an émeute in the earlier part of the reign of Louis Phillippe, concludes with this advertisement:—

This tomb was executed by his bereaved widow (*veuve* désolée,) who still carries on his business at No. — Rue St. Martin.

This announcement is from a Spanish journal:—

This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweller Siebald Illmaga from his shop to another and better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmaga. P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3, Tessi de Teinturiers, to No. 4 Rue de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent.

UNIQUE AND LUDICROUS EPITAPHS.

ON A CONNECTICUT MAN WITH A REMARKABLE TUMOR.

Our father lies beneath the sod,
His spirit's gone unto his God;
We never more shall hear his tread,
Nor see the wen upon his head.

ON THE BELOVED PARTNER OF ROBERT KEMP.

She once was mine
But now, oh, Lord,
I her to Thee resign,
and remain your obedient, humble servant, Robert Kemp.

ON A MISER.

Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried *Jam satis*;
'Twould wake him did he know you read his tombstone
gratis.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Here lies the body of Obadiah Wilkinson,
and Ruth, his wife:
Their warfare is accomplished.

ON MISS GWIN.

Here lies the body of Nancy Gwin,
Who was so very pure within,

She burst her outward shell of sin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.

Whether this, from a village churchyard, is an improvement on Young, is a question:—

Death loves a shining mark,
and
In this case he had it.

EPITAPH FOR A GREAT TALKER.

Hic tacet—instead of hic jacet.

IN OTSEGO COUNTY, N. Y.

John burns.

(On this a commentator remarks, "Most men suffer enough above ground without being bunglingly abused, *post mortem*, in ill-written inscriptions which were at least intended to be civil. We suppose the words were simply intended to record the man's name; but they look marvellously like a noun substantive coupled with a verb in the indicative mood, and affording a sad indication that John *burns*. There is no hint that John deserved the fate to which he appears to have been consigned since his decease, and we can only say as we read the startling declaration, we should be very sorry to believe it.")

In the church of Stoke Holy Cross, near Norwich, Eng., is the following epitaph:—

In the womb of this tomb twins in expectation lay,
To be born in the morn of the Resurrection day.

IN A CHURCHYARD IN CORNWALL.

Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year one thousand and one;
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
You may, if you please, or let it alone,
For it's all one
To Gabriel John,
Who died in the year one thousand and one.

IN MORETON CHURCHYARD.

Here lies the bones of Roger Norton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on:
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipt and cut his toe off!
The toe—or, rather, what it grew to—
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The part then took to mortifying,
Which was the cause of Roger's dying.

ON A WOOD-CUTTER, OCKHAM, SURREY, 1736.

The Lord saw good, I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me.

A stone-cutter received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife:—

Mine vife Susan is dead, if she had life till nex friday she'd bin dead shust two veeks. As a tree falls so must it stan, all tings is impossible mit God.

IN CHILDWALL PARISH, ENGLAND.

Here lies me, and my three daughters,

Brought here by using Cheltenham waters.
If we had stuck to Epsom salts
We wouldn't be in these here vaults.

AT OXFORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew,
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked, and killed me quicker'n a wink.

A SOUTH CAROLINA TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.

Here lies the boddy of Robert Gordin,
Mouth almighty and teeth ackordin,
Stranger tread lightly over this wonder,
If he opens his mouth, you are gone by thunder.

ON AN EAST TENNESSEE LADY.

She lived a life of virtue, and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 16 days! Reader, 'Go thou and do likewise.'

FROM SOLYHULL CHURCHYARD, WARWICKSHIRE.

The following epitaph was written by a certain Rev. Dr. Greenwood on his wife, who died in childbirth. One hardly knows which to admire most,—the merit of the couplet wherein he celebrates her courage and magnanimity in preferring him to a lord or judge, or

the sound advice with which he closes.

Go, cruel Death, thou hast cut down
The fairest Greenwood in all this kingdom!
Her virtues and good qualities were such
That surely she deserved a lord or judge;
But her piety and humility
Made her prefer me, a Doctor in Divinity;
Which heroic action, joined to all the rest,
Made her to be esteemed the Phœnix of her sex;
And like that bird, a young she did create
To comfort those her loss had made disconsolate.
My grief for her was so sore
That I can only utter two lines more:
For this and all other good women's sake,
Never let blisters be applied to a lying-in woman's back.

Robert Baxter of Farhouse, who died in 1796, was believed to have been poisoned by a neighbor with whom he had a violent quarrel. Baxter was well known to be a man of voracious appetite; and it seems that one morning, on going out to the fell, he found a piece of bread and butter wrapped in white paper. This he incautiously devoured, and died a few hours after in great agony. The following is inscribed on his tombstone, Knaresdale, Northumberland:—

All you that please these lines to read,
It will cause a tender heart to bleed.
I murdered was upon the fell,
And by the man I knew full well;
By bread and butter which he'd laid,
I, being harmless, was betrayed.
I hope he will rewarded be
That laid the poison there for me.

IN DONCASTER CHURCHYARD, 1816.

Here lies 2 Brothers by misfortin serounded,

One dy'd of his wounds & the other was drownded.

AT SARAGOSSA, SPAIN.

Here lies John Quebecca, precentor to My Lord the King. When he is admitted to the choir of angels, whose society he will embellish, and where he will distinguish himself by his powers of song, God shall say to the angels, "Cease, ye calves! and let me hear John Quebecca, the precentor of My Lord the King!"

ROCHESTER'S EPITAPH ON CHARLES II.

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
  Whose word no man relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
  And never did a wise one.

FROM A GRAVESTONE IN ESSEX, ENGLAND.

Here lies the man Richard,
  And Mary his wife,
Whose surname was Pritchard:
  They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain,—
  They abounded in riches,
They had no care nor pain,
  And his wife wore the breeches.

In All Saints' Churchyard, Leicester, may be found the following on two children of John Bracebridge, who were both named John and both died in infancy:—

Both John and John soon lost their lives,
And yet, by God, John still survives.

Bishop Thurlow, at one of his visitations, had the words *by God* altered to *through God*.

FROM THETFORD CHURCHYARD.

My grandfather was buried here,
My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear;
My father perished with inflammation in the thighs,
And my sister dropped down dead in the Minories:
But the reason why I'm here interred, according to my thinking,
Is owing to my good living and hard drinking.
If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
Don't drink too much wine, brandy, gin, or any thing strong.

IN A CHURCHYARD IN ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.

Here lies I, Martin Elmrod;
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
As I would have on thine gin I were God,
And thou wert Martin Elmrod.

IN SWANSEA CHURCHYARD.

The body underneath this stone is
Of my late husband, Jacob Jonas,
Who, when alive, was an Adonis.
Ah! well-a-day!

O death! thou spoiler of fair faces,
Why tookst thou him from my embraces?
How couldst thou mar so many graces?
Say, tyrant, say.

AT NORTHALLERTON.

Hic jacet Walter Gun,
Sometime landlord of the *Sun*;
Sic transit gloria mundi!
He drank hard upon Friday,
That being a high day,
Then took to his bed, and died upon Sunday.

ALL SAINTS, NEWCASTLE.

Here lies poor Wallace,
The prince of good fellows,
Clerk of Allhallows,
And maker of bellows.
He bellows did make till the day of his death;
But he that made bellows could never make breath.

IN CALSTOCK CHURCHYARD, CORNWALL.

'Twas by a fall I caught my death;
No man can tell his time or breath;
I might have died as soon as then,
If I had had physician men.

ON GENERAL WOLFE.

On the death of General Wolfe, a premium was offered for the best epitaph on that officer. One of the candidates for the prize sent a poem, of which the following stanza is a specimen:—

He marched without dread or fears,
At the head of his bold grenadiers;
And what was more remarkable—nay, *very particular*—
He climbed up rocks that were perpendicular.

REBECCA ROGERS, FOLKESTONE, 1688.

A house she hath, 'tis made of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation;
Nor will her landlord ever raise her rent,
Or turn her out of doors for non-payment:
From chimney-tax this cell's forever free,—
To such a house, who would not tenant be?

IN DORCHESTER, MASS. 1661.

Heare lyes our captaine, and major of Suffolk was withall,
A godly magistrate was he, and major generall.
Two troops of hors with him here came, such worth his love did crave,
Ten companyes of foot also mourning marcht to his grave.
Let all that read be sure to keep the faith as he hath don;
With Christ he lives now crownd. His name was Humphry Atherton.

IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE CHURCHYARD.

On a man who was too poor to be buried with relations in the church:—

Here I lie at the chancel door,
And I lie here because I am poor;
For the further in, the more you pay,—
But here I lie as warm as they.

IN BIDEFORD CHURCHYARD, KENT.

The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding-clothes provided,
But ere the day did come, alas!

He sickened, and he die did.

IN WHITTLEBURY CHURCHYARD, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

John Heath, 1767, æt. 27.
While Time doth run, from sin depart;
Let none e'er shun Death's piercing dart;
For read and look, and you will see
A wondrous change was wrought on me.
For while I lived in joy and mirth,
Grim Death came in and stopped my breath;
For I was single in the morning light,
By noon was married, and was dead at night.

IN LONGNOR CHURCHYARD, STAFFORD.

William Billings, a soldier in the British army 75 years,
Died 1793, aged 114 years.
Billeted by death, I quartered here remain,
And when the trumpet sounds, I'll rise and march again.

IN ROCHESTER CHURCHYARD, ENG.

Though young she was,
Her youth could not withstand,
Nor her protect
From Death's impartial hand.
Life is a cobweb, be we e'er so gay,
And death a broom that sweeps us all away.

HUMPHREY COLE.

Here lies the body of good Humphrey Cole;
Though black his name, yet spotless is his soul;

But yet not black, though Carbo is the name,
Thy chalk is scarcely whiter than his fame.
A priest of priests, inferior was to none,
Took heaven by storm when here his race was run.
Thus ends the record of this pious man:
Go and do likewise, reader, if you can.

IN EAST HARTFORD, CONN.

Now she is dead and cannot stir;
  Her cheeks are like the faded rose;
Which of us next shall follow her,
  The Lord Almighty only knows.

Hark, she bids all her friends adieu;
  An angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
  Through liquid telescopes of tears.

ON A TOMBSTONE IN NEW JERSEY.

Reader, pass on!—don't waste your time
On bad biography and bitter rhyme;
For what *I am*, this crumbling clay insures,
And what *I was*, is no affair of yours!

IN A NEW ENGLAND GRAVEYARD.

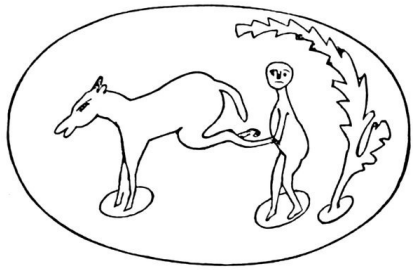
Here lies John Auricular,
Who in the ways of the Lord walked perpendicular.

Many a cold wind o'er my body shall roll,
While in Abraham's bosom I'm a feasting my soul.

AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

—After Life's *Scarlet Fever*,
I sleep well.

The following illustrated epitaph is copied from a tombstone near Williamsport, Pa.



Sacred to the memory of
HENRY HARRIS,
Born June 27th, 1821, of Henry Harris
and Jane his wife.
Died on the 4th of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt
in his bowels.
Peaceable and quiet, a friend to
his father and mother, and respected
by all who knew him, and went
to the world where horses
don't kick, where sorrows and weeping
is no more.

In Dorchester, Mass. may be seen the following queer epitaph on a young woman:—

On the 21st of March
God's angels made a *sarche*.
Around the door they stood;
They took a maid,
It is said,
And cut her down like wood.

A Dutchman's epitaph on his twin babes:—

Here lies two babes, dead as two nits,
Who shook to death mit aguey fits.
They was too good to live mit me,
So God he took 'em to live mit he.

MORTUARY PUNS.

Peter Comestor, whom the following epitaph represents as speaking, was the author of a Commentary on the Scriptures. He died in 1198:—

I who was once called *Peter* [a stone], am now covered by a *stone* [*petra*]; and I who was once named *Comestor* [devourer], am now *devoured*. I taught when alive, nor do I cease to teach, though dead; for he who beholds me reduced to ashes may say,—"This man was once what we are now; and what he is now, we soon shall be."

ON A YOUTH WHO DIED FOR LOVE OF MOLLY STONE.

Molle fuit saxum, saxum, O! si Molle fuisset,
Non foret hic subter, sed super esset ei.

Luttrell wrote the following on a man who was run over by an omnibus:—

Killed by an omnibus! Why not?
  So quick a death a boon is:
Let not his friends lament his lot—
  Mors omnibus communis.

WILLIAM MORE, STEPNEY CHURCHYARD.

Here lies *one More*, and *no more* than he;

One More, and *no more*! how can that be?
Why *one More* and *no more*, may lie here alone;
But here lies *one More*, and that's *more* than one!

On the tombstone of John Fell, superintendent of the turnpike-roads from Kirby Kendal to Kirby Irleth, are the following lines:—

Reader, doth he not merit well thy praise,
Whose practice was through life to *mend his ways*?

IN SELBY CHURCHYARD, YORK.

This tombstone is a Milestone; ha, how so?
Because, beneath lies *Miles*, who's Miles below.

ON DU BOIS, BORN IN A BAGGAGE-WAGON, AND KILLED IN A DUEL.

Begot in a cart, in a cart first drew breath,
Carte tierce was his life, and a carte was his death,

ON LILL.

Here lies the tongue of Godfrey Lill,
Which always lied, and *lies here still*.

On the tombstone of Dr. Walker, who wrote a work on "English Particles," is inscribed,—

Here lies Walker's Particles.

Dr. Fuller's reads,—

Here lies Fuller's Earth.

And Archbishop Potter's,—

Alack and well-a-day,
Potter himself is turned to clay.

Proposed by Jerrold for Charles Knight, the Shakspearian critic:—

Good Knight.

On a well-known Shakspearian actor:—

Exit Burbage.

On the tomb of an auctioneer at Greenwood:—

Going,—going,—GONE!

Miss Long was a beautiful actress of the last century, so short in stature that she was called the Pocket Venus. Her epitaph concludes,—

Though Long, yet short;
Though short, yet *Pretty* Long.

On the eminent barrister, Sir John Strange:—

Here lies an honest lawyer—that is *Strange*.

On William Button, in a churchyard near Salisbury:—

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes?

On Foote, the comedian:—

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurled;
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

In the chancel of the church of Barrow-on-Soar, Leicestershire, is the following on Theophilus Cave:—

Here in this Grave there lies a Cave.
We call a Grave a Cave;
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave,
Then, reader, judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave here lye in Grave,
Or Grave here lye in Cave:
If Grave in Cave here bury'd lye,
Then Grave, where is thy victory?
Goe, reader, and report here lyes a Cave,
Who conquers Death and buries his own Grave.

The following, in Harrow Churchyard, is ascribed to Lord Byron:—

Beneath these green trees rising to the skies,
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies;
A time shall come when these green trees shall fall,
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

ON THOMAS GREENHILL, OXFORDSHIRE, 1624.

He once a *Hill* was fresh and *Green*,
Now withered is not to be seen;
Earth in earth shovelled up is shut,
A *Hill* into a *Hole* is put;
But darksome earth by Power Divine,
Bright at last as the sun may shine.

ON A CORONER WHO HANGED HIMSELF.

He lived and died
By *suicide*.

ON A CELEBRATED COOK.

Peace to his hashes.

ON MR. FISH.

Worms bait for fish; but here's a sudden change;
Fish is bait for worms—is not that passing strange?

ON TWO CHILDREN.

To the memory of Emma and Maria Littleboy,
the twin-children of
George and Emma Littleboy of Hornsey,
who died July 16, 1783.

Two little boys lie here,
Yet strange to say,
These little boys are girls.

ON MISS NOTT.

Nott born, Nott dead, Nott christened, Nott begot;
So here she lies that was and that was Nott.
Reader behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which while thou seem'st to read thou readest Nott.

ON MARY ANGEL, STEPNEY, 1693.

To say an angel here interred doth lie,
May be thought strange, for angels never die;
  Indeed some fell from heaven to hell,
    Are lost to rise no more;
  This only fell from death to earth,
    Not lost but gone before;
Her dust lodged here, her soul perfect in grace,
Among saints and angels now hath took its place.

Beloe, in his Anecdotes, gives the following on William Lawes, the musical composer, who was

killed by the Roundheads:—

Concord is conquered! In his turn there lies
The master of great Music's mysteries;
And in it is a riddle, like the cause,
Will Lawes was slain by men whose *Wills* were Laws.

ON MR. JOSEPH KING.

Here lies a man than whom no better's *wal-king*,
Who was when sleeping even always *tal-king*;
A *king* by birth was he, and yet was no king,
In life was *thin-king*, and in death was JO-KING.

On John Adams, of Southwell, a carrier, who died of drunkenness.—Byron.

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A *carrier* who carried the can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more,—so was carried at last;
For the liquor he drank being too much for one,
He could not carry off, so he's now carri-on.

ON A LINEN-DRAPER.

Cottons and cambrics, all adieu,
  And muslins too, farewell,
Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,
  Three quarters, yard, or ell;
By nail and yard I've measured ye,
  As customers inclined,
The churchyard now has measured me.
  And nails my coffin bind.

ON A WOMAN WHO HAD AN ISSUE IN HER LEG.

Here lieth Margaret, otherwise Meg,
Who died without issue, save one in her leg.
Strange woman was she, and exceedingly cunning,
For while one leg stood still, the other kept running.

FROM LLANFLANTWYTHYL CHURCHYARD, WALES.

Under this stone lies Meredith Morgan,
Who blew the bellows of our church-organ;
Tobacco he hated, to smoke most unwilling,
Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling;
No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Though he made our old organ give many a blast.
No puffer was he, though a capital blower,
He could fill double G, and now lies a note lower.

ON A LAST-MAKER.

Stop, stranger, stop, and wipe a tear,
For the *last* man at *last* lies here.
Though ever-*last*-ing he has been,
He has at *last* passed life's *last* scene.
Famed for good works, much time he passed
In doing good,—he has done his *last*.

FROM ST. ANNE'S CHURCHYARD, ISLE OF MAN.

Daniel Tear, ob. Dec. 7, 1787, æt. 110 years.
Here, friend, is little Daniel's tomb;
To Joseph's age he did arrive,
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labor kept poor Dan alive.
Though strange, yet true, full seventy years
His wife was happy in her *Tears*.

In the Greek Anthology is a punning epitaph on a physician, by Empedocles, who lived in the fifth century before Christ. The pun consists in the derivation of the name *Pausanias*,—causing a cessation of pain or affliction,—and therefore only a portion of the double meaning can be preserved in a translation:—

*Paus*anias,—not so named without a cause,
As one who oft has given to pain a *pause*,—
Blest son of Esculapius, good and wise,
Here in his native Gela buried lies;
Who many a wretch once rescued by his charms
From dark Persephone's constraining arms.

CURIOUS AND PUZZLING EPITAPHS.

On the monument of Sardanapalus was inscribed, in Assyrian characters,—

ΕΣΤΗΙΕ, ΠΙΝΕ, ΠΑΙΖΕ. ὡΣ ΤΑΛΛΑ ΤΟΥΤΟΥ ΟΥΚ ΑΞΙΑ

EAT, DRINK, BE MERRY. THE REST IS NOT WORTH THAT!

meaning *a snap of the fingers*, which is represented by a hand engraved on the stone, with the thumb and middle finger meeting at the top. Casaubon translates παιζειν, *to love* (παιζειν nihil aliud significat nisi ερᾶν). Solomon said, *all is vanity*, but not till he had *eaten, drunk, and loved* to a surfeit; and Swift left the well-known lines,—

Life's a farce, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it,—

but this information was for the tomb, when the

capacity to eat, drink, and love was gone.

At the entrance of the church of San Salvador, in the city of Oviedo, in Spain, is a remarkable tomb, erected by a prince named *Silo*, with a very curious Latin inscription, which may be read two hundred and seventy ways, by beginning with the capital S in the centre:—

Silo Princeps Fecit.

```
T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T
I O E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P C F E C
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E
P E C N I R P O L I L O P R I N C E P
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T
```

On the tomb are inscribed these letters:—

H. S. E. S. S. T. T. L.

Which are the initials of the following Latin words:—

Hic situs est Silo, sit tibi terra levis.
[Here lies Silo. May the earth lie lightly upon him.]

FROM ST. AGNES', LONDON.

```
Qu    an      tris     di    c    vul      stra
  os    guis       ti    ro   um     nere
        vit.
```

```
H    san      chris    mi    t     mu       la
```

The middle line furnishes the terminal letters or syllables of the words in the upper and lower lines, and when added they read thus:—

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit
Hos sanguis Christi miro tum munere lavit.
[Those who have felt the serpent's venomed wound
In Christ's miraculous blood have healing found.]

FROM A CHURCHYARD IN GERMANY.

```
 O  quid   tua   te
be   bis   bia  abit
   ra    ra    ra
         es
      et     in
   ram   ram   ram
         i i
Mox eris  quod  ego nunc.
```

Taking the position of the words in the first line, which are placed *above* or *over* (super) those in the second, and noting the repetition of the syllables *ra* and *ram* thrice (ter), and the letter *i* twice (bis), the reading is easy.

O *super*be quid *super*bis? tua *super*bia te *super*abit. *Ter*ra es et in *ter*ram i*bis*. Mox eris quod ego nunc.

FROM CUNWALLOW CHURCHYARD, CORNWALL.

(May be read backwards or forwards, up or down.)

Shall we all die?
We shall die all,
All die shall we,—

Die all we shall.

FROM LAVENHAM CHURCH, NORFOLK, ENG.

John Weles, ob. 1694.
Quod fuit esse, quod est;
Quod non fuit esse, quod esse;
Esse quod est, non est;
Quod non est, hoc erit esse.

[What was existence, is that which lies here; that which was not existence, is that which is existence; to be what is now is not to be; that which is now, is not existence, but will be hereafter.]

Or thus:—

That which a being was, what is it? show;
That being which it was, it is not now;
To be what is, is not to be, you see;
That which now is not shall a being be.

ON THE MONUMENT OF JOHN OF DONCASTER, 1579.

Habeo, dedi quod alteri;
Habuique quod, dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

[What I gave, I have;
What I spent, I had;
What I saved, I lost.]

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF LLANGERRIG, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

O That Then Till	Earth	O to in from	Earth	observe this well,— shall come to dwell; shall close remain, shall rise again.

IN HADLEY CHURCHYARD, SUFFOLK.

The charnel mounted on the w Sets to be seen in funer A matron plain domestic In care and pain continu Not slow, not gay, not prodig Yet neighborly and hospit Her children seven, yet living Her sixty-seventh year hence did c To rest her body natur In hopes to rise spiritu	ALL.

WRITTEN IN 1748.

Ye witty mortals, as you're passing by,
Remark that near this monument doth lie,
Centered in dust,
Two husbands, two wives,
Two sisters, two brothers,
Two fathers, a son,
Two daughters, two mothers,
A grandfather, grandmother, and a granddaughter,
An uncle, an aunt, and their niece followed after.
This catalogue of persons mentioned here
Was only *five*, and all from incest clear.

IN ST. PAUL'S, DEPTFORD.

Rev. Dr. Conyers expired immediately after the delivery of a sermon from the text, “Ye shall see my face no more,” æt. 62, 1786.

Sent by their Lord on purposes of grace,
Thus angels do his will, and see his face;
With outspread wings they stand, prepared to soar,
Declare their message, and are seen no more.

Underneath is a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:—

I have sinned,
I repented, I believed,
I have loved, I rest,
I shall rise again,
And by the grace of Christ,
However unworthy,
I shall reign.

PARALLELS WITHOUT A PARALLEL.

AT WINCHESTER, ENG.

On the north side of this church is the monument of two brothers of the surname Clarke, wherewith I was so taken as take them I must; and as I found them I pray accept them.

Thus an union of two brothers from Avington, the Clarkes’ family, were grandfather, father, and son, successivelie *clerkes* of the Privy Seale in Court.

The grandfather had but two sons, both Thomas.
Their wives both Amys,
Their heyres both Henry,
And the heyres of Henries both Thomas.

Both their wives were inheritrixes,
And both had two sons and one daughter.
And both their daughters issuelesse.
Both of Oxford; both of the Temple;
Both officers to Queen Elizabeth and o^{r} noble King James.
And both Justices of the Peace.
Togeather both agree in armes, one a knight, y^{e} other a captain.
Si quæras plura; both—; and so I leave y^{m}.

BATHOS.

HOWELL'S EPITAPH ON CHARLES I.

So fell the royal oak by a wild crew
Of mongrel shrubs, that underneath him grew;
So fell the lion by a pack of curs;
So the rose withered 'twixt a knot of burs;
So fell the eagle by a swarm of gnats;
So the whale perished by a shoal of sprats!

TRANSCENDENTAL.

FROM THE CHURCHYARD OF ST. EDMUND'S, SALISBURY.

Written by a Swedenborgian named Maton, on his children.

Innocence embellishes divinely complete
To prescience co-egent now sublimely great
In the benign, perfecting, vivifying state.
So heavenly guardian occupy the skies
The pre-existent God, omnipotent, all-wise;
He shall surpassingly immortalize thy theme

And permanent thy bliss, celestial, supreme.
When gracious refulgence bids the grave resign,
The Creator's nursing protection be thine;
Then each perspiring ether shall joyfully rise
Transcendently good, supereminently wise.

CENTO.

AT NORTHBOROUGH, MASS.

On the tombstone of Rabbi Judah Monis, 40 years Hebrew Instructor in Harvard University, who was converted to Christianity in 1722, and died in 1764.

A native branch of Jacob see,	
Which once from off its olive broke;	
Regrafted from the living tree,	Rom. xi. 17, 24.
Of the reviving sap partook.	
From teeming Zion's fertile womb,	Isa. lxvi. 8.
As dewy drops in early morn,	Ps. cx. 3.
Or rising bodies from the tomb,	John v. 28, 29.
At once be Israel's nation born.	Isa. lxvi. 8.

ACROSTICAL.

AT DORCHESTER, MASS.

James Humphrey, 1686.

I nclosed within this shrine is precious dust,

A nd only waits the rising of the just;
M ost useful while he lived, adorned his station,
E ven to old age served his generation,
S ince his decease thought of with veneration.

H ow great a blessing this ruling elder he
U nto this church and town and pastors three!
M ather, the first, did by him help receive;
F lint he did next his burden much relieve;
R enowned Danforth did he assist with skill,
E steemed high by all, bear fruit until,
Y ielding to death, his glorious seat did fill.

IN ASH CHURCH, KENT.

J John Brooke of the Parish of Ashe,
O Only he is nowe gone,
H His days are past; his corps is layd
N Now under this marble stone.

B Brookstrete he was the honor of,
R Robd now it is of name,
O Only because he had no sede
O Or children to have the same;
K Knowing that all must pass away,
E Even when God will, none can denay.

He passed to God in the yere of Grace
One thousand fyve hundredth fower score and two it was,
The sixteenth daye of January, I tell now playne,
The fyve and twentieth yere of Elizabeth rayne.

ABORIGINAL.

IN THE MOHEAGAN BURIAL-GROUND, CONN.

Here lies the body of SUNSEETO,
Own son to Uncas, grandson to Oneeko,
Who were the famous sachems of Moheagan,
But now they are all dead, I think it is *werheegen*.[29]

ORONO, CHIEF OF THE PENOBSCOTS, OLDTOWN, MAINE, 1801, ÆT. 113

Safe lodged within his blanket, here below,
Lie the last relics of old ORONO;
Worn down with toil and care, he in a trice
Exchanged his wigwam for a paradise.

AFRICAN.

AT CONCORD, MASS.

God wills us free; man wills us slaves. I will as God wills: God's will be done. Here lies the body of JOHN JACK, a native of Africa, who died, March, 1773, aged about 60 years. Though born in a land of slavery, he was born free; though he lived in a land of liberty, he lived a slave, till, by his honest though stolen labors, he acquired the source of slavery, which gave him his freedom, though not long before death, the grand tyrant, gave him his final emancipation, and set him on a footing with kings. Though a slave to vice, he practised those virtues, without which, kings are but slaves.

AT ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Here lies the best of slaves,
  Now turning into dust.
Cesar, the Ethiopian, craves
  A place among the just.
His faithful soul is fled
  To realms of heavenly light;
And by the blood that Jesus shed,
  Is changed from black to white
January 15, he quitted the stage,
In the 77th year of his age.

HIBERNIAN.

AT BELTURBET.

Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were
  drowned in their passage from America.
Had they both *lived, they would have been buried here.*(!)

Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found.

O cruel Death! how could you be so unkind,
To take him before and leave me behind?
You should have taken both of us if either;
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor!

Here lies father and mother, and sister and I,—
They all died within the short space of one year.
They all be buried at Wimble but I,
And I be buried here.

AT MONKNEWTON, NEAR DROGHEDA.

Erected by Patrick Kelly,
Of the town of Drogheda, Mariner,
In Memory of his Posterity.
Also the above Patrick Kelly,
Who departed this Life the 12th August 1844,
Age 60 years,
Requiescat in pace.

AT MONTROSE, 1757.

Here lyes the Bodeys of George Young and Isabel Guthrie, and all their Posterity for more than fifty years backwards.

AT ST. ANDREW'S, PLYMOUTH.

Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq., only *surviving* son of Admiral Vernon: died 23rd July 1753.

AT LLANMYNECH, MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

Here lies John Thomas
And his children dear;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one here.

IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Here lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead;
But now at this time he is alive,
The 14th of August 'sixty-five.

GREEK EPITAPHS.

Christopher North, speaking of the celebrated epitaph written by Simonides and graved on the monument erected in commemoration of the battle of Thermopylæ, says:—The oldest and best inscription is that on the altar-tomb of the Three Hundred. Here it is,—the Greek,—with three Latin and eighteen English versions. Start not: it is but two lines; and all Greece, for centuries, had them by heart. She forgot them, and "Greece was living Greece no more!"

Of the various English translations of this celebrated epitaph, the following are the best:—

O stranger, tell it to the Lacedæmonians,
That we lie here in obedience to their precepts.

Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.

ON MILTIADES.

Miltiades! thy valor best
(Although in every region known)
The men of Persia can attest,
Taught by thyself at Marathon.

ON THE TOMB OF THEMISTOCLES.

By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand.
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with this tomb in sight.

ON ÆSIGENES.

Hail, universal mother! lightly rest
  On that dead form
Which when with life invested ne'er opprest
  Its fellow-worm.

ON TIMOCRITUS.

Timocritus adorns this humble grave;
Mars spares the coward, and destroys the brave.

ON THREE NEIGHBORING TOMBS.

This is a sailor's—that a ploughman's tomb;—
Thus sea and land abide one common doom.

My lot was meagre fare, disease and shame.
At length I died—you all must do the same.

Fortune and Hope, farewell! I've found the port:
You've done with me—go now, with others sport.

HELIODORA.

Tears, Heliodora! on thy tomb I shed,
  Love's last libation to the shades below;
Tears, bitter tears, by fond remembrance fed,
  Are all that Fate now leaves me to bestow.

Vain sorrows! vain regrets! yet, loveliest, thee,
  Thee still they follow in the silent urn,
Retracing hours of social converse free,
  And soft endearments never to return.

How thou art torn, sweet flower, that smiled so fair!
Torn, and thy honored bloom with dust defiled;
Yet, holy earth, accept my suppliant prayer,
And in a mother's arms enfold thy child.

FROM THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES.

We will not look on her burial sod
As the cell of sepulchral sleep:
It shall be as the shrine of a radiant god,
And the pilgrim shall visit this blest abode
To worship, and not to weep.
And as he turns his steps aside,
Thus shall he breathe his vow:—
Here slept a self-devoted bride;
Of old, to save her lord she died,
She is an angel now.

ON A YOUNG BRIDE.

Not Hymen,—it was Ades' self alone
That loosened Clearista's virgin zone:
The morning 'spousal song was raised,—but oh!
At once 'twas silenced into threnes of woe;
And the same torches which the bridal bed
Had lit, now showed the pathway to the dead.

ON A BACHELOR.

At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud my pedigree?

Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all,—what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb;
Thou know'st its use,—it hides,—no matter whom.

ANTITHESIS EXTRAORDINARY.

The following singular inscription may be seen on a monument in Horsley Down Church, Cumberland, England:—

Here lie the bodies of
Thomas Bond and Mary his wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable.
But
She was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife and a tender mother,
But
Her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown;
Whilst she received visitors whom she despised with an endearing smile.
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers,
But
Imprudent in her family.
Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding,
But
At home by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery, and was seldom known to praise or commend;
But
The talents in which she principally excelled
Were difference of opinion and discovering flaws and
Imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,
And, without prodigality,
Dispensed plenty to every person in her family,
But
Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband
Happy with her good qualities,
But
Much more frequently miserable with her
Many failings.
Insomuch that in thirty years' cohabitation,
He often lamented that,
Maugre all her virtues,
He had not on the whole enjoyed two years
Of matrimonial comfort.
At length,
Finding she had lost the affection of her husband,
as well as the regard of her neighbors,
family disputes having been
divulged by servants,
She died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
Aged 48 years.
Her worn-out husband survived her four months
and two days, and departed this life
November 22, 1768,
In the 54th year of his age.
William Bond, brother to the deceased,
Erected this stone as a
Weekly monitor to the wives of this parish,
That they may avoid the infamy of having
Their memories handed down to posterity
With a patchwork character.

THE PRINTER'S EPITAPH.

Here lies his *form* in *pi*,
Beneath this *bank* with *briers* overgrown;
How many *cases* far unworthier *lie*
'Neath some *imposing stone*!

No *column points* our loss,
No sculptured *caps* his history declare;
Although he lived a follower of the *cross*,
And member of the *bar*.

The golden *rule* he prized,
And left it as a *token* of his love;
And all his deeds, *corrected* and *revised*,
Are *registered* above.

The *copy* of his wrongs,
The *proofs* of all his *pi*-ety are there,
And the fair title, which to truth belong
Will *prove* his *title* fair.

Though now, in death's *em-brace*,
A *mould*-ering *heap* our luckless brother lies,
He'll re-appear on Gabriel's *royal-chase*,
And *frisk-it* to the skies.

BREVITY.

Thorpe's
Corpse.

The epitaph on Dr. Caius, the founder of the college which bears his name, cannot be blamed for prolixity. Dr. Fuller remarks, "few men might have had a longer, none ever had a shorter epitaph."

Fui Caius
(I was Caius)

ON MR. MAGINNIS.

Finis
Maginnis.

Camden, in his *Remaines*,—a collection of fragments illustrative of the habits, manners and customs of the ancient Britons and Saxons,—gives examples of great men who had little epitaphs. For himself it has been suggested that the name of the work in question would be the most fitting:—

Camden's Remains.

LAUDATORY.

Following the inscription to the memory of Albert, Prince Consort, on the Cairn at Balmoral, is the following quotation from the *Wisdom of Solomon*, iv. 13, 14.

He being made perfect in a short time,
Fulfilled a long time:
For his soul pleased the Lord;
Therefore hasted He to take
Him away from among the wicked.

Could he disclose who rests below,
The things beyond the grave that lie,
We more should learn than now we know.
But know no better how to die.

Dust to its narrow house beneath,
  Soul to its place on high;
They that have seen thy look in death,
  No more may fear to die.

His youth was innocent—his riper age
  Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
  Faded his late declining years away;

Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

EPITAPHIUM CHEMICUM.

1791.

Here lieth to digest, macerate, and amalgamate with clay
In balneo arenæ,
stratum super stratum,
The residuum, terra damnata, and caput mortuum
OF A CHEMIST.
A man who in his earthly Laboratory
Pursued various processes to obtain
The ARCANUM VITÆ,
Or the secret to Live;
Also the AURUM VITÆ, or
The Art of getting, not making, Gold.
Alchemist-like, he saw all his labor and projection,
As mercury in the fire, evaporated in fume.
When he dissolved to his first principles,
He departed as poor
As the last drops of an alembic.
Though fond of novelty, he carefully avoided
The fermentation, effervescence, and
Decrepitation of this life.
Full seventy years
His exalted essence
Was hermetically sealed in its terrene matrass;
But the radical moisture being exhausted,
The Elixir Vitæ spent,
And exsiccated to a cuticle,
He could not suspend longer in his vehicle:
But precipitated gradatim,
Per campanam,
To his original dust.
May the light above,

More resplendent than Bolognian phosphorus,
Preserve him
From the athanor, empyreuma, and
Reverberatory furnace of the other world;
Depurate him from the fæces and scoria of this;
Highly rectify and volatilize
His ethereal spirit;
Bring it safely out of the crucible of earthly trial,
Place it in a proper recipient
Among the elect of the Flowers of Benjamin;
Never to be saturated till the general resuscitation,
Deflagration, calcination,
And sublimation of all things.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ON SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, THE ARCHITECT.

Lie heavy on him, earth; for he
Laid many heavy loads on thee.—EVANS.

THE ORATOR'S EPITAPH.

Here, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
  My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
  Would not contain one-half my speeches.—BROUGHAM.

IN LYDFORD CHURCHYARD, NEAR DARTMOOR.

Here lies, in horizontal position,
the outside Case of
GEORGE ROUTLEIGH, Watchmaker;
Integrity was the Mainspring, and prudence the

Regulator,
of all the actions of his life.
Humane, generous, and liberal,
his Hand never stopped,
till he had relieved distress.
So nicely regulated were all his Motions,
that he never went wrong,
except when set a-going
by people
who did not know his Key:
Even then he was easily
set right again.
He had the art of disposing his time so well,
that his Hours kept running on
in a continual round of pleasure,
till an unlucky Minute put a stop to
his existence.
He departed this life Nov. 14, 1802, æt. 57,
in hopes of being taken in hand
by his Maker;
and of being thoroughly Cleaned, Repaired,
Wound up, and Set a-going
in the world to come.

AT KITTERY, MAINE.

I was drowned, alas! in the deep, deep seases.
The blessed Lord does as he pleases.
But my Kittery friends did soon appear,
And laid my body right down here.

ON A SAN FRANCISCO MONEY-LENDER.

Here lies old thirty-five per cent.:
The more he made, the more he lent;
The more he got, the more he craved;
The more he made, the more he shaved;

Great God! can such a soul be saved?

ON AN IMPORTUNATE TAILOR.

Here lies W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

IN SOHAM CHURCHYARD, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

A.D. 1643, Ætatis suæ 125.

```
Here lies Dr. Ward, whom you knew well before;
He was kind to his neighbors, good to the poor.
   1        2      3       4        5         6
To God, to Prince, Wife, kindred, friend, the
     poor,
   1        2      3    4       5       6
Religious, loyal, true, kind, stedfast, dear,
   1      2     3      4      5          6
In zeal, faith, love, blood, amity, and store,
He hath so lived, and so deceased, lies here.
```

IN THE CHURCH OF ST. GREGORY, SUDBURY.

Viator, mirum referam.
Quo die efflavit animam Thos. Carter, prædictus,
Acus foramen transivit Camelus Sudburiensis.
Vade, et si dives sis, tu fac similiter.
Vale.

(Traveller, I will relate a prodigy. On the day whereon the aforesaid Thos. Carter breathed out his soul, a Sudbury camel passed through the eye of a needle. Go, and if thou art wealthy, do thou likewise. Farewell.)

IN LLANBEBLIG, CARNARVONSHIRE.

Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.
Here lie the remains of Thomas Chambers,
Dancing Master;
Whose genteel address and assiduity
in Teaching
Recommended him to all that had the
Pleasure of his acquaintance.

ON AN INFIDEL.

From the Latin.

Beneath this stone the mouldering relics lie
Of one to whom Religion spoke in vain;
He lived as though he never were to die,
And died as though he ne'er should live again.

PROPOSED BY A FRENCH THEOLOGIAN FOR VOLTAIRE.

In poesi magnus,
In historia parvus,
In philosophia minimus,
In religione nullus.

Hume, the classic historian of England, denied the existence of matter, and held that the whole congeries of material things are but impressions and ideas in the mind, distinguishing an impression from an idea by its stronger effect on the thinking faculty. Dr. Beattie sufficiently exposed the absurdity; but his famous essay has nothing more pointed than the witty epitaph that somebody wrote on the marble shaft that stands over the infidel's grave:—

Beneath this circular *idea*, vulgarly called tomb,

Impressions and *ideas* rest, which constituted Hume.

ON TOM PAINE.

Tom Paine for the Devil is surely a match.
In leaving old England he cheated Jack Ketch;
In France (the first time such a thing had been seen)
He cheated the watchful and sharp guillotine;
And at last, to the sorrow of all the beholders,
He marched out of life with his head on his shoulders.

EARTH TO EARTH.

Few persons have met with the following poem, now nearly four centuries old; but many will recognise in some of the stanzas, particularly the first four and the last four, the source of familiar monumental inscriptions. The antiquary can refer to many a dilapidated stone on which these quaint old lines can yet be traced.

Vado mori Rex sum, quid honor quid gloria mundi,
  Est vita mors hominum regia—vado mori.
Vado mori miles victo certamine belli,
  Mortem non didici vincere vado mori.
Vado mori medicus, medicamine non relevandus,
  Quicquid agunt medici respuo vado mori,
Vado mori logicus, aliis concludere novi,
  Concludit breviter mors in vado mori.

Earth out of earth is worldly wrought;
Earth hath gotten upon earth a dignity of nought;
Earth upon earth has set all his thought,
How that earth upon earth might be high brought.

Earth upon earth would be a king,
But how that earth shall to earth he thinketh no thing;

When earth biddeth earth his rents home bring,
Then shall earth from earth have a hard parting.

Earth upon earth winneth castles and towers,
Then saith earth unto earth this is all ours;
But when earth upon earth has builded his bowers,
Then shall earth upon earth suffer hard showers.

Earth upon earth hath wealth upon mould;
Earth goeth upon earth glittering all in gold,
Like as he unto earth never turn should;
And yet shall earth unto earth sooner than he would.

Why that earth loveth earth wonder I think,
Or why that earth will for earth sweat and swink.
For when earth upon earth is brought within the brink,
Then shall earth for earth suffer a foul stink.

As earth upon earth were the worthies nine,
And as earth upon earth in honor did shine;
But earth list not to know how they should incline,
And their gowns laid in the earth when death hath made
his fine.

As earth upon earth full worthy was Joshua,
David, and worthy King Judas Maccabee,
They were but earth none of them three;
And so from earth unto earth they left their dignity.

Alisander was but earth that all the world wan,
And Hector upon earth was held a worthy man,
And Julius Cæsar, that the Empire first began;
And now as earth within earth they lie pale and wan.

Arthur was but earth for all his renown,
No more was King Charles nor Godfrey of Boulogne;
But now earth hath turned their nobleness upside down,
And thus earth goeth to earth by short conclusion.

Whoso reckons also of William Conqueror,
King Henry the First that was of knighthood flower,
Earth hath closed them full straitly in his bower,—

So the end of worthiness,—here is no more succor.

Now ye that live upon earth, both young and old,
Think how ye shall to earth, be ye never so bold;
Ye be unsiker, whether it be in heat or cold,
Like as your brethren did before, as I have told.

Now ye folks that be here ye may not long endure,
But that ye shall turn to earth I do you ensure;
And if ye list of the truth to see a plain figure,
Go to St. Paul's and see the portraiture.

All is earth and shall to earth as it sheweth there,
Therefore ere dreadful death with his dart you dare,
And for to turn into earth no man shall it forbear,
Wisely purvey you before, and thereof have no fear.

Now sith by death we shall all pass, it is to us certain,
For of earth we come all, and to the earth shall turn again;
Therefore to strive or grudge it were but vain,
For all is earth and shall be earth,—nothing more certain.

Now earth upon earth consider thou may
How earth cometh to earth naked alway,
Why should earth upon earth go stout alway,
Since earth out of earth shall pass in poor array?

I counsel you upon earth that wickedly have wrought,
That earth out of earth to bliss may be brought.

BYRON'S INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF HIS DOG.

Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.

This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
Boatswain, a dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.

Inscriptions.

TAVERN-SIGNS.

I'm amazed at the signs
As I pass through the town.
To see the odd mixture,—
A *magpye* and *crown*,
The *whale* and the *crow*,
The *razor* and *hen*,
The *leg* and *seven stars*,
The *axe* and the *bottle*,
The *tun* and the *lute*,
The *eagle* and *child*,
The *shovel* and *boot*.—*British Apollo, 1710.*

The absurdities which tavern-signs present are often curious enough, but may in general be traced to that inveterate propensity which the vulgar of all countries have, to make havoc with every thing in the shape of a proper name. What a *magpie* could have to do with a *crown*, or a *whale* with a *crow*, or a *hen* with a *razor*, it is as difficult to conjecture as to trace the corruption of language in which the connection more probably originated. The sign of the *leg* and the *seven stars* was merely an orthographical deviation from the *league* and *seven stars*, or seven united provinces; and the *axe* and *bottle* was,

doubtless, a transposition of the *battle-axe*, a most appropriate sign for warlike times. The *tun* and *lute* formed suitable emblems enough of the pleasures of wine and music. The *eagle* and *child*, too, had meaning, though no application; but when we come to the *shovel* and *boot*, nonsense again triumphs, and it is in vain that we look for any rational explanation of the affinity.

The *Swan-with-two-necks* has long been an object of mystery to the curious. This mystery is solved by the alteration of a single letter. The sign, as it originally stood, was the *swan with two nicks*; the meaning of which we find thus explained in a communication made by the late Sir Joseph Banks to the Antiquarian Society. Sir Joseph presented to the Society a curious parchment roll, exhibiting the marks, or nicks, made on the beaks of swans and cygnets in all the rivers and lakes in Lincolnshire, accompanied with an account of the privileges of certain persons keeping swans in these waters, and the duties of the king's swanherd in guarding these fowls from depredation and preventing any two persons from adopting the same figures or marks on the bills of their swans. The number of marks contained in the parchment roll amounted to two hundred and nineteen, all of which were different and confined to the small extent of the bill of the swan. The outlines were an oblong square, circular at one end, and containing dots, notches, arrows, or suchlike figures, to constitute the difference in each man's swans. Laws were enacted so late as the 12th of Elizabeth, for the preservation of the swans in Lincolnshire.

The *goat and compasses* has been supposed to have its origin in the resemblance between the bounding of a goat and the expansion of a pair of compasses; but

nothing can be more fanciful. The sign is of the days of the Commonwealth, when it was fashionable to give scriptural names to every thing and everybody, and when *God-be-praised Barebones* preferred drinking his tankard of ale at the *God-encompasseth-us* to anywhere else. The corruption from *God-encompasseth-us* to *goat and compasses* is obvious and natural enough.

In Richard Flecknoe's *Enigmatical Characters*, published 1665, speaking of the "fanatic reformers," (the Puritans,) he observes, "As for the SIGNS, they have pretty well begun their reformation already, changing the sign of the *salutation of the angel and our lady* into the *soldier and citizen*, and the *Katherine Wheel* into the *cat and wheel*; so as there only wants then making the *dragon* to kill *St. George*, and the *devil* to tweak *St. Dunstan* by the nose, to make the reformation complete. Such ridiculous work they make of their reformation, and so zealous are they against all mirth and jollity, as they would pluck down the sign of the *cat and fiddle* too, if it durst but play so loud as they might hear it."

The cat and fiddle is a a corruption of Caton fidele.

The *bag of nails*, at Chelsea, is claimed by the smiths and carpenters of the neighborhood as a house designed for their peculiar accommodation; but, had it not been for the corruption of the times, it would still have belonged to the *bacchanals*, who, in the time of Ben Jonson, used to take a holiday stroll to this delightful village. But the old inscription *satyr and bacchanals* is now converted into Satan and bag o'nails.

The origin of the *chequers*, which is so common an emblem of public houses, has been the subject of much learned conjecture. One writer supposes that

they were meant to represent that the game of draughts might be played there; another has been credibly informed that in the reign of Philip and Mary the then Earl of Arundel had a grant to license public-houses, and, part of the armorial bearings of that noble family being a chequer-board, the publican, to show that he had a license, put out that mark as part of his sign. But, unfortunately for both solutions, unfortunately for the honors of Arundel, Sir W. Hamilton presented, some time ago, to the Society of Antiquaries, a view of a street in Pompeii, in which we find that shops with the sign of the chequers were common among the Romans! The real origin of this emblem is still involved in obscurity. The wittiest, though certainly not the most genuine, explanation of it was that of the late George Selwyn, who used to wonder that antiquaries should be at any loss to discover why *draughts* were an appropriate emblem for *drinking-houses*.

An annotator on Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature* says, "I remember, many years ago, passing through a court in Rosemary Lane, where I observed an ancient sign over the door of an ale-house, which was called *The Four Alls*. There was the figure of a king, and on a label, 'I rule all;' the figure of a priest, motto, 'I pray for all;' a soldier, 'I fight for all;' and a yeoman, 'I pay all.' About two years ago I passed through the same thoroughfare, and, looking up for my curious sign, I was amazed to see a painted board occupy its place, with these words inscribed:—'*The Four Awls*.' In Whitechapel road is a public house which has a written sign, '*The Grave Morris*.' A painter was commissioned to embody the inscription; but this painter had not a poet's eye; he could not body forth the form of things unknown. In his distress he applied to a friend, who presently relieved him, and

the painter delineated, as well as he could, '*The Graafe Maurice*,' often mentioned in the '*Epistolæ Hoelinæ*'"

The Queer Door is corrupted from Cœur Doré (Golden Heart); the Pig and Whistle, from Peg and Wassail-Bowl; the Goat in the Golden Boots, from the Dutch Goed in der Gooden Boote (the god—Mercury—in the golden boots).

Many signs are heraldic and represent armorial bearings. The White Heart was peculiar to Richard II.; the White Swan to Henry IV. and Edward III.; the Blue Boar to Richard III.; the Red Dragon to the Tudors; the Bull, the Falcon, and the Plume of Feathers to Edward IV.; the Swan and Antelope to Henry V.; the Greyhound and Green Dragon to Henry VII.; the Castle, the Spread Eagle, and the Globe were probably adopted from the arms of Spain, Germany, and Portugal, by inns which were the resort of merchants from those countries. Many commemorate historical events; others derive their names from some eminent and popular man. The Coach and Horses indicated post-houses; the Fox and Goose denoted the games played within; the Hare and Hounds, the vicinity of hunting-grounds. In the Middle Ages, a bush was always suspended in front of the door of a wine-shop,—whence the saying, "Good wine needs no bush." Some of the mediæval signs are still retained, as the Pilgrim, Cross-Keys, Seven Stars, &c.

The following is a literal copy of the sign of a small public house in the village of Folkesworth, near Stilton, Hants. It contains as much poetry as perhaps the rustic Folkesworth folks are worth; and doubtless they think it (in the Stilton vernacular) "quite the cheese."

[A rude figure of a Fox.]

I . HAM . A . CUNEN . FOX
You . see . ther . his
No . harme . atched
To . me . it . is . my . Mrs.
Wish . to . place . me
here . to . let . you . no
he . sels . good . beere.

