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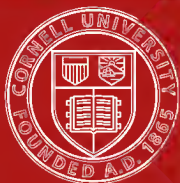
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OLD FACES IN NEW MASKS.



Designed & Etched on Copper, by George Cruikshank - and faced with Steel by
 Foubert's Acierage process —

OLD FACES IN NEW MASKS

BY ROBERT BLAKEY Ph D.

Author of 'A History of the Philosophy of Mind'
&c. &c. &c.



LONDON.

W Kent & Co. (late D. Bogue) 86 Fleet St.

1859

W. Kent & Co.

OLD FACES

IN

NEW MASKS.

BY

ROBERT BLAKEY, PH. D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF MIND," ETC., ETC.

—◆—
"It is often both profitable and pleasant to wander a little from the beaten tracks of knowledge, into the lanes and by-paths of literature."—SHENSTONE.

—◆—
LONDON:

W. KENT & CO. (LATE D. BOGUE), 86, FLEET STREET.

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FLEET STREET.

PREFACE.



A PREFACE to a book is generally something which the Author wishes to communicate to the Reader in a somewhat private and confidential manner. The document, whether long or short, contains matter which is to be uttered in subdued and familiar accents—not in that formal and professional tone which the Writer would use to the world at large. Indeed, a Preface is a private and privileged communication, dashed off with a careless air, and under a kind of pleasing impression that his labours have just come to a close, and that he has now time to be quite easy and natural.

The chief feature in most Prefaces is of an apologetical character. Some shortcomings have to be acknowledged, some oversights to be atoned for, or some mental deficiencies to be lamented. In fact, these effusions are indisputable memorials of that imperfection which appertains to all things^{human}, and to literary labours among the rest.

I shall not attempt, on the present occasion, to deviate from the ordinary course. The main thing I have to say is, that the present volume owes its

existence solely to my own humour and taste. The majority of the papers it contains have appeared in various periodicals: they have all been the result of hours of relaxation from graver and more severe studies. I have been led to imagine that in a collected form they may possibly afford some amusement—and, on some points, even instruction—to the general reader; and if they can in any measure effect either of these objects, I shall not think my time has been altogether thrown away in their editorship.

LONDON, 1859.

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OLD FACES IN NEW MASKS.

FISHWIVES.

“La langue d’une poissarde Parisienne coupe au vif comme un glaive à d’eux tranchant.”—VADE.

“All mad to speak and none to hearken,
They set the very dogs a barking ;
No chattering makes so loud a din
As fishwives o’er a cup of gin.”—SWIFT.

It is both interesting and instructive to trace the professional and moral lineaments on the great family of mankind, and to see how habits, and modes of thinking and acting, are transmitted from nation to nation, and from generation to generation, without scarcely any discrepancy or variation. The soldier, the sailor, the lawyer, the merchant, the physician, the author, the comedian, the poet, the critic, and the painter, have all some peculiarities connected with their respective avocations, which neither time nor place materially changes. We recognize the same mental and social physiognomy in every age, and under every clime. And the same thing may be traced, though with somewhat less distinctness, in all the professional walks of life, however humble or unobtrusive.

This moral fixity in manners is the basis of the laws of our inward nature. It is the principle on which we

frame declarations, and rules, and judgments, and conclusions respecting human life and character. Were there nothing indelibly imprinted on society, nothing could be useful or interesting respecting its past history. All would be like the surface of the ocean, where every movement is isolated and transitory, and nothing is left as a permanent record of past agitation and change.

The fishwomen of all ages have faithfully preserved their general habits, and phases of character. They have been noted for their eloquent vulgarity, their sturdy independence, their unscrupulous extortion, their superstitious feelings, and their clannish attachments. The causes of these fixed features in their intellectual and moral character are various, but may be chiefly referable to the uncertainty connected with the supply of their vendible commodities; the perishable nature of these commodities; the luxurious and dainty light in which they are in several countries and seasons viewed as articles of food; and the risk and dangers to which a fisherman's life is perpetually exposed. These, collectively and individually, may be considered as the efficient, if not the proximate, causes of that distinct unity of character of this race of *grondeuse* from the earliest times till the present hour, in every nation and clime.

The constant habit of intermarrying among each other, so invariably adhered to in fishing communities, both in this and other countries, has excited the attention of some modern writers and philanthropists; and they have been led to suggest that, if this custom were broken in upon, a more decided improvement and change would be effected in the general deportment of fishwomen. They

would be more refined, domesticated, cleanly, and polite in their ordinary conversation and intercourse with the world. This is not a new idea. More than three centuries ago, if not further back than that, similar schemes were suggested in Italy for the attainment of the same ends. We have an Italian fable on the subject, published at Venice, which gives us the pith of the matter in few words, and shows us how the question did then stand, and does now, in reference to this attempted improvement among a certain class of European society. The fable runs thus:—

“A man of fashion and distinction, in rambling one day through a fishing village, accosted one of the fishermen with the remark, that he wondered greatly that men of his line of life should chiefly confine themselves, in their matrimonial connections, to women of their own caste, and not take them from other classes of society, where a greater security would be obtained for their wives keeping a house properly, and rearing a family more in accordance with the refinements and courtesies of life. To this the fisherman replied, that to him, and men of his laborious profession, such wives as they usually took were as indispensable to their vocation as their boats and nets. Their wives took their fish to market, obtained bait for their lines, mended their nets, and performed a thousand different and necessary things which husbands could not do for themselves, and which women taken from any other of the labouring classes of society would be totally unable to do. ‘The labour and the drudgery of our wives,’ continued he, ‘is a necessary part of our peculiar craft, and cannot by any means be

dispensed with, without entailing irreparable injury upon our social interests.'

"MORAL.—This is one among many instances, where the solid and the useful must take precedence before the showy and the elegant."*

From the earliest times of Grecian civilization, fishmongers, male and female, lived in perpetual warfare with the whole community. They were noted in all cities and districts for their insolence, dishonesty, vehement rhetoric, lying, and extortion. They were designated "monsters," "gorgons," "homicides," "wild beasts;" and in one Greek play, "The Rogue-Hater," it is said they are worse than the usurers and quacks. Of their insolence one complainant says: "Whenever a citizen has occasion to address a great functionary of state, he is sure to receive a courteous reply; but, if he should venture a word of expostulation to any of these execrable fishwomen, he is instantly overpowered by a volley of abuse." "I asked one of these women, the other day," says another, "the price of a glaucus' head; but she looked gloatingly upon it, and deigned not a word of reply. I put the question to a neighbour in the market, who forthwith began to amuse herself by playing with a polypus. A third to whom I spoke was worse than either, for she at once flew into a passion, flared up, choking, and swore at me in half-articulate oaths." The constant practice of the fishmongering fraternity of swearing that stale and stinking fish were as fresh as possible, and only just taken out of the water, is often mentioned and commented on by Greek writers.

* "Le Favole," p. 96. Venice, 1561.

“The ingenious devices,” says a Greek poet, “had recourse to by our fishwomen, and fishfactors generally, plainly show the superiority of the tribe to our own: we can only twist the same idea a hundred ways; but there is no end to the inventiveness of these dealers. Look, now, at their ingenuity. Being prohibited by law from keeping fish fresh by means of the watering-pot, and finding that customers, as the day advances, become more and more shy, two salesmen agree together to get up a mock fight. After squaring at one another for some time, one, at a preconcerted signal, pretending to be hurt, falls under the other’s blows, and amongst his fish. An immediate cry for water is raised; the mock bruiser becomes a mock penitent, and now stands over the body of his vanquished friend, to rain restorative lymph upon him, and by the time his clothes are completely saturated, the prostrate man revives; when it is found that the fish also have revived by the same process, and look almost as fresh and inviting as when first taken out of the water.” Another trick is mentioned by a Greek historian. He says: “Having already purchased my day’s supply of fish, at an exorbitant price, to avoid useless discussion, I put down a piece of money, and asked for the difference. On receiving the change, I discovered a deficiency. I pointed it out to the woman: ‘See, my good lady, the change is short.’ ‘All the world,’ growled she, ‘knows my practice is to sell by the Ægean currency.’ ‘Well, but even then the change is short on your own showing.’ ‘Ah, sir, you are very dull, I see. I *sell* by the mint of Ægina, but I *pay* in Athenian pieces. Do you comprehend the matter now?’”

The law had often to step in between the sellers of fish and the purchasers, to protect the public from outrageous frauds and impostors. We are told that "no legislator after Solon can be compared to Aristonicus, who first made it imperative on the sellers of fish to stand by the side of their balances; not sitting at their ease, contumaciously to cheat, as heretofore; and it will be a still further improvement, should our legislator require them to treat with their customers suspended to one of these uneasy machines by which the divinities are wont to descend from Olympus to visit us. This device would cut short much protracted haggling and altercation." This lawgiver framed another enactment, "which required that everything should be ticketed, and sold at the registered price; so that old men and women, the ignorant and the young, might all come to market, and purchase at a reasonable rate." The least infringement of this ordinance subjected the fishmonger to confinement in chains, besides a heavy fine paid to the state.

This order of things was encouraged by the extreme fondness of the people of Greece for fish. Plato, in his "Republic," says that the Homeric heroes never ate fish. It is certain, however, that in later times fish of every kind became the choice food in demand by Grecian epicures. Athenæus abounds with abundance of information on this point. He tells us that a rich gourmand fish-eater looked sulkily in the morning, if the wind were not fair, to bring the fishing-boats into the Piræus. The strictest regulations were enforced to prevent fishmongers from cheating their customers; among

which was one requiring them to stand (not sit) while offering their commodities for sale ("a golden law," as Alexis—"Athen." vi.—8—calls it); and there was another, forbidding them to ask two prices for their fish. We are likewise informed that there was a "Guide to the Fish-market," published by one Lynceus of Samos. Fish, except of the very commonest kind, were generally very high priced; for we learn that at Corinth, if a man known to be honestly rich was seen too frequently at the fish-market, he was placed under the eye of the police, and punished, if he persevered in this assumed extravagance.*

The Greek poet, Aristophanes, in his "Wasps," when ridiculing the Athenians for listening to unfounded political accusations, alludes to the fish-market as the locality where all public rumours were rife:—

"Be the fault great or small, this cuckoo-song
Of tyranny rings ever in our ears;
These fifty years it slept; but now the cry
Is bandied even at Billingsgate, as stale
As mackerel in July. Suppose a turbot
Should suit your palate, straightway the spratseller,
Next stall, exclaims, 'Why, this is tyranny!
No tastes aristocratic in Athens.'"

Phoenias, in the Eresian, relates in his book, which is entitled, "The Killing of Tyrants by way of Punishment," that there was one "Philoxenus, who was called the Solenist, became a tyrant from having been a demagogue. In the beginning he got his living by being a fisherman and a hunter after *solens* (a species of oyster);

* "Athen." vi.—12.

and so having made a little money, he advanced, and got a good property." *

The fishwomen of Rome and other Italian cities bore a great resemblance to those of ancient Athens. The former were characterized by the same violence of temper, coarseness of demeanour, and reckless extortion. The Roman writers speak of fishmongers in general, male and female, as being the very outcasts of society. Juvenal lashes them with unsparing, but doubtless just, severity, in the following lines; in which, though he levels his shafts at a male fishmonger, we have no doubt that his satire was equally applicable to the female portion of the fraternity:—

“In what security the villian lies!
 In what warm tones suspicion he denies!
 Sunbeams and thunderbolts boldly he cites,
 And all the darts of Cirrha’s lord invites;
 The spear of Mars now resolutely dares;
 By the new quiver of Diana swears;
 Pallas and all her terrors next he braves;
 And his whole trident moves the Ægean waves:
 Whatever arms the arsenals of light
 Prepare for punishment of impious wight,
 Invokes them all; and prays he may be fed
 On the loved features of his infant’s head,
 Soused in Egyptian vinegar, if aught
 Against his fishes’ freshness can be brought.”

For several centuries we lose sight of the fish-mongering community. We find in Italy, however, scattered notices of them, commencing from the fourteenth century down to the present hour. Some of the

* “Athen.” Vol. i.

early painters, especially of grotesques, and those who took to sketching the every-day manners of the times, occasionally wandered into the fish-markets, and here and there depicted a character of note among the female dealers. There is one caricature, executed in pen and ink about 1416, now in the Royal Library at Paris, wherein the Pope is likened to a fishwoman in a violent passion—an allusion, it has been conjectured, to a papal bull suppressing some public amusements of the people of Venice. It is incidentally mentioned, in some of the early histories of this noted city, that its fishwomen were always active in most of the civil broils for which the place was so long noted in the middle ages. They formed processions on great occasions, and were considered the most unruly in every social movement, and the most difficult to satisfy by authoritative concessions. They had a grand *fete* once a-year, about the season of Lent, at which the female part of them were decked out in the richest attire, covered with jewellery and costly ornaments of every kind. The *fete* lasted three days. On this occasion, the fishermen wore masks of the most grotesque kind, which, however, had always something emblematic of their peculiar calling. One historian says: "These wild and reckless women are the greatest pests in our city; their tongues never cease, and their voluble vituperation of the civil authorities, upon the slightest pretext, has no bounds." *

When Leo X. ascended the papal chair in 1513, the fishwomen of Rome formed an imposing deputation to

* "Servadio, Compendio Della Storia d'Italia. Rome, 1676."
Vol. iii.

congratulate him on the occasion. They waited upon him in due form, and assured him of their staunch loyalty. He returned for answer, "that he had always felt an interest in their peculiar calling, which was instrumental in procuring many of the necessaries and luxuries of life; and was associated in the minds of all devout members of the church with so many sacred emblems of the Christian faith." Many gems and cameos were afterwards worn by the female dealers in the fish-market of the city, in commemoration of this event; and some of these are still said to be in existence, and kept as heirlooms by the descendants of these memorialists.*

The author of "*Squittino della Liberta Veneta*" wrote several libellous works against the government of Venice, and some of the other Italian States. In one of his satirical lampoons relative to the civil functionaries of the Venetian Republic, he compares them to the fish-women of their city, who, he said, were buffoons, liars, extortioners, heretics, blasphemers, robbers, and persons of the vilest habits and temper. The writer was cited before the criminal tribunals, and sentenced to be burned alive—a sentence which was carried into effect. It is said that the fishwomen, so severely abused, were the only body of traders in the city that sent a petition in favour of the accused for a mitigation of his harsh sentence. This, at least, was creditable to their good sense and humanity.

In several of the Italian facetious and satirical writers of the fifteenth century, we find allusions made

* "*Vita di Giovanni de Medici.* 1672."

to the fishwomen of Rome, and other cities. Peter Aretino, called the "Scourge of Princes"—a witty but profligate character—was lampooned in a comic poem, and likened to a virago of the fish-market. The production states that Peter had been partial to some of the most notorious of these fishwomen, whose manners, morals, and habits he had imitated throughout his whole life, and on whose voluble and coarse slang he had profitably trafficked for years. Peter rejoined, but made no allusion to the fishwomen. We likewise find that, at the period when the "Piscatory Dramas" were fashionable in Italy, the members of the *Pescheria*, or fish-market, occupied a more or less prominent position in these effusions, chiefly to fill up the grotesque or droll section of the play, and as a necessary and connecting link to sustain the perfect unity of the performance, by giving it a hold upon the feelings and sympathies of the audience. In one of these ephemeral pieces, a fishwoman makes her appearance on the stage, in her usual market attire, and in irony says:—

"I now appear
With all that virgin modesty which
Falls to woman's lot. I fear not slander:
You know my merits. My dulcet notes
Have wrung for long upon the public ear."

There is a pen-and-ink caricature of the Scholastic Doctors, representing them in a public discussion in the University of Pavia, wherein they are depicted in the characters of fishwomen quarrelling. It is exceedingly grotesque and amusing. The doctors are attired partly in their academic and partly in the female fish-

market garb, and display all the violent gesticulations, fierceness of countenance, and combative habits, which are usually witnessed among the females of the profession. In the arena of contention there are various articles resembling fish-baskets or creels, such as fishmongers use in carrying fish from the sea-shore to the markets; these are labelled with words expressive of some of the well-known technical terms which were wont to grace the logical disputes of the scholastics. It is either Vives or Erasmus, if our memory be not at fault, who says that the learned doctors "were like fishwives in a battle; they spat on and slapped each other's faces in the height of their passion."

In many of the civil broils of the city of Florence, the female members of the fish-market were always conspicuous agitators. It was a common question to ask, when political topics of more than common interest agitated the public mind, "what will the fish-market say?" A writer of the "Chronicles of the City" tells us that these fish-people all over the country were exceedingly troublesome and mischievous, vulgar and passionate, and gave the civil authorities in most towns more trouble than any other class of the labouring community. Their annual processions, in which they displayed great finery in dress, and observed many superstitious and pompous ceremonies, generally gave rise to street fights and quarrels ere they terminated.*

In comparatively modern times, we have obtained but few records of the civil history of Italian fisher-people. Modern travellers, however, have now and then

* "Faletti, Cronaca di Florence," vol. i. p. 274.

noticed them. A recent one, Dr. Badham, says: "It is impossible to conceive anything like the din and discord of an Italian or Sicilian fish-market, at the market hour. None but itself can be its parallel; and yet the whole is effected by some score only of human tongues let loose at will. Everybody there is, or seems to be, in a passion; each striving to out-scream, out-roar, out-bellow, and out-blaspheme his neighbour, till the combined uproar fills the whole area, and rises high above it. The men are all Stentors, and the women perfect Mœnads; the children a set of howling imps, which nothing short of Thuggism could pacify. It is no unfrequent spectacle in this frantic neighbourhood, to see some baby clenching his tiny hands and boneless gums in concentrated passion, tearing at the rudiments of hair, and screaming with all its puny strength; or, in yet wilder extravagance, its arms in the air, hurling defiance at its own mother, who, standing at bay with the mien of a Tisiphone, strives to drown her baby's voice in her own frenzied treble, and looks as if she could drown him too, for a very small consideration." Add to this the testimony of a recent French traveller in Italy: "You can form but a faint idea of the grotesque scenes which we have witnessed in the Italian fish-markets. They are exceedingly rich in low comic character. A brawl between two females is a rare treat. To hear the torrent of personal abuse, uttered with voluble yet accurate distinctness, appears quite marvellous; and to see them pulling each other's hair, or blackening each other's eyes with their fists, is a sight which the memory long retains."*

* "Voyages en Italie." Paris, 1851.

In the works of another witness we find severe anathemas against the tricks of fishmongers. Fielding, the author of "Tom Jones," inveighs bitterly against the monopolizers of fish in reference to the poor, who, he says, can eat sprats and herrings, but no other sort of fish. He observes: "First, I humbly submit the absolute necessity of immediately hanging all the fishmongers within the hills of mortality; and, however it might have been, some time ago, the opinion of mild and temporizing men, that the evil complained of might be removed by gentler methods, I suppose, at this day, there are none who do not see the impossibility of using such with effect."*

The history of the fishmongers of Paris stretches far into antiquity. In 1711, upon some workmen digging under the choir of the Church of Notre Dame, Paris, a number of large stones were found, having various inscriptions upon them. They were of a square form, and sculptured on all the four sides. Among other devices, there were two relative to fishers: one representing a woman carrying fish in a basket; and the other, a woman mending nets on the banks of a river supposed to be the Seine. On the stone where these designs were was found an inscription in Latin to this purport:—"Under Tiberius Cæsar Augustus, the Parisian fishmongers publicly erected this altar to Jupiter Optimus Maximus." It may be remarked, that, from documents of unquestionable authority, the company of fish-dealers of Paris, and the fishermen of the Seine, existed as a corporate body as early, in Paris, as

* "Voyage to Lisbon," p. 202.

the first century of the Christian era.* There was likewise a very ancient custom, almost co-eval with the first introduction of Christianity into France, among the clergy of Notre Dame in this city, which was called the "Rogations." It consisted in carrying in solemn procession a figure, half-fish and half-dragon, to a certain spot on the Seine, and throwing fruits and cakes into its capacious mouth. This figure was made of wicker-work, and represented an inhabitant of the river that once threatened destruction to the entire city, but was ultimately vanquished by the fishwomen of Paris. This procession lasted till the year 1730, after which the chief of the procession contented himself with merely pronouncing a benediction on the river.

The ordinary historical records of Paris fix a renewal of the charter of fish-merchants in the twelfth century to this city. They chiefly dealt in herrings caught on the coast of Normandy; some of which were used fresh, and some salted. The trade became divided into two branches: the women connected with the one were called *harengeres*; and the other, who dealt exclusively in fresh fish of all kinds, were termed *poissonnieres*. There were many civic regulations respecting these two classes of fishwomen made in subsequent times. There was often great enmity between them, and on one occasion a public quarrel ensued, which ended in the loss of life.†

In France we have many more interesting notices of its *poissardes*, or fishwomen. Historians attribute to St. Louis three regulations relative to the sale of fish

* Gilbert—"Histoire de l'Eglise de Notre Dame."

† "Chronicles of Paris."

brought to the markets of Paris. From these it appears that it was requisite to purchase of the king the right of selling fish, and that there were *prud'hommes*, or *jurés des halles*, who inspected the markets, and received the fines incurred by the wholesale or retail dealers. The *prud'hommes* were appointed by the king's cook. Those who sold fish paid the duty of *tonlieu halage*, besides the fees of the *prud'hommes*. The king's cook obliged the *prud'hommes*, upon their appointment, to swear by the saints that they would select such fish as the king, the queen, and their children might want, and to fix the price of it *en conscience*. This oath was likewise required of all female dealers having an independent position in the market.

In the early period of the French Monarchy, the bishop and clergy of the diocese of Paris were in the habit of appointing a day every year for blessing the fishermen, the fishmongers, and the river Seine. This was a sumptuous and gaudy display by all the members of the fish-market, the boatmen on the river, as well as by those fishermen and their wives and families who lived at Havre, and other localities at the mouth of the Seine. Part of the bishop's oration on the occasion is curious. We select the following sentences:—"Oh, Almighty God! thou hast made the sea, the rivers, and the dry land, and we live daily by thy bounty and goodness, through their instrumentality. We implore thee to give thy best blessing to this hallowed stream; to increase the number of its watery inhabitants; and to preserve, guide, and protect from all danger those who devote their labours to obtain them for the necessary food and purifi-

cation of our animal bodies. The inhabitants of the deep have been, from the earliest times, the especial objects of thy wondrous power and providential care. By them thou hast done many great and signal miracles and wonders; and as thou hast appointed them, in the scheme of creation, to be the instruments of subduing the carnal and sinful propensities of the human body, and hast made them, in thy Church, the sacred emblems of purity and holiness, vouchsafe unto us the object of our prayers, that they may be increased and sanctified to all our temporal and spiritual wants. We likewise implore thy special protection to all thy servants, male and female, who are selected by thy special providence to deal in our city in all the commodities of our seas and rivers. May they be just in their dealings, circumspect in their deportment, cultivating a meek and quiet spirit, always having thy fear continually before their eyes.”*

We may infer, from a remark made in “The Pleasant Historie of Thomas of Reading,” that three centuries ago the oyster-sellers of London dressed very gay. “I will affirme it, that the London oyster-wives do exceed us in their Sundaie’s attire.”†

The number of fish-dealers in Paris in 1700, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, was very great, considering the then population of the city. There were 4,000 oyster-women alone, many of whom sold other kinds of fish. We are told by a writer of the times, that these Parisian oyster-wenches were each furnished with a short knife; and such was the celerity and

* “Histoire de Paris.”

† “Early English Romances,” London, 1858.

adroitness of their wrists, that a spectator was led to suppose the shells to have been only slightly glued together, so instantaneously were they separated. These women, he goes on to state, were almost sure to practise some deception; sometimes bringing a number of fresh and empty shells in their aprons, and counting them out to the customer, to persuade him he had swallowed the contents; and at other times eating the finest and most relishing before your face, under the pretext of swallowing the suspected ones. With the shells they form such enormous heaps, that an author has observed, "When Paris, in the succession of ages, shall be razed and utterly destroyed, future naturalists, discovering on a little narrow point of land an immense quantity of oyster-shells, will maintain that the sea had once covered the spot. The same writer remarks, that "it is dangerous to eat oysters at Paris before the frost; but the taste of amateurs is extorted, and the desire of forestalling enhances the value of every article."*

Once when Louis XV. was very ill, and was obliged, before he could receive the last rites of the church, to discard his two mistresses, Madame de Chateauroux and her sister, who had accompanied him with the French army to Metz, the fishwomen of Paris were moved with a virtuous indignation against him. They were apprehensive lest, as he recovered from his sickness, he should again take these ladies under his royal protection. The

* "The consumption of fish in the city of Paris in 1845 amounted to the value of 2,825,567 francs' worth of sea-fish; 673,926 of oysters; and 456,578 of river-fish."—*Galignani's "Hist. of Paris."*

poissardes of the Paris Halle came to a unanimous resolution, in their own significant and impressive language, that, if the king again took these ladies back to his court, he might die without getting so much as a single *pater* or an *ave* from them. This resolve was faithfully adhered to when the monarch died in 1774.

One of the Parisian fishwomen, named Picard, who lived about the middle of the last century, became somewhat famous for her wit and poetical talents. She was personally known to Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, and many other literary men of her day. She is stated to have been a little above the common stature of Frenchwomen, with a somewhat plain set of features, which were set off, however, with a most fascinating expression. When roused, she was one of the most violent and vulgar members of the Halle; but she had such a command over her temper and demeanour, that, when these fits of passion subsided, she was decidedly polished, affable, and circumspect in her conversation. She wrote verses, chiefly of a sentimental and amatory strain, which the critics of the day pronounced as manifesting no small degree of genius, although the versification was defective. When about forty she left the fish-market, became the wife of a silk-merchant, and spent the remainder of her life amongst the highest class of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, sustaining an honourable degree of credit for decorum and propriety of behaviour. Her poetical pieces were published in one small volume in 1768.

When the first revolution broke out in 1789, the Parisian poissardes took an active part in the turmoil,

and displayed a mixture of savage cruelty and heroic deeds of humanity and kindness, that has rendered them notorious among the lower classes of the metropolis. The first great demonstration they made was when the mob attacked Louis XVI. and the Queen at the Palace of Versailles, on the 15th of October. The fishwives were among the boldest and rudest of the enraged people. Two of the guards were murdered, and their heads were carried in triumph by two of these women throughout all the principal streets of Paris. It is a well-known fact that the *poissardes* were in the constant habit of maltreating every woman they met, if she did not wear the tricolour cockade. It was the general custom of the fishwomen to select from their body the most comely persons, who were richly decorated with lace, diamonds, and other costly ornaments, to attend as deputies on all great public occasions.

Mirabeau was an especial favourite with the *poissardes*; they perfectly worshipped him. They once sent one of their gayest deputations to him, consisting of all the young beauties which the fish-market could muster, begging him to continue his patriotic course, and give them a free government and cheap bread. To this the orator delivered a flattering and assuring reply. M. Dumont tells us that in the gallery of the Palace of Versailles, a crowd of fishwomen were assembled, under the guidance of one virago with stentorian lungs, who called to the deputies familiarly by name, and insisted that their favourite Mirabeau should speak. When the news of his premature death reached the ears of the *poissardes*, there was one universal howling and lamentation amongst

them. Every eye was suffused with tears; many ran about frantic, and tore their hair in paroxysms of grief. On the day of his funeral, many followed him to the tomb, and put on mourning for months afterwards.

When Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were led to the place of execution, though at different periods, these Parisian women observed no bounds to their exultation at their unhappy fate. In their savage joy, they danced before the cart which led the royal captives along the street, made mockery of their sufferings, and some held up their clenched fists, exclaiming, that if there were another world, they would hunt them out even *there*, and be revenged upon them.

When old General Custine appeared before the revolutionary tribunal, he was accompanied by his daughter-in-law, Madame de Custine. She was descending alone the steps of the notable [prison of La Force, when a silent crowd, with the most infuriated gestures, gradually closed around her. An exclamation, or the slightest token of fear, would have been instantly fatal to her. She is said to have bitten her lips until the blood came, in order to prevent herself from becoming pale. On her path was a hideous-looking Parisian fishwoman, with an infant in her arms. Madame De Custine paused for a few seconds, and expressed her admiration of it. This touched her heart; she seemed to understand perfectly the critical position of madame. "Take it," said the fishwoman, presenting the child; "you will give it back to me below." Madame De Custine obeyed; and, protected by that shield, she descended the steps in perfect safety. When she had reached the street she returned

the child to its mother, without daring to murmur thanks, which would certainly have proved dangerous to both.

During the Reign of Terror, the fishwomen were very violent and bloodthirsty. They eagerly joined in the general proscription of the Girondists, though many of this party had previously been objects of their veneration and idolatry. There are instances, however, on record, which showed some remains of good feeling and humanity towards this greatly injured class of politicians. Two of its members were taken out of prison under a disguise, the night before they were ordered for execution, by four fishwomen, who managed their arduous and perilous undertaking with so much courage and skill, that the deputies finally escaped out of the kingdom, but returned to it afterwards under the reign of Napoleon. This was a noble deed, and a fair set-off against many of the darker shades which hung about these female characters during this season of extraordinary excitement and change. As the revolutionary frenzy abated, we find the rhetoricians of the fish-market gradually falling in with the new order of things. When Bonaparte gained the ascendancy over the people, the Parisian *poissardes* presented themselves in a body, and tendered their political services and influence, which the great man rejected with scorn. This discouraged them so much, that they retired from the audience with great confusion, and never again meddled with political matters during the Napoleonic dynasty. It has often been made the topic of casual remark by French historians of the revolution, that, though these women figured in all the tur-

moils and dangers of the times—always the first in deeds of violence and strife—not one of them was known to have perished from an unnatural death.

At the date of the first French Revolution of '89, there were twenty-six religious houses of refuge in the town of St. Omer. Most of these were destroyed within a couple of years after. One of these establishments was founded about a century before by a Madame Piron, who had been many years known as one of the *poissardes* of the place, but who had left that employment, on having unexpectedly become heiress to a considerable fortune left her by a country gentleman in the neighbourhood. Madame was considered an amiable woman, notwithstanding the humble occupation she followed previous to becoming the recipient of such a fortunate windfall. During the revolutionary frenzy there were dreadful massacres in St. Omer; chiefly on account of its being one of the strongholds of the aristocratic and monarchical refugees. In these cruelties the fishwomen of the town were often known to take an active share. One of them paraded the head of an old count upon a pole, in 1792, throughout the principal streets of the city. About the same date, the piscatory viragos of the town joined those of their craft in Calais, Dunkirk, and Gravelines, in a memorial to the government at Paris, thanking the members of it for their patriotism, and their sedulous attentions to the true interests of the nation.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was reviewing the *grande armée* encamped at Boulogne in 1807, for the invasion of England, the fishwomen of Portel, a neighbouring village,

formed a deputation to the Emperor, and presented him with two hundred gold eagles to enable him to carry out his purpose. He gave them a flattering answer in return.

The peculiar language and eloquence of the fish-market in France suggested a series of lyrical compositions, which have stood high in critical estimation. Those we have perused are written by Vadé and De l'Ecluse, and were published in Paris, with copperplate illustrations, in one volume in 1796. Those of Vadé consist of "La Pipe Cassée: un poëme, epi-traji-Pois-sardi-heroi-cômique, en quatre chants," and "Les Bouquets Poissardes," in four parts. These are exceedingly humorous, and are written in the style and slang of the dealers in fish. The same author wrote several other poetical pieces, of a witty and satirical cast, upon the same subjects, The following lines are taken from Vadé's "Cantique de Saint Hubert:"—

" A la place Maubert,
Un jour nun harengère
De Monsieur de Saint Hubert
Insultit la baignière ;
Pour punir cette infame
L'on vit soudainement
Son chaudron plein de fiâme
Giller tout son devant."

In "Le Dejeuné de la Rapée" of De l'Ecluse, we have a very witty and amusing dialogue between a Parisian nobleman and a poissarde, about the buying of a parcel of fish. It is impossible to translate the piece, both from the number of slang phrases and idioms that

are in it, and the loose tone in which the whole is couched. Both Vadé and De l'Ecluse spent a great portion of their time in the company of the Parisian *poissardes*, at the market, as well as at their private dwellings. It was mainly from this long and continued intercourse that these writers gained such an accurate knowledge of the quaint and coarse phraseology which appertains to this singular race of beings.

The fishwomen of France, like those of most other countries, are exceedingly prone to superstitious practices and omens. Dreams have a powerful influence over them. We once remember of paying a visit to that curious fishing village called Portel, about three miles south of Boulogne, when we observed several of the fishwomen in a state of great excitement. On inquiring the cause, we found that one of them had had a dream of a particularly ominous character—that of fancying herself sailing on a smooth and placid lake; and on her telling it to her neighbours, the whole female community took alarm for the fate of the boats that had sailed early in the morning from the bay. The weather, however, proved propitious, and nothing disastrous happened. The first objects which these women meet in the morning, when carrying their loads of fish to Boulogne market, are considered more or less indicative of good or bad luck in disposing of their commodities for the day. The church of Rome is sufficiently adroit in turning these and all similar superstitious notions to its own purposes. In various districts along the coast of France, there are churches more or less especially set aside for fishermen and their wives and families, in which they may offer

up those votive gifts which are thought effective for gaining the countenance and protection of Heaven in aid of their special calling in life. Pilgrimages of one hundred miles in extent are not unfrequently taken by those poor people, to visit some favourite locality, that their hopes and expectations may be more certainly realized.

A recent French author, M. Jupille, an advocate for vegetarianism, says, "Go into the public markets; listen to the fisherwomen. How violent, how scurrilous, how abusive they are! Now listen to the sellers of vegetables; not half so bad, sir; and why? Because the flesh even of fish corrupts, degrades, and vulgarizes both mind and body."

The fishwomen of Spain and Portugal have long been known as highly grotesque characters, and famous for their eloquent vulgarity, extortion, and insolence. Several of the old Castilian romances take notice of them; and books of a humorous kind have frequently drawn upon the fish-market dames for comic materials to meet the popular taste. Time has effected but little change upon them. Modern travellers have described them as real oddities in their way. During the French occupation of Spain under Napoleon, these women displayed a marked hostility and ill feeling towards his army; and on one occasion a public example was considered requisite, and two female fish-dealers of the Madrid market were shot, as instigators of sedition. A volume of comic poems was published at Barcelona in 1809, in which there are some satirical songs about the fishwomen of Lisbon.

In Holland and Belgium, the female sellers of fish

have from time immemorial held a conspicuous position, for the singularity of their costume, habits, and independence of spirit. In the annals of many of the towns of the Low Countries, during the middle ages, when they were strongholds of commercial activity and freedom, the fish-dealers were an influential community, jealous to a fault of the national honour, and always the first to raise their voice in the civic contentions and broils of the times. When the popular feelings of the people of Ghent set in so furiously against James Artevelde, the rich brewer of that city, on account of his favouring a national alliance with England, the fishwomen of the town headed the public commotion, and made themselves cruelly active in the murder of this unfortunate victim to public frenzy in 1345. Thirty years afterwards, these women took as active a lead in raising Artevelde's son, Philip, to the rank of a popular leader of the people.

Fishwomen, even in our own time, still aim at attracting public attention. As a proof of this we have the following statement from the newspapers of the day (1858):—“The Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia, and her Consort Duke George of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, arrived from Genoa at Nice, on the 17th. On entering the port, a salute of artillery welcomed the Grand Duchess, who, on landing, was received by the principal authorities in full uniform. Later in the day a deputation from the fish-market presented the Grand Duchess with a bouquet. A Nice correspondent observes, ‘This mania of fishwomen to force themselves on the attention of reigning sovereigns, or their connections, is spreading over all Europe, and may be considered as another triumph of

French fashions. Next to constitutions and a free press, this interested politeness of the fish-market must, I should fancy, represent one of the greatest trials to which modern rulers are subjected. The bouquet in question was of the size of a cart wheel, and, being composed of circles of flowers of different colours, had the appearance of an archery butt.' ”

In modern times, the Dutch and Flemish fishwives have attracted considerable attention both from artists and authors. When the painters of the Low Countries took to representing objects of humble and common life, these women were a never-failing resource for designs of all kinds—both comic and sentimental. Many admirable works of art are connected with them; and many a painter owes his fame to their grotesque manners and homely character. Even in our own day we know that Rowlandson, and other English caricaturists, spent days together in sketching the peculiarities of these females in the fish-markets of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other cities and towns in Holland and Belgium.

Turning our attention now from the continent to the British Isles, we find the same leading characteristics found there attached to the fishwomen of our own land. Traders in fish in England lay claim to some antiquity. The Fishmongers' Company obtained their first charter by letters patent in July, 1367. It was given by Edward I., and is in the French language. The preamble to this charter is curious; inasmuch as it hints pretty openly that the dealers in fish were a rather slippery kind of people to trade with. “Edward, by the grace, etc. Whereas it has been shown to us that all sorts of people come to

buy with the mystery of fishmongers, are often imposed on, using the fairs of the kingdom where fish are to be sold, engrossing often the greater part of the fish, and enhancing the price thereof: and whereas, from ancient times, whereof memory runs not, it was a custom that no fish should be sold in the city of London except by fishmongers, in Bridge Street, Old Fish Street, and the Stocks, because greater plenty might be found in the said places, to the end a better marketing might be there; and because from fish being sold in every part of the city, men could see no quantity in any place certain, and our buyers and the buyers of other lords, and of the commons, are obstructed of their purchases," etc.

The present Fishmongers' Company in London was originally composed of two companies: the "Stock Fishmongers" and the "Salt Fishmongers." The two were united in 1536. The City "Assize of a Fisher" limits the profits of a London fishmonger to a penny in the shilling. No fish-seller was allowed to water fish twice, or to sell what was bad, under a heavy fine in both cases. It is claimed, as a great honour attached to this trading company, that from the year 1339 to 1716 *twenty-one* members of the Fishmongers' Company had filled the office of Lord Mayor of London.

The fishwives of London have attracted more or less public attention for some centuries past. Little, however, of what has been said or written about them has been preserved. In the days of Henry VIII., we find a doggerel verse descriptive of their character not by any means flattering:—

“ In London we finde strange women dwelle,
Who blaspeme and scolde their fische to selle ;
Who lye like Satane—with Stentore’s rosr,
Denye what they had swoare before.”

Lydgate, a benedictine monk, who lived in the early part of the fifteenth century, notices the fishwives of his time. There are sketches of them taken about this period in many pictorial cabinets, from which we can obtain a pretty good idea of their general appearance and costume, as they figured in the streets of the metropolis four centuries ago.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century, we have several collections of the “ Cries of London,” in which the fishwives constitute a prominent figure. The freshness of fish, in those days of slow transit, was an essential matter to purchasers as well as sellers, and always formed the burden of these cries. “ Buy my fresh mackerel !” “ Plaice, fresh plaice !” “ Buy my dish of fresh eels !” resounded through the streets in all directions ; and many fine sprightly damsels at this time devoted themselves to this mode of life, and became notabilities in their respective neighbourhoods of traffic. In modern London all this has now disappeared.

It was about this period, and a little prior to it, that some of our English wits began to pay attention to the characters of the fish-market. Etherege, Wycherley, Vanburgh, Farquhar, Congreve, and others, are said to have scribbled something about this rather singular female order of citizens. A song called the “ Lobster ” is said to be from the pen of Congreve :—

“ As frisky Sue Wellfleet was set at her stall,
Surrounded with fish, and the devil, and all,
A *monsieur* by chance in the int’rim came by,
At her fish and herself both he casts a sheep’s eye.

“ He stopp’d at her stall. ‘ Ha, ma sweet pretty dear !
Vat shall I give you for dat little fish here ? ’—
‘ That lobster ? ’ cried Susan ; ‘ I’ll be at a word
For less than a shilling I can’t it afford.’ ”

“ ‘ Un shilling, ma dear, *parbleu*, and vor vat ?
For one half de monie I’d buy better dan dat ;
Aba ! *parbleu*, begar it does stink a !
Pray smell it yourself, mattam, vat do you tink a ? ’ ”

“ Says she, ‘ You’re a lying French impudent dog !
One-half your poor country would leap at such prog.’
With arms set akimbo, up to him she goes,
And bob went the lobster plump ’gainst his nose.”

Gay, Arbuthnot, and Swift used to make fun of the fishwives, and enjoyed their slang and conversation. Gay wrote several pieces about them. His lines “ To a Young Lady with some Lampreys ” are well known ; we cannot transcribe them. He is said to have written the song, very popular during the last century, called “ Melton Oysters.” It arose from the following incident:—A very pretty girl, a native of Gloucester, came to London, and entered into the fish trade. She was exceedingly handsome, sprightly, and intelligent. In crying her oysters around one of the then fashionable localities of the city, she attracted the attention of a nobleman, a good deal older than herself, who ultimately married her. The circumstance gave rise to considerable

gossip at the time among the London citizens. The song followed, as a matter of course :—

“ There was a clever, likely lass,
Just come to town from Glo’ster,
And she did get her livelihood
By crying Melton oysters.

“ She bore her basket on her head
In the genteelest posture ;
And ev’ry day and ev’ry night
She cried her Melton oysters.

“ It happened on a certain day,
As going through the cloisters,
She met a lord, so fine and gay,
Would buy her Melton oysters.

“ He said, ‘ Young damsel, go with me,
Indeed, I’m no impostor.’
But she kept bawling in his ears,
‘ Come, buy my Melton oysters !’

“ At length resolved with him to go.
Whatever it might cost her,
And he no more obliged to cry,
‘ Come, buy my Melton oysters !’

“ And now she is a lady gay,
For Billingsgate has lost her ;
She goes to masquerade and play,
No more cries Melton oysters.”

In the last century, when the mania prevailed in England about the herring fishery, and about the urgent necessity that we, as a nation, should take this lucrative branch of trade from the Dutch, there were numerous songs published, which have more or less allusion to female fish-dealers. A theatrical piece was got up on

the occasion, which was very popular in some districts of the metropolis. The two chief characters in the piece were a fisherman and his wife. When he is about to leave her for the fishery, she sings a song :—

“How dearly I love you, bear witness, my heart!
 I wish you success, but 'tis death thus to part;
 With your fish'ry and herrings, you've kept a strange fuss,
 But tell me, John, how many *smacks* make a *buss*?”

John answers his Peggy thus:—

“Why taunt thus, dear Peg, when you know all the day
 On your delicate lips I with transports could stray?
 What number of *smacks* make a *buss*, you inquire!
 There!—three!—a round hundred! I am now all on fire!”

In several caricatures which the excess of public zeal gave birth to on this herring question, we find the females of Billingsgate grotesquely handled. There is one large plate in which a regular pitched battle is depicted between a female of the metropolitan market and a Dutch fishwóman. They are executed in a truly comic style—full of humour and life. There are numerous appropriate mottos embellishing the two contending parties.

Captain Henry Templer, an intimate friend of David Garrick, had a great *penchant* for listening to the eloquence of the ladies of Billingsgate market. He was in the habit of storing his memory with as many of their singular words and phrases as it could contain. These he used to rehearse to Captain Grose, the author of the *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*,” who enjoyed the recitations with a keen relish. Templer often

threw into the dialogues of Billingsgate rich pieces of humour, which rendered his exhibitions of fish-market eloquence exceedingly comical and entertaining. Grose himself was so fond of these gossippings, that for several years he frequented a coffee-house, near the Monument, where there were a number of kindred spirits; and the standard topics of fun and jollity were recitative extravaganzas on the slang of Billingsgate. Grose tells us, in a letter to a gentleman in Aberdeenshire, that on two occasions he was successful in inducing Garrick to accompany himself and Templer to the market. The great tragedian was both delighted and astonished at the rhetorical exhibitions which were got up; and told Grose that "nothing on or off the stage could possibly match such a display of natural passion and sentiment." Grose is said to be the author of the song, "Betty of Billingsgate."

Tradition about the purlieus of Old Fish Street says, that John Wesley was several times known to have paid professional visits to the females of the fish-market. What were his impressions of their mode of *preaching* we are not told. It is a well-known fact that the late eccentric Rowland Hill often visited the locality; and on one occasion related an amusing anecdote about fish-women to his audience in Surrey Chapel. Dr. Badham informs us, "that the late celebrated Irish Demosthenes (as Frenchmen delight to call Daniel O'Connell) considered it quite a feather in his cap, that he once beat an Irish ichthyologist of the feminine gender at her own weapons, effectually silencing his opponent by bringing unexpected charges against her reputation of an extraor-

dinary character, filched out of Euclid and the elements of trigonometry."

Besides the fishwomen of the English metropolis, there are large communities of the class in various sections around the coast, who possess no less distinctive and well-marked characters, and whose habits and manners have attracted more or less of public attention. We have in the north the Newhaven and Fisherrow women, a very singular race of mortals. A notice of these we find in the "Mercurius Caledonius," as far back as 1661, on the occasion of the public rejoicing for the Restoration. According to the programme of the official regulations for the processions on the event at Edinburgh, it is ordered that on the 12th of June "sixteen fishwives are to trot from Musselburgh to Cannon Cross (Edinburgh), for twelve pair of lambs' harrigals."* The general habits of the fisher-people in this part of Scotland are in all their leading features much about the same as in days of yore. A little improvement and alteration is observable; but nothing indicative of a rapid social progress. The same picturesque but cumbersome dress; the most grotesque and uncouth gait; the same general ignorance; the same superstitious notions and observances; the same system of extortion; the same want of cleanliness, which have characterized them from time immemorial, flourish in all their pristine rankness at the present hour. As this portion of the fishing population has been fully and minutely described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Antiquary," and by other writers, we shall not enlarge on the subject, but step

* Lungs and livers.

on to the coast of Fife, and cast a glance at the singular fishing community which occupy the village of Buchan. These people are commonly regarded as descendants from a colony of Flemings, and are supposed to have migrated from the Low Countries during the troubles of that kingdom, while under the tyranny of Spain. Whether this origin be the true one we cannot determine. It was satirized in a very curious production, levelled against the people of this village upwards of seventy years ago. It is entitled, "The Anciente and New History of Buch-Haven, in Fifeshire; wherein is contained the antiquities of their old dress; the Buckey boat, with a flag of a green tree, with their dancing Willie and his trusty rapper; their Burges ticket, with a plan of their new college, with the noted sayings and exploits of wise Willie in the brae, and Witty Eppie in the ale-house, and single-tailed Nancy. By Merry Andrew at Tam-Tallan, 1782." The burden of this rare broadside was to ridicule all their manners and customs, and superstitious notions. The "History" tells us that the fishers of Buch-Haven sprung from a set of sea-robbers, who first took shelter near Berwick-upon-Tweed; their burges tickets formed a part of their "perfect truths," and were dated "the two-and-thirtieth day of the month of Julius Cæsar." Their coat-of-arms was two hands gripping each other over a skate's rumple; their oath of fealty was, "I wish the de'il may take me, an I binna an honest man to you, and ye binna de like to me." Wise Willie was raised every morning, who had the faculty of knowing the weather by the art of the wind. All these ancient people were said to have

been called "Thomsons," and it was thought degrading for any of the young fisher lads to marry a farmer's daughter. "Witty Eppie, the ale-wife, wad a' sworn, be go laddie, I wad rather see my boat and my three sons dadet against the Bass, or she saw ony ane o' them married on a muck-a-byre's daughter; a whin useless tappies, 'at can do naething but rive at a tow rock, and cut corn; they can neither bait a hook nor rade a line, houke sandles, nor gather perriwinkles." Eppie's house is called the "College," a place set apart for all the gossip and law of the village, and where the kirk-session sat in judgment in the case of "Rolicouching Jenny and Lang Sandy Thomson; we ken his nose, for Sandy had a great muckle red nose like a lobster's tae, bowed at the pint like a hawk's neb. Upon the Rood a day, four young bucky lasses went away early in the morning, with their creels full of fish. About a mile frae the toon they saw coming down a brae like a man riding on a beast, when they came near. Tardy Tibb: 'E'it's a man riding on a big mankin.' Tibb flang her creel and fish away, the other three ran the other way, and got clear; they said it was a horned de'il." This pamphlet can never now be mentioned to the Buchan fishwives without their bile rising to a boiling pitch. The word "college" is sufficient to excite their wrath.

As we have already hinted, fisher-people in all countries are extremely prone to the superstitious and marvellous; and this predisposition is more striking among the women than the men. A good deal of this feeling may readily be expected from a fisherman's profession, which is always uncertain, and at times accom-

panied with great danger. In storms at sea, human efforts produce but dubious results; and little real protection can be sought for from the rage of the elements. Under these circumstances man feels his weakness, and that there is a Power greatly stronger than himself—some agency wielded and directed against him—whose behests the winds and waves unerringly obey.

The natural result of this is, that the fisherman is a close observer of omens, and a firm believer in visions and wraiths. He spiritualizes everything he sees. Plying his precarious profession at all times of the night, amid the scenes of former disasters—uninformed and credulous, and with the recollection of the dead vividly impressed on his memory—he is placed exactly in those circumstances in which most may be made of those rarer phenomena of sky and sea, which, seen through the medium of his superstitious emotions, occupy a picturesque place in the chronicles of his race. The *ignis fatuus* of some landlocked bay, the shooting meteor, the spectral-looking mist-wreath, the awakened seal, the sudden plunge of the porpoise, the wailing scream of the various kinds of water-fowl, are all full of meaning to his lively imagination, and are constantly associated in his mind with certain events which may hourly befall him. Often the superstitious notions of the fisherman assume a strongly-marked mythological form. He addresses himself to the blind powers of nature, as if they were imbued with instinct and life, and possessed a governing will. He prays to the wind in his own language; he whistles to invoke the breeze when his sails slacken; and likewise tries to soothe the boisterous surges, by using a low moaning chant.

AN AUTUMN DAY WITH SOME OF THE SCHOLASTIC DOCTORS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AN autumn day, representative of nature, both sunny and vital, seems out of character with the literary men of the *dark ages*. We naturally and insensibly associate the gloomy and dismal with everything appertaining to them. There is neither light nor warmth in such a region. We conceive nature never to have smiled during their long reign. We cannot fancy how there was summer and winter, seed-time and harvest; how flowers grew and trees blossomed; how joy and festivity ever resounded in the dwellings of men; or how the orb of day ever gained a mastery over the dense mass of vapours which had hid his bright face from gladdening a lovely universe. One continued night reigned over the then civilized world. The mind of man was dwarfed into a knotty and crabbed production. It never soared into the ethereal, the grand, the imaginative, or the lovely. Year after year, and century after century, found it clothed in some poverty-stricken dress, performing its daily monotonous duties of juggling with words, and of defining what could never be defined. The scholastics were all head but no heart. The deep sympathies of human nature were dried up in them. If ever felt, it

was only by stealth. The learned dignitaries neither laughed nor sang; neither married nor were given in marriage, though they bore but little resemblance to the angels in heaven. We never see anything but the naked and blanched bones of dialectics; never get beyond the sounds of snarling discussions and verbal logomachies.

Such are the leading conceptions which ninety-nine out of every hundred of the reading and thinking part of the community entertain of middle-age lore, and middle-age writers. The general current and spirit of history has indelibly stamped this on the modern intellect. Hence it is that these learned doctors have been a standing jest for the lively and humorous spirits of modern times. To extract anything light and amusing—anything to while away a dull hour, or relieve the tension of an overstrained brain, from Rosellinus, Gilbert de Porée, or Thomas Aquinas, were to attempt to draw blood from a whinstone. Like all general conclusions, however, this has its exceptions. The long disputes of the middle ages had their uses in the mental economy of our race. Men of genius were struck out by the collision of the conflict; great ideas were developed and distinguished; thought was refined and subtilized; and the doctrinal parts of all branches of knowledge—for they all have their doctrines—were more and more accurately defined and mapped out. Leibnitz was the first of modern philosophers to maintain that hidden treasures would be found amidst the voluminous speculations of the scholastic thinkers; and the attempts which of late years have been made in several countries of Europe, particularly in France, to make excursions into the neglected regions of learning,

have thrown a light on the subject, both novel and pleasing. We find many of the erudite doctors men of shrewd intellect on matters of every-day observation. They occasionally took rambles into the light and by-paths of literature, and composed small tracts on questions of ordinary life, with considerable discrimination, critical taste, and piquancy.

With these sentiments and opinions we have approached these venerable doctors of the schools this glorious autumn day. The sun comes, but the wind comes like cool wine, and when contrasted with the hundred folios, which chance, in our present location, has laid at our feet, the self-imposed task may seem one rather of sheer punishment than pleasure. But not so to our taste. This is not time thrown away, nor labour uselessly undertaken. We opine, perhaps, that our residence among the mountains has something to do with our tastes at this juncture. We love the refreshing breeze which rushes through their defiles. It strengthens our nerves for action, and makes contemplation doubly grateful and enticing. Nature is never sad. She has a joyousness of spirit that knows no limits. In all her phases she speaks to the heart and affections, and imparts to them the most exquisite pleasure. We fancy, therefore, our present labour is, in some degree, in unison with her suggestions. The heathy moors, the solitary wastes, the barren and frowning mountains, those dells and caves seldom frequented by the foot of man, light up a certain kind of enthusiasm in the soul, not unlike or uncongenial to the huge and comparatively arid ranges of scholastic erudition. We instinctively seize these

analogies of nature ; they form the stepping-stones for us in the path of life.

In a recent examination of some manuscripts in Paris, ascribed to the pen of Rosellinus, French critics have discovered several detached pieces of writing, which display a lively turn of mind, altogether apart from the usual topics of scholastic abstraction and interest. In a short essay, entitled "Aphorisms," we have the following observations from this early and well-known schoolman:—

ON THE IMAGINATION.—There never was a greater fallacy than that indulged in by many heavy-headed people, that the exercise of the fancy or imagination is, for the most part, useless or dangerous. It would be as wise to say that painting and sculpture are useless, or that narrative or description are useless; for what are the offices of these? To place before the mind's eye one or more events or objects in so striking a manner that a strong moral effect is produced, and the lesson of history or of real philosophy is impressed with tenfold force upon him who reads and sees. To do these things at all, a fine imagination is requisite. He who groups or paints a historical picture, must first conjure up in his own mind the whole visible scene he is to portray; and he who essays to write a fine historical narrative, must, by the force of fancy, himself become an actor in the scene, and mingle personally, as it were, in the moving currents of events. But the fancy or imagination can do more than this: it can, out of materials of its own, construct an edifice almost as morally useful as truth itself; and by the skilful application of vivid allegory or fictitious narrative, expose vice or wretchedness in their blackest de-

formity, and exhibit virtue and wisdom in their brightest and most engaging attitudes. Nor is this all. To the play of the fancy ridicule and satire owe their sharpest shafts, and by making villany grotesque, or picturing the ulcered spot which crime would hide, raise the crimson of shame upon the scoundrel's otherwise imperturbable brow, and make the villain shrink who before never faltered in his course.

GOOD AND ILL LUCK.—Let philosophers and divines say what they will, there are unquestionably in this world such things as “good” and “ill luck.” There undoubtedly hangs about many men a something which, despite their internal and intrinsic qualifications for good or evil, shapes their ends to the fortunate or the reverse, and falsifies all the predictions that the keenest observer of human nature might found upon the revelations of their earlier years, or growing talents and dispositions. This gift of good fortune often—indeed, generally—displays itself in the success of mortals, who, in themselves, have little or nothing to account for their rise in life. Hence the most subtle and profound intellects do not always make the most splendid discoveries; the finest tacticians do not turn out the most victorious and successful commanders; the most enterprising and adroit merchants do not make the largest fortunes; nor the most cunning gamblers win the greatest stakes. Luck, or chance, or by whatever name men call it, seems to delight to mortify genius and knowledge. It frequently tosses into the lap of the tyro that for which the mature man has for half his life been eagerly in search. This rule has, however, many exceptions. When good luck is

united to great talents, the results are splendid and imposing indeed. Such men constitute in this world stars of the first magnitude, and are of necessity of rare occurrence, as well as conspicuous and resplendent. To find Moses, Sesostris, Alexander, Marius, Cæsar, Dioclesian, Constantine, and Gregory the Great, we must overlook the histories, not of hundreds but of thousands of years, and go back even beyond written records or annals, to memorials of stone and brass, and the silent eloquence of the pyramids. It is in few, indeed, that we find the height of good fortune joined to the height of talent. There have been many Cæsars to whom Alexander would have been fatal. Luck being arbitrary and capricious in its nature, often, like the scorpion, stings itself in extremity; and having satiated itself, as it were; with displacing others, characteristically ends in betraying itself. Hence many great men have said in bitterness to fortune, "What have I done to deserve this?" Hannibal, Pompey, Demetrius Poliorcetes, Belisarius, and many others, have made ends less at variance with the heights of their career than the world is ready to admit; because, both in their good and evil fortune, they have but exhibited the caprices of the destiny which ruled them.

THE NECESSITY OF MEN ACTING FROM PRINCIPLE.— All men who have studied in a true spirit either their bodily or moral nature, must be aware that there exists in both certain faults and defects, which are not only from their own intrinsic evil to be avoided, but which exercise a fatal influence ever upon the highest virtues and accomplishments with which they may be accompanied. In art this is strikingly true. A small blot:

upon the finest portrait will destroy its effect. A slight slip of the graver may mar the finest picture; and an unexpected vein in marble may barbarize the most finished statue. A few drops of water will for ever sully the whiteness of the virgin snow. In animated nature the same thing holds good. Who can describe the internal feelings of the pretended patriot, whether king or statesman, who is conscious of a heart devoid of principle; or the inward despair of the hypocrite, at last unmasked, who is aware from that hour his talents and acquirements, his eloquence and his tact, his learning and his acuteness, his experience and his cunning, are worth no more than so many cyphers? It is an undoubted truth, that men devoid of real principle ever labour, more or less, under the conviction that this defect is a fatal one, be their other virtues or adornments what they may. This innate consciousness acts more or less externally on the currents of their actions, paralyses their vigour, throws coldness upon their enthusiasm, and freezes the mechanical ardency of a temperament, that, under other circumstances, would have been all-predominant. It is one of nature's irrevocable laws, that persons thoroughly hollow are universally, and even to the most careless observer, artificial and cold. Moved by a fictitious earnestness only, they lack that natural and generous warmth that can alone be given to the character by the reality of internal virtue.

THE HISTORICAL VALUE OF THE PRIVATE LETTERS OF GREAT MEN.—There is nothing connected with historical writing so useful and interesting as the private letters of distinguished individuals to their friends or

rivals. Formal studied narrative, whether it be in the shape of annals, biography, or history, is to a certain degree deceiving. Men are set on stilts, and their motions and actions coloured and varnished by historians and biographers. Not so in the private letters of men themselves. We there see their real springs of action unbosomed to a friend, though concealed from all the world besides. Hence this kind of correspondence becomes the corrective of history, and from a statesman's private letters or secret sayings we sometimes gain more real knowledge of exact historical truth, than from all the elaborate complications, deductions, and reflections of the historiographer, the annalist, and the chronicler. Thus in Cicero's letters we find out the real situation of the Roman State at the time when he wrote them, and acted so conspicuous a part in that State, much better than from the beautiful but studied narratives of Sallust, Cæsar, or Tacitus. To Pliny's letters we are indebted for a more correct knowledge of the manners and habits of the early Christians, than from the studied histories and chronicles of the times. The same thing may be remarked of every historical branch of writing.

THE VALUE OF GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF KNOWLEDGE.—The great value of these general principles is strikingly illustrated in the science of natural history, which is undoubtedly one of the most interesting departments of human knowledge. When we cast our eyes over the almost endless variety of natural objects, the attempt to distinguish them from one another appears a hopeless task; and to enumerate the various kinds seems as Herculean an effort as that of counting the

stars or the particles of sand on the sea-beach. By a subtle process of the mind, however, this insurmountable difficulty is in some degree removed. We learn to arrange the objects around us into particular classes; those classes are again subdivided into others with suitable marks of discrimination; and we subdivide these afresh till we arrive at the individual which possesses all the characteristics which belong to the class or genus. Thus the whole arcana of nature become subdued by a mental operation, confined, we believe, to the human species alone. The longest life, joined to the most vigorous and unremitting energy, would be inadequate to the task of examining every individual being or object; but the natural philosopher, assisted by the observation and experience of his predecessors, can ascertain the number of kinds or species that have been discovered. By means of this lamp of scientific arrangement, we can detect the hidden treasures of the material world around us.

Gilbert de Porée was a man of great learning, a man of refined taste and sentiment for the age in which he lived. The general current of scholastic lore and disputation had not chilled his nature, nor made him insensible to the more lively sallies of fancy and imagination. In his letters, which have recently been discovered in Paris, there are some charming pieces of writing on miscellaneous matters connected with the secluded life he led in some religious establishment in the south of France. We shall transcribe a passage which refers to his having been left nearly alone in his residence, by the annual migration of his associates to

some sea-bathing retreat in the neighbourhood. We remember good Bishop Hall's remarks upon his book-companions, and Petrarch's comments upon book-friends, when we challenge an equal to the quaint pleasantry and grim humour of this description by Gilbert de Porée of *A LIBRARY ARMY*. He says: "Our residence is empty, save only myself, and the rats and the mice that nibble in solitary hunger. There is no voice in the hall, no tramp on the stairs, no racket in the chambers, nor trembling and noise below. The kitchen clock has stopped. The pump creaks no more, and nothing sounds as it did, except the splash of the river under the windows, the dull and ceaseless roar of the distant city, and the front-door bell. Travelling people amuse themselves with that yet. But the camp is moved. The whole tribe are in the country, ankle wet in dewy grass every morning; chopping, hoeing, planting, fishing, or exploring nooks and strange new places by the sea-side. But I sit here with no company but books and some bright-faced friends upon the wall, musing upon things past and things to come; reading a little, falling off into a reverie, waking to look out on the ever-charming beauty of the landscape, dipping again into some dainty honeycomb of literature, wandering from author to author to catch the echoes which fly from book to book, and by silent suggestions or similarities connect the widely-separated men in time and nature closely together. All minds in the world's past history find their focal-point in a library. This is that pinnacle from which we might see all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. I keep Egypt and the Holy Land in the closet next the window.

On this side of them is Athens and the empire of Rome. Never was such an army mustered as a library army. No general ever had such soldiers as I have. Let the military world call its roll, and I will call mine. The privates in my army would have made even the staff-officers of Alexander's army seem insignificant. Only think of a platoon of such good literary and philosophical yeomen as will answer my roll-call. "Plato!" "Here." A sturdy and noble soldier. "Aristotle!" "Here." A host in himself. Then I can call Demosthenes, Cicero, Horace, Cæsar, Tacitus, Pliny, and, of the famous Alexandrian school, Porphyry, Jamblicus, Plotinus, and others, all worthy fellows every one of them, fully armed and equipped, and looking as fresh as if they had received the gift of youth and immortality. Modest men all; they never speak unless spoken to. Bountiful men all; they never refuse the asker. I have my doubts whether, if they were alive, I could keep the peace of my domains. But now they dwell together in unity, and all of the train in one company, and work for the world's good, each in his special way, but all contribute. I have also in a corner the numerous band of Christian Fathers—Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Origen, Augustine, St. Ambrose, and others; with their opponents, Fronto the rhetorician, Cresciens the cynic philosopher, Celsus, Marcus Aurelius, and Julian the Apostate. They now lie peacefully together, without a shade of repugnance or anger. It is surprising how these men have changed. Not only are they here without quarrelling or disputing, without ambition or selfishness, but how calmly do they sit, though you pluck their opinions by the beard! I can dispute with

Julian, who is now mildness itself. Orthodox and heretic are now upon the most friendly terms. No kingdom ever had such illustrious subjects as mine, or was half as well governed. I can put my most haughty subjects up or down, as it pleases me, without tumult or opposition. I can lead them forth to such wars as I choose, and not one of them is deaf to the trumpet. I hold all Egypt in fee-simple. I can say as much of all the Orient, as he that was sent to grass did of Babylon. I build not a city, but empires, at a word. Praxiteles and Phidias look out of my window, while I am gone back to the Acropolis to see what they have been about. The architects are building night and day, like them of old, without the sound of a hammer; my artists are painting, my designers are planning, my poets are chanting, my philosophers are discoursing, my historians are spinning their dry webs, my theologians are weaving their yet finer ones, and my generals are trooping about without noise or blood. All the world is around me. All that ever stirred human hearts, or fired the imagination, is harmlessly here. My library shelves are the avenues of time. Cities and empires are put into a corner. Ages have wrought, generations grown, and all the blossoms are cast down here. It is the garden of immortal fruits, without dog or dragon. No such garden was Eden, in the past. It is the Eden to which the race is coming, that is to see the true Adam and the true Eve.

Now let us dip into the works of Roger of Lille, a theologian of the thirteenth century, known for his extreme subtlety of genius, and his fierce conflicts in favour of the doctrine of predestination. He can be

playful and sensible on every-day topics of interest and inquiry. Hear what he says of a class of men who seem to have been in existence in his day as well as now, and to whom we apply the expressive term of BORES: This class of men, says the scholastic, never die; they never have the common decency to die. They spin out existence to the latest moment, and usually enjoy good health and the unimpaired use of their tongue till the latest moment. In fact, they are never dumb till they are coffined. They travel extensively, and know all countries and persons, and everything in and about them. They stick closely to you, nor can any coldness of manner shake them off. If you get into a passion, they only smile at your simplicity. Bolt them out of the door, they will come in by the window to tell you something they had forgotten to mention. They read incessantly, and deal out again all they receive; and when they begin their labours, always promise to be very brief. They never forget names or places; these are their guides and finger-posts to long harangues. They have a great talent of minute description, and treasure up every cast-off rag of other men's conversation. They are the great torments of a university man's life.

ON the BALANCES OF NATURE the divine thus speaks:—

Look throughout the works of the all-wise Creator. The oak is majestic and strong, and lives out the memory of its planter, but it is comparatively barren. The smaller trees are compensated by their fruitfulness. The shrubs that are not fruitful are fragrant. The most gaudy flower has no attraction to the smell. Many

poisonous plants and herbs have more external beauty than the sunburnt sameness of the ripened corn. The violet lies concealed, but its delicious odour betrays the place of its concealment; and he who plucks the rose, must dare the penance of the thorn. Many of the reptile race possess great strength, but no venom; others possess venom, but little strength. Birds that charm us most with the melody of their song have the least attractive plumage. In the great elements of nature we recognize the same thing. The hottest climates produce the choicest fruits and the best drinks, although often highly inimical to the human frame. Thunder-storms purify the atmosphere; and even wars and pestilence have their correspondent advantages. In the moral nature and social life of man we see the same compensating rules. Kings are often the least happy of their subjects. Power and wealth become surrounded with envy, enemies, and cares. Throughout the whole of nature the pleasure of mankind is varied, but the degree is as great. He who is born amid the eternal snows regrets not the want of balmy breezes and spicy groves. Providence has so well regulated the mysteries of the human intellect and heart, that they accommodate themselves to every situation; and the balance is so complete, that the surface of the aggregate of existing things is as smooth as glass. We are all on a level. There is nought in nature that outweighs. What is wanted for the balance in physical matters is made up in moral perfection.

The same author makes a few remarks on the **ABUSE OF THE POETICAL TALENT** of his day. At this he felt

indignant, which was natural enough, as a member of the church, and a collegiate teacher of youth. He says: What motive can prompt men of genius to commit this outrage on common sense and feeling? What consolation of joys, present or anticipated, can support them under the pressure of mankind's almost universal reprobation, and conceal from their deluded eye the wrath of an angry Deity? This is indeed a difficult inquiry. Their motives seem not to be fathomable, unless we dive into the abysses of a wickedness, in which I would be sorry to think any of my fellow-creatures plunged. The *apparent* consolation from such impure sources can only be deducible from a malicious and demoniacal misanthropy. It is quite impossible to believe that such are their actuating principles; and yet, the mere gratified pride of being spoken about by the public, from such a cause, and in such a manner, can hardly be thought an adequate compensation for the sacrifices that counterbalance it. In a pecuniary or worldly point of view, the advantages are clearly on the side of moral writings; and it cannot be considered an easier task to please by vicious than by pure productions. The sublimest themes are offered in the contemplation of the Deity. Virtue appears awful and lovely to the lowest of mankind. Vice is to the mental eye a monster of deformity; and before her appearance can produce any sensation but disgust, she must glitter in a thousand ornaments. Poets feel this. Hence we see them toiling to heap upon unworthy subjects the most lavish and elaborate decoration. Nay, they often have recourse to the unworthy device of imposing falsehoods on the world, by insinuat-

ing that criminal actions are really pure and noble. Thus it is not enough for the courtesan to sparkle in gems, and allure by the splendour of her dress ; she must affect the blush of modesty, before her wiles can completely succeed. But let not the works of Catullus, Ovid, and other Roman writers of the same stamp, hold out to the immoral writers of our age the delusive hope of immortality, since these writers owe their deathless infamy to the peculiarities of their position. Their writings were relished by the growing corruption of a state, whose ruin they doubtless hastened ; and they now flourish in immortal youth by the perpetual freshness of their fascinating and changeless language.

Who has not heard of Thomas Aquinas ?—called, by way of eminence, the Angelic Doctor—whose name is a watch-word, a tower of strength for all that is profound, mystical, and laborious in philosophy and divinity, and whose works amount to twenty volumes folio. Yet this able man could be sportive and jocund with his pen. He was in the habit, his biographers say, of writing witty and amusing things by way of relaxation from severer studies. There are some fragments of a short *ESSAY ON THE GENERAL HABITS OF THE LITERARY AND ACADEMIC GENIUSES OF THE DAY*. The doctor says, in one place : Of all professional men, or rather men who profess anything, whether they are called professional or not, according to academic fashion, commend me to your men of what is called literature. They sit themselves down in the morning, and they read a book, or take their pen, whichever may happen to be nearest, for they cannot move either leg or arm to a reachable distance for

anything, be it ever so important; and there they sit reading, or writing, or thinking about, I know not what—or thinking about nothing. Well, the dinner-bell rings; this moves them—for this is one of the choice things of this world for which our literary men have a keen relish; and this breaks the charm of their reverie for about a couple of hours. But if they are buried in some heavy speculative undertaking, they dine where they sit, or suffer the dinner to stand by them till cold, or eat it three hours after, when all the cooks in our universities would pronounce it hardly fit for the hogs to eat. These literary men are the most indolent in body imaginable—nothing moves them in this world. If they are fully bent on the chase of some literary or philosophic game, you may send to them a hundred times, before they will rise from their beloved occupation. They roar out, “Coming directly;” “I’ll be there in a moment;” “Just a line to pen, and I’ll be there.” All the while they are insensibly lying; for the moments are slipping away, line after line is written, sentence after sentence read, but still you are none the nearer of making an impression upon them. They are like beings under the influence of fascination. The longer they sit, the longer they would sit. They are fixed to their seats by the wand of the enchanter; unless this be broken, or the book pulled out of their hands, there is no hope of their rising. They move sometimes to stir the fire or shut the door, but always as if labouring under a weight of trouble. I still, however, entertain a deep reverence for these hatchers of thought. The world is greatly benefitted by their being nailed to their seats. They sit

peacefully studying in the midst of distress, and in spite of bodily difficulties and annoyances, that would drive all serious thoughts from the minds of the rest of mankind. Poor Archimedes! He was one of your close sitters. He was solving a problem when Syracuse was taken. He heard not the clash of swords, the thundering battering-rams and catapults, nor the roar of the conquering besiegers. A soldier rushed into his study. A man was sitting in deep abstraction. Compasses, and diagrams, and models of unknown instruments, were before him. The blockhead no doubt thought he was conjuring, or in a fit of speechless despair at the capture of the city. "Follow me," cried the fool. If he had not heard the noise of the victory, how should he recognize the sound of a single man's voice? The abstract philosopher returned no answer. Vexed at his disobedient silence, and, it may be, alarmed lest the city should fall into ruins from the magic machinations of the unknown, with one stroke of his sword he laid poor Archimedes lifeless at his feet. Who can tell what was sacrificed by this cruel and hasty act? what chains of philosophical thought were severed for ever, and lost to mankind?

Aquinas sketches, with the graphic pencil of a caricaturist, one of his own calling, a UNIVERSITY DOCTOR, known for his ready and fluent oratory on some of the curious questions of the age. The character, we have no doubt, was a rival of Aquinas himself, at a period when collegiate disputation was the main road to distinctions and honours. Hear what the "Angelic Doctor" says: You see that doctor, a large and portly figure, arrayed in black, out of whose pockets are sticking many

folios of manuscript? The day is perhaps rainy, and he passes from the corridor of his study to the hall of discussion, with a precise step, and an air of assumed dignity. Behind him, a college page follows with a load of books for reference and quotation. His full, round, reddish face glows with recent rhetorical conquests. The smile of conscious strength plays about his mouth. His eyes beam with a wild wariness that indicates he has subtle enemies to cope with, but that he looks forward to triumphs still in store for him. He is one personification of sophism. He deals sometimes in jokes, and can ape the pathetic. His placid gait and easy step are indicative of the oiliness of his insidious elocution. He makes his formal introduction to his audience by a few epigrammatic sentences. In laying down his principles, he places them in form with complaisant candour; sketches his opponent's arguments in a one-sided attitude of apparent fairness, and dwells upon the minute shades of argument with an air that implies that he could tell you much finer and cleverer things if he chose. His internal emotions are visible from his convulsively twisting his little finger around the corners of some small volume he generally holds in his hands. His academic gown and cap sit upon him with singular neatness, and his bands are long and invidiously clean. As he proceeds in discussion, he lays down the volume, and becomes more animated, declamatory, and personal. He throws the skirts of his gown over one arm, and strikes the desk with the other hand. There is abundant evidence that he has deeply conned over the various systems of the ancients on oratory, relative especially to

the popular effect of action. His studied gracefulness meets you at every turn. But in time this gives way to another aspect of things. An angry topic is started. He reddens. Now he folds his arms, and colours more and more. He holds up both his hands, and spreads them openly to the audience, in a supplicating attitude; and in the height of his energy slaps them together three or four times most vehemently, indicating that his arguments are conclusive, and brought home to the understandings of his hearers. If this appeal fail—for his eye is quick, and soon detects the symptoms of victory or defeat—he strikes the desk violently, and makes various gyrations with his arms, as if he defied all that could be brought against his statements. Towards the close of his address, he foams at the mouth, his eyes roll with surprising restlessness and fire; and then giving a denunciatory sentence or two against all his opponents, sits down exhausted, and receives the customary mead of applause.

This sketch, though interesting in many points of view, affords but a faint idea of the angry tone which generally characterized the discussions of the schoolmen for many ages. Indeed, we can form no very adequate notions of the force of virulent invective and coarse raillery which these paragons of learning displayed towards each other, in attempting to solve knotty questions in doctrinal theology and moral casuistry. The universities of France, England, and Germany, became one grand arena for the discussion of the abstract doctrines of the overheated parties; and even sovereigns, led doubtless by some political reasons of the hour, took a part in the

contest, and did not scruple, on some occasions, to employ civil pains and penalties to gain a victory or punish an enemy. The accounts which creditable historians and eye-witnesses have given of these contests, exceed all belief. We are told by one author, that, at the public disputes in European colleges, it was no uncommon thing to see the combatants shout till they were quite hoarse, use the most gross and insulting language, make grimaces at each other, threaten personal chastisement, and struggle with and endeavour to prostrate each other to the ground. When words and threats failed, recourse was had to the fists. As in the wrestling schools, they buff, and spit upon, and kick, and bite; and even go beyond this, and use clubs and other dangerous weapons; so that many get wounded and not a few killed outright.* Erasmus informs us, that in these middle-age rhetorical contests the parties grew first pale, then they reddened in anger, began to spit upon, and attack each other with their fists; some speaking the language of the Nominalists, and some that of the Realists.†

But leaving the many chequered phases of these ancient controversies, which constitute one of the great

* “Clamores primum ad ravim, hinc improbitas, sannæ, minæ, convitia, dum luctantur, et uterque alterum tentat prosternere: consumtis verbis venit ad pugnos, ad veram luctam ex ficta et simulata. Quinetiam, quæ contingunt in palæstra, illic non desunt—colaphi, alapæ, consputio, calces, morsus; etiam quæ jam supra leges palæstræ fustes, ferrum; saucii multi, nonnunquam occisi.”—*Ludovicus Vives*.

† “Eos usque ad pallorem, usque ad convitia, usque ad sputa, nonnunquam et usque ad pugnos invicem digladiari, alios ut Nominalis alios ut Reales, loqui.”

landmarks in the history of the human understanding, let us look again at the "Angelic Doctor's ACCOUNT OF A COLLEGE CHUM of his, in one of the universities of Spain, whose mental peculiarities are touched off with great minuteness and gaiety. Aquinas writes: This learned man, who gained reputation in his day, had a striking feature in his character; a feature not certainly in keeping with his known abilities and wide renown. He was always *beginning* projects, but never went any further. To begin is certainly good; but never to get beyond a commencement is a poor achievement indeed. I visited him several years before his death, soon after leaving Naples, and I had many opportunities of witnessing this confirmed and curious habit of procrastination. What a wonderful writer he would have been had he completed all the literary projects that he was about to commence! He began a history of Rome, but never got beyond the first chapter. He commenced an introduction to Apuleius's "Golden Ass," but he never advanced further than a few lines. He often came to my room to announce that he intended to begin writing a book upon a most interesting subject. He harped upon this string for many months; and I left him with the project only *beginning*. A mutual friend and I fell upon a plan to make this man of *beginnings* finish a project he had suggested. It was a commentary on Cicero. We thought the idea excellent, and knew our friend to be well-fitted for the task. We took him, therefore, into another room in the college, and locking the door, plainly told him he was then and there to sit down and write the essay. He pled hard, and promised faithfully to do it

the following day ; but we were deaf to his entreaties. Seeing no hope of escape from the task, he sat down, and in a few hours we had a fair outline of the performance. It was admirably done. It was curious to witness his extreme fidgettiness during the time he laboured. He laid down his pen every now and then, looked rather imploringly in our faces, but we kept constantly reading, and took no notice. He would then rise from his seat, pace across the room a few times, down again with the pen, and then assumed a thinking and working mood. I often fancied he was looking to see if he could make a successful bolt from his task. I have known many men strongly tinctured with this failing. Indeed, I have no doubt but the best amongst us has some share of this imperfection. We have all had our *beginnings*, and there ended. The Romans seem to have been impressed with the conviction that beginning was all in all. Their important word for beginning is *principium*, which likewise signifies a principle, as if designed to convey to the mind that *beginning* was the principle, the foundation, the core and seed of everything. And so, in some cases, it is. Beginning is of no importance, if we never go beyond it. To make a beginning worthy of itself, and of the high name our Roman forefathers gave it, one should get as rapidly, and at the same time as substantially, forward in the path of execution, as will lead us to completion. To make a mere attempt at beginning as it were to begin, is not the character of *principium* ; it is no principle. Nay, it is downright cowardice ; the only thing which merits such an appellation is that which has the soul of the end in it—

or, at the very least, the inspiration of half-way in the spring and vibration of its pinions. I have thought that the word *beginning*, and the idea we commonly attach to it, is one of the most puzzling things in nature. It is redolent of seriousness and awe. The most wonderful attribute, the quality that strikes us with the greatest force of conviction of the power and majesty of Omnipotence, is, that it has "neither beginning of days, nor end of years." Though our own beginning is unknown, every one sees or knows the beginning of somebody else; and it has always appeared to me as a great manifestation of the benevolence of the Deity, that we are not allowed to know the misery and helplessness of our commencement of existence. Indeed, we studious persons, whose life is one continued stream of thought, know that the beginning itself is the great obstacle to all exertion. When we have to write a book, the very idea of it hangs like a millstone about our necks, for weeks. We are obliged sometimes to rush into the middle of our subject at once, to get rid of the idea of beginning, and never getting any further. What a bundle of perplexities we are. We are here in the world. We know nothing about our entry into it. We find ourselves within, as it were, the circumference of a circle of life, without any direct conviction that we were ever on the other side of it. We are entirely within the circle, for we come in and go out with the same vague unconsciousness.

It would also appear that Aquinas had some ideas about intemperance in drink, that might have been very pertinent in recent discussions on the subject: "Most disputes," says he, "on the use of stimulating beverages

have been one-sided. Some attack the use of wines under any circumstances, as we see exemplified in the conduct and exhortations of some of the early Fathers of the Church; others, again, argue for their indiscriminate use. The true moral of the matter lies in *moderation*. Man in society is a compound of many opposite and conflicting springs of action. It is bigotry and intolerance to say that a little merry-making from the use of wine is immoral and reprehensible. A person who is constantly liable to be drawn into pernicious or questionable actions by a temperate use of cordials, cannot be very firmly grounded in morality. He must have a strong innate taint of the vicious about him. Social intercourse to such an individual is often but a snare. On the other hand, a person who can bear a little excitement with benefit is a good and agreeable companion. There is a sensibility and heartiness about him which are pleasant to all to witness, and which are as improving as pleasant. All inflammatory drinks to the young are of doubtful utility. Nature at this period of life does not require them; and when the passions are strong, and the judgment weak, they often become an easy prey to folly and vice.

Albert the Great flourished in 1280. He was a celebrated scholastic, but not so able a man as Aquinas, though his writings are of a more popular cast. Albert has left many of his works behind him, a portion of which have long been in print, but several are still in manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris. A small tract of his has recently been translated into French, "ON MORALITY." It is systematic in its arrangement, but popular in its style and mode of illustration. On cast-

ing a glance over it, in the chapter devoted to the "Passions," we stumbled upon the following remarks. Before laying them before the reader, however, we must simply premise, that one of the great principles in the philosophy of the middle ages was to search for what was termed *findl causes*; that is, the *reason* why a thing is what it is. Mere facts, considered as such, were nothing; but the *cause* or *reason* of them was everything with these scholastic searchers after truth. They carried in their mind, and shaped their movements in conformity with, the maxim in Virgil,

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."

Bearing this in mind, we proceed to offer Albert's ideas of the PASSIONS:—All our passions are made to fit or dovetail into each other. There is nothing superfluous—nothing in itself evil. Take any one of our passions from us, and what odd creatures we would become. It is the excess or improper use of passion which constitutes immorality. Let us conceive for a moment how we should exist without passion. Deprived of that gift of Heaven, there would be neither law, divinity, nor contention. We should never know the blessings and pleasures attendant on reconciliation, for we should never quarrel. The ten commandments would be a dead letter, and the Roman code unnecessary. The moral world without passion would be like the physical one without darkness and without rain—without hills and valleys—without cities and solitudes—nay, without earth and water. To be without any one thing, is to be without its opposite; because you could never perfectly

know the one without its opposite. In this world most things go by contrast. You could not know hard, if it were not for soft—you could not speak of bitter, if it were not for sweet—you could not understand deep, if it were not for shallow. Surliness is the parent of sweetness of disposition.* As the world is, all things are beautifully adapted to each other. Without passion, the world would fall in pieces. A man without passion, what can he be compared to? A climate without storms—a cloudless eastern sky, all sunshine, and glow, and clearness, and sameness. Or say, rather, a stagnant pond, a dead sea of slumbering tranquillity, over which the refreshing breeze hath never blown to cool the beams of midsummer, on which the many-coloured pennons of imagination never waved. Such an individual is a burdensome companion. He neither thinks nor speaks, neither sings a song nor kicks a coward, nor enjoys a hearty, jolly laugh with an acquaintance. You are never at home with him. Some of the old Greek dramatists, if I remember right, used to make fun of a man of this stamp. This was all right; only the wit and fun would be thrown away on such a lifeless piece of clay. The great and general objection against the stoical philosophy has always been, that it attempted to denude man of his passions, to make him an unfeeling and apathetic creature, and to invest him with a vege-

* It is curious to notice how the human mind has moved in a circle from almost time immemorial. This is the doctrine of the German philosophers, who have recently founded their views of scientific truth on the *principle of contrariety*. We wonder whether Hegel ever read this passage.

table rather than an animal existence. Seneca was a wise man in many respects, but his system of morality, as a system, is entirely worthless.

Egidus de Colonna flourished in 1300; and left, among other literary works, several FAMILIAR LETTERS. In one of these he informs a friend that he invariably found great pleasure in visiting the burying-places of the dead. He says: I have ever felt a peculiar interest and delight in visiting burial-grounds in our chief cities. They have invariably been productive of a tender and soothing kind of melancholy, which affected my own mind, at least, in a way not easily described. I have often sat for hours on some tombstone, musing on the past and the future; conjuring up by imagination the thousands of living beings who once rejoiced in all the vigour of health and buoyancy of spirit, but who are now mouldering beneath my feet. And how often, under such circumstances, has the conviction flashed vividly on my mind, that but a few years at the very most, and I myself, with all my cares, and projects, and hopes, must pass into this land of forgetfulness. The Parisian places of interment are always more than commonly interesting to me. What burning thoughts have rushed into my mind, when I have visited the tombs of the illustrious philosophers who have figured in the university of this city! It is one of these places I would like to dwell in for ever.

In another letter, he urges his friend not to contract the habit of reasoning or arguing on both sides of a question. He observes: As the reasoning powers of man were given him to discover truth and detect error, a

straightforward and ingenious employment of these powers is a solemn and incumbent duty upon him. I have always conceived the conduct of the Greek sophists reprehensible. They did their country great harm, by the prostitution of their rhetorical talents to party purposes. To expose error ought to be one of the religious duties of every man who has any education and ability for the task. Very false notions have been current on this subject. It has commonly a debasing effect on the understanding, to wrangle for the mere sake of victory. The love of truth should ever be uppermost in the mind of a true benefactor to mankind. The mere vanity of displaying our own talents or ingenuity is but a poor excuse for the injury which is inflicted on what is true and worthy of commendation.*

* Opera. Cal. : 1685. Vol. iii. p. 364.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT EELS.

No inhabitant of the deep has attracted more notice, from its natural character and habits, than the eel. It is associated in our minds with our earliest attempts to gain a knowledge of the "gentle art;" and there are few persons who have not some lively recollections of their fishing exploits in securing this slippery and troublesome customer. It is not at all improbable that the serpentine form of the eel may have added to the singular interest which has attached to it, particularly since the commencement of the Christian era. Its resemblance to the serpent tribe has, no doubt, tended to deepen the dramatic power and interest of many legends about this fish, which are current both on the continent and in this country.

Respecting the generation of the eel, there have been the wildest and most ridiculous notions. One ancient author supposed that eels were born of the mud; another, that they were produced from particles scraped from the bodies of large eels when they rubbed themselves against stones; that they grew out of the putrid flesh of dead animals thrown into the water; from the dews which cover the earth in spring and summer; from water, and so forth. Among modern writers, we have the same confusion of theories. There is a popular notion in many districts of the north of England, that eels are generated from horsehairs deposited in springs and rivulets. A

recent German author mentions that they owe their origin to electrical phenomena; but he is sadly at a loss about substantiating his theory by facts. The great naturalist, Buffon, is said to have remarked, in the latter part of the last century, at a meeting of French *savans*, that he considered the question as to the generation of eels to be one of the most puzzling in natural history. The late Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Kay, read a paper to the Royal Society on this subject. He noticed some small eels in the thatch of a cottage; and he endeavoured to establish the proposition that the spawn of the fish had been deposited on the reeds before they were cut, and had been subsequently vivified by the sun's rays.

The gastronomical qualities of the eel have been extolled from the earliest times. It was prohibited, however, as an article of food among the Jews; and the ancient Egyptians, while rejecting it as such, gave it a place among their deities. The Greeks were passionately fond of the fish, and cooked it in every possible fashion, as we find recorded in Athenæus and other classical writers. Archestratus, in his work on gastronomy, says of the eel:—

I praise all kinds of eels; but for the best
Is that which fishermen do take in the sea
Opposite the Strait of Rhægium,
Where you, Messenius, who daily put
This food within your mouth, surpass all mortals
In real pleasure. Though none can deny
That great the virtue and the glory is
Of the Strymonian and Copaic eels,
For they are large and wonderfully fat;
And I do think, in short, that of all fish
The best in flavour is the noble eel.

Pliny says, there were eels in his day three hundred feet long. In another place, he says that eels live eight years; they are able to survive out of water eight days, when the north-east wind blows; but when the south wind blows, not so many. In winter they cannot live if they are in very shallow water, nor if the water is troubled. Hence it is that they are taken more especially about the rising of the *Pleiades*, when the rivers are mostly in a turbid state. These fish take their food at night; and they are the only inhabitants of the deep the bodies of which, when dead, do not float on the surface.*

Verrius informs us that formerly the children of the Roman citizens, while wearing the *prætecta*, or sanatorial gown, were flogged with eel-skins, and that, for this purpose, no pecuniary penalty could by law be inflicted upon them.†

Isidorus, in his Glossary, says, *Anguilla* is the name given to the ordinary *scutica*, or whip with which boys are chastised at school.

Rabelais says (Book ii. c. 30), "Whereupon his master gave him a sound lashing with an eel-skin, that his own would have been worth nothing to make bag-pipe bags of."

The conger-eel was offered to Neptune and his divine colleagues, as being capable of imparting immortality to those who partook of it; and Macrobius informs us that it was a common saying among the Grecians that the dead would return to life if it were possible for them to taste a morsel of this delicious fish. Another writer tells

* "Nat. Hist.," book 9th.

† Pliny, book 9th.

us that near Sicyon, a city of the Peloponnesus, there were conger-eels caught of such dimensions as to require a waggon drawn by oxen to carry one of them. Even the head and intestines were eaten, and esteemed delicacies.

The ancient Anglo-Saxon tribes were passionately fond of eels. Grants and charters were often regulated by payments made in eels. Four thousand of them were a yearly present from the monks of Ramsay to those of Peterborough. In one charter, twenty fishermen are stated to have furnished sixty thousand eels to the monastery. Eel-dikes are often mentioned in the boundaries of lands belonging to religious establishments. The Gauls were great consumers of eels; and among their descendants there are many tenures of land in France stipulating for the payment of rent, and the discharge of stipulated public taxes in eels. In one of the capitularies of Charlemagne we find allusions made to the same subject.

There are several places in England which derive their names from the quantity of eels they formerly produced. *Elmore*, on the river Severn, and *Ellesmere*, on the Mersey, were once famous for the production of this fish. The town of *Ely*, too, is singularized in this way. Fuller, in his *Worthies of Cambridgeshire*, has the following remark:—"When the priests of this part of the country would still retain their wives in spite of whatever the pope and the monks could do to the contrary, their wives and children were miraculously turned into eels; whence it had the name of Ely. I consider this a lie."

Eude, the celebrated cook to Louis XVI., was known all over Europe for his mode of serving up this fish. He says in his book *On Cookery*: "Take one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. *Note*.—Several gentlemen have accused me of *cruelty* (astonishing!) for recommending in my work that eels should be burned alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and the preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is after all left to their choice whether to burn or skin." The consumption of eels, as articles of food, throughout Europe, is prodigious. In Loudon, the number imported, chiefly from Holland, amounts to about ten millions annually; and the fish is met with on the most sumptuous, as well as on the most frugal tables—food alike for the London alderman and the *gamin* in the streets.

The ancient and modern physicians have dabbled with the eel, as with most other fish, to a great extent. Hippocrates denounces him to all his patients, and particularly to those afflicted with pulmonary consumption. Galen says he is indigestible to weakly people. Rhases and Maginus maintain that his food is dele-

terious to persons recovering from fever ; and Franciscus Bonsuetus, when speaking of rheumatic ailments, forbids the eel, for the general reason :—

“ All fish that standing pools and lakes frequent,
Do ever yield bad juice and nourishment.”

Another of the olden medical writers says that he found the oil of the eel highly useful when used as a mollifying unguent to soothe the nerves when suffering under “hot rheumatism.” The gall of the fish he employed as a liniment for sore eyes ; and the bones of the head were ground to powder and found efficacious in bleedings at the nose. It is a common practice in the north of England at this hour for young lads to tie a piece of eel-skin round their ankles, to keep away cramps and pains. There is an old ditty, in this part of the country, which reads thus :—

“ Around the shin
Tie the skin
Of full-grown river-eel ;
And every sprain,
And cramp and pain,
Will fly unto the deil.”

We are told if a gray eel with a white belly be inclosed in an earthen pot, and buried alive in a dunghill, and taken out at the end of a fortnight, its oil when collected will be found a sovereign remedy for deafness.*

The eel has been a subject of augury in dreams. If a young woman dreams of eels, she may expect to have slippery lovers. To dream of fish generally is a sign of sorrow ; but if you catch eels, and can retain them,

* Dr. Adrian Gilbert.

it is a sign of your possessing a kind and fast friend. A writer on dreams, in the middle ages, affirms that to dream of eels, portends a large family of children; and if you dream of cooking them, your children will give you a great deal of trouble. The following is stated in a work called the *True Interpretation of Dreams* (Bologna, 1614): One of the kings of Spain dreamed three successive nights that an eel came out of his mouth, and made a desperate struggle to regain a small river which flowed hard by. The king took his sword and endeavoured to prevent it entering the water; but it escaped, got into the water, and mounted up on the opposite bank. It then went into a cleft in a rock. This was in a locality which the monarch knew very well. He called together some of his domestics, told them the dreams he had had; and they all went to visit the chink in the rock, where they discovered a very valuable treasure of gold and precious stones.

The voracity of the eel has been a fertile topic of discussion and romance among naturalists and anglers. It is doubtless great. We have ourselves witnessed this fish devouring each other greedily. There is scarcely anything too delicate, and few things too nasty, for his ravenous appetite. He has often been found with a half-decayed water-rat in his mouth; and it has been recently stated in the newspapers, that at Wimpson, in Hampshire, the ducks on the farm were denuded of their feet by some large eels that were found in a pond which this species of poultry were in the habit of frequenting. But we find the most remarkable statements about the voracity of the creature in a work called *The Wonders of*

Nature and Art, published at Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1780. About the middle of last century, the farmers near Yeovil suffered greatly by losing vast quantities of hay. This could not be accounted for. A reward was offered for the supposed culprits; upon which several soldiers, then quartered at Yeovil, kept watch, and to their great surprise found, in the dead of the night, a monstrous eel making its way out of the river, and setting itself to feed greedily on the hay! It was destroyed, and roasted; and the fat that came out of its body filled several casks and tubs. This work was expressly designed by the writer as a "useful and valuable production for young people."

The eel has been a fruitful topic for legendary lore in most European countries. The subject, however, is so voluminous, that we can do little more than merely dip into it. The legend of the "Lambton Eel" is well known, and fully recorded in the various histories of the county of Durham. The substance of the story is as follows: The heir of the Lambtons, in the early part of the middle ages, fell into a profane habit of angling on a Sunday. On one of these hallowed days, he caught in the river Wear a small eel, little thicker than a common thread, which he threw into a well. In process of time, this young heir of the Lambton family was called to the wars against the Moslems in the First Crusade, organized by Peter the Hermit, where the ambitious young soldier distinguished himself by many feats of daring and valour. On returning to his own country, he learned with great surprise that the small eel he had thrown carelessly into the well had grown to

a fearful magnitude, and manifested the most cruel and ravenous propensities. He was solicited to rid the vicinity of the monster. It frequently coiled itself nine times round a large tower; daily levied a contribution of nine cows' milk on the inhabitants; and, when this was not immediately granted, it devoured both man and beast. Before, however, the valiant knight undertook a personal conflict with this enormous eel, he consulted a noted witch in the neighbourhood. She advised him to put on a coat-of-mail, furnished on the outside with numerous razor-blades. Thus equipped, he sallied out and encountered the huge fish near a high rock on the banks of the Wear. It immediately coiled itself round him. His coat of razor-blades, however, proved more than a match for the gigantic eel, which was soon cut in pieces by the sheer exercise of its own strength. There is a sequel to the legend: the witch promised the Count of Lambton her aid only on one condition, that he should slay the first living thing he met after the conquest. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, he directed his father that as soon as he heard three blasts from his bugle in token of victory, he should release his favourite greyhound, which he would immediately sacrifice. When the bugle was heard, the old father was so overcome with joy that he entirely forgot the injunction his son had put upon him, and ran out himself and threw himself in the victor's arms. Instead of committing parricide, the heir repaired again to the old sorceress, who evinced considerable wrath at the neglect of her commands. By way of punishment, she foretold that no heir of the Lambton family should die in his bed for

seven—some accounts say nine—generations; a prediction which some local historians affirm came literally to pass.

Loke, a Scandinavian giant, and a boon companion of the god Thor, changed himself into an eel.

“ A slimy eel Loke cut through the wave,
 From the Thunderer’s vengeance his neck to save;
 The peasants for many a league could see
 How he glided and bent him so pliantly.
 He passed through the monsters and wealth of the deep,
 Saw whales a-sporting, the krakeu asleep;
 He swam straight to Norway, to Lindesness,
 There hid him awhile in the mud and the grass,
 Then, resuming his form, he sat on a rock,
 Like a peasant-boy watching a porpoise flock.”*

But the superstitions connected with eels, and the mythical and legendary stories in which they figure are innumerable; and to avoid being carried beyond our limits, we shall insert the following, and then let the subject slip through our fingers at once:—

A LYTTEL GESTE OF A GREATE EELE.

The following ballad relates to an incident mentioned in Dr. Andrew Borde’s “Merrie Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham,” published in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. The point of the jest *lies in drowning an eel*; alluding to a practice in Pevensey, one of the Cinque Ports, of giving judgment in criminal matters. “In judgments of the Crown, if a man be condemned to death, the port-reeve, as coroner, shall pronounce judg-

* From a poem by Oehlenschlager.

ment, and being seated next the steward shall say, "*Sir, withdraw and axe for a Priest,*" and if the condemned be of the franchise, he shall be taken to the town bridge at high water, and drowned in the harbour."

"In daies when Popysche governmente
Odayned agaynst our wishe,
That men sholde, durying time of Lent,
Bothe dyne and suppe of fysshe ;

"There liv'd a verie honest wight
A free-man of this porte,
Who by his neyghbours Perkyn hight
(Hys other name was Shorte).

"Now Perkyn never could awaie,
With dyet slyght and meane ;
No man on thys fatte lande, they say,
In better case was scene.

"Hys mutton, and his march-feede beefe
Hee picked unto y^e bone,
Untyl he stooode in bolde releefe
A man of twentie stone.

"A right goode Catholyke was hee,
And dylie pay'd his tythe,
From cowe, and pigge, and fowle, and bee,
From syckle and from scythe.

"But yet one item of hys creede
Went sore ageynst the wishe
Of hys confessour—Father Speede—
He colde not dyne of fysshe.

"And in y^e drearie tyme of Lente,
By commonie transgressinge
The rule—on beefe and mutton bente—
Hee loste the father's blessing.

“ Tyll by adventure on a daye,
 Whyle wyth a neyghbour faring,
 Hys heart was muche releevd, thei saye,
 By tasting a redde-herryng.

“ Had Perkyn beene a leurnyd wight,
 And knowne a bit of Greek, a
 Case more than likelie 'tis hee might
 Have cride alowde *Eureka*.

“ But since of Latine and of Greek,
 Hee noughte at alle dyd knowe,
 As soue as joic wold let hym speake
 He onlie sayd ‘*Hullowe*.’

“ ‘ Why this is somethyng like a fisse,
 A relysshe new and gustful !
 And Holie Church of this same dishe
 Wyl nevere be distrustfulle.

“ ‘ Noe more I’le fret o’er Lenten chere
 Wyth cyght or tenne of these,
 Washed down with goode Octobyr beere,
 Ile dyne and suppe with ease.’

“ Arryved at home hee told hys wyfe
 His newe discovered pleasure ;
 Hee nevyr hadde in al hys lyfe,
 Of joie so fulle a measure.

“ Says Perkyns—‘ Rodger, ryde our nagge
 To Hasting, for to chuse
 Of these same ffysh a pretie bagge,
 To breede them uppe for use.’

“ Y^e groome went foorth, and soone was backe
 (None colde have rydden faster),
 Wythe fulle three bushels in a sacke,
 And gave them to hys master.

“ ‘Judyth,’ says Perkyn to his spouse,¹
 My lovinge dame and fonde,
 We’ll eate two busshels, and we’ll put
 One busshel in oure pond.

“ ‘When Lent comes next there sure will be
 Of ffyshe a large increase,
 Enow for me, and eke for thee,
 For everie daie a messe.’

“ So from the sacke thei straightway drew
 Of heryngs all the best,
 Y^e whiche into theyr ponde they threw—
 For foode reserved the reste.”

[*Heere endyth y^e fyrst parte of the jaste of y^e Eele,
 and heere doth folowe the seconde parte of the same jaste.*]

“ Agayn is Lenten tyme come round,
 And layd aside his beefe;
 Sir Perkyn trustith from his ponde
 To drawe a goode releefe.

“ Sayes Perkyn, ‘Wife, my angles fetch,
 And eke my rodde and lynce,
 I goe some heryng for to cacche,
 Methinks they’ll prove full fyne.’

“ Unto his ponde in blythesom sort
 Doth Perkyn hie, but, marry!
 Full cold y^e weather for that sporte,
 At the end of February.

“ Sayes Perkyn, ‘’Tis a fysche that’s shie,
 And verie clowe to byte;
 So I a nette must even trye,
 And dragge the ponde outright.’

- “ So Roger, John, and Hykke, he bade
 To bryng his fysshynge nette ;
 But 'twas in vayne—with all theyr aide,
 No heryng he cold get.
- “ Sayes Perkyn, ‘ This wyl never doe ;
 I e'en thys ponde must drayne—
 Pull up the sluice ! ’ The water through
 Then foamed and dashed amayne.
- “ Eftsoones y^e ponde is drayned right
 Of water every dele ;
 But nought appears to Perkyn's sight,
 Save one greate wrygglynge eele !
- “ ‘ Marry, ’ says Perkyn, then, ‘ I wis
 My lucke is surely evyll—
 Yon villaine eele hath eate my fysshe ;
 —Beshrew thee, ravenous devyll ! ’
- “ Now Perkyn takyng uppe the theefe,
 In ireful moode did saie :—
 ‘ Thou shalt be punysshed to thy grief ;
 For thou must dye streyghtwaye ! ’
- “ ‘ Goe hange hym, maister, ’ Rodger sayd ;
 ‘ Choppe off his head, ’ quoth Hykke ;
 ‘ Naye, burne him, Syr, ’ says honest John,
 ‘ For this soc knavysh trycke ! ’
- “ Eche servaunt hadde a severall wyssche
 Roger a theefe did view hym—
 And as a traytour worthy Hykke
 Looked on him. ‘ A foule heretyke, ’
 Said John, ‘ he is to steale Lent fyschhe
 By'r Ladye—I beshrew hym. ’
- “ ‘ Peace, fooles, ’ says Perkyn, ‘ for 'tis writ,
 And in our charter founde—
 That he who murther dothe committe
 I' the haven must be drownde. ’

“ So to the bridge thei bare him faste,
To dye for that hys slawghter,
And withowte more adoe, thei cast
Y^e eele into the water !!

“ So Father Speede the worthie deede
Dyd Perkyn then reherse,
As hath beene either sunge or sayd,
In our foregoing verse.

“ ‘PAX TECUM! ’twas well done,’ quoth hee;
And now for thy releefe.
(By paying Holy Church a fee)
From fasting thou absolved shalt be
Go dine all Lent on beefe !”

“ Soe here’s an ende to Perkyn stout,
And eke to Father Speede ;
The eele hys punisshement (noe dowl)
Thought *capytalle* indcede.”

HERMIT LITERATURE.

ON THE LITERATURE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN FATHERS
OF THE DESERT, FROM THE SECOND TO THE EIGHTH
CENTURIES INCLUSIVE.

THE retirement of single individuals from the world, and their voluntary abandonment of everything like social enjoyment and comfort, forms a curious, and in some points of view an interesting feature in the early ages of Christianity. At first sight there is certainly something unnatural and fanatic in this seclusion; but a closer inquiry into the nature of religion, and the secret springs of human action, may, perhaps, lead one to avoid any rash and unqualified censure upon such voluntary expatriations from social and civil duties and enjoyments.

It must be conceded on all hands, that religion is either one of the most important things in this life, or nothing at all. There is no middle course. To those, therefore, who are fully convinced of the first part of our position, it will not appear so extravagant, should their feelings be roused, and their hopes and fears so much excited, as to induce them to give undivided attention to such an important subject; to devote the whole intellectual man to its sublime truths; and to consider no earthly sacrifice too great to endeavour to raise human nature up to its elevated scale of morality and devotion. This course of proceeding seems to have the countenance

of many general analogies in nature. Whenever an important end in the constituted order of things is to be effected, we always clearly recognize a sufficiently powerful and well-arranged apparatus for its accomplishment. And it certainly would appear a thing out of all character, were the serious and awful considerations of a future state of rewards and punishments to fall upon the human ear with all the transitory coldness and indifference attached to temporal affairs. There seems, then, to be a remarkable fitness in religion engrossing the individual attention of a part of mankind, at least, in order that they may preserve its vital principles, and impart a share of their enthusiasm, by personal devotion, to the greater and colder masses of the human family.

Most ecclesiastical writers have expressed a decided preference to monkish institutions over a life of simple and solitary seclusion and austerity. But the grounds for this preference it is somewhat difficult to see. As a general rule, the more men are divided, the more innocent and virtuous they are. In reference to individuals retiring from the world under a deep impression of religious truth, it certainly does appear a less objectionable proceeding than assembling a considerable number of persons together, where the diversity of tempers, characters, and attainments, must necessarily require a code of laws and regulations, and the strong hand of authority, to mould the mass into anything like a manageable and harmonious compound. For what is the real state of the case? A private person, perhaps a man of distinction and wealth, determines to withdraw from general society, for the sole purpose of contemplating the system of

revelation with undivided attention. He disposes, perchance, of his riches to his poorer neighbours, and builds himself a rude dwelling by the side of some solitary and rippling stream. It is questionable whether human society loses anything by such a step. There is no fear of *all* men embracing a secluded life; for Nature has planted such active and social principles in our constitution, as to preserve society from such a catastrophe as this. Religious asceticism assumes much of the same social phases as celibacy does in common life; a matter more of individual taste, than of direct interest to the welfare of a commonwealth.

It is not necessary to affirm that all the ancient religious solitaries were men of uncommon wisdom, piety, and goodness, in order to make out a reasonable plea for the liberty of occasionally withdrawing from the world. These advantages cannot be urged in defence of anything human. Undoubtedly the Fathers of the Desert were considerably below the average intellect of large monastic institutions in later times; because the very peculiar situation of the former nearly precluded the possibility of mental cultivation and communion of thought. But we know there were many of the Christian hermits of great natural talents and acquired information, and many, likewise, who had seen the world in all its varied phases, and been recipients of its highest favours, pleasures, and honours. Many of these ascetics were also persons of refined and generous feelings, with hearts susceptible of the most benevolent sympathies, and of a truly noble and heroic frame of mind.

The question as to the historical evidence for the

truth of any literary productions of the early Fathers of the Desert, will necessarily be viewed under various aspects by different denominations of Christians. It must be admitted that there cannot be the same degree of external evidence for the authenticity of the contents of works of this description, as for the biographical narratives and literary remains of all or any of those voluminous writers of the early church who took a conspicuous part in the stirring events to which the introduction and establishment of Christianity gave rise. Solitary individuals afford little inducement for notoriety or distinction. Whatever flowers of intellect blossomed here, would certainly run the risk of being doomed to "waste their sweetness in the desert air." But still this natural state of things would not altogether exclude collections of scattered records of these martyrs to solitary devotion and study. This would, to a certain extent, take place; and there is this circumstance in its favour, that there is nothing in the lives of these persons likely to give rise to fabrications as to their conduct or talents. They were placed beyond the pale of sectarian animosity and party feeling; therefore, if the narratives respecting themselves and literary labours be probable in their main features, they may fairly enough lay claim to a reasonable share of credibility and reliance.

Ruffinus, who flourished in the middle of the third century, collected memoirs of the solitaries of the desert. He went from Rome to visit those who lived in Egypt, and afterwards travelled to Jerusalem, where he resided for upwards of twenty years. The number of his biographical sketches of the Christian hermits amounted to

thirty-four. They have always been held in great repute by ecclesiastical writers. Palladus of Galatia was another chronicler of the ascetics; was himself a solitary on Mount Nitre, and flourished about the year 388. He was afterwards made bishop of a diocese in Bythinia. His biographical compilation is highly spoken of by Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, and St. John of Damascus. Sulspin Severus, a disciple of St. Martin, and a priest, was the author of the "Lives of the Hermits" in Egypt, of which there are several manuscript copies in the public libraries in Spain. Theodoret, bishop of Cyr, was the author of a similar work on the number and character of the ascetics in Syria, and the neighbouring countries. He lived in the fifth century. Pelagius, Paschal, and John Mose, an abbot, followed in the same style of biographical narrative.*

* As this subject is interesting to theological historians in particular, and is comparatively little known in this country, we shall once for all insert in this note some of the chief sources from which the materials for this paper have been obtained. We may just, however, observe, that what we here insert does not contain a twentieth part of what is written on the subject, and what still lies mouldering in the principal public libraries in France, Italy, and Spain. "Traité de la Lecture des Pères des Déserts," par de Bonaventure, Paris, 1697; "Traité de l'Emploi des SS. Pères Déserts," par Jean Daille, Genève, 1632; "Le Miroir des Religieux," par P. Dacrian, Paris, 1585, folio; "La Solitude Chrétienne," par Charl. Savreux, Paris, 1667, 3 vols; "Les Pensées de la Solitude, Chrétienne, et le Mépris du Monde," par Toussaint de Saint Luc, Paris, 1682; "On the Lives of the Saints of the Desert," Milano, 7 vols. 1554; "Les Vies des Saints Pères des Déserts," Amsterdam, 4 vols., with engravings; "Historiam Eremiticam Complectentes," Antverpiæ, 1615; "Rodolphus Hispanianus de orig. Monach," Venise; "Legends of the Saints," by Jacques de Vosagine, Nurembergh, folio,

The earliest solitary noted for his learning was St. Ephraim, a Syrian by birth, and a hermit of one of the high mountains in Arabia Felix. He had been a rhetorician of note, and is said to have written a commentary on the Book of Job, and to have been acquainted with the writings of several of the Greek philosophers. Some writers fix his death in the latter end of the second century, and others a century later. St. Malc lived in the year 301, was a native of Antioch, and one of the most profound mathematicians of his day. He devoted himself, on his retirement from the world, solely to the study of the Scriptures, and to works on natural philosophy and mathematics. A work of his on the last-named branch of knowledge is said to have been known in Europe in the eighth century, and was then used in the Arabic language. Arsenius and Apollo were both Egyptian solitaries, who led lives of great austerity, but were known in their day for their general knowledge of

1650; "Les Vies de SS. Pères," Bruxelles, 1610; "Asservazioni sulla Morale Cattolica," Venise, folio, 1604; "Les Vies des Saints Pères des Déserts," Strasburgh, folio; "Flos Sanctorum," by Petro Rebadeurira, Cologne; "Vita Sanctorum," Rome, 1520, five vols., folio; "Vita Sanctorum," 1 vol., folio, in manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the Vatican Library at Rome; "Les Institutions Monastiques, et les Collations des Pères," translated from the Latin by Jean Golein; "De los Sanctus Hermanos," Madrid, folio, 1601; "Discursos Apologeticus de los Martyres," Barcelona, 1516; "De los Martyres de Arabia," Lisbon, 1565; "Mèlanges Ascétiques," Lille, 1623; "Versos Espirituales," Cadiz, 1612; "Divina Poesia," Barcelona, 1602; "De la Vida Solitaria," Madrid; "Itinerario de la Tierra Sancta," Madrid, 1569; "Dialogas de Cosas Espirituales," Madrid, 1701; "Sanctorum Eremiticum Vita," Lisbon, 1561, folio.

polite literature. Arsenius was acquainted with many of the Roman writers, and is said to have written a commentary on Virgil, and appended many interesting notes to Pliny's "Natural History." Apollo had been originally a Roman lawyer, and was the reputed author of a work on general Jurisprudence, founded chiefly on the writings of Cicero.

Coming later down to the fourth century, we find St. Simeon, a native of Aleppo, known for his assiduous cultivation of rhetoric and poetry. He studied philosophy and literature at Alexandria, and about his thirtieth year was smitten with a life of solitude. He took up his abode on a rugged and romantic cliff on the banks of the Euphrates; where, according to some chroniclers, he lived fifty-three years, during which he had made, however, four journeys to Constantinople. The following poetical effusions are ascribed to his pen by his Spanish biographers. "The Persian," a poem composed of about one hundred and fifty lines. It describes him as an idolater, but under the influence of strong feelings of religious adoration; the poet saying—

"Virtue and gentleness of mind yield him a dream of bliss,
But undefined those feelings droop, far, far from happiness,
In sorrowful devotion wrapt, he wonders and adores.
Veil'd are his hopes—unknowing he of rich redemption's
stores.'

And then St. Simeon goes on in the piece to show how much happier he (the "Persian") would have felt himself, had he been acquainted with all the doctrines and promises of the gospel scheme of salvation.

“The Christian in the solemn hour, when harmony is flowing
Through all creation, feels his soul with holy rapture glowing :
He too, in contemplation wrapt, and reverential thought,
Worships—not blindly—his joy in perfect trust is fraught.”

Another poem we have “On the Break of Day,” which is comprised in about one hundred lines. It is very pretty in many portions of it. His verses “On the Sabbath Morning” are full of pathos and religious devotion. This effusion is short. Then follow two other pieces : the one, “The Cave on the Banks of the Jordan ;” the other, “The Cave in the Rock.” These are both beautifully descriptive of eastern landscapes, and true to nature.” “The Hermit’s Tomb” is the last in the series of his compositions. It commences thus :—

“Here rests the mystery of heart and brain,
So sensitive, so active, and so wise ;
Here the most subtle framework shall remain,
Till the loud trumpet calls it to arise.

“From every blade of grass methinks I hear
A holy whisper and a pensive sigh ;
As if the spirit hermits hover’d near
The silent valley, where he cared to die.

“The date and fig bend o’er his lowly bed,
No longer cultured by his patient hand ;
The simple food on which he daily fed,
While dwelling in this wild, but beauteous land.

* * * * *

“No bitter herb, no sullen thorn shall flourish
From the new soil, where such a relic lies ;
His flesh the purest, brightest plants shall nourish,
And yield to fairest noon their loveliest dyes.

“Whilst through the quiv’ring mimosa tree,
The silver moon shall love to shed her light;
And shining insects, in full brightness be
Watchful to cheer the transient gloom of night.”*

Another St. Simeon is mentioned, called the *learned*. He flourished about the commencement of the sixth century, was a native of Antioch, and the only child of very wealthy parents. He studied at Alexandria, and devoted himself so assiduously to his academical studies, that, before he arrived at the years of manhood, he was considered a prodigy of learning and talent. After the death of his parents, when he was in his fortieth year, he sold off all his goods, and divided the proceeds among his poorer neighbours, keeping only a small moiety of his income for cases of emergency. He then entered into a cave, on the summit of a lofty mountain, situated about one hundred miles from the place of his nativity. Here he devoted himself to religious study and contemplation. He is chiefly known for a collection of biographical notices of many of the Fathers of the Church, of whose characters he seems to have formed a very sagacious and correct estimate. These sketches are very short, but pithy. We shall furnish two or three as a specimen, taken from a Spanish translation:—

St. Cyprian.—Genius consists of three elements—quickness of perception, great industry, and a power to generalize facts and observations. It is said that Aristotle remarked, that he owed his extensive acquirements more from having a command over his mind, to keep it steadily to a given object and end, than in any natural

* “Versos Espirituales,” pp. 91—99.

superiority of intellect. And certain it is, that steady and concentrated application is essential to the accomplishment of all great undertakings. No man ever produced an immortal work by hasty and vacillating attention. And this remark may be applied with truth to minds of the highest order, and, with still more force, to feeble and dull apprehensions. Here industry and attention are everything. We daily see men of mean parts gradually, like the tortoise, gain upon the fleetest minds, in the management of public affairs, and in the government of the Church, solely by a steady, fagging, and an indomitable purpose.

These general remarks apply to St. Cyprian. He was late in his adoption of the Christian religion; and it required he should apply his time to the best use. He was indefatigable in his studies; and his friends often remarked, that he conquered every difficulty by sternness and inflexibility of purpose. Though passionately fond of oratorical displays, his speaking was often interrupted by unseemly and uncalled-for praises. His friend Cacilius often lamented this imperfection. When advantage was attempted to be taken of St. Cyprian in public discussions, on account of these defects in his rhetorical displays, he never noticed them, but kept the object he had in view steadily before him. The people of Carthage loved Cyprian as a brother. When he had to leave them, on account of the troubles which arose after he became bishop, his soul was deeply affected, and he shed tears like a child. The letters he sent to his charge during his absence are full of kindness and pastoral anxiety.

Origen was one of the most wonderful men of his

day; but he had one fault which greatly marred his worth, an unsteadiness of mind, or a too great versatility of purpose. And we often find that a single speck will considerably tarnish and deform the most valuable and brilliant objects. The lustre of the diamond is diminished by a minute spot; and the transcendent beauty of the female form neutralized by the hidden cancerous issue. And the same thing holds good in the Christian life and character. The ardour and impetuosity of great genius needs the balancing power of humble qualities to render them useful, and preserve them from committing injury where good is intended. Origen was warmly and conscientiously attached to the Gospel; but his unconquerable desire of knowing all things often led him into troubles and speculative errors. He wanted the sedative of steady contemplation, to render his talents and his active efforts fruitful to their fullest extent. Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, he must always be considered as one of the greatest teachers of the Gospel, and one of the noblest monuments of its heart-stirring truths and doctrines.

St. Gregory of Nazianzen.—The history of religion furnishes us with three kinds of characters engaged in her public services and conflicts; for it is in the religious, as in the natural world, that a variety of attainments is a necessary and wholesome ingredient; and here, as there, nature abhors monotony of colour, tone, and character. Some men are brought up in theology from the sheer accident of birth. They are predestinated from the cradle to be deacons, priests, and bishops. Then we have a second class, who are religious disciples

and partisans from temperament and constitution. These display the bias of their minds from their boyish days. They are the active and stormy spirits at school, love contentions and displays, and have a keen relish for infantile distinctions. We have a third class, different from either, and to whom the interests of religion can be more safely confided. These are persons who take an active part in religion from the mere force of circumstances, and who are constantly under the influence of an inward and powerful sense of duty. Their lives display a constant struggle between pre-established habits and the part they are called upon to act before the world. Like Cincinnatus, they leave the plough, or Marius, the farmhouse, to defend or battle for the urgent and vital interests of mankind. They often shrink from the sense of the responsibility they are under, and are only held to action by an adamant chain of duty, virtue, and nobleness of character. But, in spite of this seeming reluctance, they have souls which melt not at the stake, nor shrink from the scaffold.

St. Gregory of Nazianzen might be considered to belong to the first class of men, as his father filled the bishop's see of Nazianzen. But St. Gregory's character classes him with the third class. All his public movements were, in a great measure, forced upon him. He inwardly disliked the bustle of public life; he shrunk from popular gaze; contention chilled his soul; he loved the tranquillity of solitude, and perpetually sighed for the pleasures of study, reflection, and literature. But, in opposition to this mighty array of inward feeling, he could display the most unconquerable firmness, and the

most devoted attachment to principle. He came forth a solitary recluse, as from the bowels of the earth, and became preacher, confessor, metropolitan president of the general council, and then, when his duty was finished, he retired again to his solitary haunts, to meditate, to do penance, to be silent, to pore over books, and to write poems. He became dead to the Church, and all its great movements and interests!

Tertullian.—There is no quality among men, especially men moving publicly in religious matters, so important as truth and earnestness of purpose. Let all your movements be the genuine offspring of sincerity, and you obtain an easy access to every heart. The same principle holds good in all the works of nature and art. There must be life thrown into everything, otherwise it has no hold upon our affections. The want of it paralyzes every faculty, deadens every feeling, and cramps every energetic movement.

Tertullian was a striking example of this. He threw into everything his whole heart and soul. Sincerity and truthfulness were portrayed in every action of his life; hence all his public displays made a deep impression on his audience. There was not the most distant appearance of vanity, calculation, or ostentation; everything seemed the natural result of the most perfect simplicity and singleness of purpose.

But this admirable quality had its accompanying evils. It gave a ready currency to his errors of judgment, and induced many clever and able men to follow him in his by-paths to Christian doctrine. This it was which made the learned, brilliant, bold, quick, ingenious,

and eloquent Tertullian so all-powerful over the speculative minds of his day. In him delusion appeared without its badge, and error without its deformity.