The Rawlinson of the district has deciphered this inscription, and conjectures its meaning to be as follows:—

I am a cunning fox, you see;
There is no harm attached to me:
It is my master's wish to place me here,
To let you know he sells good beer.

In King Street, Norwich, at the sign of "The Waterman," kept by a man who is a barber and over whose door is the pole, are these lines:—

Roam not from pole to pole,
  But step in here;
Where nought exceeds the shaving,
  But—the beer.

This was originally an impromptu of Dean Swift, written at the request of his favorite barber.

Over the door of a tippling-house in Frankford, Pa., is this:—

In this Hive we're all alive;
  Good liquor makes us funny;
If you're dry, step in and try
  The flavor of our honey.

ON A TAVERN-SIGN NEAR CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Rest, traveller, rest; lo! Cooper's ready hand
Obedient brings "zwei glass" at thy command.
Rest, traveller, rest, and banish thoughts of care.
Drink to thy friends, and recommend them here.

PUNISHMENT FOR TREASON.

Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his *son*
Heir to the *Crown*; meaning indeed his *house*,
Which, by the *sign* thereof, was termed so.—*Rich. III.*, Act iii. sc. 5.

On the sign of "The Baker and the Brewer," in Birmingham, is the following quatrain:—

The Baker says, "I've the staff of life,
  And you're a silly elf."
The Brewer replied, with artful pride,
  "Why this is life itself."

At the King's Head Inn, Stutton, near Ipswich, is this address to wayworn travelers:—

Good people, stop, and pray walk in;
Here's wine and brandy, rum and gin;
And what is more, good purl and ale
Are both sold here by old Nat Dale.

This tap-room inscription is in a wayside tavern in Northumberland, England:—

Here stop and spend a social hour
  In harmless mirth and fun;
Let friendship reign, be just and kind,

And evil speak of none.

At the Red Lion Inn, Hollins Green, an English village, is this:—

Call freely,
Drink merrily,
Pay honestly,
Part quietly.

These rules, my friends, will bring no sorrow;
You pay to-day, I'll trust to-morrow.

In the county of Norfolk, Eng., is this singular inscription:—

More	beer	score	clerk
For	my	my	his
Do	trust	pay	sent
I	I	must	has
Shall	if	I	brewer
What	and	and	my[30]

On the sign-board of the Bull Inn at Buckland, near Dover:—

The bull is tame, so fear him not,
All the while you pay your shot;
When money's gone, and credit's bad,
It's that which makes the bull run mad.

At Swainsthorpe, near Norwich, England, is a public-house known as the Dun Cow. Under the portrait of the cow is this couplet:—

Walk in, gentlemen; I trust you'll find
The dun cow's milk is to your mind.

On the Basingstoke road, near Reading, England:—

This is the Whitley Grenadier,
A noted house for famous beer.
My friend, if you should chance to call,
Beware and get not drunk withal;
Let moderation be your guide,
It answers well whene'er 'tis tried.
Then use but not abuse strong beer,
And don't forget the Grenadier.

The author of *Tavern Anecdotes* records the following:—

Rhyming Host at Stratford.

At the Swan Tavern, kept by Lound
The best accommodation's found—
Wine, spirits, porter, bottled beer,
You'll find in high perfection here.
If, in the garden with your lass,
You feel inclined to take a glass,
There tea and coffee, of the best,
Provided is for every guest;
Or, if disposed a pipe to smoke,
To sing a song, or crack a joke,
You may repair across the green,
Where nought is heard, though much is seen;
Then laugh, and drink, and smoke away,
And but a moderate reckoning pay.

BEER-JUG INSCRIPTION.

Come, my old friend, and take a pot,
  But mark me what I say:
Whilst thou drink'st thy neighbor's health.
  Drink not thy own away.

For it too often is the case,
  Whilst we sit o'er a pot,
And while we drink our neighbor's health,

Our own is quite forgot.

INSCRIPTIONS ON INN WINDOW-PANES.

SHENSTONE'S, AT HENLEY.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his journeys may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.

A gentleman who stopped at an inn at Stockport, in 1634, left this record of his bad reception on a window of the inn:—

If, traveller, good treatment be thy care,
A comfortable bed, and wholesome fare,
A modest bill, and a diverting host,
Neat maid, and ready waiter,—quit this coast.
If dirty doings please, at Stockport lie:
The girls, O frowsy frights, here with their mistress vie.

Yet Fynes Moryson, in his *Itinerary*, thus speaks of English inns in the olden time:—

As soon as a passenger comes to an inne, the servants run to him, and one takes his horse and walkes him about till he be cool, then rubs him down, and gives him meat; another servant gives the passenger his private chamber and kindles his fire; the third pulls off his bootes and makes them cleane; then the host and hostess visit him, and if he will eate with the hoste or at a common table with the others, his meale will cost him sixpence, or in some places fourpence; but if he will eate in his chamber, he commands what meat he will, according to his appetite; yea, the kitchen is open to him to order the meat to be dressed as he likes beste. After having eaten what he

pleases, he may with credit set by a part for next day's breakfast. His bill will then be written for him, and should he object to any charge, *the host is ready to alter it.*

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!"

ON A WINDOW-PANE OF THE HOTEL SANS SOUCI, BADEN-BADEN.

Venez ici, sans souci. Vous
Partirez d'ici sans six sous.

THREE TRANSLATIONS WHICH FOLLOW.

You come to this city plumed with felicity,
You'll flutter from this city plucked to mendicity.

With plenty of tin, purse-proud you come in.
You'll go a sad *ninkum* from outgo of income!

Not a bit pensive, you come here expensive.
Soon you'll go hence with a *curse the expense*.

INSCRIPTIONS ON BELLS.

Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango.
I call the living—I mourn the dead—I break the lightning.

This brief and impressive announcement—the motto of Schiller's ever-memorable Song of the Bell—was common to the church-bells of the Middle Ages, and may still be found on the bell of the great Minster of Schaffhausen, and on that of the church near Lucerne. Another and a usual one, which is, in fact, but an amplification of the first, is this

Funera plango—Fulgura frango—Sabbato pango.
Excito lentos—Dissipo ventos—Paco cruentos.

I mourn at funerals—I break the lightning—I proclaim the Sabbath.
I urge the tardy—I disperse the winds—I calm the turbulent.

The following motto may still be seen on some of the bells that have swung in their steeples for centuries. It will be observed to entitle them to a sixfold efficacy.

Men's death I tell by doleful knell,
Lightning and thunder I break asunder,
On Sabbath all to church I call,
The sleepy head I raise from bed,
The winds so fierce I do disperse,
Men's cruel rage I do assuage.

On the famous alarm-bell called Roland, in the belfry-tower of the once powerful city of Ghent, is engraved the subjoined inscription, in the old Walloon or Flemish dialect:—

Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand,
and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.

Anglicé. My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire,
and when I ring there is victory in the land.

On others may be found these inscriptions:—

Deum verum laudo, plebem voco, clerum congrego,
Defuncto ploro, pestum fugo, festa decoro.

I praise the true God, call the people, convene the clergy,
I mourn for the dead, drive away pestilence, and grace festivals.

Gaudemus gaudentibus,

Dolemus dolentibus.

Let us rejoice with the joyful, and grieve with the sorrowful.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE BELLS OF ST. MICHAEL'S, COVENTRY, CAST IN 1774.

I.

Although I am both light and small,
I will be heard above you all.

II.

If you have a judicious ear,
You'll own my voice is sweet and clear.

III.

Such wondrous power to music's given,
It elevates the soul to heaven.

IV.

While thus we join in cheerful sound,
May love and loyalty abound.

V.

To honour both of God and king,
Our voices shall in concert sing.

VI.

Music is a medicine to the mind.

VII.

Ye ringers all, that prize your health and happiness,
Be sober, merry, wise, and you'll the same possess.

VIII.

Ye people all that hear me ring,
Be faithful to your God and king.

IX.

In wedlock's bands all ye who join,
  With hands your hearts unite;
So shall our tuneful tongues combine
  To laud the nuptial rite.

X.

I am and have been called the common bell,
To ring, when fire breaks out, to tell.

There is in the abbey church at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, a fire-bell confined exclusively to alarms in case of conflagrations. The motto around the rim or carrel runs thus:—

1652.
Lord, quench this furious flame;
Arise, run, help, put out the same.

The books of the Roman Catholic faith contain a ritual for the baptism of bells, which decrees that they be named and anointed,—a ceremonial which was supposed to insure them against the machinations of evil spirits.

On the largest of three bells placed by Edward III. in the Little Sanctuary, Westminster, are these words:—

King Edward made me thirtie thousand weight and three;
Take me down and wey me, and more you shall find me.

The Great Tom of Oxford was cast after two failures, April 8, 1680, from the metal of an old bell, on which was the following curious inscription, whence its name:—

In Thomæ laude resono *bim bom* sine fraude.

On a bell in Durham Cathedral is inscribed,—

To call the folk to church in time,
I chime.
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,
I ring.
And when the body leaves the soul,
I toll.

On a bell at Lapley, in Staffordshire:—

I will sound and resound to thee, O Lord,
To call thy people to thy word.

On a bell in Meivod Church, Montgomeryshire:—

I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.

On Independence bell, Philadelphia, from Lev. xxv. 10:—

Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

In St. Helen's Church, Worcester, England, is a chime of bells cast in the time of Queen Anne, with names and inscriptions commemorative of victories gained during her reign:—

1. BLENHEIM.

First is my note, and Blenheim is my name;
For Blenheim's story will be first in fame.

2. Barcelona.

Let me relate how Louis did bemoan
His grandson Philip's flight from Barcelon.

3. Ramillies.

Deluged in blood, I, Ramillies, advance
Britannia's glory on the fall of France.

4. Menin.

Let Menin on my sides engraven be;
And Flanders freed from Gallic slavery.

5. Turin.

When in harmonious peal I roundly go,
Think on Turin, and triumphs on the Po.

6. Eugene.

With joy I hear illustrious Eugene's name;
Fav'rite of fortune and the boast of fame.

7. Marlborough.

But I, for pride, the greater Marlborough bear;
Terror of tyrants, and the soul of war.

8. Queen Anne.

Th' immortal praises of Queen Anne I sound,
With union blest, and all these glories crowned.

The inscriptions are all dated 1706, except that on the seventh, which is dated 1712.

On one of eight bells in the church tower of Pilton, Devon, is a modern achievement in this kind of literature:—

Recast by John Taylor and Son,
Who tho best prize for church bells won
At the Great Ex-hi-bi-ti-on
In London, 1—8—5 and 1.

In St. John's Cathedral, Hong Kong:—

I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles. (Acts xxii. 21.)

At Fotheringay, Northamptonshire:—

Domini laudem, non verbo sed voce resonabo.

At Hornby:—

When I do ring,
God's praises sing;
When I do toll,
Pray heart and soul.

At Nottingham:—

I toll the funeral knell;
  I hail the festal day;
The fleeting hour I tell;
  I summon all to pray.

At Bolton:—

My roaring sound doth warning give
That men cannot here always live.

Distich inscribed on a bell at Bergamoz, by Cardinal

Orsini, Benedict XIII.:—

Convoco,	signo,	noto,	compello,	concino,	ploro,
|	|	|	|	|	|
Arma,	Dies,	Horas,	Fulgura,	Festa,	Rogos.

Similar in form is an inscription on Lindsey Court-house:—

Hæc domus

Odit	amat	punit	conservat	honorat
|	|	|	|	|
Nequitiam,	pacem,	crimina,	jura,	bonos.

On the clock of the town hall of Bala, North Wales, is the following inscription:—

Here I stand both day and night,
To tell the hours with all my might;
Do thou example take by me,
And serve thy God as I serve thee.

FLY-LEAF INSCRIPTIONS IN BOOKS.

The following lines, formerly popular among youthful scholars, may still be found in school-books:—

This book is mine
By right divine;
And if it go astray,
I'll call you kind
My desk to find
And put it safe away.

This book is mine,—that you may know,
By letters two I will you show:

The first is J, a letter bright;
The next is S in all men's sight.
But if you still my name should miss,
Look underneath, and here it is:—
JOHN SMITH.

Whoe'er this book, if lost, doth find,
I hope will have a generous mind,
And bring it to the owner,—me,
Whose name they'll see page fifty-three.

The curious warning subjoined—paradoxical in view of the improbability of any *honest* friend pilfering—has descended to our times from the days of black-letter printing:—

Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows be your end;
For if you do, the Lord will say,
Where is that book you stole away?

Another often met with is this:—

Hic liber est meus,
Testis et est Deus;
Si quis me quærit,
Hic nomen erit.

The two following admonitions are full of salutary advice to book-borrowers:—

Neither blemish this book, or the leaves double down,
Nor lend it to each idle friend in the town;
Return it when read; or, if lost, please supply
Another as good to the mind and the eye.
With right and with reason you need but be friends,
And each book in my study your pleasure attends.

If thou art borrowed by a friend,

Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me.

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store;
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

☞ Read slowly, pause frequently, think seriously, keep clean, **RETURN DULY**, with the corners of the leaves not turned down.

Of the warning and menacing kind are the following: —

This book is one thing,
My fist is another;
Touch this one thing,
You'll sure feel the other.

Si quisquis furetur
This little *libellum,*
Per Bacchum per Jovem!
I'll kill him, I'll fell him,
In ventum illius
I'll stick my *scalpellum*,
And teach him to steal
My little *libellum.*

Ne me prend pas;
On te pendra.

Gideon Snooks,
Ejus liber.
Si quis furetur;
Per collum pendetur,

Similis huic pauperi animali.

Here follows a figure of an unfortunate individual suspended “in malam crucem.”

Small is the wren,
Black is the rook;
Great is the sinner
That steals this book.
This is Thomas Jones’s book—
You may just within it look;
But you’d better not do more,
For the Devil’s at the door,
And will snatch at fingering hands;
Look behind you—there he stands!

The following macaronic is taken from a copy of the *Companion to the Festivals and Fasts*, 1717:—

To the Borrower of this Book.

Hic Liber est meus,
Deny it who can,
Samuel Showell, Jr.,
An honest man.
In vico corvino [locale appended]
I am to be found,
Si non mortuus sum,
And laid in the ground.
At si non vivens,
You will find an heir
Qui librum recipiet;
You need not to fear.
Ergo cum lectus est
Restore it, and then
Ut quando mutuaris
I may lend again.
At si detineas,
So let it be lost,
Expectabo Argentum,
As much as it cost (viz.: 5*s.*)

To the Finder.

If I this lose, and you it find,
Restore it me, be not unkind;
For if not so, you're much to blame,
While as below you see my name.—[Name appended.]

Taken from an old copy-book:

All you, my friends, who now expect to see
A piece of writing, here performed by me,
Cast but a smile on this my mean endeavor,
I'll strive to mend, and be obedient ever.

On the fly-leaf of a Bible may sometimes be seen:

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To tell the love of God alone
  Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
  Though stretched from sky to sky.

The two following are very common in village schools:—

This is Giles Wilkinson, his book;
God give him grace therein to look;
Nor yet to look, but understand
That learning's better than house and land;
For when both house and land are spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

John Smith is my name,
  England is my nation,
London is my dwelling-place,
  And Christ is my salvation,
And when I'm dead and in the grave,

And all my bones are rotten,
When this you see, remember me,
Though I am long forgotten.

This pretty presentation-verse is sometimes met with:—

Take it,—'tis a gift of love
That seeks thy good alone;
Keep it for the giver's sake,
And read it for thy own.

The early conductors of the press were in the habit of affixing to the end of the volumes they printed some device or couplet concerning the book, with the names of the printer and proof-reader added. The following example is from Andrew Bocard's edition of *The Pragmatic Sanction*, Paris, 1507:—

Stet liber, hic donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat; et totum testudo perambulet orbem

(May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurled;
Till an ant to the dregs drink the ocean,
Or a tortoise has crawled round the world.)

On the title-page of a book called *Gentlemen, Look about You*, is the following curious request:—

Read this over if you're wise,
If you're not, then read it twice:
If a fool, and in the gall
Of bitterness, read not at all.

MOTTO ON A CLOCK.

Quæ lenta accedit, quam velox præterit hora!
Ut capias, patiens esto, sed esto vigil!

Slow comes the hour: its passing speed how great:
Waiting to seize it,—vigilantly wait!

WATCH-PAPER INSCRIPTION.

Onward perpetually moving,
These faithful hands are ever proving
  How quick the hours fly by;
This monitory, pulse-like beating
Seems constantly, methinks, repeating,
   Swift! swift! the moments fly.
Reader, be ready,—for perhaps before
These hands have made one revolution more,
  Life's spring is snapt,—you die!

Here, reader, see in youth, in age, or prime,
The stealing steps of never-standing Time:
With wisdom mark the moment as it flies;
Think what a moment is to him who dies.

Little monitor, impart
Some instruction to the heart;
Show the busy and the gay
Life is hasting swift away.
Follies cannot long endure,
Life is short and death is sure.
Happy those who wisely learn
Truth from error to discern.

Could but our tempers more like this machine,
Not urged by passion, nor delayed by spleen,
And true to Nature's regulating power,
By virtuous acts distinguish every hour;
Then health and joy would follow as they ought
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought;
Sweet health to pass the present moment o'er,
And everlasting joy when time shall be no more.

SUN-DIAL INSCRIPTIONS.

Sine sole sileo.
(Without sunlight I give no information.)

Scis horas; nescis horam.
(You know the hours; you know not the hour [of death].)

Afflictis lentæ, celeres gaudentibus horæ.
(The hours pass slowly for the afflicted, rapidly for the joyous.)

Vado e vegno giorno;
Ma tu andrai senza ritorno.

(I go and come every day;
But thou shalt go without return.)

May the dread book at our last trial,
When open spread, be like this dial;
May Heaven forbear to mark therein
The hours made dark by deeds of sin;
Those only in that record write
Which virtue like the sun makes bright.

If o'er the dial glides a shade, redeem
The time, for lo! it passes like a dream;
But if 'tis all a blank, then mark the loss
Of hours unblest by shadows from the cross.

INSCRIPTION OVER A SPRING.

Whoe'er thou art that stays'st to quaff
  The streams that here from waters dim
Arise to fill thy cup and laugh
  In sparkling beads about the brim,
In all thy thoughts and words as pure
  As these sweet waters mayst thou be;

To all thy friends as firm and sure,
As prompt in all thy charity.

INSCRIPTIONS ON AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

AT THE ENDS.

Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem. (Hor. iv. 3.)

Partem aliquam, oh venti, divum referatis ad aures. (Virg. Buc. 3.)

ON THE SIDE.

Hail, heavenly harp, where Memnon's skill is shown,
That charm'st the ear with music all thy own!
Which, though untouched, canst rapturous strains impart.
Oh, rich of genuine nature, free from art!
Such the wild warblings of the chirping throng,
So simply sweet the untaught virgin's song.

Mr. Longfellow's admirers will remember his beautiful little poem commencing:—

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground *God's acre*.

This "Saxon phrase" is not obsolete. It may be seen, for instance, inscribed over the entrance to a modern cemetery at Basle—

Gottes Acker.

Over a gateway near the church of San Eusebio, Rome:—

Tria sunt mirabilia;
Trinus et unus,
Deus et homo,
Virgo et mater.

Over the door of the house in which Selden was born, Salvington, Sussex:—

Gratus, honesti, mihi; non claudar, inito sedeq'.
Fur, abeas; non su' facta soluta tibi.

Thus paraphrased:—

Thou'rt welcome, honest friend; walk in, make free;
Thief, get thee gone; my doors are closed to thee.

HOUSE INSCRIPTIONS.

On the Town-house Wittenberg:—

Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehen;
Ist's Menschens, so wird's untergehen.

(If God's work, it will aye endure;
If man's, 'tis not a moment sure.)

Over the gate of a Casino, near Maddaloni:—

AMICIS—
Et ne paucis pateat,
Etiam fictis.

(My gate stands open for my friends;
But lest of these too few appear,
Let him who to the name pretends
Approach and find a welcome here.)

On a west-of-England mansion:—

Welcome to all through this wide-opening gate;
None come too early, none depart too late.

Fuller (*Holy and Profane State*) and Walton (*Life of George Herbert*) notice a verse engraved upon a mantelpiece in the Parsonage House built by George Herbert at his own expense. The faithful minister thus counsels his successor:—

If thou dost find
A house built to thy mind,
  Without thy cost,
Serve thou the more
GOD and the poor:
  My labor is not lost.

The following is emblazoned around the banqueting hall of Bulwer's ancestral home, Knebworth:—

Read the Rede of the Old Roof Tree.
Here be trust fast. Opinion free.
Knightly Right Hand. Christian knee.
Worth in all. Wit in some.
Laughter open. Slander dumb.
Hearth where rooted Friendships grow,
Safe as Altar even to Foe.
And the sparks that upwards go
When the hearth flame dies below,
If thy sap in them may be,
Fear no winter, Old Roof Tree.

On a pane of glass in an old window in the coffee-room of the White Lion, Chester, England:—

Right fit a place is window glass
To write the name of bonny lass;
And if the reason you should speir,
Why both alike are brittle geir,
A wee thing dings a lozen lame—
A wee thing spoils a maiden's fame.

Tourist's wit on a window pane at Lodore:—

When I see a man's name
  Scratched upon the glass,
I know he owns a diamond,
  And his father owns an ass.

On a pane of the Hotel des Pays-Bas, Spa, Belgium:—

1793.
I love but one, and only one;
  Oh, Damon, thou art he.
Love thou but one and only one,
  And let that one be me.

MEMORIALS.

An English gentleman, who, in 1715, spent some time in prison, left the following memorial on the windows of his cell. On one pane of glass he wrote:—

That which the world miscalls a jail,
  A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
  And innocence my liberty.

On another square he wrote, *Mutare vel timere sperno*, and on a third pane, *sed victa Catoni*.[31]

A Mr. Barton, on retiring with a fortune made in the wool-trade, built a fair stone house at Holme, in Nottinghamshire, in the window of which was the following couplet,—an humble acknowledgment of the means whereby he had acquired his estate:—

I thank God, and ever shall;
It is the sheep hath paid for all.

FRANCKE'S ENCOURAGING DISCOVERY.

It is said that when Francke was engaged in the great work of erecting his world-known Orphan-House at Halle, for the means of which he looked to the Lord in importunate prayer from day to day, an apparently accidental circumstance made an abiding impression on him and those about him. A workman, in digging a part of the foundation, found a small silver coin, with the following inscription:—

"Jehova, Conditor, Condita Coronide Coronet."
(May Jehovah, the builder, finish the building.)

GOLDEN MOTTOES.

A vain man's motto,—	Win gold and wear it.
A generous man's motto,—	Win gold and share it.
A miser's motto,—	Win gold and spare it.
A profligate's motto,—	Win gold and spend it.
A broker's motto,—	Win gold and lend it.
A fool's motto,—	Win gold and end it.
A gambler's motto,—	Win gold and lose it.
A sailor's motto,—	Win gold and cruise it.
A wise man's motto,—	Win gold and use it.

POSIES FROM WEDDING-RINGS.

Portia. A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?

Gratiano. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me: whose posy was
For all the world like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife:[32] *Love me, and leave me not.*—

Merchant of Venice, Act V.

Hamlet. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?—

Hamlet, Act III. sc. 2.

Jacques. You are full of pretty answers: have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?—

As You Like It, Act III. sc. 2.

The following posies were transcribed by an indefatigable collector, from old wedding-rings, chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The orthography is, in most cases, altered:—

Death never parts
Such loving hearts.

Love and respect
I do expect.

No gift can show
The love I owe.

Let him never take a wife
That will not love her as his life.

In loving thee
I love myself.

A heart content
Can ne'er repent.

In God and thee
Shall my joy be.

Love thy chaste wife
Beyond thy life. 1681.

Love and pray
Night and day.

Great joy in thee
Continually.

My fond delight
By day and night.

Pray to love;
Love to pray. 1647.

In thee, my choice,
I do rejoice. 1677.

Body and mind
In thee I find.

Dear wife, thy rod
Doth lead to God.

God alone
Made us two one.

Eternally
My love shall be.

All I refuse,
And thee I choose.

Worship is due
To God and you.

Love and live happy. 1689.

Joy day and night
Be our delight.

Divinely knit by Grace are we;
Late two, now one; the pledge here see. 1657.

Endless my love
As this shall prove.

Avoid all strife
'Twixt man and wife.

Joyful love
This ring doth prove.

In thee, dear wife,
I find new life.

Of rapturous joy
I am the toy.

In thee I prove
The joy of love.

In loving wife
Spend all thy life. 1697.

In love abide
Till death divide.

In unity
Let's live and die.

Happy in thee
Hath God made me.

Silence ends strife
With man and wife.

None can prevent
The Lord's intent.

God did decree
Our unity.

I kiss the rod
From thee and God.

In love and joy
Be our employ.

Live and love;

Love and live.

God above
Continue our love.

True love will ne'er forget.

Faithful ever,
Deceitful never.

As gold is pure,
So love is sure.

Love, I like thee,
Sweet, requite me.

God sent her me,
My wife to be.

Live and die
In constancy.

My beloved is mine,
And I am hers.

Within my breast
Thy heart doth rest.

God above
Increase our love.

Be true to me
That gives it thee.

Both heart and hand
At your command.

My heart you have,
And yours I crave.

Christ and thee
My comfort be.

As God decreed,
So we agreed.

No force can move
Affixed love.

For a kiss
Take this.

The want of thee
Is grief to me.

I fancy none
But thee alone.

One word for all,
I love and shall.

Your sight,
My delight.

God's blessing be
On thee and me.

I will be yours
While breath endures.

Love is sure
Where faith is pure.

Thy friend am I,
An so will die.

God's appointment
Is my contentment.

Knit in one
By Christ alone.

My dearest Betty
Is good and pretty.

Sweetheart, I pray

Do not say nay.

Parting is pain
While love doth remain.

Hurt not that heart
Whose joy thou art.

Thine eyes so bright
Are my delight.

Take hand and heart,
I'll ne'er depart.

If you consent,
You'll not repent.

'Tis in your will
To save or kill.

As long as life,
Your loving wife.

If you deny,
Then sure I die.

Thy friend am I,
And so will die.

Let me in thee
Most happy be.

God hath sent
My heart's content.

You and I
Will lovers die.

Thy consent
Is my content.

I wish to thee
All joy may be.

In thee my love
All joy I prove.

Beyond this life
Love me, dear wife.

Love and joy
Can never cloy.

The pledge I prove
Of mutual love.

I love the rod
And thee and God.

Desire, like fire,
Doth still inspire.

My heart and I,
Until I die.

This ring doth bind
Body and mind.

Endless as this
Shall be our bliss.—THOS. BLISS. 1719.

I do rejoice
In thee my choice.

Love him in heart,
Whose joy thou art.

I change the life
Of maid to wife.

Endless my love
For thee shall prove.

Not Two, but One.
Till life be gone.

Numbers, vi. 24, 25, 26.

In its circular continuity, the ring was accepted as a type of eternity, and, hence, the stability of affection.

Constancy and Heaven are round,
And in this the Emblem's found.

This is love, and worth commending,
Still beginning, never *ending*.

Or, as Herrick says,—

And as this round
Is nowhere found
  To flaw or else to sever,
So let our love
As endless prove,
  And pure as gold forever.

LADY KATHERINE GREY'S WEDDING-RING.

The ring received by this excellent woman, who was a sister of Lady Jane Grey, from her husband, the Earl of Hertford, at their marriage, consisted of five golden links, the four inner ones bearing the following lines, of the earl's composition:—

As circles five by art compact shewe but one ring in sight,
So trust uniteth faithfull mindes with knott of secret might,
Whose force to breake but greedie Death noe wight
    possesseth power,
As time and sequels well shall prove. My ringe can say no
    more.

Parallel Passages.

INCLUDING IMITATIONS, PLAGIARISMS, AND ACCIDENTAL COINCIDENCES.

Pretensions to originality are ludicrous.—BYRON'S *Letters*.

An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures.—Twelfth Night, V. 1.

Milton "borrowed" other poets' thoughts, but he did not borrow as gipsies borrow children, spoiling their features that they may not be recognized. No, he returned them improved. Had he "borrowed" your coat, he would have restored it with a new nap upon it!—LEIGH HUNT.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.—GOLDSMITH: *Hermit*.

Evidently stolen from DR. YOUNG:—

Man wants but little, nor that little long.—*Night Thoughts*.

Be wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer.—*Night Thoughts*.

But CONGREVE had said, not long before,—

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise;

To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.—*Letter to Cobham.*

Like angels' visits, few and far between.—CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope*.

Copied from BLAIR:—

——like an ill-used ghost
Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between.—*Grave.*

But this pretty conceit originated with NORRIS, of Bemerton, (died 1711,) in a religious poem:—

But those who soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong:
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.—*The Parting.*

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.—GRAY'S *Bard.*

GRAY himself points out the imitation in SHAKSPEARE:—

You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.—*Julius Cæsar*, Act II. Sc. 1.

OTWAY also makes Priuli exclaim to his daughter,—

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life,
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.—*Venice Preserved.*

And leave us leisure to be good.—GRAY: *Ode to Adversity*.

And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good.—

OLDHAM.

Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best.—GRAY: *Ode to Adversity*.

When the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance.—MILTON: *Paradise Lost*.

Lo, where the rosy-bosomed hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear!—GRAY: *Ode to Spring*.

The graces and the rosy-bosomed hours
Thither all their bounties bring.—MILTON: *Comus*.

En hic in roseis latet papillis.—CATULLUS.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.—GRAY: *Elegy*.

There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.—POPE: *Rape of the Lock*.

In distant wilds, by human eye unseen,
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.—YOUNG.

And, like the desert's lily, bloom to fade.—SHENSTONE: *Elegy IV*.

Nor waste their sweetness on the desert air.—CHURCHILL, *Gotham*.

Which else had wasted in the desert air.

LLOYD: *Ode at Westminster School.*

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.—GRAY: *Elegy*.

And left the world to wretchedness and me.—MOSS: *Beggar's Petition*.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest, &c.—*The Wish.*

Doubtless suggested to ROGERS by the lines in GRAY'S Elegy:—

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed, &c.

The bloom of young desire and purple light of love.—GRAY.

Lumenque juventæ purpureum.—VIRGIL. *Æn.* I. 590.

And quaff the *pendent vintage* as it grows.

GRAY: *Alliance of Education and Government.*

For this expression GRAY was indebted to VIRGIL:—

Non eadem arboribus *pendet vindemia* nostris, &c.—*Georg.* ii. 89.

The attic warbler pours her throat.—GRAY: *Ode to Spring.*

Is it for thee the linnet pours her throat?—POPE: *Essay on Man.*

GRAY says concerning the blindness of Milton,—

He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

(DR. JOHNSON remarks that if we suppose the blindness caused by study in the formation of his poem, this account is poetically true and happily imagined.)

HERMIAS, a Galatian writer of the second century, says of Homer's blindness,—

When Homer resolved to write of Achilles, he had an exceeding desire to fill his mind with a just idea of so glorious a hero: wherefore, having paid all due honors at his tomb, he entreats that he may obtain a sight of him. The hero grants his poet's petition, and rises in a glorious suit of armor, which cast so insufferable a splendor that Homer lost his eyes while he gazed for the enlargement of his notions.

(POPE says if this be any thing more than mere fable, one would be apt to imagine it insinuated his contracting a blindness by too intense application while he wrote the Iliad.)

HUME'S sarcastic fling at the clergy in a note to the first volume of his history is not original. He says,—

The ambition of the clergy can often be satisfied only by promoting ignorance, and superstition, and implicit faith, and pious frauds; and having got what Archimedes only wanted,—another world on which he could fix his engine,—no wonder they move this world at their pleasure.

In DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*, Dorax thus addresses the

Mufti:—

Content you with monopolizing Heaven,
And let this little hanging ball alone;
For, give you but a foot of conscience there,
And you, like Archimedes, toss the globe.

DRYDEN says of the Earl of Shaftesbury,—

David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And Heaven had wanted one immortal song.—*Absalom and Achitophel.*

POPE adopts similar language in addressing his friend Dr. Arbuthnot:—

Friend of my life! which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.

For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.—DRYDEN.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen.—POPE.

Great wits to madness nearly are allied.—DRYDEN: *Abs. and Achit.*

SENECA said, eighteen centuries ago,—

Nullum magnum ingenium absque mistura dementiæ est:—*De Tranquil.*;

and Aristotle had said it before him (*Problemata*).

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—POPE: *Imit. Horace.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT says in his *Woodstock*,—in the scene where Alice Lee, in the presence of Charles II. under the assumed name of Louis Kerneguy,

describes the character she supposes the king to have:—

Kerneguy and his supposed patron felt embarrassed, perhaps from a consciousness that the real Charles fell far short of his ideal character as designed in such glowing colors. In some cases *exaggerated or inappropriate praise becomes the most severe satire.*

Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays.—POPE: *Epistle to Bathurst.*

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.—MILTON.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.—POPE: *Essay on Man.*

And justify the ways of God to man.—MILTON: *Paradise Lost.*

On Butler who can think without just rage,
The glory and the scandal of the age?—OLDHAM: *Satire against Poetry.*

Probably borrowed by POPE in the following lines:—

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
The glory of the priesthood and the shame.—*Essay on Criticism.*

And more true joy Marcellus, exiled, feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.—POPE: *Essay on Man.*

Drawn from BOLINGBROKE, who plagiarized the idea from SENECA, who says,—

O Marcellus, happier when Brutus approved thy exile than when the commonwealth approved thy consulship.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight:
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right—POPE: *Essay on Man*.

Taken from COWLEY:—

His faith perhaps in some nice tenets might
Be wrong: his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?—POPE: *Elegy*.

Imitated from CRASHAWE'S couplet:—

And I,—what is my crime? I cannot tell,
Unless it be a crime to have loved too well.

LAMARTINE, in his *Jocelyn*, has the same expression:—

Est-ce un crime, O mon Dieu, de trop aimer le beau?

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.—*Dunciad.*

This smart piece of antithesis POPE borrowed from QUINCTILIAN, who says,—

Qui stultis eruditi videri volunt; cruditi stulti videntur.

DR. JOHNSON also hurled this missile at Lord Chesterfield, calling him "A lord among wits, and a wit among lords." The earl had offended the rugged lexicographer, whose barbarous manners in company Chesterfield holds up, in his *Letters to his son*, as things to be avoided.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.—POPE: *Rape of the Lock*.

This has a strong affinity with a passage in HOWELL'S *Letters*:—

'Tis a powerful sex: they were too strong for the first, for the strongest, and for the wisest man that was: they must needs be strong, when *one hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen*.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made.—
GOLDSMITH: *Deserted Vil.*

Probably from DE CAUX, an old French poet, who says,—

——————— C'est un verre qui luit,
Qu'un souffle peut détruire, et qu'un souffle a produit.

Kings are like stars,—they rise and set,—*they have*
The worship of the world, but no repose.—SHELLEY: *Hellas*.

Stolen from LORD BACON:—

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and *which have much veneration, but no rest.—Of Empire.*

BURKE, in speaking of the morals of France prior to the Revolution, says,—

Vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

This statement—the falsity of which is apparent—is disproved by a score of contradictions. Let Lord Bacon suffice:—

Another [of the Rabbins] noteth a position in moral philosophy, that men abandoned to vice do not so much

corrupt manners as those that are half good and half evil. —*Advancement of Learning.*

Things not to be trusted:—

A bright sky,
A smiling master,
The cry of a dog,
A harlot's sorrow.

Howitt's Literature and Romance of Northern Europe.

Grant I may never be so fond
To trust man in his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping.
Apemantus' Grace.—Timon of Athens.

The collocation of dogs and harlots in both passages is very remarkable.

All human race, from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguised by art, pursue.
WARTON: *Universal Love of Pleasure*, 1748.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru.
DR. JOHNSON: *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 1749.

SHAKSPEARE'S dreamy Dane says,—

Man delights not me, nor woman neither.

A sentiment very nearly expressed in HORACE'S Ode to Venus:—

Me nec femina, nec puer,
Jam nec spes animi credula mutui.
Nec certare juvat mero, &c.—*Lib. IV.*

(As for me, neither woman, nor youth, nor the fond hope

of mutual inclination, &c. delight me.)

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage,
Which God and nature do with actors fill;
Kings have their entrance with due equipage,
And some their parts play well, and others ill.
THOMAS HEYWOOD: *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his life plays many parts.
SHAKSPEARE: *As You Like It.*

PALLADAS, a Greek poet of the third century, has the following, translated by Merivale:—

This life a theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through and make a farce of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

PYTHAGORAS, who lived nearly two centuries later, also said,—

This world is like a stage whereon many play their parts.

Among the epigrams of PALLADAS may be found the original of a modern saw, the purport of which is that an ignoramus, by maintaining a prudent silence, may pass for a wise man:—

Πᾶς τις ἀπαιδευτος φρονιμώτατος ἔστι σιωπῶν.

SHAKSPEARE uses it in the *Merchant of Venice*:—

O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing.—*Act I. Sc. 1.*

We come crying hither:
Thou knowest the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and cry.——
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—*King Lear, IV. 6.*

Tum porro puer,——
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est
Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum.
LUCRETIUS: *De Rer. Nat.*

The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns.—*Hamlet, Act III.*

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc unde negant redire quemquam.—CATULLUS.

A similar form of expression occurs in the Book of Job, x. 21, and xvi. 22; but it is probable, from this and other passages, that Shakspeare's acquaintance with the Latin writers was greater than has been generally supposed. One of the commentators on Hamlet, in pointing out the similarity of ideas in the lines commencing, "The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn," &c. (*Act I.*) and the hymn of St. Ambrose in the Salisbury collection,—

Preco diei jam sonat,
Noctis profundæ pervigil;
Nocturna lux viantibus,
A nocte noctem segregans.
Hoc excitatus Lucifer,
Solvit polum caligine;
Hoc omnis errorum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit.
Gallo canente spes redit, &c.,

has the following remark. "Some future Dr. Farmer

may, perhaps, show how Shakspeare became acquainted with this passage, without being able to read the original; for the resemblance is too close to be accidental. But this, with many other passages, and especially his original Latinisms of phrase, give evidence enough of a certain degree of acquaintance with Latin,—doubtless not familiar nor scholar-like, but sufficient to give a coloring to his style, and to open to him many treasures of poetical thought and diction not accessible to the merely English reader. Such a degree of acquirement might well appear low to an accomplished Latinist like Ben Jonson, and authorize him to say of his friend,—

Though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek;—

yet the very mention of his 'small Latin' indicates that Ben knew that he had some."

Mr. Fox, the orator, remarked on one occasion that Shakspeare must have had some acquaintance with Euripides, for he could trace resemblances between passages of their dramas: e.g. what Alcestis in her last moments says about her servants is like what the dying Queen Katharine (in *Henry the Eighth*) says about hers, &c.

That Shakspeare "may often be tracked in the snow" of TERENCE, as Dryden remarks of Ben Jonson, is evident from the following:—

Master, it is no time to chide you now:
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love hath touched you, naught remains but so,—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.—*Taming of the Shrew, I. 1.*

The last line is manifestly an alteration of the words of Parmeno in *The Eunuch* of TERENCE:—

Quid agas, nisi ut *te redimas captum quam queas minimo*?—*Act I. Sc. 1.*

In another play TERENCE says,—

Facile omnes, cum valemus, recta consilia, ægrotis damus; Tu si hic sis, aliter censeas.—*Andrian XI. 1.*

SHAKSPEARE has it,—

Men
Can counsel and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion.

.tb

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.—*Much Ado about Nothing, V. 1.*

Apropos of this sentiment, SWIFT says,—

I never knew a man who could not bear the misfortunes of others with the most Christian resignation.—*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

And LA ROCHEFOUCAULD,—

We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others.—*Max. 20.*

Falstaff says, in 1 Henry IV. ii. 4,—

For though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears.

Shakspeare evidently here parodied an expression in SIR JOHN LYLY's *Euphues*:—

Though the camomile, the more it is trodden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth; yet the violet, the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decaieth.

Two verses in *Titus Andronicus* appear to have pleased Shakspeare so well that he twice subsequently closely copied them:—

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed,
She is a woman, therefore may be won.—*Titus Andron. II. 1.*

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.—*First Part Henry VI., V. 3.*

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?—*Richard III., I. 2.*

Though Shakspeare has drawn freely from others, he is himself a mine from which many builders have quarried their materials,—a Coliseum

"from whose mass
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared."

Honor and shame from no condition rise:
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.—POPE: *Essay on Man.*

This is only a new rendering of the thought thus expressed by Shakspeare:—

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed.—*All's Well that Ends Well, II. 3.*

Let rusty steel a while be sheathed,
And all those harsh and rugged sounds

Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,
Exchanged to love's more gentle style.—*Hudibras, P. II. c. 1.*

Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.—*Richard III, I. 1.*

The military figure of Shakspeare's musical lines,—

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and on thy cheeks,
And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.—*Romeo and Juliet, V. 3,*

is closely imitated by CHAMBERLAIN:—

The rose had lost
His ensign in her cheeks; and tho' it cost
Pains nigh to death, the lily had alone
Set his pale banners up.—*Pharonidas.*

A dream
Dreamed by a happy man, while the dark cast
Is slowly brightening to his bridal morn.—TENNYSON.

Copied from the *Merchant of Venice*:—

Then music is
As those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear
And summon him to marriage.—III. 2.

How can we expect another to keep our secret if we cannot keep it ourselves?—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, *Max. 90.*

Toute révélation d'un secret est la faute de celui qui l'a confié.—LA BRUYERE: *De la Société.*

I have played the fool, the gross fool, to believe

The bosom of a friend would hold a secret
Mine own could not contain.—MASSINGER: *Unnatural Combat, V. 2.*

Ham.—Do not believe it.

Ros.—Believe what?

Ham.—That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
SHAKSPEARE: *Hamlet, IV. 2.*

Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self mettle tires him.—*Henry VIII.* I. 1.

Let passion work, and, like a hot-reined horse,
'Twill quickly tire itself.—MASSINGER: *Unnatural Combat.*

Is this the Talbot so much feared abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?—*Henry VI.* II. 3.

Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name
Be longer used to lull the crying babe.—DRYDEN: *Don Sebastian.*

Chili's dark matrons long shall tame
The froward child with Bertram's name.—SCOTT: *Rokeby.*

It were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing by perpetual motion.—*Henry IV., Second Part*, I. 2.

Reversed by BYRON:—

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock.—*Giaour.*

'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus.—*Cymbeline.*

No lips did seem so fair
In his conceit—through which he thinks doth fly
So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air.
MARSTON:
Pygmalion's
Image.

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.—*2 Henry VI.*
III. 2.

I'm armed with more than complete steel—
The justice of my quarrel.—MARLOWE: *Lust's Dominion.*

All that glisters is not gold.—*Merchant of Venice*, II.

Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme.
SPENSER: *Faerie*
Queene,
II.

Double, double, toil and trouble.—*Macbeth.*

Πόνος, πόνῳ, πόνον, φέρει.—SOPHOCLES: *Ajax.*

We shall not look upon his like again.—*Hamlet*, I.

Quando ullum inveniet parem?—HORACE.

None but himself can be his parallel.—THEOBALD.

Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse.—SENECA: *Hercules Furens.*

The following song from SHAKSPEARE'S *Measure for Measure*, commencing as follows, is copied *verbatim* in BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S *Bloody Brother*:—

Take, O! take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

The following line occurs both in POPE'S *Dunciad* and ADDISON'S *Campaign*:—

Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

BEN JONSON borrowed his celebrated ballad *To Celia*,—

Drink to me only with thine eyes, &c.,

from PHILOSTRATUS, a Greek poet, who flourished at the court of the Emperor Severus.

In MILTON'S description of the lazar-house occurs the following confused metaphor:—

Sight so deform what *heart of rock* could long
Dry-eyed behold?

Derived from a similar combination in TIBULLUS:—

Flebis; non tua sunt duro præcordia ferro
Vincta, nec in tenero stat tibi *corde silex*.—*El. I. 63.*

When Christ, at Cana's feast, by power divine,
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gushed,

The bashful water saw its God and blushed.—AARON HILL.

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.[33]—RICHARD CRASHAWE.

Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store,
And he that cares for most shall find no more.—HALL.

His wealth is summed, and this is all his store:
This poor men get, and great men get no more.
G. WEBSTER: *Vittoria Corombona*.

God made the country, and man made the town.—
COWPER: *Task*.

God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.—
COWLEY.

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
May claim this merit still,—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.—COWPER: *Task*.

Le vice rend hommage à la vertu en s'honorant de ses apparences.—MASSILLON.

Love is sweet
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever;
They who inspire it most are fortunate,
As I am now; but those who feel it most
Are happier still.—SHELLEY: *Prometheus Unbound*.

It is better to desire than to enjoy, to love than to be loved.
—

It makes us proud when our love of a mistress is returned: it ought to make us prouder still when we can love her for

herself alone, without the aid of any such selfish reflection. This is the religion of love.—HAZLITT: *Characteristics*.

People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.—STERNE: *Koran*.

Preserving the health by too strict a regimen is a wearisome malady.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Max. 285*.

The king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,—

* * * * *

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.—BURNS.

I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal bettor or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears.

WYCHERLY: *Plain Dealer*.

Titles of honor are like the impressions on coin, which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.—STERNE: *Koran*.

Kings do with men as with pieces of money: they give them what value they please, and we are obliged to receive them at their current, and not at their real, value.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Max. 160*.

KOSSUTH'S "To him that wills, nothing is impossible,"[34] is thus expressed by LA ROCHEFOUCAULD:—

Nothing is impossible: there are ways which lead to every thing; and if we had sufficient will, we should always have sufficient means.—*Max. 255*.

SHELLEY gives the idea as follows:—

It is our will
That thus enchains us to permitted ill.
We might be otherwise: we might be all
We dream of, happy, high, majestical.
Where is the beauty, love, and truth we seek
But in our minds? and if we were not weak,
Should we be less in deed than in desire?
Julian and Maddolo.

To most men, experience is like the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.—COLERIDGE.

We arrive complete novices at the different ages of life, and we often want experience in spite of the number of our years.—LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Max. 430.*

The same idea may be found in the *Adelphi* of TERENCE, Act V. Sc. 2, v. 1–4.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.—*Hudibras.*

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.—SIR JOHN MINNES.

But DEMOSTHENES, the famous Grecian orator, had said, long before,—

Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχήσεται.

She could love none but only such
As scorned and hated her as much.—*Hudibras.*

HORACE, in describing such a capricious kind of love, uses the following language:—

—Leporem venator ut alta
In nive sectatur, positum sic tangere nolit;

Cantat et apponit: meus est amor huic similis; nam
Transvolat in medio posita, et fugientia captat.—*Satires*,
Book I. ii.,

which is nearly a translation of the eleventh epigram of CALLIMACHUS.

What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
POPE: *Essay on Criticism*.

MOLIÈRE has the same sentiment:—

Tous les discours sont des sottises
Partant d'un homme sans éclat;
Ce seraient paroles exquises,
Si c'était un grand qui parlat.

It may also be found in ENNIUS, EURIPIDES, and other writers. The last notability who has expressed the idea is EMERSON, who says,—

It adds a great deal to the force of an opinion to know that there is a man of mark and likelihood behind it.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it *their abode*:—
We *tread the billows* with a steady foot.—WALLER.

CAMPBELL adopts the thoughts of these italicized words in the *Mariners of England*:—

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is on the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me.—TENNYSON: *Princess*.

And like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts.
LONGFELLOW: *Spanish Student*.

You must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
You must either serve or govern,
Must be slave or must be sovereign;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge.—GOETHE.

In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer.
LONGFELLOW: *Hyperion*.

Lockhart says, in his Life of Sir Walter Scott, "It was on this occasion, I believe, that Scott first saw his friend's brother Reginald (HEBER), in after-days the Apostolic Bishop of Calcutta. He had just been declared the successful competitor for that year's poetical prize, and read to Scott at breakfast, in Brazennose College, the MS. of his *Palestine*. Scott observed that in the verses on Solomon's Temple one striking circumstance had escaped him, namely, that no tools were used in its erection. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines,—

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung:
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!" &c.

COWPER had previously expressed the same idea:—

Silently as a dream the fabric rose:
No sound of hammer nor of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, &c.—*Palace of Ice.*

MILTON had also said,—

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation.—*Paradise Lost.*

Speech is the light, the morning of the mind:
It spreads the beauteous images abroad
Which else lie furled and shrouded in the soul.—

DRYDEN evidently had in mind the language of THEMISTOCLES to the King of Persia:—

Speech is like cloth of arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but in packs (*i.e.* rolled up, or packed up).

Silence that *spoke*, and eloquence of eyes.—POPE: *Homer's Iliad*, Book XIV.

VOLTAIRE, in his *Œdipus*, makes Jocasta say,—

Tout *parle* contre nous, jusqu'à notre *silence*.

In MILTON'S *Samson Agonistes* we find,—

The deeds themselves, though *mute*, *spoke loud* the doer.

"A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW."

A similar thought may be found in DANTE:—

——nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.—*Inferno*, Canto v. 121.

(There is no greater pain than to recall a happy time in

wretchedness.)

Also CHAUCER:—

For of Fortune's sharpe adversite
The worst kind of infortune is this:
A man to have been in prosperite
And it remember when it passid is.
Troilus and Cresside, B. III.

The same thought occurs in the writings of other Italian poets. See MARINO, *Adone*, c. xiv.; FORTINGUERRA, *Ricciardetto*, c. xi.; and PETRARCH, *canzone 46*. The original was probably in BOETIUS, *de Consol. Philosoph.*:—

In omni adversitate fortunæ infeliCissimum genus est infortunii fuisse felicem et non esse.—L. ii. pr. 4.

The famous pun in the imitation of CRABBE in the *Rejected Addresses*:—

The youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the *felt*, and *felt* what he regained,

and of HOLMES in his *Urania*:—

Mount the new Castor:—ice itself will melt;
Boots, gloves, may fail; the hat is always *felt*,

had been anticipated by THOMAS HEYWOOD in a song:—

But of all *felts* that may be *felt*,
Give me your English beaver.

FALSTAff'S pun:—

Indeed I am in the *waist* two yards about; but I am now about no *waste*; I am about thrift,—(*Merry Wives of Windsor.*)

had also been anticipated, and may be found in HEYWOOD'S "*Epigrammes*," 1562:—

"Where am I least, husband?" Quoth he, "In the *waist*;
Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait-laced.
Where am I biggest, wife?" "In the *waste*," quoth she,
"For all is *waste* in you, as far as I see."

The same play on the word occurs subsequently in SHIRLEY'S comedy of *The Wedding*, 1629:—

He is a great man indeed; something given to the *waist*, for he lives within no *reasonable compass*.

MOORE, in his song *Dear Harp of my Country*, sings,—

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
  Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
  And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own;—

an idea probably caught from HORACE'S Ode to Melpomene:—

Totum muneris hoc tui est,
  Quod monstror digito prætereuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyræ:
  Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

(That I am pointed out by the fingers of passers-by as the stringer of the Roman lyre, is entirely thy gift: that I breathe and give pleasure, if I do give pleasure, is thine.)