St. Appolinaris.—I have observed in the Church that art is often strength in the beginning and weakness in the end. This rule holds good in reference to all things hollow and showy. They are like those apples which poets tell us grow by the dead sea—beautiful and enticing to look upon, but when plucked become a heap of bitter ashes. When a temporary object is to be gained, a florid audacity will often be more effectual than solid attainments. But when a long course of duty and action have to be sustained, nothing but real talent and worth can successfully maintain itself against the searching criticisms of the world.

And the same holds good in all matters of human learning, literature, and philosophy. Those poets and thinkers of antiquity are the most lastingly pleasing and instructive, who are most natural; whereas abstruse and conceited notions have nothing abiding in them. Mankind will always relish Plato and Aristotle; but many of their shining contemporaries, who fluttered before the world in crotchety sophisms and idle theories, are already deservedly forgotten.

Appolinaris was a victim to ambitious singularity. He was a bold and clever man, with great activity of temperament, and a copious flow of animal spirits. At one period of his life he singularly benefitted the Church. He was consequently caressed and flattered; and this led to his ruin. As a friend and patron, Athanasius says, he had an eloquent tongue, which seemed to carry him

off his feet, and gave him an incessant itching after notoriety of all kinds. It is quite obvious he was not sincere in his religious creed; nor, in my humble opinion, was he deeply versed in theological lore. His abilities were superficial, and he owed his elevation to the see of Laodicea to management and intrigue.

Arius.—The church has within its pale the vain and conceited, as well as the humble and diffident; those who are fond of standing at the corners of the streets, and seeking the praise of man rather than of God, as well as those whose souls are full of self-contrition, and the inward consciousness of great unworthiness. The love of notoriety has produced incalculable evils in the church. A vain man, when possessed of a certain portion of talent, is sure to fall a prey to those who soon find it their interest to flatter him. He cannot labour in harmony with others in any great object. He must always be the prominent actor, and considered the mainspring of the movement. It is necessary to coax and humour him like a child, or he diverges from his course in a moment. Passion is his guide, instead of principle. Self is ever uppermost in his imagination; it is only here he can see real perfection.

Now Arius was precisely a man of this sort. He had an average share of learning, a showy eloquence, and no small portion of tact; but, then, he was for ever fishing in the troubled waters of notoriety. It seemed to be the food on which his soul lived. There was an outside display of candour and disinterestedness, but it was only skin deep. When you touched his pride, you detected the crimson flush of offended dignity rush into his

cheeks. During the discussions of the Council of Nice, he gave numerous indications of his grovelling propensity for popular distinction.

These are fair specimens of the sketches of character written by St. Simeon the learned; and all must admit that they display great shrewdness and ability. The number of these portraits amounts to above thirty, and they all manifest the same learning, accurate observation, and graphic talent.

Now we come to notice Peter the Anchorite, born in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea, about the year 450. After receiving a good education, he went into Syria, and commenced merchant, but only followed this mode of life for three years. He then turned his attention to religion and general study, went into a solitary hut, and employed his leisure in pious contemplations and literary pursuits. His thoughts are given in the form of "Letters," and among the number of these we may notice four: "On Decorations of Churches;" "On the Fathers of the Church;" "On Religious Authority;" and "On Human Wisdom." There is great good sense displayed in these epistles. Take, for example, a single paragraph from the "Decoration of Churches," and neither Luther nor Calvin could have more rigorously applied the pruning-knife to the over-wrought and gorgeous embellishments of the Roman Church. "And, my dear friend," says this solitary, "have we not the most unerring guide in this matter? Can it be possible for us to mistake this subject? Have we not the church of the apostles to direct us? And pray, what was that church? Did ostentatious ornaments form an essential part of it? By

no means. The apostles' church was a church of heavenly graces and heavenly influences—not of splendid temples and costly altars. Spirituality was the essence of this church; it was its life and soul. Is not this intended for a lesson to us? Ought we not rather to aim at making our churches like those of the apostles than to aim at heathen decoration and tinselled flummery? For my own part, if the matter depended upon my own will, I would most certainly prefer being in communion with a church which had nothing to boast of but its spiritual guides, than one where all was tinsel, and worldly pomp, and splendour. The one brings you much nearer heaven than the other.”

Alonza de Vega is another star in ascetic literature. He was a Spanish recluse, and his adventures and learning are largely dwelt upon in Spanish chronicles. He flourished in the latter section of the sixth century; and at an early age he travelled through a great portion of the north of Africa, and displayed remarkable zeal and energy in propagating the Gospel in several districts in this part of the globe. He wrote a treatise “On Mathematics,” a work “On the Nature of Unbelief,” and another “On the Immortality of the Soul, and Eternal Punishments.” These several works display a philosophic mind of a high order.*

St. Isidorus flourished about the year 750. Some chroniclers make him a native of Syria, and some of Spain. He was an only son of a military officer of note, who took an especial interest in his early education. After studying at some of the most distinguished univer-

* “Los Padres,” vol i., p. 200. Madrid, 1610.

sities of the age, he was appointed to a public office of great responsibility, which he retained till his forty-fifth year, when a sudden change came over his mind. He was smitten with a love of seclusion, sold off all his goods, and betook himself to some wild cave in the most mountainous district in Andalusia. He is now chiefly known for a "Journal" he wrote on his travels in the Holy Land. This is an extremely interesting production in itself, as well as in the light of an instrument in the hands of the modern historian, to enable him to give some rational account of that universal excitement which took possession of the European mind, and which gave birth to these extraordinary movements—the Crusades in the East. We see, in the language of Isidorus, what were the prevailing sentiments among Christians, as to the sanctity of this part of the world, and how deeply seated were their hatred and detestation at its desecration by infidel invaders and conquerors. The writer says, in the "Journal," "I had, during my whole life, a lively and ardent desire to see the Holy Land—the place of our Saviour's birth, life, sufferings, and death. This desire, as it increased in years, became every day more vehement and uncontrollable, until at length I felt it my duty to yield compliance with it. As a secondary object, I wished to see some of those eminent and pious persons who have dedicated themselves to God in a life of austerity and humiliation, and who have for so long a period filled the East with their fame."

The author then goes on to state that he visited many districts on the Lower and Upper Nile, where he conversed with several learned men then well known for

their literary and theological writings. At length he found his way to Jerusalem. Hear what he says on this point: "I shall never forget my first sensations on obtaining a glimpse of the Holy Land. I fell down upon my face; I felt an inward thrill of sublimity run through every part of my body, and conceived I was now certainly in the presence of Jehovah himself. I remained in this torpid state for several minutes, so that my guides were apprehensive I was dead. When I recovered from the tumult of my feelings, I felt a sweet and tranquil joy, that, through the mercies of God, I had been able to see with my own bodily eyes that which my mind had dwelt upon from the earliest days of my childhood. Yes, I had now seen the Holy Land, that blessed spot of God's creation, so fruitful of wonders and happiness to the human race. I was now treading upon that very ground where, perhaps, my Saviour, or some of his own chosen disciples, had trodden before, when effecting the sublime work of man's salvation! How engrossing the thought! how interesting the retrospect of such mighty events! As I trod over the ground, every stone, every twig, every tree, in fact, everything which presented itself to my senses, possessed an unusual charm and interest, which I had never before experienced from anything earthly. Even the barren rocks and frightful deserts had their charms, and recalled to my mind many of the leading events in the history of the Jewish people, the chosen of the Almighty. I thought of the Garden of Eden, of man's creation, his fall, and expulsion from it; of the deluge, of the giving of the ten commandments, and of all the marvellous things which are contained in

the Old Testament. My soul was filled with holy joy and awe, and pious resolutions were formed to devote the remainder of my life to the contemplation of these mysterious but interesting themes.

“As I proceeded on towards the city of Jerusalem, my feelings became more moderate, and my curiosity less restless and excited. But, when I obtained the first glimpse of the hallowed place, all my old sensations revived, and I stood and gazed, almost deprived of utterance. My guides, who could not enter into my emotions, were surprised at my demeanour, and thought there must be something odd about me. But I could not check the violent and intense rush of my feelings, and of the recollection of the multitude of interesting events of which this notable city had been the theatre.”

Isidorus then goes on to describe the city, which he does with great judgment and feeling. His description does not differ materially from what is given by modern travellers. He says: “I approached the sacred city by way of Hebron, and the distant view I had of it from this point of inspection was grand and imposing. Nothing in this sublunary world ever afforded me such pure and ravishing delight. As I drew near to the gates of the city, I fell down on my knees, and fervently offered up my sincere and hearty thanks to heaven for my safe protection hitherto, and for the gratification of all my desires. Now I thought I could die in peace. I had no earthly object, in the way of curiosity or ambition, to gratify. This was the consummation of all my desires, and more I could not hope for, nor wish.”

We find, however, Isidorus giving vent to his wrath

and mortification that this holy ground was then, as now, in the possession of a race of men who despised the Christian name and ordinances. Here we recognize that inward rancour of the heart—felt with great intensity—that was, a few centuries afterwards, to give rise to one of the most singular and gigantic movements among nations of which there is any record in the history of the human family. He says: “I speak of my joy in visiting the Holy City; but I speak with a mournful reserve, when I consider who are now the rulers of this country—the enemies of our faith, and our bitterest persecutors. But such is the fact. My heart bleeds when I think of the conquests of these infidel men, and the subsequent severities which they have exercised over the scene of the most wonderful event the world ever witnessed. But repining is useless; and I feel assured that future ages will revenge themselves upon these cruel intruders into holy and sanctified ground.”

Isidorus was the author of a “History of Judea,” but which was carried no further down than to the entire overthrow of the Jewish monarchy. He was likewise the author of a work “On the Value of Church Worship,” which contains many fine passages. His several productions must have been pretty well known in the earlier section of the middle ages, for we find that Peter the Hermit, the great oratorical instrument in the organization of the first European crusade, when addressing one of his crowded audiences in Paris, the French monarch and many of his courtiers and generals being present, the preacher quoted a passage from the “Journal” of Isidorus on the Holy Land, which told so powerfully on

the feelings of the audience, that they rose up as one man, and interrupted the impassioned orator by loud acclamations in favour of his grand scheme of eastern invasion.*

St. Benoin was a native of Phrygia, and studied at Alexandria, where he greatly distinguished himself by his philosophical studies. He afterwards practised as a lawyer, but falling in with the writings of St. Gregory of Nazianzen and St. Basil, he felt deeply enamoured with a solitary life, and betook himself to the desert, where he lived to a green old age. His chief work is one "On Grace and Predestination." It enters very fully into the question, both in a historical aspect, and in discussing the leading points which connect themselves to the main branches of the entire argument. The origin of sin, the extent of human freedom, the supremacy of the divine decrees, are all handled much in the same fashion as modern treatises on this long-contested and still yet unsettled controversy. The treatise of this solitary still, as far as we know, remains in manuscript in the library of the Vatican at Rome.

St. Clement of Damascus is another ascetic writer of note. He was born of noble parents, but the place of his birth is unknown. He was educated at Alexandria, and his first book was one "On Rhetoric." It follows the common methods laid down in almost all the ancient works on this branch of human knowledge. There is little that can be considered original in it. There is a copy of the work in manuscript in the Royal Library at Paris. Another treatise of his is known in Spain, called "The Mysteries of Religion." It is divided into the

* De Bury's "Histoire des Croisades," pp. 35—48. Paris.

following heads:—"The Incarnation; the Birth of Christ; his Circumcision; the Adoration of the Magi; the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple; his Transfiguration; his Entry into Jerusalem; his Passion; his Resurrection; his Ascension; the Feast of Pentecost; the Sacrament; and the Mysteries of the Trinity." These separate topics are all treated with considerable ability. We shall just give a single passage from the essay on the Trinity, to show the manner in which this hermit treats his subjects: "The express and pointed belief in the mystery of the Trinity is one of those remarkable doctrines which separate the Christian system from Judaism and Paganism. In believing in the unity of the divine nature, we separate ourselves from the Gentile nations who multiplied the divinity to infinity; and in recognizing the Trinity of its persons, we are distinguished from the Jews, who were ignorant of this great doctrine. We ought to believe what our Lord has invariably told us respecting the Trinity; we should receive it as authorized by all the indubitable signs by which God gives validity and power to his Word. This belief has been confirmed by the universal consent of all the orthodox of the Church since its foundation; sustained by an innumerable host of writers and martyrs, by victorious combats where it has triumphed over the Arians, Manicheans, Sabellians, Macedonians, and a multitude of other insignificant sects of heretics."

St. Clement lived to the age of one hundred and six. He dwelt in the wilderness, in a humble mud hut, for seventy years. At his death, a small but choice library of books was found in his rude dwelling, composed for the

most part of short treatises on the several doctrines of religion.

Pelagius was a hermit of Syria, of great learning and reputation in his day, and was born about the year 750. He came into Spain, and held one of the public offices in the government of this country till he was in the fifty-third year of his age. He took a sudden resolve to go into retirement, and sought out one of the most barren and desolate places in the country, where he hewed out a cave in a rock for his habitation. He lived to the age of eighty-two. His literary remains are known under the head of "Fragments," embracing his reflections on a variety of subjects. There is a long essay on "Matters Relating to Knowledge in General, and on Reasoning." This is the longest dissertation in his work. He divides the human mind into two principal departments: the *judgment*, and the *memory*. The various kinds of knowledge he classifies under two divisions: vulgar or ordinary knowledge, and abstract and philosophic knowledge. The first is that which we wholly acquire by the bodily senses, and is *the foundation of all other knowledge*; for we must know a thing is so and so, before we can offer a reason for it. Philosophic knowledge does not depend so exclusively on the senses, but derives much of its character from right reason. But there are some parts of learning which cannot be called philosophy, because they do not depend upon right reason, as we commonly think of it; such as *mathematical arts* and *theology*, because the latter is dependent on revelation.

Pelagius says: "The idea we have of immaterial things comes from the inward man; that is, by reflecting

on what passes in the human mind. Hence some reasoners are wrong in saying we have our ideas of spiritual things from material things, as the passions of hope and fear, joy, anger, etc. These never could be acquired from the sole agency of material things. Thus, suppose a man void of any of the passions, as for example, anger. He could never form an idea of it from merely seeing a man in a rage, with his countenance changed in a certain manner, and his body under the influence of violent gesticulation. That which would give him an idea of it is, by reflecting on what passed in his own mind when affected with this passion. Until he feel it himself he can never have a just idea of it. After the mind is furnished with a considerable number of ideas, the first thing it does is to compare them with one another, and to see the differences and inequalities among them."

The modern metaphysician will readily see that there are some principles enunciated in those statements which have long been, and still are, topics of eager discussion in most of the philosophical schools of Europe. It is somewhat remarkable that Pelagius should have clearly perceived that mathematical evidence was a thing *per se*, and did not come within the same sphere of proof or illustration as other branches of knowledge. He does not, however, prosecute this inquiry, but simply contents himself with a statement of the broad principle of distinction.

He has a long dissertation, in this book of "Fragments," on the mode of investigating truth, and communicating it to others. The human understanding he divides into the *judgment* and the *will*. There are certain leading ideas in the mind, which Pelagius conceives, with

Plato, were stamped or imprinted on the mind of man from its formation by the divine hand. Judgment is the comparing two ideas with each other; and then there are subordinary powers, as *Compounding*, *Discerning*, *Recalling*, and *Retaining*. Altogether, this work is a very curious specimen of philosophizing; and did our limits permit, we could readily point out in it the germs of many famous topics of discussion, which made a conspicuous figure in the subsequent ages of scholastic learning and disputation.

There is another small treatise by this hermit, entitled, "On the Thinking Principle of Animals." We shall just give two short paragraphs from it:—

"There were two philosophers who made no small noise in Arabia, about fifty years ago, who maintained that animals were susceptible of sensations from external objects, and, consequently, that they had a *sensitive soul*, but were deprived of a *perceptive one*, whereby they were prevented from reflecting upon their own inward sensations, and from comparing two or more ideas together.

"I have often perused with pleasure and amusement the treatise on this subject composed by the good Bishop Nemesius of Emesa, who was a decided advocate for giving certain animals credit for a great share of artifice and prudent calculation. He cited a variety of instances, which had come under his own personal observation, wherein great wisdom and forethought were manifested in the animal nature. But it must be allowed on all hands, that there is something pre-eminent about man over all classes of the living creation."*

* "Traité de SS. Pères des Déserts," vol. i. Geneva, 1632.

St. Ammon of Arabia was a Christian hermit, who was originally a man of rank and wealth, and who travelled in the latter part of the eighth century through France, Spain, and Italy. At the age of forty-eight, he betook himself to a solitary part of Arabia Felix, where he built himself a hut, and observed the most austere rules of discipline. He was often visited by groups of Christian pilgrims, who were delighted with the courteousness of his demeanour, and the erudition of his conversation. He has left a biographical sketch of his life and travels, from which it appears that he had been led to dip into the writings of Celsus and Porphyry, and that the orthodoxy of his creed had been considerably damaged by this step. He describes the progress of his own doubts with great feeling; but he seems to have come out of this contest unscathed and harmless. His declarations on this point are, however, very curious. He says, "No one can more firmly believe in all the doctrines and mysteries of the Church than I do at the present moment; but then it is a belief bolstered up and supported by an immense framework of discussion and argumentation. It does not sit easily on my mind, like unto my former and first belief. I live, as it were, like a soldier in a foreign and hostile land, where I have always to be prepared for conflicts, and can never anticipate from what quarter opposition may spring. I am like a monarch, surrounded on all sides with insidious foes, and having an extended territorial line to defend."

This solitary is chiefly known for a poem on the "Burning of the Alexandrian Library." There are translations of it in Spanish. It commences by de-

scribing the death-like stillness which prevailed ere the fire was discovered; its progress from one part of the building to another, and the general consternation which seized all classes of the people of Alexandria, when they saw that the entire stock of books and manuscripts was doomed to be for ever lost. We shall make an effort to give the sense of the author, in two or three quotations from this singular production:—

Alas! what mental treasures perish'd there,
 And shone their last in that destroying glare!
 Beneath yon ashes Philo's laurels lie,
 And works immortal deem'd for ever die.
 The surging waves of that remorseless fire,
 Pile o'er man's noblest toils their funeral pyre.
 From hall to hall the insatiate fury flies,
 Now climbs the roof, and now the walls defies;
 Runs up the battlements of yon tall tower;
 And flouts the trophies of Egyptian power;
 Darts in fierce triumph on each temple's pride,
 And showers with mad delight perdition wide;
 Flares in grim rapture o'er the sacred dome,
 Where mild-eyed science built her favourite home;
 And on those groves its direst vengeance flung,
 Where sages mused and long-lost poets sung.

In another paragraph of the poem, the fancy of the writer carries him back to the many distinguished men who had obtained their education at this university, and had consulted the literary treasures the library contained, and which were now consumed by the devouring elements:—

Oh! sacred pile! oh philosophic porch!
 Where ancient learning burnt her steadiest torch,
 Here did the Christian Church her children rear,
 And train'd their spirits for their work of fear,

And wisely taught her sons the sword to wield,
 Which human wisdom to their grasp must yield.
 Here did the martyr Justin yearn in youth
 To drink deep draughts from streams of holiest truth.
 Here did the bright-soul'd Origen assay
 His mental weapons for a sterner day.
 The bold Tertullian, he of soul sublime,
 Fierce as his race, and fiery as his clime,
 Here steep'd his boyish heart in musings sweet,
 And felt the influence of the Paraelete ;
 Began his high career of fame and pride,
 And bound his spirit to the crucified.
 Here, too, the faith unfurl'd its standard high,
 Against the banded ranks of heresy ;
 Here Athanasius did the Church reform,
 And stem the torrent wide of Ariau storm.

* * * * *

At length 'tis done. The dying embers red
 On many a rood of smoking ruin spread ;
 But choked and dimm'd beneath these ruins lie
 Old Egypt's learning, wisdom, mystery.
 There lie the fragments of her noblest fame—
 There lie the ashes of her ancient name ;
 Quench'd in that fell volcano's smothering shower,
 There lies her wealth—there lies her pride—her power.

The last lines of the poetic effusion are of a denunciatory and prophetic character :—

Oh! dire fanatic! if thy impious hand
 Hurl'd, amidst these sacred fanes, the accursed brand ;
 If from thy lips the reckless mandate came
 That wrapt these temples in a sea of flame ;
 If from some wild desire the faith to drown
 Of HIM whose hand must strike the crescent down,
 Thou wrought'st this hideous deed, then well repaid
 The sacrilegious scheme thy malice laid.

Behold the Moslem, sunk and trampled now,
The wreath of conquest torn from off his brow ;
His fame, his wealth, his influence waning fast,
And all but baffled pride for ever past ;
Whilst his high Sultan, famed Byzantium's lord,
Quails 'neath the frown of some barbarian horde !
And thou, too, Omar, mark thy destiny !
Yon stern avenger will not let thee die ;
But stamps on Time's broad page thine odious name,
And bids thee live embalm'd in lasting shame !*

We must now hasten to a close. We have given this very short sketch of the Literature of the early Christian Hermits of the East for two reasons. First, the subject is new, in this country at least. There have been scattered notices on the matter in a few foreign publications, but no regular dissertations that have come under our observation. Secondly, we are convinced that historians and ecclesiastical writers will find many valuable and curious materials in this hitherto partially worked quarry of ancient thought and contemplation. We have ourselves only ventured a little within the threshold of this sanctuary ; but we have seen enough to assure us that much is hidden which would well repay the labour and toil of exhumation.

* "Los Pedros del Desierto," vol ii., Art. Pelagius. Madrid.

NOTES OF AN ANTIQUARY ON THE SYMBOLICAL REPRESENTATION OF FISH.

ANTIQUARIES make the fish the symbol of Jesus Christ. A fish is sculptured on a number of Christian monuments, and more particularly on the ancient sarcophagi. It is either single, or attended by other attributes, and is placed beneath funeral inscriptions. It is seen likewise upon medals bearing the effigy of our Saviour, and upon engraved stones and intaglios. The fish is also to be remarked upon the amulets worn suspended from the necks of children, and upon ancient glasses and sepulchral lamps. Montfauçon mentions a mosaic in the cathedral of Ravenna, in which the fish is introduced as symbolic of Christians. M. le Marquis Fortia d'Urban is in possession of a white chalcedon, on the base of the cone of which there is a figure of our Saviour, with the name $\text{XPIC}^{\text{H}}\text{TO}^{\text{Y}}$, and the image of a fish. This belongs to the period of Alexander Severus.* There are likewise eight Christian monuments mentioned by M. de Belloc, on which fish are depicted; two cornelians, two engraved stones used as seals, one gold ring, an amethyst, and a sardonyx. Besides these he has given us a sepulchral lamp, representing fishes, dolphins, and a man fishing with a line.†

* Rochette, "Types de Christianisme," p. 21.

† "La Vierge au Poisson de Raphael." Lyon, 1833.

A sketch of the Good Shepherd, taken from the monuments of the catacombs, contains seven fishes ranged in a circle. The fish and the Greek cross are also seen filling up branches of foliage, painted on the walls of a Christian "hypogée" (subterranean tomb or crypt), situated near Aphrodisias in Africa.*

Baptismal fonts are more particularly ornamented with fish. Thus at Gemona in Frioul, and Pirano in Istria, are two large baptismal urns, bearing fish.†

In a village church near Beigetad, in Denmark, around a baptistery, are three fishes, intertwined in the form of a triangle. France contains many similar examples. The fish is distinctly depicted on the baptismal font at Boulogne-sur-Mer; and so, likewise, on that of St. Jacques at Compiègne. In Saint Germain-des-Près, at the entrance where the baptismal font is placed, a male and female siren are seen, with fishes in their arms, while other fish play beneath the waters which undulate around those fantastic personages. Fishes are likewise seen in other parts of French churches besides the baptisteries. In the nave of St. Caprais-d'Agen, three fishes are represented. A fish is also sculptured on a statue in the cemetery of St. Jean, department of la Nièvre.‡

In painted or sculptured monuments, representing the Lord's Supper, the fish figures among the meats. On the gates of the parish church of Nantua, the second apostle, standing on the left-hand of Christ, carries a fish, accurately defined. In manuscripts with miniatures,

* "Voyage dans la Marmorique et la Cyrénaïque." † Belloc.

‡ "Bulletin des Arts," etc., 1840—41.

on painted glass and enamels of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the fish is constantly exhibited, placed upon a dish in the middle of the sacramental table.*

Before the time of Constantine, the texts name the IXΘΥΣ, which remained unchanged during the whole period of persecution. It was considered a literary metaphor or Christian token. St. Clement of Alexandria says: "Let the dove and the fish remain as signs unto you." Tertullian adds: "We are like fishes in Christ, our great Fish; for we are born in water, and can only be saved by continuing therein." There was a mysterious import connected with this sign. About the middle of the fourth century, Optatus, Bishop of Miliesia, in Africa, declared that "the single name of fish, according to the Greek denomination, contained in the letters composing it, a host of sacred names; IXΘΥΣ gives in the Latin, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour."† In fact, by taking each letter of IXΘΥΣ, for the initial of a Greek word, we make "Ιησους Χριστους Θεου Υιου Σωτηρ." From this time forward, oriental subtilty, always prepared for a *jeu-de-mots* of that description, repeated almost to satiety, religious similitudes from waves and navigation, from the seas and their inhabitants. Funeral inscriptions were preceded and accompanied by the IXΘΥΣ. Our Saviour was not only compared to the fish, which gives itself to be eaten, but also to the fisherman by whom the fish is taken, even as Christ takes souls in the net of love.

Thus Julius Africanus calls Jesus Christ the great fish taken by the fish-hook of God, and whose flesh

* Latin MSS. Biblioth. Royale. † Opera.

nourishes the whole universe. St. Prosper of Aquitaine says: "The Saviour, the Son of God, is a fish prepared in his passion, and by the entrails we are constantly and daily nourished and enlightened." St. Augustine exclaims, "ΙΧΘΥΣ is the mystical name of Christ, because he descended alive into the depths of this mortal life, as into the abyss of waters." Again he says: "Christ is the fish which young Tobias took living from the stream, whose heart (liver), consumed by passion, put the demon to flight, and restored sight to the blind." The name of "piscina" given to the baptismal font, of which the water, the atmosphere of fishes, purifies us from all sin, and becomes the means of salvation, is derived from the fish, symbolizing Him by whom we are nourished, healed, and redeemed.*

On the other hand, Jesus was called "fisher of men," as he had himself given a similar appellation to St. Peter. St. Gregory of Nazianzen says that Jesus, the fisherman, descended into the stormy abyss of this world in order to draw men from it like fishes, and carry them up into heaven. M. Robert informs us that on one of the sarcophagi in the Vatican, described by Bottari, Jesus is represented standing on the shore, a line in his hand, and a crowd of little aquatic beings nibbling at the bait. An engraving taken from a cornelian, and published by the Abbe Vallarsi, at Verona, represents a young fisherman, holding a little fish on his hook; against the fish is the word ΙΧΘΥΣ. But the most complete existing monument of this description, is furnished by a miniature in the manuscript of Herrade.

* "Optatus Epis., Milevitanus."

God the Father is there represented holding in his hand a line, which he casts into the abyss of ocean. The line itself is formed of the busts of patriarchs, prophets, and kings, enchained the one with the other, from Adam, who is nearest God, down to David, who is next to the hook; the bait, in fact, is no other than Jesus the Saviour, attached to the cross.*

Jesus descends into the abyss, seeking Leviathan, who bites the cross, by which he is to perish, while Christians cling to it as the means of their salvation. The imagination of artists and poets, sculptors and Fathers of the Church, painters and preachers, have never ceased to draw from this theme thousands of comparisons, metaphors, and allegories. To the Fathers already mentioned we may add St. Jerome, Origen, Bede, St. Ambrose, St. Eucharius, and others besides, all of whom have made many direct allusions to fish and fishers.

Fish are represented in Greek mosaics, and in frescoes, swimming in the open sea, and which are to come at the Last Judgment, to restore the human limbs they have devoured. One brings an arm, another a leg; this dolphin a man's head, that whale a woman's bust.† Fishes are likewise depicted gliding in the waters of Jordan at the moment of our Saviour's baptism. They are represented in the Red Sea, when the Hebrews passed through it.

* "Université Catholique," vol 6.

† This singular and highly animated subject is represented in paintings where the Last Judgment is somewhat minutely detailed. It is particularly complete at Salamis, and the monastery of Vato-pédi on Mount Athos.—*Manuscript of Herrade.*

A funeral urn, in Notre Dame de Grotta-Feratta, has a representation of two young boys, both naked, and sitting upon rocks, from the top of which they are fishing with a line. Each has caught a little fish. Below in the sea, are large fishes, swimming, and other fishes adorn the cover of the urn. This urn is engraved in Montfautçon's work. A crystal urn, in the form of a fish, was found near Tongres in 1698; it bears the following inscription: *Politicus Albinæ Karissianæ suc.* Bosio gives an engraving of an ancient Christian sarcophagus, on which a man fishing with a rod and line is represented. Belloc gives a representation of an engraved cornelian upon which is a fisherman holding a basket in one hand, and in the other a line, from which a little fish is suspended; the word IXΘΥΣ is written near the fish.*

* "Rom. Sottère."

JOHN PATERSON'S MARE.

ANNALS OF SPORTING: BEING A FAITHFUL PICTURE OF
SOME OF THE LEADING INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH
PERIODICAL LITERATURE IN GREAT BRITAIN IN THE
EARLY PORTION OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

“ John Paterson's mare,
She canna be here,
We neither ha'e stable nor hay for her ;
Whip her out ! turn her out !
Sax shillings in a clout !
O'er the kirk-stile and away wi' her !”

OLD SONG.

THIS is a very old song and tune, and alike well known in both Scotland and England : in the latter it is entitled the “ Horseman's Sport. The circumstances that gave rise to it are minutely described by Anthony Hoole in his History of the North Riding of Yorkshire, and are so comic and whimsical, that I have been induced to take down the substance of them in a language somewhat intelligible to modern readers, with as few encroachments as possible on the simple original.

The dale of Dunabbey was, it seems, Mr. Hoole's native place, and he delights to dwell on the transactions of that, even to its most trivial concerns. It was, he says, “ the most fertile, thriving, and happy vale, of all

that large division of the country, until rent and disturbed by the jealousies and quarrels of some of its inhabitants; and after anger and heart-burnings about such a matter as that which followeth, who shall say unto himself I shall have peace? Verily strife may be said to arise out of the ground, or to be drawn in by the nostrils of men, as they inhale the air that is mixed with fire."

It appears, from Hoole's narrative, that the principal or head tenant of this vale was one John Paterson, who had for a long period of years maintained his superiority, and even at the time that Hoole wrote, was still contriving to bear up a considerable importance, though rather with a struggle, and not at all with the same good grace as in former days. John came to that valley from the north, a young adventurer, without either money or credit, but determined to push his way right or wrong; to such a man it is not every trifle that will be a bar. He found means to connect himself by marriage to a respectable old farmer, who being a kind and a good man, wisely judged that it was better for him to support and countenance the young hero than to do the contrary, and from that time forward John throve and flourished every day. He took a farm of his own, and succeeded to an amazing degree; for speculation that ruins many a farmer, with him seldom ever misgave. He grew very rich, and exceeding fat; yea, so plump and sleek did he become in appearance, that he was nicknamed "the Bishop;" for, what is very uncommon with us, Mr. Hoole assures us that every individual of that district, man and woman, has some by-name.

Notwithstanding John's origin, he had the manners of

a gentleman. His address was good, plausible, and obsequious to his superiors; but to those that were below him, supercilious and intolerant in no ordinary degree. He lent small sums of money to all his neighbour farmers, gave them good dinners occasionally, and kept open house on Sundays, by which means he kept them entirely at his steps; they cajoled and commended him, and bore all the caprices of his temper without repining, and things went on very well.

Among the rest there was one of whom he made a mere footstool, or rather a scraper for his shoes. He occupied a mill and a small farm on the other side of the water, immediately opposite to Bishop Paterson's door, and as he behoved of course to have some by-name like the rest, they denominated him Sleek Cobby, that being a familiar appellation for Colbert, which was his true Christian name. Hoole thinks that the reason why they gave him that title, was because of his soft luxuriant appearance, for he was fully as fat and sleek as John himself, and so like were they one another, that strangers mistook them often for brothers.

He fell greatly short of the Bishop, however, in shrewdness, for he was lazy and inactive, and except it were selling meal and bran by the peck, he could never be induced to transact any business unless the Bishop urged him to it, or managed it for him. His chief delight was in flirting with the girls that came about the mill to sift the flour, or purchase small morsels of meal and barley; and it was insinuated through all the parish that many of them made errands there for mere shams and trifles, pretending to look at his samples, perhaps, or

learn the news about the markets, but really on purpose to get a gallant with the amorous miller. "He fawned and fiddled about them," says Anthony Hoole, with the greatest simplicity, "as turtle doves do with their mates and associates, and although he did teaze many of them not a little, yet were they patient, as they knew there was not any danger abiding in the man."

It appeareth, also, from Hoole's narrative, that Cobby was accustomed to go to every house in the parish at which a dinner was provided, where he ate well of the best things at table, and drank incredible quantities of the farmers' October beer. After which, as the only return in his power, he sang them fine songs until he sometimes put them all into a delicious sleep; for Cobby did not keep any house of his own that anybody knew of, it being supposed that he slept in some wretched hovel in the village behind the mill.

A mill conducted in this way, it may well be supposed, could not be very lucrative. Of course, when the rent day came, our gay and careless miller had often to apply to his neighbour the Bishop, in order to enable him to meet my lord's steward properly provided. John did not fail to tell him to his face, how soulless and insignificant a being he deemed him, yet seldom or never sent him away without his errand. And, besides, John was often obliged to Cobby; for whenever the farmer had company whom he wished to amuse, he sent for the miller, who came joyfully and sang songs to them, and helped them out with their beer. Indeed, it was thought that if he had been disinclined to come, which he was not, he durst not have refused. This man, with many

other farmers of still a meaner cast, being so entirely in John's power, led to the disagreeable circumstances formerly alluded to, which shall be explained anon.

John kept two riding horses, a stout half-bred pony, and an excellent blood mare.* Where is the man that ever ventured a guinea on the turf who has not heard tell of John Paterson's mare?

The pony was managed, kept, and ridden by one Murphy, an Irishman; but the groom and rider of the bred mare was the celebrated jockey Nardi, an Italian originally, as was supposed, and a perfect devil incarnate for frolic and mischief. He was nicknamed Beau Nardi† by the maids in Dunabbey, by which name he was afterwards generally known on all the race grounds in Britain. He was the most expert groom that ever was known, and was judged superior even to the celebrated Sam, who performed such wonders on the beast Savage. Sam had, perhaps, more science in horsemanship, at least Hoole thinks so, but he was not half so expert and amusing in his feats as Beau Nardi. It was by his advice that John purchased the blue mare when she was a foal, when he engaged at the same time to break her thoroughly, to feed, manage, and ride her, as long as she remained on the turf. He entered, also, into an engagement with five different purveyors, to provide him with various kinds of food; a smith, a harness-maker, and several understrappers;‡ but the chief of them all were Frank the tinker, Blind Jock, and Whistling Harry, and each of

* "Constable's Magazine and Edinburgh Review." † Jeffrey.

‡ Francis Horner, Lord Brougham, etc.

these was bound to give her an airing whenever Beau Nardi listed. No sooner had he and John Paterson's mare appeared on the turf than they carried all before them, and won immense quantities of plate to the Bishop, of which the groom was a sharer to a considerable amount. He suffered her only to run four courses in the year; and, if the stakes did not run very high, no more than three. Yet the amusement that was afforded to the thousands that assembled to see her was incalculable, for it was not only the race that delighted them, but the feats and frolics of Beau Nardi, and she, as cantering jocundly about the race ground. It was for these mischievous feats that the two became so famous, as the like of them had never before been attempted by any jockey under the sun; and if all be true that Anthony Hoole relates of them, it is a wonder how the country suffered them so long.

It would be endless to recount all that Hoole mentions of these freaks, for he enumerates upwards of a thousand; a great number of which resemble one another so much, as to take away from the variety that one expects in a detail of comic exploits. I shall only mention a few of which he says he was an eye witness. But before proceeding to these, it may be necessary to state, that this Nardi was at bottom said to be a real good-natured honest fellow; and, what can seldom be said of such as belong to that class, he was strictly virtuous; so much so that his probity was never called in question, nor durst any man offer him a bribe for fear of being exposed. He had, however, some strange whimsies and peculiarities of temper, for which it was not easy to

account in one like him. For instance, he hated all pretensions to greatness, and every kind of superiority assumed by one man, or class of men over others, which is a thing as natural as that pounds should stand before shillings and pence. Yet all the while there was not a more assuming man on earth than he. No matter for that; whenever our Beau beheld any such grouping together, or overheard any of their assumptive chat down he came on them with his mare like a fiery dragon, riding over some of them, and scattering others, who were glad to shift for themselves, to the great amusement of the mob. Even the king and some of his sons, he says, have been known to make all the unwieldy haste that they could out of his way, and though solely bespattered with mud from the hoofs of the fierce animal, held their peace, and made no observations on the circumstance, for fear of getting worse treatment next time.

There was one day, says Anthony Hoole, that I saw him ride over the top of a Scotch baronet, whom he wounded so sore and so grievously that some of his friends were obliged to carry him home in a blanket. At another time, perceiving some Irish lawyers, who were making a great blustering and noise with their betting on the course, and suspecting that there was great deficiency of the requisite sterling material with them, he rode them down at once, and left them howling and complaining most bitterly, without ever deigning to look over his shoulder. One market day, likewise, on going down to the village, he perceived a very interesting Scotch girl,* who, having raised a simple platform in a corner of the

* Miss Johanna Baillie.

street, was essaying by gestures to exhibit some of the violent passions by which men are at times agitated. Beau Nardi took some prejudice at her, nobody knew for what, for the girl was perfectly modest and unassuming. But whenever he came within view of her, and saw the crowds of admirers that were standing around witnessing her representations, he put the spurs to his mare, and set off at a light canter. When the people looked around and saw that it was John Paterson's mare that was coming on them they betook them to their heels, some one way and some another, and not a man of them stood forward to protect the girl, save one gray-headed Scotsman, whom nobody knew. His resolution proved of no avail, for onward came Nardi at full drive, made a dash at the maid, and at once overthrew all her simple machinery. He did not absolutely ride her down, but he chased her from her platform, and bespattered all her fine Paisley gown that had cost her so much pains to weave and decorate. This was, perhaps, the most ungallant thing that ever our notable jockey did, if not, indeed, the only one; nor is it easy to guess what it was that could move him to a proceeding so harsh and unmerited. Mr. Hoole has some hesitation in believing it, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the girl broadly hinted that, some days previous to that, our Beau wanted to kiss her, which she positively declined. No one could blame the girl for this—Nardi could not in his own heart do so—therefore it was exceedingly wrong in him to take so public a revenge for a private affront. The girl took it exceedingly to heart, and thenceforward discontinued her little antic feats, losing all the fruits of her ingenious contrivance.

But the best sport of all happened at the races of Coventry.* The crowds that were assembled there that day were prodigious ; and Beau Nardi, on going his accustomed rounds, perceived a little debauched fellow, commonly known in those parts by the name of Tickle Tommy, singing very unsuitable songs to an immense number of rosy unthinking damsels. Nardi, as I said, was a strictly moral man himself, and though he had very little religion, yet he abhorred to see any breach of decorum or good principles ; so when he beheld the seductive gestures, and heard the corresponding words of this minstrel, he was moved with indignation, and riding at him with all his fury, he scattered the crowd of wenches, overturned some of them, and not only rode fairly over Tickle Tommy, but made his beast splash and curvette around him, till he was all over bedaubed with mud, so that when he arose, Hoole says, he had much of the outward appearance of a swallow's nest. The women screamed ; and grieved at the fate of their inamorato, some of them began to throw stones at our hero. But it is well known how awkwardly a woman throws a stone, for she never once in a thousand times hits, or, indeed, flings it towards the object intended ; so that the Beau escaped uninjured, being so well mounted that he only laughed at the feeble effects of their malice. Tommy, however, considering himself insulted, and being proud-spirited and vindictive, he went out and watched an opportunity in the fields, till he found his antagonist one day without his mare, and coming up to him with a musket on each shoulder, double charged with powder

* Thos. Moore. "The Duel," etc.

and lead, he asked him sternly if he was the fellow that rode him down at Coventry races? The other boldly acknowledged that he was, and that he thought the punishment well bestowed. "Well," says Tommy, "that is all I want—here is for you, then: you shall either choose one of these muskets, which are both double-loaded with powder and ball, mark you, and fight me fairly; otherwise, I will shoot you dead on the spot where you stand." Nardi was rather taken by surprise, but was determined not to be behindhand with his impertinent antagonist; so looking shortly around, as if to consider of the hasty proposal, he espied an old elm-tree within a few yards of him; and that instant, snatching the gun that was on the shoulder next him, in a moment he was in behind the elm-tree, from whence he levelled the musket directly at his antagonist's head. The situation of the latter was now dangerous in the extreme, and if he had not been particularly alert, it is almost a hundred to one that all had been over with him. But, as luck would have it, there was an old ruinous stone fence a few yards only to the rearward, beyond which he jumped, threw off his hat, and there took safe and deliberate aim at his adversary. In this way were they found by the parish constables, who had been previously warned of what was going on, firing away at each other as men fire at a mark. These two, as often happens in similar cases, became very good friends afterwards, and Tommy was known sometimes to furnish the groom with a bushel or two of oats (Winchester measure) at a very reasonable rate; and even sometimes to give the mare an airing, which he did very foolishly, and with a

levity that Nardi himself would have blushed to have practised.

Hoole says that, another day, he saw him on the race ground at Old Sarum, riding carelessly over the course, and chatting with his friend the celebrated Tinker, when they beheld in an adjoining tent, a great number of jolly fellows regaling themselves on roast beef, mutton, and turkey, while in the midst of them sat a miserable looking figure, feeding by himself on a few potatoes and rice pudding. He had an ominous length of nose on his face, bleary eyes, and a countenance of much self-conceit. Still, as he fed, he kept contending with the rest, who, though they paid more regard to what was before them than to his words, yet he bothered them not a little with the healthfulness of the vegetable diet of which he partook, execrating the while the beastly practice of devouring animal food. "Dost thou observe," said the pugilistic tinker, "what is going on in that quarter?" "Yes, I do," returned Nardi; "and what right in the name of common sense, has a fellow like that to stake his shallow wit and lean experience against those of ages, and the approved diet of a whole enlightened realm?" So saying, he clapped his steel rowels in the sides of his mare, and in a moment all the benches were overturned, and the potatoe philosopher trodden under foot. The jolly epicures set up a horse-laugh, for which their hearts afterwards smote them, for the poor vegetable philosopher, who was likewise it appeared a ballad-monger, never more arose, but expired on the spot. Nardi was seized, and examined before the stewards and a respectable jury, and it was proven that the beast ran

away with him, a thing exactly the reverse of truth, so the jury, after deliberating fourteen hours and some odd minutes, returned a verdict of "died by accident."

Hoole likewise mentions a noble lord,* who was a minor, that was once ridden down on the race course at Nottingham, who, notwithstanding, arose, challenged the jockey, and boxed him for the space of two hours over a string. But, unfortunately, the amateurs in the pugilistic art declared with one assent that his lordship fought unfair, and took several undue advantages quite unbecoming a gentleman. He forced Nardi, however, to confess that there was much more mettle in the stripping than he had at first calculated on. There was another very cruel thing that our hero was guilty of, at least it gave great offence to a number of nervous people and children. On his way to some of the races in the West of England, he rode over and destroyed a whole covey of sandpipers,† or water larks, as they are called in that country, which are well known for very innocent creatures. They are, to be sure, a little intrusive, noisy, and abominably affected; always putting themselves forward on the shore of every lake or water where the sportsman sojourns, harping and babbling as if no other creatures in the world were worthy of being taken notice of but they alone. Our groom silenced that nest without remorse, although they raised a most lamentable outcry; many people deemed the act rather cruel and unfair, and the song was at that time in every boy's mouth of that country, "John Paterson's mare, she canna be here," etc.

* Lord Byron.

† Lake poets, etc.

Besides Nardi himself, the groom that rode the mare next best was his friend Frank, the tinker, who was likewise one of his purveyors, and furnished the most equal sterling food of any other; but going one summer down to the side of an inlet of the sea, somewhere about the South Riding, for the benefit of his health, he was there taken ill, and died, sorely regretted by all the gipsy tribe, as well as his sporting friends, for he was a man whose equal is not often to be met with. It was a great loss to Beau Nardi, and a greater one to John Paterson's mare herself, who fell away in condition every day after that. The farrier, too, that had the charge of shoeing her, was found out not to be sound, for he had pricked her best fore-foot, and it was found necessary to reprehend him. Blind Jock rode her well, and always steadily, but won little plate. Jock the *storp* had too many capers; and as for Whistling Harry, he rode like a fool, for he rode always against one company only, never minding any other that were booked, if he could beat them. To accomplish this he generally set off at full speed at first, and by that means put the animal out of breath before half the course was finished, so that small credit was ever gained to the company by his efforts. The failures of so many capital hands induced our hero to apply to one Will Hazelpipes,* but he proved the worst of all, and took bribes at the very first, giving the noble animal anything but fair play, a thing quite unknown with that company.

After many years of unexampled success, there was a farmer in the county of Surrey, called Prester John, who

* Hazlitt.

took it into his head to breed a young mare of his own, which he at once pitted against that of Bishop Paterson, This mare's name was Quadruple,* and her groom and rider was called Burly Will, from what circumstance Mr. Hoole did not know; for, as I said before, every person in that country has some by-name; if they but hear of a man, they give him a name according with the idea they have of him, without seeing him. For a number of years, this mare had no chance with the Bishop's; but the owner was a persevering, dogged, and stubborn jockey, and, disdaining to yield, he not only started against the other every heat, but ventured specie to a great amount on his mare's head. In this he was well supported by his groom, who was a perfect bear for stubbornness, a man full of prejudice, but, notwithstanding, an able horseman. Quadruple came harder upon each other every time they started—won two heats by half a neck; and there were several times that the best judges could not determine which of them had the superiority. It was always noted that on a heavy course, John Paterson's mare had the advantage, but on a light easy race ground the other excelled. At length there was a fair trial took place at the great northern meeting, on the lands of Culloden, near Inverness, in which Quadruple had so decidedly the advantage, that ever since the betting has been as two to one and a-half on her head, and the value of the plate won for the last three seasons has preponderated in Prester John's favour. The people are beginning to say, although it may probably be only conjecture, that both the one and the other make but very

* "Quarterly Review." William Gifford.

poor speed, and that if some of the new upstart fillies would take the field against them, the old standard racers would to a certainty be distanced.

But there is one thing altogether an anomaly in the annals of the turf, which the people of the North Riding still persevere in. It is in their mode of decision between the gainers and losers. The race is not always to the swift there it would seem, for Anthony Hoole declares that he hath himself seen a horse win the course by a length and a-half, and yet the decision of the judges go against him. Men are not suffered to trust any of their own senses on such occasions, the whole matter being managed by a secret tribunal, the members of which are all swayed by private influences. And it is a curious fact that, though these influences are founded on a principle of injustice towards individuals, they are rarely complained of, being swayed by a more general, and probably even a more generous motive, namely, the desire of bestowing the prizes where most is at stake.

Be this as it will, it is certain that during all this time, Bishop Paterson was so much interested in the success of his mare, that his half-bred pony scarcely claimed any part of his regard. It became, of course, a rough slovenly beast, a mere jog-trot sort of animal, that did not pay for its keep, and consequently it got no sort of provender, save what it picked up about the wayside, on common louings, or pilfered from the fields and stores of other people. There being, however, no beast bred to the turf, of the same size and dimensions as the pony in that district, it appeared at all the little field-sports where it was commonly booked by itself, no other appear-

ing against it. The Bishop took good care of that ; his influence in the Riding being sufficient to check any competitor, and the pony for many years kept cantering and hobbling over the course itself, interesting few, and amusing still fewer, carrying away from the field generally such trivial prizes as were to be gained uncontested. The name of this pony was Meg, and she was ridden many years by the same groom, a man of a modest and unassuming mien, well known on all fields of little by-sports. He had carried weight on the barren sands of Pedia and Gaza, Niggerfield and Flimflam. He was supposed to have been an Irishman by birth, his name being Murphy ; and Meg had carried him so long, and trotted so roughly, that she made his teeth chack in his head.

This state of affairs at length provoked a farmer of the name of Oakstick,* in the same district, to breed a Galloway of his own, for the purpose, as he pretended, of affording him some recreation, but, in fact, for the sole one of disputing the races throughout the North Riding with honest Murphy and his mare Meg. He pondered on this scheme for many days, till at length he was accosted by Mephibosheth, a young Jew of the tribe of Benjamin, who represented to him in magnificent terms the great benefit that would accrue to him by the possession of such a beast ; and the Jew being a specious youth, possessing suavity of manners, and a portion of the cunning of his people, he soon prevailed on Oakstick to enter into a scheme, which had formerly been discussed, and finally agreed on by the brethren of the tribe of Benjamin. The farmer was to give Mephibosheth a

* "Blackwood's Magazine."

sum of money, and the latter was to produce a mare of a certain size, bay colour, and given proportions; and this mare he was to dress, curry-comb, air, and maintain, solely at his own charges, in consideration of a stipulated sum annually, and one-half of the plate that might, would, or should be won, and as security he gave one Jacob Unicorn, a man of his own tribe and his own people. The beast was produced accordingly, and named after her owner and the place where she was reared; Oakstick's Dunabbey was her name, but for shortness she was generally called Blackie, and by the latter old-fashioned name she was booked for the first time at Doncaster races in the steward's list.

Bishop Paterson was somewhat surprised when he first perceived the handbills that announced this new competitor nailed up with points of horse nails on the smithy doors, and pasted with four wafers neatly up below the signs of alehouses. But he was chagrined beyond all forbearance when he heard fellows bawling out along the race course an advertisement to the following effect:—

“This is a true and faithful account of the wonderful descent, birth, parentage, progeny, and residue of the matchless young mare, Oakstick's Dun; more better known by the name of Blackie. Which said wonderful little young filly mare, or more properly mare filly, is this day backed to beat the great John Paterson's Mopping Meg, for seven to one. And, moreover, this doth farther show you, that——”

“Yes, I will show you *that*, you blaring scoundrel!” said Bishop Paterson, knocking the fellow down with his

baton. "Who desired you to bleat out such ragamuffin stuff as *that*? I'll break every bone in your body, you dog, you whelp, you puppy, if you do not tell me who indited these words."

"Oh, God bless your reverence! It was I that en-doited them words," said the fellow. "I say they are the truth, and I sells them for the truth, and so good-bye to your mastership. I say keep your thwomps to mearry your daughters. I'll cry my peapers, and catch thou me again if thou canst. This is a true and faithful account," etc.

The Bishop concealed his chagrin under a hearty laugh; and as he had ordered Mopping Meg's groom privily for some weeks prior to this to give the good old pony an additional feed of substantial oats, he had hopes that she might still outstrip Blackie. Murphy had but a hard bargain, and could not well afford this, but he begged and borrowed hard to fulfil his employer's orders, stretching a point to keep his place on the field, and in fact Meg appeared on the ground in better condition than she had been for many a day. She was, however, distanced both heats with this new upstart filly, which made the Bishop look exceedingly blank, and bred such a commotion in the valley as never had been before known. The Bishop had entertained hopes that Oakstick was unable to keep a pony. That it would either break him, or fall to skin and bone itself for want of regular keep. But John knew mankind, and that success will encourage a man to perform that of which all men judged him unfit. He therefore hastened up to the barn loft, above the fodder, to hold a consultation with the neighbour farmers what

was best to be done in this trying emergency, there being no other place but the barn loft on the premises there.

He first sent for his groom, who came fearlessly, smiling and napping his teeth. "Well, my good friend, you have made a respectable figure to-day, have you not?"

"I don't know. Middling well, I thought."

"Indeed! You thought you did middling well, did you? Ay, ay. Well, you are a most extraordinary genius, to be sure! So you thought you did middling well, aih? Why, let me tell you, my dear fellow, that is certainly a very good joke. You are without all doubt a great original. Why, my worthy friend, did you not chance to observe that you were distanced both times?"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!—he, he, he, he!" said the groom, "that's very good."

"So you laugh, do you, sir, eh? Tom, hand that list here. Tell the boy there is no answer. And do you hear? Desire the miller, the bailiff, the backslider, and the cooper to walk this length, as I want to speak with them on particular business. You may likewise give my compliments to Bell-the-cat, Twopenny Tom, and the three Russians. Ay, ay! And so you laugh, do you, sir? Pray may I ask you, my good friend, what it is that makes you laugh? You thought it excellent sport to be beat, did you, eh? Why, sir, do you know that I would rather have laid down a thousand guineas than that you should have been beat by the rogue's pin-tailed pony."

"Ha, ha, ha!—he, he, he! That's excellent," quoth the groom. "Hay, hay, hay!"

“You seem to be singularly diverted by your own jockeyship, Mr. Murphy. You do not think it possible, I suppose, to provoke me to anger?” said the Bishop.

“Ha, ha, ha, ha! That is *very* good! Hay, hay, hay, hay!” quoth the groom.

The Bishop’s friends and neighbour farmers now began to drop in one by one, and were each of them consulted as they came, and afterwards altogether; and they all with one voice agreed that it must have been the rider’s fault that the stakes were lost, for that Meg was superior to Blackie in every one point. They were likewise of opinion that the Jew must be an excellent horseman, else he could not have scampered off and left Meg in the manner he had done.

“Why, gentlemen, you are all my very worthy and good friends,” said Bishop Paterson, “and have often managed matters for me with great dexterity and prudence. You all know that I keep a much better larder than Oakstick, that I can afford to pay my people better, and that I *do* pay them better. What, then, is to hinder you to bring matters so about as that this young Jew shall come into my pay?”

“If it is so pre-ordained by Providence,” said the bailiff, “I perceive not why it may not be with ease accomplished.”

“Bribe well, and there’s little fear,” said the backslider.

“We manage matters quite different in my country,” said Count Skellowitz, the Russian. “The proper way would be to give your own groom the knout, poison the Jew, and cut both the hough-sinews of this Blackieowski.”

"That's very good," said the groom.

"That would be doing the thing effectually," said Scrape-a-Midding. "Did you observe yon new advertisement that I put out? Yon will catch some bawbees, I should think."

"I heard some excellent songs on the race ground," said Twopenny Tom; "I wish I could have picked them up."

"This is wandering from the subject in question," said the Bishop. "Pray, my good friend Colbert, what is your opinion on the subject?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I did not observe what you were talking about," said the miller.

"Cannot you pay some little attention to that, sir, eh? I'll take a bet he has been thinking about some pretty girl that has been about the mill lately. I was saying that if we could bring over this groom of Oakstick's, this young Jew, to our interest, it would be a handsome thing."

"Do not you think so?" said the miller. "I always said it. That if she would dress a little more modestly she would be a handsome thing."

"Body of me hear to him!" said the Bishop. "Was I not right? I told you what this man of flesh and blood was thinking of."

"He is woman mad," said the backslider.

"Well, do you not think, gentlemen, that she would be a delightful creature if she would dress a little more decently. I always make her sit down and then hand the samples of flour over her shoulder. She is a delicious girl!" said the miller.

“Ha, ha, ha, ha!—Hay, hay, hay, hay!” said the groom. “That’s very good.”

“It is thus pre-ordained in the unaltertorial acquiescences of incontrollable energies,” said the bailiff, “that inadequacy of polyhedronism is always accompanied by a redundancy of concupiscence.”

“I don’t know. I dare say that’s very true, Snap,” said the groom.

“She has a remarkably fine neck for one thing,” said the miller.

“This is quite intolerable,” said Bishop Paterson.

When the debate was about this bearing, who should enter but the identical Jew about whom it began, at which the party were not a little surprised. The Bishop received him kindly, although sore puzzled in accounting for his appearance. “There is a superintending providentiality pervading every casualty of nature,” said the bailiff. “A man cannot wave his little finger but in conformity to the adjudications of eternal institutions. You may, therefore, avail yourself of this superadvenient concatenation of events without departing from the uprightness and rectitude of the demulcent principles diffused over the heart by Christianization.”

“I don’t know. I dare say that may be very true,” said the groom.

“Did you observe yon handsome jennet that I rode so hard on the race ground,” said Scrape-a-Midding. “Yon is the very thing, sir, eh?”

“Where did you pick up yon showy elf?” said the backslider.

“All secret, sir. Quite close,” said Scrape. “Some

say she was trained by a Scottish Lady, whose name stands among the first in the list of huntresses. But that's between ourselves, you know. What think you of this business, eh ; qucerish, is it not ? I never meddle nor make with anything of the kind. Has not she fine limbs, yon creature ?”

“It is a delightful qualification in a female,” said the miller.

The Bishop, finding that the counsels of every one of his friends were running on his own concerns, hinted that he wished to be heard, and then, in his own sly and specious way, began sounding the Jew's business at the meeting. He found him so free, so communicative, and, withal, so little disposed to speak well of his employer, that he was delighted with him ; and, in the heat of his zeal to run his rival's black pin-tailed pony fairly off the field, he made him proffers which he got leisure to repent.

Now it appears from the narrative of Anthony Hoole, that the truth of the matter was as follows :—When the Jew first took the charge of Oakstick's Dunabbey, he engaged, and gave one Jacob Unicorn for his surety, as was said, to maintain the pony, solely at his own charges, on the best oats, peas, and mashed beans, that the country could afford ; to give her now and then a feed of the finest wheat, kiln-dried and broken in the mill ; and to administer two ounces of saltpetre every month. Farmer Oakstick, soon perceiving that Blackie was likely to be a valuable and profitable beast, took occasion full often to go over and examine the stores that his groom had laid up for her. But to his great concern, in place

of the stuff that had been stipulated for, he found nothing but chaff, and brau, and dust, and the veriest trash of oats in the whole market. Any tolerable samples that he had, were proven to have been stolen from the fields and possessions of other people. Oakstick declared boldly at once that he would not have his young mare fed on such stuff, and he would either compel the groom forthwith to procure better or give up his charge. The other contended that it was none of the farmer's business what kind of food he gave Blackie. That he was at liberty to give her what sort of food he pleased, and never once ask his advice about the matter; and, moreover, that he would not only keep his charge, but compel the contractor to abide by his bargain, appealing to his friend and security, Jacob Unicorn.

The farmer applied to the security, but found him worse than the principal. He exalted his horn on high, and maintained that he and his friend had both a share in the venture, and they were willing to take chance and give her such provender as that they had in store. That they considered and could prove him no judge of oats from a transaction of his in the market of Newcastle-under-Lyne, and they would therefore have him to understand that they would force him to remain silent and take his chance with them.

Oakstick protested that he would not; and that whatever it might cost him he would have his pony fed with the best stuff that the whole country could produce. Neither would he suffer her corn-chest to be made up in that shabby way, by pilfering from the crops and stores of other people. The others protested

against his interference, so the breach widened every day.

For some time the farmer continued to purchase corn himself, and to pay his two grooms their stated allowance beside, for the sake of peace; but at length considering himself manifestly imposed upon, he determined to be quit of his two inefficient grooms if it should cost him the price of his mare, and all that he had gained by her beside, accordingly he gave them warning to that effect.

Things were precisely in this situation when Mephobosheth, the Jew, came over to Bishop Paterson and his friends, assembled in the hay-loft, in order to procure some sly arrangement with him before coming to a final rupture with his opponent; for the Jew was cunning, and suspected that the Bishop would give him better conditions for the sake of bereaving his rival of him than for his own sake. He began, therefore, by declaring that as far as his skill went, Meg was the better pony of the two, provided she were as well fed, curry-combed, and ridden. That she had every advantage over the other, and therefore perceiving that, as he did, he had come to offer his services to take the charge and management of her, and if he was allowed to take his own way he would engage to drive Oakstick's Dunabbey from the turf for ever. In the first place he proposed a new saddle-cloth and new furniture; and likewise to have the Bishop's pony booked by the same name as the other, so that by the change of the furniture, the groom, and the name, the betters might be utterly confounded; and he concluded by assuring the Bishop that *he should gain*.

“I want just to hear the sentiments of my friends all round,” said the Bishop, “before coming to a final arrangement. Mr. Murphy, what do you say to this?”

“I don’t know. I dare say it may be all very true that the gentleman says, Snap,” said the groom. “The keep of the pony is no object to me, should you and he come to a bargain, my assistance shall not be wanting.”