Now, by those stars that glance
O'er Heaven's still expanse,
Weave we our mirthful dance,
  Daughters of Zea!—MOORE: *Evenings in Greece*.

  Beneath the moonlight sky
  The festal warblings flowed

Where maidens to the Queen of Heaven
Wove the gay dance.—KEBLE: *Christian Year*.

Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lassies, O.
BURNS: *Green Grow, &c.*

Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.—*Cupid's Whirligig* (1607).

A book, upon whose leaves some chosen plants
By his own hand disposed with nicest care,
In undecaying beauty were preserved;—
Mute register, to him, of time and place
And various fluctuations in the breast;
To her a monument of faithful love
Conquered, and in tranquillity retained.
WORDSWORTH:
Excursion.

Like flower-leaves in a precious volume stored,
To solace and relieve
Some heart too weary of the restless world.—KEBLE:
Christian Year.

Her pretty feet,
Like smiles, did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.—HERRICK.

Imitated by SIR JOHN SUCKLING in his ballad of *The Wedding*:—

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But, oh, she dances such a way,

No sun upon an Easter day
  Is half so fine a sight!

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.
BYRON: *On the Death of Kirke White.*

WALLER says, in his *Lines to a Lady singing a song of his own composing,*—

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
  Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own
  Wherewith he'd wont to soar so high.

MOORE uses the same figure:—

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers plucked to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart.—
Corruption.

The original in *The Myrmidons* of ESCHYLUS has been thus translated:—

An eagle once,—so Libyan legends say,—
Struck to the heart, on earth expiring lay,
And, gazing on the shaft that winged the blow,
Thus spoke:—"Whilst others' ills from others flow,
To my own plumes, alas! my fate I owe."

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
  In every fragment multiplies, and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
  The same, and still the more, the more it breaks.

BYRON: *Childe Harold*.

Suggested by the following passage:—

And as Praxiteles did by his glass when he saw a scurvy face in it, brake it to pieces, but for that one he saw many more as bad in a moment.

BURTON: *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part II., Sect. 3, (mem. 7.)

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others, all she loves is love, &c.—BYRON: *Don Juan*.

Borrowed from LA ROCHEFOUCAULD:—

Dans les premières passions les femmes aiment l'amant; dans les autres elles aiment l'amour.—*Max. 494.*

In the same place BYRON adds:—

Although, no doubt, her first of love-affairs
Is that to which her heart is wholly granted,
Yet there are some, they say, who have had *none*;
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.

And in some observations upon an article in Blackwood's Magazine, he says,—

Writing grows a habit, like a woman's gallantry. There are women who have had no intrigue, but few who have had but one only: so there are millions of men who have never written a book, but few who have written only one.

This idea is also borrowed from LA ROCHEFOUCAULD:—

On peut trouver des femmes qui n'ont jamais eu de galanterie; mais il est rare d'en trouver qui n'en aient jamais eu qu'une.—*Max. 73.*

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state,
An hour may lay it in the dust.—BYRON: *Childe Harold.*

Cento si richieggono ad edificare; un solo basta per distruggere tutto.—MURATORI'S *Annals*.

Even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are formed.—*Childe Harold.*

Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engendered in the slime thou leav'st behind.—DRYDEN: *The Medal.*

I am not altogether of such clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.—*Childe Harold.*

The gods, a kindness I with thanks repay,
Had formed me of another sort of clay.—CHURCHILL.

What exile from himself can flee?
To zones though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life,—the demon Thought.—*Childe Harold.*

Patriæ quis exul se quoque fugit?—HORACE: *Ode to Grosphus*.

Vide also Epist. XI. 28.

To-morrow for the Moon we depart,
But not to-night,—to-night is for the heart.—BYRON: *The Island.*

Nunc vino pellite curas;
Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.—HORACE: *Ode to Munatius Plancus*.

(Now drown your cares in wine;
To-morrow we shall traverse the great brine.)

DRYDEN, alluding to his work, says,—

When it was only a confused mass of thoughts *tumbling* over one another in the dark; when the fancy was yet in its *first work*, moving the *sleeping images of things* towards the light, there to be distinguished, and there either to be *chosen* or rejected by the *judgment*.—*Rival Ladies* (1664).

BYRON thus appropriates the idea:—

——As yet 'tis but a chaos
Of darkly brooding thoughts; my fancy is
In her *first work*, more nearly to the light
Holding *the sleeping images of things*
For the selection of the pausing judgment.—*Doge of Venice*, I. 2.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.—BYRON: *Don Juan*.

RICHARDSON had said, long before,—

Indeed, it is to this deep concern that my levity is owing; for I struggle and struggle, and try to buffet down my cruel reflections as they rise; and when I cannot, *I am forced to try to make myself laugh that I may not cry*; for one or other I must do: and is it not philosophy carried to the highest pitch for a man to conquer such tumults of soul as I am sometimes agitated by, and in the very height of the storm to quaver out a horse-laugh?

Clarissa Harlowe, Let. 84.

In the *Antiquary* of Sir WALTER SCOTT, Maggie says to Oldbuck of Monkbarns (ch. xi.):—

It's no fish ye're buying, its men's lives.

TOM HOOD, appears to have borrowed this idea in the *Song of the Shirt*:—

It is not linen you're wearing out.
But human creatures' lives.

In ROGERS' poem, *Human Life* is this couplet describing a good wife:—

A guardian angel o'er his hearth presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

In the *Tatler*, No. 49, it is said of a model couple, Amanda and Florio, that "their satisfactions are doubled, their sorrows lessened, by participation."

Of the buccaneering adventurer described in *Rokeby*, Sir WALTER SCOTT says:—

Inured to danger's direst form,
Tornade and earthquake, flood and storm,
Death had he seen by sudden blow,
By wasting plague, by torture slow,
By mine or breach, by steel or ball,
Knew all his shapes and scorned them all.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH, in a letter to his wife on the eve, as he supposed, of his execution, speaks of himself as "one who, in his own respect, despiseth death in all his misshapen and ugly forms."

Speaking of Burke, GOLDSMITH says in his *Retaliation*:—

Who, born for universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

POPE, in his Last Letter to the Bishop of Rochester, (Atterbury,) said:—

At this time, when you are cut off from a little society and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be, blest.—POPE.

Nous no jouissons jamais; nous espérons toujours.—MASSILLON, *Sermon pour le Jour de St. Benoit.*

The jocular saying of DOUGLAS JERROLD, that a wife of forty should, like a bank-note, be exchangeable for *two* of twenty, was anticipated by BYRON:—

Wedded she was some years, and to a man
  Of fifty, and such husbands are in plenty;
And yet, I think, instead of such a *one*
  'Twere better to have two of five-and-twenty.
Don Juan, lxii.

And still earlier by GAY in *Equivocation*. In the colloquy between a bishop and an abbot, the bishop advises:—

These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay tongues to give us scandal
For your vow's sake, this rule I give t'ye,
Let all your maids be *turned of fifty*.

The priest replied, I have not swerved,
But your chaste precept well observed;
That lass full *twenty-five* has told;
I've yet another who's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast,
So *both* my maids have *fifty* past.

Many readers will remember the lines by BURNS, commencing:—

The day returns, my bosom burns,
  The blissful day we twa did meet;
Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
  Ne'er summer morn was half sae sweet.

The turn of thought in this stanza bears a striking resemblance to the concluding lines of Ode cxi., of M. A. FLAMINIUS. The following translation is close enough to point the resemblance:—

When, borne on Zephyr's balmy wing
Again returns the purple spring
Instant the mead is gay with flowers
The forest smiles, and through its bowers
Once more the song-bird's tuneful voice
Bids nature everywhere rejoice.
Yet fairer far and far more gay
To me were winter's darkest day,
So, blessed thenceforth, it should restore
My loved one to my arms once more.

MOORE says:—

Let conquerors boast
Their fields of fame—he who in virtue's arms
A young warm spirit against beauty's charms
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall
Is the best, bravest conqueror of all.

HOWELL in the Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ says:—

Alexander subdued the world—Cæsar his enemies—Hercules monsters—but he that overcomes himself is the true valiant captain.

Brutus says, in SHAKSPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar*, iv., 3:—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

In BACON'S *Advancement of Learning*, B. 2, occurs this passage:—

In the third place, I set down reputation, because of the peremptory tides and currents it hath, which, if they be not taken in due time, are seldom recovered, it being extreme hard to play an after game of reputation.

King Henry says, in SHAKSPEARE'S 2 Hen. VI., i. 1:—

O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.

GEORGE HERBERT says:—

Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.

VITRUVIUS says:—There are various kinds of timber, as there are various kinds of flesh; one of men, one of fishes, one of beasts, and another of birds.

ST. PAUL says:—All flesh is not the same flesh, &c., I Cor. xv. 39.

In COVENTRY PATMORE'S delicately beautiful poem, *The Angel in the House*, twice occurs the line,—

Her pleasure in her power to charm.

"An exquisite line," says *The Critic*: "who could have believed that the ugly and often unjust word *vanity* could ever be melted down into so true and pretty and flattering a periphrasis?" THACKERAY uses the

same idea:—

A fair young creature, bright and blooming yesterday, distributing smiles, levying homage, inspiring desire, conscious of her power to charm, and gay with the natural enjoyments of her conquests—who, in his walk through the world, has not looked on many such a one? *The Newcomes.*

E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from its airy tread. SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake.*

For other print her airy steps ne'er left;
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass.
BEN JONSON, *The Sad Shepherd.*

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism.*

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam, xxvii.*

Magis gauderes quod habueras [amicum], quam mœreres quod amiseras.

SENECA, *Epist. cxix.*

The familiar epitaphic line,

Think what a woman should be—she was that,

finds a parallel in SHAKSPEARE'S *Venus and Adonis*:—

Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

And homeless, near a thousand homes, I stood,
And, near a thousand tables, pined and wanted food.
WORDSWORTH, *Guilt and Sorrow*.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full
  Home she had none. HOOD, *Bridge of Sighs*.

So that a doubt almost within me springs
Of Providence. WORDSWORTH, *Powers of Imagination*.

Even God's Providence seeming estranged.
HOOD, *Bridge of Sighs*.

  Not that man may not here
    Taste of the cheer:
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head;
  So must he sip and think
    Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.
GEORGE HERBERT, *Man's Medley*.

Look at the chicken by the side of yonder pond, and let it rebuke your ingratitude. It drinks, and every sip it takes it lifts its head to heaven and thanks the giver of the rain for the drink afforded to it; while thou eatest and drinkest, and there is no blessing pronounced at thy meals and no thanksgiving bestowed upon thy Father for his bounty.

SPURGEON, *Everybody's Sermon*.

TOPLADY has bequeathed to us the beautiful hymn: —

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

But DANIEL BREVINT in *The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice*, (1673) had made this devout and solemn aspiration:—

O Rock of Israel, Rock of Salvation, Rock struck and cleft for me, let those two streams of blood and water, which once gushed out of thy side ... bring down with them salvation and holiness into my soul.

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast Solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. MACAULAY, *Ranke's History of the Popes*.

The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will perhaps be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Baalbec and Palmyra:—but am I not prophesying contrary to my consummate prudence, and casting horoscopes of empires like Rousseau?

HORACE WALPOLE, *Letter to Mason*.

Readers of *Don Juan* sometimes descant with rapture on the beauty of the lines (c. i. v. 123),—

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home,—

The epithet *deep-mouthed*, as applied to the bark,

being especially designated as “fine.” And fine it is, but BYRON found it in SHAKSPEARE and in GOLDSMITH:—

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.
Taming of the Shrew, Induc. Sc. 1.

The laborers of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog at hollow distance.

Vicar of Wakefield, ch. xxii.

“Your sermon,” said a great critic to a great preacher, “was very fine; but had it been only half the length, it would have produced twice the impression.” “You are quite right,” was the reply; “but the fact is, I received but sudden notice to preach, and therefore *I had not the time to make my sermon short.*”

VOLTAIRE apologized for writing a long letter on the ground that he had not time to condense. In these cases the idea is borrowed from classical literature. PLINY says in his *Letters* (lib. i. ep. xx.):—

Ex his apparet illum permulta dixisse; quum ederet, omisisse; ... ne dubitare possimus, quæ per plures dies, ut necesse erat, latius dixerit, postea recisa ac purgata in unum librum, grandem quidem, unum tamen, coarctasse.

(From this it is evident that he said very much; but, when he was publishing, he omitted much: ... so that we may not doubt that what he said more diffusely, as he was at the time forced to do, having afterwards retrenched and corrected, he condensed into one single book.)

The condensation and revision required more time

and thought than the first production.

CAMPBELL says in *O'Connor's Child*,—

For man's neglect we loved it more.

And again, *Lines on leaving a Scene in Bavaria*,—

For man's neglect I love thee more.

And WALTER SCOTT likewise imitates himself thus:—

His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
Forced the red blood drop from the nail.
Rokeby. Canto i.

He wrung the Earl's hand with such frantic earnestness, that his grasp
forced the blood to start under the nail.—*Legend of Montrose.*

In *Rob Roy*, Sir Walter makes Frank Osbaldistone say in his elegy on Edward the Black Prince,—

O for the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne,
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall.

And in *Marmion*, toward the close of Canto Sixth, he says:—

O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Rowland brave, and Oliver,
And every paladin and peer,

On Roncesvalles died.

When this inadvertent or unconscious coincidence in the poem and the novel was pointed out to Sir Walter, he replied, with his natural expression of comic gravity, "Ah! that *was very careless* of me. I did not think I should have committed such a blunder."

"I tread on the pride of Plato," said Diogenes, as he walked over Plato's carpet. "Yes, and with more pride," said Plato. —CECIL, *Remains*.

Trampling on Plato's pride, with greater pride,
As did the Cynic on some like occasion, &c.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, xvi. 43.

Diogenes I hold to be the most vainglorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honors than Alexander in rejecting none.

BROWNE, *Religio Medici*.

There is an Italian proverb used, in the extravagance of flattery, to compliment a handsome lady, expressive of this idea:—"When nature made thee, she broke the mould." BYRON uses it in the closing lines of his monody on the death of Sheridan:—

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die,—in moulding Sheridan.

SHAKSPEARE also says, in the second stanza of *Venus and Adonis*,—

Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.

(From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step.)

This saying, commonly ascribed to NAPOLEON, was borrowed by him from TOM PAINE, whose works were translated into French in 1791, and who says,—

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.

Tom Paine, in turn, adopted the idea from HUGH BLAIR, who says, in one place,—

It is indeed extremely difficult to hit the precise point where true wit ends and buffoonery begins.

In another,—

It frequently happens that where the second line is sublime, the third, in which he meant to rise still higher, is perfect bombast.

Finally, BLAIR borrowed the saying from LONGINUS, a celebrated Greek critic and rhetorical writer, who, in a Treatise *On the Sublime*, uses the same expression, with this slight modification, that he makes the transition a gradual one, while Blair, Paine, and Napoleon make it but a step.[35]

Evil communications corrupt good manners.—1 Cor. xv. 33.

φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρησθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί.—MENANDER.

Bonos corrumpunt mores congressus mali.—TERTULLIAN: *Ad Uxorem*.

He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.—Eccl. i. 18.

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.—PRIOR.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.—GRAY: *Ode to Eton.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.—POPE: *On Criticism.*

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—BACON: *On Atheism.*

In *Paradise Lost*, Book V. 601, we find the expression —

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;

and in Book I. 261, this powerful passage put in the mouth of Satan:—

Here we may reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

In STAFFORD'S *Niobe*, printed when Milton was in his cradle, (1611,) is the following:—

True it is, sir, (said the Devil,) that I, storming at the name of supremacy, sought to depose my Creator; which the watchful, all-seeing eye of Providence finding, degraded me of my angelic dignities—dispossessed me of all pleasures; and the seraphs and cherubs, the *Throne*, *Dominations*, *Virtues*, *Powers*, *Princedoms*, Arch Angels, and all the Celestial Hierarchy, with a shout of applause, sung my departure out of Heaven. My alleluia was turned into an eheu. Now, forasmuch as I was an Angel of Light, it was the will of Wisdom to confine me to Darkness and make me Prince thereof. So that I, that could not obey in Heaven, might command in Hell; and, believe me, I had *rather rule within my dark domain than to re-inhabit Cœlum empyream, and there live in subjection under check, a slave of*

the Most High.

Cæsar said he would rather be the first man in a village than the second man in Rome.

A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.—GARRICK.

I would help others out of a fellow-feeling.—BURTON: *Anat. of Mel.*

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.—VIRGIL: *Æn.* I.

And learn the luxury of doing good.—GOLDSMITH: *Traveller*.

For all their luxury was doing good.—GARTH: *Claremont*.

He tried the luxury of doing good.—CRABBE: *Tales*.

The cups that cheer but not inebriate.—COWPER: *Winter Evening*.

Tar water is of a nature so mild and benign, and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate,—BISHOP BERKELEY: *Siris*.

The dome of thought, the palace of the soul.—Byron: Childe Harold.

Tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade,
And keeps the palace of the soul.—WALLER: *On Tea*.

None knew thee but to love thee.—HALLECK: *On Drake*.

To know her was to love her.—ROGERS: *Jacqueline*.

Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves.—BLAIR: *Grave*.

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres.
POPE: *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.—GRAY: *Elegy*.

And pilgrim, newly on his road, with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.—DANTE, *Cary's Trans.*

Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.—GRAY: *Elegy*.

Yet in our ashen cold is fire yrecken.—CHAUCER.

Ἐάσατ' ἤδη γῇ καλυφθῆναι νεκρούς,
ὅθεν δ' ἕκαστον εἰς το ζῆν ἀφίκετο
ἐνταῦθ' ἀπελθεῖν· ΠΝΕΥΜΑ μὲν πρὸς ΑΙΘΕΡΑ
τὸ σῶμα δ' εἰς ΓΗΝ.—EURIPIDES: *Supplices*.

(Let the dead be concealed in the earth, whence each one came forth into being, to return thence again—the spirit to the SPIRIT'S SOURCE, but the body to the EARTH.)

The resemblance between the above and the beautiful expression in the "Preacher's" homily is very remarkable:—

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.—Eccles. xii. 7.

Ἐπάμεροι, τί δέ τις· τί δ' οὔ τις·
Σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωποι.—PINDAR.

(Things of a day! What is any one? What is he not? Men are the dream of a shadow.)

Man's life is but a dream—nay, less than so,
A shadow of a dream.—SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Where highest woods, impenetrable
To sun or starlight, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening.—MILTON.

The shades of eve come slowly down,

The woods are wrapped in deeper brown.—SCOTT: *Lady of the Lake*.

The term *brown*, applied to the evening shade, is derived from the Italian, the expression "*fa l'imbruno*" being commonly used in Italy to denote the approach of evening.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore;
And coming events cast their shadows before.
CAMPBELL: *Lochiel's Warning*.

Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic *shadows which futurity casts upon the present*.—SHELLEY: *Defence of Poetry*.

A similar form of expression occurs in PAUL'S Epistle to the Hebrews, x. 1.

The wolfs long howl by Oonalaska's shore.
CAMPBELL: *Pleasures of Hope*.

Stolen from a line in an obscure poem called the *Sentimental Sailor*:—

The screaming eagle's shriek that echoes wild,
The wolf's long howl in dismal concert joined, &c.

Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower
That Time had spared, *forth from the window looks,*
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;
While *from above, the owl*, musician dire,
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.
BRUCE: *Loch Leven*.

In the *Fragments* attributed to OSSIAN by Baron de Harold, Fingal paints the following beautiful word-

picture:—

I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they are desolate: the flames had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more; the stream of Cutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls; the thistle shoots there its lowly head; the moss whistled to the winds; *the fox looked out of the windows, and the rank grass of the walls waved round his head*; desolate is the dwelling of Morna: silence is in the house of her fathers.

And again:—

The dreary night *owl screams* in the solitary retreat of his mouldering ivy-covered *tower*.—*Larnul, the Song of Despair.*

The Persian poet quoted by Gibbon also says,—

The spider hath hung with tapestry the palace of the Cæsars; the owl singeth her sentinel-song in the watch-towers of Afrasiab.—FIRDOUSI.

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you in pity
Disclose the secret——
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be?—BLAIR: *Grave*.

The dead! the much-loved dead!
  Who doth not yearn to know
The secret of their dwelling-place,
  And to what land they go?
What heart but asks, with ceaseless tone,
For some sure knowledge of its *own*?—MARY E. LEE.

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body. —FULLER.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.—WALLER: *Divine Poesie*.

Oh! let no mass be sung,
No ritual read;
In silence lay me down
Among the dead.—HEINE: *Memento Mori*.

The great German poet was evidently familiar with Horace:—

Absint inani funere næniæ,
Luctusque turpes et querimoniæ;
Compesce clamorem, ac sepulchri
Mitte supervacuos honores.—Lib. II. Carmen 26.

I am old and blind;
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind:—
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme, to Thee!

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near;
When friends pass by—my weaknesses to shun—
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize Thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear!
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing:
Beneath it I am almost sacred,—here

Can come no evil thing, &c.—ELIZABETH LLOYD.

The resemblance of these lines to the following passage from MILTON'S *Second Defence of the People of England* is so striking that we are inclined to regard them as a paraphrase:—

Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, so long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit, so long as in that obscurity in which I am enveloped the light of Divine Presence more clearly shines. Then in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong; and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. Oh that I may thus be perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity! And indeed in my blindness I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favor of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. Alas for him who insults me, *who maligns and merits public execration*! For the divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack,—not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity, and which, when occasioned, he is wont to illuminate with an interior light more precious and more pure.

In KEBLE'S lines for "St. John's Day" occurs this stanza:—

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
  Wealthy or despised and poor,
What is that to him or thee,
  So his love to CHRIST endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

The first four lines resemble a stanza of WITHER, one of the Roundhead poets (1632):—

Whether thrallèd or exiled,
  Whether poor or rich thou be,
Whether praisèd or reviled,
  Not a rush it is to thee:
This nor that thy rest doth win thee.
But the mind that is within thee.

And the last two lines recall ROBERT BURNS, who had said in his song commencing *Contented wi little, and cantie wi mair:—*

When at the blithe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has passed?

Two centuries before Burns, TASSO said in his *Gerusalemme Liberata* (iii. 4):—

Cosi di naviganti, etc.
... e l'uno all 'altro il mostra e intanto oblia
La noja e il mal della passata via.

Or as Fairfax renders it:—

As when a troop of jolly sailors row, etc.
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

And before dismissing "the billows past," it is worth while to quote the following passage from SPENSER'S *Faery Queene* (I. 9. 40):—

What if some little pain the passage have
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well borne that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

LUCRETIUS says:—

At jam non domus accipiet te læta; neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.

(No longer shall thy joyous home receive thee, nor yet thy best of wives, nor shall thy sweet children run to be the first to snatch thy kisses and thrill thy breast with silent delight.)

Compare GRAY'S Elegy:—

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

And THOMSON'S Seasons (Winter):—

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingled storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home.

The famous speech of WOLSEY after his fall—

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.—

Henry VIII., iii. 2.

finds a counterpart in a satire of the Persian poet FERDOUSI on the Arabian impostor:—

Had I but written as many verses in praise of Mahomet and Allah, they would have showered a hundred blessings on me.

It also finds a parallel in a passage from Ockley's

History of the Saracens—AN. Hegira 54, A. D. 673—

This year Moawiyah deposed Samrah, deputy over Basorah. As soon as Samrah heard this news, he said —"God curse Moawiyah. If I had served God so well as I have served him, he would never have damned me to all eternity."

Our hearts——
——are beating.—
Funeral marches to the grave.—
LONGFELLOW, *Psalm of Life*.

Our lives are but our marches to our graves.—
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Humorous Lieutenant*.

Next these learned Johnson in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring.—DRAYTON.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.—POPE.

Socrates said to some Sophists, who pretended to know everything, "As for me, all I know is that I know nothing."

OWEN FELTHAM, in his *Resolves* (*Curiosity in Knowledge*) remarks:—

Our knowledge doth but show us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny is but a discovery of what we cannot know.

VOLTAIRE, in the *Histoire d'un bon Bramin* says:—

Le Bramin me dit un jour: Je voudrais n'être jamais né. Je lui demandai pourquoi. Il me répondit: J'étudie depuis quarante ans; ce sont quarante années de perdues; j'enseigne les autres, et j'ignore tout.

These lines will remind the reader of the opening soliloquy of Faust in GOETHE'S immortal tragedy.

Bayard Taylor's translation commences as follows:—

I've studied now Philosophy
And Jurisprudence, Medicine,—
And even, alas! Theology,—
From end to end, with labor keen;
And here, poor fool! with all my lore
I stand, no wiser than before:
I'm Magister—yea, Doctor—hight,
And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right,
These ten years long, with many woes,
I've led my scholars by the nose,—
And see, that nothing can be known!

In *The Last Days of Pompeii* (ch. v.) Glaucus, the Athenian, is made to say:—

"I am as one who is left alone at a banquet, the lights dead, and the flowers faded."

Of course, BULWER LYTTON was familiar with *Oft in the Stilly Night*, which Moore had written twenty years before:—

I feel like one who treads alone
  Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed.

Dr. Johnson said that "no one does *anything* for the *last time* (knowingly) but with regret."

In Bishop HALL'S *Holy Observations* (xxvij) is this passage:—

"Nothing is more absurd than that Epicurean resolution, 'Let us eat and drink, to-morrow we die'; as if we were made only for the paunch, and lived that we might live. *Yet has there never any natural man found savour in that meat which he knew should be his last*; whereas they should say:

Let us fast and pray, for to-morrow we shall die."

SHAKSPEREAN RESEMBLANCES.

Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And, with a virtuous vizor, hide deep vice.
RICHARD III., ii. 2.

Oh! what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, iv. 1.

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
MERCHANT OF VENICE, iii. 2.

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrowed;
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
HENRY VI., P. II., iii. 1.

BOLD PLAGIARISM.

Charles Reade, in *The Wandering Heir* reproduces Swift's *Journal of a Modern Lady* in a singular manner. Compare them. Reade says:—

"Mistress Anne Gregory held bad cards; she had to pawn ring after ring—for these ladies, being well acquainted with each other, never played on parole—and she kept bemoaning her bad luck. 'Betty, I knew how 'twould be. The parson called to-day. This odious chair, why will you stick me in it? Stand farther, girl, I always lose when you look on.' Mrs. Betty tossed her head, and went behind another lady. Miss Gregory still lost, and had to pawn her snuff box to Lady Dace. She consoled herself by an insinuation: 'My Lady you touched your wedding-ring.

That was a sign to your partner here.'

"'Nay Madam, 'twas but a sign my finger itched. But, if you go to that, you spoke a word began with H. Then she knew you had the king of hearts.'

"'That is like Miss here,' said another matron; 'she rubs her chair when she hath matadore in hand.'

"'Set a thief to catch a thief, Madam,' was Miss's ingenious and polished reply.

"'Heyday!' cries one, 'Here spadillo got a mark on the back; a child might know it in the dark. Mistress Pigot, I wish you'd be pleased to pare your nails.'

"In short, they said things to each other all night, the slightest of which, among men, would have filled Phœnix Park next morning with drawn swords; but it went for little here; they were all cheats, and knew it, and knew the others knew it, and didn't care.

"It was four o'clock before they broke up, huddled on their cloaks and hoods, and their chairs took them home with cold feet and aching heads."

Swift says:—

"'This morning when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game,
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays;
Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on.'

* * * * *

"'I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady called a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to teach
Because you held the king of hearts,
Fie, Madam, leave these little arts.'

'That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner understand
A matador is in her hand.'
'And truly, madam, I know when,
Instead of five, you scored me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark,
A child may know it in the dark.
I guessed the hand: It seldom fails.
I wish some folks would pare their nails,'

* * * * *

"At last they hear the watchman's knock:
'A frosty morn—past four o'clock.'
The chairmen are not to be found—
'Come let us play the other round.'
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks and get them gone."

HISTORICAL SIMILITUDES.

In Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* is narrated the following incident:—

A bishop's indiscretion, however, neutralized the apostolic blows of the major (Charles the Hammer). The pagan Radbod had already immersed one of his royal legs in the baptismal font when a thought struck him. "Where are my dead forefathers at present?" he said, turning suddenly upon Bishop Wolfrau. "In hell, with all other unbelievers," was the imprudent answer. "Mighty well," replied Radbod, removing his leg; "then will I rather feast with my ancestors in the halls of Woden than dwell with your little starveling band of Christians in heaven." Entreaties and threats were unavailing. The Frisian declined positively a rite which was to cause

an eternal separation from his buried kindred, and he died as he had lived, a heathen.

Kingsley, in his *Hypatia*, in completing the history of the Goth Wulf, after his settlement in Spain, writes as follows:—

Wulf died as he had lived, a heathen. Placidia, who loved him well—as she loved all righteous and noble souls—had succeeded once in persuading him to accept baptism. Adolf himself acted as one of his sponsors; and the old warrior was in the act of stepping into the font, when he turned suddenly to the bishop and asked, "Where were the souls of his heathen ancestors?" "In hell," replied the worthy prelate. Wulf drew back from the font, and threw his bear-skin cloak around him.... He would prefer, if Adolf had no objection, to go to his own people. And so he died unbaptized, and went to his own.

This has suggested the query whether Mr. Kingsley uses his privilege as a novelist to make a distant historical event subserve the purposes of fiction, or whether this curious incident occurred.

But Francis Parkman in his *Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century*, notes a corresponding unwillingness on the part of the Indians to separate from their own kindred and people:—

The body cared for, he next addressed himself to the soul. "This life is short and very miserable. It matters little whether we live or die." The patient remained silent, or grumbled his dissent. The Jesuit, after enlarging for a time in broken Huron on the brevity and nothingness of mortal weal or woe, passed next to the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, which he set forth with his best rhetoric. His pictures of infernal fires and torturing devils were readily

comprehended, if the listener had consciousness enough to comprehend anything; but with respect to the advantages of the French paradise he was slow of conviction. “I wish to go where my relations and ancestors have gone,” was a common reply. “Heaven is a good place for Frenchmen,” said another; “but I wish to be among Indians, for the French will give me nothing to eat when I get there.” Often the patient was stolidly silent; sometimes he was hopelessly perverse and contradictory. Again nature triumphed over grace. “Which will you choose,” demanded the priest of a dying woman, “heaven or hell?” “Hell, if my children are there, as you say,” returned the mother. “Do they hunt in heaven, or make war, or go to feasts?” asked an anxious inquirer. “Oh, no!” replied the father. “Then,” returned the querist, “I will not go. It is not good to be lazy.” But above all other obstacles was the dread of starvation in the regions of the blest. Nor when the dying Indian had been induced at last to express a desire for Paradise was it an easy matter to bring him to a due contrition for his sins; for he would deny with indignation that he had ever committed any. When at length, as sometimes happened, all these difficulties gave way, and the patient had been brought to what seemed to his instructor a fitting frame for baptism, the priest, with contentment at his heart, brought water in a cup or in the hollow of his hand, touched his forehead with the mystic drop, and snatched him from an eternity of woe. But the convert, even after his baptism, did not always manifest a satisfactory spiritual condition. “Why did you baptize that Iroquois?” asked one of the dying neophytes, speaking of the prisoner recently tortured; “he will get to heaven before us, and, when he sees us coming, he will drive us out.”

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

Herodotus tells us (Book III. 118) that after the conspirator Intaphernes and his family had been imprisoned and held for execution by order of Darius, the wife of the condemned man constantly presented herself before the royal palace exhibiting every demonstration of grief. As she regularly continued this conduct, her frequent appearance at length excited the compassion of Darius, who thus addressed her by a messenger: “Woman, King Darius offers you the liberty of any individual of your family whom you may most desire to preserve.” After some deliberation with herself she made this reply: “If the king will grant me the life of any one of my family, I choose my brother in preference to the rest.” Her determination greatly astonished the king; he sent to her therefore a second message to this effect: “The king desires to know why you have thought proper to pass over your children and your husband, and to preserve your brother, who is certainly a more remote connection than your children, and cannot be so dear to you as your husband.” She answered: “O king! if it please the deity, I may have another husband; and if I be deprived of these I may have other children; but as my parents are both dead, it is certain that I can have no other brother.” The answer appeared to Darius very judicious; indeed he was so well pleased with it that he not only gave the woman the life of her brother, but also pardoned her eldest son.

A passage in the *Antigone* of Sophocles embodies the same singular sentiment. Creon forbade the rites of sepulture to Polynices, after the duel with his brother Eteocles, in which they were mutually slain, and decreed immediate death to any one who should

dare to bury him. Antigone, their sister, was detected in the act of burial, and was condemned to be buried alive for her pious care. In her dangerous situation she goes on to say:—

And thus, my Polynices, for my care
Of thee, I am rewarded, and the good
Alone shall praise me; for a husband dead,
Nor, had I been a mother, for my children
Would I have dared to violate the laws—
Another husband and another child
Might sooth affliction; but, my parents dead,
A brother's loss could never be repaired.

A story of analogous character told by an oriental to Miss Rogers, is related in her book *Domestic Life in Palestine*, as follows:—

When Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mahomet Ali, ruled in Palestine, he sent men into all the towns and villages to gather together a large army. Then a certain woman of Serfurich sought Ibrahim Pasha at Akka, and came into his presence bowing herself before him, and said: "O my lord, look with pity on thy servant, and hear my prayer. A little while ago there were three men in my house, my husband, my brother, and my eldest son. But now behold, they have been carried away to serve in your army, and I am left with my little ones without a protector. I pray you grant liberty to one of these men, that he may remain at home." And Ibrahim had pity on her and said: "O woman, do you ask for your husband, for your son, or for your brother?" And she said: "Oh, my lord, give me my brother." And he answered: "How is this, O woman, do you prefer a brother to a husband or a son?" The woman, who was renowned for her wit and readiness of speech, replied in a blank verse impromptu:—

"If it be God's will that my husband perish in your service,
I am still a woman, and God may lead me to another husband:
If on the battle-field my first-born son should fall,
I have still my younger ones, who will in God's time be like unto him.
But oh! my lord, if my only brother should be slain,
I am without remedy—for my father is dead and my mother is old,
And where should I look for another brother?"

And Ibrahim was much pleased with the words of the woman, and said: "O, woman, happy above many is thy brother; he shall be free for thy word's sake, and thy husband and thy son shall be free also." Then the woman could not speak for joy and gladness. And Ibrahim said: "Go in peace; let it not be known that I have spoken with you this day." Then she rose, and went her way to her village, trusting in the promise of the Pasha. After three days, her husband, and son, and brother returned unto her, saying: "We are free from service by order of the Pasha, but this matter is a mystery to us." And all the neighbors marvelled greatly. But the woman held her peace, and this story did not become known until Ibrahim's departure from Akka, after the overthrow of the Egyptian goverment in Syria, in 1840.

What the husband and the son thought of wifely and motherly affection when the mystery of their deliverance was cleared up, is not reported.

THE TWO STATESMEN.

Hume says (*History of England*):—

A little before he (Wolsey) expired (28th November, 1530) he addressed himself in the following words to

Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, who had him in custody: “I pray you have me heartily recommended unto his royal majesty (Henry VIII.), and beseech him on my behalf to call to his remembrance all matters that have passed between us especially with regard to his business with the queen, and then will he know in his conscience whether I have offended him. He is a prince of a most royal carriage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will, he will endanger the one half of his kingdom. I do assure you that I have often kneeled before him, sometimes three hours together, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but could not prevail: had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this is the just reward I must receive for my indulgent pains and study, not regarding my service to God but only to my prince.”

Holinshead says in his famous old *Chronicles*:—

This year (1540), in the month of *August*, Sir *James Hamilton of Finbert*, Knight, Controller to the King (James V. of Scotland), who charged him in the king’s name to go toward within the castel of *Edinburgh*, which commandment he willingly obeyed, thinking himself sure enough, as well by reason of the good service he had done to the king, specially in repairing the palaces of *Striviling* and *Linlithgow*, as also that the king had him in so high favour, that he stood in no fear of himself at all. Nevertheless, shortlie after he was brought forth to judgement, and convicted in the *Tolboth* of *Edinburgh*, of certain points of treason, laid against him, which he would never confesse; but that notwithstanding, he was beheaded in the month of *September* next insuing,

after that he had liberallie confessed at the place of execution, that he had never in any jot offended the king's majesty; and that his death was yet worthilie inflicted upon him by the Divine justice, because he had often offended the law of God to please the prince, thereby to obtain greater countenance with him. Wherefore he admonished all persons, that moved by his example, they should rather follow the Divine pleasure than unjustlie seek the king's favour, since it is better to please God than man.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

Several parallels to Solomon's judgment, I. Kings iii. 16–28, are recorded. One occurs in *Gesta Romanorum*. Three youths, to decide a question, are desired by their referee, the King of Jerusalem, to shoot at their father's dead body. One only refuses; and to him, as the rightful heir, the legacy is awarded.

In the Harleian MS., 4523, we are told of a woman of Pegu, a province of Burmah, whose child was carried away by an alligator. Upon its restoration another woman claimed the child. The judge ordered them to pull for it; the infant cried, and one instantly quit her hold, to whom the child was awarded.

The same story, substantially, is told in the Pali commentary on the discourses of Buddha, translated by Rev. R. S. Hardy, as follows:—

A woman who was going to bathe, left her child to play on the banks of a tank, when a female who was passing that way carried it off. They both appeared before Buddha, and each declared the child was her own. The command was therefore given that each claimant should seize the infant

by a leg and an arm, and pull with all her might in opposite directions. No sooner had they commenced than the child began to scream; when the real mother, from pity, left off pulling, and resigned her claim to the other. The judge therefore decided that, as she only had shown true affection, the child must be hers.

Suetonius tell us that the Emperor Claudius, when a woman refused to acknowledge her son, ordered them to be married. The mother confessed her child at once.

PRECEDENCY.

The Emperor Charles V. was appealed to, by two women of fashion at Brussels, to settle the point of precedency between them, the dispute respecting which had been carried to the greatest height. Charles, after affecting to consider what each lady had to say, decided that the greater simpleton of the two should have the *pas*; in consequence of which judgment the ladies became equally ready to concede the privilege each had claimed. Napoleon, on the occurrence of a similar difficulty at a Court ball supper, based his decision on the question of *age*. Mr. Hey, of Leeds, at a dinner-party of gentlemen, made *merit* the test.

THE LEGEND OF BETH GELERT.

In F. Johnson's translation from the Sanscrit, occurs the following passage:—

In Ougein lived a Brahman named Mádhava. His wife, of the Brahmanical tribe, who had recently brought forth, went to perform her ablutions, leaving

him to take charge of her infant offspring. Presently a person from the Raja came for the Brahman to perform for him a Párrana s'ráddha (a religious rite to all his ancestors.) When the Brahman saw him, being impelled by his natural poverty, he thought within himself: If I go not directly, then some one else will take the s'ráddha. It is said:—

"In respect of a thing which ought to be taken, or to be given, or of a work which ought to be done, and not being done quickly, time drinks up the spirit thereof."

But there is no one here to take care of the child: what can I do then? Well: I will go, having set to guard the infant this weasel, cherished a long time, and in no respect distinguished from a child of my own. This he did and went. Shortly afterwards, a black serpent, whilst silently coming near the child, was killed there, and rent into pieces by the weasel; who, seeing the Brahman coming home, ran towards him with haste, his mouth and paws all smeared with blood, and rolled himself at his feet. The Brahman seeing him in that state, without reflecting, said, "My son has been eaten by this weasel," and killed him: but as soon as he drew near and looked, behold the child was comfortably sleeping, and the serpent lay killed! Thereupon the Brahman was overwhelmed with grief.

This fable was introduced to give point to the moral: —The fool who, without knowing the true state of the case, becomes subject to anger, will find cause for regret. Its similarity to the well-known Welsh legend is so remarkable that we append Spencer's touching ballad.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
  And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound

Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh! where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And small and scant the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd the castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed, he found
The blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
He search'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt the vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh:
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub-boy he kiss'd.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead
Tremendous still in death!

Oh! what was then Llewellyn's woe;
For now the truth was clear:

The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass,
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

ART STORIES.

Art has parallel stories of a tragic nature. In the

Chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply,

stands an exquisite example of Gothic tracery-work, known as the Apprentice's Pillar, neighbored by corbels carved with grim, grotesque human faces. How it came by its name may best be told as the old dame who acted as cicerone at the beginning of the present century used to tell it.

"There ye see it, gentlemen, with the lace-bands winding sae beautifully roond aboot it. The maister had gane awa to Rome to get a plan for it, and while he was awa, his 'prentice made a plan himsel, and finished it. And when the maister cam back and fand the pillar finished, he was sae enraged that he took a hammer and killed the 'prentice. There you see the 'prentice's face—up there in ae corner wi' a red gash in the brow, and his mother greetin' for him in the corner opposite. And there, in another corner, is the maister, as he lookit just before he was hanged; it's him wi' a kind o' ruff roond his face."

In the same century that the Prince of Orkney founded the chapel at Roslin, the good people of Stendal employed an architect of repute to build them one new gate, and entrusted the erection of a second to his principal pupil. In this case, too, the aspiring youth proved the better craftsman, and paid the same penalty; the spot whereon he fell beneath his master's hammer being marked to this day by a stone commemorating the event; and the story goes that yet, upon moonlight nights, the ghost of the murdered youth may be seen contemplating the work that brought him to an untimely end, while a weird skeleton beats with a hammer at the stone he wrought into beauty.

Another stone, at Grossmoringen, close by Stendal, tells where an assistant bell-caster was stabbed by his master because he succeeded in casting a bell, after the latter had failed in the attempt. It is a tradition of Rouen that the two rose-windows of its cathedral were the work of the master-architect and his pupil, who strove which of the two should produce the finer window. Again the man beat the master, and again the master murdered the man in revenge for

his triumph. The transept window of Lincoln Cathedral was the product of a similar contest, but in this instance the defeated artist killed himself instead of his successful rival.

BALLADS AND LEGENDS.

Scott's ballad of "Wild Darrell" was founded upon a story, first told by Aubrey, but for which the poet was indebted to Lord Webb Seymour. An old midwife sitting over her fire one dark November night was roused by a loud knocking at the door. Upon opening it she saw a horseman, who told her her services were required by a lady of rank, and would be paid for handsomely; but as there were family reasons why the affair should be kept secret, she must submit to be conducted to her patient blindfolded. She agreed, allowed her eyes to be bandaged, and took her place on the pillion. After a journey of many miles, her conductor stopped, led her into a house, and removed the bandage. The midwife found herself in a handsome bedchamber, and in presence of a lady and a ferocious-looking man. A boy was born. Snatching it from the woman's arms, the man threw the babe on the blazing fire; it rolled upon the hearth. Spite of the entreaties of the horrified midwife, and the piteous prayers of the poor mother, the ruffian thrust the child under the grate, and raked the hot coals over it. The innocent accomplice was then ordered to return whence she came, as she came; the man who had brought her seeing her home again, and paying her for her pains.

The woman lost no time in letting a magistrate know what she had seen that November night. She had been sharp enough to cut a piece out of the bed-

curtain, and sew it in again, and to count the steps of the long staircase she had ascended and descended. By these means the scene of the infanticide was identified, and the murderer Darrell, Lord of Littlecote House, Berkshire was tried at Salisbury. He escaped the gallows by bribing the judge, only to break his neck in the hunting-field a few months afterwards, at a place still known as Darrell's Stile. Aubrey places Littlecote in Wiltshire, makes the unhappy mother the waiting-maid of Darrell's wife, and concludes his narration thus: "This horrid action did much run in her (the midwife's) mind, and she had a desire to discover it, but knew not where 'twas. She considered with herself the time that she was riding, and how many miles she might have ridden at that rate in that time, and that it must be some great person's house, for the room was twelve feet high. She went to a justice of the peace, and search was made—the very chamber found. The knight was brought to his trial; and, to be short, this judge had this noble house, park, and manor, and (I think) more, for a bribe to save his life. Sir John Popham gave sentence according to law, but being a great person and a favorite, he procured a *nolle prosequi*."

In Sir Walter's ballad the midwife becomes a friar of orders gray, compelled to shrive a dying woman,

A lady as a lily bright,
  With an infant on her arm;

and when

The shrift is done, the friar is gone,
  Blindfolded as he came—
Next morning, all in Littlecote Hall
  Were weeping for their dame.

It was hardly fair to make Darrell worse than he was, by laying a second murder at his door, merely to give a local habitation and a name to a Scotch tale of murder that might have been an adaptation of the Berkshire tragedy.

Somewhere about the beginning of the last century, an Edinburgh clergyman was called out of his bed at midnight on the pretext that he was wanted to pray with a person at the point of death. The good man obeyed the summons without hesitation, but wished he had not done so, when, upon his sedan-chair reaching an out-of-the-way part of the city, its bearers insisted upon his being blindfolded, and cut his protestations short by threatening to blow out his brains if he refused to do their bidding. Like the sensible man he was, he submitted without further parley, and the sedan moved on again. By and by, he felt he was being carried up-stairs: the chair stopped, the clergyman was handed out, his eyes uncovered, and his attention directed to a young and beautiful lady lying in bed with an infant by her side. Not seeing any signs of dying about her, he ventured to say so, but was commanded to lose no time in offering up such prayers as were fitting for a person at the last extremity. Having done his office, he was put into the chair and taken down-stairs, a pistol-shot startling his ears on the way. He soon found himself safe at home, a purse of gold in his hand, and his ears still ringing with the warning he had received, that if he said one word about the transaction, his life would pay for the indiscretion. At last he fell off to sleep, to be awakened by a servant with the news, that a certain great house in the Canongate had been burned down, and the daughter of its owner perished in the flames. The

clergyman had been long dead, when a fire broke out on the very same spot, and there, amid the flames, was seen a beautiful woman, in an extraordinarily rich night-dress of the fashion of half a century before. While the awe-struck spectators gazed in wonder, the apparition cried, “Anes burned, twice burned; the third time I’ll scare you all!” The midwife of the Littlecote legend and the divine of the Edinburgh one were more fortunate than the Irish doctor living at Rome in 1743; this gentleman, according to Lady Hamilton, being taken blindfolded to a house and compelled to open the veins of a young lady who had loved not wisely, but too well.

BURIAL ALIVE.

In the year 1400, Ginevra de Amiera, a Florentine beauty, married, under parental pressure, a man who had failed to win her heart, that she had given to Antonio Rondinelli. Soon afterwards the plague broke out in Florence; Ginevra fell ill, apparently succumbed to the malady, and being pronounced dead, was the same day consigned to the family tomb. Some one, however, had blundered in the matter, for in the middle of the night, the entombed bride woke out of her trance, and badly as her living relatives had behaved, found her dead ones still less to her liking, and lost no time in quitting the silent company, upon whose quietude she had unwittingly intruded. Speeding through the sleep-wrapped streets as swiftly as her clinging cerements allowed, Ginevra sought the home from which she had so lately been borne. Roused from his slumbers by a knocking at the door, the disconsolate widower of a day cautiously opened an upper window, and seeing a

shrouded figure waiting below, in whose upturned face he recognized the lineaments of the dear departed, he cried, “Go in peace, blessed spirit,” and shut the window precipitately. With sinking heart and slackened step, the repulsed wife made her way to her father’s door, to receive the like benison from her dismayed parent. Then she crawled on to an uncle’s, where the door was indeed opened, but only to be slammed in her face by the frightened man, who, in his hurry, forgot even to bless his ghostly caller. The cool night air, penetrating the undress of the hapless wanderer, made her tremble and shiver, as she thought she had waked to life only to die again in the cruel streets. “Ah” she sighed, “Antonio would not have proved so unkind.” This thought naturally suggested it was her duty to test his love and courage: it would be time enough to die if he proved like the rest. The way was long, but hope renerved her limbs, and soon Ginevra was knocking timidly at Rondinelli’s door. He opened it himself, and although startled by the ghastly vision, calmly inquired what the spirit wanted with him. Throwing her shroud away from her face, Ginevra exclaimed, “I am no spirit, Antonio; I am that Ginevra you once loved, who was buried yesterday—buried alive!” and fell senseless into the welcoming arms of her astonished lover, whose cries for help soon brought down his sympathizing family to hear the wondrous story, and bear its heroine to bed, to be tenderly tended until she bad recovered from the shock, and was as beautiful as ever again. Then came the difficulty. Was Ginevra to return to the man who had buried her, and shut his doors against her, or give herself to the man who had saved her from a second death? With such powerful special pleaders as love and gratitude on his side, of course Rondinelli won

the day, and a private marriage made the lovers amends for previous disappointment. They, however, had no intention of keeping in hiding, but the very first Sunday after they became man and wife, appeared in public together at the cathedral, to the confusion and wonder of Ginevra's friends. An explanation ensued, which satisfied everybody except the lady's first husband, who insisted that nothing but her dying in genuine earnest could dissolve the original matrimonial bond. The case was referred to the bishop, who, having no precedent to curb his decision, rose superior to technicalities, and declared that the first husband had forfeited all right to Ginevra, and must pay over to Rondinelli the dowry he had received with her: a decree at which we may be sure all true lovers in fair Florence heartily rejoiced.

This Italian romance of real life has its counterpart in a French *cause célèbre*, but the Gallic version unfortunately lacks names and dates; it differs, too, considerably in matters of detail; instead of the lady being a supposed victim of the plague, which in the older story secured her hasty interment, she was supposed to have died of grief at being wedded against her inclination; instead of coming to life of her own accord, and seeking her lover as a last resource, the French heroine was taken out of her grave by her lover, who suspected she was not really dead, and resuscitated by his exertions, to flee with him to England. After living happily together there for ten years, the strangely united couple ventured to visit Paris, where the first husband accidentally meeting the lady, was struck by her resemblance to his dead wife, found out her abode, and finally claimed her for his own. When the case came for trial, the second husband did not dispute the fact of

identity, but pleaded that his rival had renounced all claim to the lady by ordering her to be buried, without first making sure she was dead, and that she would have been dead and rotting in her grave if he had not rescued her. The court was saved the trouble of deciding the knotty point, for, seeing that it was likely to pronounce against them, the fond pair quietly slipped out of France, and found refuge in "a foreign clime, where their love continued sacred and entire, till death conveyed them to those happy regions where love knows no end, and is confined within no limits."

RING STORIES.

Of dead-alive ladies brought to consciousness by sacrilegious robbers, covetous of the rings upon their cold fingers, no less than seven stories, differing but slightly from each other, have been preserved; in one, the scene is laid in Halifax; in another, in Gloucestershire; in a third, in Somersetshire; in the fourth, in Drogheda; the remaining three being appropriated by as many towns in Germany.

Ring-stories have a knack of running in one groove. Herodotus tells us how Amasis advised Polycrates, as a charm against misfortune, to throw away some gem he especially valued; how, taking the advice, Polycrates went seaward in a boat, and cast his favorite ring into the ocean; and how, a few days afterward, a fisherman caught a large fish so extraordinarily fine, that he thought it fit only for the royal table, and accordingly presented it to the fortunate monarch, who ordered it to be dressed for supper; and lo! when the fish was opened, the surprised cook's astonished eye beheld his master's

cast-away ring; much to that master's delight, but his adviser's dismay; for when Amasis heard of the wonderful event, he immediately dispatched a herald to break his contract of friendship with Polycrates, feeling confident the latter would come to an ill end, "as he prospered in everything, even finding what he had thrown away." The city of Glasgow owes the ring-holding salmon figuring in its armorial bearings to a legend concerning its patron saint, Kentigern, thus told in the *Acta Sanctorum*: A queen who formed an improper attachment to a handsome soldier, put upon his finger a precious ring which her own lord had conferred upon her. The king, made aware of the fact, but dissembling his anger, took an opportunity, in hunting, while the soldier lay asleep beside the Clyde, to snatch off the ring, and throw it into the river. Then returning home along with the soldier, he demanded of the queen the ring he had given her. She sent secretly to the soldier for the ring, which could not be restored. In great terror, she then despatched a messenger to ask the assistance of the holy Kentigern. He, who knew of the affair before being informed of it, went to the river Clyde, and having caught a salmon, took from the stomach the missing ring, which he sent to the queen. She joyfully went with it to the king, who, thinking he had wronged her, swore he would be revenged upon her accusers; but she, affecting a forgiving temper, besought him to pardon them as she had done. At the same time, she confessed her error to Kentigern, and solemnly vowed to be more careful of her conduct in future. In 1559, a merchant and alderman of Newcastle, named Anderson, handling his ring as he leaned over the bridge, dropped it into the Tyne. Some time after, his servant bought a salmon in the market, in whose stomach the lost ring was found: its

value enhanced by the strange recovery, the ring became an heirloom and was in the possession of one of the Alderman's decendants some forty years ago. A similar accident, ending in a similar way, is recorded to have happened to one of the dukes of Lorraine.

DEATH PROPHECIES.

Monk Gerbert, who wore the tiara as Sylvester II., a man of whom it was said that—thanks to the devil's assistance—he never left anything unexecuted which he ever conceived, anticipating Roger Bacon, made a brazen head capable of answering like an oracle. From this creature of his own, Gerbert learned he would not die until he had performed mass in Jerusalem. He thereupon determined to live forever by taking good care never to go near the holy city. Like all dealers with the Evil One, he was destined to be cheated. Performing mass one day in Rome, Sylvester was seized with sudden illness, and upon inquiring the name of the church in which he had officiated, heard, to his dismay, that it was popularly called Jerusalem; then he knew his end was at hand; and it was not long before it came. Nearly five hundred years after this event happened, Master Robert Fabian, who must not be suspected of inventing history, seeing, as sheriff and alderman, he was wont to pillory public liars, wrote of Henry IV., "After the feast of Christmas, while he was making his prayers at St. Edward's shrine, he became so sick, that such as were about him feared that he would have died right there; wherefore they, for his comfort, bare him into the abbot's place, and lodged him in a chamber; and there, upon a pallet, laid him

before the fire, where he lay in great agony a certain time. At length, when he was come to himself, not knowing where he was, he freyned [asked] of such as were there about him what place that was; the which shewed to him that it belonged unto the Abbot of Westminster; and for he felt himself so sick, he commanded to ask if that chamber had any special name. Whereunto it was answered, that it was named Jerusalem. Then said the king, 'Laud be to the Father of Heaven, for now I know I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy of me beforesaid, that I should die in Jerusalem;' and so after, he made himself ready, and died shortly after, upon the Day of St. Cuthbert, on the 20th day of March, 1413."

BATTLES.

Three of the most famous battles recorded in English history were marked by a strange contrast between the behavior of the opposing armies on the eve of the fight. At Hastings, the Saxons spent the night in singing, feasting, and drinking; while the Normans were confessing themselves and receiving the sacrament. At Agincourt, "the poor condemned English" said their prayers, and sat patiently by their watch-fires, to "inly ruminate the morrow's danger;" while the over-confident French revelled the night through, and played for the prisoners they were never to take. "On the eve of Bannockburn," says Paston, who fought there on the beaten side, "ye might have seen the Englishmen bathing themselves in wine, and casting their gorgets; there was crying, shouting, wassailing, and drinking, with other rioting far above measure. On the other side we might have

seen the Scots, quiet, still, and close, fasting the eve of St. John the Baptist, laboring in love of the liberties of their country." Our readers need not be told that in each case the orderly, prayerful army proved victorious, and so made the treble parallel perfect.

BISHOP HATTO.

The legend of Hatto, bishop of Mayence, has been preserved in stanzas which are well remembered by school children. To avoid the importunity of the starving during a period of famine, the wicked prelate collected them into a barn,

"And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all."

Thereupon he was attacked by an army of mice, and escaped to his tower (the Mäuseschloss) on a rock in the Rhine. But they quickly followed him and poured in by thousands, "in at the windows and in at the door," until he was overpowered and destroyed.

"They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him."

The same story is told of the Swiss baron, von Güttingen, who was pursued and devoured by mice in his castle in Lake Constance. It is also told, with a variation, of the Polish King Popiel. When the Poles murmured at his bad government, and sought redress, he summoned the chief remonstrants to his palace, poisoned them, and had their bodies thrown into the lake Gopolo. He sought refuge from the mice within a circle of fire, but was overrun and eaten by them.

Prototypes.

THE OLDEST PROVERB.

It appears from I Samuel xxiv. 13, that the oldest proverb on record, is, “Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked;” since David, in his time, declared it to be “a proverb of the ancients;” consequently older than any proverb of his son Solomon.

SHAKSPEARE SAID IT FIRST.

In one of Clough’s letters he tells an amusing story of a Calvinistic old lady, who, on being asked about the Universalists, observed,—“Yes, they expect that everybody will be saved, but we look for better things.” How like this is to the admirable confusion of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who, in his letter of challenge, (*Twelfth Night*, iii. 4,) concludes thus:—

“Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our
souls!
He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better!”

CINDERELLA’S SLIPPER.

A story somewhat similar to that of Cinderella has been handed down from the Greek. It is reported of Rhodopis,—a Thracian slave, who was purchased and manumitted by Charaxus of Mytilene, and afterward settled in Egypt,—that one day, while she was in the bath, an eagle, having flown down, snatched one of her slippers from an attendant, and carried it to Memphis. Psammitichus, the king, at the time, was sitting on his tribunal, and while engaged in dispensing justice, the eagle, settling above his head, dropped the sandal into his bosom. Astonished by the singularity of the event, and struck by the diminutive size and elegant shape of the sandal, the king ordered search to be made for the owner throughout the land of Egypt. Having found her at Naucratis, she was presented to the king, who made her his queen.

CURTAIN LECTURES.

Jerrold, in his preface to the later editions of *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, makes this curious statement:—

> It has happened to the writer that two, or three, or ten, or twenty gentlewomen have asked him ... *What could have made you think of Mrs. Caudle? How could such a thing have entered any man's mind?* There are subjects that seem like rain-drops to fall upon a man's head, the head itself having nothing to do with the matter.... And this was, no doubt, the accidental cause of the literary sowing and expansion—unfolding like a night-flower—of MRS. CAUDLE.... The writer, still dreaming and musing, and still following no distinct line of thought, there struck upon him, like notes of sudden household music, these words—CURTAIN LECTURES.

Nevertheless, this phrase may be traced back more than two centuries, while the idea will be found in the Sixth Satire of Juvenal, who says:—

Semper habet lites, alternaque jurgia lectus,
In quo nupta jacet: minimum dormitur in illo, &c.

Stapylton's translation of this passage was published in 1647:—

Debates, alternate brawlings, ever were
I' th' marriage bed: there is no sleeping there.

In the margin of the translation are the words *Curtain-Lectures*.

Dryden in his translation of the same passage (published 1693) introduces the phrase into the text:—

Besides, what endless brawls by wives are bred;
The Curtain-Lecture makes a mournful bed.

And Addison, in the *Tatler*, describing a luckless wight undergoing the penalty of a nocturnal oration, says:—

I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered, by his whole behavior, that he was then lying under the discipline of a *curtain lecture*.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The metre, movement, and idea of Tennyson's Charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava, are evidently derived from Michael Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*, published in 1627. The first, middle and last stanzas of Drayton's poem run thus:—

1.

Faire stood the Wind for France
When we our Sayles advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
  Longer will tarry;
But putting to the Mayne,
At *Kaux*, the Mouth of *Seyne*,
With all his Martiall Trayne,
  Landed King Harry.

8.

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drumme now to Drumme did grone,
  To heare was wonder:
That with the Cryes they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to Trumpet spake,
  Thunder to Thunder.

15.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this Noble Fray,
Which Fame did not delay
  To England to carry;
O when shall English Men
With such Acts fill a Pen,
Or England breed againe
  Such a King HARRY!

THE FAUST LEGENDS.

About the middle of the thirteenth century began to spread the notion of formal written agreements between the Fiend and men who were to be his

exclusive property after a certain time, during which he was to help them to all earthly good. This, curious to say, came with Christianity from the East. The first instance was that of Theophilus, vicedominus of the Bishop of Adana, a city of Cilicia, in the sixth century, whose fall and conversion form the original of all the Faust legends. The story of Theophilus may be found in various works, among them Ennemoser's *Universal History of Magic*, which was translated by William Howitt.

AIR CUSHIONS.

Ben Jonson, in the *Alchemist*, makes Sir Epicure Mammon, in his expectation of acquiring the secret of the philosopher's stone, enumerate to Surly a list of anticipated luxuries. Among these indulgences is this prophetic forecast of modern inflated India-rubber beds and cushions:—

"I will have all my beds *blown up*, not *stuffed*;
Down is too hard."

THE CAT IN THE ADAGE.

Lady Macbeth thus taunts her husband:—

Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

The adage is thus given in Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1566:—

"The cat would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete."

The proverb is found among all nations. The Latin form of mediæval times was as follows:—

"Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas."

The Germans say:—

"Die Katze hätt' die Fische gern; aber sie will die Füsse nit nass machen."

And the Scotch have it:—

"The cat would fain fish eat,
But she has no will to wet her feet."

CORK LEGS.

A gentleman in Charleston conceived a very decided liking to a young lady from Ireland, and was on the eve of popping the question, when he was told by a friend that his dulcinea had a cork leg. It is difficult to imagine the distress of the young Carolinian. He went to her father's house, knocked impatiently at the door, and when admitted to the fair one's presence, asked her if what he had heard respecting her were true. "Yes, indeed, my dear Sir, it is true enough, but you have heard only half of my misfortune. I have got two cork legs, having had the ill-luck to be born in Cork." This is the incident on which is founded Hart's afterpiece called *Perfection*.

THE POPE'S BULL AGAINST THE COMET.

When President Lincoln was first asked to issue a proclamation abolishing slavery in the Southern

States, he replied that such an act would be as absurd as the Pope's bull against the comet.

The comet referred to is Halley's. Concerning its first authenticated appearance, Admiral Smyth, in his *Cycle of Celestial Objects*, says:—

In 1456 it came with a tail 60° in length, and of a vivid brightness; which splendid train affrighted all Europe, and spread consternation in every quarter. To its malign influences were imputed the rapid successes of Mahomet II., which then threatened all Christendom. The general alarm was greatly aggravated by the conduct of Pope Calixtus III., who, though otherwise a man of abilities, was but a poor astronomer; for that pontiff daily ordered the church bells to be rung at noontide, extra Ave Marias to be repeated, and a special protest and excommunication was composed, exorcising equally the devil, the Turks, and the comet.

SWAPPING HORSES.

The celebrated maxim of President Lincoln, "not to swap horses while fording the stream," was anticipated centuries ago by Cyrus the Elder, King of Persia, in directing his troops to take up their several stations, when he said, "When the contest is about to begin, there is no longer time for any chariot to unyoke the horses for a change."

WOODEN NUTMEGS.

Judge Haliburton, in that amusing book *The Clockmaker*, puts the following in the mouth of Sam Slick:—

That remark seemed to grig him a little; he felt oneasy like,

and walked twice across the room, fifty fathoms deep in thought; at last he said, “Which way are you from, Mr. Slick, this hitch?” “Why,” says I, “I’ve been away up South a speculating in nutmegs.” “I hope,” says the Professor, “they were a good article,—the real right down genuine thing?” “No, mistake,” says I, “no mistake, Professor; they were all prime, first chop; but why did you ax that ’ere question?” “Why,” says he, “that eternal scoundrel, that Captain John Allspice of Nahant, he used to trade to Charleston, and he carried a cargo once there of fifty barrels of nutmegs. Well, he put half a bushel of good ones into each end of the barrel, and the rest he filled up with wooden ones, so like the real thing, no soul could tell the difference until *he bit one with his teeth*, and that he never thought of doing until he was first *bit himself*. Well, it’s been a standing joke with them Southerners agin us ever since.”

TRADE UNIONS.

Trade unions are not of such recent origin as many people suppose. “I am credibly informed,” wrote Mandeville, the philosophic author of the *Fables of the Bees*, one hundred and fifty years ago, in his *Essay on Charity and Charity Schools*, “that a parcel of footmen are arrived to that height of insolence as to have entered into a society together, and made laws by which they oblige themselves not to serve for less than such a sum, nor carry burdens, or any bundle or parcel above a certain weight not exceeding two or three pounds, with other regulations directly opposite to the interest of those they serve, and altogether destructive to the use they were designed for. If any of them be turned away for strictly adhering to the orders of this honorable corporation, he is taken care of till another service is provided for him; but there is no money wanting at any time to

commence and maintain a lawsuit against any that shall pretend to strike or offer any other injury to his gentleman footman, contrary to the statutes of their society. If this be true, as I believe it is, and they are suffered to go on in consulting and providing for their own ease and conveniency any further, we may expect quickly to see the French comedy 'Le Maitre le Valet' acted in good earnest in most families; while, if not redressed in a little time, and these footmen increase their company to the number it is possible they may, as well as assemble when they please with impunity, it will be in their power to make a tragedy of it whenever they have a mind to."

CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES.

On page 454 of Senator Wilson's *Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America*, he says (of a speech of the late Mr. Giddings): "He referred to the Treaty of Indian Springs, by which, after paying the slaveholders of Georgia the sum of $109,000 for slaves who had escaped to Florida, it added the sum of $141,000 as compensation demanded for the offspring which the females would have borne to their masters had they remained in bondage; and Congress actually paid that sum for children who were never born, but who might have been if their parents had remained faithful slaves."

There is no clearer case of the payment of "consequential damages" in English or American history than this.

THE ORIGINAL SHYLOCK.

Gregory Leti, in his biography of Sextus V., tells us that Paul Secchi, a Venetian merchant, having learned by private advices that Admiral Francis Blake had conquered St. Domingo, communicated the news to a Jewish merchant named Sampson Ceneda. The latter was so confident that the information was false, that, after repeated protestations, he said, "I bet a pound of my flesh that the report is untrue." "And I lay a thousand scudi against it," rejoined the Christian, who caused a bond to be drawn to the effect that in case the report should prove untrue, then the Christian merchant, Signor Paul Secchi, is bound to pay the Jewish merchant the sum of 1000 scudi, and on the other hand, if the truth of the news be confirmed, the Christian merchant, Signor Paul Secchi, is justified and empowered to cut with his own hand, with a well-sharpened knife, a pound of the Jew's fair flesh, of that part of the body it might please him. When the news proved true, the Christian insisted on his bond, but the governor, having got wind of the affair, reported it to the Pope, who condemned both Jew and Christian to the galleys, from which they could only be ransomed by paying a fine of double the amount of the wager.

Shakspeare reverses the order, and makes the Jew usurer demand the pound of flesh from the Christian merchant.

EXCOMMUNICATION.

The excommunication of the Roman Catholic Church, exactly described by anticipation in Cæsar's account of their predecessors, the Heathen Druids, will be found in Cæsar, *de Bello Gallico*, Book VI.

Chap, iii., the passage beginning “Si quis aut privatus aut publicus,” and ending “Neque honos ullus communicatur.”

They decree rewards and punishments, and if any one refuses to submit to their sentence, whether magistrate or private man, they interdict him the sacrifices. This is the greatest punishment that can be inflicted among the Gauls; because such as are under this prohibition are considered as impious and wicked; all men shun them, and decline their conversation and fellowship, lest they should suffer from the contagion of their misfortunes. They can neither have recourse to the law for justice, nor are capable of any public office.

NAPOLEON I.

Compare the character and fall of Bonaparte with that of the king of Babylon as described in the remarkable language of the prophet Isaiah, chapter xiv., verses 4–22.

THE FALLS OF LANARK.

The following lines in an album formerly kept at the inn at Lanark evidently suggested to Southey his playful verses on *The Cataract of Lodore*:—

What fools are mankind,
And how strangely inclined
To come from all places
With horses and chaises,
By day and by dark,
To the Falls of Lanark!
For, good people, after all,
What is a waterfall?
It comes roaring and grumbling,

And leaping and tumbling,
And hopping and skipping,
And foaming and dripping,
And struggling and toiling,
And bubbling and boiling,
And beating and jumping,
And bellowing and thumping.
I have much more to say upon
Both Linn and Bonniton;
But the trunks are tied on,
And I must be gone.

In the varied music of Schiller's *Song of the Bell* may be found the same style:—

Der Mann muß hinaus	The man must be out
Ins feindliche Leben,	In hostile life toiling,
Muß wirken und streben	Be struggling and moiling,
Und pflanzen und schaffen,	And planting, obtaining,
Erlisten, erraffen,	Devising and gaining,
Muß wetten und wagen,	And daring, enduring,
Das Glück zu erjagen.	So fortune securing.

TURGOT'S EPIGRAPH ON FRANKLIN.

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

This inscription, the highest compliment ever paid to the American philosopher and statesman, and originally ascribed to Condorcet and Mirabeau, was written by Turgot, Louis XVI.'s minister and controller-general of finance, and first appeared in the correspondence of Grimm and Diderot, April, 1778. It is, however, merely a modification of a line in the *Anti-Lucretius of* Cardinal de Polignac, lib. i., v. 37:—

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, Phœboque sagittas,

which is in turn traced to the *Astronomicon* of Marcus Manilius, a poet of the Augustan age, who says of Epicurus, lib. i. v. 104,—

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque Tonanti.

Taking the laurel from the brow of Epicurus to place it upon the head of Franklin is not so inappropriate, when we recall the sketch of the former by Lucretius *illustrans commoda vitæ*.

THE MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Among those who sympathized most deeply with the oppressed inhabitants of New England, and who were earliest to express indignation at the outrages of British tyranny, were the militia-officers of North Carolina, most of whom were Presbyterians of Scotch-Irish nativity. On the 20th of May, 1775, the delegates of the Mecklenburg convention, "after sitting in the court-house all night, neither sleepy, hungry, nor fatigued, and after discussing every paragraph," unanimously passed the following resolutions. It will be observed that this memorable Declaration of Independence contains many of the ideas, and some of the very phrases and forms of expression, afterwards employed by Mr. Jefferson, and incorporated in his draft of that great national document whose adoption, on the 4th of July, 1776, gave birth to a nation of freemen. The more striking similarities are here shown in Italics:—

RESOLVED, That whosoever directly or indirectly

abetted, or in any way, form, or manner countenanced, the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America, and to the *inherent and inalienable rights*[36] of Man.

RESOLVED, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, do hereby *dissolve the political bands which have connected* us to the mother country, and hereby *absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and abjure all political connection*, contract, or association with that Nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties, and inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington.

RESOLVED, That we do hereby *declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self-governing association*, under the control of no power other than that of OUR GOD, and the general Government of the Congress; *to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor*.

RESOLVED, That as we now acknowledge the existence and control of no law or legal officer, civil or military, within this country, we do hereby ordain and adopt as a rule of life all, each, and every of our former laws; wherein, nevertheless, the Crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities, or authorities therein.

RESOLVED, That it is further decreed that all, each, and every military officer in this county is hereby reinstated in his former command and authority, he acting conformably to these regulations; and that every member present of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, viz.: a Justice of the Peace in the character of a "Committee-man," to

issue process, hear and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws, and to preserve peace, union, and harmony in said county; and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized government be established in the Province.

After discussing the foregoing resolves, and arranging by-laws and regulations for the government of a Standing Committee of Public Safety, who were selected from their delegates, the whole proceedings were unanimously adopted and signed. A select committee was then appointed to draw up a more full and definite statement of grievances, and a more formal Declaration of Independence. The delegation then adjourned about two o'clock A.M.

THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

The recent political organization under this odd title, which presented one of the most singular features that has yet diversified American history, has its archetype in the Church whose progress in this country it was designed to oppose. In Italy there was formerly a strange order of monks calling themselves *Fratres Ignorantiæ*, "Brothers of Ignorance." They used to bind themselves by oath not to understand nor to learn any thing, and answered all questions by saying, *Nescio*, "I do not know." Their first proposition was, "Though you do not understand the words you speak, yet the Holy Ghost understands them, and the devil flees." In opposing mental acquirements, they argued thus:—"Suppose this friar studies and becomes a learned man, the consequence

will be that he will want to become our superior: therefore, put the sack around his neck, and let him go begging from house to house, in town and country."

THE ORIGINAL OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The Isle of Man, or the Legal Proceedings in Manshire against Sin, wherein, by way of a continual Allegory, the chief malefactors disturbing both Church and Commonwealth are detected and attached, with their arraignment and judicial trial, according to the laws of England; the spiritual use thereof, with an apology for the manner of handling most necessary to be first read, for direction in the right use of the allegory. By the Rev. Richard Bernard.

An allegory with the above title, originally published more than two hundred years ago, was reprinted in Bristol, England, in 1803. In a note to this edition, addressed to the reader, the editor states that the work is prized as well on account of the ingenuity of the performance as the probability of its having suggested to Mr. John Bunyan the first idea of his Pilgrim's Progress, and of his Holy War, which was intimated on a leaf facing the title-page, by the late Rev. Mr. Toplady.

The editor says, "That Bunyan had seen the book may be inferred from its extensive circulation, for in one year only after its first publication it ran through seven editions." He then proceeds to the internal evidence, and points out a supposed similarity between the characters in the two works, as between Wilful Will of the one and Will-be-Will of the other;

Mr. Worldly Wiseman of Bunyan and Sir Worldly Wise of Bernard; Soul's Town of Bernard and Bunyan's Town of Man's Soul, &c.

That the book has no very high order of genius to commend it is evident from the fact that it has passed into comparative obscurity. The world does not suffer the works of true prophets to die. Still, there is enough in it to render it worthy of being held in remembrance; and, antedating Bunyan as it does, passing through seven editions immediately after its first publication, presenting some striking analogies with the great master of allegory, and sinking into obscurity before the brighter and more enduring light of the Bedford tinker, its author deserves honorable mention for his attempt to present religious truth in a striking and impressive form at a period when such attempts were rare.

Southey, in his *Commonplace Book*, gives a long quotation from *Lucian's Hermotimus*, to show how Bunyan was anticipated, in the main idea of his allegory, by a Greek writer, as far back as the second century.

Another claimant for this Telemachus of Protestant religious literature has recently been brought to light by Catherine Isabella Curt, who has just published in London a translation of an old French manuscript in the British Museum, which is almost word for word the Pilgrim's Progress. The manuscript is the work of a clergyman, G de Grideville, who lived in the fifteenth century. Its title, in Norman English, is *Pylgremage of the Sowle*. The printer, Caxton, who occupied the same position in London as the Etiennes of Paris, published in 1483 a translation of this manuscript, of which the authenticity appears incontestable. It would seem, therefore, that the

credit of this celebrated book belongs to France, although France hitherto has shown less appreciation of the original than England has bestowed on the copy.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: WHO WROTE IT?

Disraeli, in his ever-charming *Curiosities of Literature*, expresses boldly the opinion that "no one had, or perhaps could have, converted the history of Selkirk into the wonderful story we possess but De Foe himself." So have we all been accustomed to believe, from those careless, happy days of boyhood when we pored intently over the entrancing pages of "Robinson Crusoe" and wished that we also could have a desert island, a summer bower, and a winter-cave retreat, as well as he. But there is, alas! some slight ground at least for believing that De Foe *did not write* that immortal tale, or, at all events, the better portion of it, viz., the first part or volume of the work. In Sir H. Ellis's *Letters of Eminent Literary Men* (Camden Soc. Pub. 1843, vol. 23), p. 420, Letter 137 is from "Daniel De Foe to the Earl of Halifax, engaging himself to his lordship as a political writer." In a note by the editor a curious anecdote is given, quoted from "a volume of Memoranda in the handwriting of Thomas Warton, poet-laureate, preserved in the British Museum," in relation to the actual authorship of the "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." The extract is as follows:—

"Mem. July 10, 1774.—In the year 1759, I was told by the Rev. Mr. Hollaway, rector of Middleton Stoney, in Oxfordshire, then about seventy years old, and in the early part of his life chaplain to Lord

Sunderland, that he had often heard Lord Sunderland say that Lord Oxford, while prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the History of Robinson Crusoe, merely as an amusement under confinement, and gave it to Daniel De Foe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford in the Tower and was one of his pamphlet-writers; that De Foe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and, encouraged by its extraordinary success, added himself the second volume, the inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. Mr. Holloway also told me, from Lord Sunderland, that Lord Oxford dictated some parts of the manuscript to De Foe. Mr Hollaway,"—Warton adds,—"was a grave, conscientious clergyman, not vain of telling anecdotes, very learned, particularly a good Orientalist, author of some theological tracts, bred at Eton School, and a Master of Arts of St. John's College, Cambridge. He used to say that 'Robinson Crusoe at its first publication, and for some time afterward, was universally received and credited as a genuine history. A fictitious narrative of this sort was then a new thing.'"

Besides, it may be added, the *real* and somewhat similar circumstances of Alexander Selkirk's solitary abode of four years and four months on the island of Juan Fernandez, had, only a few years previously, been the subject of general conversation, and had therefore prepared the public mind for the possibility, if not the probability, of such adventures.

PROVERB MISASCRIBED TO DEFOE.

In an article on the writings of Daniel Defoe, in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*, the critic refers to

the *True-Born Englishman*, the opening quatrain of which is quoted as being "all that will ever be remembered of the poem."

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil is sure to build a chapel there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

A recent number of Chambers's *Papers for the People* also contains an article on Defoe, in which the same lines are quoted as having since grown into a proverb. It is evident that the two critics believed the idea to be original with Defoe. But they were both in error; for in an old tract, entitled *The Vineyarde of Vertue*, printed in 1591, seventy-seven years before Defoe was born, may be found the following sentence:—

It is oftentimes seene, that as God hath his Churche, so will the Deuill have a Chappell.

It was also used before Defoe's time by George Herbert and Robert Burton. The former says, in his *Jacula Prudentum*, "No sooner is a temple built to God, but the Devil builds a chapel hard by;" and the latter, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, thus expresses it: "Where God hath a Temple the Devil will have a Chapel." It is evident that Defoe only versified a well-known proverb of his day.

THE USE OF LANGUAGE.

To Talleyrand has generally been attributed the authorship of the maxim that "the use of language is to conceal our thoughts." (La parole a été donnée à l'homme pour aider à cacher sa pensée.)

In Pycroft's *Ways and Words of Men of Letters*, a quotation is made from an article on *The Use of Language*, published in a periodical called the *Bee*, under date of October 20, 1759, which reads as follows: "He who best knows how to conceal his necessity and desires is the most likely person to find redress; and *the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them*."

Nearly a century before this, Dr. South preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey, on *The Wisdom of the World*, in which he said, "Men speak with designs of mischief, and therefore they speak in the dark. In short, this seems to be the true inward judgment of all our politic sages, that speech was given to the ordinary sort of men whereby to communicate their mind, *but to wise men whereby to conceal it.*"

SCANDINAVIAN SKULL CUPS.

What a pretty tale was slaughtered when Grenville Piggot pointed out, in his *Manual of Scandinavian Mythology*, the blundering translation of the passage in an old Scandinavian poem relating to the occupation of the blest in the halls of Valhalla, the Northern paradise! "Soon shall we drink out of the curved horns of the head," are the words in the death-song of Regner Lodbrog; meaning by this violent figure to say that they would imbibe their liquor out of cups formed from the crooked horns of animals. The first translators, however, not seeing their way clearly, rendered the passage, "Soon shall we drink out of the *skulls of our enemies*;" and to this strange banqueting there are allusions without end to be met with in our literature. Peter Pindar, for example, once said that the booksellers, like the

heroes of Valhalla, drank their wine out of the skulls of authors.

GREAT LITERARY PLAGIARISM.

The *London Athenæum* asserts that Paley's Natural Theology is copied from a series of papers which appeared about the end of the seventeenth century, in the *Leipsic Transactions*, written by a Dutch philosopher named Nieuwentyt. It is extraordinary that this discovery was not made before, inasmuch as the papers, after having been published at Amsterdam about the year 1700, were afterwards translated into English by Mr. Chamberlayne, and published by Longman & Co., in 1818, about fifteen years after Paley's Natural Theology appeared. As Paley quotes Dr. Nieuwentyt from the *Leipsic Transactions*, he, of course, must have known and perused them. Parallel passages are printed side by side in the *Athenæum*, for the purpose of proving the assertion.

OLD BALLADS.

It was not the more polished author of Ivanhoe who gave us the unfading picture of the Black Knight, but he who sang of

—a stranger knight whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.
His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his sheelde,
Ne no man wist whence he did come,
Ne no man knewe where he did gone,
When they came from the feelde.

It was not the "thousand-souled Shakspeare" who gave birth to the story of the pound of flesh; for Shylock is no other than *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*. We subjoin two stanzas from Percy's Reliques:—

But we will have a merry jest
For to be talkéd long:
You shall make me a bond (quoth he)
That shall be large and strong.

* * * * *

The bloody Jew now ready is,
With whetted blade in hand;
To spoil the blood of innocent
By forfeit of his bond.

Even the tragedy of Lear was set to the tune of "When flying Fame" before it was known to the stage. Nor will it be unjust to the memory of the good and gifted Goldsmith to say that the Old Harper sang:—

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I,—

before the gentle Angelina thought of saying:—

And there forlorn, despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The success of *Le Juif Errant* of M. Sue, when first

published, arose doubtless from two causes: the deep hold upon the popular heart which the legend of the lonely wanderer naturally acquired, and the reaction against papacy at that period. The efforts of the church, and particularly of the Society of Jesus, against which it was specially directed, to either suppress it or neutralize its effects, tended the more to extend its influence. The legend of a wanderer, pursued by some fate or power above, suffering, solitary and deathless, is as old as the human race. It takes a new form with every step in human progress, adapting itself to the character of the period and place where it reappears. It belongs to the early East, notably the Hindoo legendary literature, to Greece and Rome, and to Christendom, taking shape rather from the religious than the ethical elements of character. The Wandering Jew of Christendom varies with times and places, as his name also varies. He is Salathiel, Ahasuerus, Cartaphilus, Theudas, Zerib Bar Elia, Isbal, Michob-Ader, Bultadœus, Isaac Laquedon or something else, as circumstances determine. The German designation—the Everlasting Jew, *der ewige Jude*—is more specifically significant really than that of other languages, in most of which it is "wandering."

The weird figure, wandering in fulfillment of his doom in the Carpathians, or halting at Nürnberg or Bamberg, or going in and out among the peasantry of Brittany or Wales, is an attractive subject: a vague, shadowy form; mortal and yet immortal; typical at once of man's liability to death, and of his everlasting existence. He has the passions and anxieties and sorrows of manhood, and is endowed with a function which places him beyond the operations of Providence. From the earliest notice of this hero, which occurs in the Chronicles of the

Abbey of St. Albans, he appears in numerous and manifold literary forms—drama, lyric, ballad, historical poem, legend, novel, study, essay, chronicle, biography, myth and paragraph, to the extent of perhaps a hundred volumes. The legends of most of these agree in representing the Jew as a wanderer since the day of the crucifixion, sometimes repentant and sometimes defiant, but always going. From this general voice Dr. Croly, in his *Salathiel*, upon a true artistic principle, departs, and makes his doomed one live only the usual period of man's life. His Jew is repentant and anxious to die, and dies in due season. The Jew of M. Eubule-Evans, in the *Curse of Immortality*, also is repentant, but, pursued by implacable vengeance of the Almighty, he refuses, in his morbid pride, to purchase the repose of death at the price of self-abasement; but at last reaches contrition through the softening influence of human love, repents and dies.

With similar general characteristics the wanderer of M. Sue's powerful melodramatic story seeks death in every clime and form: but lives on, wanders on, and toils to achieve human ends, until the close of the romance, when the hero sets out anew. Our readers are doubtless familiar with the story—the scattered heirs of a fortune of two million francs to be divided among them upon condition of their assembling at a given hour in a given room in Paris; and the machinations of the wily Jesuit Rodin, whose end was to secure the money for his own society.

The Chronicles of the Abbey of St. Albans, already referred to, report the following circumstantial details:—

In the year 1228, a certain archbishop of Armenia came on a pilgrimage to England to see the relics of

the saints, and visit the sacred places in this kingdom, as he had done in others; he also produced letters of recommendation from his Holiness the Pope to the religious men and prelates of the churches, in which they were enjoined to receive and entertain him with due reverence and honor. On his arrival, he came to St. Albans, where he was received with all respect by the abbot and monks; and at this place, being fatigued with his journey, he remained some days to rest himself and his followers. In the course of conversation by means of their interpreters, he made many inquiries relating to the religion and religious observances of this country, and told many strange things concerning the countries of the East. In the course of conversation he was asked whether he had ever seen or heard anything of Joseph, a man of whom there was much talk in the world, who, when our Lord suffered, was present and spoke to him, and who is still alive, in evidence to the Christian faith; in reply to which a knight in his retinue, who was his interpreter, replied, speaking in French, “My Lord well knows that man, and a little before he took his way to the western countries, the said Joseph ate at the table of my lord the archbishop in Armenia, and he has often seen and held converse with him.” He was then asked about what had passed between Christ and the said Joseph, to which he replied, “At the time of the suffering of Jesus Christ, he was seized by the Jews and led into the hall of judgment, before Pilate, the governor, that he might be judged by him on the accusation of the Jews; and Pilate finding no cause for adjudging him to death, said to them, ‘Take him and judge him according to your law;’ the shouts of the Jews, however, increasing, he, at their request, released unto them Barabbas, and delivered Jesus to them to

be crucified. When, therefore, the Jews were dragging Jesus forth, and had reached the door, Cartaphilus, a porter of the hall, in Pilate's service, as Jesus was going out of the door, impiously struck him on the back with his hand, and said in mockery, 'Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker; why do you loiter?' and Jesus looking back on him with a severe countenance, said to him, 'I am going and you will wait till I return.' And according as our Lord said, this Cartaphilus is still awaiting his return. At the time of our Lord's suffering he was thirty years old, and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was when our Lord suffered. After Christ's death, when the Catholic faith gained ground, this Cartaphilus was baptized by Ananias (who also baptized the apostle Paul), and was called Joseph. He dwells in one or other division of Armenia, and in divers Eastern countries, passing his time amongst the bishops and other prelates of the church; he is a man of holy conversation, and religious; a man of few words, and circumspect in his behavior, for he does not speak at all unless when questioned by the bishops and religious men, and then he tells of the events of old times, and of those which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of our Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection, namely, those who rose with Christ, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto men. He also tells of the creed of the apostles, and of their separation and preaching. And all this he relates without smiling or levity of conversation, as one who is well practised in sorrow and the fear of God; always looking forward with fear to the coming of Jesus Christ, lest at the last judgment he should find him in anger, whom, when on his way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. Numbers come to him

from different parts of the world, enjoying his society and conversation; and to them, if they are men of authority, he explains all doubts on the matters on which he is questioned. He refuses all gifts that are offered to him, being content with slight food and clothing."

Of the myths of the Middle Ages, none is more striking than that of the Wandering Jew; indeed it is so well calculated to arrest the attention and to excite the imagination, that it is remarkable that we should find an interval of three centuries between its first introduction into Europe by Matthew Paris and Philip Mouskes, and its general acceptance in the sixteenth century. Of the romances of Eugéne Sue and Dr. Croly, founded upon the legend, the less said the better. The original legend is so noble in its severe simplicity that none but a master mind could develop it with any chance of success. Nor have the poetical attempts upon the story fared better. It was reserved for the pencil of Gustave Doré to treat it with the originality it merited, and in a series of wood-cuts to produce at once a poem, a romance, and a chef-d'œuvre of art.

Curious Books.

ODD TITLES OF OLD BOOKS,

Mostly Published in the time of Cromwell.

A Fan to drive away Flies: a theological treatise on Purgatory.

A most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at.

A Pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry.

A Proper Project to Startle Fools: Printed in a Land where Self's cry'd up and Zeal's cry'd down.

A Reaping-Hook, well tempered, for the Stubborn Ears of the coming Crop; or, Biscuit baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation.

A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel, known among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish (a Quaker who had been imprisoned).

A Shot aimed at the Devil's Head-Quarters through the

Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant.

Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant.

Eggs of Charity, layed by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled with the Water of Divine Love. Take Ye and eat.

High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness.

Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches.

Matches lighted by the Divine Fire.

Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are also added, William Humius' Handful of Honeysuckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now newly augmented.

Spiritual Milk for Babes, drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments for their Souls' Nourishment: a catechism.

The Bank of Faith.

The Christian Sodality; or, Catholic Hive of Bees, sucking the Honey of the Churches' Prayer from the Blossoms of the Word of God, blowne out of the Epistles and Gospels of the Divine Service throughout the yeare. Collected by the Puny Bee of all the Hive not worthy to be named otherwise than by these Elements of his Name, F. P.

The Gun of Penitence.

The Innocent Love; or, the Holy Knight: a description of the ardors of a saint for the Virgin.

The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary; or a collection of passages from the fathers.

The Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit.

The Snuffers of Divine Love.

The Sound of the Trumpet: a work on the day of judgment.

The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion.

The Three Daughters of Job: a treatise on patience, fortitude, and pain.

Tobacco battered, and the Pipes shattered about their Ears that idly idolize so loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of holy shot thundered from Mount Helicon: a poem against the use of tobacco, by Joshua Sylvester.

Vox Cœlis; or, Newes from Heaven: being imaginary conversations there between Henry VIII., Edward VI., Prince Henrie, and others.

THE MOST CURIOUS BOOK IN THE WORLD.

The most singular bibliographic curiosity is that which belonged to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled *Liber Passionis Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, cum Characteribus Nulla Materia Compositis*. This book is neither written nor printed! The whole letters of the text are cut out of each folio upon the finest vellum; and, being interleaved with blue paper, it is read as easily as the best print. The labor and patience bestowed in its completion must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution, in every respect, is indeed admirable; and the vellum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rodolphus II. of Germany offered for it, in 1640, eleven thousand ducats,

which was probably equal to sixty thousand at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is, that it bears the royal arms of England, but it cannot be traced to have ever been in that country.

SILVER BOOK.

In the Library of Upsal, in Sweden, there is preserved a translation of the Four Gospels, printed with metal types upon violet-colored vellum. The letters are silver, and hence it has received the name of *Codex Argenteus*. The initial letters are in gold. It is supposed that the whole was printed in the same manner as bookbinders letter the titles of books on the back. It was a very near approach to the discovery of the art of printing; but it is not known how old it is.

BOOK AMATEURS.

It was the Abbé Rive, librarian to the Duke de la Vallière, who made the following classification:—

A *Bibliognoste* is one knowing in title-pages and colophons, and in editions; when and where printed; the presses whence issued; and all the minutiæ of a book.

A *Bibliographe* is a describer of books and other literary arrangements.

A *Bibliomane* is an indiscriminate accumulator, who blunders faster than he buys, cock-brained and purse-heavy.

A *Bibliophile*, the lover of books, is the only one in the class who appears to read them for his own pleasure.

A *Bibliotaphe* buries his books, by keeping them under lock, or framing them in glass cases.

Literariana.

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

"Junius" was the name or signature of a writer who published, at intervals between 1769 and 1772, a series of political papers on the leading questions and men of that day. They appeared in the newspaper called the *Public Advertiser*, and attracted immense attention, partly from the high position of the characters assailed, (among whom was George III. himself,) and still more from their brilliancy of style, their boldness of tone, and the tremendous severity of the invectives employed in them. The letters are still models of that species of writing,—though it has since risen to such a point of excellence generally as would greatly weaken the force of any similar phenomena if appearing in our day. However, from the monarch to the meanest of his subjects, all men were impressed deeply at the time by the letters of Junius, the mystery attending their authorship adding largely to their influence. It was a mystery at the moment, and remains a puzzle still. Not even the publisher, Woodfall, knew who his correspondent was, or, at least, not certainly. Yet all the world felt the letters to be the work of no common man. Their most remarkable feature, indeed, was the intimate

familiarity with high people and official life which they so clearly evinced. “A traitor in the camp!” was the cry of the leading statesmen of the period. Hence it occurred that almost every person of talent and eminence then living fell, or has since fallen, more or less under the suspicion of being Junius. But his own words to Woodfall have as yet proved true:—“It is not in the nature of things that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known.” He adds that he never will do so. “I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall die with me.” If it has not died with him, he at least has gone to the grave without its divulgement by himself. But there may still be circumstantial evidence sufficient to betray him, in despite of all his secretive care.

In Rush’s *Residence at the Court of London* is preserved an anecdote relating to the authorship of Junius, of interest and apparent importance to the investigators of this vexed question. It is as follows:—

Mr. Canning related an anecdote pertinent to the topic, derived from the present king when Prince of Wales. It was to the following effect. The late king was in the habit of going to the theatre once a week at the time Junius’s Letters were appearing, and had a page in his service of the name of Ramus. This page always brought the play-bill in to the king at teatime, on the evenings when he went. On the evening before Sir Philip Francis sailed for India, Ramus handed to the king, at the same time when delivering the play-bill, a note from Garrick to Ramus, in which the former stated that there would be no more letters from Junius. This was found to be the very night on which Junius addressed his laconic note to Garrick, threatening him with vengeance. Sir

Philip did embark for India next morning, and in point of fact the letters ceased to appear from that very day. The anecdote added that there lived with Sir Philip at the time a relation of Ramus, who sailed in the morning with him. The whole narrative excited much attention, and was new to most of the company. The first impression it made was, not only that it went far towards showing, by proof almost direct, that Sir Philip Francis was the author, but that Garrick must have been in the secret.

The *Bengal Hurkaru*, a Calcutta paper, dated Feb. 19, 1855, contains the following paragraph, which is the more interesting when taken in conjunction with several facts connected with Francis's residence there, as a member of the council, for several years (1774–80).

"The *Englishman* (a military newspaper published in Calcutta) states that there is a gentleman in Calcutta who possesses 'an original document, the publication of which would forever set at rest the *vexata quæstio* as to the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*.' The document which we have seen is what our cotemporary describes it to be, and bears three signatures: that of 'Chatham,' on the right-hand side of the paper; and on the left, those of Dr. Wilmot, and J. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton. The paper, the ink, and the writing all induce us to believe that the document is genuine; and we understand that the gentleman in whose possession it is has other documentary evidence corroborative of this, which still further tends to clear up the riddle which so many have attempted to read with small success."

The incident related by Mr. Canning acquires additional value and significance when considered in

connection with the evidence in favor of Francis, so concisely drawn up by Macaulay in his Essay on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. After an introductory allusion to the disputed authorship, Macaulay goes on to say:—

The external evidence is, we think, such as would support a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal, proceeding. The handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised. As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: first, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the Secretary of State's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the War Office; thirdly, that he, during the year 1770, attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of the speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of Deputy Secretary at War; fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. Now, Francis passed some years in the Secretary of State's office. He was subsequently chief clerk of the War Office. He repeatedly mentioned that he had himself, in 1770, heard speeches of Lord Chatham; and some of those speeches were actually printed from his notes. He resigned his clerkship at the War Office from resentment at the appointment of Mr. Chamier. It was by Lord Holland that he was first introduced into the public service. Now, here are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever. If this argument does not settle the question, there is an end of all reasoning on

circumstantial evidence.

The internal evidence seems to us to point the same way. The style of Francis bears a strong resemblance to that of Junius; nor are we disposed to admit, what is generally taken for granted, that the acknowledged compositions of Francis are very decidedly inferior to the anonymous letters. The argument from inferiority, at all events, is one which may be urged with at least equal force against every claimant that has ever been mentioned, with the single exception of Burke, who certainly was not Junius. And what conclusion, after all, can be drawn from mere inferiority? Every writer must produce his best work; and the interval between his best and his second-best work may be very wide indeed. Nobody will say that the best letters of Junius are more decidedly superior to the acknowledged works of Francis than three or four of Corneille's tragedies to the rest; than three or four of Ben Jonson's comedies to the rest; than the Pilgrim's Progress to the other works of Bunyan; than Don Quixote to the other works of Cervantes. Nay, it is certain that the Man in the Mask, whoever he may have been, was a most unequal writer. To go no further than the letters which bear the signature of Junius,—the letter to the king and the letters to Horne Tooke have little in common except the asperity; and asperity was an ingredient seldom wanting either in the writings or in the speeches of Francis.

Indeed, one of the strongest reasons for believing that Francis was Junius is the moral resemblance between the two men. It is not difficult from the letters which, under various signatures, are known to have been written by Junius, and from his dealings with Woodfall and others, to form a tolerably correct

notion of his character. He was clearly a man not destitute of real patriotism and magnanimity,—a man whose vices were not of a sordid kind. But he must also have been a man in the highest degree arrogant and insolent, a man prone to malevolence, and prone to the error of mistaking his malevolence for public virtue. “Doest thou well to be angry?” was the question asked in old time of the Hebrew prophet. And he answered, “I do well.” This was evidently the temper of Junius; and to this cause we attribute the savage cruelty which disgraces several of his letters. No man is so merciless as he who, under a strong self-delusion, confounds his antipathies with his duties. It may be added, that Junius, though allied with the democratic party by common enmities, was the very opposite of a democratic politician. While attacking individuals with a ferocity which perpetually violated all the laws of literary warfare, he regarded the most defective parts of old institutions with a respect amounting to pedantry, pleaded the cause of Old Sarum with fervor, and contemptuously told the capitalists of Manchester and Leeds that, if they wanted votes, they might buy land and become freeholders of Lancashire and Yorkshire. All this, we believe, might stand, with scarcely any change, for a character of Philip Francis.

It is not strange that the great anonymous writer should have been willing at that time to leave the country which had been so powerfully stirred by his eloquence. Every thing had gone against him. That party which he clearly preferred to every other, the party of George Grenville, had been scattered by the death of its chief, and Lord Suffolk had led the greater part of it over to the ministerial benches. The ferment produced by the Middlesex election had

gone down. Every faction must have been an object of aversion to Junius. His opinions on domestic affairs separated him from the Ministry, his opinions on colonial affairs from the Opposition. Under such circumstances, he had thrown down his pen in misanthropic despair. His farewell letter to Woodfall bears date January 19, 1773. In that letter he declared that he must be an idiot to write again; that he had meant well by the cause and the public; that both were given up; that there were not ten men who would act steadily together on any question. “But it is all alike,” he added, “vile and contemptible. You have never flinched, that I know of; and I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity.” These were the last words of Junius. Soon afterwards Sir Philip Francis started on his voyage to Bengal.

One of the ablest articles in favor of Lord Chatham may be found in Hogg’s *Instructor*, already quoted from. The writer sums up his evidence in a masterly manner, and almost conclusively, were it not that he still leaves, like others who have preceded him, a large space for an entering wedge. Nay, more: he even divides the palm, and, though he gives the great William Pitt the chief glory, he intimates that Francis not only wrote some of the epistles, but originated “the idea of so operating on the public mind.” He says in his closing remarks, in answer to the question, “Had Sir Philip Francis no share in the Junian Letters?” “He certainly was privy, we imagine, to the *whole business*, and, indeed, very probably wrote some of the earlier and less important epistles. He had been private secretary to Chatham at one time, and was his friend, or rather idolizing follower, through life. But he was not Junius. He may even have begun the epistolary series, and may deserve the credit, perhaps, of

having suggested the idea of so operating on the public mind. But still he was not *Nominis Umbra* himself. In answering the queries of Lord Campbell, Lady Francis, while owning that Sir Philip never called himself Junius to her, assumes nevertheless that he was that mystic being, but adds that after he had begun the letters a 'new and powerful ally' came to his assistance. The whole mystery is here laid bare. Lord Chatham is clearly the ally meant; and the testimony of Lady Francis, therefore, founded on the revelations of her husband, may be held as fully establishing our present hypothesis."

Yet Francis and Chatham both "died and left no sign:" the question is therefore still open to discussion, and, as a late writer has remarked, it is not a mere question of curiosity. He recommends it to the study of every barrister who wishes to make himself acquainted with the *Theory of Evidence*. There is scarcely a claim that has been put forward as yet, which he will not find worthy of his attention, especially when he considers the *remarkable coincidences* which have generally been the occasion of their being brought forward. He adds that he has during the last thirty years successively admitted the claims of five or six of the candidates, but that now he does not believe in one of them.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

Never the verse approve and hold as good
Till many a day and many a blot has wrought
The polished work, and chastened every thought
By tenfold labor to perfection brought.—HORACE.

The original MS. of this immortal poem was lately

sold at auction in London. At a former sale (1845) it was purchased, together with the "Odes," by a Mr. Penn. He gave $500 for the Elegy alone. He was proud, says the *London Athenæum*, of his purchase,—so proud, indeed, that binders were employed to inlay them on fine paper, bind them up in volumes of richly-tooled olive morocco with silk linings, and finally enclose each volume in a case of plain purple morocco. The order was carefully carried out, and the volumes were deposited at Stoke Pogis, in the great house adjoining the grave of Gray. The MS. of the Elegy is full of verbal alterations: it is the only copy known to exist, and is evidently Gray's first grouping together of the stanzas as a whole. As the Elegy is known and admired by almost every one conversant with the English language, we select some of the verses, to show the alterations made by the author. The established text is printed in Roman type, the MS. readings as originally written, in Italics:—

Of such as wandering near her secret bower
stray too
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep
village
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
Forever sleep; the breezy call of
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
Or Chanticleer so shrill,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share
coming
doubtful
Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
homely
Their homely joys
rustic
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust
awake
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage
had damp'd
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Tully
Some Cromwell
Cæsar
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined
struggling
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way
silent
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires
And buried ashes glow with social
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
With hasty footsteps brush
There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
Oft hoary
spreading
Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn
With gestures quaint
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove
fond conceits, he wont to
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree
By the heath side
The next, with dirges due, in sad array
meet
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn
Wrote that
Carved
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere
heart
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
Nor seek to draw them
There they alike in trembling hope repose
His frailties there

In the original manuscript copy, after the eighteenth stanza, are the four following verses, which were evidently intended to complete the poem, but the

idea of the hoary-headed swain occurring to the author, he rejected them:—

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
  Exalt the brave and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
  Than power or genius ere conspired to bless.