“You are an honest, a worthy, and a good man,” said the Bishop. “I have long known you as such, and am determined never to part with you in one capacity or other.”

“Perhaps it would preponderate protreptically if the operations of men were extended in a numerical capacity,” said the bailiff. “Rather than my respected contemporary should be induced to exorbitance supervacaneously, I shall train my own gray colt to the turf.”

“It wad set him better to be trained to a dung waggon,” said Tom.

“I have a chestnut filly,” said Count Skellowitz, “that was bred by a country dominie, and afterwards rode by a reverend divine, from whom I purchased her. I intend to start her next year fairly on her own bottom.”

“If she was bred by a dominie and trained by a minister,” said Tom, “she will have too much pedantry and self-conceit ever to win.”

“She has no pedigree,” said Bell-the-cat. “I would not look at a beast that has not an ancient pedigree.”

“I like fine ancles, and beautiful eyes, and a well-turned chest, better than an old musty pedigree,” said the miller.

“The devil you do,” said the Bishop. “But now

that I have heard all your sage and disinterested advice, I propose to strike a bargain with this new groom, and let my friend Oakstick get whom he will to ride his abominable, black, pin-tailed beast."

"I can assure your reverence," said the Jew, "that he will get no one to ride her against me, unless he do it himself; and in that case he shall not keep the stirrup a minute. I will, moreover, give you my friend Jacob Unicorn as my security and assistant, who shall be bound for the fulfilment of all contracted for."

"I have him by the leg and the horn already," said the Bishop.

The bargain was concluded: the new furniture and saddle-cloth contracted for, and the Jew hasted away to the stewards of the next races, which were on Dunabbey Common, to get Meg booked by the name of the mare he had formerly rode. When Oakstick came up to book his mare, he wondered not a little to see her name there before him, as the property of Bishop Paterson; but suspecting some trick, he booked his pony simply by her familiar name of Blackie. Count Skellowitz put down his by the name of Dominic Felix; the bailiff marked his down by the title of The Waggoner; and all the North Riding of Yorkshire was one babble of boasting, speculation, and anxiety, with regard to the issue of the great contest.

[Here Anthony Poole's history abruptly finishes.]

THE "DANCES OF DEATH."

It is one of the chief and ostensible purposes of all graphic art to teach men wisdom and virtue; to direct their attention to both the serious and the pleasant side of human existence; and to enable them to draw rules for the government of their understandings and conduct in the ordinary affairs of life. For this comprehensive purpose, various means are employed. We have the sublime and elevated in art, the soft, the beautiful, the emotional, and the common-place; and likewise the satirical, the ridiculous, and the comic. Each artistic division has its appropriate field of action, its separate duties and offices to fulfil. It is against the constituted order of things that there should be any indiscriminate amalgamation of those separate elements of art. They may, on some occasions, be mixed or blended to a certain extent; but this is soon re-organized and rectified. Nature, which is ever on the watch, and neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, steps in to direct the labours of the artist, and to prevent him effecting any unnatural or hybrid union of sentiments and feelings confessedly antagonistic and unsuitable.

Nothing at first sight could appear more out of place—more directly opposed to the rule laid down, than to make one of the most serious and deeply interesting events of our lives, a subject of satire and comic teaching;

but a little reflection on the matter will enable us to reconcile this apparent incongruity and inconsistency. Death is the inexorable lot of all. This truth is deeply felt by all mankind. The other dispensations of life are, seemingly, meted out upon a more variable principle. Poverty and riches—pain and pleasure—dominion and servitude—fall to the lot of humanity according to no fixed scale that we can discover. A numerous host of feelings and sentiments spring from this source. It is upon these that are engrafted the lessons which the common mortality of us all, however variable and opposite our social condition, is fitted to teach. It is on this principle that artists have succeeded in drawing a deep moral from the ludicrous in the "Death's Doings" among mankind. No other event of our lives—nothing which the most vivid imagination of man could create—no combination of circumstances, however singular and momentous, could possibly be susceptible of this satirical application, but Death alone. It is an exception to an artistic rule, but an exception carrying with it a very pointed and universal truth, for a moral and religious purpose.

The various pictorial exhibitions of what are called the "Dances of Death," have long been objects of peculiar interest among artistic critics. Many controversies are connected with their history, and numerous volumes have been written concerning them. It is simply our present aim to give a brief and popular sketch of these graphic eccentricities, with a view of bringing them within the knowledge of those readers and youthful artists who may not have had any opportunities of making themselves ac-

quainted with them. We can do little more than throw together a few detached and general remarks on the subject. Our observations shall be classified under two heads: namely, what relates to the "Dances" before the art of printing was established, and what is connected with them subsequent to that epoch.

Pictorial emblems of Death have their origin in remote antiquity. They spring, as we have already hinted, from an obvious source—the deep interest with which all men view their exit out of this present state of being, and the varied modes and uncertainties usually connected with this termination of human life. Some writers maintain that the ancients represented Death by a skeleton, whilst others deny this position, and affirm that this figure was never intended to personify the extinction of life, but only as a mere abstraction of thought. This latter class of writers maintain that there were more apt and striking emblems for this purpose, and that the mortality of human nature was personified by birds devouring lizards and serpents, and by their pecking fruits and flowers; by goats browsing on vines; and by the fighting of cocks. The Romans adopted Homer's emblem of *repose*, and said that Death was the brother of *Sleep*. Sometimes, also, a genius was represented with a vase on his shoulder, and with a burning torch reversed in one of his hands. The figure of a butterfly was likewise employed by the ancients to represent the idea of the soul's immortality. In an ancient sepulchral monument a corpse is seen, and over it a butterfly that has just escaped from the mouth of the deceased. Afterwards, the painters and sculptors of the middle ages sub-

stituted a human figure escaping out of the mouth of the dying person, instead of the butterfly.

Herodotus states that the Egyptians introduced a person at their public banquets, who carried round the table at which the guests were seated, the figure of a dead body, placed on a coffin, exclaiming, at the same time, "Behold this image of what yourselves will be! eat and drink, therefore, and be happy." The same sentiment was adopted by the Romans. And modern travellers in Egypt affirm that strikingly comic and caricatural designs have been traced on many sepulchral monuments, and on many mummy cases in this country, evidently with the intention of pointing a homely moral, both to the high and lowly in station, that, however dissimilar their lots may be in this world, they will all be upon a perfect equality in the tomb.

A modern author makes the following observations on this topic:—"The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its strokes. They raised altars to Favour, to Misfortune, and to all the ills of life; for these might change. But though they did not court the presence of Death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion. Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep, and ever the friend of the unhappy. . . . If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpse of a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which de-

scribe the transmigration of the soul ;—a butterfly on the extremity of a lamp ; Love, with a melancholy air, leaning on an inverted torch—elegantly denoted the cessation of life.”*

Another writer says, “Beautiful as the emblem of mortality in the weeping infant with the inverted torch certainly is, the butterfly is no less apt in representing the soul. The purity and lightness of its nature, its ambrosial food, the brightness and splendour of its colours, above all, its winged liberty when bursting from its tomb-like confinement, in which it appeared to sleep the sleep of death, offered so powerful a contrast exhibited in the same creature, that it could not fail to strike the intelligent among the heathen as a fit symbol of immortality.”†

But the chief displays of the “Dances of Death” have a Christian origin. They arose from the church, and were supported by it. It was a practice in Pagan times to have wild and indecorous dances and revelries in the temples of the deities ; and when European nations came under the rule of the Christian system, the clergy, on a principle of compromise, sanctioned these dances in the churches and churchyards. Pope Eugenius the Second mentions the subject in the ninth century. Great scandals were, however, the result of these boisterous scenes of gaiety and merriment ; and the clergy, who had at first countenanced them, were constrained to take up the matter with a view to a remedy. Historians tell us, notwithstanding the interdiction in several theological councils against the practice of

* Disraeli's “Curiosities of Literature.” † Dagley.

dancing in churches and burial-places, it was found impossible to abolish it altogether, and it therefore became necessary that something of a similar but more decorous character should be substituted, which, whilst it afforded recreation and amusement, might, at the same time, convey with it a moral and religious impression. It was mainly from these considerations that the clergy contrived to introduce the "Dance," or, "Pageant of Death."* Mr. Wharton, in his "History of Poetry," states that in many churches of France there was an ancient show or mimicry, in which all ranks of life were personated by the ecclesiastics, who danced together, and disappeared one after another. M. Barante, in his "History of the Dukes of Burgundy," adverting to the public entertainments that took place at Paris, when Philip the Good visited that city in 1424, observes that "these were not solely made for the nobility, the common people being likewise amused from the month of August to the following season of Lent, with the 'Dance of Death,' in the churchyard of the Innocents, the English being particularly gratified with this exhibition, which included all ranks and conditions of men, Death being morally the principal character in the representation." The Duke of Bedford's victory at Verneuil was celebrated by a similar festival in the French capital.

The caricatural or burlesque representations, connected with the "Dances of Death," in France, have always occupied more or less attention from modern antiquarian critics. These graphic representations were much earlier than the period indicated in the public

* Douce.

events just named. In 1325, there was an exhibition of this kind, got up with great care and ingenuity, in Paris. It was not, however, allowed to be seen for more than about a month, on account, it is stated, that the Court and the public authorities generally, considered that many of the graphic figures were directed against their public and private character, and that the piece was calculated to create and foster public discontent and disaffection.* We had, likewise, similar exhibitions, and upon a very large scale, at the City of Lyons, at Amiens, and at Fecamp.

The earliest pictorial representation of the "Dances" in Spain dates from 1354. It consisted of forty-two figures, below each of which was an appropriate passage, taken either from the Bible or from the writings of the primitive Fathers of the Church. The piece was exhibited at Barcelona, and the artist's name is stated to have been Don Tomas Jose Gonzalez, a man of wit and learning. We have no detailed account of these figures; but we are led to infer that they had a considerable degree of satirical pungency about them, from the circumstance that the Court of the Inquisition suppressed the exhibition of the picture, and threatened the artist with its full measure of wrath, in case he should again offend in like manner. In Italy, Pignotti depicted the "Dances" in a whimsical style, about 1360, and was more fortunate than his Spanish contemporary, for the Pope conferred upon Pignotti one of his orders of merit, as proof of his approbation and esteem. The number of representations in this picture was thirty-four, and many

* "Histoire de Paris," 1801, Vol ii. p. 226.

of the mottos or sentences accompanying them were striking and appropriate. Artistic historians have left us in the dark, however, as to the precise nature of these graphic comicalities.*

There were "Dances of Death" at Lubeck, Dresden, Nuremberg, Berlin, Vienna, and several other cities in the north of Europe, before the art of printing; but nothing particular is known of these imaginative productions.

The interest which these "Dances of Death" excited in the public mind of the middle ages was both general and intense. And if we consider the matter for a moment, we shall readily recognize something innately comic and ludicrous in the appearance of the human skeleton. This comicality is vastly increased when it is represented to be in motion, or to be performing any of the duties or offices of common life or intellectual volition. There is a high caricatural vein running through all such exhibitions, no matter how solemn may be the occasions or purposes for which such emblems are employed.

The learned Sir Thomas More speaks of the early illustrations of the "Dances of Death," displayed in this country, in the following words:—"But if we not only here this word Death, but also let sink into our heartes the very fantasye and depe imagination thereof, we shall perceiue thereby that we wer never so gretly moved by the beholding of the *Dance of Death pictured in Poules*, as we shal fele ourself stered and altered by the feling of that imagination in our hertes. And

* "Bojardo," Vol. i. p. 20.

no marvell. For those pictures expresse only ye lothly figure of our dead, bony bodies, bitten away ye flesh.”*

Shakespere himself seems to have viewed these curious productions with a keen and philosophic eye:—

“For within the hollow crown
That bounds the moral temples of a king
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Mocking his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about his life,
Were brass impregnable—and humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through the castle walls, and—farewell, king!”

These caricatural prints on the “Dances of Death,” greatly multiplied after the art of printing became general throughout Europe. Booksellers, printers, and engravers found it a profitable speculation to multiply books and pictorial illustrations of the subject. The popular interest was so intensely and steadily maintained, for a long series of years, that considerable variety was thrown into the figures and characters introduced into the “Dances.” Though Death always occupied a prominent position, yet the other subordinate personages in the pictures become more varied as we approach to modern times. These have been regulated by the whim and comic conceptions of individual artists.

The collection of prints, within the last four centuries, on this subject, has been so extensive that we

* Works, p. 77.

can find no room for a particular enumeration. But, as the chief features of all the productions are very much alike, we shall present the reader with a short description of the figures of the famous Lyons edition of the "Dances of Death," which bears the date of 1448, just ten years after the first application of printing from wooden blocks in Germany. This illustration of the "Dances" has formed the basis of many other productions of the same kind, and has been said to owe its authorship to Hans Holbein himself, who was not even born till half a century after this date. The figures of this piece of satire amount to forty-nine, and are as follows:—

1st, "The Creation." The Deity is here represented in the act of taking Eve from the side of Adam. 2nd, "The Temptation." Eve is taking the fruit from the serpent, and holds it up to her husband. 3rd, "The Expulsion from Eden." Adam and Eve are preceded by Death, who plays on a viol, or beggar's lyre, and who testifies an intense satisfaction at their fall. 4th, "The Consequences." Adam is digging the ground, assisted by Death. In the distance, Eve is suckling her first-born, and holding a distaff. 5th, "A Cemetery." Several figures of Death are here assembled, most of them playing on instruments of music. 6th, "The Pope." He is in the act of crowning an emperor; two cardinals are waiting on him, one of whom ludicrously personates Death. Bishops figure in the background. Death embraces the pope with one hand, and, with the other, leans on a crutch. Two grotesque devils are introduced, one of whom hovers over the pope, and the other, in the

air, holds a diploma, to which several seals are appended. 7th, "The Emperor." He is seated on a throne, attended by numerous courtiers in gay apparel, listening to a poor man's petition against a rich oppressor, whom the emperor, holding the sword of justice, regards with a frowning countenance. Death lays his hand on the crown. 8th, "The King." He is sitting at a well-covered and sumptuous table. Death is the cup-bearer, and presents the king with his last draught. 9th, "The Cardinal." Some writers conceive that this theological functionary is in the act of receiving the *bull* of his appointment; others, again, that he is making a purchase of indulgences. Death is in the act of twisting off the cardinal's hat. 10th, "The Empress." She is gorgeously attired, and attended by maids of honour, but is intercepted by Death, in her walk, in the character of a shrivelled old woman, who points significantly to an open grave. 11th, "The Queen." She is just coming from her palace, when Death unexpectedly approaches, and drags her away. Her jester, in whose habiliments Death has comically attired himself, endeavours in vain to protect her. A female attendant is screaming violently. Death holds up his hour-glass. 12th, "The Bishop." He is quietly resigned to his fate, and led away by Death. His loss is deplored by the flight, and great terror falls upon several shepherds amidst their flocks. The sun is setting in the distance. 13th, "The Duke." He is attended by his courtiers, and solicited for charity by a poor woman with a child. He disdainfully turns a deaf ear to the request. Death, fantastically crowned with leaves, lays hold of him. 14th, "The Abbot."

Death, despoiling him of his mitre and crosier, drags him away. The abbot resists with all his strength, and is aiming to throw his breviary at his antagonist. 15th, "The Abbess." Death, grotesquely crowned with flags, seizes the poor abbess by her scapulary. A man at the convent gate is pathetically lamenting her fate. 16th, "The Gentleman." Vainly, with uplifted sword, he endeavours to liberate himself from the fatal grasp of the King of Terrors. An hour-glass is placed on his bier. 17th, "The Canon." Death holds up his hour-glass, as he is entering the cathedral. Both are followed by a noble person with a hawk on his fist, his buffoon, and a little boy. 18th, "The Judge." He is in the act of deciding a case between the rich and the poor. From the former he is about to receive a bribe. Death snatches his staff of office from his hands. 19th, "The Advocate." The rich client is bribing him. Death reminds him that his glass is run out. He is so engrossed with counting his money that he pays little or no attention to the admonition. 20th, "The Magistrate." A demon is blowing corruption into his ear, and he has turned his back on an old man. Death is placed at his feet with an hour-glass and spade. 21st, "The Preacher." Death, with a stole about his neck, stands behind the preacher, and holds a jaw-bone over his head, typifying that he is perhaps the most effective preacher of the two. 22nd, "The Priest." He is carrying the holy sacrament to some dying person. Attendants follow, with tapers and holy water. Death strides on before, with bell and lantern, to announce the coming of the priest. 23rd, "The Mendicant Friar." He is in the act of entering his convent with his money-

box and wallet. Death seizes him by the cowl, and drags him off. 24th, "The Nun." Here we have an affair of gallantry. The young lady has a lover in her apartment. She is kneeling before the altar, but is actually listening to the amorous music of the young man, who, seated on a bed, touches a lute. Death extinguishes the candle. 25th, "The Old Woman." She is accompanied by two Deaths, one of whom, playing on a wooden psalter, precedes her—she seems more attentive to her rosary of bones than to the music—whilst the other Death impatiently urges her forward with blows. 26th, "The Physician." He receives for inspection an urinal, which Death presents to him, which contains the discharges from a decrepit old man—*medice cura te ipsum*. 27th, "The Astrologer." He is looking attentively in his study at a suspended sphere. Death holds out a skull to him, and, in mockery, seems to say, "Here is a more interesting and profitable subject for your contemplation." 28th, "The Miser." Death has burst into his strong-room, among his chests and money-bags, and, coolly seating himself on a stool, collects into a large dish the money on the table, which the miser had just been counting. The poor man is in an agony of despair. 29th, "The Merchant." He has escaped the perils of the sea, and reaches a snug retreat, laden with riches. Whilst in the act of contemplating them, Death surprises him. 30th, "The Ship in the Tempest." Death is employed in breaking the mast. The owner of the vessel is in despair. 31st, "The Knight." After escaping the danger of numerous combats, he is vanquished by Death, whom he ineffectively resists. 32nd,

"The Count." Death is attired in the dress of a ragged peasant, and revenges himself upon his proud and lordly oppressor. 33rd, "The Old Man." He is led to the grave by death beguiling him with the music of a dulcimer. 34th, "The Countess." She is receiving a splendid dress and ornaments. Death places round her neck a collar of bones. 35th, "The New-married Lady," She is accompanied by her husband, who is diverting her attention from Death, who is insidiously dancing before them, and beating a tambour. 36th, "The Duchess." She is sitting up, dressed, in bed, at the foot of which are two Deaths; one plays on a violin, and the other is pulling the clothes from the bed. 37th, "The Pedlar." He is heavily laden, his dog by his side, and proceeding on his route. Death violently pulls him in another direction. 38th, "The Husbandman." He is assisted by Death, who conducts the horses of his plough. 39th, "The Child." A female cottager is preparing her family mess, when Death enters, and carries off the youngest of her children. 40th, "The Soldier." He is vanquished by Death, who strikes him with a bone. On the ground are laid many of the soldier's companions. 41st, "The Gamesters." Death and the Devil are contending for one of the company whom both have seized. 42nd, "The Drunkards." They are assembled in a disreputable house, and intemperately feasting. Death pours liquor from a flagon into the mouth of one of the party. 43rd, "The Idiot Fool." He is mocking Death; Death smiles, and seems amused at his efforts, and leads him away in a dancing attitude. 44th, "The Robber." When in the act of robbing a poor woman, Death comes

behind, and lays violent hands upon him. 45th, "The Blind Man." Carefully measuring his steps, and ignorant of his road, he is led on by Death, who with one hand takes him by the cloak, and with the other holds his staff. 46th, "The Waggoner." His cart is loaded with wine casks. One of his horses is thrown down by two mischievous Deaths; the wheel is taken off, and the casks destroyed. The poor driver is in black despair. 47th, "The Beggar." He is nearly naked, and in the agonies of death. He sits on straw, at the gate of an hospital. On the ground are his crutches. 48th, "The Last Judgment." Christ sitting on a rainbow, amidst a group of angels. Many naked figures have arisen from their graves, and are imploring for mercy. 49th, "The Allegorical Escutcheon of Death." The shield is fractured in several places. On it is a skull. The helmet is surmounted by two arabesques; the hands grasp a rugged piece of stone, and an hour-glass is placed at hand.

Such are the general topics treated of in the "Dances of Death," and such the peculiar fashion in which they are handled by graphic artists. It is obvious that a wide field is here opened for diversity of illustration. Every condition of life, every common phase which humanity assumes, is susceptible of being represented in various ways, according to the imaginative powers and modes of thinking of artists. The serious and the comic, the instructive and the caricatural, are capable of being amalgamated in various proportions; and hence it is that we find, from an historical glance at the entire subject, that, though the ludicrous and satirical have always been attributes of these productions, yet there have

been some of them in which the serious and contemplative have greatly predominated. There are likewise some solitary instances where particular and local topics have been treated after this fashion. When Leo X. ascended the papal throne, the public rejoicings to celebrate the event were on the most expensive scale. Everything which wealth and the wit of man could devise to give zest to this pageantry display was employed. The thing being manifestly overdone, it gave rise to sarcasm. An artistic satirist of the day caricatured the whole procession, under the figures of the "Dances of Death," and with the most irresistible and whimsical effect. With the figure of Death he rang the changes on all the most striking parts of the public rejoicings, and thus produced one of the most powerful and happy satirical attacks of his age. The artist's name is said to have been Carini.

We likewise find that in France a similar device was used to ridicule Louis XIV., his court, and government. Death is here made, in the most whimsical attitudes, the instrument of throwing contempt and derision on the ostentatious luxury and general profligacy which characterized this section of French history. There are likewise some editions of the "Dances" published in France, of a general character, embracing, like the one we have just noticed in detail, all the most prominent phases of the life of man, and the ordinary incidents and offices to which social and political institutions, in all countries, give rise. These productions are, for the most part, well executed, and the wit and comic spirit is fully elicited and sustained in them.

The best of the "Dances," after the Lyons one, is

unquestionably that produced by Hans Holbein. Though we have no doubt but that he took this famous French edition as his guide, yet he recast the entire piece, and infused so much of original power and sarcastic pungency into the whole, as to make the production, which goes under his name, in a great measure his own. All the artists who have attempted to imitate or rival him in this line, have come far short of his general merits and artistic genius.

The "Death's Doings" of Mr. Dagley, published in London about thirty years ago, are but very sober and prosaic representations. They lack the comic and caricatural elements, and on this account are of a very subdued tone and interest compared with most of the continental productions on the same subject. Mr. Dagley's representations are each accompanied by a letter-press description, both in prose and verse, which makes them of some interest.

These "Dances of Death," which are better known among artists on the continent than in England, have both an artistic and social interest, inasmuch as they not only convey with the pencil some very refined and subtle conceptions of the mind, but must be considered as bold and successful attempts to satirize the governments of the day. Many of them were made the exponents of public sympathy and feeling, and gave the corrupt and unscrupulous many uncomfortable and seasonable warnings of their final punishment, and expulsion from power and authority.

Perhaps it may be asked why we class this subject under the head of the caricatural at all? We think the

question pertinent enough. Our opinion is, that all the "Dances of Death" are decidedly caricatural; but we are fully aware that they may likewise be classed under the heads of personification, or allegorical figures, used solely with a view of pointing a moral—that *death is the lot of all*. All caricatural designs, however, comprehend more or less of personification and allegory; and when these are joined to the whimsical and grotesque, the entire compound makes up a subject that comes legitimately under the category of the caricatural. We have found in many writers on the "Dances of Death" considerable discrepancies in their several modes of speaking and reasoning on the topic. Some place certain collections of pictorial devices under the head of caricature; others under the grotesque and fanciful; whilst others, again, have classified them under the denomination of simple allegory. We conceive, however, that the mass of written artistic criticism is in favour of all such figures forming a distinct branch of the caricatural; and it is from this conviction that we have ventured to treat the matter in the manner we have.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF BRITISH CARICATURE.

CARICATURE is a branch of art of great importance and influence, although its history is but imperfectly known. In no other country has this art been so extensively used for social and political purposes, nor been carried to such great perfection, as in Great Britain. No other country has given it the same amount of encouragement—and chiefly for this reason, that in no other part of the globe has the same measure of freedom been enjoyed by all classes of the people.

Pictorial satire is no new invention ; it can be traced among every people of whom we have any historical acquaintance. In the centre of the pyramids, upon Egyptian tombs, on Assyrian remains, and in the catacombs of Rome, caricatures have been met with ; and in ancient manuscripts, missals, sculptured pieces of wood, and in architectural decorations of the middle ages, we find the memorials of pictorial humour and satirical invective.

Among our Saxon forefathers caricature was employed, and they seem to have made very free with their rulers, and men in political authority and station. We see this in some of the churches, and the delineations are by no means very flattering. In the church of Bradon, in Leicestershire, there are ranges of figures,

placed in the walls, near the heads of princes and queens, connected with a set of animals grinning over each other's backs, with faces redolent of the most genuine caricature. A pillar at the west end of Ledbury Church, Herefordshire, has a neatly-executed caricatural head placed upon it. There are likewise many curious satirical representations connected with the Anglo-Saxon "gleemen." These practised dancing, tumbling, sleight-of-hand—threw balls and knives alternately into the air, and caught them again, one by one. These performers taught animals to dance, tumble, and play many strange tricks and antics. On the friezes of Alderbury, Kilpeck, and other Anglo-Saxon churches, there are pictorial representations of them on the stone walls, and on the wooden parts of the stalls. In one of these old churches, now unhappily in ruins, there are still to be seen several grotesque faces, placed there, according to tradition, by the monks, in derision of the townspeople. There are also two or three Anglo-Saxon coins, found about the middle of the last century in Devonshire, on which there are unmistakable grotesque figures, ridiculing some of the public authorities of the day.

On the arched corbel table over the doorway of Romsey Abbey, we have various grotesque figures. Mr. Digby Wyatt says, "This is an example of the latter Norman style. The grotesque figures are characteristic of *that* sculpture, whether Lombard, Rhenish, or Norman, in which, with figures more or less symbolic of divine matters, are mixed up the fancies, and often the coarse jokes of the rude artist."

As we proceed down the stream of time, we find

caricature in the fourteenth century. There is a prayer-book used by our Richard II., on the back of which there are figured very grotesque representations of choirs of priests, monks, and nuns, employed in the actual service of the church. About the same period, science itself fell under the ban of graphic ridicule. In one of the Cotton manuscripts in the British Museum, there is a caricatural drawing of astronomy, in which there is a figure of a triangle, including three others, on one of the lines of which our Saviour is extended. Two fiends are shooting with bows and arrows at the crucifix; and they are likewise drawn with forked stings in their mouths. There is also still extant a striking caricatural representation of one of our kings, in this century, crossing over the Channel to France. This is, perhaps, one of the earliest specimens of pictorial satire between the two neighbouring nations.

In the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. there were several notable caricatures, which are still extant in some of the private cabinets of the curious. These were mostly of a political and religious character. The first monarch was ridiculed for depressing the influence of the aristocracy of the day, and for his parsimonious habits of life. These sketches are rough, and executed in pen-and-ink. Henry VIII. laid himself very open to the caricaturists of the age; and they often put him in an ill humour—a thing not difficult to do at any time—by their wit and drollery. His contentions with the Pope, and his amorous habits, were the most prolific sources of these graphic squibs.

A William Wraghton was one of the active pictorial

satirists of the day. Little or nothing is known of his private history, further than that he lived principally at Winchester, and that, on the government threatening him with punishment for some of his sketches; he went over to Holland, where he remained for some time, and where, it is conjectured, he got engraved several of those caricatural pieces which connoisseurs have ascribed to his pencil. He came back to England before the death of Henry VIII., for we find Wraghton's name as publisher of a book printed at Winchester in 1545, which contains the first grotesque and satirical illustrations executed in England of that notable romance, "Reynard the Fox." In one of the woodcuts in this rare and curious book we have the fox holding a bishop's crook, and underneath the following lines:—

“ My son, Steven Gardiner, with wepyng teares,
 Hath cut away the toppes of myn eaeres ;
 But the rest of my body abydeth hole still,
 With alle my ceremonies even at my will.
 I trust myn eaeres shal grow agayn,
 When all the gospellers ar ones slayn.
 Whiche Steven, my son, both sterck and stout,
 Doth now right earnestly go aboute.
 If he can bryng thys mater to pass,
 Ho shal be cardinal, as Fissher was.”

Dr. William Turner, a native of Northumberland, following the medical profession at Oxford, and the first writer on botany in the English language, was a sketcher of caricatures against the papal hierarchy. He wrote several satirical works ridiculing the papacy, some of which were illustrated with humorous and witty representations. He was often under the necessity, like

Wraghton, of paying visits to Holland, to escape punishment; and he is conjectured to have been the designer of many of those comic Dutch engravings which were numerously circulated in England in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Mary. We are told by Warton, in his "Life of Pope," that in the reign of this queen, when England was groaning under the Spanish yoke, her person and government were held up to perpetual ridicule by prints and pictures, "representing her naked, meagre, withered, and wrinkled, with every aggravated circumstance of deformity that could disgrace the female figure; seated in a regal chair, a crown on her head, surrounded by M, R, and A, in capitals, accompanied by small letters—*Maria Regina Anglicæ*. A number of Spaniards were sucking her to skin and bone; and a specification was added of the money, rings, jewels, and other presents with which she had secretly gratified her husband Philip."

After the doctrines of the Reformation were pretty fully established in England on the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, caricatures still continued very rife. A great proportion of them came from Holland, but supposed to be the work of English designers. There is a large English print called "Popish Plots and Treasons," representing, in thirty-four separate engravings, the various plots which the Catholic Church has been engaged in for a considerable time back. The satirical emblems are each accompanied with a set of appropriate verses. Appended to the piece we have "A Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercies," by G. S. Printed and sold at John Garret's, Exchange Stairs, Cornhill.

Queen Elizabeth's "Procession" was often the subject of caricatural representation, both during her lifetime and long after her decease. The Pope is here depicted in effigy, in a chair of state, with the Devil placed behind him, caressing him. When the effigy is thrown into the flames, his Satanic majesty is represented laughing heartily at the scrape his holiness has got himself into.

The "*Stultifera Navis*, or the Ship of Fools," by Alexander Barclay, priest, appeared in 1570, with one hundred and eighteen engravings on wood. The conceptions of many of these plates are very good, and full of genuine humour and caricatural pith. The execution is, however, but very indifferent. The design of the work is to ridicule the prevailing follies and vices of every rank and profession, under the allegory of a ship freighted with fools. A great variety of characters are delineated, and the advice the author gives to the various sorts of fools has the merit of good sense and sound morality. This work has generally been considered as the first of the graphic attempts to satirize vice and folly in the abstract, which appeared in England. Barclay's publication was a great favourite with Hogarth, and he often remarked that he owed not a little to its suggestions and sketches of the ludicrous.

When James I. arrived in London, from his Scottish capital, he was lampooned by a series of clever sketches, in most of which his majesty was described as labouring under what the prints called "The Scotch Fiddle." The King is designed as giving utterance to that well-known saying which his biographers have put

into his royal mouth, that "to scratch where it was *yeuckey*, was a pleasure too great for mere subjects to enjoy."

There was likewise a clever caricature of the King, illustrative of the satirical ballad, "The old woman tossed nineteen times over the moon." The print alludes to his majesty's hatred of pipes, pork, sling, and witches.

There was likewise a stinging caricature, sold by John Dawson, on London Bridge, in 1610, levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who emigrated to London, in expectation of being distinguished by their sovereign. The king is represented as being much annoyed by their various applications for honours and public situations; and the caricaturist has put into his royal mouth these sentences, out of his own proclamation, "Idle rascals and poor miserable bodies;" "Idle persons of base sort and condition," etc. The print represents the applicants as gaudily decked out in costume, and takes the title of "Jockie the Gentleman." The following verses are appended to the print:—

“ Well met, Jockie, whither away?
 Shall we two have a word or tway?
 Thou wost so lousie the other day,
 How the devil comes you so gay?
 Ha, ha, ha, by sweet St. Ann,
 Jockie is grown a gentleman.

“ Thy doublet and breech, that were so plaine,
 On which a louse could scarce remain,
 Are turn'd to a satin God-a-mercy traine,
 That thou by begging couldst this obtaine!
 Ha, ha, ha, etc.

“Thy bonnet of blew. which thou went hither,
 To keep thy skonce from wind and weather,
 Is thrown away, the devil knows whither,
 And tur'd to a beaver hat and feather.

Ha, ha, ha, etc.

“Westminster hall was cover'd with lead,
 And so was St. John many a day;
 The Scotchmen have begg'd it to buy them bread,
 The devil take all such Jockies away.

Ha, ha, ha, etc.”

During this reign a caricaturist, of the name of Broadbent, was brought before the Star Chamber, for too freely exercising his craft. He was mulct in a fine of ten pounds, and committed for two months to prison. His productions had had a great sale, and given much unbrage to some of the courtiers about the King's person. He was an artist of great invention, and his sketches, now extremely rare, display much genuine and refined wit and drollery.

“The Revels of Christendome,” sold by Mary Oliver, Westminster Hall, is a well-known and highly-valued caricature, now in the British Museum. It represents the Pope, James I., Henry VI., of France, Prince Maurice, and Christian IV. of Denmark, seated at a gambling table, and playing for their respective national temporalities. The progress of the game is related in verse, but is too long for insertion. We must likewise notice the whimsical caricatures and burlesques sketched by the famous Inigo Jones, in many of the masques performed at Whitehall in the reign of James I. In the “Masque of Darkness,” and the “Masque of Hymen,” the designs were so supremely

comic and appropriate that Vandyke praised them in the highest terms.

In the stirring times of the struggle between Charles I. and the nation, there were a great number of caricatural productions published in England, both of home and foreign design and execution. The death of Charles, and the assumed power of Cromwell, were alike severely lashed. Indeed, the Protector was so annoyed and stung with these pictorial productions, which represented him under all manner of allegories and figures, that he caused an ordinance to be promulgated in 1665, commanding that no person should publish or print any manner of public news or intelligence, unless under the direct sanction of the Secretary of State. Cromwell is said to have called these comic draughtsmen "a low set of waspish scoundrels."

Relative to the unfortunate King's trial and condemnation, there was an engraving which represented "Civil War." Two monsters were drawing a car emitting fire, and driven by Satan. A fiend forms a part of the company, with the "Commouwealth" inscribed on his shield. Underneath are the lines:—

"Whilst wing'd ambition, groundless jealousy,
Flaming rebellion, dismal anarchy,
To roll his hissing wheels each foaming strives,
Needs must they go, whom such a Jehu drives!
But would you know the end of the career?
He best can tell, ask the black charioteer."

The caricatural designers of this revolutionary era were Bonner, Tredgold, and Simons. Bonner, who lived in Westminster, and kept a small picture shop, was

originally a house-painter, but took to comic sketching, from motives of gain and taste. He is represented as a man of keen wit and lively repartee. Tredgold was by profession a house-carpenter, but devoted much of his time to caricaturing men of note. Simons was a painter and engraver, and lived near Westminster Abbey. He was punished with twelve months' imprisonment for caricaturing several of the canons of the cathedral. Almost all of these artists' productions are now rare.

We find the spirit of graphic satire very active from the days of Cromwell till the termination of the seventeenth century. During the Restoration, and the political events which happened from the death of Charles II. till the accession of Queen Anne, abundant materials were found for fun and drollery, which the comic artists of the hour took care to improve. Caricatures were not now so much limited to theological and political topics; they took up matters of modern customs, manners, scientific or learned novelties, and the whimsical notions which occasionally took hold of the public mind of the age. The art of comic sketching became likewise more carefully studied as a distinct branch of art; and its elementary principles were both more thoroughly understood and more generally reduced to practice.

A little before the Restoration, and for several years after it, we have Hollar occasionally directing his pencil to caricature. He was a Bohemian by birth and education, but resided long in England, and was zealously attached to the cause of Charles I. This artist died in 1677; and though he executed 2,400 engravings, he died so poor that there was an execution in his house for

on the day of his death. He had a quick and witty
 tion, regulated by sound principles of critical taste.
 al of his satirical plates are considered models of
 tural merit. One of his pieces, directed against
 Earl of Stafford, is highly praised for the wit and
 uity displayed and worked out in the entire con-
 on. It represents the Earl wrapped in a flowing
 le, in the folds of which there are numerous por-
 , both male and female; some of the latter were
 ell-known mistresses. Another plate of Hollar's,
 y commended, is a figure of "Time" carrying Rome,
 ll her theological trappings, on her back. The piece
 ded with these lines:—

"This burden back to Rome I'll beare againe,
 From whence it came—there let it still remaine."

sudden and violent change in national costumes
 place in this century. The most absurd and ridi-
 s fashions prevailed, both in female and male attire.
 omic pencils of the day took up the matter, and
 d the public laugh on the unbecoming and silly
 ations. In this they did good service. About
 we have one large print, entitled "The Picture
 English Antick," accompanied by a list of his
 zeous habits and apish gestures. Another famous
 ture, on the same subject, was called "Mad Fashions
 d Fashions—all Out of Fashion; or the Emblems of
 Distracted Times." This piece is very clever; and
 it is sharp and pungent. A man is depicted whose
 have left their sockets; his legs are placed where
 ms should be, and his arms discharging the un-
 d offices of his lower extremities. A horse, stand-

ing on his hind legs, drives a cart; fishes swim in the air, and birds in the sea; the candle burns with the flame downwards; and the labourer is wheeled home by his own wheelbarrow.

The body of religious dissenters were roughly handled during the reign of Charles II. Many curious pieces of fun and drollery are still extant on this topic. The extreme opinions, strict discipline, and grotesque demeanour of some of the religious parties, laid them peculiarly open to ridicule and banter. The established clergy did not escape. They were hardly dealt with in several pungent representations executed by one Dunn, who lived in Smithfield, and who was punished for his satirical temerity by three months' imprisonment. Little or nothing is known of Dunn's artistic or private life, but from a few scattered hints in rare and forgotten pamphlets. He is described as of loose habits, but possessing a comic genius of no mean order.

During this king's reign public-house signs often owed their origin to the spirit of caricature. A goose striking a gridiron with her foot, was put up at a place called the "Swan and Harp," in ridicule of the musical meetings that were commonly held there. The coins and medals of this age, of a comic cast, are not numerous, but some of them are very humorous and witty.

The quarrel between the famous Dr. Richard Bentley and Dr. Conyers Middleton, was honoured with several amusing caricatures, which attracted considerable attention among literary men. One of these represented

Bentley about to be thrust into the brazen bull of Phalaris, and exclaiming, "I had rather be roasted than *Boyled*," alluding to his famous sermons on the lectureship instituted by the well-known Robert Boyle.

The Royal Society was attacked by Butler, in his "Elephant in the Moon; and there is a capital caricature on the subject, representing an elephant riding on the lunar orb, with the words encircled round it, "Don't I know all about it?" This piece was designed and engraved by an artist of the name of Greig, who lived in Covent Garden, and who is known as the author of several other comic prints, levelled against the same learned body.

On the accession of Queen Anne, at the beginning of the last century, religious and political parties ran high. This circumstance gave a powerful impetus to caricature. The dominant church party, represented by the zealous and ambitious Sacheverell, was satirized in several large prints. The doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, then powerfully advocated by the Episcopalian dignitaries, were made the subjects of fun and merriment. There are seventeen different comic engravings connected with Sacheverell, his party, and his times.

In the early part of this century, caricatural medals were very common in England, and liberally distributed in various parts of the Continent, where their satirical import was likely to be felt.

In the reign of this Queen we have playing cards containing satirical and comic representations. A pack of this description relates to love affairs. On the ace of spades a Cupid is depicted plucking a rose, with the in-

scription, "In Love no pleasure without pain," with the following lines underneath:—

"As when we reach to crop the blooming rose
From off its brier, the thorns will interpose;
So when we strive the beauteous nymph to gain,
The pleasures we pursue are mixed with pain."

All the other cards of the pack have similar explanatory lines at the foot of each.

But the great epoch in the history of caricaturing in England at this period, was the "South Sea Bubble." There were several English artists engaged in this affair, but the chief trade was carried on by Dutch engravers. We find the eagerness of the London public to get possession of these comic sketches, was beyond all conception. The Dutch merchant, Bruck, had his regular supply of pictures exhibited for sale at his shop near the Exchange. "Yesterday," says an authority, "it was early surrounded by an eager crowd, to buy his wares. It was very amusing to watch the movements of the multitude; how they jolted one another in striving to get served with the precious new batch of caricatures. One man in livery had an arm broken, and was taken, otherwise severely bruised, to the hospital. A woman, with a child in her arms, had a narrow escape from being trodden among feet. Towards the close of the day, Bruck, seeing the demand to be as good as ever, and his stock getting low, raised the price of the prints, which created a violent commotion among the unserved portion of the crowd. Several threats were uttered about breaking his windows, for doing so mean an action. Whether he succeeded in increasing the price of his commodities, we

know not with certainty; but the hubbub passed off better than at one time it promised to do. We saw many of the nobility pressing hard, and got well squeezed in the mob; and two or three notable ladies, known about the purlieus of the court, had their dresses very much soiled and tattered.”*

It was in the reign of Queen Anne that we first find caricature applied to electioneering matters. Incorporated with the various designs calculated to throw ridicule and public scorn on bribery and corruption, were a number of mottos, such as “Sell not your country;” “Regard Justice;” “Accept this at present;” “Help me, Folly, or my cause is lost,” etc.

Jack Laguere, as he was called, was one of our first caricaturists, both in point of wit and industry, who immediately preceded Hogarth. Laguere was the son of a Frenchman, who came early in life to England, where he resided till his death, which took place in 1721. He, conjointly with Verrio, painted the *escaliers* and *plafonds* at Windsor Castle; hence the line in Pope’s “Dunciad:”—

“Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguere.”

Laguere the younger was a poet, comedian, musician, painter, and comic draughtsman, and followed each profession as necessity or circumstances urged him. He was considered one of the greatest humorists in the days of George I. Jack was a conspicuous character in the palmy times of Bartholomew Fair, and painted for Bullock, the comedian, “The Siege of Troy,” which

* “News of the Month.” London.

Hogarth afterwards immortalized in one of his admirable prints of this fair. The caricatures of Laguerre are now scarce, and eagerly sought after by collectors and connoisseurs.

In the latter part of the reign of George II., satirical packs of cards were common. In one of this kind, there is a billiard-table depicted on the three of spades, at which a gentleman is playing with a curved cue. The inscription beneath is :—

“Think not a losing gamester will be fair,
Who at the best ne'er played upon the square.”

On the ten of spades, a quack doctor of Moorfields is portrayed, pointing to his sign :—

“To fam'd Moorfields I daily do repair,
Kill worms, cure itch, and make the ladies fair.”

On the ace of diamonds a lady is sketched, showing the palm of her hand to a fortune-teller, with the inscription :—

“How can you hope this gipsy-drab should know
The Fates' decree, or who is made for you ?”

On the four of diamonds, there is a sketch of the interior of a shop, in which articles of plate are shown on the shelves. A woman is standing behind the counter, on which there is a box and dice, and in front are a lad and a gentleman, who have just thrown. The under-mentioned lines appear :—

“At Empsom of their rafflings I have seen,
But assignations white they chiefly mean.”

The wax-works of Mrs. Salmon are entitled to especial notice, both for their intrinsic merit as well as being

a sort of school in which Hogarth seems to have first imbibed his notions of comic art. This lady had her establishment in Fleet Street, near Chancery Lane. She displayed her artistic talent in modelling conversational groups of figures of about six inches in height. Some of these groups were characterized by great drollery and humour; and her house was visited by many of the ablest and most witty artists of the day. George II., and many of his court, were in the habit of paying her occasional visits. Hogarth tells us that, when an apprentice, he frequently loitered at Old Mother Salmon's, "to take a peep at her humorous productions."

Of Hogarth himself, as a caricaturist, much has been written. It is not correct to style him the father of English caricature. There were many artists before him who displayed great and varied powers of graphic drollery and satire. Neither is he a caricaturist in the common acceptation of the term. His satire and humour dealt in generalities. He embodied abstract conceptions, which will retain an interest during all time. These were incorporated, unquestionably, with much that was personal and local; but the general and abstract greatly preponderated over the transitory and individual. The comic talent of Hogarth was slow in attaining its maturity. His first productions gave but faint hopes of his future celebrity. His "Taste of the Town," "Montraye's Travels," "Apuleius's Golden Ass," "Beaver's Military Punishments," and his "Hudibras," have little that is original in conception, or excellent in execution. But, by a steady and vigorous prosecution of his calling, his genius was gradually developed, and he overtopped all

his competitors. From poverty, which he tells us pressed close on his footsteps till he was upwards of thirty years of age, he advanced to comparative opulence. His "Harlot's Progress," in six plates, was finished in 1734, and produced a lively interest throughout the whole country, and even in foreign countries. Then followed his "Sleeping Congregation," "Southwark Fair," "Gin Lane," "Rake's Progress," and many other equally interesting pieces, too numerous to be here particularized. By assiduous labour and consummate talent, he earned a lasting fame. He became the artistic historian and moralist of his country—and, indeed, of every country. At this hour he remains without a rival. His life is a useful lesson to all future artists. His caricature is chaste, and he seldom oversteps "the modesty of nature." He evinced one great and palpable weakness in his character—he could not endure graphic satire against himself. After publishing his "Essay" on Beauty, his enemies, of whom he had many, set steadily upon him, and caricatured him in a series of prints, founded on his peculiar theoretical notions of the beautiful. These hit him on a tender spot. He took the matter so seriously to heart, that he is said to have died of complete grief and mortification, in 1762. The history of comic and satirical art, both ancient and modern, can furnish similar instances of weakness and irritability of temper.

It has been a practice with many artistic critics to lament the state of prostration which British caricature experienced after the death of Hogarth. This regret is somewhat misapplied. Hogarth, as we have already said,

was a caricaturist of a general stamp—of a cosmopolitan order. He personified abstract ideas for purposes of moral teaching, and certainly after his death left none behind him as rivals in this special vocation. But the caricature of the day—the light, sportive, witty, and graphic lampoon, made for the hour, and to do its work, and die—did not suffer by the demise of this great artist. On the contrary, there arose after him, and close upon his decease, a numerous host of comic artists, all more or less men of wit and pictorial skill in matters of fun and drollery. Most of their productions, it is true, are now forgotten; but they were intended to be so. They were created for the moment—they executed their mission—and thus fulfilled all that their authors aimed at or desired.

Collet was contemporary with Hogarth, and a designer of humorous subjects. He was the son of a gentleman in one of the government offices at Whitehall. The younger Collet had ample pecuniary means of his own, and practised caricature as an amateur. In one of the presidential lectures given to the Royal Academicians, about the commencement of the present century, it is said that Collet's productions "were less satirical than narrative, more ludicrous than witty, and oftentimes dispensing without conveying any moral instruction." This may, perhaps, be generally correct; but certain it is, his abilities were far beyond an average, for we know that many of his graphic pieces of humour were taken to be Hogarth's, of whose style and artistic spirit he was a most successful imitator. "The Amorous Thief, or the Lover's Larceny," and "The Bachelor's Ball," are two

of Collet's best pieces, and display a refined humour and pungent wit.

Vandrebank, though but a painter of mediocre abilities, enjoyed great fame for his comic sketches. Lord Cartaret preferred him to Hogarth himself. This, however, was an instance of bad taste and judgment. His lordship employed Vandrebank to illustrate a Spanish edition of *Don Quixote*, which was published by Tonson in 1738. These illustrative sketches were failures; but this was no wonder. The difficulties of entering into the humour of such a work as Cervantes', are almost insuperable. This artist designed some electioneering squibs with great effect. Indeed his humour was original, and he was very fertile in invention. His productions are now rare, and of considerable value.

"A Political and Satirical History of the years 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760, in series of one hundred and four humorous and entertaining prints." In this work the gaming propensities of Lord Anson, the circumnavigator, a member of the then administration, are severely hit off. He is figured as a sea-lion, with the tail of a fish. In one hand he holds a dice-box, and in the other a pack of cards. He figures as the Knave of Diamonds. In the *key* to the publication, the noble lord is thus denounced: "This caricatura's propensity to gaming tells us at once how valuable he must be to a shipwrecked state, and that he deserves (like a drunken pilot in a storm) to be thrown overboard, to make room for one of clearer brains and more integrity." The *Knave of Spades* is inscribed "*Monsr. Dupe*," which the *key* says expresses "how much this caricatura was connected with our enemies,

and was even a dupe to turn against the interests of his country." The *Knave of Hearts* has a *fox's head*, which we are told "infers, by the sharpness of the nose, that craft and subtlety which is natural to creatures of a similar kind, known by the name of Foxes, and is here pointed out as a knave. The *Knave of Clubs* is depicted with a broken club in his hand, and inscribed "Null Marriage." "This caricatura was esteemed the most atrocious knave in the pack, and the worst of the black sort." In plate ninety, for 1759, most of the political characters of the day are depicted as court-cards. The King of Hearts, as George II.; the Queen, Britannia; Knave, Pitt; King of Diamonds, King of Prussia; Queen, the City of London; Knave, Prince Ferdinand; King of Spades, King of Poland; Queen, the Queen of Hungary; Knave, Holland; the King of Clubs, France; Queen, Gallia; Knave, Marshal Braglie.

The Countess of Burlington had a lively and refined taste for caricature. She employed her pencil in lashing the two parties of fashionable life that were engaged in her day in low and petty quarrels about the management of the Opera House. She is supposed to have sketched the print, afterwards etched by Monsieur Groupy, in which Farinelli and Cuzzoni are singing a duet. Farinelli figures in the character of a prisoner chained by the little finger. A personage in the background is giving utterance to the following lines:—

"Thou tuneful scarecrow, and thou warbling bird,
No shelter for your notes these lands afford.
This town protects no more the sing-song strain,
Whilst balls and masquerades triumphant reign."

The noble countess is likewise considered the sketcher of a plate which represents Handel, the famous musical composer, and who was noted for his gourmandizing habits, with the head of a pig, seated at an organ, from the front of which were suspended turkies, geese, hams, sausages, and many other epicurean luxuries.

Benoist was a foreign artist, and cotemporary with the preceding caricaturists. He lived in Covent Garden, and is described as a man of lively wit and of a good-humoured jocularity. His droll productions are numerous; the best known of which is his "Scold Miserables," nearly four feet in length, the satire of which is levelled against the different lodges of freemasons, in their several public processions. This print gave rise to the famous mock procession of masoury, got up by Whitehead and Cary, and which created so much merriment in London, in 1742.

Leroux was a fellow labourer with Benoist, and was chiefly employed by Bowles, of Cornhill, in the execution of the various pieces of graphic humour which regularly flowed from this well-known emporium of fun and frolic. There were, indeed, a whole phalanx of caricaturists connected more or less with Leroux and Benoist, who were chiefly engaged in satirical sketches of the *times* and *manners* of the hour. The names of the principal of these are George Bickham, Vanderglucht, Boitard, Gravelot, and Mason. They severally produced many laughable frontispieces for humorous books and pamphlets. Mathew Darly, of Hungerford Market, had likewise a regular staff of comic sketchers, who exercised their talents on the *political* events of the day. The entire collection of

prints which issued from Darly's mart, furnishes a tolerably correct graphic history of the governmental movements and party contests which characterized the period of the great Lord Chatham, and the favourite minister of George III., the Earl of Bute.

Henry William Bunbury was an ingenious caricaturist, and entitled to rank among the first of this class of artists. He was the son of Sir William Bunbury, of Middlehall, Suffolk. Young Bunbury took up the art of comic sketching without any previous instructions in drawing; and the great surprise has always been that he succeeded so admirably in hitting off the peculiarities of character, and in keeping them from running into exaggeration or burlesque. Sir Joshua Reynolds greatly admired his caricatures. Bunbury published his able volume of drawings, entitled "Directions for Bad Horsemen," which amused both town and country for many a year. His natural taste was exquisite, for almost everything he did bore the stamp of great delicacy of perception, and a rigid adherence to the established canons of artistic criticism.

The Marquis Townshend had such an adroit and consummate skill in comic sketching that many considered him equal to Bunbury. In early life the marquis was in the army, but having severely caricatured the Duke of Cumberland, a stop was put to his further promotion. One of the most happy of the noble artist's designs, and the best known, is his sketch of a well-known physician, who practised the *warming* system. This print made a great noise among the medical profession in London. His "Doctor Spindle and Miss Maria Mincemeat," was another notable squib on an Irish practitioner of note.

The marquis's own portrait was taken by a brother caricaturist, who hit off his peculiarities in the most happy manner. The sketch had the two following lines appended to it:—

“Arm'd at both points, unless you keep aloof,
With sword or pencil he can take you off.”

We find in a work entitled “A Critical Enquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius,” by George Coventry, London, 1825, the following observations:—“Soon after the unfortunate misunderstanding at Minden, Lord George Townshend (who had formerly been on friendly terms with Lord George Sackville, particularly at the Battle of Dettingen) joined with the court party in publicly censuring his conduct. He had an ingenious turn for drawing, and he even went so far as to caricature Lord George flying from Minden, which, with many others, he privately circulated among his friends. This book of caricatures, bearing date from 1756 to 1762, is extremely curious. As they were privately distributed, they are, of course, seldom to be met with. I never saw but one complete set, now in possession of W. Little, Esq., of Richmond, who has obligingly allowed me to copy the one in question.” We have Lord Orford's testimony to prove that this book was the production of Lord George Townshend. Lord Orford has described the first of the series, vol. ii. p. 28, “A new species of this manufacture now first appeared, invented by Lord George Townshend; they were caricatures on cards. The original one, which had amazing vent, was of Newcastle and Fox, looking at each other, and crying with

Peachum, in the Beggar's Opera, 'Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong!' On the Royal Exchange a paper was affixed, advertising 'Three kingdoms to be let, inquire of Andrew Stone, broker, in Lincoln's Inn Fields.' The whole series forms a curious collection. Those on Lord George Sackville were very severe."

In April 1757, Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann thus:—

"Pamphlets, cards, and prints swarm again. George Townshend has published one of the latter, which is so admirable in its kind, that I cannot help sending it to you. His genius for likenesses in caricature is astonishing; indeed, Lord Winchelsea's figure is not heightened; your friends, Dodington and Lord Sandwich, are like; the former made me laugh till I cried. The Hanoverian drummer, Ellis, is the least like, though it has much of his air. I need say nothing of the lump of fat, crowned with laurel, on the altar. As Townshend's parts lie entirely in his pencil, his pen has no share in them; the labels are very dull, except the inscription on the altar, which, I believe, is his brother Charles's. This print, which has so diverted the town, has produced to-day a most bitter pamphlet against George Townshend, called the 'Art of Political Lying.' Indeed, it is strong."

The caricature here alluded to, was called "The Recruiting Sergeant," and ridiculed Fox's abortive schemes to constitute a ministry.

Captain Grose was an amateur professor of caricature and comic design, and the author of a short but imperfect "Essay on the Principles of Humorous Etching."

Paul Sanby caricatured Hogarth himself in the most pungent manner, as well as many of the artist's intimate friends and associates. Some of the episcopal clergy likewise entered the lists as comic designers at this period. The Rev. Mr. Bareblock, a fellow of one of the colleges in Oxford, and who had a lucrative church living in Essex, was well known for his spirited caricatures. It is said he was the designer of "Justice Buttonhole"—a print that brought the engraver, Baldwin, within the grip of the law; and he paid the penalty by six months' imprisonment. There was another member of the Established Church well known for his talents for the comic, whose sketches used to be exhibited at Mother Dawson's, the fruiteress, in Dean's Yard, Westminster.

The early editions of Pope's "Dunciad" were embellished with comic representations of great talent. In one etching we have an ass, bearing on its back the works of Welsted, Ward, Dennis, Theobald, Haywood, and others, with a number of the most noted journals of the day. In "Gay's Fables" there were many able caricatures; and in the "Political Register," in six volumes, there are a considerable number of caricatural sketches of much wit and humour. In the "Oxford Magazine" there were likewise a number of spirited designs, chiefly levelled against the manner in which the higher clergy treated their more poor and humble brethren.

Kingsbury was a comic artist of reputation. His productions give evidence of much refined wit, and are now highly sought after by collectors. Captain Tatham, a military gentleman, was a zealous and able carica-

turist. His pieces display great spirit and life. They are chiefly directed against the stage. Mr. Rushworth, a barrister, was also an amateur designer of comic sketches. He took the fashions of the day for his peculiar field of action. These were very grotesque and *outré* at this period (1780), and afforded ample room for the artist's genius. Wicksteed was a seal engraver, and lived in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. He was a man of a fierce satirical cast of mind, but evinced great ingenuity in all his productions. One Mathew Dawson kept a small shop in the vicinity of London Bridge, and sold caricatures, chiefly devoted to city politics and parties. Some of these fugitive pieces are very humorous, and must have told sharply on the parties against whom they were levelled. Dawson was twice imprisoned for graphic libels on some city functionaries. We have seen above a hundred representations sold by Dawson, but none had any of the designers' signatures to them. We speak only from apocryphal authority; but the names of the persons he employed were Hall, Osborne, and Gill, of any of whom we have not been able to learn anything.

Mr. Byron, a lieutenant of the navy, was a grotesque and satirical sketcher of acknowledged merit. Mr. Austin, a teacher of drawing, became a political caricaturist of considerable notoriety. A piece called the "Royal Society" excited public attention, and was redolent of fun and joyous conviviality. Phillips appeared on the graphic stage about the same time, and displayed great wit and drollery in his sketches. The best known of his productions is, "The Dissolution; or a Young

Grocer making a Palatable Punch for his Company." The young minister is represented as squeezing the heads of Fox and North (as lemons), into a copious china bowl; and the House of Commons is laughably depicted as an immense sugar-loaf. The punch-maker is exclaiming, "Thus I dissolve ye! thus, thy parts being dis-united, the effects will be the less pernicious to *my constitution.*"

Art itself, in all its phases, often became a subject for graphic satire in this century. The Elgin Marbles were ridiculed; several modern sculptors were depicted in no very flattering attitudes; and the Royal Academy was held up to derision by Bonnell Thornton, in his "Exhibition of Sign Painters." Sir Joshua Reynolds became the object of comic sketches, descriptive of several of the artistic dodges he was accused of using in the execution of his pictures. It has been said that Sir Joshua sent a present of fifty pounds to one of his satirical enemies, on hearing he was in straitened circumstances. Whether this timely *douceur* mollified the bitterness of the caricaturist, we are not informed.

In the latter section of the last century, Darling's shop, in Newport Street, St. Martin's Laue, was a noted emporium for comic prints. There were always on sale a great number of graphic oddities, more or less satirical of living characters. What were called the "*Bourgeois Macaronies*" were of this stamp. Soubise, a black man, under the protection of the Duchess of Queensbury and Old Laurington, who kept a noted billiard-table at Windsor, well known to the Etonians and men about court, was caricatured in this shop very smartly. Who

the artists of these pieces were is not ascertained; but they were more than usually popular in their day.

Edy was a clergyman of eccentric habits, and a keen political humorist with the pencil. He had a rival in another member of the church, who went under the name of "Jemmy Twitcher." The latter was in the habit of satirizing the more free-living members of the aristocracy, and members of the government and the church. His sketches were severely felt at the time; and he was more than once punished for libel, and his church living, of considerable value, threatened to be taken from him. A clergyman of the name of Bates sketched a number of prints descriptive of some of the bishops of his day. These were all executed *sub rosa*.

Fox's propensity to gambling was a constant theme on which the artists of the day exercised their pencils. He is often depicted at the card-table, in company with Lords Bath, Sidmouth, and Dundas. Underneath one of the caricatures are the following lines, alluding to Fox's insatiable fury for gambling, and his general ill-luck:—

"In gaming, indeed, he's the stoutest of cocks,
No man will play deeper than this Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card—if he rattles a box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.
He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks,
That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox."

We are told that Burke and Fox once entered into a warm debate, at the residence of the late Lord Holland, on the question as to who had been subjected to the most numerous and annoying caricatures. After a long discussion, Fox carried off the prize. This statesman

has left upon record his testimony of the powerful influence of comic sketches on the public feeling of the day. He says: "After the appearance of the caricatures on the question, I had no hopes of carrying the India Bill."