And thou who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
  Dost in these notes their artless tale relate;
By night and lonely contemplation led
  To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
  Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
In still, small accents breathing from the ground
  A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more with reason and thyself at strife,
  Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequestered vale of life
  Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

After the twenty-fifth stanza was the following:—

Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
  While o'er the heath we hied, our labor done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
  With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

Preceding the epitaph was the following beautiful allusion to the rustic tomb of the village scholar:—

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
  By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
  And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Gray began the composition of this exquisite poem in 1742; but so carefully did he proceed, that it remained on his hands for seven years. It is believed

to have been mostly written within the precincts of the church at Granchester, about two miles from Cambridge; and the curfew in the poet's mind was accordingly the great bell of St. Mary's, tolled regularly every evening at nine o'clock in Gray's time and since.

As a piece of finished composition, possessing all the elements of true poetry, in conception, in illustration, in the mechanical structure of the verse, in the simplicity of the style, in the touching nature of the ideas, the Elegy won from the outset a fame which, as a century of time has but served to make it more certain and more illustrious, is likely to last as long as mankind have the feelings of mortality.

As illustrations of the popularity of this poem, we may cite two historical incidents that will be interesting and acceptable to the reader.

On the night of September 13, 1759,—the night before the capture of Quebec by the English,—as the boats were floating down the river to the appointed landing, under cover of the night, and in the stillness of a silence constrained on pain of death, Gen. Wolfe, just arisen from a bed of sickness, harassed with the anxieties of a protracted yet fruitless campaign, and his mind filled with the present hazard, slowly and softly repeated its soothing lines; and he added to the officers around him, "Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow."

On the night of October 23, 1852,—the night before Daniel Webster's death,—the great statesman, having already been informed by his medical attendant that nothing further could be done, except to render his last hours more quiet, said, somewhat indistinctly, the words, "Poetry, poetry,—Gray, Gray!" His son

repeated the opening line of the Elegy, and Mr. Webster said, “That is it! that is it!” The volume was brought, and several stanzas of the poem were read to him, which gave him evident pleasure.

Among the many who have sought notoriety by pinning themselves to the skirts of Gray is a Mr. Edwards, author of *The Canons of Criticism*. This gentleman, though a bachelor, was more attentive to the fair sex than the pindaric Elegist, and, thinking there was a defect in the immortal poem that should be supplied, wrote the following creditable stanzas, which remind one of *Maud Muller*, to be introduced immediately after “some Cromwell guiltless,” &c.

Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms
  Shone forth, attraction in herself unknown,
Whose beauty might have blest a monarch’s arms,
  And virtue cast a lustre on a throne.

That humble beauty warmed an honest heart
  And cheered the labors of a faithful spouse;
That virtue formed for every decent part
  The healthful offspring that adorned their house.

The following beautiful imitation, by an American poet, is the best that has ever been offered to supply another remarkable deficiency,—the absence of such reflections on the sublime truths and inspiring hopes of Christianity as the scene would naturally awaken in a pious mind. With the exception of two or three somewhat equivocal expressions, Gray says scarcely a word which might not have been said by any one who believed that death is an eternal sleep, and who was disposed to regard the humble tenants of those tombs as indeed “each in his narrow cell *forever* laid.” A supplement according so well with the Elegy, both in elevation of sentiment and force of

diction, as the following, might appropriately have followed the stanza,—

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
  No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame;
But truth divine sublimer hopes inspired,
  And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

From every cottage, with the day, arose
  The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer;
And artless anthems, at its peaceful close,
  Like holy incense, charmed the evening air.

Though they, each tome of human lore unknown,
  The brilliant path of science never trod,
The sacred volume claimed their hearts alone,
  Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from truth's eternal fountain drew
  The pure and gladdening waters, day by day;
Learned, since our days are evil, fleet, and few,
  To walk in Wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

In yon lone pile o'er which hath sternly passed
  The heavy hand of all-destroying Time,
Through whose low mouldering aisles now sigh the blest,
  And round whose altars grass and ivy climb,

They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
  Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise
  In sweet communion rose before the throne.

Here, from those honored lips which sacred fire
  From Heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,
  Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear.

When life flowed by, and, like an angel, Death
  Came to release them to the world on high,

Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

Then gentle hands their “dust to dust” consign;
With quiet tears, the simple rites are said,
And here they sleep, till at the trump divine
The earth and ocean render up their dead.

SCENE FROM THE PARTING INTERVIEW OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

From the manuscript of Pope’s translation of Homer’s Iliad we select a passage, with its alterations and emendations, characteristic, like those of the foregoing, of the taste and precision of the author. It is interesting to note the variety of epithets, the imperfect idea, the gradual embellishment, and the critical erasures. But in their contemplation, rather than say, with Waller,—

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,

we should feel with Dr. Johnson, who remarked, upon examining the MSS. of Milton, that “such relics show how excellence is acquired: what we hope ever to do with ease we must learn first to do with diligence.” Johnson himself employed the *limæ laborem* on *The Rambler* to an extent almost incredible, and, according to Boswell, unknown in the annals of literature.

Dr. Nash remarks that it is more difficult, and requires a greater mastery of art, in painting to foreshorten a figure exactly than to draw three at their just length; so it is more difficult in writing, to express any thing naturally and briefly than to

enlarge and dilate.

> And therefore a judicious author's blots
> Are more ingenious than his first free thoughts.

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Extends his eager arms to embrace his boy,
lovely
Stretched his fond arms to seize the *beauteous* boy;
babe
The *boy* clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
each *kind*
With silent pleasure *the* fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child.
The glittering terrors unbound,
His radiant helmet from his brows *unbraced*,
on the ground he
And on the ground the glittering terror placed,
beamy
And placed the *radiant* helmet on the ground;
Then seized the boy, and raising him in air,
lifting
Then, *fondling* in his arms his infant heir,
dancing
Thus to the gods addressed a father's prayer:
glory fills
O thou, whose *thunder shakes* th' ethereal throne,
deathless
And all ye *other* powers, protect my son!
Like mine, this war, blooming youth with every virtue bless!
grace
The shield and glory of the Trojan race;
Like mine, his valor and his just renown,
Like mine, his labors to defend the crown.
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
the Trojans,
To guard *my country*, to defend the crown;
In arms like me, his country's war to wage,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!

successful
So when, triumphant from *the glorious* toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may
All Troy shall hail him, with deserved acclaim,
own the son
And *cry, This chief* transcends his father's fame;
While, pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.
fondly on her
He said, and, gazing *o'er his consort's charms*,
Restored his infant to her longing arms:
on
Soft *in* her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Pressed to her heart, and with a smile surveyed;
to repose
Hushed *him to rest*, and with a smile surveyed;
passion
But soon the troubled pleasure *mixed with rising fears*
dashed with fear,
The tender pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

In the established text will be found still further variations. These are marked below in Italics:—

Thus having spoke, the illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to *clasp* the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
With *secret* pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child.
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And placed the *beaming* helmet on the ground;
Then kissed the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods *preferred* a father's prayer:—

O thou, whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers, protect my son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown;

Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age!
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him, with deserved acclaim,
And *say, This chief* transcends his father's fame;
While, pleased, amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He *spoke*, and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored *the pleasing burden to her arms*:
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The *troubled pleasure* soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

POPE'S VERSIFICATION.

The mechanical structure of Pope's verses may be shown by omitting dissyllabic qualifying words, which are comparatively unimportant, and converting a ten-syllable into an eight-syllable metre, as in the following examples. First read the full text as in the original, and then read with the words in brackets omitted:—

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the [direful] spring
Of woes unnumbered, [Heavenly] Goddess, sing!
That wrath which hurled to Pluto's [gloomy] reign
The souls of [mighty] chiefs untimely slain;
Whose limbs unburied on the [naked] shore,
Devouring dogs and [hungry] vultures tore—

Now turn from the *Iliad* to the *Rape of the Lock*:—

And now [unveiled] the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in [mystic] order laid.
A [heavenly] image in the glass appears,

To that she bends, [to that] her eyes she rears;
The [inferior] priestess at her altar's side,
[Trembling] begins the sacred rights of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope [at once], and here
The [varied] offerings of the world appear.
From each she nicely culls with [curious] toil,
And decks the goddess with the [glittering] spoil.

IMPORTANCE OF PUNCTUATION.

The following passage occurs in Marlowe's *Edward II.*:—

Mortimer Jun.—This letter written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est.
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.
But read it thus, and that's another sense:
Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est.
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go, &c.

Mr. Collier appends the following note:—

Sir J. Harington has an Epigram [L. i., E. 33] "Of writing with double pointing," which is thus introduced:—"It is said that King Edward, of Carnarvon, lying at Berkely Castle, prisoner, a cardinal wrote to his keeper, *Edwardum occidere noli, timere bonum est*, which being read with the point at *timere*, it cost the king his life."

The French have a proverb, *Faute d'un point Martin perdit son ane*, (through want of a point [or stop] Martin lost his ass,) equivalent to the English saying, *A miss is as good as a mile*. This proverb originated from the following circumstance:—A priest named Martin, being appointed abbot of a religious house called Asello, directed this inscription to be placed over his gate:—

PORTA PATENS ESTO, NULLI CLAUDATUR HONESTO.

(Gate, be thou open,—to no honest man be shut.)

But the ignorant painter, by placing the stop after the word *nulli*, entirely altered the sense of the verse, which then stood thus:—

Gate, be open to none;—be shut against every honest man.

The Pope being informed of this uncharitable inscription, took up the matter in a very serious light, and deposed the abbot. His successor was careful to correct the punctuation of the verse, to which the following line was added:—

Pro solo puncto caruit Martinus Asello.

(For a single stop Martin lost Asello.)

The word Asello having an equivocal sense, signifying an ass as well as the name of the abbey, its former signification has been adopted in the proverb.

A nice point has recently occupied the attention of the French courts of law. Mons. de M. died on the 27th of February, leaving a will, entirely in his own handwriting, which he concludes thus:—

"And to testify my affection for my nephews Charles and Henri de M., I bequeath to each *d'eux* [i.e. *of them*] [or *deux*, i.e. *two*] hundred thousand francs."

The paper was folded before the ink was dry, and the writing is blotted in many places. The legatees assert that the apostrophe is one of those blots; but the son and heir-at-law maintains, on the contrary, that the apostrophe is intentional. This apostrophe is worth to him two hundred thousand francs; and the difficulty is increased by the fact that there is nothing in the

context that affords any clew to the real intention of the testator.

Properly punctuated, the following nonsense becomes sensible rhyme, and is doubtless as true as it is curious, though as it now stands it is very curious if true:—

I saw a pigeon making bread;
I saw a girl composed of thread;
I saw a towel one mile square;
I saw a meadow in the air;
I saw a rocket walk a mile;
I saw a pony make a file;
I saw a blacksmith in a box;
I saw an orange kill an ox;
I saw a butcher made of *steel*;
I saw a penknife dance a reel;
I saw a sailor twelve feet high;
I saw a ladder in a pie;
I saw an apple fly away;
I saw a sparrow making hay;
I saw a farmer like a dog;
I saw a puppy mixing grog;
I saw three men who saw these too,
And will confirm what I tell you.

The following is a good example of the unintelligible, produced by the want of pauses in their right places: —

Every lady in this land
Hath twenty nails upon each hand;
Five and twenty on hands and feet,
And this is true without deceit.

Punctuated thus, the true meaning will at once appear:—

Every lady in this land

Hath twenty nails: upon each hand
Five; and twenty on hands and feet;
And this is true without deceit.

The wife of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage sent a note to the clergyman of the parish, expressing the following meaning:—

A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation.

Unfortunately, the good matron was not skilled in punctuation, nor had the minister quick vision. He read the note as it was written:—

A husband going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation.

Horace Smith, speaking of the ancient Oracles, says, "If the presiding deities had not been shrewd punsters, or able to inspire the Pythoness with ready equivoques, the whole establishment must speedily have been declared bankrupt. Sometimes they only dabbled in accentuation, and accomplished their prophecies by the transposition of a stop, as in the well-known answer to a soldier inquiring his fate in the war for which he was about to embark. IBIS, REDIBIS. NUNQUAM IN BELLO PERIBIS. (You will go, you will return. Never in war will you perish.) The warrior set off in high spirits upon the faith of this prediction, and fell in the first engagement, when his widow had the satisfaction of being informed that he should have put the full stop after the word *nunquam*, which would probably have put a *full stop* to his enterprise and saved his life."

INDIAN HERALDRY.

A sanguine Frenchman had so high an opinion of the pleasure to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament, as we are informed by Menage, the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science or that of genealogy.

A similar instance of egregious preference for a favorite study occurs in a curious work on Heraldry, published in London, in 1682, the author of which adduces, as an argument of the science of heraldry being founded on the universal propensities of human nature, the fact of having seen some American Indians with their skins tattooed in stripes parallel and crossed (barries). The book bears the following title:—*Introductio ad Latinam Blasoniam. Authore Johanne Gibbono Armorumservulo quem a mantilio dicunt Cæruleo.* The singular and amusing extract appended is copied from page 156:—

The book entitled *Jews in America* tells you that the sachem and chief princes of the Nunkyganses, in New England, submitted to King Charles I., subscribing their names, and setting their seals, which were a BOW BENT, CHARGED WITH AN ARROW, A T REVERSED, A TOMAHAWK OR HATCHET ERECTED, such a one borne BARRYWISE, edge downward, and a FAWN. A great part of Anno 1659, till February the year following, I lived in Virginia, being most hospitably entertained by the honorable Col. R. Lee, sometime secretary of state there, and who after the king's martyrdom hired a Dutch vessel, freighted her himself, and went to Brussels, surrendered up Sir William Barclaie's old commission (for the government of that Province), and received a new one from his present majesty (a loyal action, and deserving my commemoration): neither will I omit

his arms, being GUL. A FES. CHEQUY, OR, BL BETWEEN EIGHT BILLETS ARG. being descended from the Lees of Shropshire, who sometimes bore eight *billets*, sometimes ten, and sometimes the *Fesse Contercompone* (as I have seen by our office-records). I will blason it thus: *In Clypeo rutilo; Fasciam pluribus quadratis auri et cyani, alternis æquisque spaciis* (*ducter triplici positis*) *confectam et inter octo Plinthides argenteas collocatam*. I say, while I lived in Virginia, I saw once a war-dance acted by the natives. The dancers were painted some PARTY PER PALE GUL. ET SAB. from forehead to foot (some PARTY PER FESSE, of the same colors), and carried little ill-made shields of bark, also painted of those colors (for I saw no other), some PARTY PER FESSE, some PER PALE (and some BARRY), at which I exceedingly wondered, and concluded that heraldry was engrafted naturally into the sense of the human race. If so, it deserves a greater esteem than is now-a-days put upon it.

THE ANACHRONISMS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Poets, in the proper exercise of their art, may claim greater license of invention and speech, and far greater liberty of illustration and embellishment, than is allowed to the sober writer of history; but historical truth or chronological accuracy should not be entirely sacrificed to dramatic effect, especially when the poem is founded upon history, or designed generally to represent historical truth. In the matchless works of Shakspeare we look instinctively for exactness in the details of time, place, and circumstance; and it is therefore with no little surprise that we find he has misplaced, in such instances as the following, the chronological order of

events, of the true state of which it can hardly be supposed he was ignorant.

In the play of *Coriolanus*, Titus Lartius is made to say, addressing C. Marcius,—

Thou wast a soldier even to *Cato's* wish.

It is a little curious how Marcius could have been a soldier to "Cato's wish," for Marcius, surnamed Coriolanus, was banished from Rome and died more than two hundred years before Cato's eyes first saw the light. In the same play Menenius says of Marcius, "He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander," or like Alexander. The anachronism made in this case is almost as bad as that just given, for Coriolanus was banished from Rome and died not far from B.C. 490, and Alexander was not born until almost one hundred and fifty years after. And the poet in the same play makes still another error in the words which he puts in the mouth of Menenius:—"The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricutic." Now, as the renowned "father of medicine" was not born until A.D. 130, of which fact it seems hardly probable that Shakspeare could have been ignorant, he has overleaped more than six hundred years to introduce Galen to his readers.

In the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* occurs a historical inaccuracy which cannot be excused on the ground of dramatic effect. It must be imputed to downright carelessness. It is in the following lines:—

Brutus. Peace! count the clock.

Cassius. The clock has stricken three.

Cassius and Brutus both must have been endowed with the vision of a prophet, for the first striking

clock was not introduced into Europe until more than eight hundred years after they had been laid in their graves. And in the tragedy of *King Lear* there is an inaccuracy, in regard to spectacles, as great as that in *Julius Cæsar* respecting clocks. King Lear was king of Britain in the early Anglo-Saxon period of English history; yet Gloster, commanding his son to show him a letter which he holds in his hands, says, "Come, let's see: if it be nothing, I shall not want spectacles." It is generally admitted that spectacles were not worn in Europe until the end of the thirteenth or the commencement of the fourteenth century.

Shakspeare also anticipates in at least two plays, and by many years, the important event of the first use of cannon in battle or siege. In his great tragedy of *Macbeth*, he speaks of cannon "overcharged with double cracks;" and *King John* says,—

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,
For ere thou canst report, I will be there;
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

Cannon, it will be recollected, were first used at Cressy, in 1346, whereas Macbeth was killed in 1054, and John did not begin to reign until 1199. In the *Comedy of Errors*, the scene of which is laid in the ancient city of Ephesus, mention is made of modern denominations of money, as guilders and ducats; also of a striking clock, and a nunnery.

SHAKSPEARE'S HEROINES.

Ruskin says:—Shakspeare has no heroes—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure

in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage, and the still slighter Valentine in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice around him; but he is the only example even approximating the heroic type. Hamlet is indolent and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose. Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogene, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Silvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless.

SHAKSPEARE AND TYPOGRAPHY.

The great Caxton authority in England—Mr. William Blades—has turned his attention to Shakspeare, and applies his knowledge as a practical printer to the poet's works, in order to see what acquaintance they show with the compositor's art. The result is strikingly set forth in a volume entitled "*Shakspeare and Typography*." Many instances of the use of technical terms by Shakspeare are cited by Mr. Blades, such as the following:—

1. "Come we to *full points* here? And are *et ceteras* nothing? —*2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4."

2. "If a book is folio, and two pages of type have been composed, they are placed in proper position upon the imposing stone, and enclosed within an iron or steel frame, called a 'chase,' small wedges of hard wood, termed 'coigns' or 'quoins,' being driven in at opposite sides to make all tight.

By the four opposing *coigns*
Which the world together joins.—Pericles, iii. 1.

This is just the description of a form in folio, where two quoins on one side are always opposite to two quoins on the other, thus together joining and tightening all the separate stamps."

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

Schlegel says that sufficient use has not been made of Shakspeare's Sonnets as important materials for his biography. Let us see to what conclusions they may lead us. In Sonnet XXXVII., for example, he says:—

As a decrepit father takes delight
  To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, *made lame* by fortune's dearest spite,
  Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.

And again, in Sonnet LXXXIX.,—

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
  And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my *lameness*, and I straight will halt,
  Against thy reasons making no defence.

Was Shakspeare lame? "A question to be asked;" and there is nothing in the inquiry repugnant to poetic justice, for he has made Julius Cæsar deaf in his left ear. Where did he get his authority?

HAMLET'S AGE.

Shakspeare's Hamlet was thirty years old, as is indicated by the text in Act. V. Sc. 1:—

HAM. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 CLO. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

HAM. How long is that since?

1 CLO. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad and sent into England.

HAM. Upon what ground?

1 CLO. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy thirty years.

HAMLET'S INSANITY.

It is strange that there should be any doubts whether Hamlet was really or feignedly insane. His assertion to the Queen, after putting off his assumed tricks (iii. 4.),

That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft,

is surely admissible testimony. But he gives us other evidence based upon the difficulty of *recalling a train of thought*, an invariable accompaniment of insanity, inasmuch as it is an act in which both brains are concerned. He says,—

Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.

There are no instances of insanity on record, however slight and uncognizable by any but an experienced medical man, where the patient, after relating a short history of his complaints, physical,

moral, and social, could, on being requested to reiterate the narrative, follow the same series, and repeat the same words, even with the limited correctness of a sane person.[37]

ADDITIONAL VERSES TO HOME, SWEET HOME.

In the winter of 1833, John Howard Payne, the author of *Home, Sweet Home*, called upon an American lady, the wife of an eminent banker living in London, and presented to her a copy of the original, set to music, with the two following additional verses addressed to her:—

To *us*, in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of *home* still appears!
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says, with a sigh,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow,
But *mine* has been checkered with many a woe!
Yet, though different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same,
And both, as we think of Columbia, exclaim,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! etc.

THE STEREOTYPED FALSITIES OF HISTORY.

Thinking to amuse my father once, after his retirement from the ministry, I offered to read a book of history. "Any thing but history," said he; "for history must be false."—

Walpoliana.

What massive volumes would the reiterated errors and falsities of history fill, could they be collected in one grand *omniana*! Historians in every period of the world, narrowed and biassed by surrounding circumstances, each in his pent-up Utica confined, have lacked the fairness and impartiality necessary to insure a full conviction of their truthfulness. Men not only suffer their opinions and their prejudices to mislead themselves and others, but frequently, in the absence of material, draw upon their imaginations for *facts*. Often, too, when sincerely desirous of presenting the truth so as to "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice," the sources of their information are lamentably deficient.

The discrepancies of historical writers are very remarkable. If one who had never heard of Napoleon were to read Scott's Life of the great military chieftain, and then read Abbott's work, in what a maze of perplexity would he be involved between the disparagement of the one and the deification of the other! If one writer asserts that the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey in the Tower of London, and another derisively treats it as a "childish improbability," and if one expresses the belief that Richard of Gloucester exerted himself to save Clarence, and another that he was the actual murderer, *who*, or *what*, are we to believe?

Knowing, as we do, that modern history abounds with errors, what are we to think of ancient history? If fraudulent and erroneous statements can be distinctly pointed out in Hume, and Lingard, and Alison, how far can we place any reliance upon Cæsar, and Herodotus, and Xenophon?

The monstrous absurdities and incongruities related

of Xerxes, which have descended to our day under the name of history, are too stupendous for any credulity. The imposture, like vaulting ambition, "o'erleaps itself." Such extravagant demands upon our faith serve to deepen our doubt of alleged occurrences that lie more nearly within the range of possibility. *If it be true* that Hannibal cut his way across the Alps with "*fire, iron, and vinegar*," how did he apply the vinegar?

If falsities in our American history can creep upon us whilst our eyes are open to surrounding evidence, is it to be wondered at that there are so many contradictions and so many myths in the history of Rome? The very name *America* is a deception, a fraud, and a perpetuation of as rank injustice as ever stained the annals of human events. It is to be hoped that the time will yet come when Columbus shall receive his due. When that millennial day arrives which will insist on calling things by their right names, the battle of Bunker's Hill will be called the battle of Breed's Hill.

It seems incredible, and it certainly is singular, that so many errors in our history should continue to prevail in utter defiance of what is known to be fact. Historians, for instance, persist in saying, and people consequently persist in believing, that the breast-works of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans were made of cotton-bales covered with earth, whilst intelligent survivors strenuously deny that there was a pound of that combustible material on the ground.[38] A well-known painting frequently

copied by line-engravers represents Lord Cornwallis handing his sword to General Washington, at the surrender of Yorktown, and this in spite of the glaring fact that, to spare Cornwallis that

humiliation, General O'Hara gave his sword to General Lincoln.

The blood shed at the battle of Lexington is commonly believed and said to have been the *first* drawn in the contest of the Colonists with the oppressive authorities of the British Government. Aside from the Boston massacre, which occurred March 5, 1770, it will be found, by reference to the records of Orange county, North Carolina, that a body of men was formed, called the "Regulators," with the view of resisting the extortion of Colonel Fanning, clerk of the court, and other officers, who demanded illegal fees, issued false deeds, levied unauthorized taxes, &c.; that these men went to the court-house at Hillsboro', appointed a schoolmaster named York as clerk, set up a mock judge, and pronounced judgment in mock gravity and ridicule of the court, law, and officers, by whom they felt themselves aggrieved; that soon after, the house, barn, and out-buildings of the judge were burned to the ground; and that Governor Tryon subsequently, with a small force, went to suppress the Regulators, with whom an engagement took place near Alamance Creek, on the road from Hillsboro' to Salisbury, on the 16th of May, 1771,—nearly four years before the affair of Lexington,—in which nine Regulators and twenty-seven militia were killed, and many wounded,—fourteen of the latter being killed by one man, James Pugh, from behind a rock.

The progress of the natural and physical sciences, together with the increased facilities of intercommunication by steam, have done much towards disproving and exposing the fabulous stories of travelers. The extravagant character, for example, of the assertions of Fœrsch and Darwin in regard to

the noxious emanations of the Bohun Upas is now shown by the fact that a specimen of it growing at Chiswick, England, may be approached with safety, and even handled, with a little precaution. It is equally well established that the famous Poison Valley in the island of Java affords the most remarkable natural example yet known of an atmosphere overloaded with carbonic acid gas, to which must be referred the destructive influence upon animal life heretofore attributed to the Upas-tree.

CONFLICTING TESTIMONY OF EYE-WITNESSES.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his prison, was composing the second volume of his History of the World. Leaning on the sill of his window, he meditated on the duties of the historian to mankind, when suddenly his attention was attracted by a disturbance in the court-yard before his cell. He saw one man strike another, whom he supposed by his dress to be an officer; the latter at once drew his sword and ran the former through the body. The wounded man felled his adversary with a stick, and then sank upon the pavement. At this juncture the guard came up and carried off the officer insensible, and then the corpse of the man who had been run through.

Next day Raleigh was visited by an intimate friend, to whom he related the circumstances of the quarrel and its issue. To his astonishment, his friend unhesitatingly declared that the prisoner had mistaken the whole series of incidents which had passed before his eyes. The supposed officer was not

an officer at all, but the servant of a foreign ambassador; it was he who had dealt the first blow; he had not drawn his sword, but the other had snatched it from his side, and had run *him* through the body before any one could interfere; whereupon a stranger from among the crowd knocked the murderer down with his stick, and some of the foreigners belonging to the ambassador's retinue carried off the corpse. The friend of Raleigh added that government had ordered the arrest and immediate trial of the murderer, as the man assassinated was one of the principal servants of the Spanish ambassador.

"Excuse me," said Raleigh, "but I cannot have been deceived as you suppose, for I was eye-witness to the events which took place under my own window, and the man fell there on that spot where you see a paving-stone standing up above the rest." "My dear Raleigh," replied his friend, "I was sitting on that stone when the fray took place, and I received this slight scratch on my cheek in snatching the sword from the murderer, and upon my word of honor, you have been deceived upon every particular."

Sir Walter, when alone, took up the second volume of his History, which was in MS., and contemplating it, thought—"If I cannot believe my own eyes, how can I be assured of the truth of a tithe of the events which happened ages before I was born?" and he flung the manuscript into the fire.

WIT AND HUMOR.

The distinction between wit and humor may be said to consist in this,—that the characteristic of the latter

is Nature, and of the former Art. Wit is more allied to intellect, and humor to imagination. Humor is a higher, finer, and more genial thing than wit. It is a combination of the laughable with tenderness, sympathy, and warm-heartedness. Pure wit is often ill-natured, and has a sting; but wit, sweetened by a kind, loving expression, becomes humor. Wit is usually brief, sharp, epigrammatic, and incisive, the fewer words the better; but humor, consisting more in the manner, is diffuse, and words are not spared in it. Carlyle says, "The essence of humor is sensibility, warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence;" and adds, of Jean Paul's humor, that "in Richter's smile itself a touching pathos may lie hid too deep for tears." Wit may be considered as the distinctive feature of the French genius, and humor of the English; but to show how difficult it is to carry these distinctions out fairly, we may note that England has produced a Butler, one of the greatest of wits, and France a Molière, one of the greatest of humorists. Fun includes all those things that occasion laughter which are not included in the two former divisions. Buffoonery and mimicry come under this heading, and it has been observed that the author of a comedy is a wit, the comic actor a humorist, and the clown a buffoon. Old jests were usually tricks, and in coarse times we find that little distinction is made between joyousness and a malicious delight in the misfortunes of others. Civilization discountenances practical jokes, and refinement is required to keep laughter within bounds. As the world grows older, fun becomes less boisterous, and wit gains in point, so that we cannot agree with Cornelius O'Dowd when he says, "The day of witty people is gone by. If there be men clever enough nowadays to say smart things, they are too clever to

say them. The world we live in prefers placidity to brilliancy, and a man like Curran in our present-day society would be as unwelcome as a pyrotechnist with a pocket full of squibs." This is only a repetition of an old complaint, and its incorrectness is proved when we find the same thing said one hundred years ago. In a manuscript comedy, "In Foro," by Lady Houstone, who died near the end of the last century, one of the characters observes: "Wit is nowadays out of fashion; people are well-bred, and talk upon a level; one does not at present find wit but in some old comedy." In spite of Mr. Lever and Lady Houstone, we believe that civilized society is specially suited for the display of refined wit. Under such conditions satire is sure to flourish, for the pen takes the place of the sword, and we know it can slay an enemy as surely as steel. This notion owes its origin in part to an error in our mental perspective, by which we bring the wit of all ages to one focus, fancying what was really far apart to have been close together, and thus comparing things which possess no proper elements of comparison, and placing as it were in opposition to each other the accumulated, broad, and well-storied tapestry of the past with the fleeting moments of our day, which are but its still accumulating fringe. Charles Lamb will not allow any great antiquity for wit, and apostrophizing candle-light says: "This is our peculiar and household planet; wanting it, what savage, unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in eaves and unillumined fastnesses! They must have laid about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek to be sure he understood it! Jokes came in with candles."

AN OLD PAPER.

The most amusing and remarkable paper ever printed was the *Muse Historique*, or Rhyming Gazette of Jacques Loret, which, for fifteen years, from 1650 to 1665, was issued weekly in Paris. It consisted of 550 verses summarizing the week's news in rhyme, and treated of every class of subjects, grave and gay. Loret computed, in 1663, the thirteenth year of his enterprise, that he had written over 300,000 verses, and found more than 700 different exordiums, for he never twice began his Gazette with the same *entère* in *matier*. He ran about the city for his own news, never failed to write good verses upon it, and never had anybody to help him, and his prolonged and always equal performance has been pronounced unique in the history of journalism.

COMFORT FOR BOOK LOVERS.

Mr. Ruskin vigorously defends the bibliomaniac, in his *Sesame and Lilies*. We have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses; and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take as compared with its

expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind as of food for the body; now, a good book contains such food inexhaustibly—it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wiser people forget that if a book is worth reading it is worth buying.

LETTERS AND THEIR ENDINGS.

There is a large gamut of choice for endings, from the official "Your obedient servant," and high and mighty "Your humble servant," to the friendly "Yours truly," "Yours sincerely," and "Yours affectionately." Some persons vary the form, and slightly intensify the expression by placing the word "yours" last, as "Faithfully yours." James Howell used a great variety of endings, such as "Yours inviolably," "Yours entirely," "Your entire friend," "Yours verily and invariably," "Yours really," "Yours in no vulgar way of friendship," "Yours to dispose of," "Yours while J. H.," "Yours! Yours! Yours!"

Walpole writes: “Yours very much,” “Yours most cordially,” and to Hannah More, in 1789, “Yours more and more.” Mr. Bright, some years ago ended a controversial letter in the following biting terms: “I am, sir, with whatever respect is due to you.” The old Board of Commissioners of the British Navy used a form of subscription very different from the ordinary official one. It was their habit to subscribe their letters (even letters of reproof) to such officers as were not of noble families or bore titles, “Your affectionate friends.” It is said that this practice was discontinued in consequence of a distinguished captain adding to his letter to the Board, “Your affectionate friend.” He was thereupon desired to discontinue the expression, when he replied, “I am, gentlemen, no longer your affectionate friend.”

STUDIES AND BOOKS.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business, for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of business one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar: they perfect nature and are perfected by experience,—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty wise men contemn studies,

simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; *i.e.*, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.—LORD BACON.

Literati.

ATTAINMENTS OF LINGUISTS.

Taking the very highest estimate which has been offered of their attainments, the list of those who have been reputed to have possessed more than ten languages is a very short one. Only four, in addition to a case that will be presently mentioned,—Mithridates, Pico of Mirandola, Jonadab Almanor, and Sir William Jones,—are said in the loosest sense to have passed the limit of twenty. To the first two fame ascribes twenty-two, to the last two twenty-eight, languages. Müller, Niebuhr, Fulgence, Fresnel, and perhaps Sir John Bowring, are usually set down as knowing twenty languages. For Elihu Burritt and Csoma de Koros their admirers claim eighteen. Renaudot the controversialist is said to have known seventeen; Professor Lee, sixteen; and the attainments of the older linguists, as Arius Montanus, Martin del Rio, the converted Rabbi Libettas Cominetus, and the Admirable Crichton, are said to have ranged from this down to ten or twelve,—most of them the ordinary languages of learned and polite society.

The extraordinary case above alluded to is that of the

Cardinal Mezzofanti, the son of a carpenter of Bologna, whose knowledge of languages seems almost miraculous. Von Zach, who made an occasional visit to Bologna in 1820, was accosted by the learned priest, as he then was, in Hungarian, then in good Saxon, and afterwards in the Austrian and Swabian dialects. With other members of the scientific corps the priest conversed in English, Russian, Polish, French, and Hungarian. Von Zach mentions that his German was so natural that a cultivated Hanoverian lady in the company expressed her surprise that a German should be a professor and librarian in an Italian university.

Professor Jacobs, of Gotha, was struck not only with the number of languages acquired by the "interpreter for Babel," but at the facility with which he passed from one to the other, however opposite or cognate their structure.

Dr. Tholuck heard him converse in German, Arabic, Spanish, Flemish, English, and Swedish, received from him an original distich in Persian, and found him studying Cornish. He heard him say that he had studied to some extent the Quichus, or old Peruvian, and that he was employed upon the Bimbarra. Dr. Wiseman met him on his way to receive lessons in California Indian from natives of that country. He heard "Nigger Dutch" from a Curaçoa mulatto, and in less than two weeks wrote a short piece of poetry for the mulatto to recite in his rude tongue. He knew something of Chippewa and Delaware, and learned the language of the Algonquin Indians. A Ceylon student remembers many of the strangers with whom Mezzofanti was in the habit of conversing in the Propaganda,—those whose vernaculars were Peguan, Abyssinian, Amharic, Syriac, Arabico, Maltese,

Tamulic, Bulgarian, Albanian, besides others already named. His facility in accommodating himself to each new colloquist justifies the expression applied to him, as the “chamelion of languages.”

Dr. Russell, Mezzofanti’s biographer, adopting as his definition of a thorough knowledge of language an ability to read it fluently and with ease, to write it correctly, and to speak it idiomatically, sums up the following estimate of the Cardinal’s acquisitions:—

1. Languages frequently tested and spoken by the Cardinal with rare excellence,—thirty.

2. Stated to have been spoken fluently, but hardly sufficiently tested,—nine.

3. Spoken rarely and less perfectly,—eleven.

4. Spoken imperfectly; a few sentences and conversational forms,—eight.

5. Studied from books, but not known to have been spoken,—fourteen.

6. Dialects spoken, or their peculiarities understood, —thirty-nine dialects of ten languages, many of which might justly be described as different languages.

This list adds up one hundred and eleven, exceeding by all comparison every thing related in history. The Cardinal said he made it a rule to learn every new grammar and apply himself to every strange dictionary that came within his reach. He did not appear to consider his prodigious talent so extraordinary as others did. “In addition to an excellent memory,” said he, “God has blessed me with an incredible flexibility of the organs of speech.” Another remark of his was, “that when one has learned ten or a dozen languages essentially

different from one another, one may with a little study and attention learn any number of them." Again he remarked, "If you wish to know how I preserve these languages, I can only say that when I once hear the meaning of a word in any language I never forget it."

And yet it is not claimed for this man of many words that his ideas at all corresponded. He had twenty words for one idea, as he said of himself; but he seemed to agree with Catharine de Medicis in preferring to have twenty ideas for one word. He was remarkable for the number of languages which he had made his own, but was not distinguished as a grammarian, a lexicographer, a philologist, a philosopher, or ethnologist, and contributed nothing to any department of the study of words, much less that of science.

LITERARY ODDITIES.

Racine composed his verses while walking about, reciting them in a loud voice. One day, while thus working at his play of Mithridates, in the Tuileries gardens, a crowd of workmen gathered around him, attracted by his gestures: they took him to be a madman about to throw himself into the basin. On his return home from such walks he would write down scene by scene, at first in prose, and when he had written it out, he would exclaim, "My tragedy is done!" considering the dressing of the acts up in verse as a very small affair. Magliabecchi, the learned librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, on the contrary, never stirred abroad, but lived amid books and upon books. They were his bed, board, and washing. He passed eight-and-forty years in their

midst, only twice in the course of his life venturing beyond the walls of Florence,—once to go two leagues off, and the other time three and a half leagues, by order of the Grand Duke. He was an extremely frugal man, living upon eggs, bread, and water, in great moderation. Luther, when studying, always had his dog lying at his feet,—a dog he had brought from Wartburg and of which he was very fond. An ivory crucifix stood on the table before him, and the walls of his study were stuck round with caricatures of the Pope. He worked at his desk for days together without going out; but when fatigued, and the ideas began to stagnate in his brain, he would take his flute or his guitar with him into the porch, and there execute some musical fantasy, (for he was a skilful musician,) when the ideas would flow upon him as fresh as flowers after summer's rain. Music was his invariable solace at such times. Indeed, Luther did not hesitate to say that, after theology, music was the first of arts. "Music," said he, "is the art of the prophets: it is the only art which, like theology, can calm the agitation of the soul and put the devil to flight." Next to music, if not before it, Luther loved children and flowers. The great, gnarled man had a heart as tender as a woman's. Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had books, manuscripts, and papers carried to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again to continue his studies. In his later years he dictated his writings to secretaries. He rarely corrected any thing. The sentences issued complete from his mouth. If he felt his facility of composition leaving him, he forthwith quitted his bed, gave up writing and composing, and went about his outdoor duties for

days, weeks, and months together. But as soon as he felt the inspiration fall upon him again, he went back to his bed, and his secretary set to work forthwith. Rousseau wrote his works early in the morning; Le Sage at mid-day; Byron at midnight. Villehardouin rose at four in the morning, and wrote till late at night. Aristotle was a tremendous worker: he took little sleep, and was constantly retrenching it. He had a contrivance by which he awoke early, and to awake was with him to commence work. Demosthenes passed three months in a cavern by the seaside, laboring to overcome the defects of his voice. There he read, studied, and declaimed. Rabelais composed his Life of Gargantua at Bellay, in the company of Roman cardinals, and under the eyes of the Bishop of Paris. La Fontaine wrote his fables chiefly under the shade of a tree, and sometimes by the side of Racine and Boileau. Pascal wrote most of his Thoughts on little scraps of paper, at his by-moments. Fénélon wrote his Telemachus in the Palace of Versailles, at the court of the Grand Monarque, when discharging the duties of tutor to the Dauphin. That a book so thoroughly democratic should have issued from such a source and been written by a priest may seem surprising. De Quincey first promulgated his notion of universal freedom of person and trade, and of throwing all taxes on the land,—the germ, perhaps, of the French Revolution, —in the boudoir of Madame de Pompadour! Bacon knelt down before composing his great work, and prayed for light from Heaven. Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to its fullest activity. The life of Leibnitz was one of reading, writing, and meditation. That was the secret of his prodigious knowledge. After an attack of

gout, he confined himself to a diet of bread and milk. Often he slept in a chair, and rarely went to bed till after midnight. Sometimes he spent months without quitting his seat, where he slept by night and wrote by day. He had an ulcer in his right leg, which prevented his walking about even had he wished to do so.

CULTURE AND SACRIFICE.

The instruction of the world has been carried on by perpetual sacrifice. A grand army of teachers, authors, artists, schoolmasters, professors, heads of colleges—have been through ages carrying on war against ignorance; but no triumphal procession has been decreed to it, nor spoils of conquered provinces have come to its coffers; no crown imperial has invested it with pomp and power. In lonely watch-towers the fires of genius have burned, but to waste and consume the lamp of life, while they gave light to the world. It is no answer to say that the victims of intellectual toil, broken down in health and fortune, have counted their work a privilege and joy. As well deny the martyr's sacrifice because he has joyed in his integrity. And many of the world's intellectual benefactors have been martyrs. Socrates died in prison as a public malefactor; for the healing wisdom he offered his people, deadly poison was the reward. Homer had a lot, so obscure at least, that nobody knew his birthplace; and, indeed, some modern critics are denying that there ever was any Homer.

Plato traveled back and forth from his home in Athens to the court of the Syracuse tyrant, regarded

indeed and feared, but persecuted and in peril of life; nay, and once sold for a slave. Cicero shared a worse fate. Dante all his life knew, as he expressed it,

"How salt was a stranger's bread,
How hard the path still up and down to tread,
A stranger's stairs."

Copernicus and Galileo found science no more profitable than Dante found poetry. Shakspeare had a home, but too poorly endowed to stand long in his name after he left it; the income upon which he retired was barely two or three hundred pounds a year, and so little did his contemporaries know or think of him that the critics hunt in vain for the details of his private life. The mighty span of his large honors shrinks to an obscure myth of life in theatres in London or on the banks of the Avon.

A LITERARY SCREW.

An English paper says that Sharon Turner, author of the *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, who received three hundred pounds a year from Government as a literary pension, wrote his third volume of his *Sacred History of the World* upon paper which did not cost him a farthing. The copy consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes, of covers of periodicals, gray, drab, or green, written in thick round hand over a small print; of shreds of curling-paper, unctuous with pomatum of bear's grease, and of white wrappers in which his proofs had been sent from the printers. The paper, sometimes as thin as a bank-note, was written on both sides, and was so sodden with ink, plastered on with a pen worn to a

stump, that hours were frequently wasted in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. Men condemned to work on it saw their dinner vanish in illimitable perspective, and first-rate hands groaned over it a whole day for tenpence. One poor fellow assured the writer of that paper that he could not earn enough upon it to pay his rent, and that he had seven mouths to fill besides his own. In the hope of mending matters in some degree, slips of stout white paper were sent frequently with the proofs; but the good gentleman could not afford to use them, and they never came back as copy. What an inveterate miser this old scribbler must have been, notwithstanding his pension and his copyrights!

DRYDEN AND HIS PUBLISHER.

When Dryden had finished his translation of Virgil, after some self-deliberation, he sent the MS. to Jacob Tonson, requiring for it a certain sum, which he mentioned in a note. Tonson was desirous of possessing the work, but meanly wished to avail himself of Dryden's necessities, which at that time were particularly urgent. He therefore informed the poet that he could not afford to give the sum demanded. Dryden, in reply, sent the following lines descriptive of Tonson:—

With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas-colored hair,
And frowsy pores that taint the ambient air.

When they were delivered to Tonson, he asked if Mr. Dryden had said any thing more. "Yes," answered the bearer: "he said, 'Tell the dog that he who wrote

these lines can write more like them.'" Jacob immediately sent the money.

Personal Sketches and Anecdotes.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

During General Washington's administration, he almost daily attended his room, adjoining the Senate-chamber, and often arrived before the Senate organized. On one occasion, but before his arrival, Gouverneur Morris and some other senators were standing together, conversing on various topics, and, among them, the natural but majestic air of General Washington, when some one observed there was no man living who could take a liberty with him. The sprightly and bold Morris remarked, "I will bet a dozen of wine I can do that with impunity." The bet was accepted.

Soon after, Washington appeared, and commenced an easy and pleasant conversation with one of the gentlemen, at a little distance from the others. While thus engaged, Morris, stepping up, in a jocund manner, familiarly tapped Washington on the shoulder, and said,—

"Good morning, old fellow!"

The General turned, and merely looked him in the face, without a word, when Morris, with all his assumed effrontery, stepped hastily back, in evident

discomposure, and said:—

"Gentlemen, you have won the bet. I will never take such a liberty again!"

The writer obtained this fact from a member of the Senate, who witnessed the occurrence.

ANECDOTE OF LAFAYETTE.

Shortly after Lafayette's second return from America, he was at Versailles when the king was about to review a division of troops. Lafayette was invited to join in the review. He was dressed in the American uniform, and was standing by the side of the Duc de Condé, when the king, in his tour of conversation with the officers, came to him, and, after speaking on several topics, asked him questions about his uniform and the military costume in the United States. The king's attention was attracted by a little medal, which was attached to his coat in the manner in which the insignia of orders are usually worn in Europe; and he asked what it was. Lafayette replied that it was a symbol which it was the custom of the foreign officers in the American service to wear, and that it bore a device. The king asked what was the device: to which Lafayette answered that there was no device common to all, but that each officer chose such as pleased his fancy. "And what has pleased your fancy?" inquired the king. "My device," said the young general, pointing to his medal, "is a liberty-pole standing on a broken crown and sceptre." The king smiled, and, with some pleasantry about the republican propensities of a French marquis in American uniform, turned the conversation to another topic. Condé looked grave, but said nothing.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The name Napoleon, being written in Greek characters, will form seven different words, by dropping the first letter of each in succession:—

Ναπολεων, Ἀπολέον, Πόλεον, Ὁλεον, Λέον, Ἐόν, ὦν.

These words make a complete sentence, meaning, Napoleon, the destroyer of whole cities, was the lion of his people.

MILTON AND NAPOLEON.

Napoleon Bonaparte declared to Sir Colin Campbell, who had charge of his person at the Isle of Elba, that he was a great admirer of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and that he had read it to some purpose, for that the plan of the battle of Austerlitz he borrowed from the sixth book of that work, where Satan brings his artillery to bear upon Michael and his angelic host with such direful effect:—

"Training his dev'lish enginery impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep
To *hide the fraud*."

This *new* mode of warfare appeared to Bonaparte so likely to succeed, if applied to actual use, that he determined upon its adoption, and succeeded beyond expectation. By reference to the details of that battle, it will be found to assimilate so completely with Milton's imaginary fight as to leave no doubt of the assertion.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF NAPOLEON.

Captain Maitland gives the following description of the person of Napoleon, as he appeared on board the *Bellerophon*, in 1815:—

He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about five feet seven inches high, his limbs particularly well formed, with a fine ankle and a very small foot, of which he seemed very vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also small, and had the plumpness of a woman's rather than the robustness of a man's. His eyes were light gray, his teeth good; and when he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing; when under the influence of disappointment, however, it assumed a dark and gloomy cast. His hair was a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a gray hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow color, different from any other I ever met with. From his being corpulent, he had lost much of his activity.

HIS OPINION OF SUICIDE.

In the Journal of Dr. Warden, Surgeon of the Northumberland, the British frigate that conveyed Napoleon to St. Helena, are recorded the following remarkable sentiments of the imperial prisoner, as expressed to Warden:—

In one paper, I am called a *liar*; in another, a *tyrant*; in a third, a *monster*; and in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am described as a *coward*; but

it turned out, after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to face the menaces of fate and fortune; he did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies. No such thing. I wanted courage, it seems, because I did not coolly take a dose of poison, or throw myself into the sea, or blow out my brains. The editor most certainly misunderstands me: I have, at least, too much courage for that.

On another occasion he expressed himself in the following terms:—

Suicide is a crime the most revolting to my feelings, nor does any reason suggest itself to my understanding by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate *poltroonery*. For what claim can that man have to courage who trembles at the frowns of fortune? True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life, in whatever shape they may challenge him to the combat.

DR. FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

Franklin, in a sketch of his life and habits, relates the following anecdote of his frugal and affectionate wife. A wife could scarcely make a prettier apology for purchasing her first piece of luxury.

We have an English proverb, that says,—

"He that would thrive
Must ask his wife."

It was lucky for me that I have one as much disposed to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, and in stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, &c. We kept no idle servant; our table was plain and simple; our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a two-penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge, by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought *her* husband *deserved* a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate or china in our house, which afterwards, in the course of years, as our wealth increased, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

MAJOR ANDRÉ.

In a satirical poem written by Major André some time prior to his arrest as a spy, he, curiously enough, alludes to the means of his own death. A newspaper published soon after the Revolutionary War gives some extracts from the poem, and calls it a “remarkable prophecy.” Could the ill-starred poet and soldier have looked into futurity and seen his own sad end, he would hardly have indulged in the humor which is indicated in his poem. The piece was entitled “The Cow-Chase,” and was suggested by the

failure of an expedition undertaken by Wayne for the purpose of collecting cattle. Great liberties were taken with the names of the American officers employed on the occasion,—

Harry Lee and his dragoons,
And Proctor with his cannon.

But the point of his irony seemed particularly aimed at Wayne, whose entire baggage, he asserts, was taken along, comprising

His Congress dollars and his prog,
  His military speeches,
His corn-stalk whiskey for his grog,
  Black stockings and blue breeches.

The satirist brings his doggerel to a close by observing that it is necessary to check the current of his satire,—

Lest the same warrior-drover Wayne
  Should *catch and hang the poet*!

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ANDRÉ AND ARNOLD.

Many historians have been inclined to blame Washington for unnecessary severity in not acceding to the request of the prisoner (André), that he might be shot instead of hanged. We cannot agree with them: the ignominious death was decided upon by Washington—after much and anxious deliberation, and against his own feelings, which inclined to grant the prayer—as a strictly preventive punishment; and it had its effect. The social qualities and the letters of André, although they are always brought forward in

his favor, do not extenuate but rather aggravate his crime, as they show that, whatever his moral principles may have been, he had the education of an English gentleman. If any thing, his memory has been treated with too great leniency. If monuments are to be erected in Westminster Abbey to men of such lax morality, it is time for honesty to hide its head.

The conduct of Sir Henry Clinton, in receiving Arnold when he fled to the English ranks, and giving him a high command, is only in keeping with his countenance of the plot that cost André his life. Arnold, who seems to have been a miserable scoundrel, born to serve as a foil to the virtuous brightness of George Washington, might have redeemed his character by giving himself up in place of André, who was entrapped by Arnold's cowardice and over-caution; but such a piece of self-sacrifice never entered his head. A villain himself, he never believed in the success of the struggle of honest men, and his conduct after obtaining the protection of Sir Henry Clinton proves this beyond a doubt. Let him rest with all his British honors thick upon him.—*English Newspaper.*

FLAMSTEED, THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL.

In the *London Chronicle* for Dec. 3, 1771, is the following anecdote of Dr. Flamsteed:—

He was many years Astronomer Royal at Greenwich Observatory; a humorist, and of warm passions. Persons of his profession are often supposed, by the common people, to be capable of foretelling events. In this persuasion a poor washerwoman at

Greenwich, who had been robbed at night of a large parcel of linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his art, to let her know where her things were, and who had robbed her. The Doctor happened to be in the humor to joke: he bid her stay: he would see what he could do; perhaps he might let her know where she could find them; but who the persons were, he would not undertake; as she could have no positive proof to convict them, it would be useless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, &c., to amuse her; and after some time told her if she would go into a particular field, that in such a part of it, in a dry ditch, she would find them all tumbled up in a sheet. The woman went, and found them; came with great haste and joy to thank the Doctor, and offered him half-a-crown as a token of gratitude, being as much as she could afford. The Doctor, surprised himself, told her: "Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your linen; but I assure you I knew nothing of it, and intended only to joke with you, and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events not in human power to tell. But I see the devil has a mind that I should deal with him: I am determined I will not. Never come or send any one to me any more, on such occasions; for I will never attempt such an affair again whilst I live."

LORD NELSON'S SANG-FROID.

Jack was what they called loblolly boy on board the *Victory*. It was his duty to do anything and everything that was required—from sweeping and washing the deck, and saying amen to the chaplain,

down to cleaning the guns, and helping the doctor to make pills and plasters, and mix medicines. Four days before the battle that was so glorious to England, but so fatal to its greatest hero, Jack was ordered by the doctor to fetch a bottle that was standing in a particular place. Jack ran off, post-haste, to the spot, where he found what appeared to be an empty bottle. Curiosity was uppermost; "What," thought Jack, "can there be about this empty bottle?" He examined it carefully, but could not comprehend the mystery, so he thought that he would call in the aid of a candle to throw light on the subject. The bottle contained *ether*, and the result of the examination was that the vapor ignited, and the flames extended to some of the sails, and also to a part of the ship. There was a general confusion—running with buckets and what-not—and, to make matters worse, the fire was rapidly extending to the powder-magazine. During the hubbub, Lord Nelson was in the chief cabin writing dispatches. His lordship heard the noise—he couldn't do otherwise—and so, in a loud voice, he called out, "What's all that infernal noise about?" The boatswain answered, "My Lord, the loblolly boy's set fire to an empty bottle, and it's set fire to the ship." "Oh!" said Nelson, "that's all, is it? I thought the enemy had boarded us and taken us all prisoners—you and loblolly must put it out, and take care we're not blown up! but pray make as little noise about it as you can, or I can't go on with my dispatches," and with these words Nelson went to his desk, and continued his writing with the greatest coolness.

Crabb Robinson, in his *Diary*, speaking of Gœthe as the mightiest intellect that has shone on the earth for centuries, says: "It has been my rare good fortune to

have seen a large proportion of the greatest minds of our age, in the fields of poetry and speculative philosophy, such as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Schiller, Tieck, but none that I have ever known came near him."

MARTIN LUTHER.

Roma orbem domuit, Romam sibi Papa subegit;
Viribus illa suit, fraudibus iste suis,
Quanto isto major Lutherus, major et illa,
Istum illamque uno qui domuit calamo.—BEZA.

(Rome won the world, the Pope o'er Rome prevailed,
And one by force and one by fraud availed:
Greater than each was Luther's prowess shown,
Who conquered both by one poor pen alone.)

Luther, in the lion-hearted daring of his conduct and in the robust and rugged grandeur of his faith, may well be considered as the Elijah of the Reformation; while his life, by the stern and solemn realities of his experiences, and the almost ideal evolutions of events by which it was accompanied, constitutes indeed the embodied Poem of European Protestantism.

R. MONTGOMERY.

Heine sketches the following unique portrait of Luther:—

He was at once a mystic dreamer and a man of action. His thoughts had not only wings, they had hands likewise. He spoke, and, rare thing, he also acted; he was at once the tongue and the sword of his age. At the same time he was a cold scholastic, a chopper of words, and an exalted prophet drunk with the word of God. When he had passed painfully through the day, wearing out his soul in dogmatical

instructions, night come, he would take his flute, and, contemplating the stars, melt in melodies and pious thoughts. The same man who could abuse his adversaries like a fish-fag knew also how to use soft and tender language, like an amorous virgin. He was sometimes savage and impetuous as the hurricane that roots up oaks, then gentle and murmuring as the zephyr that lightly caresses the violets. He was full of the holy fear of God, ready for every sacrifice in honor of the Holy Spirit; he knew how to vault into the purest regions of the celestial kingdom; and yet he perfectly knew the magnificence of this earth: he could appreciate it, and from his mouth fell the famous proverb:—

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.

(Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.)

In short, he was a complete man. To call him a spiritualist would be to commit as great a mistake as it would be to call him a sensualist. What shall I say more? He had something about him clever, original, miraculous, inconceivable.

In an article on John de Wycliffe, in the *North British Review*, is the following paragraph:—

Abundant as is our historical literature, and fond as our ablest writers have recently become of attempting careful and vivid renderings of the physiognomies of important historical personages, we are still without a set of thoroughly good portraits of the modern religious reformers of different nations, painted, as they might be, in series, so that the features of each may be compared with those of all the rest. Wycliffe, Huss, Savonarola,

Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, Knox, and Cranmer,—all men coming under the same general designation,—all heroes of the same general movement; and yet what a contrast of physiognomies! Pre-eminent in the series will ever be Luther, the man of biggest frame and largest heart; the man of richest and most original genius; the great, soft, furious, musical, pliant, sociable, kiss-you, knock-you-down German. None of them all had such a face; none of them all said such things; of none of them all can you have such anecdotes, such a collection of *ana*.

Luther, says another writer, speaking of his fondness for music, was not solely nor chiefly a theologian, or he had been no true reformer. As the cloister had not been able to bound his sympathies, so the controversial theatre could not circumscribe his honest ambition. He in whom "the Italian head was joined to the German body" would not only free the souls of men, but win the hearts of women and little children. Much had he to feel proud of during his busy life. It was no light thing to have waged successful combat with the most powerful hierarchy that the world had ever seen, or to have held in his hands the destinies of Europe. But dearer to his kind heart was the sound of his own verses sung to his own melodies, which rose from street and market-place, from highway and byway, chanted by laborers going to their daily work, during their hours of toil, and as they returned home at even-tide. How would it have gladdened his heart to have heard these same hymns, two hundred years later, sung by the miners of Cornwall and Gloucestershire!

"I always loved music," said he: "whoso has skill in this art is of a good temperament, fitted for all things." Many times he exemplified this power in his

own person. When sore perplexed and in danger of life, he would drive away all gloomy thoughts by the magic of his own melodies. On that sad journey to Worms, when friends crowded round him and sought to change his purpose, warning him, with many tears, of the certain death that awaited him,—on the morning of that memorable 16th of April, when the towers of the ancient city appeared in sight,—the true-hearted man, rising in his chariot, broke forth with the words and music of that Marseillaise of the Reformation, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, which he had improvised two days before at Oppenheim,—the same stirring hymn that Gustavus Adolphus and the whole Swedish army sang a century later, on the morning of the battle of Lutzen:—

A safe stronghold our God is still,
  A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
  That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell.
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
  Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
  Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
CHRIST JESUS is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's son:
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were the world all devils o'er,
  And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore,

Not they can overpower us.
Then let the Prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? His doom is writ:—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger,
But spite of hell shall have its course:
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all;
The Church of God remaineth.[39]

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Bess is thus described in Sir John Hayward's Annals:—

Shee was a lady upon whom nature had bestowed, and well placed, many of her fayrest favours; of stature meane, slender, straight, and amiably composed; of such state in her carriage, as every motion of her seemed to beare majesty; her haire was inclined to pale yellow, her foreheade large and faire, and seeming seat for princely grace; her eyes lively and sweete, but short-sighted; her nose somewhat rising in the middest. The whole compasse of her countenance somewhat long, but yet of admirable beauty; not so much in that which is termed the flower of youth, as in a most delightful compositione of majesty and modesty in equall mixture.... Her vertues were such as might suffice to make an Ethiopian beautifull, which, the more man

knows and understands, the more he shall love and admire. Shee was of divine witt, as well for depth of judgment, as for quick conceite and speedy expeditione; of eloquence as sweete in the utterance, as ready and easy to come to the utterance; of wonderful knowledge, both in learning and affayres; skilfull not only in Latine and Greeke, but alsoe in divers foraigne languages.

In *Paul Heintzner's Travels*, 1598, is the following description:—

She was said to be fifty-five years old. Her face was rather long, white, and somewhat wrinkled; her eyes small, black, and gracious; her nose somewhat bent; her lips compressed; her teeth black (from eating too much sugar). She had earrings of pearls, red hair (but artificial), and wore a small crown. Her breast was uncovered (as is the case with all unmarried ladies in England), and round her neck was a chain with precious gems. Her hands were graceful, her fingers long. She was of middle size, but stepped on majestically. She was gracious and kind in her address. The dress she wore was of white silk, with pearls as large as beans. Her cloak was of black silk, with silver lace, and a long train was carried by a marchioness. She spoke English, French, and Italian; but she knew also Greek and Latin, and understood Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Wherever she turned her eyes, people fell on their knees. When she came to the door of the chapel, books were handed to her, and the people called out, "God save the Queen Elizabeth!" whereupon the Queen answered, "I thanke you, myn good peuple."

Among the spirited repartees and impromptus of the queen which have descended to our time is her ingenious evasion of a direct answer to a theological

question respecting the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On being asked by a Popish priest whether she allowed the *real presence*, she replied,—

Christ was the word that spake it:
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that word did make it,
That I believe and take it.

In an old folio copy of the *Arcadia*, preserved at Wilton, have been found two interesting relics,—a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, and some lines in the handwriting of Sir Philip Sidney. The hair was given by the queen to her young hero, who complimented her in return as follows:—

Her inward worth all outward worth transcends;
Envy her merits with regret commends;
Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the light,
And in her conduct she is always bright.
When she imparts her thoughts, her words have force,
And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse.

The date of this exchange was 1583, when the queen was forty and the knight twenty-nine. Elizabeth's hair is very fine, soft, and silky, with the undulation of water; its color, a fair auburn or golden brown, without a tinge of red, as her detractors assert. In every country under the sun, such hair would be pronounced beautiful.

SHAKSPEARE'S ORTHODOXY.

The numerous biographers of the immortal bard have said little or nothing of his religious character, leaving the inference that he was indifferent to religion and careless as to the future. They seem to

forget such passages as his beautiful reference to Palestine in *Henry IV.*:—

> Those holy fields,
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
> For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

Shakspeare's will, written two months before his death, (April, 1616,) is remarkable for its evangelical character. He says:—

"First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made."

Nor should we overlook the bond of Christian sympathy with his parish minister, Rev. Richard Byfield, whose church he constantly attended during his retirement at Stratford.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The subjoined sketch of the person and character of the great Protector is from a letter of John Maidstone to Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, written soon after Cromwell's death:—

Before I pass further, pardon me in troubling you with the character of his person, which, by reason of my nearness to him, I had opportunity well to observe. His body was well compact and strong; his stature under six feet (I believe about two inches); his head so shaped as you might see it a storehouse and shop, both a vast treasury of natural parts. His temper exceeding fiery, as I have known; but the

flame of it kept down for the most part, or soon allayed with those moral endowments he had. He was naturally compassionate towards objects in distress, even to an effeminate measure, though God had made him a heart wherein was left little room for any fear but what was due to himself, of which there was a large proportion; yet did he excel in tenderness towards sufferers. A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was. I do believe, if his story were impartially transmitted and the unprejudiced world well possessed with it, it would add him to her nine worthies and make that number a decemviri. He lived and died in comfortable communion with his seed, as judicious persons near him well observed. He was that Mordecai that sought the welfare of his people, and spake peace to his seed; yet were his temptations such as it appeared frequently that he that hath grace enough for many men may have too little for himself; the treasure he had being but in an earthen vessel, and that equally defiled with original sin as any other man's nature is.

The following newspaper notices in relation to Cromwell's head are interesting:—

The curious head of Cromwell, which Sir Joshua Reynolds has had the good fortune to procure, is to be shown to his majesty. How much would Charles the First have valued the man that would have brought him Cromwell's head!—September, 1786.

The real embalmed head of the powerful and renowned usurper, Oliver Cromwell, styled Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland; with the original dyes for the medals struck in honor of his victory at Dunbar, &c., &c., are now exhibiting at No. 5 in Mead Court, Old Bond Street

(where the Rattlesnake was shown last year). A genuine narrative relating to the acquisition, concealment, and preservation of these articles to be had at the place of exhibition.—*Morning Chronicle*, March 18, 1799.

Cromwell died at Hampton Court in 1658, giving the strongest evidence of his earnest religious convictions and of his sincerity as a Christian. After an imposing funeral pageant, the body having been embalmed, he was buried in Westminster. On the restoration of the Stuarts he was taken up and hung in Tyburn. Afterwards his head was cut off, a pike driven up through the neck and skull, and exposed on Westminster Hall. It remained there a long while, until, by some violence, the pike was broken and the head thrown down. It was picked up by a soldier and concealed, and afterwards conveyed to some friend, who kept it carefully for years. Through a succession of families, which can easily be traced, it has come into the possession of the daughter of Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, ex-member of Parliament from Buckingham and Bromley.

The head is almost entire. The flesh is black and sunken, but the features are nearly perfect, and the hair still remains. Even the large wart over one of the eyes—a distinctive mark on his face—is yet perfectly visible. The pike which was thrust through the neck may still be seen, the upper part of iron, nearly rusted off, and the lower or wooden portion in splinters, showing that it was broken by some act of violence. It is known historically that Cromwell was embalmed; and no person thus cared for was ever publicly gibbeted except this illustrious man. It is a curious keepsake for a lady; but it is carefully preserved under lock and key in a box of great

antiquity, wrapped in a number of costly envelopes. And when it is raised from its hiding-place and held in one's hand, what a world of thought is suggested!

POPE'S SKULL.

William Howitt says that, by one of those acts which neither science nor curiosity can excuse, the skull of Pope is now in the private collection of a phrenologist. The manner in which it was obtained is said to have been this:—On some occasion of alteration in the church, or burial of some one in the same spot, the coffin of Pope was disinterred, and opened to see the state of the remains. By a bribe to the sexton of the time, possession of the skull was obtained for the night, and another skull was returned instead of it. Fifty pounds were paid to manage and carry through this transaction. Be that as it may, the skull of Pope figures in a private museum.

WICKLIFFE'S ASHES.

The Council of Constance raised from the grave the bones of the immortal Wickliffe forty years after their interment, burned them to ashes, and threw them into a neighboring brook. "This brook," says Fuller, "conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over." "So," says Foxe, "was he resolved into three elements, earth, fire, and water, thinking

thereby utterly to extinguish both the name and doctrine of Wickliffe forever. But as there is no counsel against the Lord, so there is no keeping down of verity. It will spring and come out of dust and ashes, as appeared right well in this man; for, though they digged up his body, burnt his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth of his doctrines, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn. They to this day remain."

Cardan, and Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, who were famous for astrological skill, both suffered a voluntary death merely to verify their own predictions.

TALLEYRANDIANA.

A banker, anxious about the rise or fall of stocks, came once to Talleyrand for information respecting the truth of a rumor that George III. had suddenly died, when the statesman replied in a confidential tone: "I shall be delighted, if the information I have to give be of any use to you." The banker was enchanted at the prospect of obtaining authentic intelligence from so high a source; and Talleyrand, with a mysterious air, continued: "Some say the King of England is dead; others, that he is not dead: for my own part, I believe neither the one nor the other. I tell you this in confidence, but do not commit me."

During Talleyrand's administration, when the seals of private letters were not very safe, the Spanish Ambassador complained, with an expressive look, to that Minister, that one of his despatches had been opened. "Oh!" returned the statesman, after listening

with profound attention, “I shall wager I can guess how the thing happened. I am convinced your despatch was opened by some one who desired to know what was inside.”

When Louis XVIII., at the Restoration, praised the subtile diplomatist for his talents and influence, he disclaimed the compliment, but added, what might serve both as a hint and a threat: “There is, however, some inexplicable thing about me, that prevents any government from prospering that attempts to set me aside.”

After the Pope excommunicated his apostate Abbé, that unworthy son of the church wrote to a friend, saying: “Come and comfort me: come and sup with me. Everybody is going to refuse me fire and water; we shall therefore have nothing this evening but iced meats, and drink nothing but wine.”

When the Abbé Dupanloup told him, during his last hour, that the Archbishop of Paris had said he would willingly die for him, the dying statesman said, with his expiring breath: “He might make a better use of his life.”

He proposed that the Duchess de Berri should be threatened for all her strange conspicuous freaks, thus: “Madame, there is no hope for you, you will be tried, condemned, and pardoned!”

Speaking of a well-known lady on one occasion, he said emphatically:—

“She is insufferable.”

Then, as if relenting, he added:

“But that is her only fault.”

Madame de Stael cordially hated him, and in her story of *Delphine* was supposed to have painted

herself in the person of her heroine, and Talleyrand in that of a garrulous old woman. On their first meeting, the wit pleasantly remarked, “They tell me that we are both of us in your novel, in the disguise of women.”

While making a few days’ tour in England, he wrote this note to a gentleman connected with the Treasury:—

“My dear Sir,

“Would you give a short quarter of an hour to explain to me the financial system of your country?

“Always yours,

“TALLEYRAND.”

PORSON.

A favorite diversion of Porson, when among a party of literary men, was to quote a few lines of poetry, and ask if any of the company could tell where they came from. He frequently quoted the following lines without finding any one able to name the author:—

For laws that are inanimate,
And feel no sense of love or hate,
That have no passion of their own,
Or pity to be wrought upon,
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on criminals as strict:
But to have power to forgive
Is empire and prerogative;
And ’tis in crowns a nobler gem
To grant a pardon than condemn.

The lines remind the Shakspeare student of a similar verse in *Measure for Measure*, (Act III, Sc. 2.):—

He that the sword of state would bear,
Should be holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go, &c.

The company generally guessed every likely author but the right one. When conjecture was exhausted, Porson would satisfy curiosity by telling them the lines were in Butler's *Hudibras*, and would be found in *The Heroic Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady*, which few people ever did read, and no one now thinks of reading.

Historical Memoranda.

THE FIRST BLOOD SHED IN OUR REVOLUTION.

The “First Blood of the Revolution” is commonly supposed to have been shed at Lexington, April 19, 1775; but Westminster, Vt., files a prior claim in favor of one William French, who it is asserted was killed on the night of March 13, 1775, at the King’s court-house, in what is now Westminster. At that time Vermont was a part of New York, and the King’s court officers, together with a body of troops, were sent on to Westminster to hold the usual session of the court. The people, however, were exasperated, and assembled in the court-house to resist. A little before midnight the troops of George the Third advanced and fired indiscriminately upon the crowd, instantly killing William French, whose head was pierced by a musket ball. He was buried in the churchyard, and a stone erected to his memory, with this quaint inscription:—

“In Memory of William French, Who Was Shot at Westminster March ye 12th, 1775, by the hand of the Cruel Ministerial tools of Georg ye 3rd at the Courthouse at 11 o’clock at Night in the 22d year of his age.

"Here William French his Body lies,
For Murder his Blood for Vengeance Cries.
King Georg the third his Tory crew
that with a bawl his head Shot threw,
For Liberty and his Countrys Good
he Lost his Life his Dearest blood."

THE "TEA-PARTY" AND THE "TEA-BURNING."

The world has rung with the story of the "Boston tea-party," how in the darkness of night certain men disguised as Indians threw overboard the cargo which bore the obnoxious duty, and kept their secret so well that even their own families were not trusted with it. It was a resolute and patriotic act, and answered its purpose. But why all the darkness, the disguise and mystery? Because the number of those who opposed the act, either from loyalty to Great Britain, from timidity, or from pecuniary interest in the cargo, was so great, that only by such means could the deed be done and the doers of it escape punishment.

How does this compare with the "tea-burning" in Annapolis in the same year? Here the course to be taken was publicly and calmly discussed in open assembly; the resolution arrived at was openly announced, and carried out in the face of day, the owner of the vessel himself applying the torch. This was the Maryland way of doing the thing; and it may well be asked whether the calm judicial dignity of the procedure, the unanimity of sentiment, the absence alike of passion and of concealment, are not far worthier of commemoration and admiration than the act of men who, even for a patriotic purpose, had

to assume the garb of conspirators and do a deed of darkness.

The local historians thus tell the story:—

On the 14th of October, the brig Peggy Stewart arrived at Annapolis, having in its cargo a few packages of tea. The duty was paid by the owner of the vessel. The people were outraged at the attempt to fix upon them the badge of servitude, by the payment of the tax.

A meeting was held, at which it was determined that the tea should not be landed. The owner, fearing further trouble, proposed to destroy the tea. But that was not sufficient punishment. The offence was a grave one, for had this attempt succeeded, it would have been followed by others more aggressive, and thus the very principle which was contended for would have been overthrown in the end. It was the head of the ugly beast that was thrust in the door, and it must not only be *put* out, but *driven* out by blows, lest growing bold, it should push its whole body in.

After much discussion it was proposed to burn the vessel. The meeting did not consent to this, but many expressed their determination to raise a force to accomplish the brig's destruction.

Acting under the advice of Mr. Carroll of Carrollton, the owner, seeing that the loss of his property was certain, and willing to repair his good name, even by that loss, proposed to destroy the vessel with his own hands. In the presence of the assembled multitude he set fire to it, with the tea on board,—expiating his offence by the destruction of his property.

The striking features of this transaction were not only the boldness with which it was executed, but

the deliberation and utter carelessness of concealment in all the measures leading to its accomplishment.

It was not until the 28th of November that the Dartmouth arrived in Boston harbor, and not until the 16th of December that protracted discussion ended in the overthrow of its cargo. The tea-ship sent to South Carolina arrived December 2d, and the tea-ship to Philadelphia, December 25th. The cargo of the former perished in storage; that of the latter was sent back.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

A South Carolina correspondent of the *American Historical Record* writes as follows concerning the inception of the Navy:—

A few years ago, while looking over a volume of manuscript letters in the Charleston (South Carolina) Library, I found a leaf of coarse foolscap, with the following endorsement:—

ORIGIN OF THE NAVY.

At a caucus in 1794, consisting of Izard, Morris, and Ellsworth of the Senate, Ames, Sedgwick, Smith, Dayton, &c. of the Representatives, and of Secretaries Hamilton and Knox, to form a plan for a national navy, Smith began the figuring as Secretary of the meeting. Hamilton then took the pen, and instead of minuting the proceedings, he amused himself by making a variety of flourishes during the discussion. In consequence of the plan adopted at this meeting, a

bill was reported for building six frigates, which formed the foundation or origin of the American Navy.

The “figuring” on the top of the page consists of five lines, and is as follows:—

First cost of a frigate, 44 guns, of 1,300 tons, and provision for six months	$150,000
350 men	51,000
Provision for six months	11,000
Total	$212,000

Then follows an estimate of the annual cost of such a vessel. The rest of the page below these estimates is occupied by bold flourishes, which seem, if they mean anything, to imitate a drawing of a peacock’s tail “in its pride.” Similar scratching, but to a less extent is on the other side of the page.

The only letter addressed to Shakspeare, which is undoubtedly genuine, is that now in the museum at Stratford, from Richard Quinn, the actor, asking for a loan of £20. This letter is endorsed: “To my lovinge good ffriend and countreyman, Mr. William Shackespere deliver Thees.” If the writer spelled names no better than other words, this affords little aid to the solution of the perplexing question, for notwithstanding the outrageous fashion in which our forefathers spelled English, he is considerably ahead of his age in this respect.

QUAKER “MALIGNANTS.”

There has been discovered in Boston the following letter relative to William Penn, written "September ye 15, 1682." by Cotton Mather, to "ye aged and beloved Mr. John Higginson":—

There bee now at sea a shippe (for our friend Mr. Esaias Holcraft, of London, did advise me by ye last packet that it wolde sail some time in August) called ye Welcome, R. Greenaway, master, which has aboard an hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penne, who is ye chief scampe at ye hedde of them. Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett, of ye brig Porpusse, to waylaye ye said Welcome as near the coast of Codde as may be, and make captive ye said Penne and his ungodlie crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new countrie with ye heathen worshippe of these people. Much spoyl can be made by selling ye whole lotte to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar, and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but shall make great gayne for his ministers and people.

Master Huxett feels hopeful, and I will set down ye news he brings when his shippe comes back.

Yours in ye bowels of Christ,
COTTON MATHER.

AN AMERICAN MONARCHY.

After the downfall of Napoleon I., in 1815, several young Americans who subsequently earned high position as writers and statesmen, among them Irving, Everett, Ticknor, Legaré, and Preston, (afterward Senator from South Carolina,) went to Europe for the benefit of foreign travel. While abroad, they took an opportunity to pay a visit to Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. Preston relates that during the

evening, in the course of conversation, Sir Walter gave an account of a curious discovery he had made.

Not long after it had been divulged who was the author of the "Waverley Novels," Scott was the Regent's (afterward George the Fourth) guest in the royal palace, where, one day, the latter ordered the key of a certain room to be given to the great writer, saying that it opened the door of the Stuart Chamber, where all the papers concerning the Stuarts and their pretenders were kept. George gave Scott full permission to rummage among all these records, and to use what he liked for his works. "I depend on your discretion," he said, and Scott went. He spent several days in this curious chamber, and, so he told Preston, one day stumbled upon what seemed to him a remarkable paper. It consisted of a call and petition, by Scottish in America, chiefly, however, by the Gaelic Scottish who had a settlement—"saddle-bagging" as it is sometimes expressed in the West—in North Carolina, addressed to the Pretender (Prince Charles Edward, grandson of James the Second), as he was then called, to come to America and assume the crown of this realm.

The question whether this country had not best be turned into a monarchy was seriously and very naturally mooted, in the earliest days of our national existence, but until this singular revelation was made, it was not known that such a positive offer, a very strange one, to say the least, had been made.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

The following description of the significance of the different parts of our national flag was written by a

member of the committee appointed by the Continental Congress to design a flag for the young Republic:—

The stars of the new flag represent the new constellation of States rising in the West. The idea was taken from the constellation of Lyra, which in the land of Orpheus signifies harmony. The blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanter's banner, in Scotland, significant of the league-covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, incidentally involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union; the ring, like the serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars, the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was the blending of the various flags of the army and the white ones of the floating batteries. The red color, which in Roman days was the signal of defiance, denoted daring; and the white purity.

THE FRENCH TRICOLOR.

The French tricolor, so far from being a revolutionary flag, is more ancient than the white flag, and was, in fact, the flag of the House of Bourbon. Clovis, when he marched through Tours to fight the Visigoths, adopted as his banner the scope of St. Martin, which was blue, and thus blue was, so to speak, the first French color. The oriflamme, which was the particular flag of the Abbey of St. Denis, and was red, became to a certain extent the national flag, when St. Denis came under the protection of the kings of France, the kings still preserving their blue flag studded with golden *fleurs de lis*. The white flag (which was also the banner of

Joan of Arc) has in all countries, and through all times, been the sign of authority. And when Louis XIV. destroyed the functions of the colonels-general of the different corps that bore the white standard, the color became the emblem of Royal authority. Nevertheless, it is useless to dispute the fact that the tricolor took its rise as the badge of the National Guard at the French Revolution, and that it will be as difficult to separate it from the idea of revolution as to separate the white flag from the idea of legitimacy.

THE POLITICAL GAMUT.

In 1815 the French newspapers announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry; into Paris, in the following manner:—

March 9. The Anthropophagus has quitted his den.—March 10. The Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan.—March 11. The Tiger has arrived at Gap.—March 12. The Monster slept at Grenoble.—March 13. The Tyrant has passed through Lyons.—March 14. The Usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen *en masse*, and surrounded him on all sides.—March 18. Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital; he has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers.—March 19. Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris.—March 20. Napoleon will, to-morrow, be under our ramparts.—March 21. The Emperor is at Fontainebleau.—March 22. His Imperial and Royal Majesty yesterday evening arrived at the Tuileries, amidst the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects. 5

The *Journal des Débats*, in reference to the escape from Elba, spoke of Napoleon on the 9th of March, as "the *Poltroon of 1814*." On the 15th it said to him, "*Scourge of generations thou shall reign no more!*" On the 16th he is "*a Robespierre on horseback*"; on the 19th, "*the adventurer from Corsica*"; but on the 21st, we are gravely told that "*the* EMPEROR *has pursued his triumphal course, having found no other enemies than the miserable libels which were vainly scattered on his path to impede his progress*."

THE FLIGHT OF EUGENIE.

The following particulars of the flight of the Empress of France from Paris, in consequence of the subversion of the Napoleonic dynasty by the capitulation of Sedan, were furnished by the late Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who obtained them from one who aided the flight of Eugenie, and are therefore stamped with the essentials of authenticity.

The safety of the Empress had been assured to her by General Trochu, who had solemnly promised to inform her of the approach of danger. For some unexplained reasons he failed to do so, and when on Sunday the mob began to assemble about the Tuileries, three of her friends, Prince Metternich, the Spanish Ambassador and M. Lesseps, formed a plan for her escape, and went to her rescue. M. Lesseps stood outside and harangued the mob for the purpose of detaining them, while the two other gentlemen went in search of the Empress. They found her partaking of a very frugal lunch with one of her ladies, and her fears could not be aroused. Seeing it impossible to persuade her, the two gentlemen used force to remove her. At this she

consented to make a slight preparation, and without at all changing her dress, (for the mob had already entered the Palace), catching up a small leathern reticule, she put into it two pocket-handkerchiefs, and two books, the New Testament and a prayer-book. On her head she put a riding hat, and then by that time thoroughly aroused, she fled through the Palace, through long corridors, up and down flights of stairs, through chamber and *salon*, a long distance before they came down to the Rue Rivoli, on which side of the Palace the mob had not collected. Here a cab awaited her. She, with the lady in attendance, was put into it. "Now," said the friends, "we must leave you; too well-known, our attendance would bring destruction upon you! Make good speed!" Yes, good speed, for she heard the cries of the furious mob, and as she was entering the cab a little boy exclaimed, "There is the Empress," and she thought all was lost; but it proved that there was no one there to take notice, and so the two ladies drove off. Soon they came into the midst of the excited crowd, and the lady accompanying her questioned on this side and the other the meaning of it all, and appeared to be lost in wonder at the proceedings, while the Empress sank back out of sight in the carriage. They had a long ride out beyond the Champs Élysées to the quieter parts of the city, when they alighted, dismissed the cab, to avoid giving any clew in case of pursuit, and walked some distance. Where should she go? To whom flee? What friend trust? There was but one to whom she would venture, and that one an American gentlemen of some note, who, with his wife, had long been a friend of both Emperor and Empress. So they took another cab for the house of this gentleman (whom we will call Mr. W——), arriving there to find him

away from home, and his wife absent for the summer at a small seaport on the coast. The servant under these circumstances was extremely ungracious, and quite refused to admit these strange ladies, and when at last, upon their insisting, they were admitted to the house, she was unwilling to show them into an apartment suitable for them, and it was not without some difficulty that they were allowed to wait in the library for the owner's return. When at last he returned and entered the room, judge of his surprise at the sight of the Empress. "You must get me immediately out of France,—this very night," exclaimed the Empress the moment she saw him. Out of France that very night? He told her it was impossible. He was expecting a party of friends to dinner, but would plead sudden business and excuse himself, and make preparations as quickly as possible for her flight; but, in the meantime, she must be quiet and rest. This she was prevailed upon to do, and, supplying herself from Mrs. W——'s wardrobe, retired for the night.

The dinner party, receiving the excuses of the host, and overcome with a sense of mystery, soon withdrew in spite of the cordial message and wishes of the gentleman that they would make themselves merry in his absence. At four o'clock in the morning a carriage stood at the door, into which Mr. W—— put the two ladies, and, driving himself, they set off on their way out of France, pursuing quiet streets, confining their course to unfrequented roads and lanes of the country, and avoiding the more public highways, until the horses were worn out. They were then near a little village; and the question arose how to get a carriage brought to them, and explain why they could not go to it. Mr. W—— went to the inn and, having found a private carriage which was

waiting over there, agreed with the servant to come out a mile or so and carry his party, Mr. W——'s two sisters—one of whom was very lame indeed, and could not walk a step—some miles on, till they should come to a railway. This done and the lame lady with much difficulty put into the carriage by her "brother" and "sister," they proceeded for a distance until they came to a railway, where they left the carriage to break up the clew, and rode a short distance in the rail-car without attracting attention. Then they took another carriage, riding in roundabout ways, until at the end of two days they reached the little seaport where Mrs. W—— was spending the summer. How must Mr. W—— conduct the ladies into the presence of his wife without being observed by every one? After some reconnoitring, this was successfully accomplished, and throwing her arms around the neck of Mrs. W——, Eugenie exclaimed: "You and your husband are the only friends left to me in the world." She, with the lady who accompanied her, remained in the room of Mrs. W——, lest some one should see and recognize her. No servant could be allowed to enter the room. Mrs. W—— brought food to the two ladies and served the Empress in everything, who expostulated at the inconvenience she was causing her friend, and insisted upon waiting upon herself, her behavior being of such a sweet character as still more to endear her to her friends, who were risking nearly all they possessed in her cause.

Their plan was now to get her across the Channel to the Isle of Wight, and thence to England. There were but two conveyances in the harbor—both private yachts—and only one able to get out to sea. The owner of that one flatly refused to take the ladies over, but at last, after the identity of the ladies had

been made known and much persuasion used, he consented, and Mr. W—— and the two ladies, with the reticule containing two pocket-handkerchiefs, set out the day after their arrival in the little seaport town on their voyage to England.

This is a journey usually made in a few hours; but a terrible storm arising, it was prolonged to twenty-seven. The same night and in the same waters the ever-memorable vessel the *Captain* went down. But although the gentleman in command lost all control of himself and ship, they weathered the storm.

During this time Eugenie showed the most remarkable self-possession, and evidently looked upon death as a relief from her woes. But this was not to be, and after a passage fraught with the most imminent danger, she was landed on the Isle of Wight, to find on English ground that asylum which had been sought by so many fugitives before her. And to add to her relief, her son, of whose whereabouts she knew nothing, was found to be in Hastings, not far from her.

Such is the true story of Eugenie's escape from Paris and France. What a sad, sad tale of fallen greatness! How much must she have suffered in those few days! the fury of a Paris mob in her ears; the fear of pursuit at her back; how often did she start, and give herself up for lost! What threatening meaning did many an accidental phrase assume! No wonder her courage sustained the fearful storm; the thunder and lightning, the waters, however dark and cold and deep, would be far more merciful than that dreadful mob that called out her name, the mob that had shown no pity to the little child or tender woman, and derided with the bitterest insults the fond Marie Antoinette at the guillotine. Oh, France! when we

remember those days of terror, can we wonder at this retribution?

NAPOLEON III.

The following lines, suggested by the rise of Louis Napoleon, were written January 6th, 1853. The capitulation of Sedan occurred September 1, 1870, and the death of the exile of Chiselhurst, January 9, 1873.

The light-house that once crowned the pointed rock
  Of Eddystone, its bold inventor deem'd
  A work to last for centuries, nor dream'd
It would succumb beneath the tempest's shock:
And, therefore, as if Providence to mock,
  He housed within it when the lightning gleam'd
  Mid storm and darkness, but when morning beam'd,
Nought stood upon the bare and granite block!
Ambition thus dares all, and rears on high,
  With the audacity of human pride,
A pile that may with Egypt's wonders vie;
    Perceiving not—presumptuous homicide!—
The ministers of wrath, that lurking nigh,
    Will scatter the proud fabric far and wide.

THE EMPIRE IS PEACE.

This memorable utterance was originally made at Toulouse in the autumn of 1852, while Louis Napoleon was feeling the public pulse in the vineyards of Southern France, preparatory to re-establishing the imperial *régime*. At the close of a splendid banquet given to him by the Chamber of Commerce, in the Bourse, the Prince-President,

emboldened by the mad enthusiasm of the company present, suddenly cast off all reserve, and unequivocally announced the impending change. "There is one objection," he urged in vindication of his purpose, "to which I must reply. Certain minds seem to entertain a dread of war; certain persons say, the Empire is only war. But I say, THE EMPIRE IS PEACE (l'Empire c'est la Paix), for France desires it, and when France is satisfied the world is tranquil."

JEFFERSON ON MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Mr. Jefferson's estimate of Marie Antoinette is not so favorable as that of some writers; for many years after his return from France he wrote of her thus:—

This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness and dauntless spirit, led herself to the guillotine, drew the king on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will forever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed that had there been no queen there would have been no Revolution. No force would have been provoked or exercised. [He adds, that he would not have voted for the execution of the sovereign. He would have shut the queen up in a convent, and deprived the king only of irresponsible and arbitrary power.]

GENERAL BLÜCHER.

This “personal” of Blücher is from the *Recollections* of Lady Clementina Davies:—When the special messengers arrived to inform Blücher that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and that his services would be immediately required in the field, they were astonished to find him literally running round and round a large room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust, and in which he had immured himself under the delusion that he was an elephant. For the time it was feared that Blücher was hopelessly insane, or that he was so far suffering from *delirium tremens* that his active co-operation in the anticipated campaign would be impossible; but when the urgent news was brought him he at once recovered himself, and proceeded to give his advice in a perfectly sound state of mind, the tone of which was thus, as by a sudden shock, restored to him.

THE MOTHER OF CHARLES V.

An interesting historical discovery has been made by a Prussian savant, of the name of Bergenroth, who was commissioned by the English Government to investigate various collections of Spanish archives for papers illustrating the relations between Spain and England in the middle ages. Among other important documents, M. Bergenroth discovered a hitherto unpublished mass of correspondence of Ferdinand the Catholic and Charles V.

From this correspondence it appears that Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, and mother of Charles, was not really mad, as all the world has

hitherto believed. The story was an atrocious fabrication, under cover of which, first her father, and then her son kept her incarcerated, in order to keep possession themselves of the crown of Castile, which was hers by right of her mother Isabella. After long years of rigorous and even cruel captivity, the unfortunate lady did at last lose her senses, but not until her old age.

We are continually called upon to reconstruct our views of history, which, the more we study it, more and more resembles Hamlet's cloud, taking whatever shape partisanship may determine. We must draw a new likeness of Charles, who is no longer the prince full of Flemish *bonhomie*, good knight, and boon companion, rigorous and despotic, but not personally cruel; and when this is done, Philip II. will appear a less surprising anomaly.

THE TRADITIONAL MARY MAGDALENE.

The injurious and probably unjust inferences respecting Mary Magdalene, as drawn by the general assent of the Christian Church from the narratives of the Evangelists, in which mention is made of her attendance on our Lord, want the stamp of confirmation. Such portraiture is more traditional than authoritative. The prevailing conjecture that the infirmity of which she had been cured implied moral guilt was rejected, or mentioned with hesitation, by the early Greek and Latin Fathers. It was taken up by Gregory the Great, and stamped with his authority in the latter part of the sixth century. It is sanctioned by the Roman Breviary, and its truth has been assumed by most ecclesiastical writers, who seem to think that Mary loved much because she had much to be

forgiven. Painters and poets have described the supposed illustrious penitent, in loose array, without giving her costume the benefit of her conversion! By these means it became established in the popular mind. This was the more easy, as it supplied an agreeable and interesting contrast. It made one Mary serve as a foil to set off the excellencies of another. Mary, the mother of our Lord, became the type of feminine purity; but the leaders of opinion were not content with giving her those honors to which all Christians consider her justly entitled. To give it, however, the advantage of a striking contrast, and thus make it shine with greater splendor, a female character of an opposite description was wanted—a type of fallen womanhood, penitent and restored. And as "the woman which was a sinner," mentioned by St. Luke in the seventh chapter of his Gospel, is left by the historian strictly anonymous, Mary Magdalene, whose name occurs in the next chapter, was seized on for this purpose, and her character treated in a way which, by any honest woman, would be deemed worse than martyrdom.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Mother Goose, instead of being a traditional bard, or a creature of fancy, as commonly supposed, was a veritable personage. The mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, the editor, in 1731, of the Boston *Weekly Rehearsal*, was the original Mother Goose—the "old woman" of the world-famous melodies. Mother Goose belonged to a wealthy family in Boston, where her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, was married by Cotton Mather, in 1715, to Fleet, and in due time gave birth to a son. Like most mothers-in-law in our

own day, the importance of Mrs. Goose increased with the appearance of her grandchild, and poor Mr. Fleet, half distracted with her endless nursery ditties, finding all other means fail, tried what ridicule could effect, and actually printed a book with the title: "Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children, printed by T. Fleet, at his printing house, Pudding Lane, Boston. Price ten coppers."

Mother Goose was the mother of nineteen children, and hence we may easily trace the origin of that famous classic:—

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

HISTORY AND FICTION.

The archbishop of Canterbury once put the following question to Betterton, the actor: "How is it that you players, who deal only with things imaginary, affect your auditors as if they were real; while we preachers, who deal only with things real, affect our auditors as if they were imaginary?" "It is, my lord," replied the player, "because we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you preachers too often speak of things real as if they were imaginary." Whitefield used to tell this anecdote as an explanation of his own vehement and dramatic style of preaching. The remark may be applied to historical and fictitious writing. The old school historians were so solid and stately that they conveyed only feeble images to the mind, while poets and romancers out of airy nothings have created living and breathing beings. How much more readily we remember romance than history, and yet

"truth is stranger than fiction." Shakspeare's Macbeth and Richard are not the Macbeth and Richard of history, yet we cling to the poet's portraits of them, and discard the sober truth. "Macbeth," Sir Walter Scott tells us, "broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's house, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rules of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against, was, in realty, a firm, just and equitable prince. Early authorities show us no such persons as Banquo and his son Fleance, nor have we reason to think that the latter ever fled further from Macbeth than across the flat scene according to the stage direction. Neither were Banquo or his son ancestors of the house of Stuart. All these things are now known, but the mind retains pertinaciously the impressions made by the imposition of genius. While the works of Shakspeare are read, and the English language exists, history may say what she will, but the general reader will only recollect Macbeth as the sacrilegious usurper and Richard as the deformed murderer."

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

Robert Greene, the Elizabethan dramatist and novelist, indulged in the following disparaging criticism in reference to Shakspeare:—

"There is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers that, with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's*

hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country."

The line in italics is a parody of one in 3 Henry VI., i. 4:—

"O! tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide," which was taken from an old play called the *First Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*. Shakspeare is known to have founded his Henry VI. upon this piece and another which are supposed to have been written by Greene or his friends, and hence, no doubt, Greene's acrimonious remark.

Says Dugald Stewart in his *Essays*:—A curious specimen of cotemporary criticism is found in the Letters of the celebrated Waller, who speaks thus of the first appearance of *Paradise Lost*:—"The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man. If its length be not considered as merit, it has no other!" Johnson also says, in his *Lives of the Poets*: "Thompson has lately published a poem, called the *Castle of Indolence*, in which there are some good stanzas!"

Why do not men of superior talents strive, for the honor of the arts which they love, to conceal their ignoble jealousies from the malignity of those whom incapacity and mortified pride have leagued together as the covenanted foes of worth and genius? What a triumph has been furnished to the writers who delight in levelling all the proud distinctions of humanity! and what a stain has been left on some of the fairest pages of our literary history by the irritable passions and petty hostilities of Pope and Addison!

Michelet, the historian, showed his extreme aversion to the First Napoleon by describing him as "without eyelashes or eyebrows; with a small quantity of hair of an uncertain brown; with eyes gray, like a pane of glass, wherein one sees nothing; in short, an incomplete and obscure impersonality which appears phantasmagorical."

GREAT EVENTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

Fortuna quæ plurimum potest, cum in aliis rebus, tum præcipue in bello, in parvis momentis magnus rerum mutationes efficit.—CÆSAR, *De Bello Civili.*

In *Poor Richard's Almanac*, 1758, Franklin quotes, —"He adviseth to circumspection and care even in the smallest matters, because sometimes 'A little neglect may breed great mischief,' adding, 'For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost'; being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of care about a horse-shoe nail." And St. James (ch. iii. v. 5) gives a fine illustration in respect to the government of the tongue, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

In the relations of cause and consequence there must, of course, be many greater causes in readiness to act. An accidental spark may blow up a fortress—*provided* there be gunpowder in the magazine. But it is as legitimate as it is curious to trace the successive links of a chain of events back to small accidents.

"How momentous," says Campbell, "are the results of apparently trivial circumstances! When Mahomet was flying from his enemies, he took refuge in a cave; which his pursuers would have entered, if they

had not seen a spider's web at the entrance. Not knowing that it was freshly woven, they passed by, and thus a spider's web changed the history of the world."

When Louis VII., to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. of England. She had for her marriage-dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All this probably had never occurred had Louis not been so rash as to crop his head, and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of Queen Eleanor.

Warton mentions, in his *Notes on Pope*, that the Treaty of Utrecht was occasioned by a quarrel between the Duchess of Marlborough and Queen Anne about a pair of gloves.

The expedition to the island of Ré was undertaken to gratify a foolish and romantic passion of the Duke of Buckingham.

The coquetry of the daughter of Count Julian introduced the Saracens into Spain.

What can be imagined more trivial, remarks Hume, in one of his essays, than the difference between one color of livery and another in horse races? Yet this difference begat two most inveterate factions in the Greek empire, the Prasini and Veneti; who never suspended their animosities till they ruined that

unhappy government.

The murder of Cæsar in the capitol was chiefly owing to his not rising from his seat when the senate tendered him some particular honors.

The negotiations with the Pope for dissolving Henry VIII.'s marriage (which brought on the Reformation) are said to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltshire's dog biting his holiness's toe, when he put it out to be kissed by that ambassador; and the Duchess of Marlborough's spilling a basin of water on Mrs. Masham's gown, in Queen Anne's reign, brought in the Tory Ministry, and gave a new turn to the affairs of Europe.

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal, in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different.

Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunderstorm; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St Andrew's Castle; and if Mr. Grenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging certain stamp duties on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre.

Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not accidentally attracted the notice of Cimabue.

THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Mr. Jefferson used to relate, with much merriment, that the final signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by an absurdly trivial cause. Near the hall in which the debates were then held was a livery stable, from which swarms of flies came into the open windows and assailed the silk-stockinged legs of honorable members. Handkerchief in hand they lashed the flies with such vigor as they could command on a July afternoon, but the annoyance became at length so extreme as to render them impatient of delay, and they made haste to bring the momentous business to a conclusion.

After such a long and severe strain upon their minds, members seem to have indulged in many a jocular observation as they stood around the table. Tradition has it that when John Hancock had affixed his magnificent signature to the paper, he said, “There, John Bull may read my name without spectacles!” Tradition, also, will never relinquish the pleasure of repeating that, when Mr. Hancock reminded members of the necessity of hanging together, Dr. Franklin was ready with his “Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or else, most assuredly we shall all hang separately.” And this may have suggested to the portly Harrison—a “luxurious, heavy gentleman,” as John Adams describes him—his remark to slender Elbridge Gerry, that when the hanging came he should have the advantage, for poor Gerry would be kicking in the air long after it was all over with himself.

French critics censure Shakspeare for mingling buffoonery with scenes of the deepest tragic interest. But here we find one of the most important assemblies ever convened, at the supreme moment of its existence, while performing the act that gives it

its rank among deliberate bodies, cracking jokes, and hurrying up to the table to sign, in order to escape the flies. It is precisely so that Shakspeare would have imagined the scene.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

According to a Spanish tradition the discovery of America is mainly due to the result of a hard-fought game of chess. Columbus had for seven weary years been dancing attendance upon the Court of Spain in pursuance of the aim of his life. The anxious petitioner for royal favor and assistance had failed to arouse in Ferdinand sufficient interest, in what was declared by the commissioners appointed to report upon the project, to be a visionary and impracticable scheme. True, he had enlisted the sympathy of the good queen Isabella, and his hopes had been encouraged and sustained by her in many ways. But after years of vain solicitation, baffled by the skepticism which could not share his aspirations, he determined to lay his plans before Charles VIII. of France, and accordingly called to take leave of their majesties before his departure from Cordova. Arriving at the palace at nightfall, he announced his purpose to the queen, who instantly sought Ferdinand with a determination to make a final effort on behalf of the sad and discouraged suitor. The king was absorbed in a game of chess with a grandee whose skill taxed his powers to the utmost. Isabella's interruption had the effect of distracting the monarch's attention, and of causing him to lose his principal piece, which was followed by a volley of imprecations on mariners in general, and Columbus in particular. The game grew worse, and

defeat seemed imminent. With the prospect of being vanquished, Ferdinand at length told the queen that her *protegé* should be successful or otherwise accordingly as the game resulted. She immediately bent all her energies upon the board, and watched the long contest with concentrated interest. The courtiers clustered around the table, amused at the excitement of the king and the quiet satisfaction of his antagonist. And so the game went on which was to decide the discovery of a new world, until Isabella leaned toward her husband's ear and whispered, "you can checkmate him in four moves." In the utmost astonishment Ferdinand re-examined the game, found the queen's assertion correct, and in the course of a few minutes announced that Columbus should depart on his voyage with the title of Admiral of the Elect.

THE STORY OF TWO FAVORITE BALLADS.

ANNIE LAURIE.

The birth of the heroine of the well-known ballad of Annie Laurie is quaintly recorded by her father, Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelltown, in the family register, in these words:—

"At the pleasure of the Almighty God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born on the 16th day of December, 1682 years, about 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptised by Mr. Geo." [Hunter, of Glencairn.]

And his own marriage is given in the same quaint

style:—

"At the pleasure of the Almighty, I was married to my wife, Jean Riddle, upon the 27th day of July, 1674, in the Tron Kirk of Edinb., by Mr. Annane."

These statements are derived from the curious collection of manuscripts left by the late Mr. W. F. H. Arundell, of Barjarg Tower, Dumfriesshire. The papers of this industrious collector contain a vast fund of information respecting the antiquities and county families of Dumfriesshire. From them we learn further that Annie was wooed by William Douglas, of Fingland, in Kirkcudbrightshire. Her charms are thus spoken of in his pathetic lyric, "Bonnie Annie Laurie":—

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
  Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
  That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
  And dark blue is her eye;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I'd lay me down and die.

"She was, however, obdurate to his passionate appeal, preferring Alexander Ferguson, of Craigdarroch, to whom she was eventually married. This William Douglas was said to have been the hero of the well-known song, "Willie was a Wanton Wag." Though he was refused by Annie, he did not pine away in single blessedness, but made a runaway marriage with Miss Elizabeth Clark, of Glenboig, in Galloway, by whom he had four sons and two daughters."

ROBIN ADAIR.

Robin Adair was well-known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the *sobriquet* of the “Fortunate Irishman;” but his parentage and the exact place of his birth are unknown. He was brought up as a surgeon, but “his detection in an early amour drove him precipitately from Dublin,” to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the Channel when the chain of lucky events that ultimately led him to fame and fortune commenced.

Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant of this vehicle was a “lady of fashion, well-known in polite circles,” who received Adair’s attentions with thanks; and, being lightly hurt, and hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival in the metropolis she presented him with a fee of one hundred guineas, and gave him a general invitation to her house. In after life Adair used to say that it was not so much the amount of this fee, but the time it was given, that was of service to him, as he was then almost destitute. But the invitation to her house was a still greater service, for there he met the person who decided his fate in life. This was Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and of Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. Forgetting her high lineage, Lady Caroline, at the first sight of the Irish surgeon, fell desperately in love with him; and her emotions were so sudden and so violent as to attract the general attention of the company.