No British minister was ever lampooned with so many caricatures as Pitt. To enumerate them would fill the space of a small volume. His personal habits were often attacked by the graphic artists, especially his fondness for the bottle. One of the best sketches is called "Uncorking Old Sherry" (alluding to the debate on the Regency Bill, when he made some remarks that excited the wrath of Sheridan), which represents Pitt uncorking a bottle, and completely inundated with the sparkling and effervescing contents. The bloated countenance and fiery nose of Sheridan is seen through the foam. Appended to the piece we have the minister described, in *dog Latin*, thus:—"Warcarryonissimus, taxgatherissimus, vinum guzzleando potentissimus, prettygirlibus indifferentissimus, et filius bitchæ damnatissimus."

The Rev. James Douglas was a clerical caricaturist of merit and popularity. His productions are now scarce. Mr. Gibbon, the historian, was deeply offended by one of the artist's etchings of his *head*. This was extremely comic, and yet the resemblance was admirably preserved. Underneath is the phrase, "The Luminous Historian."

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell felt the heavy hand of Collins and others. It is somewhat curious, but there has long prevailed a suspicion that the doctor's intimate friend and admirer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted his picture, gave a decided touch of the caricatural to it.

The great painter depicts the essayist peering with a single eye, with his nose close upon the page of a black-letter book. This gave offence to the author, for when a lady complimented him on obtaining a portrait from such a distinguished artist, the doctor angrily replied, "Why should he transmit me to posterity as blind Sam?"

In 1782 Dr. Johnson was severely caricatured in relation to his literary character. In one print he is depicted as an owl, sitting on his "Lives of the Poets." The title of the print is "Old Wisdom Blinking at the Stars."

De Louthembourg was happy in his caricatures, and succeeded in exciting the risibility of the London people to a high degree. His single figures were universally admired for their pungency and originality. Dent and Conde were likewise popular artists in comic designs. They realized considerable sums of money by their profession. Biagio Rebecca devoted himself to sketching the frivolities and absurdities of his day, in which line he had scarcely any rival.

James Sayer was an artist of comic renown, the son of a captain-merchant of Yarmouth, and was educated as an attorney. But he soon left the law, and commenced song writer and caricaturist. Displaying great talent, the ministry of the day enlisted him on their side, and he annoyed the opposition with his pungent sketches of their defects and shortcomings. He was patronized by William Pitt and other influential members of the government; and early in his career obtained the profitable situation of marshal of the Court of Exchequer, and receiver of

the sixpenny duties, which enabled him to pass his life in comfortable affluence. His best piece was a parody on Milton's passage descriptive of the fallen angels. He sketches Fox as the political Satan, surrounded by his fallen coadjutors—Lords Portland, Carlisle, Cavendish, Keppel, and North, and likewise of Edmund Burke. Fox speaks a word of encouragement to his disconsolate friends; he,

“ With high words that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.”

Nixon was a graphic wit of reputation, and was so quick with his pencil that he could take a good likeness from a few hasty scratches. Cotemporary with him was George Moutard Woodward, commonly called *Mustard George*. He first tried his skill at caricature in the country; but this being too confined a sphere for his genius and ambition, he repaired to London. He says himself, “ A caricaturist in a country town, like a mad bull in a china-shop, cannot step without noise; so, having made a little noise in my native place, I persuaded my father to let me seek my fortune in town.” He was for many years a constant guest at the Brown Bear, Covent Garden, where he was enabled to draw from life those low characters, and well-known officers of Bow Street, which he delighted to sketch. His wit and invention were unrivalled in his own peculiar walk of comic art.

We come now, though a little out of strict chronological order, to a conspicuous landmark in the history of English caricature—the appearance of John Gilray, a

man who stands unrivalled at this hour, either in this or any other country, for the richness of his comic invention. He engrossed the attention of the British people from 1779 till 1810, with a constant succession of the most able caricatures. He served his apprenticeship to an engraver, and displayed an early genius for the burlesque and satirical. His first patron was Mr. Holland, in Drury Lane. The long career of Gilray displays unparalleled powers of creative invective, and a constant watchfulness of public events and feeling. No legislative measure was allowed to pass without receiving the signature of his graphic pencil. Not long after the commencement of his labours, the French Revolution of 1789 broke out. This event, in all its marvellous and hideous phases, and the corresponding excitement on the subject in England, afforded ample scope for his powerful imagination. He laboured incessantly in rendering the French movements atrocious in the eyes of English people. He paints the *sans-culottes* as a band of savages, greedily feeding on the mangled remains of their victims. This artist carried his fierceness against the revolution into all his descriptions of public characters in Great Britain who sympathized with the political movements in Paris. He clothes Burke, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Priestly, in the costume of the National Assembly, and designates them as revolutionists of the worst class.

To scan in detail the numerous productions of this singular man, is beyond our limits. They are now published in a collective form, accompanied with appropriate and explanatory letter-press. Suffice it to say, Gilray's

style of drawing was of a bold and dashing character. He was naturally fond of the rugged and jagged in human life. The soft and sentimental he despised; and loved to grapple with the vicious, the eccentric, the bitter, and the grotesque. He was occasionally, however, quite sportive in his humour. All his sketches possess great force and skill, and display an endless invention. He lived in very excitable times, and undoubtedly exercised a powerful influence on the general current of political opinion, both in his own country and in foreign states. He died in 1815.

In 1797, caricature medals were very common in England, and were issued both by Reformers and Tories. There was a great political gathering at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, for parliamentary reform, under the auspices of Bertie Greathead, Esq., which was commemorated by a medal. This was soon parodied by another from the loyal party, on which was depicted the devil holding three halters over the heads of the demagogues. On one side of the medal the "wrong heads" are applauding, and on the other, the "right heads" are manifesting their disgust and horror.

An immense number of caricatures were circulated, during the last ten years of the termination of the last century, on fashions, both male and female, the balloon mania, gambling, masquerades, the opera and its abuses, the stage, the O. P. riots, the picnics, the Shakespeare mania, Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, art, literature, and science, Peter Pindar, painters, Bozzy and Piozzi, etc.

Rowlandson commenced his career as a caricaturist a few years previous to the beginning of the present cen-

tury. He was an artist of great but eccentric power, and his drawing had much of the vulgar and rustic about it. In 1802 he successfully caricatured the ratification of peace between France and England, in a sketch which, it is said, Napoleon was so amused with that he ordered copies of it to be framed for the palaces of Versailles and St. Cloud. This good understanding between the graphic satirist and the Emperor was only of short duration. In the subsequent portraits of this military chief, Rowlandson invariably depicted him in the most degrading forms and attitudes. The artist gained great popularity from satirizing the manners and customs of the Dutch nation, as well as those of the Parisians. His Dutch and Flemish sketches are especially witty and amusing. He was in the habit, when in the Low Countries, of rambling about in all the obscure and unfrequented localities in Antwerp, Amsterdam, and other cities, and collecting everything odd and out of the ordinary course of social life. These he preserved, and turned to good account. He was an artist of great industry, and of surprising rapidity of execution. It has been maintained by some critics, that he sketched more scenes and figures in an off-hand way than any dozen of his cotemporaries, and that he etched more plates than any artist, ancient or modern. He died in 1825.

We may notice, in passing, two English graphic artists, who gained celebrity in foreign countries for their witty and grotesque sketches of life and manners. Thomas Petworth, a native of Devonshire, left England about the middle of the last century, and went to Italy. He took up his permanent residence at Rome,

where he was extensively known for his caricatural ability. He was chiefly employed in furnishing grotesque and whimsical devices for ecclesiastical buildings; and the fertility of his invention, and the purity of his taste, were universally admitted, even by his Italian contemporaries. Many of his caricatural sketches were published after his death, in one large folio volume, accompanied with a short biographical narrative of him. From this it would appear that Petworth's genius for ridicule brought upon him some trouble. The ecclesiastical authorities of the See of Rome cited him before the Court, which sentenced the comic artist to three months' imprisonment, a fine of small amount, and added a severe and pointed admonition that Petworth should be very circumspect in the use of his pencil for the future.

Frederick Hill served his apprenticeship as an engraver in London, and, when about twenty-two years of age, went over to Holland, where he was, for several years, actively engaged in both drawing and engraving ludicrous and caricatural prints for the London market. Differing with his employers in Amsterdam, he went to Cologne, where he took some unwarrantable liberties with the public functionaries of the town, and had, in consequence, to take flight at night, and seek shelter in some of the free cities of Germany. He ultimately, however, took up his abode at Vienna, where he lived by sketching witty and grotesque things. But giving himself up to a life of intemperance, he committed suicide in 1788. Dutch artists speak highly of his comic talents.

We must now cast a cursory glance at the caricature

of Scotland; this is but scanty in amount, and local in character. There was one singular case of graphic satire in Edinburgh in 1701. Two men, a designer and an engraver, were tried for high treason, for executing a representation having an alleged tendency to bring the general government into contempt. This piece simply depicted the African Company in London, and some of its leading commercial measures, in a somewhat ludicrous manner. For this the two comic artists ran a great risk of being hanged and quartered. Luckily, however, a verdict of not guilty was recorded; but they were again tried for the same offence on another indictment, and subjected to a twelve months' imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle. The obnoxious plates, and all the copies taken from them, were likewise ordered to be burnt by the common hangman at the public cross of the city. We have greatly advanced, as a nation, in the path of justice and liberty, since this mock-tragedy was acted.

David Allan, called the Scottish Hogarth, deserves notice as a caricaturist of great wit and comic power. He displayed this sarcastic and burlesque genius when quite a boy at school. It was at Rome that he sketched and painted his four famous pictures, which are striking caricatures of the follies of the Romish Carnival, as witnessed in the Capitol. Allan did not, however, persevere in the comic line, but devoted his time to serious subjects. In Edinburgh, John Kay, a few years ago, exercised his satirical and facetious pencil with considerable effect. His representations of most of the social oddities of his native city, in all ranks of life, have been collected in two volumes, accompanied with ably-written

notices, by James Maidman, Esq., advocate, Edinburgh. Geikie was likewise a comic sketcher of this city, of considerable genius. He was totally deaf, but early in life displayed a great aptness for comic drawing. His collection of etchings have been recently published. Crombie was another caricatural genius of Edinburgh, and the sketcher of the "Modern Athenians," a work which consists of comic portraits of many of the most eminent and eccentric members of the Scottish Church, the bar, and the medical profession.

We must now draw our remarks into a narrow compass, with a brief notice of modern caricaturing in England. This is a subject which has been often ably dwelt upon, but is still far from being exhausted. It would take a volume itself to do it justice. Within the last thirty years numerous comic artists have made their appearance, and obtained great and well-merited public commendation for their ingenious labours. In point of wit, invention, taste, delicacy, and accuracy of design, the artists of the present day are far superior to the general run of those who had hitherto preceded them in the same profession. We can only now offer a formal enumeration of some of those who have gained—and are still daily before the public eye—undying laurels for their exuberant drollery and pungent satire.

Isaac Cruikshank, the father of the present famous Mr. George Cruikshank, entered the arena of comic sketching about the same time with Rowlandson. Isaac became a worshipper of Pitt, whom he represents, in one of his pieces, as the royal extinguisher putting out the flame of sedition. His son George has become more

celebrated than his parent. George published a series of caricatures for a publication called "The Scourge," before he had attained his twentieth year. He afterwards became connected with Mr. William Hone, and etched all the famous caricatures and burlesques for the "Political House that Jack Built," "The Man in the Moon," "The Political Showman," and "*Non Mi Ricordo*." The satire conveyed in these pictorial productions was of the bitterest kind. We cannot enumerate a hundredth part of his publications. Suffice it to say, that he has attained great excellence, and secured a fame that will endure for many centuries. It is a signal honour to him, that his talents have never been abused to any base or sordid purpose.

The caricatures of H. B. are well known. The author of them is said to be a Mr. Doyle, father of the artist of the same name, who was one of the chief contributors to the early volumes of *Punch*. The political sketches of H. B. display great wit, taste, and comic humour.

Richard Doyle is an artist of great repute, and his sportive and graceful designs of the manners of the day have attracted a considerable share of public attention. Mr. John Leech has likewise evinced a genuine caricatural genius. His sketches in *Punch*, and his "Pictures of Life and Character," have extended his reputation far and wide. Hablot K. Brown and Mr. Forrester are likewise caricaturists of considerable note.

Of late years *Punch* has been the chief political caricaturist in Great Britain. Its various artistic productions are too well known to be particularly dwelt upon here. We only give expression to the general

opinion of Englishmen when we say that the caricatural and burlesque department of this notable periodical has displayed unrivalled genius, and that it has been mainly through its pictorial influence that the great popularity of the publication has maintained its ground for so many years.

In conclusion, we would simply remark, that caricature displays the general state of manners and refinement of a people. It portrays the humours and peculiarities, and even the vices, of an age, and distinguishes the rudeness and delicacy of the public feeling in reference to all that is enjoyed or pursued. If society is rude; if tastes and entertainments are coarse and indelicate; if low humour, or wit, or pointed conceits prevail; or if decency, vivacity, genuine wit and humour do not characterize the ordinary intercourse of social life—caricature will certainly partake of the qualities of its age, and will be less entitled to regard and commendation.

In the graphic art of caricature we recognize the same general principles of criticism that regulate both genteel and broad comedy. Every grotesque effort of the pencil must present a unity of representation. It must tell one tale. All its parts must harmonize, to produce the intended effect upon the imagination of the public. There must be nothing extraneous—nothing out of keeping—nothing beyond the bounds of propriety and fitness. The general aim of the caricaturist is to exhibit pictures of human life—to ridicule follies and singularities, whether in character, manner, opinion, or conduct. To effect this a set of rules are indispensable, in order that the several ingredients of the picture may be duly balanced,

and the chief purpose of the artist produced :—the successful ridicule of all that is vain, affected, pompous, and *outré* in manner or physical conformation. There is a proper limit to caricature. It must not trespass on the tragical or solemn, nor on the constitutionally serious and grave. There are thousands of things in human conduct and demeanour which will not bear to be laughed at, nor subjected to lightness and humour. The graphic pencil of the humorist must never presume to reprehend those crimes, or to excite those passions about which the moralist or divine or tragic poet are exclusively conversant. He must confine his operations to the sense of shame, which deters men from performing what may render them contemptible or foolish in the eyes of the world. By exposing only singularities, or the lighter vices or fallacies of mankind, he is almost certain of reforming them to a certain extent. He is occasionally privileged to assail positive crimes, when they are of such a nature that ridicule can be successfully brought to bear upon them, either by the peculiar oddity of their nature, or some whimsical circumstances attending their perpetration. But this license requires the most delicate artistic management. Whatever produces seriousness of emotion is, more or less, destructive of real caricatural effect. The main task of all caricature, or comic designs, consists in the natural representation of manners and characters not of the most perfect kind. The talent of the comic draughtsman aims at whatever requires humour; the subjects on which it is employed are the foibles, the caprices, and the violent and variable passions of men. Caricature flourishes where there is a

plentiful crop of eccentricities and follies, and where all the various vanities and whimsicalities of human nature are left freely to expand themselves, and blossom without control. All caricatural achievements require a variety of character; and whatever overwhelms the caprices and eccentric movements of men, is unfavourable to it.

Caricature is a versatile and multiform thing. It appears in many shapes, many attitudes, many garbs, and is so variously apprehended that it is difficult for the eyes and the judgment to settle upon a definite notion of it. It is as difficult to define as the portrait of Proteus, or the figure of the fleeting air. Its force lies sometimes in telling a story, sometimes in an apt and seasonable application of a trivial incident or saying, or in an imaginary tale. Sometimes it riots in whimsical outlines and figures, or is wrapped up in a humorous dress, which greatly tickles the fancy without communicating anything very decided or tangible. We have caricature sometimes taking a bold stand; sometimes it is seen lurking under an odd similitude or ambiguously-drawn figure. Sometimes it expresses irony, sometimes it is all hyperbole; now it is startling, then quizzical and droll. Its influence upon the mass of mankind is unaccountable and inexplicable, being varied by the infinite roving of the fancy, and the intricate windings and embodiments of whimsical and grotesque associations. It is at all times and seasons fertile in amusing the fancy, in stirring up the faculty of curiosity, and in imparting a highly pleasureable state of mind. It is the result of quickness of parts, remote conceits, briskness of humour, and sportive flashes of imagination.

A FEW WORDS ON PIKE.

SOME writers have maintained that the Greeks were unacquainted with the pike. It is certain it is seldom mentioned; but there is one Greek dramatist, Solades, who, in one of his comedies, says:—

“After this I bought a splendid pike,
To boil in pickle with all sorts of herbs.”

Whether the fish figures in early Roman history is likewise a matter of doubt. The first distinct mention we have of it is from the pages of Ausonius, who flourished about the second century of our era. From this period, however, we find the pike often noticed; and during some portions of the middle ages, it was both an object of keen piscatory sport and superstitious veneration.

The pike is found in great quantities in most of the fresh-water lakes and still-running rivers in Europe, and indeed in almost every quarter of the globe. It often attains a considerable size. We have ourselves seen one in the London market sixty-nine and a-half pounds' weight, which had been caught in the Rhine. From thirty to forty pounds is by no means an uncommon weight of a fish in English ponds and rivers. Eleazer Block gives an account of a pike caught in 1497, near Mannheim, in Germany, which was nineteen feet in length, and weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

His skeleton was preserved in the university museum of this town, and, if we are not misinformed, is still there. This fish carried round its neck a ring of gilded brass, which could enlarge itself by springs, and which had been placed round it by Frederick Barbarossa, two hundred and sixty-seven years before. Pike breed in the mouths of March, April, and May, in most countries in Europe, and they then seek out some deep and quiet haunts, where they may deposit their spawn. They are then said to be very lazy, and may often be captured by the hand. September and October are the two best months for taking them; but there are pike in excellent condition caught in France, in November, December, and January. They are said to change their colour very much, according to the complexion of the water which they inhabit. When taken in clear and rapid-running rivers, they are uniformly of a brighter and more brilliant hue than when found in deep and dark-coloured lakes and ponds. The river and running-water fish are likewise decidedly finer in flavour than those caught in still and deep lakes.

The voracity of the pike is one of its striking characteristics. Many singular stories have been told about its habits in this respect. Johiannes de Mediolanus, who wrote his *Regimen Sanatus Salerni*, in 1099, mentions the fish thus:—

“Among our fish the pike is king of all,
In water none is more tyrannical.”

A French author, in giving an account of a curious dream which one of the early French kings had about

fish, there is a description, in verse, of many of the fish he thought he saw; and of the pike he says:—

“Yet, sooth to say, I scarcee could brook,
The pike’s intense and greedy look.”

At the siege of Silistria the pike of the Danube were observed to feed voraciously on the putrid bodies of the Turks and Russians that were cast into that river. A singular instance of the rapaciousness of this fish occurred in France a few years ago. In one of the large lakes near Arras, in the Pas de Calais, a horse in a pasture field ventured to take a drink at the edge of water, when he was seized by the lip by a huge pike, which fixed its teeth so firmly in the flesh of the animal, that, after a few desperate struggles, he succeeded in throwing it, by a toss of his head, on the land; but it was many hours after before the horse was discovered by some countrymen, when they found the fish dead, but still hanging at the mouth of the poor animal, which appeared to be in great agony. The fish weighed thirty-nine pounds.

On the various modes of capturing the pike, our ordinary fishing-books give a pretty full account. We shall not refer to any of these, but content ourselves with noticing one or two methods not generally known. An ancient writer of the sixth century tells us that it was customary in some of the large lakes or lagoons in Italy, and other countries in the south of Europe, to fish for the pike in the following manner:—The fisher fixes upon a spot favourable for his purpose, at the bend of some headland of a lake, and lets down where he stands on the

high bank some cubits' length of the intestines of a sheep, which, getting spread about in the water, from its motion, is presently seen by the fish, one of which adventurously seizes hold of the nether end of the bait, and endeavours to drag the whole away. The fisherman perceiving this, applies the other end of the intestine, which is fixed to a long tubular reed, that serves for a fishing-rod, to his mouth, and blows through it into the gut. This presently swells, and the fish next receiving the air into his mouth swells too, and being unable to extricate its teeth, is lugged out to land, adhering to the inflated intestine. A somewhat curious and original method of fishing for pike was followed about the latter end of last century by Colonel Thornton. He made use of pieces of *cork* of a conical form, and having several of these all differently painted, and named after different hounds, trifling wagers were made of their success. This the Colonel called fishing with *fox-hounds*. The mode of baiting these cork lines was by placing a live fish of some kind at the end of them. They were about a yard and a-half long, fastened only so slightly, that on the pike's striking, two or three yards more of the line might be run off, to enable him to gorge his bait. A boat being used on this occasion, the sport became very exciting, and great quantities of large fish were taken out of some of the lakes in Scotland and on the Continent. There is another plan adopted by some fishers, called a *Cabbage and Poodle Pike-hunt*. This mode of catching the fish is practised in the hot months of summer. About mid-day, when the sun is all powerful, the large pike leave the deep pools, and ascending to the surface take shelter

under the cool shade of some over-hanging tree, watching with a keen eye whatever delicacies the stream may bring down to them. The fish likewise, on such occasions, takes shelter under some lily or other aquatic plant, and seems so inactive that it appears as if really dead. The sportsman makes his appearance, and without either fishing-rod, lines, worms, flies, or bait of any kind, but having under his left arm a double-barrelled gun, in his right hand a large cabbage, and a clever poodle dog at his heels. Thus equipped he reconnoitres the river, fixes upon some tree, the larger and lower branches of which spread over it, ascends with his gun and his cabbage, and having placed himself in a suitable position on one of the branches, examines with care the surface of the deep stream below him. He soon recognizes a stately pike paddling up the river; a leaf is broken off the large cabbage, and is thrown into the water, a little before the fish. It takes fright at this, and instantly disappears, but soon takes courage, and makes towards the cabbage leaf, which affords him a delightful and cooling shade. After getting himself comfortably placed under it, the sportsman immediately fires at the cabbage leaf, and seldom fails in killing or severely wounding his prey. The dog goes in the water, and succeeds in capturing the fish, and brings it safely on land.

The charms and recipes for taking the pike are numerous and whimsical. A Dr. Bliss gives the following, in 1550:—"Tak asafedita of the fatest an ounce; staunch gryme, di quarter of an ounce; gum arabek, lyk myche; black berys, iij. or iiij., small broken; the yolk of an egg rostid harde, lyk myche; then tak iij. or iiij.

dropis of oleum benedictum, to temper thies togedre lyk past and rubbe and anoynte the end of the lyne that the hooke ys hopon, and this will brynge the pike."

For catching pike by the hand, a modern writer says (1804) :—"Take nettles and cinquefoil, chop them small, and mix them with house-leek juice; rub your hands with the compound, and cast a portion of it into the water. Keep your hands in the water, and the pike will come so near you, that you may take them with your hands most easily." Another recipe is from the same authority :—"Take *Cocculus Indicus*, and pound it in a mortar till it makes a paste, with a very small quantity of thin milk; make balls of the size of a common pill, and throw them into the deep and still portions of the water, and in summer days, when very hot, near the edges of lakes, canals, and the like. The pike will soon become intoxicated, and swim on the surface of the water, and you may easily take them with your landing net."

The pike has been the subject of several proverbs, fables, and amusing stories. In the list of the proverbs of Erasmus we have the following :—

Piscator Ictus Sapiet.—A fisherman putting his hand hastily into his net, was wounded by the teeth of a pike; being thus caught, he said, "I shall now become wiser;" which is said to have given rise to the adage, "Bought wit is best." It will certainly be more likely to be remembered than that which is obtained without suffering some kind of loss or inconvenience. Hence, also, we say, "Wit once bought is worth twice taught." "El hombre mancebo, perdiendo gana seso"—by losses and disappointments young men acquire knowledge.

Another proverb is, "Better be the head of a pike, than the tail of a sturgeon."

THE SPARROW AND THE PIKE.

(*A Fable from the Italian.*)

In a sequestered river, a pike had for long taken up its abode. Tall Lombardy poplars overhung his place of retreat, in which many birds took shelter. One day the pike lay basking in the sun, and heard a sparrow thus express itself: "How great a fool I was to leave the comforts of the town, where I had food and shelter without labour, and where, from the house-tops, I could look down without fear of the devouring hawk. I'll stay no longer in these horrid solitudes." The pike raised up its head, and said, "Stay, I am fond of news; pray tell me is it true that the towns are so delightful to inhabit?" "Oh, most certainly," said the sparrow, "especially for you; for there all the rivers, and canals, and reservoirs are full of fish; you would have no trouble in catching them in rich abundance." The pike asked if the sparrow would show him the way. "With great pleasure," said the latter, "and you'll see many new sights." In going to town the pike suffered greatly from hunger, for it had met with no gudgeons nor minnows, nor any other kind of fish to satisfy its natural wants. "Courage, my country friend," said the sparrow; "a little longer, and we shall arrive at the town, where you will find abundance of fish of all kinds on the market-stalls, that will save you the trouble of hunting for them in the streams." "Alas," said the pike, "I find now I have taken a false step in quitting my snug

hiding hole in my native stream, which always most abundantly supplied the food necessary for my existence. I have skimmed through most of the waters in your neighbourhood, and have not been able to procure a solitary meal from them; and as to the fish in your market places, I dare not approach them. I see these large towns and their waters are not places for me." The sparrow said, with a satanic smile, "You should have taken all these things into consideration before you set out in your journey. You are one of those who can only learn wisdom from painful experience." MORAL: It is good to be contented with our lot, and not to rush into fresh enterprizes upon every new tale we hear.

We have a modern joke about the pike. A young gentleman was on a fishing excursion, and on one of the thoroughfares to the lakes of Westmoreland he met with, and made the acquaintance of a lady, *Mary Pike* by name, with whom he became very much enamoured, and from whom he could not part without some pangs of sadness. He expressed a hope that he might hear from her occasionally, to which she replied, that "if he were not successful in taking fish at the lakes, she had no great objection to his dropping her a line." Another story of a comical cast is told of the pike. Soon after the Irish rebellion of '98, an English merchant visited Connaught on urgent business. He took a servant with him, made his will, and arrived safely at his destination, which was near the mountain chain which bounds the picturesque and beautiful shores of Lough Corrib. It was late in autumn, and the weather was very fine. Taking a ramble of some few miles into the country, he

was benighted, and had to take up his quarters for the evening at a *sheebiene-house*, where, after supper, he was conducted to an inner room, and his servant was accommodated with a pallet of straw by his side. Although the family were all remarkably civil and obliging, the stranger could not overcome a secret apprehension of impending danger. Midnight came, and the outer door was opened very cautiously; several men entered the kitchen with a stealthy pace; they conversed together in their own language, and the stranger heard his own name often mentioned. Crawling in an agony of apprehension, he awoke his servant, to whom he communicated his suspicions that some direful calamity was about to befall them, and requested him to listen attentively to the midnight colloquy in the outer chamber.

“What is that they say?” quoth the fearful traveller.

“They want another pint, for they have not had such a prize for the last twelvemonth.”

“That’s me,” groaned the querist.

“They have *five pikes* already, and expect more before morning,” continued the valet.

“Truculent scoundrels.”

“The largest is intended for yourself.”

“Lord defend me!” ejaculated the stranger.

“They wonder if you are sleeping.”

“Cold-blooded monsters! They want to despatch us quietly.”

“The owner swears that nobody shall enter this room till morning.”

“Ay, then they will have daylight, and no difficulty.”

“ And now he urges them to go to bed.”

“ Heaven grant they may! for then escape from this den of murder might be possible.”

The agitated stranger and his servant listened, with beating hearts, till unequivocal symptoms of deep sleep were heard from the kitchen; then both crawled through the window half-dressed, and, with a world of trouble and perilous adventure, managed early next morning to reach their original place of destination. On relating his adventures, the stranger was met with a loud horse-laugh; and this being often repeated, “Zouuds!” cried the Englishman, “is my throat so valueless, that its cutting should only raise a horse-laugh?” “My dear friend,” said the host, “you must excuse me—it is so funny. The cause of all your alarm is in the outer hall.” So saying, he uncovered a large basket, and pointed to a huge pike of thirty pounds’ weight. The peasants had been setting night lines for the stranger’s especial benefit, and this was the result of their labours. Of course the Englishman had a good laugh at his ill-grounded fears.

“In the fourteenth century, Courtney, Archbishop of Canterbury, passed sentence of excommunication on some servants of the Earl of Arundel, for robbing one of his fish-ponds of pike, styling them sacrilegious persons, and violators of the Church of Canterbury. Pike formed the chief part of the fish dinners given at the nunnery of Barking during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The “king’s fish-ponds,” on the Bankside, Southwark, furnished the royal table with pike during the greater part of the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts.

In the "History of Kent," we find that pike were considered, in the fourteenth century, as a most aristocratic dish. When the English sovereigns were in the habit of visiting some of the noble families in this part of the country, they were treated with the great delicacies of baked and roasted pike, filled with many kinds of highly-seasoned and savoury force-meats. On one of these festive occasions, a courtier ate so freely of this fish as to produce a surfeit, of which he died in two days. At the town of Maidstone, the same historical authority states, two men were deprived of their ears, and otherwise severely punished, for having stolen three pike from some nobleman's private fish-pond. At the coronation dinner of Henry VIII. there were, among various other fish, thirty-nine large pike; and at a similar festive occasion in Queen Elizabeth's reign there were forty-one. In the records of Lowther Castle, in Westmorland, we find that pike were highly esteemed in the middle ages, and most sedulously preserved for the tables of the gentry. It is stated that during one autumn a disease spread among the pike in this district, and they were nearly all destroyed. It was agreed among the gentlemen of the county not to kill another fish of this kind for the subsequent seven years, that their numbers might be recruited from the decimation of this piscatory pestilence. A brace of pikes were at this period sold in Kendal market for two pounds ten shillings. There was a fish-dinner given by the clergy of York every year, till 1559, at which nothing but pike was eaten. This ceremony had existed for upwards of five hundred years, and the fish for the occasion were all brought to the city of

York with great pomp, and were all uniformly taken out of the river Ouse.

Some very curious facts and customs connected with pike are interspersed throughout many of the ancient historical works on France. In some of the provinces, when the lady of a lord was confined in child-bed, the peasants in the neighbourhood were obliged, under a heavy fine, and in some cases imprisonment, to present him on the third day after her accouchment with a pike served on a silver salver. In Dauphiny the pike had to be presented on the thirtieth day after the lady's confinement, and accompanied with a gold coin of a certain value. In Normandy and Brittany, when a member of the aristocracy became of age, the peasants on the estate were bound to present him with two pike, along with several other kind of fish. The presentation was quite a formal affair; the clergy of the district attended the ceremony, and they added to the donation several silver coins of small value. At the fish-ponds attached to the royal palace of Fontainebleau, there were several ancient customs relative to the taking of pike, and other still-water fish. On the 10th day of October in each year a priest, in full canonicals, attended by certain officials belonging to the royal residence, assembled at the fish-ponds at a given hour, and went through a kind of ceremony by catching a pike, and then placing a small piece of silver money, attached to a silken cord, around its neck. The fish was then placed in the water again. What religious object this ceremony was meant to embody has never been sufficiently explained. Some French antiquarian writers have supposed the custom was meant

to represent the miracle of the apostle Peter, and the piece of money found in the fish's mouth. This is, however, but an unsatisfactory conjecture to account for such a piece of sheer mummery and absurdity. Another custom at the same royal palace was, on Christmas day, six pikes were to be presented to the royal table. In some districts near the city of Toulouse, the estates of several landholders were held upon a tenure of presenting on a certain day to the public authorities of that city three pikes, which were each to be upwards of twenty pounds in weight. All these curious customs were abolished by the revolution of 1789.

The medical fraternity have in all ages dealt very freely with the pike. Its heart was considered an infallible remedy for the more severe paroxysms of fevers; its gall was an universal ointment for weak eyes; its mandibulæ, dried and pounded small, were a perfect cure for pleurisy. Whatever fish were caught in its stomach were invested with peculiar curative virtues, and were extensively employed in the middle ages in cases of decided consumption and *tabes dorsalis*. The Arabian physician, Ebu Baithar, devotes an entire chapter in his book on the "Cure of Diseases" to the virtues of the flesh of the pike; but he enjoins that the fish should neither be eaten as food, nor used medicinally, during the hot months of summer. We have the following cure for epilepsy, in doggerel lines, published in 1705:—

“ If epileptic fits you take,
Then a careful composte make
Of liver from the pike fish;
And purely mixt with balsam sage,

Then to the chest where evils rage—
You fix it on, in pewter dish.
It will when kept in warm condition
Completely ease you of inflation.’

Marchaleus says that if we calcine the bones of the pike in a crucible, make a powder of them, and mix this powder with white sugar, it will prove effectual in eradicating films and specks from the eye. To candy the flesh of the fish, the same author gives the following directions: Take the flesh cleared from the bones, and cut it in long slips; then parboil in water and a little sugar; then take out and dip into honey boiled to a high consistence, and let them be taken out and laid to candy. This will be found of great use in asthmas, and deeply-seated chronic coughs.

Pike-fishing was carried on in Italy with great ardour during some sections of the middle ages. These fish were carefully preserved in ponds and private estuaries, and from some accounts attained a very great size. They formed a staple article for picnic fishing parties; and are often alluded to in the fishing songs of Italy in the time of Calmo and others.

In the history of the bloody and long-continued feuds between the Guelphs and Ghibilline factions in Italy, there is an account of one affray which sprung out of pike-fishing. A nobleman had been caught on the private fishing-grounds of another, and had made a capture of several large pike. This led to a civil action in the first instance, and afterwards to a personal encounter between the parties and their respective friends, wherein several lives were sacrificed on both sides.

Pope Leo VIII. was said to be so passionately fond of pike, that he never considered a fish dinner complete unless some of these fish were presented at table.

The pike is prolific of legends. Bodin, a French political writer of eminence, affirms that a niece of a Parisian haberdasher, residing in the Rue St. Honoré, in going down the banks of the Seine one fine evening, was accosted by a voice from the stream, and, turning round, saw a large fish of the pike species, which beckoned to her to come to it. It distinctly foretold the death of a wealthy uncle of hers, by whom she had been left a large sum of money. Miraille was hanged in 1567; Jeaune Collier in 1573; and Jeane D'Avesnes de Beavais in 1574, all of whom were accused as sorcerers, and with having played many tricks upon the credulity of the people of Paris, and its immediate neighbourhood, through the instrumentality of various kinds of fish, particularly with pike, both dead and living.

Bassompierre relates that, in 1612, having gone to visit the Marquis d'Aucre, who was sick, some person in the chamber said, "A monk of my acquaintance knows a person who promises, upon his life, to make a woman love any man that he wishes, and begged me to make the secret known to you." "You should send him," said Bassompierre, "to the Duke de Bellegrade, who is old." Accordingly the monk went as directed, proposed to make known the magician and his secret to the Duke, who listened to it, and promised him a sum of money, if the device should succeed. His grace was given to understand that it would be through the agency of eating of a particular kind of fish, which had been taken out of

the royal fish-ponds in the vicinity of Paris, and which had been subjected to a holy and miraculous process. The Duke then inquired whether by this magical act he could make a lady hate the person to whom she was attached? The monk and the magician replied that this was quite possible. The Duke was in transports at hearing this, and communicated confidentially to the Princess de Conti, that he possessed an infallible secret to make the queen feel a liking to himself, and a fixed and steady hatred towards the Marquis d'Aucre and his wife. The charm was said to be made by broiled pike-fish, seasoned highly with various kinds of herbs. This story got to the ears of the French court, and three days after, the monk and the magician, and those who had introduced them to the Duke de Bellegrade's house, were committed to prison.*

In 1688, and in 1691, the Parliament of Paris condemned several shepherds of La Brie, who were charged with practising sorcery for the destruction of sheep. The *philter* which they employed was made of the flesh of the pike, caught in the river Rhone, mixed with oils, and a certain portion of the consecrated host, kept back at the sacraments. In England, similar absurd stories were once rife, particularly in the counties of Essex and Cambridgeshire. In 1514, a man was committed to prison, and afterwards tried and condemned to be branded with a hot iron, and to lose both his ears, for carrying about, from place to place, a live pike, in a water-case, which he pretended could tell fortunes, and predict future events with great accuracy.

* "Histoire de Paris," 1798.

DR. PALEY'S "NATURAL THEOLOGY."

OUR remarks on this well-known publication have been suggested from the singular circumstances connected with it as a literary work. Its fame has been great; it has called forth distinguished commentators and editors; and yet there is not a work in the English language which owes so little to the labours of its author as this book does to the eminent divine.

There is not probably one out of a thousand of ordinary readers who does not believe the treatise on "Natural Theology" to have been entirely suggested by, and carved out of the natural resources of, Dr. Paley's mind—that he had collected all the materials, and arranged them according to his own ideas of method, and that he was, in the fullest sense of the words, an original thinker and illustrator of this department of human knowledge. We are in a position to prove this not to be the case. We can show that his work is a mere running commentary on another publication, to the author of which he has acted with great unfairness, and in flagrant violation of the literary moralities. We charge him with taking the leading arguments and illustrations of his "Natural Theology," from a book of the same nature written by Dr. Nieuwentyt, of Holland, and published at Amsterdam about the year 1700—full one

hundred years before the Doctor's treatise made its appearance in England.

Bernard Nieuwentyt was one of the most erudite philosophers of Holland in the seventeenth century. About the year mentioned, he published a work in Dutch "To Prove the Existence and Wisdom of God from the Works of Creation." This treatise excited considerable attention throughout Europe; and Mr. Chamberlayne, a member of the Royal Society of London, undertook its translation into English, under the title of "The Religious Philosopher." This was published in London, in three volumes octavo, in 1718-19. A French translation was afterwards published at Paris, in quarto, with numerous plates, under the title of "L'Existence de Dieu démontrée par les Merveilles de la Nature."

To show the connection between Mr. Chamberlayne's "Religious Philosopher" and Dr. Paley's "Natural Theology," we give the plan of both publications in parallel columns. The reader will see their almost complete identity:—

<i>General Arrangement of Dr. Paley's "Natural Theology."</i>	<i>General Arrangement of Dr. Nieuwentyt's "Religious Philosopher."</i>
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Dr. Paley lays down his "Statement of the General Argument" in two or three sections.

Dr. Nieuwentyt has his "General Epistle to the Reader," in which the same "General Argument" is employed. But more of this hereafter.

Paley commences the application of his argument of design with an examination of the structure of the human body. Chaps. 3 to 11 inclusive contain his illustrations. Chap. 9 is devoted to the MUSCLES.

Dr. Nieuwentyt also commences his application of the argument of design by an examination of the human body. "Contemplation" 10 is devoted to the MUSCLES—containing 16 sections, illustrated with many plates.

Paley commences his 12th Chap. with Comparative Anatomy.

In the 20th Chap. Paley commences with the structure and nature of Plants.

Paley makes his observations on the "Elements," Air, Water, Fire, Light, etc.

Paley's 22nd Chap. is on "Astronomy."

Paley concludes with some general remarks on the nature and existence of a Deity.

Nieuwentyt describes properties of Air, Meteors, Water, Earth, and Fire.

Nieuwentyt enters upon the consideration of Comparative Anatomy.

The nature of Plants is considered by Dr. Nieuwentyt.

The 24th "Contemplation" of Nieuwentyt is on the "Visible Heavens."

Dr. Nieuwentyt ends his disquisitions on Astronomy, etc., with remarks of a similar nature on the same subject.

This is the arrangement of both treatises, and the reader will perceive how closely Paley has followed the Dutch philosopher. But the matter does not rest here. We have not so much space at command as would suffice even to indicate all the coincidences running through the illustrations of both works; but we must claim indulgence while we refer again to the introductory observations of each author. We shall find that Paley has been no stranger to "The Religious Philosopher."

General and Introductory Argument of Nieuwentyt.

Nieuwentyt commences with some general statements as to the argument of design which is suggested to the mind by any work of contrivance and skill. He then says—"That this may be shown after a more plain and not less certain manner, let us apply to some particular thing what has just been advanced in general, and, as it were, in an abstracted manner; and LET US SUPPOSE THAT IN THE MIDDLE OF A SANDY DOWN, OR IN A DESERT OR SOLITARY PLACE, where few people

General and Introductory Argument of Paley.

Dr. Paley pursues precisely the same line of argument, with very little variation in the language. Paley says, "In crossing a heath, suppose I pitched my foot against a STONE, and asked how the stone came to be there, I might possibly answer that, for anything I knew to the contrary, it had lain there for ever; nor would it perhaps be very easy to show the absurdity of this answer. But suppose I had found a WATCH upon the ground, and it should be inquired how the watch hap-

are used to pass, any one should find a WATCH, showing the hours, minutes, and days of the months, and having examined the same, should perceive SO MANY DIFFERENT WHEELS, NICELY ADAPTED BY THEIR TEETH TO EACH OTHER, and that one of them could not move without moving the rest of the whole machine; and should further observe, THAT THOSE WHEELS ARE MADE OF BRASS, IN ORDER TO KEEP THEM FROM RUST; THAT THE SPRING IS STEEL, NO OTHER METAL BEING SO PROPER FOR THAT PURPOSE; that over the hand there is placed a clear glass; in the place of which, if there were any other but a transparent matter, he must be at the pains of opening it every time to look upon the hand. Besides all which, he might discover in it a hole, and exactly opposite thereto a little square pin. He would likewise see hanging to this same watch a little key composed of two pieces, making a right angle together; at the end of each of which there was a square hole so ordered that one of them was exactly adapted to the little pin in the said hole, which being applied thereto, a chain would be wound up, and a spring bent, by which means the machine would be continued in motion which otherwise would be in an entire rest. He might also find, that the other square cavity, at the end of the little key, was adapted to another pin or instrument, which being turned this way or that, makes the hand move faster or slower. At the other end of this little key there would be a flat handle, which being moveable therein, might give him the conveniency, that in the winding it up

pened to be in this place, I should hardly think of the answer which I had before given, that, for anything I knew, the watch might have always been there. Yet why should not this answer serve for the watch as well as for the stone? Why is it not as admissible in the second case as in the first? For this reason, and for no other, viz., that when we come to inspect the watch we perceive (what we could not discover in the stone) that the several parts are framed and put together for a purpose—*e.g.* that they are so formed and adjusted as to produce motion, and that motion so regulated as to point out the hour of the day; that if the several parts had been differently shaped from what they are, of a different size from what they are, or placed after any other manner, or in any other order than that in which they are placed, either no motion at all would have been carried on in the machine, or none would have answered the use that is now served by it. To reckon up a few of the plainest of these parts or offices, all tending to one result: we see a cylindrical box, containing a coiled elastic spring, which by its endeavour to relax itself, turns round the box. We next observe a flexible chain (artificially wrought for the sake of flexure) communicating the action of the spring from the box to the fusee. WE THEN FIND A SERIES OF WHEELS, THE TEETH OF WHICH CATCH IN AND APPLY TO EACH OTHER, conducting the motion from the fusee to the balance, and from the balance to the pointer; and at the same time, by the size and shape of these wheels, so re-

he should not be obliged to take hold of it at every turn of his fingers. Lastly, he would perceive, that if there were any defect either in the wheels, spring, or in any other part of the watch, or if they had been put together after any other manner, the whole watch would have been entirely useless."

gulating that motion as to terminate in causing an index, by an equable and measured progression, to pass over a given space in a given time. We take notice that THE WHEELS ARE MADE OF BRASS, IN ORDER TO KEEP THEM FROM RUST; THE SPRINGS OF STEEL, NO OTHER METAL BEING SO ELASTIC; that over the face of

the watch there is placed a glass, a material employed in no other part of the work, but, in the room of which, if there had been any other than a transparent substance, the hour could not have been seen without opening the case. This mechanism being observed, the inference we think is inevitable, that the watch must have had a maker; that there must have existed, at some time and at some place or other, an artificer or artificers who formed it for the purpose which we find it actually to answer; who comprehended its construction and designed its use."

Every theological student knows Paley's *Watch*. It has always been considered as a marked proof of the Doctor's masterly skill in dialectics. Yet we see here he has no claim to this illustration whatever. Not only the general argument connected with it, but the very words and phrases themselves are taken from Chamberlayne's translation; and the whole subject throughout is so closely argued out from the Dutch hook, that scarcely a shred or patch of Paley's work belongs to him. Nor has the Doctor any decided advantage over Chamberlayne's statement in point of clearness, logical precision, or beauty of expression.

Now did Dr. Paley know of such a person as Nieuwentyt? and had he a knowledge of that author's writings? We have looked carefully through the edition of the Archdeacon's work of 1803; through that edited by Paxen in 1826; and through the last by Lord

Brougham and Sir Charles Bell; and we find that Paley mentions Nieuwentyt's name only *once*, thus:—"Dr. Nieuwentyt, in the 'Leipsic Transactions,' reckons upon one hundred muscles that are employed every time we breathe." Here, then, the foreign philosopher is recognized, together with the precise nature of the subject on which he had written. Now, it so happens that the whole of Nieuwentyt's work made its first appearance in the "Leipsic Transactions;" so that Paley must, at any rate, have seen it in this detailed form. But there can be little doubt, from the passages which we have quoted, and from hundreds of others we could bring forward, that he was well acquainted with Mr. Chamberlayne's translation. It must be borne in mind that the main argument or proof on which the whole of the "Natural Theology" of Paley is founded (and the same remark applies to Nieuwentyt's work), possesses a distinct unity of character. The illustrations may be multiplied *ad infinitum*; but the argument itself is always the same. It is simply this—that when we perceive design or contrivance, the mind naturally, by an almost instinctive impulse, draws the conclusion that there must be a designer or contriver. On this general ground alone, Paley was bound, on every principle of literary integrity, to have acknowledged his obligations to "The Religious Philosopher." Everything, however, about the Archdeacon's work goes to impress the reader with the firm belief that it was of his own concocting and planning; and all the observations and illustrations of his numerous commentators, strengthen and enforce this opinion.

In a limited paper like the present, we have not a

tithe of the room required to show the full extent of Paley's obligations to "The Religious Philosopher." In order, however, to give the reader an opportunity of examining for himself, we shall briefly enumerate a few—very few indeed to what might be adduced—of the complete identity, in point of arrangement, illustration, and argument, between numerous portions of the two publications in question.

Paley passes from the sense of *sight* to that of *hearing*; so likewise does Nieuwentyt. On the latter sense, see Paley, pp. 44 to 52; then compare these passages with those of "The Religious Philosopher," vol. i., pp. 243 to 272. The *plates* must also be looked at; for it is evident that the Archdeacon must have consulted them. His 10th chapter, pp. 159 to 198, "Of the Vessels of Animal Bodies," must be compared with the 6th, 7th, and 8th "Contemplations" of Nieuwentyt. Read Paley on the *Muscles*, pp. 132 to 158; and then consult "The Religious Philosopher," vol. i., pp. 139 to 193. See Paley on *Insects*, pp. 346 to 373; and likewise Nieuwentyt, vol. ii., pp. 676 to 684; the *beetle* and *silk-worm*, are worthy of especial notice. On *Plants*, see Paley, pp. 374 to 398; and then compare the passages with those of the Dutch philosopher, vol. ii., pp. 685 to 732. The remarks of both authors on the *seed, buds, fruit, leaves*, etc., are entitled to particular attention. In *Comparative Anatomy*, where Paley speaks of the structure of *Birds*, pp. 247 to 254, see Nieuwentyt, vol. ii., p. 639. The general remarks of both authors on *Fishes* may also be perused.

We must add a word or two on the recent com-

mentators and illustrators of Paley—Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell. It is curious that neither of these two distinguished individuals ever mention Nieuwentyt or Chamberlayne, the latter of whom had illustrated the same class of subjects handled by the commentators with more than double the number of engravings. It is an ordinary requisition of all commentators to know, and to acknowledge too, everything connected with the nature and historical progress of the book they undertake to stamp with their authority and influence. But here we have Mr. Chamberlayne's work, in three volumes, with *one hundred and sixty engravings*, precisely on the same topics of physical science, and for the avowedly same end or purpose, passed over in perfect silence by both Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell. And what heightens the surprise and curiosity of the matter is, that we find in their edition of the "Natural Theology," p. 162, the same engraving on the nature of the *tendons*, as that given in Nieuwentyt, in fig. 1, plate 4. In Sir Charles's treatise on the *hand*, p. 127, we find the plate illustrative of the subject, copied from Chamberlayne's illustrations, without a single word of acknowledgment! How curious all this is!

Nieuwentyt's work has an European reputation. As we have already stated, it was translated into French early in the last century, and is at this hour called one of the *classics* of France. It was praised by Rousseau, Buffon, and other eminent French authors and thinkers, and is mentioned with commendation in almost every bibliographical work of that country. Mr. Chamberlayne, the English translator, was a gentleman of fortune,

a member of the Royal Society of London, and spent a considerable portion of his time and money in publishing this translation. If we are not misinformed, the Methodist Connection have not long ago published an edition of this translation for the especial use of theological students belonging to their body—giving a preference to Chamberlayne's labours to Paley's work. Under these circumstances, this English gentleman, as well as the Dutch author, has been scurvily treated both by Paley, and by Lord Brougham, and Sir Charles Bell. We are contending for a just principle, which ought to pervade every department of the republic of letters, that no man should ride into public favour upon the specific intellectual labours of others, without at least rendering them some open and direct acknowledgment. We charge the Archdeacon—who was often in the habit of jocosely remarking that he “could not afford to keep a conscience”—with taking all the leading arrangements of his work, all the general arguments, and a vast part of the illustrations of it, from an author whom he has guardedly kept in the background, and whom he never mentions as a general writer on “Natural Theology” at all. This is the charge we make, and we think it is well founded.

We are aware it may be said, in the way of defence, that there is an analogy between Nieuwentyt's comprehensive argument of design and contrivance, and the treatment of physical science generally. A man, for example, may write a summary, or compendium, or a treatise of any dimensions on geography, astronomy, geology, etc., without mentioning all or any of the most distinguished names who had gone before him in the

same branches of knowledge. Nothing, however, can be more fallacious than this principle. All departments of knowledge founded directly upon *human nature*, and having the *mind* more especially as their foundation, are altogether different from the statement or treatment of mere physical facts, so far as *literary fame* is concerned. For example, Hume and Campbell have a peculiar literary property, in the way of reputation, in the general argument for and against *miracles*; Bishop Butler in a certain application of the argument of *analogy* to theology; Bishop Berkeley has a property in the arguments for a certain species of *idealism*; and Adam Smith has the same in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments." And why is this? Simply because the *mind* of each of these philosophers has sketched out a certain *mental* system, or congery of arguments by virtue of its own innate power and application. In natural philosophy, strictly so called, our mode of judging of, and rewarding, literary merit in the way of reputation or fame, is considerably different. Facts here become a species of common property the moment they are promulgated. This constitutes the essential difference between the *philosophy of man* and the *philosophy of external nature*. Nieuwentyt and Chamberlayne had an exclusive property in the shape of well-earned reputation, because the arguments and facts stated in their view of "Natural Theology," were the result of their own individual labours, and bore the impress of independent mental action.

Now let us suppose, for the purpose of illustrating our general argument (and we have a full right to make

the supposition), that Dr. Nieuwentyt had published his work in Holland only *five* years, and that Mr. Chamberlayne's translation of it into English should have appeared, say *two* years, before Dr. Paley wrote his treatise; how would the parties have stood relative to those principles of literary justice and honour, necessarily arising out of their respective positions as authors on the same identical subject? Would it have been fair and candid for Paley to have published his work, with the full knowledge of the writers, who had just preceded him, without ever condescending to notice their respective labours? Would the Doctor have *dared* to have committed himself in this manner? Would he have ventured to take Chamberlayne's "Religious Philosopher," chapter by chapter, argument by argument, and illustration by illustration, as he has done? No; we can answer for him, he would not have done so. But if he had, what would the literary public of 1803 have said of him? Would they have been entirely silent? Would it have been considered a libellous attack on the character of the Archdeacon to have even barely alluded to the existence of these publications? We trow not. The critics of that day would not have been quite so simple and forgiving; they would have dealt with him pretty smartly. True, he might have had zealous and able friends then as now, who might have extenuated his errors, by stating that he was a much cleverer man than either Nieuwentyt and Chamberlayne were; that he was a bold, reckless kind of literary marauder, who had been tacitly allowed a degree of liberty of trespass, not permitted to others more bashful and modest; and that

there could be no real injustice or impropriety in taking anything, either from the foreign writer or his own countrymen, seeing that he was in the constant habit of taking largely from any one who fell in his way. All this, and much more, might have been urged in 1803, as well and as fully as it possibly may be *now*; but if we have any faith in the innate justice of the human character, he would not have escaped altogether unscathed from such a line of defence.

If, therefore, Paley would, in 1803, when his "Theology" appeared, have been, under the circumstances here supposed, guilty of great injustice in neglecting the two authors who had immediately preceded him, he cannot be less guilty *now*. Time makes no difference in the relative situation of the parties, or in the general principles which result from it. What was fit, decent, just, liberal, and honest towards the "Religious Philosopher" in 1803, is equally binding now, when a century has nearly passed over the author's tomb. A thousand years could not have lessened the Doctor's obligations; because he wrote with a *full knowledge of the works in question*. Nay, the case against Paley is considerably aggravated by the lurking suspicion which involuntarily lays hold of the mind, that he had ventured upon taking the liberties he did, because Nieuwentyt and Chamberlayne had been, some years before he wrote, comparatively neglected and forgotten.

When the substance of this paper first made its appearance, in 1848, it created a lively interest in every section of the kingdom, and was copied into many metropolitan and local papers. From a London paper, the

Church and State Gazette, then the organ of the Established Church, of which Paley was, and is still, considered a distinguished ornament, we have the following observations :—

“The rudest and most stunning blow,” says that journal, “that has ever been dealt against the reputation of Paley, and the challenge for respect due to it from mankind, has recently been made—and made out of a sense of duty—by our contemporary the *Athenæum*. To plunge *in medias res*, we may at once bluntly state that Paley’s ‘Natural Theology’ was *not* written by Paley. The *Athenæum* asserts thus much, and supports its assertion by a weight of proof that appears to us to be utterly incontrovertible. Our readers may believe us when we repeat this, although we do not lay before them the whole of this astounding case as it appears in the columns of our contemporary. For this we have *not* ‘ample room and verge enough,’ and we must be content with stating results rather than repeating details of which they are the sum. In brief, then, before Dr. Paley gave to the world, as his own, the ‘Natural Theology,’ a work on the same subject, and nearly in the same words, had appeared in Holland, with the name on its title-page of one of Holland’s most erudite philosophers, Dr. Bernard Nieuwentyt. From this work—published, we say, long before that of Paley—lengthened extracts are given in the *Athenæum*: these are contrasted with similar passages from Paley, and *these* are *so* similar as to be, in fact, nearly *verbatim* reproductions of the original. If the extracts from the Hollander be genuine—which we cannot, unfortunately, doubt—then Paley shines unrivalled

in the enormity and splendour of his plagiarisms. In the annals of literary corsairship we never heard of anything equalling piracy like this; and unless the friends and relatives of Paley can submit satisfactory evidence before the tribunal of the public that he has had foul wrong done unto him, his reputation as an *honest* writer sinks for ever beneath the sea of contemptuous oblivion. Who does not remember walking with Paley on the heath, and picking up that memorable and wonderful watch, and sitting down to listen to the admirable philosophy imparted thereon, and to heed the charming instruction given upon its anatomy—if we may so call it—and to mark with heart-burning enthusiasm the uses made by our ‘guide, philosopher, and friend;’ and how he led us from the watch in his hand to the origin of all things reposing in the hand of God? Alas!—we regret to state it—but, for the sake of honesty, it should be mentioned that that watch was stolen! It was originally the property of Bernard Nieuwentyt, and Paley filched it from him and exhibited it in England as his own! The *Athenæum* cites the respective passages by the two authors; and that well-known and beautiful illustration of the watch appears in Paley very nearly word for word as it was published years before in the volume written by Nieuwentyt.”

More recently the subject has not lost its interest, as we find from a notice in that amusing and interesting work, *Notes and Queries* for 1853:—

“*Charge of Plagiarism against Paley.*—Has any reply been made to the accusation against Paley, brought forward some years ago in the *Athenæum*? It was stated

(and apparently proved) that his *Natural Theology* was merely a translation of a Dutch work, the name of whose author has escaped my recollection. I suppose the Archdeacon would have defended this shameful plagiarism on his favourite principle of expediency. It seems to me, however, that it is high time that either the accusation be refuted, or the culprit consigned to that contempt as a man which he deserved as a moralist.—FIAT JUSTITIA.

“ [We have frequently had to complain of the loose manner in which Queries are sometimes submitted to our readers for solution. Here is a specimen. The communication above involves two other Queries, which should have been settled before it had been forwarded to us, namely, 1, In what volume of the *Athenæum* is the accusation against Paley made? and, 2, What is the title of the Dutch work supposed to be pirated? After pulling down six volumes of the *Athenæum*, we discovered that the charge against Paley appeared at p. 803, of the one for the year 1848, and that the work said to be pirated was written by Dr. Bernard Nieuwentyt of Holland, and published at Amsterdam about the year 1700. It was translated into English, under the title of *The Religious Philosopher*. 3 vols. 8vo., 1718—19. The charge against Paley has been ably and satisfactorily discussed in the same volume of the *Athenæum* (see pp. 907, 934), and at the present time we have neither ‘ample room nor verge enough’ to re-open the discussion in our pages.] ”

OYSTERS.

“ C'est une véritable plaisir des dieux d'ingurgiter une huitre bien fraiche.—BERSHOUX.

“ If, where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
 You chance to roam, where oyster-tubs in rows
 Are ranged beside the posts ; there stay thy haste,
 And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste :
 The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
 While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

* * * * *

The man had sure a palate covered o'er
 With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
 First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
 And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.”

GAY.

OYSTERS.—They have ever been especial favourites in days when we were in high glee, and sipped pleasure out of the cup of life. They are likewise associated with ancient times. The philosophers, the poets, the comedians, and artists of old, loved to whet their appetites with this grateful shell-fish. When in high spirits and gaiety—when the world smiled upon them—when pleasure presented itself in her most fascinating attire—then came the oyster to complement the sum of delight, and place its seal on their enjoyments. No festive parties in the early days of Greece and Rome ever separated without tasting this delicious fish, when in due season. It was the token of sincere fellowship, of deep sympathies, of unalloyed hilarity, and of genuine citizenship. It was the eatable that never cloyed, that never appealed to

the appetite in vain, that threw a gracious smile over every countenance, and soothed, if it could not remove, the poignancy of disappointment. It gave a finish to imperial authority, *éclat* to the victories of the general, zest to the speaker's orations, cogency to the arguments of the rhetorician, and additional wisdom and expediency to the politics of the statesman. This bivalve was, in fact, the crowning glory of life—the *concordia discors*—expressive of a harmonious feeling among all classes of men.

What the oyster was in ancient times, it is so still. The pleasure-seekers of modern society never feel satisfied till they pay their respects to the oyster-shop. The fashionable visitor of the opera in London, Paris, or Berlin, rushes from the scene of his enchantment, and fills up the measure of his earthly bliss with a copious supply of the fish. He leaves all behind him till this is accomplished. The music, the dialogue, the scenery, the fascinating display of female elegance and fashion, are all made subordinate to this delicious dish. These constitute the rapturous moments of his existence. And the same thing is felt and done in the humbler walks of life. Even the houseless wanderer of the street feels his humanity ennobled for the moment, and his heart soothed, as he hastily gulps down the saline juice of this notable bivalve.

We are not going to descant on the natural history of this shell-fish, but only to throw together a few random observations and statements about it. But we cannot refrain from just noticing, in passing, one or two peculiarities which modern investigations have detected in its constitution. In looking at the oyster through a microscope, it is found that its shell is peopled with an innu-

merable swarm of animals; compared to which the fish itself is a colossus. The liquor enclosed within its shell contains likewise a multitude of embryos, covered with transparent scales, which swim with apparent facility; and one hundred and twenty of these embryos, placed side by side, would not make an inch in breadth. This liquor contains, besides, a great variety of animalculæ, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphoric light. There are also found in the shells, three distinct species of worms. A modern writer tells us that "the life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster from the moment of its earliest embryo life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny, when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular chords, and doom it to eutombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth to the world of waters? Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion, flitting about the sea as gaily and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes, flanking a mouth and shoulders unincumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down, as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed; and if, in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length, having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid

domestic oyster. It becomes a parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs. As such, it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all time—a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust—were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rending this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him, unresisting, to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped, and well-flavoured oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts. If a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street fishmonger, from whence, dosed with coarse black pepper, and pungent vinegar, embalmed partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger.”*

* During the season of 1848-49, 130,000 bushels of oysters were sold in London alone. A million and a-half are consumed in Edinburgh each season, being at the rate of more than 7,300 a-day, and more than sixty millions are taken annually from the French-channel banks alone. Each batch of oysters intended for the French capital is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out, until at length they learn by experience, that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea-water. Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics. A London oysterman can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety; they are in perfection from five to seven years old. An oyster bears its years on its back, so that its age is not learned by looking at its beard. The successive layers observable on the shell indicates one year; so that by counting them, we can tell at a glance the year when the creature came into the world.—*Quarterly Review*.