Adair, perceiving his advantage, lost no time in pursuing it; while the Albemarle and Richmond families were dismayed at the prospect of such a terrible *mesalliance*. Every means were tried to

induce the young lady to alter her mind, but without effect. Adair's biographer tells us that "amusements, a long journey, an advantageous offer, and other common modes of shaking off what was considered by the family as an improper match, were already tried, but in vain; the health of Lady Caroline was evidently impaired, and the family at last confessed, with a good sense that reflects honor on their understandings as well as their hearts, that it was possible to prevent, but never to dissolve an attachment; and that marriage was the honorable, and indeed the only alternative that could secure her happiness and life."

When Lady Caroline was taken by her friends from London to Bath, that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune that she had heard him sing. Whether written by Lady Caroline or not, the song is simply expressive of her feelings at the time, and as it completely corroborates the circumstances just related, which were the town-talk of the period, though now little more than family tradition, there can be no doubt that they were the origin of the song, the words of which, as originally written, are the following:—

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He whom I wish to see,
Wish for to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heaven on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!

What made the assembly shine?
Robin Adair!

What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there!
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair!
But now thou art far from me,
Robin Adair!
But now I never see
Robin Adair!
Yet he I love so well
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! can I ne'er forget
Robin Adair!

Immediately after his marriage with Lady Caroline, Adair was appointed Inspector General of Military Hospitals, and subsequently, becoming a favorite of George III., he was made Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Very fortunate men have seldom many friends, but Adair, by declining a baronetcy that was offered to him by the king, for surgical attendance on the Duke of Gloucester, actually acquired considerable popularity before his death, which took place when he was nearly fourscore years of age, in 1790. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of that year there are verses "On the Death of Robert Adair, Esq., late Surgeon-General, by J. Crane, M. D.," who, it is to be hoped, was a much better physician than a poet.

Lady Caroline Adair's married life was short but happy. She died of consumption, after giving birth to three children, one of them a son. On her death-bed she requested Adair to wear mourning for her as long as he lived; which he scrupulously did, save on the king's and queen's birthdays, when his duty to his sovereign required him to appear at Court in full

dress. If this injunction respecting mourning were to prevent Adair marrying again, it had the desired effect; he did not marry a second time, though he had many offers.

JOAN OF ARC.

The legend respecting the substitution of another person at the stake, and the subsequent marriage of the Maid to Robert des Hermoises, has been treated by no less an iconoclast than M. Octave Delepierre, the learned Belgian Consul in England, in a volume (*Doute Historique*), privately printed. In the *Athenæum* for September 15, 1855, there is a complete analysis of the story, from which it appears that more than two centuries after the alleged execution of Joan, namely in 1645, Father Vignier found documents among the archives at Metz, which spoke of the presence and recognition of Joan in that city, five years after her alleged execution. The Father was then a guest of a descendant of Robert des Hermoises, in whose muniment chest he discovered the marriage contract of Robert and Joan. The matter was forgotten, when in 1740, documents were found at Orleans which recorded, among other things, a gratuity made to Joan in 1439, “for services rendered by her at the siege of the same city, 210 livres.” The tradition has many singular points, and is full of delightful uncertainty.

AMY ROBSART.

Another time-honored illusion is gone, and Amy Robsart descends into the grave like a respectable

lady, instead of disappearing through a trap-door into a vault beneath and breaking her neck. So one by one the pleasant fictions over which in youth we lingered with such keen enjoyment, are stripped of their reality, and nothing but dull prose is left in their place. The pretty legend of Pocahontas, the venerable and patriotic one of William Tell, the ingenious mystification between the island of Juan Fernandez, Alexander Selkirk, and Robinson Crusoe, all have been cast down from their shrines. Nay, attempts have been made to remove Shakspeare himself into the region of myth, by representing that Lord Bacon was the veritable author of the plays and poems supposed to have been written by the great bard of Avon. No one need now despair of the disappearance of any time-honored personage or romance.

The name of Amy Robsart has always possessed a peculiar interest, not merely on account of the historical associations connected with her, but for the halo with which romance and poetry have invested her; and not the least strange feature of the case is the fact that historians should have so generally ignored the falsity of the legend. It had lain wrapped in its venerable mantle for more than three hundred years, until very recently, when public attention was forcibly called to the subject by an article published in the Oxford *Undergraduates' Journal*, England. In a communication in that periodical, from the Secretary to the Oxford Architectural and Historical Society, there is a statement to the following effect: "The Rev. J. Burgon, the Vicar of St. Mary's (Oxford), has caused an inscription to be cut on the top step of the three steps leading to the chancel of St. Mary's Church, commemorating the site of the interment of the ill-

fated Amy Robsart. The inscription is as follows: ‘In a vault of brick, at the upper end of this quire, was buried Amy Robsart, wife of Lord Robert Dudley, K. G., Sunday, 22d September, A. D. 1560.’” History tells us that the funeral was celebrated with great pomp: but previously to the ceremony, a coroner’s inquest was held on the body, and after a long and minute investigation of the circumstances, a verdict of “accidental death,” was returned. The character of the Earl of Leicester, (Lord Robert Dudley) her husband, was such as to raise grave doubts as to the mode by which she came by her death, and the popular belief that Queen Elizabeth was in love with him, and was willing to marry him, gave great countenance to the prevailing suspicion that he had kept his marriage a secret, and got rid of his wife to enable him to carry out his ambitious schemes. The historian, Hume, alludes to these reports, which, however, he derived from Camden, the antiquary, and which very probably originated in the political hostility and personal hatred of Cecil, Walsingham, and others of Leicester’s mortal enemies. Ashmole, in his work, *The Antiquities of Berkshire* gives the popular legend from which Sir Walter Scott derived many of the materials for his beautiful romance of *Kenilworth*.

Ashmole wrote his book about the middle of the seventeenth century, a hundred years after the fatal event at Cumnor Hall; he is, therefore, no authority on the subject; but William Julius Mickle, the poet, took him for one a century later, and turned the story into verse. And thus, between political hostility, personal dislike, the non-authenticated statements of historians, antiquaries, poets and novelists, it has long been accepted as an undoubted fact that Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, murdered

his wife, or was accessory to her murder, at Cumnor Hall. But it has been very generally overlooked that his alleged main motive for the supposed murder could have had no existence. There is no doubt the Queen knew he was married, but she continued to disgrace herself by open professions of attachment to him notwithstanding; and after Amy's sudden death, the inquest on her body, and her public funeral, "Good Queen Bess" was just as fond of him as ever, and showered such favors upon him as could have left him but little to wish for. He knew perfectly well that a marriage between himself and Elizabeth would have convulsed the kingdom, and probably cost him his life. He also knew that she had no real intention of parting with one iota of the royal power or prerogative, even to him, and hence the motive for the so-called murder falls to the ground, and with it the pathetic romance built upon it.

WILLIAM TELL.

William Tell is very hard to kill. German writers in the last century demolish him, over and over again, but to little purpose. He remained the Swiss hero, and what is far worse, those hideous statues at Altorf continue to assert their undying ugliness, and pretend to prove, by their presence there, the truth of the story. The giant has been recently slain once more as an impostor. Once more? Half a dozen times; and each slayer takes himself for the sole and original champion. Swiss professors even have been at the work of demolition. Three or four years ago Mr. Baring-Gould, in his "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," set up a dozen of those myths, and bowled them all down at one bowl: he proved, as

others had done, that the legend of William Tell was "as fabulous as any other historical event." Mr. Baring-Gould, however, does more than some others have done. He traces the story as far back as it can be traced. This is the order of the tradition:—

1. In the tenth century a tippling, boasting Danish soldier, named Toki, swore he could drive an arrow through an apple, placed on the point of a stick, at a great distance. King Harald Bluetooth told the boaster that the apple should be placed on his son's head, and if Toki did not send an arrow through it at the first attempt, his own head should pay the penalty. Toki performed the feat with perfect success; but Harald perceiving he had brought other arrows, demanded the reason thereof, and Toki replied that if he had injured his son he would have driven those other arrows into the King's body. The story was first related by Saxo Grammaticus, in the twelfth century.

2. But in the eleventh century the above prototype of Tell had successors or imitators. King Olaf, the Saint of Norway, challenged Eindridi, among other things, to shoot with an arrow at a writing tablet on the head of Eindridi's son. Each was to have one shot. Olaf grazed the boy's head, whereupon the boy's mother interfered, and Eindridi was withdrawn from the contest. Olaf remarked that his competitor had a second arrow, which Eindridi confessed that he intended for his Majesty if anything very unpleasant had happened to the boy.

3. A year or two later in this eleventh century, another Norse archer, Hemingr, had a match with King Harold. Harold set a spear-shaft for a mark in the ground. He then fired in the air; the arrow turned in its descent and pierced the spear-shaft. Hemingr

followed suit, and split the King's arrow, which was perpendicularly fixed in the spear-shaft. Then the King stuck a knife in an oak. His arrow went into the haft. Hemingr shot, and his arrow cleft the haft and went into the socket of the blade. The enraged King next fired at a tender twig, which his arrow pierced, but Hemingr's split a hazel-nut growing upon it. "You shall put the nut on your brother Bjorn's head," said Harold, "and if you do not pierce it with your spear at the first attempt, your life shall be forfeited." Of course the thing was done. Hemingr is supposed to have had his revenge by sending an arrow through Harold's trachea at the battle of Stamford Bridge, where he fought on the English side.

4. In the Faroe Isles, the above Harold is said to have had a swimming-match with a certain Geyti, who not only beat him, but gave him a ducking. Harold condemned him to shoot a hazel-nut off his brother's head, under the usual penalty, and with the usual result.

5. The same story is told of one Puncher, (suggestive name,) with this difference, that the object aimed at was a coin.

6. In Finland, it is a son who shoots an apple off his father's head; for which feat some robbers, who had captured his sire, gave him up to the son.

7. In a Persian poem of the twelfth century, a King, in sport, shoots an arrow at an apple on the head of his favorite page, who, though not hurt, died of the fright.

8. The story, with a difference, is told of Egil, in the Saga of Thidrik, of no particular date.

9. It is familiar to us, in the English ballad of William of Cloudesley, chronological date of event uncertain.

10. Enter William Tell, in the first decade of the fourteenth century. We need not tell his well-known tale again. It is only necessary to remark, by way of comment, that the Tell and Gesler legend was not set up till many years afterwards, and that in no contemporary record is any mention made of either Tell, Gesler, or the apple incident. No Vogt named Gesler ever exercised authority for the Emperor in Switzerland; no family bearing the name of Tell can be traced in any part of that country.

11, and lastly. The hero's name was not Tell at all, but M'Leod, and he came from Braemar. Mr. Baring-Gould has quite overlooked him. Therefore is the new claimant's story here subjoined in order to make the roll of legends complete. It is taken from *The Braemar Highlands; their Tales, Traditions and History*, by Elizabeth Taylor. The King referred to is Malcolm Canmore.

"A young man named M'Leod had been hunting one day in the royal forest. A favorite hound of the King's having attacked M'Leod, was killed by him. The King soon heard of the slaughter of his favorite, and was exceedingly angry—so much so that M'Leod was condemned to death. The gibbet was erected on Craig Choinnich, *i.e.*, Kennoth's Craig. As there was less of justice than revenge in the sentence, little time was permitted ere it was carried into execution. The prisoner was led out by the north gate of the castle. The King, in great state, surrounded by a crowd of his nobles, followed in procession. Sorrowing crowds of the people came after, in wondering amazement. As they moved slowly on, an incident occurred which arrested universal attention. A woman with a child in her arms came rushing through the crowd, and throwing herself before the

King, pleaded with him to spare her husband's life, though it should be at the expense of all they possessed. Her impassioned entreaties were met with silence. Malcolm was not to be moved from his purpose of death. Seeing that her efforts to move the King were useless, she made her way to her husband, and throwing her arms around him declared that she would not leave him—she would go and die with him. Malcolm was somewhat moved by the touching scene. Allen Durward, noticing the favorable moment, ventured to put in the suggestion that it was a pity to hang such a splendid archer. 'A splendid archer, is he?' replied the King; 'then he shall have his skill tried.' So he ordered that M'Leod's wife and child should be placed on the opposite side of the river; something to serve as a mark was to be placed on the child's head. If M'Leod succeeded in hitting the mark without injuring his wife or child his life would be spared, otherwise the sentence was to be carried into execution. Accordingly (so the legend goes) the young wife and child were put across the river, and placed on Tomghainmheine; according to some, a little farther down the river, near where a boat-house once stood. The width of the Dee was to be the distance separating M'Leod from his mark. He asked for a bow and two arrows, and having examined each with the greatest care, he took his position. The eventful moment came, the people gathered round him, and stood in profound silence. On the opposite side of the river his wife stood, the central figure of a crowd of eager bystanders, tears glistening on her cheeks as she gazed alternately at her husband and child in dumb emotion. M'Leod took aim; but his body shook like an aspen-leaf in the evening breeze. This was a trial for him far harder than death. Again he placed

himself in position; but he trembled to such a degree that he could not shoot, and turning to the King, who stood near, he said in a voice scarcely articulate in its suppressed agony, 'This is hard!' But the King relented not; so the third time he fell into the attitude, and as he did so, almost roared, 'This is hard!' Then as if all his nervousness had escaped through the cry, he let the arrow fly—it struck the mark! The mother seized her child, and in a transport of joy seemed to devour it with kisses; while the pent-up emotion of the crowd found vent through a loud cry of wonder and triumph, which repeated itself again and again as the echoes rolled slowly away among the neighboring hills. The King now approached M'Leod, and after confirming his pardon, inquired why he, so sure of hand and keen of sight, had asked two arrows? 'Because,' replied M'Leod, 'had I missed the mark, or hurt my wife and child, I was determined not to miss you.' The king grew pale, and turned away as if undecided what to do. His better nature prevailed; so he again approached M'Leod, and with kindly voice and manner told him that he would receive him into his body-guard, and he would be well provided for. 'Never!' answered the undaunted Celt. 'After the painful proof to which you have just put my heart. I could never love you enough to serve you faithfully. The King in amazement cried out, 'Thou art a Hardy! and as Hardy thou art, so Hardy thou shalt be.'" From that time M'Leod went under the appellation of Hardy, while his descendants were termed the M'Hardy's—Mac being the Gaelic word for son. The date of the above is the eleventh century, when the legend burst forth in several parts of the world. Here we have it in Scotland. Like many other legends it probably came originally from India.

THE TIME OF LE GRAND MONARQUE.

Thackeray draws the following graphic picture of the extremes of society in Europe in the time of Louis XIV. Rarely is the contrast between "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," and "the short and simple annals of the poor," delineated with such masterly vigor. Referring to the influence of French fashions upon the German courts, he says:—

It is incalculable how much that royal bigwig cost Germany. Every prince imitated the French king, and had his Versailles, his Wilhelmshöhe or Ludwigslust; his court and its splendors; his gardens laid out with statues; his fountains, and water-works, and Tritons; his actors, and dancers, and singers, and fiddlers; his harem, with its inhabitants; his diamonds and duchies for these latter; his enormous festivities, his gaming-tables, tournaments, masquerades, and banquets lasting a week long, for which the people paid with their money, when the poor wretches had it; with their bodies and very blood when they had none; being sold in thousands by their lords and masters, who gaily dealt in soldiers,—staked a regiment upon the red at the gambling table; swapped a battalion against a dancing-girl's diamond necklace, and, as it were, pocketed their people.

As one views Europe, through contemporary books of travel, in the early part of the last century, the landscape is awful—wretched wastes, beggarly and plundered; half-burned cottages and trembling peasants gathering piteous harvests; gangs of such tramping along with bayonets behind them, and corporals with canes and cats-of-nine-tails to flog them to barracks. By these passes my lord's gilt carriage, floundering through the ruts, as he swears

at the postillions, and toils on to the Residenz. Hard by, but away from the noise and brawling of the citizens and buyers, is Wilhelmslust or Ludwigsruhe, or Monbijou, or Versailles—it scarcely matters which—near to the city, shut out by woods from the beggared country, the enormous, hideous, gilded, monstrous marble palace, where the prince is, and the Court, and the trim gardens, and huge fountains, and the forest where the ragged peasants are beating the game in (it is death to them to touch a feather); and the jolly hunt sweeps by with its uniform of crimson and gold; and the prince gallops ahead puffing his royal horn; and his lords and mistresses ride after him; and the stag is pulled down; and the grand huntsman gives the knife in the midst of a chorus of bugles; and 'tis time the court go home to dinner; and our noble traveller, it may be the Baron of Pöllnitz, or the Count de Königsmarck, or the excellent Chevalier de Seingalt, sees the procession gleaming through the trim avenues of the wood, and hastens to the inn, and sends his noble name to the marshal of the court. Then our nobleman arrays himself in green and gold, or pink and silver, in the richest Paris mode, and is introduced by the chamberlain, and makes his bow to the jolly prince, and the gracious princess; and is presented to the chief lords and ladies, and then comes supper and a bank at Faro, where he loses or wins a thousand pieces by daylight. If it is a German court, you may add not a little drunkenness to this picture of high life; but German, or French, or Spanish, if you can see out of your palace-windows beyond the trim-cut forest vistas, misery is lying outside; hunger is stalking about the bare villages, listlessly following precarious husbandry; ploughing stony fields with starved cattle; or fearfully taking in scanty harvests.

Augustus is fat and jolly on his throne; he can knock down an ox, and eat one almost; his mistress, Aurora von Königsmarck, is the loveliest, the wittiest creature; his diamonds are the biggest and most brilliant in the world, and his feasts as splendid as those of Versailles. As for Louis the Great, he is more than mortal. Lift up your glances respectfully, and mark him eyeing Madame de Fontanges or Madame de Montespan from under his sublime periwig, as he passes through the great gallery where Villars and Vendome, and Berwick, and Bossuet, and Massillon are waiting. Can Court be more splendid; nobles and knights more gallant and superb; ladies more lovely? A grander monarch, or a more miserable starved wretch than the peasant his subject, you cannot look on. Let us bear both these types in mind, if we wish to estimate the old society properly. Remember the glory and the chivalry? Yes! Remember the grace and beauty, the splendor and lofty politeness; the gallant courtesy of Fontenoy where the French line bids the gentlemen of the English guard to fire first; the noble constancy of the old king and Villars his general, who fits out the last army with the last crown-piece from the treasury, and goes to meet the enemy and die or conquer for France at Denain. But round all that royal splendor lies a nation enslaved and ruined; there are people robbed of their rights—communities laid waste—faith, justice, commerce trampled upon, and well-nigh destroyed—nay, in the very centre of royalty itself, what horrible stains and meanness, crime and shame! It is but to a silly harlot that some of the noblest gentlemen, and some of the proudest women in the world are bowing down; it is the price of a miserable province that the king ties in diamonds round his mistress's white neck. In the first half of the last century this is going on all Europe

over. Saxony is a waste as well as Picardy or Artois; and Versailles is only larger and not worse than Herrenhausen.

THE BITER BIT.

Jerry White, the Chaplain to Cromwell, carried his ambition so far as to think of becoming son-in-law to his Highness, by marrying his daughter, the lady Frances; and as Jerry had those requisites that generally please the fair sex, he won the affections of the young lady: but as nothing of this sort could happen without the knowledge of the watchful father, who had his spies in every place, and about every person, it soon reached his ears. There were as weighty reasons for rejecting Jerry as there had been for dismissing His Majesty Charles II., who had been proposed by the Earl of Orrery as a husband. Oliver therefore, ordered the informer to observe and watch them narrowly; and promised that upon substantial proof of the truth of what he had declared, he should be as amply rewarded as Jerry severely punished. It was not long before the informer acquainted his Highness that the Chaplain was then with the lady; and upon hastening to his daughter's apartment, he discovered the unfortunate Jerry upon his knees, kissing her Ladyship's hand: seeing which, he hastily exclaimed, "What is the meaning of this posture before my daughter Frances?" The Chaplain, with great presence of mind, replied, "May it please your Highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for me." Oliver, turning to the waiting-woman, said:—"What is the meaning of this? He is

my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such:" who, desiring nothing more, replied, with a low courtesy, "If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not oppose him." Upon which Oliver said, "We'll call Goodwin: this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room." Jerry could not retreat. Goodwin came, and they were instantly married,—the bride, at the same time, receiving £500 from the Protector.

Mr. Jerry White lived with this wife (not of his choice) more than fifty years. Oldmixon says he knew both him and Mrs. White, and heard the story told when they were present; at which time Mrs. White acknowledged "there was something in it."

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE GIRONDISTS.

Of all the prisons of Paris, the Conciergerie is the most interesting, from its antiquity, associations, and mixed style of architecture,—uniting as it were the horrors of the dungeons of the Middle Ages with the more humane system of confinement of the present century. It exhibits in its mongrel outline the progressive ameliorations of humanity toward criminals and offenders,—forming a connecting link between feudal barbarity and modern civilization. Situated in the heart of old Paris, upon the Ile de la Cité, separated from the Seine by the Quai de l'Horologe, it is one of a cluster of edifices pregnant with souvenirs of tragedy and romance. These buildings are the Sainte Chapelle, the Prefecture de Police, and the Palais de Justice, formerly the residence of the French monarchs. The Conciergerie, which derives its name from *concierge*, or keeper, was anciently the prison of the palace. It is now chiefly

used as a place of detention for persons during their trial. Recent alterations have greatly diminished the gloomy and forbidding effect of its exterior; but sufficient of its old character remains to perpetuate the associations connected with its former uses, and to preserve for it its interest as a relic of feudalism. The names of the two turrets flanking the gateway, Tour de César, and Tour Boubec, smack of antiquity. Compared with Cæsar, however, its age is quite juvenile, being less than nine hundred years.

The oldest legible entry in the archives of the Conciergerie is that of the regicide Ravaillac, who was incarcerated May 16, 1610. Among the memorable names on its register are those of Damiens, who attempted the life of Louis XV.; Eleonore Galigaï, the confidante of Marie de Medicis; La Voisine, the famous female poisoner, who succeeded Madame de Brinvilliers; Cartouche the noted robber, and high above them all in point of tragic interest, the innocent and unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette.

The records of this prison furnish extraordinary illustrations of stoicism in the midst of civil calamity, and its walls bear witness to almost inconceivable indifference to the mastery of violence. We know that there is no social upheaval to which human nature, with its versatility of powers for good or evil, may not become accustomed, and if the condition be inevitable, even become reconciled. But the conduct of the prisoners of the Conciergerie, in many instances, tinged as it was with mingled sublimity and folly, surpasses comprehension. During the Reign of Terror they were almost daily decimated by the guillotine; yet their constant *amusement* was to play at charades and the—*guillotine*. Both sexes and

all ranks assembled in one of the halls. They formed a revolutionary tribunal—choosing accusers and judges, and parodizing the gestures and voice of Fouquier Tinville and his coadjutors. Defenders were named; the accused were taken at hazard. The sentence of death followed close on the heels of the accusation. They simulated the toilet of the condemned, preparing the neck for the knife by feigning to cut the hair and collar. The sentenced were attached to a chair reversed to represent the guillotine. The knife was of wood, and as it fell, the individual, male or female, thus sporting with their approaching fate, tumbled down as if actually struck by the iron blade. Often while engaged in this *play*, they were interrupted by the terrible voice of the public crier, calling over the "names of the brigands who to-day have gained the lottery of the holy guillotine."

But among the curious souvenirs of this celebrated jail, the most memorable is that of the last night of the Girondists, that unique festivity which was certainly the grandest triumph of philosophy in the annals of human events. Those fierce, theoretical deputies, who had so recently sent to the scaffold the King and Queen of France, were now in turn on their way thither. Christianity teaches men to live in peaceful humility, and to die with hopeful resignation. The last hour of a true believer is calmly joyous. Here was an opportunity for infidelity to assert its superiority in death, as it had claimed for itself the greatest good in life. Let us be just to even these deluded men. They had played a terrible role in the history of their country, and they resigned themselves to die with the same intrepidity with which they had staked their existence upon the success of their policy. They made it a death fête,

each smiling as he awaited the dread message, and devoting his latest moments to those displays of intellectual rivalry which had so long united them in life. Mainvielle, Ducos, Gensonné, and Boyer Foufréde abandoned themselves to gayety, wit and revelry, repeating their own verses with friendly rivalry, and stimulating their companions to every species of infidel folly. Viger sang amorous songs; Duprat related a tale; Gensonné repeated the Marseillaise; while Vergniaud alternately electrified them with his eloquence, or discoursed philosophically of their past history, and the unknown future upon which they were about to enter. The discussion on poetry, literature, and general topics, was animated and brilliant; on God, religion, the immortality of the soul, grave, eloquent, calm and poetic. The walls of the prison echoed to a late hour in the morning to their patriotic cries, and were witnesses to their fraternal embraces. The corpse of Valazé, the only one of their number who by a voluntary death eluded the scaffold, remained with them.

The whole scene was certainly the wildest and most dramatic ever born of courage and reason. Yet throughout their enthusiasm there appears a chill of uncertainty, and an intellectual coldness that appals the conscience. We feel that for the Girondists it was a consistent sacrifice to their theories and their lives; but for a Christian and patriot, a sad and unedifying spectacle.

While history cannot refute the tribute of admiration to high qualities, even when misdirected, it is equally bound to record the errors and repeat the warnings of those who claim a place in its pages. The lives of the Girondists, as well as their deaths, formed a

confused drama of lofty aspirations, generous sentiments and noble sacrifices, mingled with error, passion and folly. Their character presents all the cold brilliancy of fireworks, which excite our admiration only to be chilled with disappointment at their speedy eclipse. Their death-scene was emphatically a *spectacle*. It exhibited neither the simple grandeur of the death of Socrates, nor the calm and trustful spirit that characterized the dying moments of Washington; the one yielding up his spirit as a heathen philosopher; the other dying as a Christian statesman.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE RING.

Concerning the love-token which Queen Elizabeth gave to Essex, with an intimation that if he forfeited her favor, its return would secure her forgiveness, Miss Strickland quotes the testimony of Lady Spelman, who says that when Essex lay under sentence of death, he determined to try the virtue of the ring, by sending it to the queen, and claiming the benefit of her promise; but knowing he was surrounded by the creatures of those who where bent on taking his life, he was fearful of trusting it to any of his attendants. At length, looking out of his window, he saw early one morning a boy whose countenance pleased him, and him he induced by a bribe to carry the ring, which he threw down to him from above, to the Lady Scrope, his cousin, who had taken so friendly interest in his fate. The boy, by mistake, carried it to the Countess of Nottingham, the cruel sister of the fair and gentle Scrope, and, as both these ladies were of the royal bedchamber, the mistake might easily occur. The countess carried the

ring to her husband the Lord Admiral, who was the deadly foe of Essex, and told him the message, but he bade her suppress both. The queen, unconscious of the accident, waited in the painful suspense of an angry lover for the expected token to arrive; but not receiving it, she concluded he was too proud to make this last appeal to her tenderness, and, after having once revoked the warrant, she ordered the execution to proceed.

Multum in Parvo.

Prior, says Leigh Hunt, wrote one truly loving verse, if no other. It is in his *Solomon*. The monarch is speaking of a female slave, who had a real affection for him—

And when I called another, Abra came.

Coleridge says that Noah's Ark affords a fine image of the world at large, as containing a very few men, and a great number of beasts.

The boxes which govern the world are the cartridge-box, the ballot-box, the jury-box, and the band-box.

There are certain things upon which even a wise man must be content to be ignorant. "I cannot fiddle," said Themistocles, "but I can take a city."

Sir Thomas Overbury said of a man who boasted of his ancestry, that he was like a potato—the best thing belonging to him was under the ground.

"Go and see Carlini" (the famous Neapolitan comedian), said a physician to a patient, who came

to consult him upon habitual depression of spirits. “I am Carlini,” said the man.

The words *Abstemiously* and *Facetiously* contain all the vowels in consecutive order.

When Mr. Pitt’s enemies objected to George III. that he was too young, his Majesty answered: “That is an objection the force of which will be weakened every day he lives.”

Prayer moves the hand
That moves the universe.

The clock that stands still, points right twice in the four-and-twenty hours; while others may keep going continually, and be continually going wrong.

The Mexicans say to their new-born offspring, “Child, thou art come into the world to suffer. Endure, and hold thy peace.”

Balzac makes mention of a man who never uttered his own name without taking off his hat, as a mark of reverence for the exalted appellation.

Gibbon says: As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters.

In the works of Prof. Thomas Cooper it is said,—Mankind pay best, 1. Those who destroy them,

heroes and warriors. 2. Those who cheat them, statesmen, priests and quacks. 3. Those who amuse them, as singers, actors, dancers and novel writers. But least of all, those who speak the truth, and instruct them.

Wax-lights, though we are accustomed to overlook the fact, and rank them with ordinary commonplaces, are true fairy tapers,—a white metamorphosis from the flowers, crowned with the most intangible of all visible mysteries—fire.

An illustration of false emphasis is supplied by the verse, (I. Kings xiii. 27,) "And he spoke to his sons, saying, Saddle me the ass. And they saddled *him*."

Shakspeare, in the compass of a line, has described a thoroughly charming girl:—

Pretty, and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.

The foundation of domestic happiness is confidence in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness is reliance on the integrity of man; the foundation of all real happiness, temporal and spiritual, present and eternal, is faith in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.

Buckingham's Epitaph on Thomas Lord Fairfax:—

He might have been a King,
But that he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly great, than honorably good.

A favorite exclamation of the Parisian mob, who must always have a "*vive*" something or other, became during the Revolution, "*vive la mort!*"

Alphonso, King of Aragon, in his judgment of human life, declared that there were only four things in this world worth living for: "Old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with."

David refers to a good old form of salutation and valediction in Psalm cxxix. 8:—

"The blessing of the Lord be upon you; we bless you in the name of the Lord."

An eastern sage being desired to inscribe on the ring of his Sultan a motto, equally applicable to prosperity or adversity, returned it with these words engraved upon the surface: "And this, too, shall pass away."

Oliver Cromwell's grace before dinner:—

Some have meat, but cannot eat,
And some can eat, but have not meat,
  And so—the Lord be praised.

Life and Death.

All death in nature is birth, and in death appears visibly the advancement of life. There is no killing principle in nature, for nature throughout is life: it is not death that kills, but the higher life, which, concealed behind the other, begins to develop itself. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to attain a higher form.—FICHTE.

I came in the morning,—it was spring,
And I smiled;
I walked out at noon,—it was summer,
And I was glad;
I sat me down at even,—it was autumn,
And I was sad;
I laid me down at night,—it was winter,
And I slept.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS OF LIFE.

What a fine passage is that of Bishop HEBER, which is said to have suggested to COLE his justly-famed series of paintings, entitled *The Voyage of Life*!

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides swiftly down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the windings of its grassy borders: the

trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, and the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we rejoice in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry that is passing before us; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some short-lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are alike in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are left behind us: we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home; the roaring of the waves is beneath our keel, the land lessens from our eyes, the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our future voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and the Eternal!

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

From the Aphorisms of Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich:—

Some are serving,—some commanding;
Some are sitting,—some are standing;
Some rejoicing,—some are grieving;
Some entreating,—some relieving;
Some are weeping,—some are laughing;
Some are thirsting,—some are quaffing;
Some accepting,—some refusing;
Some are thrifty,—some abusing;

Some compelling,—some persuading;
Some are flattering,—some degrading;
Some are patient,—some are fuming;
Some are modest,—some presuming;
Some are leasing,—some are farming;
Some are helping,—some are harming;
Some are running,—some are riding;
Some departing,—some abiding;
Some are sending,—some are bringing;
Some are crying,—some are singing;
Some are hearing,—some are preaching;
Some are learning,—some are teaching;
Some disdaining,—some affecting;
Some assiduous,—some neglecting;
Some are feasting,—some are fasting;
Some are saving,—some are wasting;
Some are losing,—some are winning;
Some repenting,—some are sinning;
Some professing,—some adoring;
Some are silent,—some are roaring;
Some are restive,—some are willing;
Some preserving,—some are killing;
Some are bounteous,—some are grinding;
Some are seeking,—some are finding;
Some are thieving,—some receiving;
Some are hiding,—some revealing;
Some commending,—some are blaming;
Some dismembering,—some new-framing;
Some are quiet,—some disputing;
Some confuted and confuting;
Some are marching,—some retiring;
Some are resting,—some aspiring;
Some enduring,—some deriding;
Some are falling,—some are rising.
These are sufficient to recite,
Since all men's deeds are infinite;
Some end their parts when some begin;
Some go out,—and some come in.

RULES OF LIVING.

From Rev. Hugh Peters' Legacy to his Daughter.

London, A.D. 1660.

Whosoever would live long and blessedly, let him observe these following rules, by which he shall attain to that which he desireth:—

Let thy		
Thoughts	be	divine, awful, godly.
Talk	—	little, honest, true.
Works	—	profitable, holy, charitable.
Manners	—	grave, courteous, cheerful.
Diet	—	temperate, convenient, frugal.
Apparel	—	sober, neat, comely.
Will	—	confident, obedient, ready.
Sleep	—	moderate, quiet, seasonable.
Prayers	—	short, devout, often, fervent.
Recreation	—	lawful, brief, seldom.
Memory	—	of death, punishment, glory.

DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

The great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and happier man:—

Temperance.—Eat not to fulness; drink not to elevation.

Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or

yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality.—Make no expense, but do good to others as yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry.—Lose no time, be always employed in something useful; but avoid all unnecessary actions.

Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice.—Wrong no one by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Tranquillity.—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

The celebrated Lord Coke wrote the subjoined couplet, which he religiously observed in the distribution of time:—

Six hours to sleep,—to law's grave studies six,—
Four spent in prayer,—the rest to nature fix.

But Sir William Jones, a wiser economist of the fleeting hours of life, amended the sentence in the

following lines:—

Seven hours to law,—to soothing slumber seven,—
Ten to the world allot,—and all to heaven.

LIVING LIFE OVER AGAIN.

Good Sir Thomas Browne says, Though I think no man can live well once but he that could live twice, yet for my own part I would not live over my hours past, nor begin again the thread of my days; not upon Cicero's ground,—because I have lived them well,—but for fear I should live them worse. I find my growing judgment daily instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity make me daily do worse. I find in my confirmed age the same sins I discovered in my youth; I committed many then, because I was a child, and because I commit them still, I am yet an infant. Therefore I perceive a man may be twice a child before the days of dotage, and stand in need of Æson's bath before threescore.

RHYMING DEFINITIONS.

FAME.—A meteor dazzling with its distant glare.
WEALTH.—A source of trouble and consuming care.
PLEASURE.—A gleam of sunshine, passing soon away.
LOVE.—A morning stream whoso memory gilds the day.
FAITH.—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.
HOPE.—A lone star beaming o'er the barren heath.
CHARITY.—A stream meandering from the fount of love.
BIBLE.—A guide to realms of endless joy above.
RELIGION.—A key which opens wide the gates of Heaven.
DEATH.—A knife by which the ties of earth are riven.

EARTH.—A desert through which pilgrims wend their way.
GRAVE.—A home of rest when ends life's weary day.
RESURRECTION.—A sudden waking from a quiet dream.
HEAVEN.—A land of joy, of light and love supreme.

EARTH.

What is earth, sexton?—A place to dig graves.
What is earth, rich man?—A place to work slaves.
What is earth, greybeard?—A place to grow old.
What is earth, miser?—A place to dig gold.
What is earth, school-boy?—A place for my play.
What is earth, maiden?—A place to be gay.
What is earth, seamstress?—A place where I weep.
What is earth, sluggard?—A good place to sleep.
What is earth, soldier?—A place for a battle.
What is earth, herdsman?—A place to raise cattle.
What is earth, widow?—A place of true sorrow.
What is earth, tradesman?—I'll tell you to-morrow.
What is earth, sick man?—'Tis nothing to me.
What is earth, sailor?—My home is the sea.
What is earth, statesman?—A place to win fame.
What is earth, author?—I'll write there my name.
What is earth, monarch?—For my realm it is given.
What is earth, Christian?—The gateway of heaven!

RHYMING CHARTER.

The following grant of William the Conqueror may be found in Stowe's *Chronicle* and in Blount's *Ancient Tenures*:—

HOPTON, IN THE COUNTY OF SALOP.

To the Heyrs Male of the Hopton, lawfully begotten:

From me and from myne, to thee and to thyne
While the water runs, and the sun doth shine.
For lack of heyrs to the king againe,
I, William, king, the third year of my reign
Give to the Norman hunter,
To me that art both *line*[40] and deare,
The Hop and the Hoptoune,
And all the bounds up and downe.
Under the earth to hell,
Above the earth to heaven,
From me and from myne
To thee and to thyne;
As good and as faire
As ever they myne were.
To witness that this is *sooth*,[41]
I bite the wite wax with my tooth,
Before Jugg, Marode, and Margery
And my third son Henery,
For one bow, and one broad arrow,
When I come to hunt upon Yarrow.

NICE QUESTIONS FOR LAWYERS.

A gentleman, who died in Paris, left a legacy of $6000 to his niece in Dubuque, Iowa, who it appears also died about the same hour of the same day. The question which died first turns upon the relation of solar to true time, and must be decided by the difference of longitude. If the niece died at four o'clock A.M., and her uncle at ten o'clock A.M., the instants of their death would have been identical. Assuming that to be the hour of the testator's death, if the niece died at any hour between four and ten, although the legacy would apparently revert to his estate, it would really vest in her and her heirs, since by solar time she would have actually survived her uncle.

Another case where great importance depended upon the precise time of death was that of the late Earl Fitzhardinge, who died "about midnight," between October 10th and 11th. His rents, amounting to £40,000 a year, were payable on Old Lady-day and Old Michaelmas-day. The latter fell this year (1857) on Sunday, October 11, and the day began at midnight: so that if he died before twelve, the rents belonged to the parties taking the estate; but if after, they belonged to and formed part of his personal estate. The difference of one minute might therefore involve the question as to the title of £20,000.

THE BONE NOT DESCRIBED BY MODERN ANATOMISTS.

God formed them from the dust, and He once more
Will give them strength and beauty as before,
Though strewn as widely as the desert air,
As winds can waft them, or the waters bear.

The Emperor Adrian—the skeptic whose epigrammatic address to his soul in prospect of death,

Animula, vagula, blandula,[42] &c.,

is well known—asked Rabbi Joshua Ben Hananiah, in the course of an interview following the successful siege of Bitter, "How doth a man revive again in the world to come?" He answered and said, "From *Luz*, in the back-bone." Saith he to him, "Demonstrate this to me." Then he took *Luz*, a little bone out of the back-bone, and put it in water, and it was not steeped; he put it into the fire, and it was not burned; he brought it to the mill, and that could not

grind it; he laid it on the anvil and knocked it with a hammer, but the anvil was cleft, and the hammer broken.

The name Luz is probably derived from Genesis xlviii. 3, where, however, it refers to a place, not to a bone. The bone alluded to is the *sacrum*, the terminal wedge of the vertebral column. Butler, in his Hudibras, erroneously traces to the Rabbinic belief the modern name *os sacrum*, its origin really being due to the custom of placing it upon the altar in ancient sacrifices.

The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write, there's a bone, which they call *Luz*
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue
No force in nature can do hurt to;
And therefore at the last great day
All th' other members shall, they say,
Spring out of this, as from a seed
All sorts of vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned sons of art
Os sacrum justly style that part.—*Hudibras.*

DYING WORDS OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

There taught us how to live; and—oh, too high
A price for knowledge!—taught us how to die.—TICKELL.

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled;
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep.[43]

SIR W. JONES: *Pers. Trans.*

Napoleon.—Tête d'Armée!

Sir Walter Raleigh.—It matters little how the head lieth.

Goethe.—Let the light enter.

Tasso.—Into thy hands, O Lord.

Alfieri.—Clasp my hand, my dear friend: I die.

Martin Luther.—Father in Heaven, though this body is breaking away from me, and I am departing this life, yet I know that I shall forever be with thee, for no one can pluck me out of thy hand.

Mozart.—You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie: take my last notes, sit down at the piano, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solace and delight.

Haydn.—God preserve the Emperor!

Haller.—The artery ceases to beat.

Grotius.—Be serious.

Erasmus.—Lord, make an end.

Cardinal Beaufort.—What! is there no bribing death?

Hilary, Bishop of Poictiers.—Soul, thou hast served Christ these seventy years, and art thou afraid to die? Go out, soul, go out.

Queen Elizabeth.—All my possessions for a moment of time!

Charles II.—Let not poor Nelly starve.

Anne Boleyn.—It is small, very small indeed (clasping her neck).

Sir Thomas More.—I pray you see me safe up; and as for my coming down, let me shift for myself (ascending the scaffold).

John Hampden.—O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to——

Chancellor Thurlow.—I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying.

Addison.—See with what peace a Christian can die.

Julius Cæsar.—Et tu, Brute.

Nero.—Is this your fidelity?

Herder.—Refresh me with a great thought.

Frederick V., of Denmark.—There is not a drop of blood on my hands.

Mirabeau.—Let me die amid the sound of delicious music and the fragrance of flowers.

Madame de Staël.—I have loved God, my father, and liberty.

Lord Nelson.—Kiss me, Hardy.

Lord Chesterfield.—Give Dayrolles a chair.

Hobbes.—I am taking a fearful leap in the dark.

Byron.—I must sleep now.

Sir Walter Scott.—I feel as if I were to be myself again.

Keats.—I feel the daisies growing over me.

Robert Burns.—Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.

Lawrence.—Don't give up the ship.

Washington.—It is well.

Franklin.—A dying man can do nothing easy.

Wolfe.—Now, God be praised, I will die in peace.

Marion.—Thank God, I can lay my hand upon my

heart and say that since I came to man's estate I have never intentionally done wrong to any one.

Adams.—Independence forever!

Jefferson.—I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country.

J. Q. Adams.—This is the last of earth. I am content.

Harrison.—I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.

Taylor.—I have endeavored to do my duty.

Daniel Webster.—I still live.

THE LAST PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Written in her Prayer-Book the morning before her Execution:

O! Domine Deus,
Speravi in te,—
O! carè mi Jesu,
Nunc libera me.
In durâ catenâ,
In miserâ, pœnâ,
Desidero te.
Languendo, gemendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberes me!

(O my Lord and my God,
I have trusted in thee;
O Jesus, my love,
Now liberate me.
In my enemies' power,
In affliction's sad hour,
I languish for thee.
In sorrowing, weeping,
And bending the knee,
I adore and implore thee
To liberate me!)

REMARKABLE TRANCE.

At the siege of Rouen, the body of François de Civille, a French captain who was supposed to have been killed, was thrown with others into the ditch, where it remained from eleven o'clock in the morning to half-past six in the evening, when his servant, observing some latent heat, carried the body into the house. During the ensuing five days and nights not the slightest sign of life was exhibited, although the body gradually recovered its warmth. At the expiration of this time the town was carried by assault, and the servants of an officer belonging to the besiegers, having found the supposed corpse of Civille, threw it out of a window, with no other covering than his shirt. Fortunately for the captain, he fell upon a heap of straw, where he remained senseless three days longer, when he was taken up by his relations for sepulture and ultimately brought to life. What was still more strange, Civille, like Macduff, had been "from his mother's womb untimely ripped," having been brought into the world by a Cæsarian operation which his mother did not survive. After his last escape he used to add to his signature, "three times born, three times buried, and three times risen from the dead by the grace of God."

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

Whether,—as in the case of the Abbé Prevost in the forest of Chantilly,—if a supposed *cadaver*, while subjected to the investigating knife of the anatomist, should awake from a trance only to be conscious of his horrible condition and to expire from the

immediate effect of the dissection, it is any thing more than homicide *per infortuniam*, or not.

Whether, in the case of Lazarus, who was restored to life by the Saviour after decomposition had commenced, he could have reclaimed property already in the possession and occupancy of the heirs to whom he had willed it before death.

PRESERVED BODIES.

There is an arched vault, or burying-ground, under the church at Kilsyth, in Scotland, which was the burying-place of the family of Kilsyth until the estate was forfeited and the title became extinct in the year 1715, since which it has never been used for that purpose except once. The last earl fled with his family to Flanders, and, according to tradition, was smothered to death about the year 1717, along with his lady and an infant child, and a number of other unfortunate Scottish exiles, by the falling in of the roof of a house in which they were assembled. What became of the body of the earl is not known; but the bodies of Lady Kilsyth and her infant were disembowelled and embalmed, and soon afterwards sent over to Scotland. They were landed, and lay at Leith for some time, whence they were afterwards carried to Kilsyth, and buried with great pomp, in the vault above mentioned.

In the spring of 1796, some reckless young men, having paid a visit to this ancient cemetery, tore open the coffin of Lady Kilsyth and her infant. With astonishment and consternation they saw the bodies of Lady Kilsyth and her child as perfect as they had been the hour they were entombed. For some weeks

this circumstance was kept secret; but at last it began to be whispered in several companies, and soon excited great and general curiosity. “On the 12th of June,” wrote the minister of the parish of Kilsyth, in a letter to Dr. Garnet, “when I was from home, great crowds assembled, and would not be denied admission. At all hours of the night, as well as the day, they afterwards persisted in gratifying their curiosity. I saw the body of Lady Kilsyth soon after the coffin was opened. It was quite entire. Every feature and every limb was as full, nay, the very shroud was as clear and fresh and the colors of the ribands as bright, as the day they were lodged in the tomb. What rendered this scene more striking and truly interesting was that the body of her son and only child, the natural heir of the title and estates of Kilsyth, lay at her knee. His features were as composed as if he had been only asleep. His color was as fresh, and his flesh as plump and full, as in the perfect glow of health; the smile of infancy and innocence sat on his lips. His shroud was not only entire, but perfectly clean, without a particle of dust upon it. He seems to have been only a few months old. The body of Lady Kilsyth was equally well preserved; and at a little distance, from the feeble light of a taper, it would not have been easy to distinguish whether she was dead or alive. The features, nay, the very expression of her countenance, were marked and distinct; and it was only in a certain light that you could distinguish any thing like the agonizing traits of a violent death. Not a single fold of her shroud was decayed, nor a single member impaired. Neither of the bodies appear to have undergone the slightest decomposition or disorganization. Several medical gentlemen made incisions into the arm of the infant, and found the

substance of the body quite firm, and in its original state."

The writer states, among other interesting points that attracted his attention, that the bodies appeared to have been saturated in some aromatic liquid, of the color of dark brandy, with which the coffin had been filled, but which had nearly all evaporated.

Other instances of the artificial preservation of bodies might be mentioned, still more remarkable, though perhaps less interesting, than the preceding. The tomb of Edward the First, who died on the 7th of July, 1307, was opened on the 2d of January, 1770, and after the lapse of four hundred and sixty-three years the body was found undecayed: the flesh on the face was a little wasted, but not decomposed. The body of Canute the Dane, who obtained possession of England in the year 1017, was found quite fresh in the year 1766, by the workmen repairing Winchester Cathedral. In the year 1522, the body of William the Conqueror was found as entire as when first buried, in the Abbey Church of St. Stephen at Caen; and the body of Matilda his queen was found entire in 1502, in the Abbey Church of the Holy Trinity in the same city.

No device of art, however, for the preservation of the remains of the dead, appears equal to the simple process of plunging them into peat-moss.

In a manuscript by one Abraham Grey, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, now in the possession of his representative Mr. Goodbehere Grey, of Old Mills, near Aberdeen, it is stated that, in 1569, three Roman soldiers, in the dress of their country, fully equipped with warlike instruments, were dug out of a moss of great extent, called Kazey Moss. When found, after the lapse of probably about

fifteen hundred years, they were still fresh and plump!

Modern chemistry teaches us that in these cases there is a conversion of the tissues of the body into adipocere, a substance closely resembling spermaceti, and composed, according to Chevreul, of margaric and oleic acids, with a slight addition of the alkalies. It is generally formed from bodies buried in moist earth, and especially when they have accumulated in great numbers. On the removal of the *Cimetière des Innocens* in Paris, in 1787, where thousands of bodies had been buried annually for several centuries, it was found that those bodies which had been placed in great numbers in the trenches were, without having lost their shapes, converted into this substance.

FOLLY OF EMBALMING CORPSES.

Full many a jocund spring has passed away,
And many a flower has blossomed to decay,
And human life, still hastening to a close,
Finds in the worthless dust its last repose.—FIRDOUSI.

Professor Johnston, in alluding to the custom of converting the human body into a frightful-looking mummy, or of attempting by various artificial processes to arrest its natural course of decomposition into kindred elements, remarks, as beautifully as truly:—

Embalm the loved bodies, and swathe them, as the old Egyptians did, in resinous cerements, and you but preserve them a little longer, that some wretched, plundering Arab may desecrate and scatter to the winds the residual dust. Or jealously, in regal

tombs and pyramids, preserve the forms of venerated emperors or beauteous queens, still, some future conqueror, or more humble Belzoni, will rifle the most secure resting-place. Or bury them in most sacred places, beneath high altars, a new reign shall dig them up and mingle them again with the common earth. Or, more careful still, conceal your last resting-place where local history keeps no record and even tradition cannot betray you: then accident shall stumble at length upon your unknown tomb and liberate your still remaining ashes.

How touching to behold the vain result of even the most successful attempts at preserving apart, and in their relative places, the solid materials of the individual form! The tomb, after a lapse of time, is found and opened. The ghastly tenant reclines, it may be, in full form and stature. The very features are preserved,—impressed, and impressing the spectator, with the calm dignity of their long repose. But some curious hand touches the seemingly solid form, or a breath of air disturbs the sleeping air around the full-proportioned body,—when, lo! it crumbles instantly away into an almost insensible quantity of impalpable dust!

Who has not read with mingled wonder and awe of the opening, in our own day, of the almost magical sepulchre of an ancient Etruscan king? The antiquarian *dilettanti*, in their under-ground researches, unexpectedly stumbled upon the unknown vault. Undisturbed through Roman and barbaric times, accident revealed it to modern eyes. A small aperture, made by chance in the outer wall, showed to the astonished gazers a crowned king within, sitting on his chair of state, with robes and sceptre all entire, and golden ornaments of ancient

device bestowed here and there around his person. Eager to secure the precious spoil, a way is forced with hammer and mattock into the mysterious chamber. But the long spell is now broken; the magical image is now gone. Slowly, as the vault first shook beneath the blows, the whole pageant crumbled away. A light, smoky dust filled the air; and, where the image so lately sat, only the tinselled fragments of thin gold remained, to show that the vision and the ornaments had been real, though the entire substance of the once noble form had utterly vanished.