The Roman ladies were so enamoured with oysters, that they were in the habit of gorging themselves to the root of their tongues, and used to apply the feathers of the peacock to make themselves disgorge the load that they might again enjoy the pleasures of a new feast on the same dish. We find it mentioned in the annals of Roman gastronomy, that some of the most noted philosophers and orators could consume at a single meal several hundreds of oysters. Seneca tells us he ate some hundreds of them weekly. "Oyster! dear to gourmand," says he, "which excites instead of satiating the appetite; which never causes illness, even when eaten to excess, so easy art thou of digestion."

Sergius Orata, according to Pliny,* was the first to conceive and carry into execution the formation of oyster-beds. He made extensive reservoirs at Baiæ, in which he deposited countless thousands of these shell-fish. A palace was reared in the vicinity, where the naturalist's chosen friends were wont to regale themselves once a-week with these delicious fish. Many slaves were employed at Rome in her early days transporting the oyster from its ocean-beds to the imperial city. The expense of this was so enormous that a government mandate was issued prohibiting the frequent importation of the shell-fish. Pliny tells us they were often preserved in ice.

This writer says that oysters abound in rocky shores of the Propontis. He likewise affirms, though very erroneously, that they have no feeling whatever; whereas they are known to be of an extremely sensitive nature.† The

* Lib. ix. c. 54.

† Cuvier.

same author again affirms that oysters are produced from mud in a putrid state, or else from the foam that has collected around ships which have been lying for a long time in one position, about posts driven into the earth, and more especially, around logs of wood. It has been discovered of late years in the oyster-beds, that the animal discharges an impregnating liquid, which has the appearance of milk. This fact was unknown to Aristotle, who, in his work, "Gener. Anim." Book iii. c. 11, expressly denies that the oyster secreted any generative or fecunding liquid.*

The middle age writers, unable to conceive how men ever came to be directed to the eating of oysters, invented a legend to solve the logical difficulty. It is simply this: A man was walking one day by the sea-shore, and picked up one of these bivalves, just when it was in the act of gaping. Looking into the interior, he saw a remarkably smooth and polished surface, and, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, he insinuated his finger between the shells, that he might feel this glossy and shining material. His finger was soon fixed as in a vice. By violence he got it withdrawn, and immediately put his finger in his mouth, as we see young boys do when an injury is inflicted on any of their digits. Oyster-juice was for the first time brought in contact with the human palate. The deliciousness of the flavour at once convinced him he had made an important discovery; so he opened the shells by force, and enjoyed a rich banquet on the contents. Oyster eating became fashionable from that day to this. We think it not unlikely that this legend, somewhat lame,

* Pliny's "Nat. Hist." Book ix.

gave rise to a modern joke, *How to open oysters*.—"Take a feather and tickle the oyster on the shell until you have caused it to laugh, when you can insert a stick, or your toe or finger, or anything to prevent its closing, until you can get a knife. This requires considerable dexterity, but it is considered a very neat way where it is practised."

The literary gossip connected with oysters is varied and curious. Callisthenes, the philosopher, a disciple of Aristotle's, and the companion of Alexander the Great in his Persian expedition, was a devoted epicure in oysters. It is related that it was after eating voraciously of this fish one evening, that he delivered that offensive speech to his royal master which induced the conqueror to put him to death. The Roman tyrant, Caligula, was likewise passionately fond of this fish.* Perhaps this may have led Butler, in his "*Hudibras*," to connect this cruel madman with the oyster, though not precisely in the way of eating it:—

"So the Emperor Caligula,
That triumph'd o'er the British sea,
Took crabs and *oysters* prisoners,
And lobsters 'stead of cuirassiers."

We are told in the *Chronicles* of the University of Paris, that when the scholastic disputes were more than usually rife and boisterous in that emporium of learning, in the twelfth and following centuries, the students were in the habit of rehearsing the debates over oyster suppers, and that many fierce and violent scenes were then witnessed in those logico-gliadiatorial encounters. Louis VIII., who died in 1226, was so enamoured with his

* Bellon. "*Opera*," folio, Paris, 1529.

cook for the savoury manner that he was wont to furbish up oysters for the royal table, that he invested him with the title of nobility, and allowed him a handsome annual pension. Louis XI. was in the habit of inviting all the members of the College of the Sorbonne in Paris once every year to a feast on oysters; and on one of these festive occasions, a distinguished theologian of this famous seat of learning missed his way from the royal palace, and was found drowned the next morning in the Seine. After this untoward event, no more oyster dinners were given to the learned doctors of the Sorbonne.

On the 5th of March, 1597, the son of the Constable, Duke de Montmorency, was baptized at the Hotel de Montmorency. Henry IV. was sponsor, and the Pope's Legate officiated. So sumptuous was the banquet that all the cooks of Paris were employed eight days in making preparations. Oysters occupied an especial place, and were served up in *sixteen* different modes.*

Cervantes, the inimitable author of "Don Quixote," has left a testimony of his fondness for oysters. He wrote a short drama, wherein the oyster-dealers of Spain were sarcastically dealt with. His enemies, of whom he had many, accused him of spending all his substance in riotous feasts on this shell-fish. This accusation is formally denied by his biographer, though he allows that, chiefly from the life of poverty the great novelist was doomed to lead, he was often driven to pay frequent visits to the lowest kind of oyster-houses of Madrid. In one of these he had a quarrel with an officer of the army which led to a duel, and, though Cervantes then wanted

* "History of Paris."

an arm, lost in the famous naval battle of Lepanto, he came out of the conflict conqueror, and rendered his antagonist a cripple for life.* A French traveller, speaking of these oyster-shops of the Spanish metropolis, in the middle of the last century, says "that they were among the lowest places in point of decency and morals in the city. Every night they were densely filled with the vilest rabble, men and women, who sat and devoured incredible quantities of oysters, using them with such large quantities of strong pepper, as would consume a Frenchman's stomach in a short time." The author adds, in another portion of his work, "I have seen a dozen of ecclesiastics attending in an evening the low oyster-houses of the metropolis, mixing with the most notorious miscreants of the place, and eating such enormous quantities of the shell-fish, that I have often wondered that some of them did not die from sheer repletion."†

Dr. Richard Bentley was a greedy devourer of oysters. One of his friends had affirmed that he never could pass a place where they were exposed for sale without stopping and conversing about, if he could not then eat them. We have an admirable letter of his, written when on a visit to the country, in which this shell-fish is highly extolled. It is dated 1740, being just two years before his death. The following passages are taken from it:—

"Now, I write to tell you that to be in the country is a dull affair, if you view it under a certain aspect. When you come into a new scene, you must not expect

* "Life." Barcelona, 1792.

† Biot, "Lettres de Esp.," vol. ii.

to be at home in a moment. Nature may say to you very kindly—‘Make yourself at home;’ but nature says it just as any other sensible personage does, not with the expectation that you will do it, but only to show a spirit of hospitality. For it is quite impossible that you should be acquainted with scenery in a moment. Nature is both frank and shy. Like well-bred people, she receives you graciously in all common intercourse, but confidentially, only after she has found you out, and knows you to be worthy. Sudden intimacies are always shallow. Wells quickly dug are quickly dry. We have never been able to force matters in thus growing acquainted with new scenery and places. We can never get along but only so fast. Things must begin to be familiar before we can comprehend their full meaning; and familiarity comes not from dunning and questioning—not by putting at things, as a burglar would at a lock, punching and screwing—but by a natural and gradual opening of things to us by a growing sensibility in us to them. For man is always the pupil of nature; he is always under a system of education. He is for ever a disciple, not a master, before nature. He that knows more than nature about beauty, will get very little help from her.

“My great relief and amusement here is my regular supply of oysters. These things must have been made in heaven. They are delectable, satisfying, delicious, and mentally stimulating, in a high degree. I can indite matter by the yard when I have had a good meal of them. I get them done in all manner of ways, and it is difficult to say which is the best, such are the intrinsic ex-

cellencies of the raw material. I have, however, a secret relish for the scalloped fashion above every other."

We cannot take upon ourselves to say that the eating of oysters necessarily gives additional impetus to the pugnacious qualities of human nature; but we have two instances which speculative minds, if so disposed, might torture into immediate cause and effect. The enmity which subsisted between Dr. Walcot (Peter Pindar) and William Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is well known in literary circles, and was of the most bitter kind. Peter published his "Cut at a Cobbler" (Gifford had been originally a shoemaker), which grievously annoyed the irritable critic, who made a regular onslaught in his journal on the satirical poet. Peter laid down the pen, and resolved upon paying back the compliment, with a horsewhip. He went into an oyster-shop somewhere in the Strand, where he ate a goodly supply of the fish, and coolly waited till he saw Gifford pass. He then gave him a good thrashing. The next case is of a more repulsive character. Bellingham, who shot Percival in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1812, had, as it came out in evidence at the police-court, been seen regaling himself in an oyster-shop at the foot of the Haymarket, about an hour before he committed the act of assassination.

The learned and celebrated Erasmus had one peculiarity, humorously noticed by himself, that he could not bear the smell of oysters, or any other kind of shellfish. On this he observed, that though a good Catholic in other respects, he had a most heterodox and Lutheran stomach.

Pope, besides being proverbial for his love of lobsters, was likewise extremely partial to stewed oysters; and he once wrote to Lord Bolingbroke to say, that he would with pleasure wait upon him at dinner if his lordship would indulge him with a stew of this favourite shell-fish. Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," died at Richmond from the effects of fever, brought on, it was alleged, from his having sailed from Somerset House to this place in an open boat. But there is another version of the affair, that he had supped sumptuously of oysters the night previous to his illness; and this surfeit, as it is termed, was said to be the proximate cause of his fatal disorder.*

The quantity of oysters that can be devoured by some individuals is quite astonishing. It has been said that the late Sir Adam Ferguson, Keeper of the Regalia, at Edinburgh, and Sir Walter Scott, when a young man, used to eat a good sized barrel of the fish in a single evening. De Blainville mentions that he knew persons who could eat from *fifteen to twenty* dozen, without feeling any unpleasant results from the repast.† These examples do not, of course, refer to the celebrated Singapore oysters (*Tridacna gigas*), which weigh about *four hundred* pounds each; a shell of one of which may now be seen at No. 36, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

Oyster suppers were very common and fashionable in the literary circles of Paris during the greater portion of the last century. We hear of them in memoirs, sketches of French society, and other light publications of that day. They seem to have formed the staple article of nourish-

* "London Magazine,"

† "Œuvres." Paris.

ment and pleasurable excitement to the "Encyclopédists," who were viewed, at the time they were actively engaged in their arduous undertaking, with mingled feelings of admiration and fear. Diderot, Voltaire, Helvetius, D'Alembert, and the Abbé Reynal, seem all to have indulged in luxurious evening jollifications on this shell-fish. We read notes of invitation to these and other *savans* of the following kind:—"Madame la Marquise du Deffand requests the pleasure of your company this evening at her residence, to meet our mutual friends, Helvetius and Count de Buffon, to partake of a dish of oysters." "Madame So-and-so's compliments to M. Diderot, and if he is not seriously engaged, will be glad to see him this evening at our hotel, to join us in a dish of oysters, to meet MM. So-and-so." In one of the satirical pieces in verse, labelled against the irritability of Rousseau, who often mingled in these evening parties with the distinguished men now named, he is accused of gluttony, and of an unnatural voraciousness for oysters, lobsters, and other shell-fish. The lines will not bear translation.

During the violent and bloody stages of the first French revolution, the oyster-shops of Paris were noted places of *rendezvous* for many of the notorious political characters of the hour. The Girondist party had an oyster emporium near to the place where the Bastille stood, which Brissot, Condorcet, and other notables of this section of Revolutionists, were in the habit of frequently meeting, and consulting on public events. There were two or three of these shops in the lowest purlieus of the city; one in the vicinity of the prison of

La Force, where Danton, Couthon, Robespierre, and others, regaled themselves with the exhilarating bivalve. In one of the daily journals of the time, we have found the following paragraph:—"When Condorcet was induced to leave Paris from motives of personal security, and betake himself for temporary shelter to the provinces, he was conducted by two of his friends, during the night, to a well-known oyster-shop, where he remained concealed for three days. On the fourth, early in the morning, the mistress of the house clothed him in female attire, and conducted him herself beyond the barriers of the city. Her humanity and self-devotion led her, however, into trouble. She was taken to prison, but on the termination of the *Reign of Terror*, she again obtained her liberty." It has been often noticed that in the temporary famine that prevailed among the Parisians during several epochs of this great national movement, bread and oysters were considered great luxuries, and could be obtained only by a favourite class of the citizens.

Peter the Great of Russia was so fond of oysters, that he never sat down to a dinner at which they were not served up in two or three culinary fashions. When he was at Woolwich dockyard, learning the trade of a shipwright, he was in the habit of visiting an old woman who kept an oyster-shop there, and had occasionally long confabulations with her touching her peculiar line of business. Both at St. Petersburg and Moscow, the oyster-dealers were especial favourites with him. He was in the habit of calling them his *life-preservers*.*

* Smellie's "Life," etc. London, 1796.

When Napoleon I. was in his best humour at the termination of his diplomatic labours, he was accustomed to take leave of his plenipotentiaries with, "Go and dine with Cambacères." This distinguished individual was in the habit of using his table as an important state engine ; and one of the chief things that he prided himself upon were the varied and unique modes he had of cooking oysters. To dine when these shell-fish were used, was considered both a high honour and one of the gastronomic luxuries of the day, even in France, where cookery is a specific science. It is mentioned that Napoleon, the night before the famous battle of Austerlitz, supped heartily of oysters.

So early as the days of Pliny, we have statements as to the social habits of oysters. This philosopher tells us that they have a *king*, and that their form of government is something approaching to a patriarchal monarchy. In his day, the diver made it his first business to catch the *royal* oyster, because his (or, if a queen, her) majesty, being of great age and experience, was also possessed of marvellous sagacity, which was called into exercise solely for the public good ; but if this were taken, the other oysters might be caught without difficulty, just as a swarm of bees may be secured when the queen is made prisoner. Dr. Southey, on this subject, remarks that, "Seeing, however, that his oyster majesty is not to be heard of now at any of the oyster-shops in London, nor known at Colchester or Milton, it may be that liberal opinions have, in the march of intellect, extended to the race of oysters ; that monarchy has been abolished among them ; and that republicanism prevails at this day

throughout all oysterdom, or at least in those parts of it which lie near the British shores. It has been observed, by a judicious author, that no such king of the oysters has been found in the West Indian pearl fisheries.”*

“As stupid as an oyster,” has long been a proverb ; but if we are to rely on some writers, these shell-fish are not devoid of some sparks of rationality. Gemosius, who wrote on the “Loves of the Fishes,” maintained, and proved his point by actual experiment, that oysters are susceptible of the tender passion. Another writer affirms that this fish could distinguish sounds, and had a positive musical ear ! We have, in addition to these rather marvellous qualities, a statement from one of our American cousins, which goes even a little further in eulogizing the intellect of this bivalve. We shall abridge the story :—“Very sagacious creeters,” chimed in an old salt, who was carefully laying up nettings for his hammock clews. “I know’d a dog once as would tell the time a’ day by the skipper’s nose, and would drink grog, too, like a Christian.”

“Bless ye,” again broke out the gaunt, bony fisherman, “dogs isn’t a circumstance to oysters for sagaciousness ! Why, mateys, I was on the pint of tellin’ you, that after my trip to Greenland and the coast of Labrador, the old people thought I had ’bout sowed my wild oats.” “I thought you said grass,” twanged in the young mountaineer ; but the whaler, without deigning to glance at the cub, went on. “And I settled down stiddy at the oyster business. Nat Pochick and me was ’prentices in

* “The Doctor.”

an oyster-smack for better than five years, in war times too, until our time was out, when we bought the old smack at a bargain, and drove a lively trade in the same business. We used to take the oysters, where the best on 'em comes from, along the moniment shore, down about Plymouth, and we ran 'em through the Vineyard Sound to York, by way of Montank. Well, one day, when we had a full cargo, like darned fools we tried to shorten the distance, to be first in the market, by runnin' outside of Nantucket; but jest as we got off Skonset, what should we see but the old Ramillies, seventy-four, the admiral's ship, a-hiddin under Tom Nover's Head; and in less than a minute an eighteen-pound shot came spinning across our bows, and two big double-banked boats was making the water white as they pulled towards us. We know'd, as well as could be, that them Britishers didn't want the old smack, nor care a snap for the oysters; but we did think sartin, that they wouldn't mind clappin' hold on two sich likely chaps as my partner and me, to serve under the king's flag. So we up helm and ran the smack and the cargo slap on the Old Man's Shoal; but jest afore she struck we jumped into the yawl and paddled to the beach, where we saved being captured. Well, the smack was knocked into splinters by the breakers in less than an hour. Now, my hearties," said the whaler, as he paused and gazed about the group of listeners, "every blessed one of them oysters went back to the beds where they were took, as much as a hundred miles from the reef where the old craft was wrecked! And there's great Black Dan, of Marsfield, will tell you the same; for ye must bear in mind that

oyster-men have their private marks on the oysters, and them was found in kitching the oysters again. This, boys, was the last trip as ever we made in that trade, though Nat Pochick, out of sheer fondness for the things, established himself on the Old Boston Bridge, where he is to this day, opening his five or six thousand oysters of an evening, which he sells off like hot cakes in the arternoons."

The oyster, as just mentioned, has been considered, by those naturalists who have written on the "Loves of Fishes," as highly susceptible of the tender passion. An American writer has given us the following lines on the subject:—

"Not in the land where beauty loves to dwell,
 And harda to aing that beauty dwelleth there ;
 Not in the land where rules th' enchanter's apell
 And fashion's beings beautiful and rare ;
 Not in such land are laid the scenes I tell.
 No odours float upon its aunny air ;
 No ruddy vintage, and no tinted flowers
 Gladden its fields or bloom within its bowers.

"Mine is a lowlier lay—the unquiet deep—
 The world of waters ; where man's puny skill
 Has but along its service dared to creep ;
 The quaking vassal of its wayward will,
 Exultant only when its calm waves sleep,
 And its rough voice is noiseless all and still,
 Aud trembling when its crested hosta arise,
 Roused from their slumbers by the wind's wild cries.

"None but the dead have visited its caves !
 None but the dead pressed its untrampled floor.
 Eyes, but all aightlesa, glare beneath its waves,
 And forms earth's worshippers might well adore,

Lie in their low and ever-freshened graves,
 All cold and loveless far beneath its roar.
 The bright-eyed maiden and the fair-haired bride,
 And sire and son there slumber side by side.

* * * * *

“Smile not, ye wise ones, at my lowly lay,
 Nor deem it strange that underneath a shell
 High thoughts exert their ever-ruling sway
 And soft affections scorn not there to dwell.
 That in an oyster’s breast the living ray
 Of mind beams forth ; or that its young thoughts swell
 Less vauntingly in pride of place or birth
 Than aught that breathes upon our upper earth.

“Of blighted hopes and confidence betrayed—
 Of princely dames and wights of low degree—
 The story of a high-born oyster maid
 And her calm lover, of low family :
 And how they met beneath their oft-sought shade,
 The spreading branches of a coral-tree.
 Attended by a periwinkle page,
 Selected chiefly for his tender age.

“Sing scaly music.”* —————

Omens and dreams are considered under the influence of oysters. In the south of France, people believe at this hour that to eat this fish after the hour of midnight, is to invoke the evil spirits from their dwelling. The facetious Melton held the old belief of the effects of the sea-tide on the size of oysters. He says, “By the increase and decrease of the moone, some creatures are augmented and diminished, as oysters and other shell-fish.” He tells us again, by way of irony, “By the seventh house you will judge what wife you will have,

* Sandford.

whether she will be as *mute* as an oyster, or have a tongue as long as a fishwoman's." In some districts of Hungary, when a clergyman is appointed to a church, his parishioners present him, on the first Sunday, with a dish of stewed oysters, mixed with sweet wines and liqueurs. Paracelsus, whose head was filled with spiritual agencies of all kinds, was a voracious devourer of oysters; and he maintained that when he ate lightly of them, he saw the most delectable visions, but when he was induced to go beyond this temperate scale, he saw the entire host of the infernal regions.* Jerome Carden had likewise many superstitious notions about the eating of oysters when the moon was at the full.

To dream of eating oysters foretells prosperity, and that you'll be married to a lady who will love you; but if you should dream of letting them fall, you will lose the affections of the lady, for she is betrothed to another, and will soon be married.†

The Bishop of Worcester's Curing Powder.—Take a pound of fine oyster-shells, taken from the sea when the sun enters *Cancer*, which is every year on the eleventh day of June; and pick and wash them clean, and beat them into fine powder, which finely sieve; and then take musk and civit, of each three grains, ambergris twelve grains; rub them in the bottom of the mortar. The dose is seven or eight grains in beer or wine.‡

We read in a modern book of travels, by an American author, that some of the tribes of Patagonians observe

* "Works," vol. ii. Paris, 1792.

† "Lune Notturmo o vero prattica di Sagni." Bologna, 1614.

‡ "The Queen's Closet Opened," p. 54.

various superstitious ceremonies or incantations by means of the oyster. Among a native tribe called Yamashonar, a custom prevails, that, whenever severe sickness makes its appearance among them, they assemble in a body, range themselves in a circle, and perform many curious but unmeaning gesticulations with oyster-shells in their hands. This being done, a heap of these shells are collected, the tribe dance round it, muttering a shrill scream, and then the ceremony terminates.

Oysters were especial objects of attention among the ancient physicians. Hippocrates speaks highly of their salutary and medicinal virtues. Zeno and Crato, two medical authors who lived in the times of Plutarch, commend oysters above all other kinds of fish to their sick patients. The reasons they give for this diet are, that the flesh of the oyster has less acidity, and more nutritious particles, than other kinds of shell-fish. When compared with the common run of river and sea fish, they are more strengthening, lest moist and clammy, easier of concoction, sooner turned into blood, and fitter for man's body. "It is universally allowed," say these two physicians, "that some oysters are better than others, their relative goodness depending upon the locality where they are bred. Those near *Leptis* in *Africa*,* in *Eubœa* and about *Dyrrhachium*, are best suited to the stomachs of invalids." Aldrovandus says that the oyster has a soft fattening flesh, and a rich delicacy of flavour, and when eaten with onions, apples, vinegar, and oil, their natural agreeableness is considerably heightened. He adds, "Oysters are a usual and common meal, both

* Caspar Pencer.

for the nobility and for the poor ; the former using them for variety and wantonness' sake, and the latter for the want of other food. This fish is the chief support of Lent."* Lemery, another medical writer of note, tells us that oysters are very nourishing, easy of digestion, and produce good juice. He asks, if any one ever knew any bad consequences from their use ?

Medical superstition and quackery have made very free with the oyster. Pickled oysters were often prescribed as a *cataplasma* to the feet in fevers, particularly when "the spirits, being vehemently irritated, fly into explosions, and in pertinacious watchings, phrenzies, and convulsions." In such cases, it is said, they draw the humours downwards, and thereby relieve the head. An *elixir* is made of the shells of the fish, which is a sovereign remedy for "low spirits, melancholy, and literary aberrations, whimsies, and crudities of the nerves." It is as follows:—Take ten pounds of oyster-shells, dried and grossly powdered ; put them in a retort, lute it, and place it in an open furnace give it a degree of fire every two hours, till no fumes are seen in the receiver. Then let all cool, and there will be an oil, a volatile salt, and a pungent volatile spirit ; which put in a clean retort, and by fire unite together. Then take eight ounces of this united spirit, and put into a *cucurbit*, with two pounds of rectified spirits of nitre, one pound of diaphoretic antimony, and four ounces of volatile salt of tartar. Let them be well united. Then add an ounce of oil of nutmeg, and half an ounce of oil of cinnamon, digest in a matrass ten days, and pour off for use, and put into a

* Aldrovandus, "Opera." Basil.

well-stopped bottle. A dose of this is from four to ten drops.*

The *proverbs*, or common sayings about oysters, are not very numerous. We give the following, the moral or meaning of which is obvious:—

“A man may come to market though he don't buy oysters.”

“As like an apple as an oyster.”

“As stupid as an oyster.”

“Don't blunt your razor with opening another man's oyster.”

“Oysters are not good in a month that hath not an R in it.”

“The Mayor of Northampton opens oysters with his dagger.”

(This last seems less proverbial than plain sailing; less an applicable saying than matter of history; for Grose tells us that the mayor did this to keep the oysters from his nose. The town being inland, and at least eighty miles from the sea, the oysters formerly brought thither were generally stale; but since turnpike roads, and the *present* (*i.e.*, Grose means the *then*) expeditious mode of travelling, his worship of Northampton may open oysters with as little offence to his nose as his magisterial brother at Dover or any other seaport.)

“The increasing moon plumps up the slippery oyster.”

“(Lubrica nascentes implent conchyliis lunæ.”—HOR.)

“Undone, as a man would undo an oyster.”

Nicholas Monardus, a German author, has written some amusing things about the oyster. In one of these he makes the shell-fish address the other sections of animated nature after the following fashion:—“I stand at the head of creation in this lower world. My habitation is the mighty ocean, the source of health and purity to all animal life. My origin is free from all taint of

* *Marchaleus*.

sensuality and grossness. I am born of the celestial spheres—of the orbs of heaven—of the brilliant stars. My weapons are those of defence, not of warfare. I am a type of universal peace, brotherhood, and good-will. I live the life of serenity, repose, peace, and contentment. No growling passions—no sordid desires—no jealous apprehensions—no selfish purposes adhere to my nature. I live surrounded by liquid nectar—an elixir of life—a restorative of invigorating power which no other animal possesses. When I move to southern and warmer latitudes, I become more valuable in the eyes of the world. I there give birth to jewels of great price, and am anxiously and laboriously sought after. I figure at the courts of kings—give the finishing *éclat* to breathless aspirations of princesses—become the standard of rank, position, and social and public honour, and am always the most attractive and envied in the bustling crowd of gaiety and fashion. All other beauties sink into nothingness when compared to me. I am the admiration and envy of the world. The low and vulgar stand in awe before me.”*

The *chasquis*, or runners of Peru, were in the habit, before its conquest by Spain, of carrying oysters from the ocean to the court of the *Incas*. If we may trust Montezinos, the royal table was served with this fish, taken one hundred leagues from the capital, in twenty-four hours after they were removed from their beds in the sea.†

A lively and able writer of the present age, in discussing that knotty question the *Source of the Beautiful*,

* “Donarius Amphitheatrum.” Hanover, 1819.

† “Mem. Antiquas,” MS. lib. ii., cap. 7.

has derived one of his illustrations from the power of the oyster, among other fishes and savoury objects, to maintain his point. He says, "If you deny that matter can produce emotion, judge on these civil occasions (at Fishmongers' Hall) of the power of gusts, and relishes, and flavours." Look at men when (as Bishop Taylor says) they are "gathered round the eels of Syene, and the oysters of Lucrinus, and when the Lesbian and Chian wines descend through the limbec of the tongue and larynx; when they receive the juices of fishes, and the marrow of the laborious ox, and the tender lard of the Apulian swine, and the condited stomach of the scarus;"—is this nothing but mere sensation? is there no emotion, no panting, no wheezing, no deglutition? Is this the calm acquisition of intelligence, and the quiet office ascribed to the senses?—or is it a proof that nature has infused into her original creations, the power of gratifying that sense which distinguishes them, and to every atom of matter has added an atom of joy?"*

During the party discussions which were rife about a quarter of a century ago, about Negro emancipation, the following lines were published in a London periodical, ridiculing, through the means of the oyster, the overstrained philanthropy of the hour:—

THOUGHTS OF AN OYSTER SEATED UPON A GRIDIRON.

"They've borne me afar from my *native* bed,
 Where 'such a beauty I did grow;'
 And from dredger to dealer, in bustle and dread,
 I've been tumbled about till I wish'd myself dead;
 And now, by my beard, I am pretty well sped,
 For my frame's in the devil's own glow!

* "Sketches of Moral Philosophy," by Rev. Sidney Smith.

“So ho! what the plague is this piercing my shell?
 Sure it is flame rising hotter and-hotter!
 Why, an oyster of quality might just as well
 Take kitchen-floor lodgings in fire-eating h——,
 Or make up his mind, like a mumchance to dwell
 In the mullock-stowed maw of an otter!

“Accurst is my fate! I’m all shrivelled up!
 Never more shall I rest on the banks
 Where, before love was cross’t, I oft tasted the nup-
 Tial delight to be drawn from the conjugal cup;
 Now I am doomed to be dished that some boobies may sup,
 And fatten their indolent flanks.

“Oh, Neptune! oh, Venus, release a poor oyster,
 Who swears in the heat of devotion
 For the rest of his life, like a monk in his cloister,
 He’ll shrink in his shell from the touch of the Roister,
 And never (if once he get back), heed the oyster
 Who’d tempt him to leave the green ocean.

“Vain, vain is my prayer! The powers will not save!
 I’m fated in flame to expire!
 So I’ll die like a hero, as modest as brave.
 My beard is now singed—without water I shave—
 Contented my carcase I give to the grave,
 While my spirits flare up with the fire!

* * * * *

“Oh you, when broiled oysters at supper delight,
 Remember this dying one’s moan;
 And whenever to chambers you chance to invite,
 Or at the gay civic feasts are for making a night,
 Be sure that no shell-fish, in desperate plight,
 Hath curst you with death’s frantic groan.”

We shall now draw our remarks to a close with the

following American story, which, we believe, has not appeared on this side of the Atlantic:—

Not many years since there flourished in one of the southern cities on the Atlantic coast, a certain original, eccentric individual, whose sole occupation was the pursuit of the oyster trade, of course under difficulties. It was on a grand scale, and “Old Shell,” as he was nicknamed, was a prime favourite with all the young bucks, roystering blades, and fast men about town. He was a passionate admirer of oysters in every shape. His food was almost exclusively oysters. He bet on oysters. He studied oysters. In fine, he was emphatically an *oyster*-man.

“Old Shell,” one summer, took it into his head that a trip to the north would be of advantage to his health, moral and physical. To resolve to do anything, and to do it, were with him one and the same thing. He went.

On arriving at New York, he put up at a fashionable hotel; and as he was a tall, fine-looking man, dressed well, and spent his money freely, he soon became almost as much a favourite in the north as he was in the south.

There was one thing about him, however, that puzzled every one. On the hotel book of arrivals, his name was entered in full, with the following capital letters, in a large sprawling hand, attached—F.R.S. On his cards the same mysterious letters appeared. “Mr. So-and-so, of such a city, F.R.S.” He never would explain their meaning, and great, of course, was the small-talk and chit-chat about it. The “gossip market” rose above par in the course of three days.

One morning, a newly-come English gentleman, of middle age and grave aspect, was looking over the list of arrivals. He was struck by the mysterious letters, as every one else had been.

"F.R.S.," muttered he; "it can't be! yet there the letters are! Who would have thought it?"

The clerk was called up, and requested to explain. He knew nothing more than that one of the boarders and lodgers had put his name down with that handle attached.

"Show him to me!" said the Englishman, eagerly.

"There he goes now, sir," said the clerk, pointing to our hero.

The next moment "Old Shell" felt his hand grasped by another hand, whilst his arm went through a rapid and vigorous motion, familiarly known as the "pump-handle action." It was the Englishman; his face beaming with cordiality.

"Delighted to meet you, sir! Had not the slightest idea of seeing one of our society on this side of the water! When were you a member? My memory is so defective."

"Member of *what*?" said "Old Shell," half surprised, half angry.

"Oh, don't be so modest, my dear sir!"

Modest! the deuce! What society?"

"No bashfulness, now! You are a Fellow, I know."

"Dash my buttons, stranger!" exclaimed "Shell," thoroughly indignant; "do you call me a fellow?"

"Fellow of the Royal Society, sir. You mistake my meaning. Fellow of the Royal Society of London."

“ I am no Londoner, man ; I come from down South, *I* do. I am an oyster-man, I am.”

“ Why, what on earth does F.R.S. mean, then, attached to your name ? ” said the astonished Englishman, science and surprise beaming from his countenance.

“ Well, stranger, I don't care if I *do* tell *you* ! You see I like oysters, I do ; and F.R.S. means adzackly nothing more nor less than *Fried, Roasted, and Stewed!* ”

ON THE GENERALITIES OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE influence of general principles, and the modes of their development and application, have constituted one of the many curious and puzzling problems connected with the science of mind. From the earliest ages of speculation we find philosophers attempting to solve these knotty questions ; and even at the present hour the subject of our abstract-general conceptions is wrapped in great obscurity. We are not going, however, to attempt a solution of these enigmas, nor trespass on the peculiar province of the metaphysician. Our aim is more practical and humble. We only wish to speak of matters within the cognizance of every man who thinks at all of his own inward principles of action. We desire to treat of matters immediately connected with light literature and art. Authors, critics, and artists are just made what they are by the use they make of general rules and principles. These are the tools they are constantly working with. To make a few remarks on the divers ways these are applied, and influence our judgment of men and things, is the chief object we have now in view.

General principles are likewise of great moment in all the branches of scientific and philosophical truth. Indeed, many thinkers have affirmed that all philosophy,

properly so called, whether material or mental, is nothing more than a mode or fashion of collecting or arranging general rules and axioms. On this point we shall not enlarge. The subject would prove too vast and recondite. We shall, therefore, confine our observations to literary works of a biographical, historical, imaginative, descriptive, and critical kind; and in art, to that department of it which goes under the common denomination of painting. In these several branches of mental skill and labour, we shall be able to elucidate many singular phenomena of our intellectual economy, and to point out to the ordinary reader many of the sources of his mental pleasures and acquisitions.

There is a piece of mental machinery set in motion in every individual, which performs its wondrous operations almost unheeded and unrecognized. It may technically be termed synthesis and analysis; or, in more homely terms, *gathering together into a heap, and a subsequent separation of parts*. Upon the manner this piece of mechanism is worked, rests the degree of merit and effect which belongs to every literary and artistic work. The adroitness and skill displayed in wielding this power determine the share of fame which we render to authors and artists. This standard of value is founded, however, upon some of the most subtile powers or energies of our nature. It can be best illustrated by examples.

Let us take, for instance, a literary work in biography. We write the life of a man. How do we do this? Do we recount every deed or movement of his life? By no means. We first take a glance of his career as a whole, or in the abstract; survey it a little;

look at its totality from various aspects; and then begin to separate, to cull out, and to descant upon particular parts or incidents in the individual's narrative. But in doing all this there is a constant reference to some general end, object, principle, impression, purport, or design. This general thing is perpetually before the mind's eye. It is to us what the line and plummet are in the hands of the master builder. We are always culling, and squaring, and rejecting, and amalgamating our biographical materials so as to effect the grand object we have in view. Perhaps we want to write the life of a friend—a divine of some eminence. Well, we must work up our mass of facts and observations to make him as interesting and amiable as possible. Our materials must be tinted and coloured in conformity to the end we have in the mind's eye. There must be unity and consistency displayed in our workmanship. Hundreds of incidents in our friend's life would not answer this purpose. It would be no use to give a faithful account, were it even possible, of all he had done, eaten, drank, or travelled. All [such things, though they make up, with other things, the life of every man, that of the divine as well as others, yet they must nearly all be kept in the background. Should any particular incident be dragged into open day, it must be for the purpose of telling a tale, or pointing a moral, interesting to the world at large. The life of even the most illustrious of the human race, is made up of very low and intrinsically worthless materials; and it is only by putting them through the crucible of generalization, that they can be made transparent and shining, so as to rivet our attention and esteem.

Again, perchance, we are induced to pen a biographical sketch of some illustrious warrior. We follow here the same plan as in the preceding case of the clergyman. We scan over the entire life of the general; form a sort of abstract or compendium of its importance or worth; and then begin to select, and fix on those incidents in his career we are desirous of using to point out the moral or truth we wish to inculcate. Every thing the hero said and did would probably—were it possible to give a detailed account of it—mar the grand object of our labours. We must, therefore, separate the abstract conception of his life into its individual elements; look over the whole in this state of particular isolation; and then pick and choose our incidents and events according to our ideal model, which is ever before us, and which forms a pattern or type for the regulation of our proceedings. All this subtile work goes on as silently and unheeded as the beating of the pulse. It rarely gives the writer a single thought. But how important a work it is. The precise manner in which it is done—the degree in which the power of abstraction or particularizing are blended together—constitutes the elements of the writer's reputation, and the measure of his judgment, literary qualifications, and artistic taste.

We find, from an acquaintance with biographical works, that the particular and the general vary considerably in these productions. Some men's lives will bear more incidental and personal delineation—more of the every-day gossip and staff of life than others. This proportion depends on the precise aim of the biographer, as well as on the special character he attempts to depict.

In many lives, light and shade must be imparted. Monotony must be avoided at any cost. At the same time care must be taken that the biographer does not degenerate into the frivolous and silly. As a general rule, where the character is weighty and grave, either from its original structure, or from social position, a considerable portion of ordinary gossip relieves the meagerness of the narrative, and makes it at once agreeable and improving. The principle of contrast is here introduced with effect. Boswell has made Dr. Johnson a more interesting personage, from having made him a more familiar and common one. The general tenor of his life and deportment strikingly indicated gravity and scholastic formality; but the Doctor has been brought down from his stilts, and made to act and appear more like ordinary mortals, by the minute delineations of his indefatigable biographer. In a recent life of Campbell, the poet, we find the work incurring the critical severity of the late Mr. Lockart, in the *Quarterly Review*, who maintained that Dr. Beattie, the author, had *not* written the life of the writer of the "Pleasures of Hope." The fact was, that the Doctor was the intimate acquaintance and executor of Campbell—jealous of his fame and reputation—and felt himself under a powerful restraint not to mention many matters, known to others, which would have redounded, perhaps, very little to the honour of the poet. But yet the work in question is a good biography. It pictures Campbell from a certain conventional point of view; and works out the general result by avoiding all that might impair or weaken the precise impression the writer intended should be made. The same remarks may be

applied to many biographies of popular reputation. They are *word* pictures, which do not admit of all things being drawn; but only such as tell the moral or truth which the respective writers have aimed at enforcing. All this is effected by a dexterous and unnoticed use of generals and particulars.

The historian has much about the same task to perform as the biographer has. A history of every transitory phase of human society, would, were it possible to be executed, prove of no utility. It is the proper selection of facts and observations, and the fair degree of weight imparted to each, that constitute the bone and marrow of sound and useful history. Here generalizing is of vital value. A writer must have a correct general outline of the entire period of time he purposes to descant upon; and having this firmly in his mind, always actively regulating his movements, he must then commence to particularize—to select and cull out of his materials whatever is calculated to further his views. The due balance of the mental faculties of dealing with general and particular ideas, is one of the cardinal qualifications of a writer of history of any kind, whether political, scientific, literary, or artistic. This, it may be observed, is a comparatively rare intellectual endowment. Hence we find the complaint often made, that our most esteemed and popular histories of European countries, are, more or less, one-sided and partial. This, though a certain and acknowledged fact, is, however, almost unavoidable. Men's party and individual views of principles connected with all branches of human action and thought, are so varied, and often discordant, that nothing can prevent the strong

and natural bias of the historian from running into ruts, and giving undue weight to particular facts and incidents. Our own national histories bear out this remark. It was recently affirmed at a public meeting, by Lord John Russell, that as yet we had no history of England. And, in a certain sense, this was true, if, by history, we mean a national narrative where all social facts and circumstances are fairly and honestly brought before the mind of the reader, stripped of the glosses and colourings of individual minds, previous to its forming a candid judgment upon them. Hume's history is strongly tinged with his own peculiar opinions on politics and religion; Smollett's less so, but still in a certain degree; Lingard's work is decidedly an apology for Romanism; and Macaulay looks at every thing through a Whig medium. Still all these are valuable works. They have a great truth to tell; and all evince the possession of the power of generalizing, and throwing light and shade on the historical canvas, by the judicious employment of the particular and incidental. The surprising activity that must be constantly manifested in the mind of the historian in gathering together, and then separating and analyzing his materials, is justly considered as one of the many wonderful operations that our composite being displays.

In literary works of an imaginative character, whose name is legion, we witness the same results of our secret powers of abstracting and analyzing. Here great care is requisite that all matters should be excluded which do not comport with the main design of the author. He has a story to tell—a series of emotions and passions to

deal with—a moral truth to develop—and all his materials must be so fashioned, so as to effect his purpose. In no branch of literary labour is the compound power of mentally *heaping up, and separating*, more vigilantly and wondrously exercised than in novels, romances, and other kindred productions. Works of this kind resemble in their variety and fecundity those produced by the pencil of the painter. We have descriptions of all states and conditions of society, delineations of all the passions and emotions of the soul, of all the eccentricities of human life; yet in these varied productions there must be unity of sentiment, object and purpose.

In books of travels and others which deal chiefly in description, the greatest nicety is required in the due balance of the general and particular. If a traveller sets about giving us an idea of the cities of London, Rome, or Paris, he must be careful to keep his generalizing powers in proper subjection. It is only by them that we can obtain all the chief features or salient objects of interest that these cities furnish. If he walk through them with a pair of microscopic spectacles, he will defeat his purpose. Minuteness is sometimes desirable, and gives life and sprightliness to a narrative; but it must only be sparingly used. It must not stand in the foreground of the author's narrative. It must be subordinated, and made only an incidental ingredient in his description. Men write books of travels from many different starting points; some from a political, some from a social, and others from an artistic platform; but whatever their aim the same government of the generalizing faculty is im-

peratively requisite, to give a finished and useful feature to their several productions.

The labours of the critic, whether in the field of literature or art, are constantly under the direct influence, in a high degree, of the faculties of abstraction and analysis. To have these powers in vigorous perfection and in good training, are the sure means of securing pre-eminence in his profession. He must avoid trivialities, as a general rule, though these lend him occasionally great assistance, and impart a seasonable relish and piquancy to his style and criticisms. But general and enlightened reviews of great works demand the generalizing power to be the predominate one. It alone can lead, in the majority of cases, to great results.

Now let us turn our attention to *art*, and we shall not fail to recognize here the same subtile powers of synthesis and analysis in constant and active operation. Let us take *painting* as our special object of examination.

When we know that certain truths are to be lightly regarded, or even wholly disregarded for the sake of others more important, we shall soon learn to distinguish between an honest and noble generalization and one which is the result of imperfect perception. In drawing a tree we cannot represent individual leaves or the lines and markings of its bark. These must simply be indicated by a certain mottling and inequality of colour and form, giving the confused effect of a combination in which no particulars are discernible. So, again, the face of a man is seen before his features are fully distinguished; and in the distance many reflections and gleams of colour are plainly seen, while the forms to which they

belong are not separable by our organs. We are compelled to represent surfaces as varied by many details, which affect the sight, yet make no definite impressions.

So, if the eye is directed towards a distant point, the objects nearer will be seen indistinctly as dark spots, having more or less of intelligible form from the focus of attention. The artist often chooses to direct our sight and thought to the far or middle distance; and for that purpose he sinks his foreground in shadow, or treats it not in full and accurate detail, but suggestively, showing only the general character of objects—giving something that may be known for vegetation, but no plant that can be botanically described.

Now let us stop a moment to throw in, parenthetically, an idea or two connected with art, which it will be well that the reader should keep before him in perusing the following observation:—The eye is a daguerreotype plate. It is not set to receive pictures, not compose or paint them. The art of seeing well, that is, having what is called an *artistic eye*, is not to think about seeing. Let your eye alone. Let it go as clouds go, float hither and thither at their will. Things will come of themselves, if you are patient and receptive. No man knows what he sees, but only what he has seen. One looks at a great many things but sees only a few; and those things which come back to a man spontaneously—which rise up as pictures—afterwards, are the things which he really saw.

But to return to our illustrations, let us, for example, take a picture of river-side scenery, stretching out to a bay, surrounded by masses of mountain. The air is hazy

and full of moisture. The merit of the work is its atmospheric coolness—the watery freshness of the day. The foreground is quite subordinated. It is flat, confused, and, in itself, almost unintelligible, presenting only a single dot of positive form, which is felt rather than seen to be a fisherman on a rock, beside the water. The painter here wanted a piece of land to give liquidity to his water and sky; but he needed no objects on it—no rocks, or bushes, or leaves. His thought was fixed on the beauty above, around, and far away down the opening of the highland country in the background.

So, likewise, in a print after Turner's picture of St. Donat's Castle, Glamorganshire, there are cows and donkeys in the foreground, not drawn with care and painstaking fidelity, but sketched or blotched in with a few broad strokes, and little regard for anything more than the general correctness of outline. They are unmistakable for cows and donkeys, but they evince very little indication of those subordinate forms which would be visible on the animals at the distance. They are, in fact, not set there to be looked at, but to be looked over at the clear sky, the sombre masses of wood, and the gleaming tower of the castle in middle tint. But the drawing of these beasts is not feeble; it is not the failure of one who tried to draw them, and could not, but the decision of one who could have given every particular, even the most minute, but was satisfied, for the artistic end in view, with a few simple facts.

Before we judge such a work as we have just named, we must ascertain the intention of the workman. He works by a general pattern or model for a given end or

object. If he pretends to paint cows, he shall paint them well ; but if he means sky, we will not miss his meaning by fastening in criticism upon his cows. A man cannot show everything and tell all the truth. He must concentrate all his force, and we demand only that he should wisely determine what to retain and what to throw aside. If his omission is, on the whole, a gain rather than a loss ; if he rejects a trifling detail to emphasize by his undivided attention a more important perception, we gladly accept his choice.

In painting, as in poetry, many an object is used, not for its own sake, but to give effect to something else. Thus, a heavy tree-top, by its dark solidity, gives clearness to the sky ; and this quite as effectually if it be not drawn with careful attention to its parts.

In looking at the noble drawings of cattle by Rosa Bonheur, my friend, who we shall suppose has an agricultural enthusiasm, complained of the want of condition and grooming in her oxen. They are not specimen animals, he thinks ; they would not take the prize at a state fair. But Rosa Bonheur loved and sympathized with creatures she saw in their rough coats under their heavy burdens. She has shown the soul of a working ox, if he has a soul. She shows how he feels and acts ; how he crowds or hangs off in the yoke ; how he dislikes going down hill ; how he hurries in the hard part of the furrow. She values the life and action of all oxen, not the artificial condition of any. She makes you feel that the state of the hair or the flesh is a trifle ; that the gentleman ox, fattened and curried for show, is, after all, no more worthy of regard than this plebeian who earns

bread for his master and himself. Rosa Bonheur regards neither the hide nor the beef, but the native powers of the animal, that does not wait for high condition, but appears in the rough specimen.

Again, in a lovely picture by Berghem, you see old cows, and horses, and donkeys, lean and well-worn, not finished specimens of their kind. But the object and delight of the artist is their repose. The horse must be road-worn, and world-worn, that he may thoroughly enjoy his drowsy repose in the sun, where he winks in sleepy satisfaction.

The horses of Darley are, like his men and women, fair average specimens in condition, but full of character. To represent this is the aim of the artist. He deals with the joys and sorrows of horses and oxen. Therefore they convey the greatest truth, and impart a high degree of pleasure and delight. Fine development is quite another thing, and unquestionably good in its place, but was not wanted here.

It is unreasonable to demand everything else and reject the thing that is offered—to call for flowers in the foreground, and refuse the mountain distances because flowers are not presented.

It is equally unreasonable to demand from Angelo that delicate symmetry of feminine form which Raphael delights to render. The moral purpose with which he painted prophets and sybils, would have been diluted by the introduction of that sensuous luxury which glows in the Galatea.

When artistic selection involves absolute disregard of well known facts, as in the case of Turner's animals, there

will be a difference of feeling in regard to the result. He who loves detail will be offended by it. Most men enjoy generalization within certain limits. If he goes beyond these the artist leaves their sympathy behind. So far as they understand him he speaks *truth* for them ; but if they cannot accept his estimate of the relative importance and subordination of objects, he seems to speak falsehood. So the men of breadth and the men of detail all over Europe are contending about the comparative truthfulness of different methods or schools of painting.

In general the great men neglect or throw aside a larger portion of details than others, but give utterance to greater truths ; while the feeble painters value themselves on the number of particulars to which they faithfully adhere. But we must remember that our own feelings and choice is not the absolute standard. If the painter generalizes bodily ; if he makes figures that are dabs merely, and blots in his foreground masses, we may say that we do not like his treatment, but we must first be sure that those effects in the picture which we do like are not dependent for their charm on this very indistinctness.

There is no other liberty taken in art, except this choice among truths. Individual objects are generally less valuable than that relation of objects by which the whole landscape is made one image on the eye and the mind. In landscape the sky is most important, because most expressive. It is the eye of a picture. Then comes the distance of the horizon, which is an opening to terrestrial, as the other to celestial spaces ; then the water which reflects the sky, or curtains, veils, or drapes it ;

then the form of mountains and foliage. We here mention loosely the general order of importance among facts in nature. Either of these may be made the special object of a picture—may take the first place in it.

Suppose we want to paint a piece of still water—a lake. The tree-forms over it are obscured by shadow. We do not care to call the eye to their beauty of growth, to the curves of their branches, or the forms of their leaves and fruit. What we want is their shadow, contrasted with the gleam of the pool. We put them in black, thick, and sombre; and if there is a stray gleam of reflection impairing the effect we admire, interfering with the truth we are to report, and making it only a half-truth, we dash out the ray—we omit it because it is unrelated to our purpose, as we omit in portraiture the marks which accident has made upon a face.

If, then, we find in any work an error of detail, of imitation, we will first consider whether it is intentional neglect—not feebleness, but design. Then we shall ask what is gained by this neglect.

Many artistic critics show plainly enough the faults of Claude—his bad drawing of foliage. They show that Claude not only omitted, but carelessly misrepresented form. He not only subdued his details, but he drew impossible curves and angles amongst his tree trunks. The truths he pretended to give were not given. Still, these critics do not yet show the comparative value of those facts rendered and those neglected by Claude, and they leave us unable to form an estimate of that great master.

Sins of commission we cannot so readily pardon, and yet omission is a kind of evil commission. Not doing

well is doing ill; and it is never wise to say positively how much inaccuracy we will overlook. That depends on the strong or ineffectual treatment of those facts really given. The great masters have gravest faults. Little men have no courage or enthusiasm to commit faults; they guard every word; but energetic persons are content to make many mistakes for the sake of a final good result; and they trust that the truth attained will cover many inaccuracies in expressing it.

Raphael's animals are all bad, and so are those of Da Vinci. The figures of most landscape painters are bad. In all the pictures of Claude, Poussin, Salvator, and the Flemish masters of landscape, there is a great deal of carelessness about particular truths. One man cannot draw the anatomy of a tree; another cannot rightly clothe it with leaves; another cannot paint sunshine; another introduces wooden or woollen clouds. But each can do something; and a just estimate of every work proceeds upon the success, and not on the failures, involved in it. Merit of any kind is so rare in the world, that a single broad statement, thoroughly well made, will impart pleasure to every sensible observer, and secure the artist an honourable reputation.

DAYS ON THE TWEED SIXTY YEARS AGO.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OCTOGENARIAN.

THE Tweed and its numerous feeders present to the eye of the angler and general tourist such a boundless field for amusement and recreation, that we express no extravagant opinion when we state, that there is not over the entire range of the British Isles such an interesting collection of waters within the same superficial extent of country; while for beauty and sublimity of landscape, and interesting historical associations, they stand pre-eminently superior to any other rural district of the kingdom.

The mere angling capabilities of these streams are beyond conception and value to the followers of the gentle craft. But they are noticeable in another point of view. Who have been the visitors to these waters, with rod in hand, within the last century? We can answer generally, some of the most distinguished men of the age, both foreign and domestic. Many scores of celebrities, conspicuous in their day for the extent of their learning, eloquence, or social or political position, have, from time to time, formed parties with well-known anglers, and have sauntered along the banks of the Tweed and its feeders, in all the simplicity of intellectual freedom and *deshabille*, and have played the child with a buoyant

heart and an unfettered playfulness. Here have wandered the erudite philosopher, the popular poet, the diligent artist, the influential statesman, the man of wit and sentiment, and the grave and dignified minister of the Church. And, were we in a position to embody all the intellectual treasures which have from time to time been carelessly strewed along the banks of these several waters, in the casual and fortuitous intercourse of the day, we should not despair of presenting to the world something worthy of its commendation, and calculated to make it both wiser and better. But, alas! we can present no such embodiment of human thought. We have, however, in our own person, preserved a few fragments of this, one of which we shall forthwith lay before the reader.

Angling threescore years ago was not so commonly indulged in on the Tweed as in modern times. Then there were only, perhaps, half-a-dozen large parties of gentlemen visiting the river during a season; while the number of what may be termed the middle or trading class of society, seeking piscatory recreation, was comparatively small. Both classes have increased considerably within the last thirty years; partly from the increased facilities for travelling, and partly from a more general and keener relish imparted to this mode of sport-
ing. For many years during the early sections of my rod-fishing experience, parties who did visit the Tweed made an important affair of the journey; they came to remain a week or two, and often longer, on its banks, and were amply provided with all the materials or elements of a piscatory campaign. This rendered the intercourse

among the individual members of such groups easy and familiar, and imparted to the entire company much that was both pleasant and improving, independent of the mere excitement consequent upon the sport of angling itself.

And here, perhaps, the indulgent reader will permit a reflection or two personal to ourselves, and suggested by our "seared and yellow leaf." For threescore years and ten, the Tweed and its tributaries have been a sort of home to us, in our recreations and amusements. We have explored their localities in every direction over and over again. The outlines of the horizon of this fishing range—its peaks and headlands, its mountains and gorges, its streams and valleys—have become familiar to us. It is with something like sadness that we have now the near approach of leaving them for ever. Nature makes so many overtures to those who love her, and stamps so many remembrances of herself upon their affections, and draws forth to her bosom so much of our very self, that at length the fields, and the trees, and the hills, and the various waters, become a journal of our life. In visiting some of these enchanting waters with our rod, for, perhaps, the last time, we could not but remark what a hold they had got upon us. This craggy knoll here, and that bluff headland yonder, we claimed as *our own*. Hundreds of times we have greeted them, and been greeted; we have bounded over them; in imagination we have built near these spots, and welcomed our friends to our air-cottage; we have sat at sunset, and looked forth north and south, east and west, and harvested every year from each direction great stores of beauty and joy. But

there is still hope in the winter of life. What the heart has once owned and loved, it shall never lose. This is a consolatory reflection—a glorious vision—this hope and everlasting surety of the future. How shallow were life without it, and how deep beyond all fathoming with it! The threads that are broken in the loom here, will be taken up there. The veins of gold that penetrate this mighty mountain of time and earth, shall have forsaken the rock and dirt, and shine in sevenfold purity. And all those wrongly estranged and separated; and all who, with great hearts, seeking great good for men, do yet fall out and contend; and all who bear about hearts of earnest purpose, longing to love and to do, but hindered and baulked, and made to carry hidden fire in their hearts that warms no one, and only burns the censer; and all who are separated that should have walked together; and all that inwardly and outwardly live in a dream all their days, longing for the dawn and the waking;—to all such, how blessed and cheering is the dawn of another and brighter state of existence!

Our “reminiscences” commence in 1790. This was a most exciting epoch throughout England, as well as on the Continent. It was in this year I formed one of a party consisting of the late Earl Grey (then Charles Grey), Brinsley Sheridan, Messrs. Whitbread, Ponsonby, and several others; and among the number were a M. Didot and the Abbé Haüy, French refugees, who delighted us all with their lively and graphic description of some of the scenes of the French Revolution, then moving forward in its wild and sanguinary career. We all met, with our fishing tackle, at Wark Castle, which is

the property of the Grey family. The angling is excellent, both above and below this time-worn and dilapidated old building. The streams are rippling and capacious, and they lead into stretches of deep and still water of considerable length, and commonly well stocked with salmon and salmon-trout. It was in the month of July, and the weather, though warm, was somewhat cloudy, which was favourable to our sport. Messrs. Grey and Sheridan soon got their rods and flies ready, and moved down the stream; while I went with a section of the company upwards, and divided them at suitable distances along the banks of the river. We fished for several hours, and had good sport. The French gentlemen, however, proved but lame hands at the craft; and, being conscious of their want of skill, they continually endeavoured, by one-sided manœuvres, to draw the company into desultory conversations, and induce them to relax their angling labours for a season. Didot spoke English well, though with a foreign accent and idiom, and appeared to be about sixty years of age. The philosophical abbé spoke the language very imperfectly, but was tolerably acquainted with English literature. Didot was possessed of considerable property in France: it had just been confiscated, but he had succeeded in saving a moiety of it from the general wreck, and had lodged it in the hands of Mr. Coutts, the banker. He stated that he was the nephew of Diderot, the concoctor and responsible editor of the famous "Encyclopædia," then considered one of the most powerful and mischievous works that the world had ever seen. Both the French Court and the doctors of the Sorbonne viewed this publication, for many years

after its first appearance in 1745, with great suspicion, and, indeed, openly remonstrated against several of the articles which treated of metaphysical and theological topics. Louis XVI. was, however, rather partial to Diderot; and his nephew Didot told us, when we were all sitting enjoying our lunch on the river's bank, that one day the monarch sent for his uncle, about ten years previous to the first outbreak of the popular fury, and said to him, "M. Diderot, you are a man of talent—of European reputation as a philosopher. What you write and publish has a great influence on the minds of the thinking men in every part of the world. I have looked with some care and considerable anxiety into many of the volumes of your 'Encyclopædia,' and found much to admire, as well as to reprove. Your *Materialism* is dangerous to society at large: it is unguarded and unqualified; and I have often thought you should take some immediate steps towards correcting and rewriting the work, carefully omitting those portions of it to which I allude, and with which you must yourself be well acquainted. I am not influenced by what I am now saying and recommending, by the clamour which has been raised by the Church at the publication of your novel, "Les Bijoux Indiscrets;" this is necessarily of an ephemeral character, and whatever faults it may have on the score of delicacy, they can exercise but a transient influence. But it is otherwise with your grave and philosophical discourses, which go year by year into the hands of the young and inexperienced at all our collegiate institutions throughout the kingdom. I assure you I should feel delighted, and consider it a compliment paid to myself personally,

if you would take what I have suggested into your serious consideration, with a view of trying to remedy the evil complained of." Diderot is said to have given a sort of tacit promise that the materialistic articles in the work should be revised; but this was never effected, as his death followed soon after this interview with his Majesty.

Both Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Ponsonby seemed much interested in this anecdote; for they entertained a high opinion of the literary merits of the "Encyclopædia," but were not insensible to its great defects in point of religious orthodoxy. M. Didot gave us likewise several interesting recitals of what he himself witnessed during the first ebullitions of the outbreak in Paris, the previous year; but, being a zealous royalist, his reflections on them were not so freely responded to by some of our party, who entertained very hopeful things from this great and singular political convulsion.

The number of trout the party had taken was highly satisfactory, and displayed their angling skill in a favourable light. There were only two salmon in the lot, but they were of good size, and were likewise clean-run fish. This latter characteristic greatly enhanced their value. We bent our steps back again towards Wark Castle, but Lord Howick and Mr. Sheridan had not made their appearance when we arrived. Mr. Whitbread and I went down the stream to look after them. About a mile below the old castle we espied them. The noble lord was in the river to his middle, with a salmon on his line, and seemed in a state of agreeable and pleasurable excitement at the adventure. Sheridan was sitting on the

bank enjoying the fun, and cutting jokes at his lordship's position and exploits. Among other things, he said, "Now, my lord, you are at present an actual member of the *opposition*; you have often been accused of fishing for place, you are likely to hook a prize at last." His lordship enjoyed the laugh. After another half-hour's run of the fish, a man put off from the opposite side of the river, and with a lister succeeded in killing the fish, which weighed twenty-two pounds and a-half.

The entire party, when gathered together, were afterwards regaled with substantial fare, at a large farmhouse in the neighbourhood; and, after the repast, we spent the evening, notwithstanding our fatigues, very pleasantly indeed. Many were the lively dialogues we entered into, and many witty jokes were bandied about from one to another. It was determined to move next day to another section of the Tweed, near to Melrose Abbey, in order to diversify our amusement, and to captivate the eye with new landscape beauties. Our English friends were very anxious that their French cousins, M. Didot and the Abbé Haüy, should witness some of our best spots on the Scottish Border.

We all started very early the next morning. Morning! how lovely to the senses! It has often been described by those who could do justice to the effect produced by the freshness of the air, the sweet smell of the meadows, the twittering of birds, and the thousand beauties presented to the eye and to the ear. How silvery green the pollards are, wet with the dew, which is just dispersing from the low grounds, as the sun every moment increases in height and warmth. Then

the river, now rushing rapidly over the shallows, clear as crystal, showing distinctly the shoals of trout as they wave about in a compact body, moving, as it were, by one impulse, over the bright gravelly bottom; now flowing more leisurely, as the current deepens on either side of a small ait or island, covered with brushwood, and approached by a narrow plank, for the convenience of the angler or village swain. There the waters eddy in some mimic inlet, over a deep hole, the resort of the large trout, or perhaps the salmon. See! the mist has entirely dispersed, the water no longer appears as if boiling, when it sent up volumes of steam from its surface. As the morning advances, innumerable dragon-flies, with their beautiful blue bodies, are constantly skimming the surface of the stream, and the kingfisher darts across and across it, with the swiftness of an arrow.

“Come,” said Mr. Grey (now Lord Howick), “if we are really going to-day, it is high time we were off. We shall have full six or seven miles to walk, and we shall find it a stiff pull among these hills. Have you got all your rig? Well, good morning all; and here we are under weigh.” So saying, he took his own rod, put his creel over his shoulder, full of the liveliness and enthusiasm of a true angler. We all followed.

The sky is full of slowly-opening, rolling, evasive, fleecy clouds, that never do what you think they are going to do, and always develop their magical forms in unexpected shapes and figures. So you get and lose the sunshine by turns, and go along a winding and chequered road among the mountains. You make your way among swampy meadows, full of rank grass, clumps of alders,

here and there little arboral villages of hemlock, and a fringe of bushes and trees winds circuitously through the entire ramble, having in charge the splendid and limpid river, whose fair face the sun is not in some spots to gaze too broadly upon, but only in golden glances, softened and tempered to mildness by the leafy bath of lucid green through which it passes.

After a sauntering kind of ramble, we pitched our tent at a section of the Tweed which flows round the mouldering remains of Melrose Abbey. At the date we are now referring to, this celebrated ruin presented a somewhat different aspect from what it assumes at the present hour. It was then lying in all the dirty and neglected squalor that a couple of centuries had accumulated, and the grounds in its immediate vicinity were neither so well cultivated nor so tidily trimmed as they have been of late years. But the situation, in all its leading features, was the same, and a lovely and interesting one it appeared to all our party. It was often a subject of special remark, how invariably the monkish orders hit upon the choicest spots in an extended range of country to fix their dwellings. This is very noticeable both in Britain and on the Continent. They had a keen eye for the picturesque and beautiful in nature; and no external appliances were lost sight of to make their personal lives happy and cosy. The river shows itself here to the greatest advantage; sweeping around the locality in majestic and expansive streams, and long stretches of still water. On every side the eye rests upon the landscape with rapturous delight.

We all got ready for immediate action; rods fixed,

fly-books out, lines adjusted, flies tied on ; all were eager for sport. The water and weather seemed promising. We divided our body into several sections of twos and threes, covering about a mile and a-half of the banks of the river. I had Whitbread and Ponsonby for my companions. They were neither of them much skilled in fly-fishing ; and this I soon found to my cost. They both frankly acknowledged their want of experience. Whitbread remarked, " I used to be a famous fisher when a boy—many's the stickleback I have caught ;" and Ponsonby was equally eloquent on his youthful exploits in Ireland, among the trout streams near the family estate. And now, if I have the good fortune to engage the attention of a brother of the angle—one whose heart warms at the recollection of the rod and stream—I would wish to speak a word of confidence in his ear. Truth and candour compel me to say that there are disappointments and annoyances attendant on the sport of angling, as well as on every other ; which, though not unfrequently vexatious at the time, often afford subjects for mirth to the honest fishermen by whom they have been experienced. He may get a ducking, either from the weather, or from an unexpected plunge into the stream, but the huntsman and fowler are liable to the same accidents ; he may bring home an empty creel, but other sportsmen are not always successful ; the birds may be wild, or the hounds may lose scent. But, of the many trials of an enthusiastic angler, none make a larger demand on his patience, than being coupled with one or more friends who lack the requisite degree of angling art and knowledge to do everything for themselves. We would say to the ear we

are now supposed to address, Brother, if you have not already bought experience, let me beseech you to shun the bait sometimes thrown out by the enemy, of seeming to become proselytes to your urgent arguments in defence and recommendation of your favourite amusement, and offering to accompany you for a day's fishing, *if you will take the trouble to give them some little instruction on the subject*. This has often been the trap I have fallen into; and I therefore speak feelingly on the matter.

I found I had to put all the flies and lines of both my friends into order, for they had no idea of doing this in an artistic style for themselves. This matter accomplished, I had next to direct them to the best portions of the streams, accompanying my instructions with some remarks on the necessity which every true angler is under, of learning to cultivate a *fisher's eye*; that is, to have such a keen insight into the localities where fish of various sizes and kinds are in the habit of frequenting, that you shall not throw your line into barren and unprofitable waters. To these instructions, imparted with all ardour and simplicity of language, my pupils appeared to pay great attention; and I fondly anticipated they would be large profitters by them. Nothing gives a true angler so much delight as the thought of making a decided convert. No votary of the Church of Rome, who labours night and day to endeavour to gain a proselyte, that his own soul may be saved, feels the thrill of devoted enthusiasm more sensibly, or sets a higher value on the achievements of conversion.

“We shall abide,” said Mr. Whitbread, “by your in-

structions; and we have no doubt we shall be successful this delightful morning. I should like exceedingly to catch a salmon."

"I dare say you would," rejoined Mr. Ponsonby, "but my ambition does not soar so high; I shall be content with a few good-sized trout."

We each repaired to separate parts of the river. I had just got my own tackle adjusted, when I was loudly called for by Mr. Whitbread, who had *whipped off* his flies, and could not replace them. I had to trip a few hundred paces to put him again to rights, and to give him a few short lessons on the subject of *crackling off* flies. Well, I had not thrown my own line in a score of times till I saw Mr. Ponsonby waving his hat, and beckoning me to come to his assistance. I threw down my rod, and ran off immediately when I found he had allowed his line to float too near some trees, and it was firmly hooked on one of the branches which dipped into the surface of the water, and which was here of considerable deepness. Nothing could be done save winding up the line, and making as small a sacrifice as possible, in breaking it off from the branch. This was done with the loss of the cast-line and flies. New ones were put on, and, after half-an-hour's interruption, I once more had my own rod in hand again.

I had not finished half-an-hour till I saw Mr. Ponsonby coming towards me with rather a rueful countenance. He said he had lost all his flies, and a good portion of his line, by getting entangled with an old stump of a tree. He begged I would put his tackle all right again, which I did.

“I am, you see, very helpless,” said he; “I fear I shall never make a good angler.”

I endeavoured to console him under these casual mishaps. Being fully refitted once more, he took his departure; and I saw him about an hour after, when he had succeeded in capturing four or five very nice-sized trout; an exploit which seemed to give him the most exquisite pleasure, and which fully repaid him for his past misfortunes.

“Now,” said he, “I shall consider myself a real fly-fisher from this day henceforth. I shall take out a piscatory diploma of no mean order.”

Ponsonby was a man of a very fine and reflective mind, and he was at this period of his life fond of botany and flowers of all kinds. Just after I had to-day congratulated him on his success in fishing, he sat down by a hedge-side, and asked me if I were partial to botanical studies. I answered in the negative.

“Ah!” said he, “you lose a great source of agreeable pleasure. Plants afford to man a rich seam of reflection. Look at these blue-bells and flowers there. How exquisitely rich and beautiful they are; but in two or three months, the scene will be entirely changed. The colds and frosts will come, and with their sharp sickles will cut all before them. Nature makes a great effort—a sort of triumph—before these destroyers set earnestly to work. She loves to die in gay colours and emblazoned dresses. The vegetable cohorts march out of the season in glowing and flaming habiliments, as if to leave the earth more in triumph than in sadness. It is not, however, nature that is ever sad, but only we our-

selves, who dare not look back on the past, and that have not her prophecies of the future in our bosoms. Men will sit down beneath the shower of golden leaves that every puff of wind in autumn casts down in field and forest, and they will remember the days of a bygone summer, and the vigour and beauty of young leaves; they will mark the boughs growing bare, and the increasing spots among the thickest trees, through which the heavens every day do more and more appear, as their leaves grow fewer, and now spring again to repair the waste, and they thus sigh that summer passeth, and winter cometh. How many suggestions and illustrations of the life of man do we not find in such contemplations! But mark further. There is as much *life* in autumn and in winter, as there is *death*, and as much creation and growth as there is of decay and of passing away. Every flower has left its house full of seeds. No leaf drops until a bud is born. Already another year is hidden among the grass, or along the boughs; another summer is secured among the declining and fading flowers. Along these hedgerows the green heart-shaped leaves of the violet tell us that it is all well at the root, and if we could turn the soil, we would find all those spring beauties that died to be only sleeping. How cheering is all this. Every tree, and every root and flower, are annual prophets sent to affirm the future and cheer the way. Thus, as birds, to teach their little ones to fly, do fly first themselves, and show the way; and as guides that would bring the timid to venture into the dark-faced ford, do first go back and ford through it; so the year and all its mighty multitudes of growths walk in and out before the face of

man, to encourage his faith in life by death—of decaying for the sake of better growth. Every seed and every bud whispers to us to secure, while the leaf is still green, that germ which shall live when frosts have destroyed both leaf and flower. Now," continued he, rising from his seat, "you can lecture me on fish and fishing if you like."

I thanked him for his instructive lecture, but remarked, that I would not now attempt to return the compliment, as we were all called to dwell upon more material and necessary topics—to discuss the merits of a picnic, or angling dinner, which was prepared on the side of the grassy hill, close to the Abbey. The whole party met here about five o'clock in the afternoon, and enjoyed a most suitable and refreshing repast, washed down by some good port and sherry. We rehearsed our various angling successes and disappointments, as good and zealous sportsmen are wont to do. We had all got something to show; some more and some less of trout, added to which, we had three salmon, whose united weight was about fifty pounds. This we all considered no small success for the time we had sojourned on the river. Lord Howick had taken two of these, and the other was hooked by M. Didot, but killed by another angler, a gentleman from London, who formed one of the party. Our success was somewhat out of the common run; for, while we were fishing with fly, and the weather was fine and bright, the river became suddenly flooded and white-coloured. Its rise was not to any great extent, but its hue struck us all with surprise. It continued in this state for nearly three hours. We had

seen no rain nor heavy clouds in the neighbourhood, but we conjectured there had been some heavy thunder-storm, either near the source of the main river, or some of its chief tributaries, several miles to the west. Such an event as this is rather uncommon in the Tweed, so far down the stream as Melrose. During the time the river ran thick and puddly, most of the party took to worm fishing, and were tolerably successful. Bait, however, was difficult to procure. Worms were sought for in the pasture-grounds in the neighbourhood; and it was rather amusing and grotesque to see members of the House of Commons grubbing as zealously for bait as they would have done for a good fat place at the Treasury.

After the dinner on the grass was over, which lasted nearly a couple of hours, we all distributed ourselves to our separate resting-places for the night, with the intention of proceeding, the next day, as far as Innerleithen. Before we left the grounds Sheridan was a little mellow, but not tipsy; and he and Whitbread had a long disputation upon some points connected with the trial of the Marquis of Hastings. How it ended, I do not remember. Our French friends did not seem to understand the points in dispute.

One of the party having caught a trout with something like a mark hanging at one of its fore-fins, the company was led into a discussion on the subjects of identity, and sensibility generally, as connected with animal life. I well remember Mr. Ponsonby's remarks on the matter. He said, "What a most wonderful thing it was, that amidst the mutations our body undergoes, our *personal identity*, our physical sameness and indi-

viduality, is still distinctly preserved! Our substance, instead of being stationary, is almost as fugitive as if it were an inanimate mist. There is scarcely a morsel of one's structure we can call our own; nor a solitary atom we can regard as a fixture in one's frame. We stand, as it were, on a stream of particles which settle for a few hours upon a skeleton, itself almost as fleeting as the flesh it wears, and then sweep past us to pursue their restless, but well regulated career.

“But let us look at man from a higher platform. The *living principle* performs another class of duties, *that of communicating between mind and matter—between the spirit and the external world.* The soul being an immaterial thing, it is, of course, inconceivable to us how it can be brought into practical intercourse with corporeal substances. Could we get the soul to step out of its dwelling for a few moments, it would probably have no more conception of physical nature, than it could be made conscious of a *blow* or a *wound*. Another power is required to bring the soul and body together, that is, *sensibility*. But it is not enough that the body should be endowed with a general susceptibility. Our frames must all be open commons, as it were, an expanse along which a given sensation might travel on any occasion whatever. An impulse or volition, for example, which was intended for the arm, might then, probably, travel to the foot; the mind wishing to shake hands with a friend, might perhaps greet him by mistake with a cordial kick. But suppose, in either of these cases, the sensation were to make a mistake, the greatest possible confusion would be the inevitable consequence.

“ But man is not merely a creature of *sensation*. He must be able to *act* upon material things, as well as be influenced by them. For this purpose he must have a splendid set of limbs for the purpose. No one can doubt that the hands were given to grasp external things; the feet to traverse; the teeth constructed to bite; and the stomach to digest. These are all moved by muscles or straps of flesh which contract at the bidding of the *will*. But how the mind, which is spiritual, can produce such an afflux of power, which is physical, is to us utterly incomprehensible.”

We started at seven o'clock the next morning, and the weather appeared fine. There were a few clouds, but not of a watery complexion. We were all mounted this morning on horseback, and we formed a powerful cavalcade. When one is on horseback, one can do more in a shorter time than on foot. You abbreviate the time and labour of passing over the intermediate space between you and the point of interest. Then there is good company in a spirited horse, a thousand times more than in a flat man. You sit on your saddle at ease, giving the horse his own way, the bridle loose, while you scan on either side the various features of the way. Your nag becomes used to you, and you to him, till a sympathetic connection is established, and he always seems to do just what you wanted him to do. Now a leisurely, swinging walk; now a smart trot; then a spirited bit of a canter, which imperceptibly dies away into an amble, pace, and walk. When you rise a hill to overlook a bold or extensive prospect, can anybody persuade you that your horse does not enjoy the sight too? His ears go for-

ward ; his eye lights up with a large and bright look ; and he gazes for a moment with equine enthusiasm, till some succulent bough or grassy tuft converts his taste into a physical form. A good horse is a perfect gentleman. He meets you in the morning with unmistakeable pleasure. If you are near the grain-bin, he will give you the most cordial invitation, if not to breakfast with him, at least to wait upon him in that interesting ceremony. There is no hoggish taste in his meals. His drinking is particularly nice : he always loves running water, in the clearest brook, and at the most sparkling spot in it. He arches down his neck to the surface ; his mane falls gracefully over his head ; he drinks with hearty earnestness ; and the throbbing swallows pulsate so audibly and musically, that you feel a sympathetic thirst. Now he lifts his head, and looks first up the road, to see who is coming ; and then down the road, at those work-horses turned loose, affecting gaiety, with their old, stiff legs, and hard and hooped bellies ; and then, with a long breath, he takes the after-drink. Once more lifting his head, but now only a few inches above the surface, the drops trickle from his lips back to the brook. Finally, he cleanses his mouth, and chews his bit, and plays with the surface of the water with his lip, and begins to paw the stream. Guiding him out, you perchance, like most angling tourists, are thirsty, and propose to yourself to have a real *boy's drink*. Selecting a favourable place, on a dry bank, where the stones give you a suitable rest, you lie flat down at full length, and begin. Your luck will depend upon your judgment of places and skill of performance. Should you be too dignified to lie down,

you will probably compromise matters, and kneel awkwardly, protruding your head to the edge, where a little pool breaks over its rim; and then you will probably send the first drops down the wrong way. Musical as is crystal water softly flowing over silver gravel between fringed banks, its passage down the breathing tubes is anything but musical or graceful; and you will have an episode with your handkerchief behind the bushes.

The party or cavalcade arrived at Innerleithen, a place which was often, in former days, honoured by the residence of Scottish kings. It is a beautiful and sequestered spot, lying close at the bottom of high hills, with the river at the south side of it, winding round the village in a majestic and lovely manner. The waters here are considered some of the very best in the river for agreeable fly-fishing, both for salmon and trout. The streams are rippling and commandable with the rod, while there are fine stretches of still water, where large fish can procure shelter. Innerleithen did not, at the time we are now alluding to, present so many artificial beauties of scenery as it does at present. Within the last half-century there have been fine bluffs of hills planted with wood, and the gentlemen's residences in the neighbourhood have been laid out with great taste and tidiness. Many houses have likewise been built within this period, which give the place, at the present hour, a more wealthy and refined aspect than it had in the days of yore.

We soon commenced operations on the river. It seemed to be in capital order and the weather was

promising, being one of those dull, cloudy days, with a gentle wind, which are generally favourable to the fly-fisher's operations. Lord Howick and Mr. Whitbread put on large salmon-flies; and the latter gentleman had not fished a piece of deep water long, till he hooked a salmon, which leaped often to a great height out of the water, and then, after about half-an-hour's run, took what is called the *sulks*, and would not stir an inch. We threw one or two small stones near his lodging-place, and at length he moved out again, and showed play. After another run of about a hundred yards or two, the fish gave evident signs of fatigue, and the angler soon brought him in safety to the bank. He was about ten pounds, and appeared to be a clean-run fish. Mr. Whitbread was delighted beyond measure, as it was the first real salmon he had ever caught in his life.

Most of the other members of the party were more or less successful. Sheridan fished little: he carried a pocket Shakespere with him, and I often observed him reading it, and laying down his rod. We all stopped at this locality for three days, and had fair sport during the whole of the time. Indeed, some had more fish than they knew what to do with. A good many were given away to some of the people in the village. The party at length set off southwards, to Howick Hall in Northumberland, where they purposed remaining for a few days, and then to try the rod in the higher streams of the North Tyne, a very favourite stream in that part of the north of England.

We thus bade farewell to the Tweed on this occasion. The enjoyment we had received from these few days'

sojourn on its banks cannot be measured by words. We were not ashamed to acknowledge, that our ride through some of the localities on its banks was attended with an overflowing of gratitude, as intelligent and distinct as ever we experienced towards a living person. Why not? Are not the heavens and the earth susceptible, in an unlimited degree, of conferring benefactions on man? Are not all the enchantments of morning and evening—all the processes of the seasons—almoners of the Almighty's bounty? *He* walks through the earth with ten thousand gifts, which he finds no one willing to receive. Men live in poverty, in sadness, and dissatisfaction, yearning and wishing for joy, while above them and about them, upon the grandest scale, and with variations beyond record, are stores of pleasure beyond all exhaustion, and incapable of palling upon the taste. When our heart has dwelt for a long time in these royalties, and has been made rich with a wealth that brings no care, nor burden, nor corruption, and that wastes only to burst forth with new treasures and sweeter surprises, we cannot forbear—thankfulness and gratitude fill the eye, rather than move the tongue. By a natural process, the mind gives sentient life to the messengers of nature, and regards them as the cheerful and conscious stewards of the divine goodness. Nor can we forego a sense of sorrow that that which was meant for so great a blessing to all men should be wasted upon the greatest number of men, either because they lack education towards such things, or lack a sensibility that develops without education.

We have been led into this train of reflection by a vivid recollection, even at the distance of more than three-

score years, of the magnificent sky we saw on the evening we left the Tweed. Our whole party were rivetted with amazement at the exhibition. And how often, when we have been wandering among the mountain-streams of Scotland and other countries, have we been rendered almost speechless by the grand displays in the firmament, and with that rush of mingled feelings of delight and awe which such spectacles are fitted to excite in a thinking mind. This should be one of the constant sources out of which the intelligent rod-fisher should derive a great portion of his pleasurable excitement. Consider for a moment, if there were an artist amongst us who could stand in Exeter Hall, in the presence of a living assemblage, and work with such marvellous celerity and genius, that in half-an-hour there should glow from his canvas a gorgeous sunset, such as flushed in a day of July at the time we are now speaking of; and then, when the spectators had gazed their fill, should rub it hastily out, and overlay it in a twenty minutes' work with another picture, such as nature paints rapidly after sunset—its silvery white, its faint apple-green, its pink, its yellow, its orange hues, imperceptibly mingling into grays, and the black blue of the upper arch of the heavens, to be rubbed out again, and succeeded by pictures of clouds—all or any of these extraordinary combinations of grandeur, in form and in colour, that make one tremble to stand and look up; these, again, to be followed by vivid portraiture of more calm atmospheric conditions of the heavens; and so on endlessly; such a man would be followed by eager crowds, his works lauded, and he called a god. He *would* be a god. Such

is Omnipotence. He fills the heavens with pictures, strikes through them with effacement, that He may pour on the endless races of His intelligent creatures the ever-varying ideas of beauty and majesty.

TRIP THE SECOND.

It was on a bright day in June that I received a friendly note from the Earl of Tankerville, of Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland, saying he would be glad to have my company with a few friends to the higher localities of the Tweed. It was settled we should all assemble, as we best could, at the inn and posting-house, at Tweedshaws, as some of his party were coming from the neighbourhood of Dumfries, and this would prove an easy and convenient spot for meeting. It was arranged, however, that his lordship, with his eldest son, Dr. William Paley, from Durham, and the three noted anglers, Charles, Ralph, and William Brandling, of Gosforth House, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, should call upon me *en route*, and we should all make the best of our way to the place of *rendezvous*, joining his lordship at Yetholm, a place more famous then than now for its gipsies. We rode through the hills by by-paths little frequented. Dr. Paley, who had never been in this section of the Scottish Border, was deeply enamoured with the mountainous tracks through which we threaded our course, under the guidance of the earl, who possessed an accurate knowledge of every nook and corner of the hilly district. The peculiar nature of the scenery, the barren grandeur of the rugged peaks

towering on high, and the picturesque valleys below, excited the admiration of the whole party. We were struck with the strange and capricious admixture of desert and comparative fertility we saw on every side; till, at length, the features of the country assumed a ruder aspect, and nothing but precipices and deep ravines met the eye. Hardly a living soul crossed our path. Now and then the shrill voice of some young shepherd roused attention, but even these sounds were gradually lost as we proceeded further; till, at last, nought but the rare cry of some mountain bird, and the sound of our own horses' feet, broke in upon the gloomy but impressive silence.

After several hours of hard riding we arrived at the little inn at Tweedshaws, and found it almost choke full of tourists like ourselves; but we failed to recognize among the company any of our friends from the west. In the course, however, of a few hours we had the pleasure of seeing and shaking them cordially by the hand. The party consisted of a Dr. Reid, from Carlisle, and two Italian noblemen, who had sought refuge in this country from the political troubles and devastations of their own, occasioned by the revolutionary army of France. The inn we then occupied stood at that time on the opposite side of the ravine from the one which now goes by the name of Tweedshaws. It was a very small place, with a low and thatched roof, and only contained two principal apartments, in addition to two or three nooks or boxes in the attic to serve for bed-rooms.

After regaling ourselves with some fine bacon-collops and eggs, and good ale (for the main stock of our pro-

vender had been sent by a servant in a dog-cart to the Crook Inn, about ten miles further down the Tweed), we commenced looking about our fishing gear, but previously resolved, ere we began angling operations, to take a short saunter to the west of the inn, to view what is called the "Devil's Beef-tub." This is a steep mountain, about fifteen hundred feet high, which forms at its base a large well-rounded circular space like a cauldron or tub : hence its name. It is unquestionably a great natural curiosity, and we believe it is now much frequented by tourists who journey through this part of Scotland.

On our return to the thatched inn, we resolved to have a little angling. The river Tweed is here formed by three small burns or feeders, taking different directions through open mountain gorges or ravines. About two miles below Tweedshaws Inn they unite, and then constitute the Tweed proper. The stream does not average more than from three to four yards in width for a couple of miles below the junction of these tributaries, but we found it full of fine, good-sized trout, and we soon caught several dozens. Dr. Paley we recognized as a first-rate fly-fisher, but at the close of our labours he had fewer fish than any of the party, with the exception of the Italian noblemen ; not, however, from any lack of skill, but from want of continued industry in the pursuit of his craft. He was fond of disputing and talking, whenever anything turned up that was suggestive to his active and inquiring mind. On one occasion I looked behind and saw the doctor sitting on a large stone by the river-side, his rod laid on the grass, and lecturing with great earnestness to the Earl of Tankerville and the two Italian

noblemen. The discussion arose from the latter making some remarks on English scenery and English landscape painters. I only heard the middle of the debate, but I well remember Paley's remarks. They were *verbatim* as follows:—"It may be observed, by an ordinary and un-artistic mind, that the colouring of our landscapes and other pieces is, as a general rule, much lighter and brighter than that of your Italian masters of the old school. I think it may be thus explained: in your country, where these great artists arose, studied, and laboured, the complexion is darker than in our northern countries; and in order to copy nature faithfully, and to throw their figures boldly from the canvas, they were obliged to darken their backgrounds, that their pictures might be in good keeping; hence arose that deep colouring which is characteristic of their compositions. Your far-famed Italian sky also exhibits a darker blue than our own; and in order to reduce all the colours to a proper tone, greens of a deep shade were very commonly employed. Even in Claude's light sunny scenes, this depth of tone is observable. The love of *chiaro-scuro* is indeed better developed in your Italian schools—more especially in the Venetian—than in our own; which is mainly owing to the peculiar manner in which this principle was practically marked out. I am not able to dive into practical expositions; nor can I very clearly show that in the Venetian style of painting a closer approach was made to nature than in any other; but it appears to me that colour was here subordinate to light, as it *is* both naturally and philosophically; and unless this principle be maintained, and pursued in a manner somewhat

analogous to that of the Venetian school, excellence in light and shade cannot be expected. The great thing with artists is to copy nature in their tone of colour. She is the supreme mistress of all artistic displays. If our landscapes can be painted in conformity with her plain suggestions, and according to those principles which she has laid down and sanctioned, they will be equally as correct and deserving of admiration as the most esteemed of your best Italian productions. You may very naturally be led to imagine that the dull and sombre character of our atmosphere, particularly during the winter months, would have impressed the same character on our landscapes; but this is, allow me to say, a mistake: greedy of sunshine, because we possess comparatively so little, we seize those moments for representation when nature appears in her gayest attire, and envelope our paintings in that bright hue which is most delightful to our own minds."

Our Italian friends, who spoke the English language tolerably well, and were great connoisseurs of painting, entered warmly into these remarks of the doctor; but the Earl of Tankerville cut short the discussion, by urging us all to attend to our sport, for he perceived that the trout were rising very freely. Indeed, so capital was our success, that in about two hours we had more fish than our creels could contain; and so indifferent and fastidious did we become at last, that we threw back into the stream every trout that was not above half-a-pound in weight.

The chief thing that now concerned us was, how to get ourselves all comfortably housed for the night. His lordship's servant had been beating up all day among the

farmhouses, cottages, and the Crook Inn (the last of which was, at this time, but a very small house), for lodgings, and had so far succeeded as to procure for each a clean and comfortable bed; though some of us were separated by considerable distances of locality; but this was a trifling inconvenience. I got perched up into a small attic-room, about a mile from the Crook; and as soon as I got a cup of tea, I took out my note-book, to jot down the chief occurrences of the day. And I would take the liberty of remarking, by the way, that, if anything has to be written about, it should always be done when the impressions are fresh on the mind. It is generally useless to try and regain them, when a certain interval of time has elapsed, ere they be transferred to the paper. The same vision never comes twice to the eye of the pen. If you scare it away, you might as well fish for a trout after he has seen you, and darted under a stone, or beneath his overhanging bank or root.

On the following morning we all assembled, from our scattered dormitories, at the parlour of the Crook Inn, and a formidable party we made. After breakfast, we resolved to devote ourselves sedulously to our sport; and as our number was considerable, and there were other angling tourists at the inn besides ourselves, we thought it the best plan to distribute our party over certain portions of the main river, that we might not *whip the luck* out of each other's hands. I proposed to Dr. Paley and our two Italian friends, that we would leave the Tweed, and ascend one of its mountain tributaries, which flowed into it at no great distance from the Crook. This proposition was readily assented to; and we immediately

put ourselves into a position to carry it into full operation. Few anglers in England have ever experienced the excitement and pleasure of fishing up a mountain torrent in Scotland. An angler may be said to obtain a new *sense* when he does this. Trouting in a mountain brook is an experience of life so distinct from every other, that every man should enjoy it at least once. This being denied to many thousands of expert and zealous disciples of the rod, the next best thing that can be done under the circumstances is to describe an adventure of this kind. This we shall now attempt, without keeping ourselves strictly to the brook we are now about to ascend, but describing the enterprise generally, with reference to many other hilly streams, where anglers are wont to recreate themselves during the summer months.

Well, then, here goes for a rugged mountain rivulet in Scotland. We have a stiffish and rather shortish rod, in two joints, and a reel. We walk up the mountain road, listening as we go to the roar of the brook on the left. In about a mile, the road crosses it, and begins to lift itself up along the mountain-side, leaving the stream at every step lower down on our right. You no more see it flashing through the leaves; but its softened rush is audible at any moment you may choose to pause and listen.

We dart into it below a smart foamy fall. We have on strong shoes or boots, and other rig suitable. Selecting an entrance, we step in, and the swift stream attacks our legs with immense earnestness, threatening at first to take us off them; a few minutes, however, will settle all that, and make us quite at home. The bottom of the

brook is not sand or gravel, but rocks, of every shape, in every position, of all sizes, bare or moss-covered; the stream going over them at the rate of ten miles an hour. The descent is great. At every few rods, cascades break over ledges, and boil up in miniature pools below. The trees on either side shut out all direct rays of the sun; and for the most part the bushes line the banks so closely, and cast their arms over so widely, as to create a twilight—not a gray twilight, as of light losing its lustre, but a transparent, black twilight, which softens nothing, but gives more ruggedness to the rocks, and a sombre aspect to the shrubs and fairest flowers. It is a great matter to take a trout early in your trial; it gives one more heart; it serves to keep us about our business. Otherwise, we are apt to fall into unprofitable reverie; we wake up, and find ourselves standing in a dream, half-seeing, half-imagining, under some covert of over-arching branches, where the stream flows black and broad among rocks, whose moss is green above the water, and dark below it.

But see what blue violets and primroses have ventured in hither. In these black shades, through which the sun seldom penetrates, there is yet the light of flowers. What place *is* so dark, that there is no light, if we can only wait till the eye is used to its minute quantity? and what place is so barren, and rugged, and so homely, that there is no beauty, if we only have the sensibility to relish beauty? But by these flowers, and more which we dimly see through the bushes, and lower down, we judge that the rough foliage of trees is getting thinner, and we are making an approach to a more open space. The stream sweeps grandly about an angle, and we open

upon a bright, half-sunlighted reach of water. We emerge from a long shadowy archway of leaves and trees, and stand in the mouth of its darkness to look down upon that illuminated spot. The leaves struck with light from above are translucent in all their softer parts; while their opaque framework stands in fine contrast. The sunlight comes chequering through the leaves, which, moving in a gentle wind, seem to shake it off from themselves. It falls upon the uncovered surface of the whirling brook, and flashes back in inconstant and fragmentary glances. The gravel beneath glows; the moss upon the upheaved stones has a golden greenness, as if it exhaled about itself an atmosphere of colour; the rocks that creep down to the banks, covered, too, with deep moss, take in spots a stray reflected light, and seem luminous rather than illumined. A hemlock-tree by the bank forms a sort of green tent, a hollow spire. We perchance fall into a musing mood, and say within ourselves, we should like these beauties transferred to our own cottage residence. This stream, too, ought to flow just below the little grove at the foot of our garden; and that gigantic rock, grandly unshapen as it is, which has been heaved out of its bed at some far-distant day, and cast down here, crashing like a thunderbolt—oh yes, we must have that too in our grounds. But just here our feet slipped from the unsteady stone, and the vision burst like one of the bubbles at our feet, as fair, and as fragile.

But look down below, through this sapphire and emerald atmosphere, and see the dark arches into which the stream presses headlong. The descent is greater

there ; and the water makes haste into the shadows ; while the trees frown upon it, and cast up pearl-drops, as it wheels toward a plunge, that even in that gloom seems to emit a pale light. One could stand here by the hour. This rush of wild waters about our feet ; this utter lawlessness of power and beauty, so solitary, with such instant contrasts, with the sound of waters beneath, and of leaves above ; and you alone, standing in the fascination, until you feel as if you were a part of the scene ; and then that strange sensation steals over you, as if you were exhaling—as if you were passing out of yourself. and going into diffusive alliance with the whole scene. You reel, and start, and wake up, saying, “ Well—well, this is not trouting ; ” and start off, forgetful of stones, crevices, slippery moss, and roots of trees, as if you were on a level road. You are brought, however, to consciousness at your third step and slip, by a plunge, and find yourself in the most natural manner upon your hands and knees. You cannot help laughing at your ludicrous posture : the water damming itself up upon you as unceremoniously as if you were a log, and making a pet eddy in the neighbourhood of your breeches-pocket. You even stop to sup up a mouthful of drink, and heartily wish that somebody you know could only be peeping through the bushes at your predicament, getting a great deal of innocent happiness at your expense, but not at your damage.

Gathering up our awkward body, we slunge along down stream, through the radiant spots into the dark, up to the falls, over which we peer ; and learning discretion from experience, we deem it best to take the shore, and

walk round the fall. We are repaid for the trouble by three trout, neatly slipped out of their aqueous nest into our willow basket. Stepping in again, we pursue our way with varied experience for a quarter of a mile, when we enter a narrow gorge. The rocks come down in a body to the stream on either side. There are no side bushes. The way opens up through the air, far above you, to the receding mountain-sides, upon which stand a few dwarfish trees. The very stream seems to take something of dignity from its surroundings. It gathers its forces, contracts its channel, darkens its surface, and moves down to a succession of falls, over which one feels no disposition to plunge. And so, climbing along the edges of the rock, prying into each crevice with our toes, grasping twig, and root, and stem, we perch ourselves midway, where we see the fall above us and look down to the fall below us. Here we dream for half-an-hour—a waking, gazing dream. We study each shoal and indentation of the water—its bursts of crystal drops, ever-changing, yet always the same. On the far side come down sheaves of water-stems; nowhere is the water transparent and colourless. From side to side, from top to bottom, within and without, it is stuck through and through with air-mixed drops, so that it sheets down from top to bottom like a flow of diamonds, and pearls, and crystals. Beneath are long trunks of trees, which some of the frequent *spates* bring down and hurl over, where, striking headlong, they have stuck fast, and lie gaunt-upright.

How rich and rare are the mosses in this ravine! We sit down on their moist plush, and find miniature palms and fern-like branches, and all manner of real and

fanciful resemblances. The flowers too, these humble friends, have not forsaken this wild glen: they have crept up to drink at the very edge of the water; they hang secure and fearless from crevices on the face of the perpendicular rocks, and every way different species are retreating to their seed-forms, or advancing to their bud, or are shaking their blossoms to the wind, which comes up from the gorge made by the falling water.

Here, indeed, is good companionship—here is space for deep and strange joy. If the thought turns to populous cities, it seems like a dream. One can hardly realize the existence of crowded streets, narrow alleys, and the din and squalor which meet the eye at every turn in our great hives of commercial and manufacturing enterprise. In this dim twilight, without a voice except of wind and waters, where all is primeval, solitary, and rudely beautiful, we seem as if lifted above ourselves. Our own nature—our longings—our hopes and affections—our faith and trust in a superior Being, appear to live here with quiet and unshrinking life; neither ruffled nor driven back, nor overlaid by all the contacts, and burdens, and duties of multitudinous life in the city! We ask ourselves, why may we not carry from such solitudes that freshness which we feel—that trustfulness to what is real—that repugnance to all that is mere outside and artificial? Why cannot we always find this spirituality of converse as readily as in these lonely mountain brooks?

But we must hasten on. A few more spotted spoils await us below. We make for some choice part of the brook. We pierce the hollow of overhanging bushes—

we strike across the patches of sunlight, which grow more frequent as we get lower down towards the plain. We take our share of tumbles and slips; we patiently extricate our entangled line, again and again, as it is sucked down under some bush root, or whirled round some network of foliage protruding from the bank. Here and there we forget our errand as we break in upon some cove of moss, when our dainty feet halt upon green velvet, more beautiful a thousand times than ever sprung from looms at Brussels or Kidderminster. At length, however, the charm was broken; and we became the most prosaic of mortals. We heard the distant clatter of some mill or farmyard; and in a few moments the brook was converted into some huge mill or horsepond; and then vanished all our day-dreams engendered in the wild and unfrequented recesses of the higher parts of the stream.

There is a peculiarity connected with angling in the Tweed. It often happens that the best days for sport are obtained in small tributaries, especially if there has been a sharp shower among the hills, which has made the streams a little thick and puddly. On such occasions, the trout in the main water are quite sulky, while those in the brooks feed greedily on everything presented to them. There is, moreover, a very marked distinction, both as to the general size and colour, between the trout of the feeders to the Tweed, and those in the chief river itself, and this distinction remains from year to year the same. It has quite a permanency of character, and doubtless owes its existence to permanent causes likewise. When we came from our excursion up the rivulet, we found, on comparing notes, that Dr.

Paley and I had nearly equal numbers, and all the fish about the same size, but that our Italian cousins fell considerably behind. The doctor was enchanted with his day's exploits; and rather the more so, when he came back to the Crook, and found that the earl and his party had only had partial success in the main river. They had caught, however, one clean-run salmon of about eight, and a fine red trout nearly two pounds' weight. After the usual congratulations and inquiries on meeting again, we set to work on a good substantial dinner, and soon became very merry. Our accommodation was of a roughish cast; but this amounted to nothing. It is astonishing how soon we can throw off the delicacies and little comforts of polished life. By living a few days in this half-wilderness condition, we seem to be cut off almost from civilization and the past. We forget the luxuries, and beauties, and diseases of society. Just now we do not care either to enjoy them or to cure them. We eat with jack-knives and old broken pewter or iron spoons, and drink out of rusty tin and broken ware pots. We throw ourselves on the mossy or grassy banks of the streams, and almost declare we shall never be tempted to lie in a feather-bed again. One of the best effects of this rambling life with the rod, is the complete separation it makes, for a time, between ourselves and our outward habitual life. The soul rises up, and throws off the coverings, which have been gathered over itself, and over the things about it. It looks abroad beyond the relations which circumstances have fastened upon it here. It sees clearly a nobler path set before it, always longed for but never trod; it feels the vanity and worth-

lessness of many of the objects for which men usually toil; it seems to stand above the narrowness of sects, the prejudices of nations, the childishness, and thoughtlessness, and illiberality of men, and to measure things by their infinite standards, and it breathes for a time something like a spiritual atmosphere.

Dr. Paley remarked, after our repast, that he had been much struck, in our peregrinations up the brook, with the beauty and variety of the *mosses* which we met with in the midst of the stream. He had gathered many specimens of them. I happened to remark to him, that the notion that the Deity had made everything so beautiful, even in the most minute objects, as incitements to gratitude, in order to give *us* pleasure, seemed to me only half a view of the subject. Science shows that the same exquisite beauty goes into the most hidden objects—things, like the mosses and shells on the sea-bottom, and the crystals of the snow, which never could be revealed to human eye.

“You are right,” said the doctor, with great emphasis, “and the same thing may be said relative to the wonderful harmony and proportion which scientific discoveries reveal in every part of the creation—in the laws of the planets, the structure of animals, or in mineral crystallization. It seems a narrow view to make *man* the aim and object of all this wonderful order—even to make his earth the centre of intelligent existence. The harmony was where no eye or ear could ever be. I always think of the Almighty as making all pleasure and beauty because it gave Himself pleasure.”

“I do not,” said the Earl of Tankerville, “essentially

differ from you ; but rather conceive the Deity as a perfect artist, who created beauty and harmony, because he could not help it ; because, wherever he worked, he must express his own nature, and it was impossible for him to make a *universe*, without making it in order and beauty. It would have been equally so, if no eye, or ear, or mind had ever been created to enjoy it. Yet I conceive such a Being must intensely enjoy our pleasure in his works."

"Thank you, my lord," said Paley ; "and I would take the liberty of throwing out a doubt—more with the view to touching other minds, than to express one of my own—whether such discoveries, made by recent philosophers, showing a *type* of structure running through the animal creation, as if the Deity had created on great necessary principles, or on archetypal ideas which lay back in his own nature, did not weaken the old argument from individual contrivance to a contriver or creator : whether, for instance, you could speak of a particular limb and arrangement of muscles producing certain effects, as proving the design of the Maker in that special case, when you found that the placing of this limb was part of a great plan ; in some conditions it being only rudimentary and imperfect, in others half-developed, and in others still more developed, and useful for more objects than in the case supposed ? Whether the general features of this vast plan did not rather indicate an intelligent contriver, than any particular instance of special skill or intention ? "

The earl replied, "That he could not see why they should not indicate both individual contrivances and general contrivances. It was the old truth, variety

coming under the great law of simplicity. A rudimentary organ, in one case, would disprove nothing in regard to the invention manifested in a perfect organ in another. A vast universal plan may have within it continual individual contrivances; and of the imperfect or rudimentary contrivances we can only say, *We are ignorant.*"

"Come, now," said Mr. Ralph Brandling, "you are diving too deep for our limited knowledge and capacities; let me direct your attention to a contrivance I made use of to-day for taking trout. I used a charm, a kind of strongly-scented bait, which an old London friend of mine gave me last summer, and which, he said, would enable me to take all the fish in any pool where it was used."

"Bah!" said the earl, "these nostrums are all gone by long ago."

"Well, I am not so sure about that, my lord," said Mr. Ralph; "these strongly-scented compounds are among the oldest devices for the capture of fish of every kind. I have one prescription of the thirteenth, and I have seen another of the date of the fourteenth century. They seem sufficiently absurd, I am free to confess; but there may be something in them, after all."

"You had better appeal to your own individual experience, Mr. Brandling; it is a surer guide than any musty black-letter lore. What success had you yesterday with your own compound?"

"Nothing, I must confess."

"I fancy not," rejoined the earl; "but now, when we are speaking on the subject, I shall tell you a story of Sam Foote, the famous comedian. Sam was dining at

Eton with a party, among whom was a Signor Dominecetti, an Italian physician, who had the reputation of being somewhat of a quack, but who realized a great fortune here. The doctor was profusely perfumed, and this was offensive to Foote, who never could bear anything of this kind. Some friends proposed to have a fishing party on the river. A punt, with chairs and tackle, was provided at Piper's, near the bridge; and as the party stood at the door of the old boatman, talking of the learning of the college, Foote was working his nostrils backwards and forwards, saying, 'Pshaw! confound your scents! I hate all scents!' 'Vat is dat for? Mine Gote, you hate *sense*, Maistare Foote—you who are the greatest of wits?' 'No—no,' said the player; 'I hate fops and fools.' 'Ah! dat is good,' replied the doctor; 'ha! ha! ha!' The party remained on the Thames till dusk, but caught no fish. 'Veree strange!' cried the doctor. 'Strange!' echoed Foote; 'zounds, doctor, the fish smelt you, and would not bite!'"

Our Italian friends laughed heartily at this anecdote of their countryman, and they affirmed that odoriferous compounds were frequently used in Italy, especially by those who fished in still waters, such as canals, lakes, and the like.

"But with poor success, I dare say," said the earl. "I have seen a kind of fishing in Rome which I think amusing enough, especially to a foreigner. From a very early period of carnival festivities, in most Catholic countries, there has been a custom of little groups of two or three persons, under masks, going the round of the streets with long fishing-rods, furnished with a line about two-thirds of its length, and made of small twine

or strong horse-hair. At the end of this is appended a metal button and a piece of sponge. Thus equipped, the parties set out on a tour among the crowd, holding out a promise that whoever shall be so adroit as to catch the button in his mouth, will be rewarded with a small piece of silver money. The sponge is saturated with paints—black, red, and yellow. The amusement lies in managing the rod, in imitation of worm-fishing, in such a way, by dodging it up and down over the gaping mouths seeking to lay hold of the button, as to bedaub the faces of these human gudgeons with the paint from the sponge. When managed, it is a very comical affair, and generally excites a good deal of merriment and attention. The anglers always promptly pay the prize, whenever the button is fairly caught in the mouth. These ‘fishers of men’ are commonly above the average height, and on this account command a wider and freer range of the rod and line over the heads of the crowd. Whenever the unlucky wights have their faces copiously bedaubed with paint, there is a general and hearty roar of laughter from the spectators. During the pontificate of Leo X., two of the leading clergy of Rome lost their lives in the pursuit of this frolicsome amusement during the carnival. They refused to give a piece of money to a man who had fairly and cleverly caught the button in his mouth, simply on the ground that he was notoriously of a very questionable character. This excited the wrath of the bystanders, who took the part of the man, and the affair led to the assassination of both clergymen. This fishing amusement I have witnessed both in France and the Netherlands.”

“That is catching live fish with a vengeance,” said Dr. Paley.

“It is indeed,” rejoined the earl; “and now that phrase ‘live fish’ has brought to my recollection an amusing incident which happened to my friend David Garrick, who told me the story in nearly the following words:—‘I had been for some weeks unwell, and determined to go to the country for a few days, to try and get up my strength. I ordered a chaise, and in half an hour it was at my door; and I told the post-boy to take me to any inn out of town, where I might have good air, a clean room, and no clatter. In two hours and a-quarter I was at Longford. This is a straggling village on the road to Windsor, about fourteen miles from the metropolis. As the landlord helped me out of the chaise, “You may see, friend,” said I, “I am an invalid, and I am glad to observe written on your sign ‘Live Fish.’ Let me have some dressed for dinner directly; it is indeed the only thing I can eat; but to serve the house, you may add something else you have in the larder that is delicate.” I waited until I grew faint, when the landlord bounced into the room, and sneaked down under my nose a fat baked shoulder of mutton, smothered with onions. “Zounds!” said I, “where’s the fish? I expected trout from the stream here, or gudgeon, or eels, or cray-fish, at least, or ——” He answered me, “They never had any but salt-water fish, and they only came from London once a-week, except by particular order.” “Then your sign tells an untruth?” said I. “An Irish gentleman,” said he, “accused me of that last Friday; for when I brought him to table as fine and fresh a haddock as ever swam in

the sea, he flew into a violent passion, and cried out, 'Landlord, your board writes up, "Live Fish," and, by St. Patrick, you scoundrel, this boiled haddock is as dead as a herring.'"

"My lord and gentlemen," said Paley, "the night is now far spent; we must retire, or we shall be in a muddy condition for to-morrow's sport."

To this appeal a general assent was given, and we all dispersed to our respective roosting localities.

The morning proved wet, and the river had come down thick and rather heavy. There was a general desire that some should try the *salmon-roe* as bait; the water being in good condition for it. Four of the party were amply provided with this article, and in about a couple of hours they all had more fine trout than their baskets would hold. There is something absolutely mysterious about the use of this bait; and one can scarcely avoid giving countenance to the doctrines of *charms*, and odoriferous fascinations. I went myself on this occasion to reaches of still water, where, under other circumstances, I never would have dreamed of throwing in a line, and I stood pulling out the fish in a surprisingly quick manner; so much so, indeed, that you are forced into the conclusion that they must have a most ravenous fondness for the roe, and that through some one or more of their senses or instincts, they have likewise the means of detecting its existence at a considerable distance. Mr. Brandling thought the success we had to-day with this bait went a long way in demonstrating that the finny tribes had a keen sense of smelling; and even the Earl of Tankerville did not now appear so de-

terminated a sceptic as to their possession of this odorous instinct in a high degree of perfection. But, after all, to fish with this salted roe is a *huckstering* mode of angling. I have always had a great personal dislike to it, though I have occasionally used it; more, however, from motives of curiosity than anything else. The frequent use of it wars against the chief object in all angling that is not mere *pot* angling. Of course, if a man has to fish for his dinner, that is quite a different matter. All means are then lawful and expedient. But when gentlemen fish for sport, they voluntarily place themselves under a code of laws to which they are bound to pay the most implicit obedience. The grand object of this code is to elevate and spiritualize the art of rod-fishing; to make it a gentlemanly recreation, and to look upon the capture of fish as altogether a subordinate object to the cheerful and healthy rambling by the riverside, and the cultivation of a love of nature in all her simple and unsophisticated moods and phases. This it is which constitutes angling—which makes man a true angler—and which imparts to him rational pleasure and intellectual improvement. We readily admit that the sport of angling is somewhat confined in its range and object; but it must be remembered that a large class of men are fitted by nature to make the most of such limited sources of amusement, and are able to bring so many of their pleasantest thoughts and feelings to bear upon them, that they can draw a larger amount of positive enjoyment from them than others who possess much better opportunities of obtaining it. The felicity of such tempered minds consists in not looking far beyond their

precise condition for recreative materials, so that they do not run the risk of wasting their time in searching for good in channels where it might be passed in its fruition. Another principle involved in the sport of rod-fishing is worth noticing. It is an independent amusement. In making choice of it, we are not placing ourselves in the position of adopting such modes of recreation as may depend exactly on our being at all times in the same circumstances of rank and fortune, and so not exposing ourselves to the chance of dying of chagrin and melancholy, should we lose our money, or fall out with our acquaintance.

Nor do we mean that every man should be a gentleman, in the common acceptation of that term, or be a person of rare and gifted intellect, to relish angling. No doubt that books, and habits of thought and contemplation, greatly heighten the pleasures to be derived from many sources of recreation ; but these aids are often of too subtile a nature to work upon many minds. It is one of the benevolent laws of the world, that the sources of pure and innocent delight are not confined to the few persons of deep thought and a spiritualized temperament. Nature has not been so niggard in the distribution of the furniture of the universe, as to leave a large class of men without external objects of enjoyment, every way fitted to yield that satisfaction and tranquillity of mind which others may perhaps obtain from their own mental resources. The pleasant sights and sounds of the country, the thousand forms the spirit of life assumes, and the combinations of thought and employment springing from these, are the common patrimony of our race ; and the

great bulk of men are principally happy because they know how to enjoy this common benefit, and refuse to barter its possession for the fictitious distinctions of the world. It will be found from experience, as well as from the very constitution of things, that few persons are of a more happy turn of mind than anglers. Tranquil, and contented with their mode of recreation, they become assimilated to the scenes they frequent, lose much of the worldliness of mere gain-getting, and insensibly acquire that gentle and subdued tone of feeling, which, if it does not raise them above their fellow-men, makes them, at least, most susceptible of the pleasant and benevolent. We only say this of those who pursue the art of rod-fishing with diligence, and keep themselves from all grovelling or ignoble applications of it. It always gives us real pain to see men angle in a Billingsgate spirit; grumbling and sour whenever the fish are not in the exact humour of taking, and who never think themselves happy unless they have their creels fuller of fish than their sporting companions. All this is entirely alien to a genuine angler's thoughts and habits.

We have now spent ten days at the Crook, and have enjoyed ourselves exceedingly, both from the sport of the rod, and from the general current of social and intellectual intercourse. We must, however, make up our mind to leave these pleasant solitudes for the present; but we part from them with reluctance. How soon the mind forms attachment to places and things! The mountains, and gorges, and knolls, and turus of the river become old acquaintances, which claim and obtain our kindest sympathies. We set off in the evening of the tenth day;

some of the party having to go in one direction, and some in another, to pay friendly visits to persons in the neighbourhood. As we left the Crook, the sun was wheeling behind the mountains. Already their broad shades began to fall upon the level parts of the landscape. Their lofty ridges stood sharp against the fire-bright horizon, which was here and there darkened by huge masses of vapour below. As we gained a more elevated position, we saw the brilliant landscape growing suddenly dull by thick batches of clouds on its forward line, and growing as suddenly bright upon its rear trace. But the shadows of the high grounds became more extended, and the sun sunk behind a burning horizon.

Now we bid farewell to the scenes of our recreation. We think again of home with its many simple and sweet endearments. How expansive and varied are human sympathies and feelings! They give us a faint conception of the infinite itself, of a vastness that is overwhelming, and of a littleness that dwarfs our self-importance, and makes us hide our heads under a sense of deep humiliation. Twilight has nearly departed. We have still some miles to ride, but this creates no anxiety or uneasiness, as we go to a friend's house, where we have a plenteous store of kind offices, and as much unaffected benevolence of feeling as can be found in a human breast.

TRIP THIRD AND LAST.

THE art of angling is unquestionably of great antiquity. Many queer and quaint fancies were prevalent on the

subject during the middle ages. I have a passionate fondness for all ancient things ; and have always entertained the opinion that the art of fishing, in its widest sense, like many other arts, was revealed to man at his creation. Why should not this be ? Is it probable that man would be put down upon the earth—a type, we are assured, of the Divinity himself—with not a particle of knowledge how to satisfy his urgent wants for a single hour ? Is this in good keeping with the other provisions of nature ? Man would, in this case, spite of his boasted reason, be more cruelly treated than the meanest form of animal life on the face of the earth. It would be a pretty considerable time before a being placed in the garden of Eden, but soon driven from it, would learn to capture wild animals by the chase, or to hook fishes in the lakes and rivers. We hear much in modern times of the doctrine of human progression, and I am willing to subscribe to all the leading principles of the theory ; but I maintain that the hypothesis of progress would receive no logical damage by considering man as having had revealed to him some of the elements of the sciences and arts to guide him—as having been furnished, so to speak, with a little stock of knowledge with which to make a fair start in his career of life. It is not asking too much to concede the revelation of the rudiments of secular knowledge. Every theory must have some gratuitous basis to stand on, and there are some circumstances that give a colouring to our notions on this point, which are worth stating. Limiting our remarks to a small number of subjects, we know that fishing, and hunting, and even mining, with several other things, are spoken of in the

Book of Genesis—not as new inventions or discoveries but as mere matters of course, matters well known and practised. The fourth and fifth generations from Adam were all able workmen in the arts of life, and were conversant with the abstract principles of scientific investigation. Now this hardly squares in with our common notions of progress. Looking at angling, for example, it is a great stretch of thought to conceive how the idea of a hook or a net should ever have come into the heads of the early fathers of the human family, from any reasonings or suggestions *à priori*. If we consider how perfect these articles were, from the earliest stages of which we have any record of them, we can hardly imagine they were the result of various progressive steps of ingenuity and skill. Look at the figure of an angler on one of the Assyrian slabs in the British Museum, and there you see as neat a fishing-rod and fishing-creel as any that Alfred, of Moorgate Street, London, can make at the present hour. And if we consider further, that there has been over the entire face of the earth, in all ages, the same radical types of fishing-gear, we cannot but see that the probability is, that a knowledge of these articles sprung from one source—the first family of the human race. Add to this, that there have always been dim traditions of the modes of fishing and hunting found sculptured upon ancient pillars and rocks; and a very learned paper was recently read at the Royal Academy of Turin, wherein it was maintained, that nearly all the arts for the immediate conservation of human life were the offshoots of tradition from the primitive races of mankind. I heartily subscribe to this doctrine. But, at the same time, it is a

matter to be lamented that we have no clear history of the early movements of our race. All is dark conjecture and speculation.

These reflections were running through my mind one fine summer's evening, in the latter end of the month of May, when I espied at a distance the figure of an old friend pacing up the hill to my house, with fishing-rod, basket, and a small portmanteau. This gentleman I will call the Reverend Mr. Goodman, a minister of the Established Church, of Edinburgh, and one of the most skilful and enthusiastic anglers of his day. He and I were to set off the next morning to the village of Broughton, in Peeblesshire, to meet a number of piscatorians from various parts of England. The reverend gentleman came breathless into the parlour, panting under his load and the oppressive heat of the day together, and throwing down his fishing-traps, exclaimed, "This is a wearisome and toilsome world. I cannot have a little recreation unless at the expense of considerable inconvenience. I bolted to-day from my home, determined to have, at any cost, a breath of pure air, and to bathe my spirit once more in the ethereal blue of heaven by the river-side. Ah! you little know, my good friend, what it is to be a minister in such a city as Edinburgh."

"My good sir," replied I, "I am astonished at your remarks. Why, I always looked upon you as having one of the most enviable and cosy nooks in social life; little to do, and well paid for what you do perform."

"You think and talk just as the world thinks and talks." Here he took a glass of ale, and wiped the

perspiration from his brow, and continued: "Let me speak a word or two on this topic. Men in the country may, and often do, work incessantly, and up to the measure of their strength; and a city clergyman can, I allow, do no more than that. Yet the labour of a city pastor is more exacting, and more exhaustive of nervous vitality. Unless he shut himself up, and bar and bolt his seclusion, he knows nothing either of leisure or rest, in the sense of quietness and being let alone. The very hum and roar of the streets are a never-ceasing excitement. To walk through the thoroughfares, to see the rush, and whirl, and anxious haste of such a moving mass of humanity, imparts something feverish to one's mind. Then there is an endless succession of things to be done, that require time for the doing, but leave you nothing to show at the end of the week. There are committees, meetings of session, and consultations; there are private meetings and public meetings; there are new movements to be initiated, and old ones to be kept up. Everybody has everything to do, and clergymen are the ones expected to advise everybody about everything that does not come within limitation of business-partnerships. The sick have a right to the minister. If they be strangers and poor, a yet better right. The poor have a right to expect that he, at least, will have concern for them. The afflicted look to him. Those who are in comfort, whose friends are good counsellors, do not know how many thousands there are in the city who have no one to go to. A widow wishes to put her boy to a good trade; who shall advise her? who shall ascertain for her if the place thought of be safe, and the man honourable? A young man is run

down and discouraged—lacks a place and means of livelihood. Where, among strangers, can he find help, if ministers do not give it to him? Parents are troubled about their children, just passing through the crisis of life; they are not boys any longer, nor are they men. It is a help and a comfort, if they have not better advisers, to go to their minister”——

“Now, my good friend,” said I, “do not excite yourself, from the casual remark I made. I know that ministers have many and highly onerous duties, which the world generally knows nothing of. Come, now, let me see your fly-book. You’ll have something rare and spicy for the Tweed to-morrow. We shall have lots of fun. Get some tea, and a few slices of tongue, and we’ll close all the evening’s proceedings with a genial glass of toddy.”

“Well, but I *must* stand by ‘my order.’ I will, however, reserve the other remarks I was about to make till another opportunity, since you are so bent on social enjoyment, and on hearing the Edinburgh news.”

Mr. Goodman and I set off in the morning by early dawn, and on arriving at Broughton, situated about a mile and a-half from the Tweed, we found our friends, Sir Francis Blake, Bart., of Twizel Castle, Northumberland, Mr. Thomas Bewick, the famous wood-engraver, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mr. Thomas Holcroft, the novelist and dramatic writer, and three or four more gentlemen, whose names we did not immediately learn. After the mutual greetings passed over, and preparations were made for our resting-places in the evening, we set out for the river. The Tweed, for a few miles above and

below this locality, abounds with the finest streams fly-fishing. Fishers call streams *good* and *fine*, when they have a peculiar conformation. All kinds of rapidly-flowing water does not constitute a stream, according to his ideas. The fly-fisher, if worth his salt, is an artist. He has abstract principles of the sublime and beautiful in running water, which he ever carries with him. These common fishers know no more of, than a sign-painter knows of the rules and principles of historical painting. Our angling artist has an eye which can scan the capabilities of a piece of water in a moment, and can point out to you every inch of it where a trout or salmon lies. This is the grand secret of his success, and the glory of his craft.

The party distributed itself after reaching the river, some going up, and some down the stream. I and Mr. Goodman followed Thomas Bewick, Holcroft, and Sir Francis Blake down the river. The day was favourable, and before parting, it was agreed by all, that if any one should be so fortunate as to obtain a salmon of ten pounds or upwards, we should have what is termed "a kettle of fish"—that is, boil it on the spot. This was a favourite epicurean dish in my day. I found the Newcastle artist, as well as Mr. Holcroft, excellent fly-fishers: the latter I thought the better of the two. He threw a longer and lighter line. Indeed, I have invariably observed that anglers from the south of England, who have really made fly-fishing a regular amusement, throw a better line than the same grade of Scottish fishers do. The reason of this is, I apprehend, that in England the most of the angling rivers are very clear and still, not of

that tumbling and rapid cast which mostly prevail in the mountainous districts in Scotland. The former waters require the lightest and finest tackle; and this, in its turn, begets that mechanical adroitness requisite for its effective use.