For a few thousand years some apparently fortunate kings and princes may arrest the natural circulation of a handful of dust. But in what are they better than Cromwell, whose remains were pitilessly disturbed, —than Wyckliffe, whose ashes were sprinkled on the sea,—than St. Genevieve, whose remains were burned in the Place de Grève and her ashes scattered to the wind,—than Mausolus, whose dust was swallowed by his wife Artemisia,—than the King of Edom, whose bones were burned for lime,—or than St. Pepin and all the royal line of Bourbon, whose tombs were emptied by a Parisian mob? Lamartine tells us, in his *History of the Girondists*, that a decree of the Convention had commanded the destruction of the tombs of the kings at St. Denis. The Commune changed this decree into an attack against the dead. * * * * The axe broke the gates of bronze presented by Charlemagne to the Basilica of St. Denis. * * * They raised the stones, ransacked the vaults, violated the resting-places of the departed, sought out, beneath the swathings and shrouds, embalmed corpses, crumbled flesh, calcined bones, empty skulls of kings, queens, princes, ministers, bishops. Pepin, the founder of the Carlovingian dynasty and father of

Charlemagne, was now *but a pinch of gray ash, which was in a moment scattered by the wind*. The mutilated heads of Turenne, Duguesclin, Louis XII., Francis I., were rolled on the pavement. * * * * Beneath the choir were buried the princes and princesses of the first race, and some of the third,—Hugh Capet, Philip the Bold, Philip the Handsome. They rent away their rags of silk and threw them on a bed of quicklime. * * * * They threw the carcass of Henry IV. into the common fosse. His son and grandson, Louis XIII. and XIV., followed. Louis XIII. was but a mummy; Louis XIV. a black, indistinguishable mass of aromatics. Louis XV. came last out of his tomb. The vault of the Bourbons rendered up its dead; queens, dauphinesses, princesses, were carried away in armfuls by the workmen and cast into the trench. A brief interval of proud separation, and they were mingled with the common dust! Their ashes dissipated, nothing but their empty tombs remain,—the houses of the dead, like the houses of the living, long surviving, as melancholy mementos of the tenants for whom they were erected.

M. de Saulcy, in his *Journey Round the Dead Sea*, remarks of the rock-tombs of the valley of Hinnom, "The immense necropolis, traces of which are to be met with at every step in the valley, dates from the period when the Jebusites were masters of the country. After them the Israelites deposited the remains of their fathers in the same grottoes; and the same tombs, after having become at a still later period those of the Christians who had obtained possession of the Holy City, have, since the destruction of the Latin kingdoms of Jerusalem, ceased to change both masters and occupants. Even the scattered bones are no more found in them; and from the city of the dead the dead alone have

disappeared, while the abodes are still entire."

There is a barbaric philosophy, therefore, as well as an apparent knowledge of the course of nature, in the treatment of the dead which prevails in Thibet and on the slopes of the Himalaya. In the former country the dead body is cut in pieces, and either thrown into the lakes to feed the fishes, or exposed on the hill-tops to the eagles and birds of prey. On the Himalayan slopes the Sikkim burn the body and scatter the ashes on the ground. The end is the same among these tribes of men as among us. They briefly anticipate the usual course of time,—a little sooner verifying the inspired words, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod.—BRYANT.

WHIMSICAL WILL.

By William Hunnis, Chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth:—

To God my soule I do bequeathe, because it is his owen,
My body to be layd in grave, where to my friends best knowen;

Executors I will none make, thereby great stryfe may grow,
Because the goods that I shall leave wyll not pay all I owe.

THE TRIPOD.

According to the Babylonian Talmud, *Beracoth*, p. 8, and in *Jalkud Schimoni* on Ps. lxviii, 20, "Nine hundred and three axe the kinds of death made in this world." Physiologists drop the nine hundred, declare that life stands on a tripod, and assert that we die by the lungs, the heart, or the brain.

IMPRECATORY EPITAPH.

The Shakspearean imprecation, "Curst be he that moves my bones," is paralleled in an epitaph in Runic characters at Greniadarstad church, in Iceland, which according to Finn Magnussen's interpretation, concludes thus:—

"If you willingly remove this monument, may you sink into the ground."

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS.

Nothing, says an old writer, could be more simple than the lily, which was the distinctive badge of the French monarchy; nor, at the same time, could anything be more symbolic of the state of the nobility and gentry, exempted from the necessity of working for a livelihood or for dress, than lilies, of which it is said: "They toil not neither do they spin," *neque laborant neque nent*,—which was the motto of

the royal arms of France.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

The waters change to blood; next, frogs arise;
Dust turns to lice; and then come swarms of flies;
Lo! murrain strikes the beasts, but Goshen's free!
Lo! boils beset the men, save, Israel, thee!
Then fires the thundering hail; then locusts bite;
Then comes three days of one unbroken night;
The first-born's midnight death, from cot to throne,
Winds up ten plagues that make Egyptians moan.

A STORY OF LONG AGO.

The long time ago of which I mean to tell, says Jean Ingelow, was a wild night in March, during which, in a fisherman's hut ashore, sat a young girl at her spinning-wheel, and looked out on the dark driving clouds, and listened, trembling, to the winds and the seas. The morning light dawned at last. One boat that should have been riding on the troubled waves was missing—her father's boat! and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was washed upon the shore.

This happened fifty years ago, and fifty years is a long time in the life of a human being; fifty years is a long time to go on in such a course as the woman did of whom I am speaking. She watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till he was laid in the grave. Then she laid down on her bed and slept, and by night got up and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide.

She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; then when the day dawned she went to bed and slept in the sunshine. So many hanks as she spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of Winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, or how many meals she won for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say; how many a dark night the fishermen, depending on it, went fearlessly forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, and steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, they had only to keep it constantly in view and they were safe; there was but one thing that could intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have stretched out to sea, they had only to bear down straight for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance into the harbor.

Fifty years of life and labor—fifty years of sleeping in the sunshine—fifty years of watching and self-denial, and all to feed the flame and trim the wick of that one candle! But if we look upon the recorded lives of great men and just men and wise men, few of them can show fifty years of worthier, certainly not of more successful labor. Little, indeed, of the "midnight oil" consumed during the last half century so worthily deserved trimming. Happy woman—and but for the dreaded rock her great charity might never have been called into exercise.

But what do the boatmen and the boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the woman? No, they are very poor; but poor or rich they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they feel that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their obligations, or, perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar that it is looked upon as a matter of course. Sometimes the fishermen lay fish on her threshold, and set a child to watch it for her till she wakes; sometimes their wives steal into her cottage, now she is getting old, and spin a hank or two of thread for her while she slumbers; and they teach their children to pass her hut quietly, and not to sing and shout before her door, lest they should disturb her. That is all. Their thanks are not looked for—scarcely supposed to be due. Their grateful deeds are more than she expects and much as she desires.

How often in the far distance of my English home, I have awoke in a wild Winter night, and while the wind and storm were arising, have thought of that northern bay, with the waves dashing against the rock, and have pictured to myself the casement, and the candle nursed by that bending, aged figure! How delighted to know that through her untiring charity the rock has long since lost more than half its terror, and to consider that, curse though it may be to all besides, it has most surely proved a blessing to her.

You, too, may perhaps think with advantage on the character of this woman, and contrast it with the mission of the rock. There are many degrees between them. Few, like the rock, stand up wholly to work ruin and destruction; few, like the woman, "let their light shine" so brightly for good. But to one of the many degrees between them we must all most

certainly belong—we all lean towards the woman or the rock. On such characters you do well to speculate with me, for you have not been cheated into sympathy with ideal shipwreck or imaginary kindness. There is many a rock elsewhere as perilous as the one I told you of—perhaps there are many such women; but for this one, whose story is before you, pray that her candle may burn a little longer, since this record of her charity is true.

THIS IS NOT OUR HOME.

Among the beautiful thoughts which dropped like pearls from the pen of that brilliant and talented journalist, George D. Prentice, the following sublime extract upon man's higher destiny is perhaps the best known and most universally admitted. Coming from such a source we can well appreciate it, for that distinguished man had attained a position among his fellows which would have satisfied almost any earthly ambition. Yet all this could not recompense him for the toils and ills of life, and in the eloquent passage subjoined he portrays, most beautifully, the restless longings of the human heart for something higher and nobler than earth can afford.

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else, why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it the stars which hold their festival around the midnight

throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We were born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence."

ILL SUCCESS IN LIFE.

One of our best American writers, Geo. S. Hillard, forcibly and truly says:—

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded on earth; and it is sure that celestial grace does not thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, and modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, "that the world knows nothing of its great men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, which "die and make no sign;" there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake, heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

FUTURITY.

"Life is sweet," said Sir Anthony Kingston to Bishop Hooper at the stake, "and death bitter." "True, friend," he replied, "but consider that the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet."

THE HEART.

In his charming *Hyperion*, Mr. Longfellow says:—

The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed,—the brief pulsations of joy,—the feverish inquietude of hope and fear,—the tears of regret,—the feebleness of purpose,—the pressure of want,—the desertion of friends,—the scorn of a world that has little charity,—the desolation of the soul's sanctuary,—threatening voices within,—health gone,—happiness gone,—even hope, that remains the longest, gone,—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came,

Even as a little girl,
Weeping and laughing in her childish sport.

EVENING PRAYER.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,

My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine.
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain thou my bed,
And cool, in rest, my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head;
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

On the shores of the Adriatic sea the wives of the fishermen, whose husbands have gone far off upon the deep, are in the habit, at even-tide, of going down to the sea-shore, and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn; after they have sung it they will listen till they hear, borne by the wind across the desert sea, the second stanza sung by their gallant husbands, as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves, and both are happy. Perhaps, if we listen, we, too, might hear on this desert world of ours some whisper borne from afar to remind us that there is a heaven and a home; and when we sing the hymn upon earth, perhaps we shall hear its echo breaking in the music upon the sands of time, and cheering the hearts of those that are pilgrims and strangers, and look for a city that hath foundation.

LIFE'S PARTING.

Wordsworth read less and praised less the writings of other poets, than any one of his contemporaries. This gives an especial interest to the following stanza by Mrs. Barbauld, which he learned by heart, and which he used to ask his sister to repeat to him. Once, while walking in his sitting-room at Rydal, with his hands behind him, his friend, Henry Crabb Robinson heard him say: "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things; but I wish I had written those lines:—

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning."

DESTINY.

Three roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.

The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like snow on snow, that night, on beauty's breast.

The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrunk in the tangles of a harlot's hair.

The third, a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

SYMPATHY.

Talfourd says in his *Ion*:—

"It is little:
But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which, by daily use,
Has almost lost its sense; yet, on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
Like choicest music; fill the gazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels."

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;

After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed
After the shadowy river—rest!

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

[Among the poetic legacies that will "never grow old, nor change, nor pass away," is the noble dirge of Shirley, in his *Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. Doubtless it was by the fall, if not by the death, of Charles I., that the mind of the royalist poet was solemnized to the creation of these imperishable stanzas. Oliver Cromwell is said, on the recital of them, to have been seized with great terror and agitation of mind.]

The glories of our mortal state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Sceptre and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
  They tame but one another still:
    Early or late,
    They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;

Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

THE COMMON HERITAGE.

There is no death: what seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death.—LONGFELLOW.

There is—says the author of *Euthanasy*—no universal night in this earth, and for us in the universe there is no death. What to us here is night coming on, is, on the other side of the earth, night ending, and day begun. And so what we call death, the angels may regard as immortal birth.

We are born—says another writer—with the principles of dissolution in our frame, which continue to operate from our birth to our death; so that in this sense we may be said to "die daily." Death is not so much a laying aside our old bodies (for this we have been doing all our lives) as ceasing to assume new ones.

"Say," said one who was about entering the Dark Valley, to his amanuensis, "that I am still in the land of the living, but expect soon to be numbered with the dead." But, after a moment's reflection, he added, "Stop! say that I am still in the land of the dying, but expect to be soon in the land of the living."

Says old Jeremy Collier, The more we sink into the infirmities of age, the nearer we are to immortal

youth. All people are young in the other world. That state is an eternal spring, ever fresh and flourishing. Now, to pass from midnight into noon on the sudden, to be decrepit one minute, and all spirit and activity the next, must be an entertaining change. To call this dying is an abuse of language.

The day of our decease—says Mountford—will be that of our coming of age; and with our last breath we shall become free of the universe. And in some region of infinity, and from among its splendors, this earth will be looked back upon like a lowly home, and this life of ours be remembered like a short apprenticeship to Duty.

MORS MORTIS MORTI MORTEM NISI MORTE DEDISSET,
ETERNÆ VITÆ JANUA CLAUSA FORET.



INDEX.

ALPHABETICAL WHIMS, 25.

Alphabetical advertisement, 29.
Enigmas, 30.
Eve's Legend, 28.
Jacobite toast, 30.
Letter H, 31.
Lipogrammata and pangrammata, 25.
Marriage of a lady to Mr. Gee, 32.
On sending a pair of gloves, 32.
The three initials, 30.
Univocalic verses, 32.

ACROSTICS, 39.

Alliterative on Miss Stephens, 45.
Brevity of human life, 48.
Burke, 42.
Chronogrammatic pasquinade, 45.
Crabbe, 42.
Death of Lord Hatherton, 40.
Dryden, 42.
Emblematic fish, 46.
Hempe, 47.
Herbert, George, 41.
Huber, 42.

Irving, 43.
Longfellow, 43.
Macaulay, 44.
Macready, 43.
Masonic memento, 47.
Monastic verse, 45.
Napoleon family, 46.
Oliver's impromptu on Arnold, 44.
Rachel, 46.
Reynolds, 42.
Scott, Walter, 42.
Southey, 44.
Valentine, a, 49.
Wordsworth, 43.

ALLITERATION, 34.

Alphabetical, 34.

Address to the Aurora, 36.
Belgrade, siege of, 34.
Bunker Hill Monument, 34.
Prince Charles protected by Flora Macdonald, 35.
Title-page for Book of Extracts, 37.

Bevy of belles, 39.
Complimentary of chess, 37.
Couplet on Cardinal Wolsey, 35.
Felicitous flight of fancy, 38.
Hood's Ode to Perry, 38.
Motives to gratitude, 39.
Pulci's double alliterations, 36.
Stanza from Drury's Dirge, 36.

ANAGRAMS, 49.

Epitaphial inscriptions, 56.
Telegram anagrammatized, 56.

BIBLE, THE, 103.

Accuracy of the Bible, 103.
Bibliomancy, 126.
Books belonging to, lost or unknown, 114.
Dissection of Old and New Testaments, 112.
Distinctions in the gospels, 113.
English Bible translations, 108.
Hexameters in the Bible, 115.
Misquotations from Scripture, 123.
Old and New Testament, names, 125.
Parallelism of the Hebrew poetry, 116.
Parallel passages between Shakspeare and the Bible, 119.
Scriptural bull, 124.
Scriptural sum, 126.
Selah, 114.
Similarity of sound, 118.
Testimony of learned men, 106.
True gentleman, the, 122.
Wit and humor in the Bible, 124.

BLUNDERS, 259.

Blunders of translators, 263.
Mistakes of misapprehension, 262.
Serial inconsistency, 262.
Slips of the press, 259.
Slips of the telegraph, 261.

BOUTS RIMÉS, 88.

Bogart's Impromptu, 89.

Reversed rhyming ends, 90.

CENTO, the, 73.

Biblical cento, 76.
Cento from Pope, 76.
Life, 75.
Mosaic poetry, 73.
Return of Israel, the, 77.

CHRONOGRAMS, 57.

CHURCHYARD LITERATURE, 564.

Advertising notices, 583.
Antithesis extraordinary, 606.
Bathos, 600.
Brevity, 607.
Cento, 601.
Earth to earth, 612.
Epitaph, historical, 578.

on a chemist, 609,

dog, Byron's, 614.
printer, 607.

transcendental, 600.

Epitaphs, aboriginal, 602.

acrostical, 601.
African, 602.
biographical, 578.
curious and puzzling, 596.
eulogistic, apt, appropriate, 570.
Greek, 603.

Hibernian, 602.
laudatory, 608.
miscellaneous, 610.
moralizing and admonitory, 581.
on eminent men, 564.
on infants and children, 575.
self-written, 580.
unique and ludicrous, 583.

Mortuary puns, 591.
Parallels without a parallel, 600.

CONCATENATION, OR CHAIN VERSE, 85.

Lasphrise's novelties, 85.
Ringing Song, 87.
To Death, 86.
Truth, 86.
Trying skying, 87.

CONFORMITY OF SENSE TO SOUND, 554.

Articulate imitation of inarticulate sounds, 554.
Imitation of difficulty and ease, 555.

time and motion, 554.

CURIOUS BOOKS, 720.

Book-amateurs, 722.
Most curious book in the world, 722.
Odd titles of old books, 720.
Silver book, 722.

CUSTOMS, SINGULAR, 477.

Abyssinian beefsteaks, 478.
Beautiful superstition, 477.

Foundations of Druidical temples, 478.
Hair in seals, 481.
High life in the 15th century, 480.
Lion-catching in South Africa, 479.
Making noses, 479.
Matrimonial advertisement, 481.
Memento mori, 477.
Ostiak regard for boars, 478.
Scorning the church, 481.
Strange fondness for beauty, 477.

ECCLESIASTICÆ, 143.

Excessive civility, 143.
Bascom, eloquence of, 145.
Clerical blunders, 148.
Lord Bishop, the, 146.
Origin of texts, 147.
Preachers of Cromwell's time, 147.
Protestant excommunication, 149.
Proving an alibi, 148.
Sermon on malt, 144.
Short sermons, 143.
Whitefield and the sailors, 149.

ECHO VERSE, 281.

Acoustics, extraordinary facts in, 289.
Bonaparte and echo, 286.
Critic's excuse, 287.
Echo answering, 287.

and the lover, 284.
on woman, 285.

Echoes, remarkable, 288.

Gospel echo, 283.
London before the Restoration, 282.
Pasquinade, 283.
Queen Elizabeth, 282.
Song by Addison, 283.
Synod of Dort, 287.

EMBLEMATIC POETRY, 92.

Altar inscription, 96.
Cross, the, 94.
Crucifixion, curious piece of antiquity on, 95.
Cypher, ingenious, 96.
Essay to Miss Catharine Jay, 97.
Hindu triplet, 93.
Oxford joke, 96.
Rhomboidal dirge, 94
Typographical, 96.
Wine-glass, the, 93.

ENGLISH WORDS AND FORMS OF EXPRESSION, 182.

Compound epithets, 211.
Dictionary English, 182.
Disraelian English, 184.
Eccentric etymologies, 195.
Excise, 189.
Forlorn hope, 193.
Influence of names, 209.
I say, 186.
Its, 185.
No love lost, etc., 193.
Not Americanisms, 191.
Nouns of multitude, 184.
Odd changes of signification, 205.
Our vernacular in Chaucer's time, 211.
Pathology, 186.

Pontiff, 190.
Pronunciation of ough, 186.
Quiz, 194.
Rough, 190.
Sources of the language, 183.
Tennyson's English, 194.
That, 185.
That mine adversary, 195.
Ye for the, 185.

EPIGRAMS, 515.

Affinities, 524.
Apollo, in return for a sketch of, 525.
Author, to a living, 518.
Bed, to our, 517.
Blades of the shears, 523.
Bonnets, 521.
Butler's monument, 518.
Campbell's album verse, 521.
Clock, the, 525.
Commissary Goldie's brains, 519.
Compliment, overdrawn, 518.
Crier who could not cry, 524.
Dentist, definition of, 522.
Determination, a funny, 526.
Double vision utilized, 527.
Dum vivimus, vivamus, 516.
D.D., on a certain, 521.
Eternity, 518.
Eve and the apple, 523.
Fell, 520.
Fiddler, on a bad, 521.
Fool and poet, 516.
Fools, abundance of, 527.
Friend, to Dr. Robert, 516.
Friend, to a capricious, 519.

Friend in distress, 522.
German tourist, suggested by a, 518.
Giving and taking, 519.
Goodenough, 523.
Hog *vs.* Bacon, 522.
Hot corn, 521.
Impersonal, 524.
Invisible, 524.
Lady who married a footman, 521.
Late repentance, 517.
Law, after going to, 526.
Lawyer, on an ill-read, 520.
Lover to his mistress, with a mirror, 519.
Marriage à la mode, 526.
Marriage of Webb & Gould, 526.
Martial's, on Epigrams, 515.
Masculine, 525.
Medical advice, 522.
Mendax, 520.
Midas and modern statesmen, 515.
Molly Aston, to, 516.
One good turn deserves another, 520.
One ignorant and arrogant, on, 516.
Pale lady with red-nosed husband, 517.
Parson and butcher, 525.
Portmanteau, clergyman's, loss of, 518.
Queen Bess on Drake's ship, 524.
Queen, the frugal, 519.
Quid pro quo, 527.
Reception, a warm, 522.
Reflection, a, 523.
Rogers on Ward's speeches, 526.
Same jawbone, 526.
Selvaggi's distich to Milton, 517.

Amplification, by Dryden, 517.

Simplicity, prudent, 522.
Sleep, inscription on a statue of, 516.
Snow, that melted on a lady's breast, 517.
Songsters, bad, 520.
Terminer sans oyer, 527.
To ——, 519.
Wellington's nose, 520.
What might have been, 523.
Widows, 525.
Woman,—contra, 527.

pro, 527.

Woman's will, 520.
World, the, 527.

EQUIVOQUE, 64.

Age of French actresses, 71.
Double-faced creed, 66.
Fatal double meaning, 68.
Handwriting on the wall, 71.
Houses of Stuart and Hanover, 68.
Ingenious subterfuge, 65.
Love-letter, 65.
Loyalty or Jacobinism, 69.
Neat evasion, 70.
New Regime, 68.
Patriotic toast, 70.
Revolutionary verses, 67.
Richelieu's letter to the French ambassador, 64.
Triple platform, 61.

FACETIÆ, 482.

Association of ideas, 491.

Brevity, 484.
False friend, a, 488.
Gasconade and hoaxing, 489.
Jack Robinson, 492.
Jests of Hierocles, 482.
Mathews and the silver spoon, 489.
Old Nick, 488.
P. and Q., 491.
Relics, 490.
Royal quandary, 490.
Russian jester and his jokes, 492.
Same joke diversified, 486.
Syllogism, 488.
Titles for library-door, 482.

FABRICATIONS, 269.

Ballad literature, 274.
Description of the Saviour's person, 269.
Franklin's parable, 275.
Hoax on Walter Scott, 269.
Ireland's forgeries, 276.
Literary sell, 271.
Moon hoax, 270.
Mrs. Hemans's forgeries, 271.
Sheridan's Greek, 273.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS FROM UNFAMILIAR SOURCES, 556.

FANCIES OF FACT, THE, 406.

Aerolites, 443.
Alligators swallowing stones, 418.
America's discoverers, fate of, 445.
Amount of gold in the world, 423.
Antipathies, 471.

Army of women, 446.
Auditoriums of last century, 409.
Back action, 408.
Beer-casks, capacious, 425.
Bills for strange services, 407.
Black hole at Calcutta, 427.
Broken heart, a, 467.
Chick in the egg, 416.
Cloth-manufacture, celerity of, 421.
Coincidences, singular, 412.
Colors, diversity of, 442.
Composition in dreams, 455.
Cross, true form of the, 409.
Crown of England, 446.
Crude value *vs.* industrial value, 422.
Devonshire superstition, 475.
Diameter to circumference, ratio of, 431.
Difference between English poets, 426.
Diplomatic costume, 448.
Equestrian expeditions, remarkable, 419.
Facial expression, 466.
Fear, effects of, 465.
Feline clocks, 474.
Heaven, dimensions of, 435.
Horse, wonderful, 420.
Indian and his tamed snake, 417.
Innate appetite, 417.
Kaleidoscope, changes of, 441.
Law logic, 407.
Lock, wonderful, 421.
Longevity, instances of remarkable, 449.
Marriage vow, 455.
Mathematical prodigies, 432.
Means of recognition, 454.
Melrose by sunlight, 408.
Memory extraordinary, 433.

Minute mechanism, 430.
Need of Providence, 434.
Noah's ark and the Great Eastern, 442.
Number nine, 441.

seven, 436.
three, 440.

Opium and East Indian hemp, 461.
Painters, blunders of, 429.
Perils of precocity, 427.
Presidents, facts about the, 445.
Pithy prayer, 408.
Quantity and value, 422,
Reciprocal conversion, 407.
Romans, immense wealth of the, 424.
Romantic highwayman, 476.
Salt as a luxury, 428.
Self-immolation, 434.
Sensation and intelligence after decapitation, 469.
Sheep, habits of, 418.
Silent compliment, 434.
Skull that had a tongue, 475.
Sleep, facts about, 456.
Solomon's temple, cost of, 435.
Star in the East, 447.
Stone barometer, 428.
Strychnia, bitterness of, 428.
Sympathy, strange instance of, 473.
Taste, singular change of, 429.
Walking blindfolded, 473.
Wine at two millions a bottle, 425.
Wounds of Julius Cæsar, 406.

FLASHES OF REPARTEE, 495.

HIBERNIANA, 252.

HISTORICAL MEMORANDA, 782.

American monarchy, 786.
Amy Robsart, 808.
Annie Laurie, 804.
Biter bit, 818.
Blücher, 794.
Contemporary criticism, 798.
Discovery of America, 803.
Empire (the) is peace, 794.
First blood of the Revolution, 782.
Flight of Eugenie, 789.
French tricolor, 788.
Great events from little causes, 800.
History and fiction, 797.
Jefferson on Marie Antoinette, 794.
Joan of Arc, 807.
Last night of the Girondists, 819.
Mary Magdalene, the traditional, 796.
Mother Goose, 797.
Mother of Charles, V., 795.
Napoleon III., 793.
Political gamut, 788.
Quaker malignants, 786.
Queen Elizabeth's ring, 822.
Robin Adair, 805.
Signing Declaration of Independence, 802.
Star-spangled banner, 787.
Tea-party and tea-burning, 783.
Time of Le Grand Monarque, 815.
United States Navy, 784.
William Tell, 810.

HISTORICAL SIMILITUDES, 679.

Art stories, 689.
Ballads and legends, 690.
Battles, 697.
Bishop Hatto, 698.
Burial alive, 692.
Death prophecies, 696.
History repeating itself, 681.
Judgment of Solomon, 685.
Legend of Beth Gelert, 686.
Precedency, 685.
Refusal to separate from kindred, 679.
Ring stories, 695.
Two statesmen, the, 683.

HUMORS OF VERSIFICATION, 230.

Bryant as a humorist, 235.
Curse of O'Kelly, 250.
Elegy on Buckland, 233.
Human ear, the, 238.
Lovers, the, 230.
Ologies, the, 244.
Receipt of a rare pipe, 236.
Reiterative vocal music, 248.
Reminiscence of Troy, 234.
Sir Tray, 240.
Song with variations, 231.
Stammering wife, 231.
Thoughts while rocking the cradle, 232.
Variation humbug, 246.

I. H. S., 130.

Anticipatory use of the cross, 135.
Beautiful legend, 131.
Death-warrant of Jesus Christ, 134.

De nomine Jesu, 130.
Description of the Saviour's person, 133.
Double hexameter, 135.
Flower of Jesse, the, 131.
Persian apologue, 132.

IMPROMPTUS, 528.

INSCRIPTIONS, 615.

Beer-jug, inscription on, 621.
Bells, inscriptions on, 623.
Books, fly-leaf inscriptions in, 627.
English inns in olden time, 622.
Æolian harp, inscription on, 633.
Francke's discovery, 636.
Golden mottoes, 636.
House inscriptions, 634.
Memorials, 635.
Motto on a clock, 631.
Posies from wedding-rings, 636.
Spring, inscription over, 633.
Sun-dial inscriptions, 632.
Tavern-signs, 615.
Watch-paper inscription, 631.
Wedding ring, Lady Grey's, 639.
Window-pane inscriptions, 622.

INTERRUPTED SENTENCES, 277.

LIFE AND DEATH, 826.

After, 850.
Beautiful thought, 848.
Bodies, preserved, 836.
Bone not described by modern anatomists, 832.
Charter, rhyming, 830.

Common heritage, the, 851.
Corpses, folly of embalming, 839.
Death's final conquest, 851.
Definitions, rhyming, 830.
Destiny, 849.
Dying words of distinguished persons, 833.
Earth, 830.
Evening prayer, 848.
Fleur-de-lis, the, 843.
Futurity, 847.
Heart, the, 848.
Ill success in life, 847.
Imprecatory epitaph, 843.
Lawyers, nice questions for, 831.
Life, beautiful illustrations of 826.
Life's parting, 849.
Living life over again, 829.
Mary, Queen of Scots, last prayer of, 835.
Moral code, Dr. Franklin's, 828.
Plagues of Egypt, 843.
Questions for discussion, 836.
Remarkable trance, 835.
Round of life, the, 827.
Rules of living, 828.
Story of long ago, 844.
Sympathy, 850.
This is not our home, 846.
Time, employment of, 829.
Tripod, the, 843.
Whimsical will, 843.

LITERARIANA, 723.

Additional verses to Sweet Home, 746.
Anachronisms of Shakspeare, 742.
Books and studies, 755.
Comfort for book lovers, 753.

Conflicting testimony of eye-witnesses, 750.
Gray's elegy, 729.
Hamlet's age, 745.
Hamlet's insanity, 746.
Heraldry, Indian, 741.
Letters and their endings, 754.
Letters of Junius, 723.
Old paper, an, 753.
Parting interview of Hector and Andromache, 734.
Pope's versification, 737.
Punctuation, importance of, 738.
Shakspeare and typography, 744.
Shakspeare's heroines, 744.
Shakspeare's sonnets, 745.
Stereotyped falsehoods of history, 747.
Wit and humor, 751.

LITERATI, 756.

Attainments of linguists, 756.
Culture and sacrifice, 761.
Dryden and his publisher, 762.
Literary oddities, 758.
Literary screw, 762.

LORD'S PRAYER, THE, 136.

Acrostical paraphrase, 139.
Echoed, 141.
Gothic version, 136.
Illustrated, 138.
In an acrostic, 142.
Metrical versions, 137.
Spirit of the prayer, 136.
Thy and us, 136.

Macaronic Verse, 78.

Am Rhein, 83.
Cat and rats, 82.
Contenti abeamus, 81.
Death of the sea serpent, 84.
Fly-leaf scribbling, 82.
Maginn's alternations, 80.
Parting address to a friend, 83.
Polyglot inscription, 83.
Suitor with nine tongues, 80.
Treatise of wine, 78.

Memoria Technica, 327.

Books of the old Testament, 327.

New Testament, 327.

Days in each month, 330.
Decalogue, the, 329.
English sovereigns, 328.
Metrical Grammar, 330.
Presidents of the United States, 328.
Shakspeare's plays, 328.

Metric Prose, 223.

Cowper's letter to Newton, 223.
Disraeli's Tale of Alvoy, 224.
Example in Irving's New York, 224.
Involuntary versification in the scriptures, 228.
Johnson on involuntary metre, 229.
Kemble and Siddons, 229.
Lincoln's second inaugural, 229.
Nelly's funeral, 225.
Niagara, 227.

Night, 227.
Unintentional rhymes of prosers, 228.

MISQUOTATIONS, 266.

MONOSYLLABLES, 98.

Power of short words, 102.

MOSLEM WISDOM, 508.

Alexandrian Library, the, 510.
Mohammedan logic, 509.
Shrewd decision of Ali, 508.
Turkish expedients, 510.
Wisdom of Ali, 508.

MULTUM IN PARVO, 823.

NAME OF GOD, THE, 127.

God in Shakspeare, 128.
Jehovah, 128.
Orthography, 127.
Parsee, Jew, and Christian, 129.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN, 375.

Ærial navigation, 382.
Anæsthesia, 383.
Attraction of gravitation, 390.
Auscultation and Percussion, 392.
Boomerang, the, 389.
Circulation of the blood, 382.
Discovery of America, predictions of, 393.
Early invention of rifling, 390.
Magnetic telegraph, foreshadowings of, 375.

Steam-power, first discoveries of, 378.
Stereoscope, the, 393.
Table-moving and alphabet-rapping, 391.

ORIGIN OF THINGS FAMILIAR, 331.

All Fools' day, 332.
American flag, 355.
Bottled ale, 343.
Blue stocking, 366.
Brother Jonathan, 356.
Bumper, 340.
Cards, 336.
Cock fighting, 364.
Dollar-mark, 357.
Drinking healths, 346.
Dun, 340.
Earliest newspapers, 372.
Feather in one's cap, 346.
First doctors, 368.

epigram, 371.
forged bank-note, 367.
piano-forte, 367.
prayer in Congress, 370.
printing by steam, 373.
reporters, 371.
telegraphic message, 373.
thanksgiving proclamation, 368.

Flag of England, 365.
Foolscap paper, 366.
Friction matches, 365.
Humbug, 340.
India-rubber, 364.
Kicking the bucket, 340.

La Marseillaise, 350.
Mind your P's and Q's, 331.
News, 372.
Nine tailors make a man, 346.
Old Hundred, 349.
Order of the garter, 345.
Over the left, 339.
Pasquinades, 341.
Postpaid envelopes, 349.
Potato, the, 343.
Royal saying, 340.
Signature of the cross, 348.
Skedaddle, 366.
Stockings, 344.
Sub rosa, 338.
Tarring and feathering, 344.
Turkish crescent, 348.
Turncoat, 364.
Uncle Sam, 357.
Various inventions and customs, 358.
Viz., 347.
Word Book, 346.
Yankee Doodle, 353.

O. S. AND N. S., 325.

Gregorian calendar, 325.
Results of change in style, 326.

PALINDROMES, 59.

PARALLEL PASSAGES, 640.

Historical similitudes, 679.
Shaksperean Resemblances, 677.
Plagiarism of Charles Reade, 677.

PARONOMASIA, 155.

Ben, the sailor, 162.
Book-larceny, 164.
Classical puns and mottoes, 172.
Court-fool's pun on Laud, 181.
Dr. Johnson's pun, 160.
Epitaph on an old horse, 165.
Erskine's toast, 160.
Holmes on Achilles, 162.
Grand scheme of emigration, 166.
Marionettes, 168.
Miss-nomers, the, 180.
Mottoes of English peerage, 174.
Old joke versified, 161.
Perilous practice of punning, 167.
Plaint of the old pauper, 163.
Printer's epitaph, 161.
Pungent chapter, 157.
Russian double entendre, 171.
Sheridan's compliment, 162.
Short road to wealth, 159.
Sonnet, 168.
Sticky, 162.
Swift's Latin puns, 169.
Sydney Smith's pun, 160.
Tom Moore, 161.
To my nose, 163.
Top and bottom, 161.
Unconscious puns, 171.
Vegetable girl, the, 164.
Whiskers vs. razor, 162.
Winter, 160.
Women, 162.

Jeux de Mots, 175.

Anagrammatic, 175.
Iterative, 175.

Bees of the Bible, 179.
Catalectic monody, 177.
Crooked Coincidences, 181.
Fair letter, 176.
Franklin's Re's, 179.
November, 178.
On the death of Kildare, 177.
Schott and Willing, 177.
Swarm of Bees, 179.
Turn to the left, 177.
Write written right, 177.

Spiritual, 175.

Persian Poetry, excerpta from, 511.

Beauty's prerogative, 511.
Broken hearts, 511.
Caliph and Satan, 513.
Double plot, 512.
Earth an illusion, 511.
Folly for one's self, 512.
Fortune and worth, 511.
From Mirtsa Schaffy, 512.
Generous man, to a, 511.
Heaven an echo of earth, 511.
Impossibility, the, 512.
Moral atmosphere, a, 511.
Proud humility, 512.
Sober drunkenness, 512.
Wine-drinker's metaphors, 512.
World's unappreciation, the, 513.

Personal Sketches and Anecdotes, 763.

André Major, 767.
André and Arnold, 768.
Bonaparte, name in Greek, 764.

personal appearance of, 765.
Milton and Napoleon, 764.
opinion of suicide, 765.

Cromwell, Oliver, 776.
Elizabeth, Queen, 774.
Flamsteed, the astronomer, 769.
Franklin's wife, 766.
Lafayette's republicanism, 764.
Luther, 771.
Nelson's sang-froid, 769.
Pope's skull, 779.
Porson, 781.
Shakspeare's orthodoxy, 776.
Talleyrandiana, 780.
Washington's dignity, 763.
Wickliffe's ashes, 779.

PROTOTYPES, 699.

Air cushions, 702.
Cat in the adage, 702.
Charge of Light Brigade, 700.
Cinderella's slipper, 699.
Consequential damages, 705.
Cork-legs, 702.
Curtain lectures, 700.
Excommunication, 706.
Falls of Lanark, 706.
Faust legends, 701.
Franklin, Turgot's epigraph on, 707.
Know-Nothings, the, 709.
Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, 708.

Napoleon I., 706.
Oldest proverb, 699.
Old ballads, 715.
Original Shylock, 705.
Pilgrim's Progress, original of, 710.
Plagiarism, great literary, 715.
Pope's bull against the comet, 703.
Proverb misascribed to Defoe 713.
Robinson Crusoe: who wrote it, 712.
Scandinavian skull-cups, 714.
Shakspeare said it first, 699.
Swapping horses, 703.
Trade-unions, 704.
Use of language, 714.
Wandering Jew, 716.
Wooden nutmegs, 703.

PURITAN PECULIARITIES, 150.

Baptismal names, 150.
Connecticut Blue Laws, extracts from, 153.
Punishments, 151.
Similes, 151.
Virginia penalties in old times, 152.

PUZZLES, 290.

Bonapartean cypher, 292.
Book of riddles, 299.
Canning's riddle, 294.
Case for the lawyers, 293
Chinese tea-song, 298.
Cowper's riddle, 294.
Curiosities of cipher, 301.
Death and life, 298.
Galileo's logograph, 297.
Newton's riddle, 294.

Number of the beast, 297.
Persian riddles, 298.
Prize enigma, 294.
Prophetic distich, 296.
Quincy's comparison, 295.
Rebus, the, 299.

Bacon motto, 299.
French, 291.

Singular intermarriages, 296.
What is it? 299.
Wilberforce's puzzle, 301.

REASON WHY, 310.

Boston, 311.
Cardinal's red hat, 312.
Cutting off with a shilling, 312.
Genealogy, 313.
Huguenots, 311.
Juggler's mystery, 314.
Roast beef of England, 313.
Royal demise, 311.
Sensible quack, 313.
Weathercocks, 312.
Why Germans eat sauer-kraut, 310.
Why Pennsylvania settled, 311.

REFRACTORY RHYMING, 534.

SEXES, THE, 501.

Female society, 505.
Happy woman, character of, 502.
Letter to a Bride, 507.

My Mother, 506.
Parallel of the sexes, 505.
Praise of women, 504.
Wife,—mistress,—lady, 505.

SONNETS, 551.

Ave Maria, 553.
Dyspepsia, 552.
Humility, 553.
In a fashionable church, 551.
Nose, about a, 552.
Proxy saint, the, 552.
Writing a sonnet, 551.

TALL WRITING, 212.

Anatomist to his dulcinea, 221.
Borde's prologue, 215.
Burlesque of Dr. Johnson's style, 217.
Chemical valentine, 220.
Clear as mud, 218.
Domicile erected by John, 212.
Foote's farrago, 216.
From the Curiosities of Advertising, 213.
From the Curiosities of the Post-office, 214.
Indignant letter, 219.
Intramural æstivation, 220.
Mad poet, the, 216.
Newspaper eulogy, 218.
Ode to Spring, 221.
Pristine proverbs for precocious pupils, 222.
Spanish play-bill, 215.
Transcendentalism, definition of, 212.

TRIUMPHS OF INGENUITY, 395.

Choosing a king, 402.
Discovery of the planet Neptune, 395.
Discovery of Vulcan, 396.
King John and the abbot, 403.
Lesson worth learning, 402.
Stratagem of Columbus, 399.

VALENTINES, 544.

Burns, verses of, 546.
Cardiac effusion, 547.
Colored man's valentine, 549.
Cryptographic correspondence, 544.
Digby to Archabella, 548.
Egyptian serenade, 549.
Lover to his sweetheart, 547.
Macaronic, 548.
Macaulay's valentine, 545.
Moore, verses of, 549.
Strategic love-letter, 544.
Teutonic alliteration, 546.
Written in sympathetic ink, 544.

Petitions, 550.
Maids and widows, the, 550.
Maladroit appeal, 550.

WEATHER-WISDOM, 317.

Davy on weather-omens, 317.
Sheridan's rhyming calendar, 317.
Signs of the weather, 320.
Unlucky days, 324.

1.

The relative proportions of the letters, in the formation of words, have been pretty accurately determined, as follows:—

A	85
B	16
C	30
D	44
E	120
F	25
G	17
H	64
I	80
J	4
K	8
L	40
M	30
N	80
O	80
P	17
Q	5
R	62
S	80
T	90
U	34
V	12
W	20
X	4
Y	20
Z	2

2.

Now known to have been written by Miss Catherine Fanshawe.

3.

The Sandwich Island alphabet has twelve letters; the Burmese, nineteen; the Italian, twenty; the Bengalese, twenty-one; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, and Samaritan, twenty-two each; the French, twenty-three; the Greek, twenty-four; the Latin, twenty-five; the German, Dutch, and English, twenty-six each; the Spanish and Sclavonic, twenty-seven each; the Arabic, twenty-eight; the Persian and Coptic, thirty-two; the Georgian, thirty-five; the Armenian, thirty-eight; the Russian, forty-one; the Muscovite, forty-three; the Sanscrit and Japanese, fifty; the Ethiopic and Tartarian, two hundred and two each.

4.

Tristram Shandy.

5.

Meaning in substance, *Purify the mind as well as the body*.

6.

The truth of this circumstance was confirmed by Mr. Hoffman in the course of a conversation upon that and similar topics several years afterward.

7.

In a collection of proverbs published in 1594, we find, "*Dieu mesure le vent à la brebis tondue*," and Herbert has in his Jacula Prudentum, "To a close shorn sheep God gives wind by measure."

8.

A London periwig-maker once had a sign upon which was painted Absalom suspended from the branches of the oak by his hair, and underneath the following couplet:—

If Absalom hadn't worn his own hair,
He'd ne'er been found a hanging there.

9.

I n times momentous appeared the world's triple
conjunction,
E ncouraging human hearts to shout melodious
praises.
S ole salvation for us, that power exalted 'bove
measure,
U nloosed the bonds of sin through the precious
atonement.
S alvation illumines all earth through ages
unceasing.

10.

See also Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, Vol. I. Bk. II. Chap. 4; and Stephens' *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan*, Vol. II. Chap. 20.

11.

The peculiar stateliness and dignity of Johnston's style, when applied to the smaller concerns of life, makes, as will be seen from the above caricature, a very ludicrous appearance. A judicious imitation of his phraseology on trifling subjects was a favorite manner of attack among the critics. Erskine's account of the Buxton baths is one of the most amusing. When several examples of this sort were shown to Johnson, at Edinburgh, he pronounced that of

Lord Dreghorn the best: “but,” said he, “I could caricature my own style much better myself.”

12.

Ogilvie.

13.

Napoleon himself, (*Voice from St. Helena*,) when asked about the execution of Palm, said, “All that I recollect is, that Palm was arrested by order of Davoust, and, I believe, tried, condemned, and shot, for having, while the country was in possession of the French and under military occupation, not only excited rebellion among the inhabitants and urged them to rise and massacre the soldiers, but also attempted to instigate the soldiers themselves to refuse obedience to their orders and to mutiny against their generals. I *believe* that he met with a fair trial.”

14.

Versified by Darwin.

15.

Brother of Dr. Franklin.

16.

On a long freestone slab, in Caery church, near Cardiff, Glamorgan co., Wales, is the following inscription:—

Here lyeth the Body of
William Edwds,
of the Cairey who departed this life
February 24, Anno Domini, 1688,
Annoque ætatis suæ 168.

O, happy change!
And ever blest,
When greefe and pain is
Changed to rest.

17.

The following inscription on a medal of Louis XIV. illustrates the servile adulation of that period:—

See in profile great Louis here designed!
Both eyes portrayed would strike the gazer blind.

18.

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, oh, how sweet to die!—*Wolcot's Trans.*

19.

The following madrigal was addressed to a Lancastrian lady, and accompanied with a white rose, during the opposition of the "White Rose" and "Red Rose" adherents of the houses of York and Lancaster:—

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
  It in thy bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
  And turn Lancastrian there.

20.

Athol brose is a favorite Highland drink, composed of honey, whiskey, and water, although the proportion of the latter is usually so homœopathically minute as to be difficult of detection except by chemical or microscopical

analysis. Possibly the Scotch aversion to injuring the flavor of their whiskey by dilution arises from a fact noted by N. P. Willis, that the water has tasted so strongly of sinners ever since the Flood.

21.

Statue of Mr. Pitt, in Hanover Square.

22.

This will remind some of our German readers of the following inscription:—

Der, der den, der den, den 15ten März hier gesetzten Warnungspfahl, das niemand etwas in das Wasser werfen sollte, selbst in das Wasser geworfen hat, auzeigt, erhält zehn Thaler Belohnung.

(Whoever, him, who, on the 15th of March the here placed warning-post, that nobody should throw any thing into the water, has thrown the post itself into the water, denounces, receives a reward of Ten Dollars.)

23.

Irving gives the inscription thus:—

Por Castilla y por Leon
Nuevo mundo hallo Colon.

24.

This spot conceals the body of the renowned Columbus, whose name towers to the stars. Not satisfied with the known globe, he added to all the old an unknown world. Throughout all countries he distributed untold wealth, and gave to heaven unnumbered souls. He found an extended field for gospel missions, and

conferred prosperity upon the reign of our monarchs.

25.

A Nestor in discrimination, a Socrates in talent, a Virgil in poetic art; the earth covers him, the people mourn for him, Heaven possesses him.

26.

The original is in Greek, as follows:—

Τον ταφον εισοραας τον Ολιβαριοιο, κονιη
Ἀφροσι μη σεμνην, ξεινε, ποδεσσι πατελ..
Οισι μεμηλε φυσις, μετρων χαρις, εργα παλαιων
Κλαιετε ποιητην, ιστορικον, φυσικον.

27.

From Pope’s Epitaph on Fenton.

28.

Du kamst, Du gingst mit leiser Spur,
Ein flucht’ger Gast in Erdenland:
Woher? wohin?—Wer wissen nur
Aus Gottes hand in Gottes hand.

29.

Meaning, *All is well, or good news*.

30.

Read from the bottom of the columns upward, commencing with the right.

31.

Lucan's Pharsalia. (Lib. 1.)

32.

Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of aqua-fortis, with short sentences in distich.

33.

It is not a little singular that Mr. Arvine, in his excellent *Cyclopædia*, gives Milton and Dryden, while boys at school, equal credit for originating, *in the same way*, this beautiful idea.

34.

Mirabeau's hasty temper is well known. "Monsieur le Compte," said his secretary to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair: "never again use that *foolish word* in my presence."

35.

A curious instance of bathos occurs in Dr. Mavor's account of Cook's voyages:—"The wild rocks raised their lofty summits till they were lost in the clouds, and the valleys lay covered with everlasting snow. Not a tree was to be seen, nor even a shrub *big enough to make a tooth-pick*."

36.

The same expression will be found in the original draft of Mr. Jefferson. Congress changed the words “inherent and inalienable” to “certain inalienable.”

37.

“There was disorder in the mind—a disturbance of the intellect, something more than that which he was feigning; but if the question of insanity involve the question whether his mind ceased to be under the mastery of his will, assuredly there was no such aberration.” (Reed’s Lectures.)

Dr. Johnson goes further, declaring that Hamlet “does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity.”

38.

General W. H. Palfrey, of New Orleans, who served in Major Planche’s battalion, which was stationed from Dec. 23, 1814, to Jan. 15, 1815, in the centre of General Jackson’s line, makes the following statement, (dated April 5, 1859,) which is confirmed by Major Chotard, General Jackson’s Assistant Adjutant-General:—

“About twenty or twenty-five bales of cotton were used in forming the embrasures of five or six batteries. There were four batteries of one piece of artillery, or howitzer, and four of two pieces, established at different points of the lines. Four bales were used at some of the batteries and six at others. None were used in any other portions of the works, which consisted of breast-works formed of earth thrown up from the inside, branches of trees,

and rubbish. Each company threw up its own breastwork; and the more it was affected by the enemy's artillery and Congreve rockets, the more industriously the soldiers toiled to strengthen it."

39.

Carlyle's translation.

40.

Related, or of my lineage.

41.

True.

42.

Byron's Translation.

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wavering sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou not wing thy distant flight?
No more with wonted humor gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

43.

A German journal proposed that the following lines should be translated into any other language, so that the number of lines and words should not exceed those in the original (twenty words).

Sohn! Du weintest am Tage der Geburt, es lachten
die Freunde;
Tracht, dass am Todestag, wæhrend sie weinen, du
lachst.

The English response thus complied with the conditions (seventeen words):—

When I was born I cried, while others smiled;
Oh, may I dying smile, while others weep.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES

1. Did not change the various spellings of Shakspeare and Shakespeare.
2. The publisher sometimes left aligned consecutive poems by different authors but usually did not (including the chapter on parallel construction). To be consistent all poems with citations have been centered.
3. Changed "Grand Scheme of Education" to "Grand Scheme of Emigration" on p. x to agree with subheading on p. 166.
4. Changed 'Disraeli's "Alray"' to 'Disraeli's "Alroy"' on p.xi.
5. Changed "you sins" to "your sins" on p. 37.
6. Changed "Falloit-it que le ciel me rendit amoureux" to "Falloit-il que le ciel me rendit amoureux" on p. 86.
7. Changed "hateful lax levied" to "hateful tax levied" on p. 189.

8. Changed “takes else’s” to “takes someone else’s” on p. 216.
9. Changed “D’Israeli’s *Wondrous Tale of Alvoy*” to “D’Israeli’s *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*” on p.224.
10. Changed “Petri Andraæ Matthioli” to “Petri Andreæ Matthioli” on p. 310.
11. Changed “of conversation was” to “of conversion was” on p. 407.
12. Changed “to protects us” to “to protect us” on p. 434.
13. Added a chapter heading “The Fancies of Fact.-CONTINUED” on p. 435 per the Table of Contents.
14. Changed “ΕΣΤΗΙΕ, ΠΙΝΕ, ΠΑΙΖΕ. Ὡς Τ’ ΑΛΛΑ ΤΟΥΤΟΥ ΟΥΚ ΑΞΙΑ” to “ΕΣΤΗΙΕ, ΠΙΝΕ, ΠΑΙΖΕ. Ὡς ΤΑΛΛΑ ΤΟΥΤΟΥ ΟΥΚ ΑΞΙΑ” on p. 596.
15. Changed “ON TWO NEIGHBORING” to “ON THREE NEIGHBORING” on p. 604.
16. Changed “Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weiber, und Gesang” to “Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang” on p. 771.
17. Changed “Trom Kirk of Edinb.” to “Tron Kirk of Edinb.” on p. 804.
18. Silently corrected typographical errors.
19. Retained anachronistic and non-standard spellings as printed.
20. Text rotated 90 degrees is denoted by red text.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK GLEANINGS FROM THE HARVEST-FIELDS OF LITERATURE: A MELANGE OF EXCERPTA ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial

redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set

forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project

Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

> This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under

the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full

Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided

that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party

distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work

is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission

of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit

www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in

compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.