I soon saw that Thomas Bewick was quite a character: that is, a man wrapped up in his own profession. It was amusing to see him stand gazing with the most fixed intensity on some old withered root of a tree, an odd-looking stone, a dog or a cow in any grotesque position, an overhanging branch of a tree, or a deep rushing eddy in the stream. Though passionately fond of fishing, the moment he got his eye fixed on any oddity in nature or art, he immediately suspended his angling operations till he had the object photographed, so to speak, on his mind. He lived quite in a world of his own. Though not an absent, he appeared in the eyes of the world as a dull man—that is, he never warmed into a social enthusiasm, unless something connected with his profession and genius was concerned. I happened to let a remark drop about Albert Dürer and Hans Holbein, when he suddenly laid down his rod, seated himself on a grassy knoll, and said, with great fervour and heat, “I consider both these artists as great men. As to the controversy which some modern critics have raised, as to whether Dürer and Holbein were really the engravers of the works commonly attributed to them, I consider as sheer nonsense. That some shallow coxcomb, who does not know the mere elements of art, should put forth, after the lapse of a couple of centuries, what he calls his doubts as to this or that man being the real author of

the works which have hitherto been unanimously ascribed to him, appears to me the most outrageous thing imaginable. I have no patience with such scribblers. I think there is something unjust, nay, positively cruel, in attempting to deprive genius of the honours which have for so long been awarded to it. I never read the dispute about Holbein's engravings but with feelings of disgust. The arguments and statements of many of the writers are so childish, that one cannot seriously entertain them. They allow that the works attributed both to Dürer and Holbein exist, that they possess singular merit, that both were distinguished men of genius, every way equal to their execution; and yet the general credibility of history is to be overturned upon some fanciful data, altogether gratuitous and irrational. If such principles were adopted respecting the history of all other kinds of arts and sciences, it would be totally impossible to say who was or was not the author of what the general testimony of history has attributed to him. Who knows but that some critic of a paradoxical genius may arise a couple of centuries after this, should my humble name be so long remembered, and throw out doubts as to my own labours? It is easy to see that a smart writer, by making out a special case, and demanding proof of what cannot, from the nature of things, be given, might so far succeed as to throw doubts about matters of fact which rest upon the most incontrovertible evidence. In one word, I have no patience with such disputes." So saying, he hastily grasped his rod, and in he dashed to the stream, and commenced fishing with intense ardour.

On beating up at Broughton in the evening, Mr.

Holcroft carried off the palm of piscatory honour, both in point of number of fish, and in the largeness of their size. In addition to his well-filled basket of handsome trout, he had a fine newly-run salmon, of about five pounds, which had yielded him nearly two hours' good sport. Sir Francis Blake and Mr. Goodman stood next in point of honour. Dinner was in due course provided, and, after the cloth was drawn, and our hearts became a little mellow, we spent a most delightful evening. Mr. Holcroft enlivened the company with many piscatory stories and anecdotes, which he had a peculiar knack of setting off in true dramatic style. One of these I well remember. It related to a well-known London angler, who gained great notoriety in his day for the singular punctuality with which he regulated all his sporting movements. Holcroft mentioned that the story was told him by the Rev. Mr. Daniells, the well-known author of "British Field Sports," who was at the time confined in prison for debt, and where the reverend divine ended his days. The story ran thus:—About the year 1750, there lived in Blackman Street, Southwark, a Mr. John Marsden, a most enthusiastic angler, who had frequented the river Lea for a great number of years, and prided himself on his arrival at a certain inn on its banks twice a-week, at *precisely* eight o'clock in the morning. He allowed himself about two hours to walk the entire distance. He visited the river on the *Tuesdays* and *Fridays* of each week during the fishing season; and so punctual were his movements, that he set off home just as the clock struck four in the afternoon. He dined always at twelve, at the inn, on a mutton chop;

and he left the river and came to the house for this express purpose. After his repast, he smoked a pipe, and took a small glass of brandy and cold water. To each of these respective acts he fixed a precise moment of time for their commencement and completion. It was related of him, that one day, when the moment arrived for his going to dinner, he had a large trout on his line, which seemed to give him a deal of trouble to kill. But his punctual habits were not to be broken in upon; and seeing another angler hard by, he beckoned to him, placed the rod in his hand, with the fish floundering in the water, and said, "Hold this till I go dine." Marsden took his usual time over his meal, his glass, and his pipe, and came to his rod again, where he found the fish still full of life. About an hour after it was captured, and found to weigh about six pounds and a-half. Marsden had kept up these visits to the Lea, and to the same inn, for the space of *forty-two years*, never missing a single day in the season. He died suddenly one evening after returning from his regular amusement on the Lea. One hundred and twenty well-known anglers, in and about London, followed his body to its resting-place.

On our next morning's turn-out we directed our steps to the same localities on the river, with the exception of two or three of the party, who took a run up the Biggar Water, and one or two of the smaller feeders to the Tweed. We had not been above a couple of hours on the river till Sir Francis was fortunate to kill a clean-run salmon, of about twelve pounds' weight. Immediate proceedings took place for a "kettle of fish." The baronet sent his footman to collect all the members of

the party to a given spot to partake of the repast. In the first place, the salmon was crimped as soon as landed, and afterwards washed. Three or four stones were laid in a circular form, and a fire of sticks kindled within the circle; a kettle was provided, and the fish, as soon as the water was upon the boil, was placed into it, with a certain portion of salt. Twenty minutes is a sufficient time to do the fish properly. Bread, beer, and spirits were all provided in abundance. We had no plates, but each took his slice of fish upon a piece of bread; and I need not say that we all relished this picnic feast most amazingly. I thought salmon never tasted to me so sweet before. Bewick and Holcroft were deeply interested in this "kettle" affair: the former took a sketch of the party sitting feeding round the blazing fire; and the latter turned the mode of cooking into rhyme, and the effusion was read in the evening. I took a copy of the piece at the time; but I regret it is now nearly all illegible, with the exception of a few lines, which, considering the literary reputation of the writer, and the occasion on which they were dashed off, I shall here insert, mutilated and unconnected as they are:—

"A noble fish, some hours before,
 Was taken when he struck the shore;
 The hook unfix'd, stunn'd on the head,
 And by the gills profusely bled;
 Scraped with a knife on either side,
 And ranged in cuts three inches wide;
 The back-bone left to form a string.

* * * * *

A pan of metal, light and thin,
 Of oval form, inlaid with tin;

The handle arch'd, the bottom flat,
 In which a drainer neatly sat,
 Raised on the stoncs, above the flame,
 Kept bubbling till the party came.

* * * * *

The anglers with a relish laid
 Aside each bonnet, hat, and plaid ;
 In every hand a slice of bread,
 Where by a side-cut, tail or head,
 As hard as coral from the south,
 Yet soft as custard in the mouth ;
 Like polish'd pebble, jowl and fin,
 Rich, pure, and sweet, the belly thin ;
 The massive back in folds conceal'd,
 A creamy substance, pure reveal'd ;
 The salt diffused through every pore,
 Curdled the pith ne'er seen before ;
 While broken fragments show'd below,
 The layers as hard as frozen snow."*

As soon as we had finished our drams over the "kettle of fish," Thomas Bewick made a rush to the river, a little below, where he espied a country lad in his working dress crossing a ford of the river on a horse, with a pitchfork and a hay-rake in his hand. The horse was an old one, and the whole scene had something graphic in it. This was one of the artist's great sources of delight ; he never let anything of this kind escape him. In the evening, when the circumstance became a topic of conversation, he said, "All nature is full of character and life, if men would only give themselves the trouble to examine what lay before them. But the mass of mankind were so overwhelmed by pressing matters of personal interest, that

* The original of this poem by Holcroft is still among the family papers of the Blake family.

they never acquired the habit, even in an imperfect degree, of paying attention to the instincts and habits of animal existence. What pleasure would they not derive from this source, if the gross blindness which envelopes their minds were but even partially removed. Man is evidently constituted to receive fifty times the amount of pleasure which commonly falls to his lot; but then his mind must be awakened, his taste for refined enjoyments must be cultivated, and his powers of observation quickened by general intellectual culture. For my part, I never go out of my own door, without seeing something to interest me, and make me think. What is my case may, to a great extent, be the case of every one possessed of the ordinary faculties of our nature."

"There I beg leave to differ from you, Mr. Bewick," remarked Sir Francis; "there must be something which we, and all mankind, call *genius*, which is quite apart from, or rather, I would say, superadded to, the ordinary faculties of the mind. What say you, Mr. Holcroft?"

"It is a vexed question, Sir Francis," replied the novelist; "and I confess myself unable to solve it."

I frequently observed, in my social intercourse with Bewick, when we were rambling alone in some sections of the river, that his appreciations of the great and sublime in nature were not equal to his rapturous delight at some of her crotchety and grotesque productions. I often spoke of the beauty of the hills around us, which are really magnificent in their general outline; but he displayed no warmth of expression, or elevated feelings of pleasure, at their contemplation. His eye was ever on the look-out for the odd and singular; and long

habit, and the particular turn of his artistic genius, had evidently deadened, to a certain extent, those intense and lofty emotions which spring from beholding the bold and general features of external nature. I often fancied, had he been suddenly transferred to the Andes or the Alps of Switzerland, he would not have been seen transfixed with astonishment and wonder, but would have sought for pleasure in scanning some whimsical block of stone, or curiously-formed grotto or cavern. But we ought not to complain, nor consider this one-eyed habit as a serious defect. It is the price that must be paid for all superlative excellence, whether in art, literature, or science. This intense devotion to one side of nature forms the constituent beauties of all Bewick's incomparable productions. Without it, we never should have had those admirable sketches which have immortalized his name in his "Histories of Animals and Birds."

On our third and fourth days' excursion, we all went up the river from the neighbourhood of Broughton, towards the Crook Inn. In this section of the Tweed, extending over several miles, there is a succession of beautiful streams, most admirably fitted for trouting with fly. Salmon are not so commonly met with here, as below Broughton. Most of us angled for trout, and were very successful, with the exception of Sir Francis Blake, who only caught three trout on the third, and six on the fourth day; but they were all much above the common size. While we were enjoying our lunch on the fourth day, the baronet said, rather quizzically, "My want of success springs from a dream I had the night before last. I dreamed that I had captured, after

much trouble, several large fish, both of the salmon and trout kind; and you know that the general rule laid down by the interpreters of dreams is, that they always go by contraries."

"That is the case," added Holcroft; "and I have known some remarkable verifications of the soundness of the rule, if we may be allowed to apply the use of such a thing as a rule to matters of such a dreamy and nebulous character."

"So have I," said the baronet. "And, if I remember right, there is a very striking interpretation of a dream given in the Life of Archbishop Abbott. His mother was near her confinement, and she dreamed that, though a poor woman, if she could eat a pike, her son would be a great man. She sought accordingly with great zeal, till at last she saw one in some water that ran near her house at Guildford, she seized upon it, and immediately devoured it. This circumstance being much talked about, several persons of wealth and influence offered to be sponsors to the child when born, and those who rendered their services in this capacity kept him at school and at the university till he arrived at distinction."

"Dreaming about fish," said Holcroft, "is mentioned in some of our early dramas; but in a very mysterious and ambiguous way."

"Do you know, Mr. Holcroft," rejoined the baronet, "I have sometimes wondered that dramatists have not more frequently written plays or farces on angling, and other out-door amusements, and sporting generally. I think there is an opening in this direction, for these light productions."

“Not to any great extent,” remarked the novelist; “such matters will not bear any great portion of dramatic handling. But when angling was much practised in Italy, during the middle ages, there were many theatrical pieces written and acted, generally called ‘Piscatory Dramas,’ founded on fishing incidents and adventures. These productions always hinge on love affairs. One of them, called the ‘Pike Hunt,’ was performed at Venice, and other Italian cities, with great *éclat*, and was for many years a standard theatrical piece. A French adaptation of it was performed at the city of Toulouse in 1555. The burden of the plot is chiefly this:—A young and highly-spirited knight sets out to capture pike, which are in the private waters of some noble duke, but with the real object of paying his addresses to his daughter, an only child, and an heiress of great fortune, whose person and affections were vigilantly guarded by her father. The piece opens with a descriptive sketch of some of the most picturesque landscapes on the river Arno; the site of the ducal palace; the heroic character which this ducal family had for many centuries maintained; and of the lovely graces of the heroine of the play. The fisherman makes his approaches to the castle by stealthy and well-considered movements. In a low tone, near a grotto, he hums a love ditty. He obtains a knowledge of all the chief localities of the outer grounds of the place; and by sheer dint of patience and resolution, obtained a brief interview with the object of his adoration. These constitute the chief incidents in the first act. In the second, the knight attempts another visit, still under the cloak of pike-fishing; but he scarcely

gets within the boundaries of the ducal grounds, ere he is seized by three men in ambush. He is taken before the duke, with all his angling trappings, and subjected to a severe examination. He displays great unwillingness to confess what were suspected to be the real objects of his visit to the neighbourhood. He is put under torture; and after much suffering confesses his passion for the young lady. He is then placed in confinement. This terminates the second act. In the third and last part, the father of the knight gets to hear of the situation of his son, employs various devices to gain a personal interview with him and the duke, and finally succeeds in both objects. A full explanation is then given by the young knight; the fair lady is introduced, and openly and warmly avows her passion; and the happy pair are then joined in wedlock. The entire plot of the piece is most ingeniously worked out, and if accompanied with suitable scenic representations, it must have been very interesting to a popular audience, even in the middle ages."

"That is very interesting, Mr. Holcroft," said Sir Francis; "I never remember of hearing of these 'Piscatory Dramas' before. I wonder," continued he, and directing himself to the Reverend Mr. Goodman, "if sermons have ever been illustrated from fishing scenes and incidents?"

"Most assuredly," answered the Edinburgh divine. "I have read several old discourses which make many direct and ingenious allusions to our angling craft. I well remember of reading, some years ago, a visitation sermon, called 'The Fishers,' preached at Horncastle, Lincolnshire, by William Worship, D.D., and printed in

London, in 1615, in which there was the following passage:—‘Some fish with *Neroe’s nets*, of the richest threads, and these are *Golden-fishers*; some angle for the *Tributary Fish*, with *Twenty-pence* in her mouth, and these are *Silver-fishers*; some cast their nets over a *Scule of Churches*, and these are *Steeple-fishers*; some fish with a *Shining-shell* in their net, and these are *Flattering-fishers*; some fish for an *Euge tuum et Belle*, and these are *Vaine-glorious fishers*; some fish with a *Poke-net* for a dinner, and these are *Hungry-fishers*; some fish with a net made of *Strawes* and *Knots*, and these are *Passport-fishers*; some fish for *Frogs*, that may croke against the *Church*, and these are *Sysmaticalle-fishers*; some fish *above, beneath, side-slip*, and these are *Ubiquitave-fishers*; some fish for a *paire of unhackt Gallows*, and these are *Seminarie-fishers*; some fish for *Prince’s Crowns and Sceptres*, and these are *Belzebub-fishers*; some fish for *Soules*, and these are *Christian-fishers.*’”

“Excellent, excellent! Mr. Goodman,” exclaimed Sir Francis. “That must have been a very curious and interesting clerical address which this worthy bishop gave to his brethren. Very different from the run of such orations in our day.”

“I remember another discourse on fishing,” said Mr. Goodman, “which was published in Holland about a century ago. The text was taken from Hosea, ‘Yea, the fishes of the sea shall also be taken away.’ The chief object of the sermon was to show that, on account of the wickedness of the Dutch nation, Providence would ultimately deprive them of the benefits of the fishing-trade, and effectually cut off this lucrative source of the national

resources. The author says:—‘Your country has been peculiarly constructed. You have mighty streams and branches of the sea full of fish, and you have long carried on a most successful traffic in them to all parts of the world. Your lordly salmon have been, and still are, the admiration of all countries; and your trout, and other finny inhabitants of the rivers and estuaries, which encircle your numerous cities, afford you the elements of a cheap article of subsistence. Yet you have not, as a nation, been thankful for all these mercies. Your sins are numerous, and of a deep turpitude. Divine Providence will put a hook into your jaws, which will send you stranded on the shores of national bankruptcy. The inhabitants of the deep will raise up their voices against you, and prove a lasting memorial of your degeneracy as a people, and they will deride and mock you till the great trumpet shall sound at the last day.’ The preacher then goes on to say:—‘You know, my friends, what angling is, you see it often practised before you. In the river which flows by our own town, many fish are taken by artificial means, such as baits of worms, and flies, and the like. Wary as the fish are, if the time be favourable, and the proper season selected, the fish take these illusive baits with great greediness. When hooked, they turn round, and feeling the destructive weapon in their jaws, try to make their escape. Let us learn a lesson from this. How many that pass their life in the gay and sparkling scenes of pleasure, tempted by false appearances, eagerly seize some fancied good, and find too late that it was a deceptive image, which had a keen and hidden barb to torture their souls, and make them acutely feel the

miseries of a wounded spirit. They are led captive unto death, and are landed on the dark shores of eternity.'—I have another sermon on fishes, but the passages I have committed to memory are too long: they will exhaust your patience."

Sir Francis: "Not at all. Go on, let us have them."

"A sermon," said Mr. Goodman, "was preached to the fishes at the city of Maranhao, in South America, by Antonio Vieyra, a Portuguese missionary, in 1654. The text was, 'Ye are the salt of the earth.' I remember the following passages:—

"'What! are we to preach to-day to fishes? No audience can be worse. At least fishes have two good qualities as hearers—they can hear, and they cannot speak. One thing only might discourage the preacher—that fishes are a kind of race who cannot be converted. For this cause I shall not speak to-day of heaven or hell; and thus this sermon will be less gloomy than mine usually are considered.

"'Fishes and brethren, you are to understand that the salt—like yourselves, the child of the seas—has two qualities which are experienced in yourselves: to preserve that which is whole, and to keep that which might corrupt from corruption; the one figuratively praises virtue, and the other reprehends vice. The great St. Basil says, "We have not only to blame and to find fault with fishes, but there are some qualities in them which are worthy of our imitation."

"'To begin, then, with your praises, fishes and brethren. Of all living and sensitive creatures, you were

the first which God created. He made you before the fowls of the air; He made you before the beasts of the field; He made you before man himself. Of all animals, fishes are the most numerous and the largest. For this reason Moses, the chronicler of the creation, while he does not mention the name of any other animal, names a fish only—*God created great whales.*

“Great praise is due to you, O fishes, for the respect and devotion which ye have had to the preachers of the Word of God. Jonah went as a preacher of the same God, and was on board of a ship when that great tempest arose. How did men then treat him, and how did fishes treat him? Men cast him into the sea to be eaten by fishes, and the fish which swallowed him carried him to the shores of Nineveh that he might there preach and save those men. Is it possible that fishes should assist in the salvation of men, and that men should cast into the sea the ministers of salvation? Behold, fishes, and avoid vainglory, how much better are ye than men!

“Most authors condemn you for your want of docility, and for your extreme brutishness. On the contrary, I praise you for these. Hate conversation and familiarity with men. God preserve you from them. If the beasts of the earth and the birds of the air choose to be man’s familiars, let them do it, and welcome; it is at their own expense.

“But, before you depart, as you have heard your praises, hear also that which I have to blame. It will serve to make you ashamed, though you have not the power of amendment. The first thing which does not

edify me, fishes, is, that you eat one another—a great scandal in itself. You not only eat one another, but the great eat the little; if the contrary were the case, the evil would be less. If the little eat the great, one would suffice for many; but as the great eat the little, a hundred, nay, and a thousand, do not suffice for one.

“Boasting is another of your sins. The bully-fish excites at once my laughter and indignation. Is it possible that you, being such tiny fish, can be bullies of the sea? Tell me, why does not the sword-fish bully? Because, ordinarily, he that has a long sword has a short tongue. It is a general rule that God will not endure boasters. With the flying-fish I must also have a word. Tell me, did not God make you fish? Why, then, do you set up to become birds? God made the sea for you, and the air for them; content yourselves with the sea, and with swimming, and do not attempt to fly; you'll be punished for your ambition. The fly-fish was made by God a fish; he desired to be a bird, and God permits he should have the perils of a fish, and besides that, those of a bird. From this example, fishes, keep all of you this truth in mind—He that desires more than befits him, loses that which he desires, and that which he has. He that can swim, and desires to fly, the time will come when he shall neither fly nor swim. With this remark I bid you farewell, my fishes. Praise God, O fishes, both small and great. Praise God, because He has created you in such numbers; because He has distinguished you in so many species; because He has invested you with such variety and beauty; because He

has furnished you with all the instruments necessary to life; because He has given you an element so large and pure; praise God who multiplies you; and praise God, finally, by serving and sustaining man, which is the end to which He created you. Amen. As you are not capable of grace nor of glory, so your sermon neither ends with grace nor with glory.’”

“Besides sermons,” said Mr. Holcroft, “there were in Italy, soon after the revival of letters, many ingenious and imaginative productions, instituting comparisons between angling with the rod and various ordinary transactions of human life. *Syrens* and *Tritons* were invested with fishing habits—were made to expatiate on the beauties of natural scenery, and to inculcate some moral aphorism or common-sense duty. We see this partially exemplified in the ‘*Bizzari Faconde et Ingenoise Piscatorie*’ of Andrea Calmo, published in the latter section of the sixteenth century.”

“Thank you, gentlemen,” observed Sir Francis; “you have enlightened us on many topics, of which I was myself, at least, entirely ignorant. What excellent memories you clergy have” (directing his attention to Mr. Goodman). “We see, in your persons and stated ministrations, how this remarkable faculty becomes strengthened by use, and completely pliant and obedient to the will. I would give a good portion of my earthly treasure for so valuable an acquisition.”

“There is, Sir Francis,” answered the divine, “a great discrepancy among clergymen as to the powers of the memory. Some have a ready but treacherous, others a slow but retentive, memory. I have known the greatest

possible difference among preachers. Some of my friends can commit a written discourse, *verbatim et literatim*, in two consecutive readings; others, again, of as good general talents, will have to labour four days in the week, before the same task is accomplished."

"That is dreadful slavery, indeed," rejoined the baronet. "We laymen have but an imperfect idea of the labour of the clerical life, if what you state be a fact. We have formed a notion that your duties become so much of mere habit, that we are far from realizing much, if anything, approaching to mental exhaustion as falling to your ministerial lot."

"That is just the case, Sir Francis," said Mr. Goodman. "My friend here" (pointing to me), "before I had the pleasure of joining your party on this fishing excursion, was remarking the same thing, and I did, in some partial degree, endeavour to point out to him the many labours we had, especially in a large city, which never meet the public eye, so as to stand fully out for its appreciation. Most men think of clergymen simply as *preachers of sermons*. They think their life and labour are deep and subtle—study through the week, and utterance on Sundays. Others think of clergymen simply in their relations to public enterprises and undertakings of various kinds. They ought to lead here and lead there. They ought to appear at this meeting and at that. If a man does not preach ably, he is good for nothing, some think. If he is not an active, bustling, ubiquitous creature, then again others think he is worse than useless. Now, for my own part, I wish every minister were a good and able preacher; and I likewise

wish that every minister could lead his people, and, as far as his influence allowed, the community at large, in all well-considered progressive movements. But these are not all his functions. These are the *public* aspects of duty. His private work, his ten thousand services to individuals, to the unfriended, the poor, the afflicted, the perplexed; the giving of counsel to the weak, encouragement to the desponding; the taking care of men one by one, and in detail; as well as generic and wholesome movements for communities and mankind, constitute an immense proportion of his labour. It is that part that takes the most out of him in time, strength, and nerves. It is that which he feels more than study or speaking. It is that of which his people have the least conception. They naturally judge by what they see, and they see that which is in the pulpit and on the platform."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Goodman," interrupted Sir Francis, "but it does strike me that you Edinburgh clergy have many advantages over your country cousins, in possessing such a wide circle of intelligent acquaintances, and so many sources of intellectual improvement and gratification. These are fair compensating advantages. And allow me, with all due deference, to remark, that the picture which you have so forcibly drawn may only be an extreme case, and such cases occur in all professions and modes of life. It certainly has often appeared to me that clerical life presented, in the capital of Scotland, much that any man might rationally envy—so much of freedom, ease, respect, and wholesome influence, that clergymen seemed to glide through the world

without scarcely ever coming into actual contact with what may be considered as the positively laborious and painful."

"That is the common theory, I confess, Sir Francis; but theory and practice are often wide apart. Allow me to give you a daily illustration of what falls to my own lot. I rise at six o'clock. The family are emerging. Breakfast is ready at half-past seven. I look for some religious or useful publication. The bell rings. A man has called thus early, for fear you might be out. You despatch his business. Sitting down to breakfast, the bell rings, and the servant says the applicant will wait. But what pleasure can one have at a meal, with a man up-stairs waiting for one, and the consciousness of its hastening the coffee and the toast on their way? You run up. Can you marry a couple at so-and-so? That is settled. Prayers are had with the family. The bell rings once, twice, three times. When you rise, there are five persons waiting for you in the front parlour. A young man from the country wishes your name on his circular for a school. Another wants a line of testimonial for a banker's office. A young woman is failing in health by confinement to sewing; does not know what to do; behind in rent; cannot get away to the country; does not wish charity; only wishes some one to enable her to break away from a state of things that will kill her in six months. Another calls to inquire after a friend of whom he has lost sight. While you are attending to these the bell is active, and other persons take the places of those that go. A poor woman wants to know what she is to do with a son incurably lame. A kind

woman calls in behalf of a boarder who is out of place, desponding, and will throw himself away if he cannot get some livelihood. Another calls to know if I will not visit a poor family in —— Street. A good and honest-looking man comes next; is out of work; has heard ‘your riverince’ is a kind man, etc. A stranger has died, and a sexton desires a clergyman’s services. Several persons desire religious conversation. It is now eleven o’clock. A moment’s lull. You catch your hat, and run. Perhaps you have forgotten some appointment. You betake yourself to your study, not a little flurried and jaded by the contrariety of things which you have been considering. You return to dine. There are five or six persons waiting for you. At tea you find others, also, with their divers necessities. This is not overdrawn; and for months of the year it is far underdrawn. There is no taxation comparable to an incessant various conversation with people for whom you must think, devise, and for whose help you feel yourself often utterly incompetent.”

We all allowed, sitting on a dry, green knoll by the river-side, that our friend had made out his case, and he was permitted to get clear off with flying colours. He had scarcely finished his address, till our attention was directed to a country lad crossing the river on a pair of *stilts*. This roused Bewick, who had been lying in a listless position smoking his pipe. He ran down to the scene, and it was curious to watch the various expressions of excitement the artist evinced as the lad was stammering through the stream on his pair of insecure and tottering wooden legs. Every now and then, Bewick appeared

in raptures, whenever the lad was like to lose his balance, and made grotesque movements to preserve his equilibrium against the conjoint force of the water and the stony unevenness of the bed of the river. Bewick brought us a capital sketch of the scene, executed in a few minutes; and it is one of the *tail-pieces* in his volumes at this hour.

The last of our eight days' fishing was very successful. All the party felt themselves gratified with success, both in trout and salmon fishing. The villagers of Broughton would miss us, for every evening we distributed our surplus of fish, both of trout and salmon, among the working families of the place. On the day our party broke up, Mr. Goodman was to leave me to return to my own home alone, he having some few weeks still at his disposal for perambulating the rivers and lakes of his native country. On leaving me, he said, "Six weeks more of country scenes, and all this will be changed. My love of work will come back again. I shall return to my post with secret joy, and eager for labour. The old bell will become musical. I shall feel disposed to listen—to urge or dissuade, to counsel or to direct—to those who come. I shall find the fountains of speech once more open. The face of my congregation will again be inspiring, and I feel satisfied I shall be worth a great deal more to them, than if I had plodded on without cessation or relaxation."

And now, turning towards my own home, I stand and gaze for a short time upon those interesting mountain shadows that are creeping down upon the plain. I go without a single trout in my basket. Never mind; I

have fished in these mountain solitudes, and taken great store of prey. At any rate, I am quite satisfied that oftentimes the best part of trout-fishing is not the fishing. How full has my ramble been of feelings struggling to be thoughts, and of thoughts deliquescing into feelings. But twilight is coming, and I have many miles to ride home. Adieu to the Tweed and its banks!

LOBSTERS AND CRABS.

LOBSTERS.

THE Lobster has been known from the most remote times. One French writer on the monumental inscriptions found in the East, affirms that the form of the lobster is distinctly traced on one of those pillars of stone which are generally ascribed to our forefathers before the Flood. However this may be, certain it is, that the fish may fairly enough lay claim to as remote an antiquity as falls to the lot of any piscatory notoriety of the deep, whose special capabilities have a direct reference to the gourmandizing propensities of man.

What curious thoughts arise from the contemplation of this fact, as stated by the above French authority! Only think of Adam and his immediate descendants regaling themselves on boiled lobsters, or indulging in the stimulating properties of its various forms of sauces! Who knows the part lobsters may have taken in the roystering and Bacchanalian revelries among the citizens of the Plain—how many convivial spirits were wont to gather in the evenings around its savoury fumes preparatory to whetting the appetite for more varied and sensual indulgences, ere their gluttony and other sins consigned them to Divine chastisement? Speculations crowd on the mind, in all shapes and forms, when we think of the lobster feasts before the Flood.

Few of the cretaceous fish have been more generally lauded by gastronomes, both ancient and modern, than the lobster. We are told by a foreign writer on natural history, that Alexander the Great was so enamoured of this shell-dainty, that his courtiers always endeavoured to allay his periodical paroxysms of passion, by furnishing him with lobsters, either in the entire state, or as a sauce to other viands.* A French cookery-book, published a couple of centuries ago, tells us, upon rather apocryphal authority, however, that Cicero made one of his most effective political orations after he had dined off stewed lobsters.

A Greek writer, who describes the gluttonous desires of a spendthrift, ironically calls upon him to "use all kinds of fish, such as do haunt the rocks, and with his other dishes, use highly-seasoned lobster sauce." The Romans, too, were passionately fond of the fish. We are told, at a supper given to the Emperor Vitellius by his brother, there were, among other kinds of fish, eight hundred lobsters. Another Roman emperor, Maximinus, is affirmed to have devoured twenty large lobsters at one sitting. There have been found, in the ruins of Herculaneum, Roman household utensils with the figure of the lobster represented on them.

The lobster was called *'Αστακὸς* (*Astacus*) by Aristotle, who describes many of its peculiarities recognized by the naturalists of modern times.

Isidore of Seville mentions lobsters as having been a primary luxury among the Latin Platonists of the Alexandrian School. Porphyry and Jamblicus ate them

* Bellon.

voraciously, and then, we suppose, turned to their mystical and nebulous studies on the nature and origin of things.

In a book published at London, in 1611, called "Things that Be Olde and Newe," we have a statement that the great Charlemagne was passionately fond of lobsters; that he and his private secretary, Eginberd, were in the habit of feasting almost every night on this savoury fish; and that the Emperor framed two capitularies for regulating the catching and bringing to market those shell-fish. A severe punishment was inflicted on those fishmongers who presented stale lobsters for sale.

A writer on middle age history informs us that lobsters were especial favourites with the members of the Romish Church. They formed a favourite article of luxury at the Papal court for many centuries; and among private associations of the clergy they were equally as highly esteemed. One Pope is said to have hastened his death by their intemperate use. A celebrated general, who commanded the troops of the Church before the attack on Regusa, refused to go to battle unless his favourite dish of lobsters was served up to him.*

On the physical conformation of the lobster we shall make a few observations.

The head and thorax of the lobster are blended into one mass, covered with a dorsal plate of armour; and the abdominal viscera are protected by broad semi-belts of the same consistency. The limbs are divided into three sets. First, on each side of the mouth are five limbs, called foot-jaws, furnished with tentacular appendages.

These are employed in masticating its food. Next we have five pairs of true limbs; the first two are developed into powerful and voluminous claws or pincers; of which one, sometimes the right, and sometimes the left, has its edges finely dentated, to use as a saw in seizing, cutting, and rending the animal's prey. The third class of limbs are placed on the under surface of the tail. These are termed false feet, and are arranged in five pairs, and are bifid at the last joint. These false feet are not used for locomotion, but for the purposes of procreation.

The most striking fact connected with the natural history of this fish, is the power which it has of reproducing its limbs lost by accident, and of the moulting and reacquisition of its shells. It has been known, when suddenly alarmed, to throw off one of its claws with a jerk; and when a limb happens to receive an injury, it is always broken off at the joint second to its junction to the trunk. The change of armour in the lobster is necessary, as without it the animal could not increase in size, but must for ever remain stationary. When it is released from its hard encasement, the soft portion of its frame pushes forth its growth with great rapidity, and in due time receives a proper coat of armour. We are informed that "the lobster to the last is ravenous and vigorous; and instances have been known in which lobsters, enticed by the bait, have entered into the crab-traps, when on the fishermen commencing to handle his prize, the animal has slipped away, leaving an empty husk as the only reward of his labour."*

The lobster is considered an unclean eater, and is

* "Bot. and Zool. Mag." vol. i. p. 171.

often called the *scavenger* of the seas. He is a fierce marauder, pouncing on dead or living substance of all kinds. He appears to have a powerful sense of smell, although no distinct organs for this office have been as yet detected. His carnivorous voracity leads to the animal's destruction. Baited traps, made of strong twigs, something like the common wire mouse-traps, are lowered into the water, and marked by a buoy, and these become the most effectual means of capturing this epicurean crustacean. In some parts of the coast of Yorkshire, strong bag-nets are used. These are baited with garbage, attractive to the lobster, who unsuspectingly enters a prison from which he emerges only like a condemned felon, to suffer bonds by which his claws are secured preparatory to being boiled alive.

No little fable has been connected with the size of lobsters. Olaus Magnus ("Hist." lib. xxi. ch. 34) and Gesner ("De Piscibus," lib. iv.) tell us, that in some localities in the Indian Ocean, and likewise on the shores of Norway, lobsters have been found twelve feet long and six broad, and were often so pugnacious as to seize mariners with their gigantic claws, and drag them along into the deep to devour them. A similar account is given of them by an Italian writer on natural history, who affirms that he once saw a lobster which measured fifteen feet, and which was of such a mischievous nature as to require six men to kill it.

The lobster has been rather conspicuous in the history of French cookery. In the sixteenth century, one Desaugulier became famous for his various methods of cooking this fish, and particularly for his high-flavoured and

delicious lobster-sauces. His house of entertainment was much frequented by many notorious and fashionable characters, who figured in Parisian society in his day. Among the number of his constant customers were two Catholic priests, whose morals and general deportment were by no means exemplary, and who were passionately fond of lobster suppers. They often prolonged their visits at Desaguilier's till a late hour. It so happened, however, that both these members of the Church died suddenly within a week of each other. The circumstances of their death excited marked attention. A report got abroad that they had been poisoned at one of their lobster repasts. The public took up the rumour, and the Church authorities followed in the wake. Our poor lobster cook was seized and put to the rack, but nothing could be extorted from him that bore upon his guilt. Having in early life been one of the assistants in the royal kitchen, he procured a friend at the palace, and was forthwith set at liberty. But the shock to himself and his temporal affairs proved too much for him, and he died soon after his liberation from prison. But so deeply had the poisoning notion penetrated the public mind, that a pamphlet was written by one of the clergy, attempting to show that Desaguilier's sudden death was a judgment from heaven, for his having taken away the life of the two ecclesiastics. A copy of this rare tract is said to be still extant in the royal library of Lisbon.

Another unfortunate affair soon followed on the heels of this. Two distinguished French generals, in the reign of Louis XIII., had been spending the evening at the house of a lady of rank and fashion, noted in Paris for

lobster repasts. Some angry words passed between the two sons of Mars; and from less to more, a duel was the consequence. Both fell wounded; the one died about an hour after receiving his wound; and the other lingered in great agony for three days. The lady at whose mansion the unfortunate occurrence took place, was so deeply affected by it, that she never afterwards gave any more public entertainments. During the entire residue of her life, her sensibility was so great at the bare sight of a lobster, that she uniformly went into a hysterical fit.*

We are told that, in 1627, there was a tremendous storm throughout the south-western part of Scotland. The wind blew from the direction of the Isle of Man; and in the parish of Caerlaverock, the sea rose to such a height that it drove the people from their houses, and they had to run for their lives. There was likewise thrown upon the beach an incredible number of lobsters, which were seen sprawling about in all directions. One of the cottagers, in the great hurry and confusion of the moment, left her home, with a cradle in the house containing a baby about eight months old. The sea had thrown into the cradle three large lobsters, one of which had fixed its claws on the foot of the child. The screaming it set up, brought its mother to its aid, and was thus providentially saved.†

A somewhat similar incident, relative to the influence of sea-storms on lobsters, is mentioned in Buckland's "Curiosities of Literature." "When at Weymouth," says the author, "many years ago, with my father, I recollect

* "Chroniques de Paris."

† "Wonders of Nature." London, 1632.

his telling me a story of a large ship being wrecked off the Isle of Portland, and that many persons were drowned. Soon after the wreck, a great number of lobsters and prawns were caught, and none of the Weymouth folks would eat them, because they were supposed to have eaten the bodies of the drowned people, which was very possibly the case. The lobsters were, therefore, sent off to London, for the benefit of those who did not know their history."

We read the following :—" June 27, 1771: Went to see the 'Maid of Bath,' performed for the first time, at the Haymarket Theatre. Saw there Lord Lyttleton, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Doctor Johnson, Garrick, and Oliver Goldsmith. We all went out to have some refreshment. The Rev. Mr. Horne, afterwards John Horne Tooke, met us at the threshold of the play-house; and learning our errand, he proposed we should all go with him to sup upon lobsters, cooked in a new fashion, with the richest sauce, at a fish-house hard by. We all consented readily, except Lord Lyttleton, who hung fire a little, but was prevailed upon to come with us, and Horne entertained us with some of his most piquant jokes and *bon mots*." *

Porson was known for his low and grovelling habits, as well as for his profound knowledge of Greek. He addicted himself to the lowest company, spent his nights and days in cider-cellars and pot-houses, where he had the unlimited privilege of talking to whom he liked. Among his favourite places of resort, was a cook-shop where lobsters were done to perfection. This he made a point of frequenting three nights every week, and

* "Specimens of a Diary." London. 1774.

regaling himself, to the full bent of his appetite, with the delicious fish. He was in the habit of indulging in fits of study, when he withdrew from the outer to contemplate the inner world. Still, during these states of seclusion, he had his lobsters regularly served to him within the walls of the university. He likewise had a curious theory about his favourite dainty, that these shell-fish were the purest in the ocean, and lived entirely on water. He used to argue this point with great vehemence when in his cups; and it was probably from this circumstance that the following lines were one day written in chalk on his door:—

“Dick Porson eats a swagging great dinner,
 And grows every day fatter and fatter;
 And yet the huge hulk of a sinner
 Swears lobsters live solely on water.

“As no man can be found in the nation
 Such nonsense to speak or to think,
 It follows by fair demonstration,
 That he philosophized in his drink.”

There is a curious old song relative to the city of Salisbury, in which lobsters are mentioned. This city stands on the ruins of Old Sarum, which Leland, the antiquary, thinks was a British fort before the arrival of Julius Cæsar. Dr. Pope, chaplain to Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury in the reign of Charles II., was the author of the following verses:—

“Oh! Salisbury people, give ear to my song,
 And attention to my new ditty;
 For it is in praise of your river Avon,
 Of your bishop, your church, and your city.

“And your mayor and aldermen all of a row,
That govern that watered mead;
First listen a while on your tiptoe,
Then carry this home and read.

“Old Sarum was built on a dry barren hill
A great many years ago;
'Twas a Roman town, of strength and renown,
As its stately ruins show.

“Thercin was a castle for *men of arms*,
And a cloister for men of the gown;
There were friars and monks, and liars and punks,
Though not many whose name have come down.

“The soldiers and churchmen did not long agree;
For the surly men with the hilts on,
Made sport at the gate *with the priests that came late*,
From eating the lobsters of Wilton.”

In the middle of the last century there was a farce performed in several of the minor theatres of London, called “Lobster Sauce.” Whether it was popular or not we have not been able to ascertain, from any critical writings on the piece; but from its having been acted at three different places, we may infer that it had a fair portion of wit and humour. The scope of the farce is to ridicule an old glutton of an alderman, who had an only and handsome daughter, whom he was desirous of marrying to a man of title. The old corporation functionary prided himself on the mode of cooking lobsters, and especially for the piquant and savoury sauces he prepared for the fish. The plot of the piece is carried on by invitations to his friends, and particularly to the younger portion of the aristocratic circles, to regale themselves at his table. It cannot be doubted

but the dramatic sketch had a direct reference to some notable alderman of the day, who had made himself conspicuous by his love of lobsters and his personal vanity and ambition.

Dr. Parr's love of hot boiled lobsters, with shrimp-sauce, is well known. The Doctor once told a friend that he wrote some of his finest pieces after a supper on this dish. Fuller, in his "History of Sussex," says that Chichester was famous for its lobsters; and that he remembers with much pleasure the many convivial parties he attended where the fish were served up in capital fashion. Old Elwes, the miser, was well known for his partiality to this dainty. He was in the habit of occasionally attending Billingsgate Market, to purchase the article at as cheap a rate as possible. At the famous sederunt at whist which he had with the present Duke of Northumberland's father, and two other gamblers, which lasted *for three days and three nights*, without the parties ever retiring to their bed-rooms, Elwes lived almost solely on chocolate and lobsters. After paying the balance of his losses, *eight hundred pounds*, he rang the bell, and ordered the waiter to bring him the tail of a good lobster, with which he set off to Harrow Common, where he resided.

One of the most notable circumstances connected with lobsters, is their frequent representation on medals and coins, both ancient and modern; and the use made of this shell-fish, through this medium, for comical and satirical purposes. There are several ancient coins of Tyre, and other neighbouring cities, with the figure of the lobster on the reverse side; but writers on coins

have not been able to divine the purposes or meanings of the emblem. Some of the earliest Greek coins have a similar figure, without, however, any caricatural adjunct. On some of the Roman and Spanish coins and medals, we have the lobster depicted as a satirical emblem. One Roman medal portrays the Emperor Nero riding on the shell-fish, as a mark of derision; and a Spanish silver piece, supposed of the second century, displays some general or other in a similar ridiculous attitude. Doubtless, the peculiar grotesqueness of the lobster's physiognomy and movements naturally associate themselves with comic and satirical conceptions, and serve to add pungency to their graphic embodiment. This conclusion is considerably strengthened by the well-known fact, that many of the earliest Italian artists, who indulged in the comic and whimsical, were in the constant habit of keeping lobsters, both dead and alive, as well as other animals, as objects suggestive of sketching comicalities and grotesque combinations.

The Church of Rome has made free with the figure of the lobster in some of its notable legends. On an old fragment of painted glass, supposed to be about the fourth century, and taken from one of the churches of Toulouse, we have the Devil mounted on a lobster, making after Joseph and Mary, in their flight into Egypt, with all possible expedition. The comic effect of the sketch is remarkably striking. In another legend, particularly connected with the missionary doings of Father Francis Xavier, we have the following account from a Portuguese writer, called Fausto Rodriguez:—

“We were at sea,” says Rodriguez, “Father Francis,

John Raposo, and myself, when there arose a tempest, which alarmed all the mariners. Then the Father drew from his bosom a little crucifix, which he always carried about him; and, leaning over the deck, intended to have dipt it into the sea, but the crucifix dropt out of his hand, and was carried off by the waves. This loss very sensibly afflicted him, and he concealed not his sorrow from us. The next morning we landed on the island of Baranura. From the time the crucifix was lost to that of our landing, it was near twenty-four hours, during which we were in perpetual danger. Being on shore, Father Francis and I walked along by the sea-side towards the town of Tamalo, and had already walked about five hundred paces, when both of us beheld, arising out of the sea, a lobster-fish, which carried betwixt his claws the same crucifix raised on high. I saw the lobster-fish come directly to the Father, by whose side I was, and stop before him. The Father, falling on his knees, took his crucifix, after which the lobster-fish returned to the sea. But the Father, still continuing in the same humble posture, hugging and kissing the crucifix, was half an hour praying with his hands across his breast, and myself joining with him in thanksgiving to God for so evident a miracle; after which we arose, and continued on our way.”*

This fiction about the lobster, so prominent in Spanish legendary lore, did not, however, escape the lash of the graphic satirist. A small tract was written, with

* Dryden's "Life of Xavier," book iii. In some English translations, the *lobster-fish* is termed *crab-fish*; but this does not agree with the sequel of the legend.

numerous comic sketches, to show the folly of the miracles ascribed to the fish. In the frontispiece there was a representation of a priest riding on the back of a lobster, with his head towards its tail; while the expression of his countenance was of that quizzical sort which indicated a total unbelief of those stories which the Church had long imposed on the credulity of the people. The author of the tract was brought before the ecclesiastical authorities, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, in addition to a tolerably heavy fine.

But this affair of the lobster and Father Xavier was not entirely confined to the Romish Church; it was embodied in several sharp caricatures connected with the reign of our James II. A medal was struck on the 20th of June, 1688, on the obverse side of which were represented a ship of war bearing the French flag; on the shore a figure of a Jesuit, supposed to represent Father Petre, seated astride on a lobster, holding in his arms the young Prince of Wales, who carries on his head a little windmill; with the motto, "*Allons, mon Prince, nous sommes en bon chemin.*" On the reverse side of the medal there is a shield, charged with a windmill, and surmounted by the bonnet of a Jesuit; two rows of beads or rosaries for an order or collar, within which are the words, "*Hony soit qui mal y pense.*" A lobster is suspended from the collar as a badge.

About the same period there were several medals of a like character struck off in Holland, in which the lobster cuts a conspicuous figure. Upon one, called "*Arlequin sur l'Hippogryphe, à la croisade Lojoliste,*" the lobster bears on its back a Jesuit, and carries a book

in each claw ; the young Prince of Wales's head is decorated with a windmill. The interpretation of all these caricature medals was chiefly this: To indicate the influence of the Jesuit Petre over the movements of James II., an imputation was cast upon the legitimacy of the young Prince of Wales, chiefly occasioned by his mother choosing St. Francis Xavier as her patron saint, and her family constantly attributing the birth of the child to the direct interference of this saint. The lobster became in this manner symbolical of the impositions and frauds which the Jesuits were continually perpetrating on the credulity of the people.

In the curious work by Sebastian Brandt, called "Shiltifera Navis" ("The Ship of Fools"), first published in 1494, there is a plate representing a fool, wearing cap and bells, seated astride on the back of a lobster, with a broken reed in his hand, and a pigeon flying past him as he vacantly stares with wide and open mouth. Underneath are the following lines:—

" DE PREDESTINATIONE.

" Qui pretium poscit quod non meruisse videtur,
Atque super fragilem ponit sua brachia cannam
Illius in dorso cancerorum semita stabit ;
Devolet inque suum rictum satis assa Columba."

Corsini, an Italian writer on medical subjects, who flourished in the sixteenth century, maintains that lobster-shells, finely-powdered, mixed with sweet oil, and placed as a plaster on the chest, prove a sovereign remedy for affections of the lungs and of the respiratory organs generally. He says every kind and degree of bronchitis

he invariably cured by the application of this plaster. A German physician prescribed lobsters boiled with new milk, and afterwards put through a strainer, as a most healing and wholesome article of diet for weak and consumptive patients. A quart of the mixture might be safely taken during the twelve hours. The same authority recommends the solid meat of the fish, made very hot, applied to the soles of the feet of persons troubled with epilepsy and hysterical affections.

The modes of cooking this noble shell-fish are numerous. Robert May, in his "Accomplished Cook," printed for Nathaniel Brook, at the sign of the Angel, Cornhill, 1660, calls the lobster the *king of fish*. "The king of them all is the lobster. What words can describe that unhappy crustacean? It looks like a spread eagle; like a goblin born of dyspepsia and laudanum; like a fanciful flower-bed; like a mythic tortoise with gout in his fins, for it is split in halves, as is the wont with this accomplished cook's fish; it is sprawling and floundering across the page in a wonderful fashion, not after the manner of modern lobsters. The cut we refer to heads a receipt for 'Baked lobsters to be eaten hot.' It sounds appetizing enough.

"Being boiled cold, take the meat out of the shells, and season it lightly with nutmeg, pepper, salt, cinnamon, and ginger; then lay it in a pie made according to this form (our spread-eagle, or goblin), and lay it on some dates in halves, large mace, sliced lemons, barberries, yolks of hard eggs, and butter. Close it up and bake it; and, being baked, liquor it with white wine, butter, and sugar, and ice it. On flesh days put marrow to it."

"LOBSTER SALAD.

"AIR.—' *Blue Bonnets over the Border.*'

"Take, take, Lobsters and lettuces ;
 Mind that they send you the fish that you order ;
 Take, take, a decent-sized salad bowl,
 One that's sufficiently deep in the border.
 Cut into many a slice
 All of the fish that's nice,
 Place in the bowl with due neatness and order ;
 Then hard-boil'd eggs you may
 Add in a neat array
 All round the bowl, just by way of a border.

"Take from the cellar of salt a proportion ;
 Take from the castor both pepper and oil,
 With vinegar, too—but a moderate portion—
 Too much of acid your salad will spoil.
 Mix them together ;
 You need not mind whether
 You blend them exactly in apple-pie order ;
 But when you've stirr'd away,
 Mix up the whole you may—
 All but the eggs, which are used as a border.

"Take, take, plenty of seasoning ;
 A teaspoon of parsley that's chopp'd in small pieces,
 Though, though, the point will bear reasoning,
 A small taste of onion the flavour increases.
 As the sauce curdle may,
 Should it, the process stay ;
 Patiently do it again in due order :
 For, if you chance to spoil
 Vinegar, eggs, and oil,
 Still to proceed would on lunacy border."—PUNCH.

Lobsters have been the subject of some jokes. We give the following:—

When does the *Early Movement* become very objectionable?—When you have placed your finger in a lobster's open claw.

CRUEL.—Miss Balsarine suggests that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

When is a lobster like a mortar?—When it casts its shell.

Lobsters were great favourites with Dean Swift, who called them the princes of shell-fish. This fondness is manifested in the anecdote which Pope mentions relative to a visit which he and Gay paid to the Dean, who felt himself obliged to ask them to supper. "If you had not supped," said he, "I must have got something for you. Let me see; what should I have had? A couple of lobsters; ah! that would have done well."*

About thirty years ago, an affair came before the Lord Mayor of London, respecting lobsters, which created a good deal of merriment at the time. Some "friends of humanity" appeared before the civic magistrate to complain of the practice of "pegging" the lobsters. It was alleged that the necessity for this heathenish custom arose from the quarrelsome propensities of the fish themselves; for when removed from their native element, and thrust indiscriminately into baskets, squabbled and macerated one another in a frightful manner. This judicial investigation gave rise to

* Spence's "Anecdotes."

several practical squibs; one of which we shall here transcribe, which is pointedly directed against the anti-slavery advocates of the day:—

“THE NEGRO’S DYING BLUSH.

- “ See the flames with fury glowing !
 Hark the water hissing hot !
 Bubbling high and overflowing,
 Revelling in the lobster’s lot.
 List his first and latest screeching,
 As his thoughts to madnesa rush,
 Mercy from the Fates beseeching,
 Boiling with unconscious blush.
- “ Is there, mighty Jove ! a lady,
 Lovely, gentle, fair, and young,
 Who could, while thus his black growa fady,
 And his deep’ning blush more strong,
 Endure the thought of Lobster-salad ?
 Or dream of ord’ring Lobster-sauce ?
 No ! rather would she write a ballad,
 Lamenting sore that Lobster’s loss.
- “ Sweet, indeed, are Lobster-patties !
 Passing aweet is Lobster-soup !
 But let me ask you, whether that is
 Cause why we should Lobaters coop
 In caldrons, while they’re live and kicking,
 Arrayed in native suita of black,
 Which they must change to tempt your picking,
 And redden o’er from breast to back ?
- “ Oh, ye youth of both the sexes !
 Bethink you how a Lobster boiling
 Abhors the bath in which he vexes
 Hia tortured limbs with bootless toiling !
 And when people laud his colour,
 With beating heart and shaking head,
 Inform them how, ’mid frantic dolour,
 He dying gained that lively red !”

CRABS.

Crabs, it is but reasonable to think, must have been one of the earliest among shell-fish known to mankind; from the circumstance, perhaps, of its being fixed upon as one of the signs of the zodiac. This figurative application of the animal must refer a knowledge of it to a very remote period, and to have made it familiar to all to whom astronomical science, even in its rudest form, was at all cultivated.

The crab must have been known to the ancient Assyrians. There are representations of it on the slabs of the Kouyunjik Gallery in the British Museum. We likewise find the figure of the shell-fish on many very ancient Eastern coins; but for what purpose it was there represented, writers on numismatology are not agreed.

In the Greek notices of the sophists or rhetoricians of Athens, we find the crab mentioned. Among the things which this class of public teachers attempted to learn the Athenians was to show, by reasoning, "That a man had a father—that he had no father—that a dog was his father—that his father was everybody's father—that his mother had a family equally numerous, in which horses, pigs, and *crab-fish* were all common brethren."*

Athenæus, in some comments on the "Miser" of Theopnetus, says, "While Ulpian was continuing to talk in this way, the servants came in bearing on dishes some crabs bigger than the orator Callimedon, who, because he was so fond of this food, was himself called the Crab." Alexis, a

* See Mitchell's "Aristophanes."

comic poet, hands Callimedon down to posterity in this fashion:—

“It has been voted by fish-sellers
To raise a brazen statue to Callimedon,
At the Panathenaic festival,
In the midst of the fish-market, and the statue
Shall in his hand hold a roasted crab,
As being the sole portion of their trade,
Which other men neglect and seek to crush.”

“But,” again says Athenæus, “the taste of the crab is one which many people have been very much devoted to, as may be shown by several passages in different comedies, but at present Aristophanes will suffice, who speaks as follows:—

“A. Has any fish been bought? A cuttle-fish,
Or a broad squill, or else a polypus,
Or roasted mullet, or perhaps some beetroot;

“B. Indeed, there was not.

“A. Or a roach or dace?

“B. Nothing of such sort.

“A. Was there no black-pudding,
No tripe, nor sausage, nor boar's liver fried,
No honeycomb, no paunch of pig, no eel,
No mighty crab, with which you might
Recruit the strength of women wearied with long toil?”

“By broad squills,” says the same writer, “he must have meant what we call *astaci*, a kind of crab which Philyllius mentions in his “Cities.” Athenæus adds, “that the race of crabs is very long-lived.”

Pliny tells us that crabs are long-lived, and have eight feet, all bent obliquely. In the female the first foot is double, and in the male single; besides which, the

animal has two claws with indented pincers. Sometimes they assemble in large bodies; but as they are unable to cross the mouth of the Euxine, they turn back again, and go round by the land, and the road by which they travel is to be seen all beaten down with their footmarks.

Crabs, when alarmed (says the same historian), go backwards as swiftly as when moving forwards. They fight with one another like rams, butt at each other with their horns. They have a mode of curing themselves of the bite of serpents. It is said that while the sun is passing through the sign of Cancer, the dead bodies of the crabs, which are lying thrown on the sea-shore, are transformed into serpents.

Pliny likewise tells us that the common stag, when wounded by a species of spider, or any other noxious insect, cures itself by eating crabs. The wild boar does the same; more particularly by those crabs which are thrown up by the sea.* This notion is confirmed by Plutarch, who speaks, however, of river-crabs.

Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses" (book xv.), says, "If you take care of the bending claws of the crab of the sea-shore, and bury the rest in the earth, a scorpion will come forth from the part so buried, and will threaten with its crooked tail."

Crabs are often spoken of in the books on natural history written in the middle ages, in which there are likewise many curious and grotesque representations. One we have seen, wherein a crab is holding a conversation with the Devil, and very coolly asking him to place his tail into one of his claws.

* Book viii. ch. 4.

There are widely different and strange peculiarities among the crabs. Those of the West Indies live chiefly on land, visiting the sea only at given periods, for the deposition of their eggs. These carrying in their gill-chambers sufficient water for the purpose of respiration, live in burrows, and traverse considerable tracts of land in the performance of their migratory excursions. Of this class, that called the violet crab is considered the most exquisite delicacy.

Those which Cuvier calls the *Burrowing Crab* proper, are thus described by that able naturalist:—"The animal closes the entrance of its burrow, which is situated near the margin of the sea, or in marshy grounds, with its largest claw. These burrows are cylindrical, oblique, very deep, and very close to each other; but generally each burrow is the exclusive habitation of a single individual. The habit which these crabs have of holding their large claw elevated in advance of the body, as if making a sign of beckoning to some one, has obtained for them the name of *Calling Crabs*. There is a species observed by Mr. Box in South Carolina, which passes the three months of the winter in its retreat, without once quitting it, and which never goes to the sea except at the epoch of egg-laying."

The following curious statement relative to crabs has recently made its appearance from China:—"When our party of six had seated themselves at the centre table, my attention was attracted by a covered dish, something unusual at a Chinese meal. On a certain signal, the cover was removed, and presently the face of the table was covered with juvenile crabs, which made their exodus

from the dish with all possible rapidity. The crablets had been thrown into a plate of vinegar, just as the company sat down; such an immersion making them more brisk and lively than usual. But the sprightly sport of the infant crabs was soon checked by each guest seizing which he could, and swallowing the whole morsel without ceremony. Determined to do as the Chinese did, I tried this novelty also with me—with two. I succeeded, finding the shell soft and gelatinous; for they were tiny creatures, not more than a day or two old. But I was compelled to give in to the third, which had resolved to take vengeance, and gave my lower lip a nip, so sharp and severe as to make me relinquish my hold, and likewise desist from any further experiment of this nature."

The *Lazy Crab* is a large and very beautiful one. The back is generally full of small knobs, of a pale scarlet colour; guarded here and there, but especially about the edges of the back shell, with short black prickles. It has four small legs on each side. These are covered with short brownish hair or pile, and are in the male crab likewise defended by prickles; the last joint of each leg ending in a sharp point. The two great claws, from their junction with the extremities of the body, are often ten inches long. The very tips of the two meeting claws, with which it holds its prey, differ remarkably from all other crabs, by their great breadth, as well as by their several indentations, which, when they close together, fall as regularly into their sockets as the opposite sides of a pair of nippers.

A Norwegian writer tells us:—"I now come to the bird, and, without doubt, the greatest marine wonder in

the world, called the *kraken*, or *kraxen*, or, as some have it, the crab, which name seems to answer best to the appearance of this round, flat animal, full of arms and branches. Our fishermen relate (all with one story, and without the slightest contradiction) that when in warm summer days they have rowed out a number of leagues to sea, where usually there is a depth of from eighty to one hundred fathoms, they sometimes find only thirty, twenty, or less, and are then certain of taking fish in the greatest abundance. This is a sign that the *kraken* is under them, and they lose no time to profit by the circumstance, so that sometimes a score or more boats are assembled together within a moderate circumference.

“They have only to take the precaution of ascertaining, by means of their leads, whether the depth remains the same or diminishes. In the latter case, not a moment must be lost. They give over fishing, and row away with all their might until they get into the usual depth. There, resting on their oars, in a short time they see this unparalleled monster rise to the surface; that is, not its whole body (which, probably, no human eye ever yet beheld, except in its young), but merely the upper portion of it, which, according to eye-witnesses, is about *a mile and a-half in circumference*, many say more, but I take the least for surety. This, at first, has the appearance of a reef of low rocks covered with something which resembles floating sea-weed. At length appear a number of shining points and jags, which are thicker the higher they are seen above the surface. Sometimes they are as high as a moderate ship’s mast, but strong enough to drag

the largest ship of war. After a short time the *kraken* begins to sink, when the danger is as great as before, for the whirlpool caused by the descent of its body is so powerful that it draws in everything near it, like the Maelström. From the long observation of fishermen, it appears that this animal feeds for several months together, and during the succeeding months evacuates its food in a substance resembling mud, which discolours the water and attracts immense shoals of fish of every species; and when a sufficient number are assembled over him, he swallows up his thoughtless guests, who in their turn serve as a trap for others of a similar taste.

* * * * As it is not to be expected that an occasion should speedily occur of examining this terrible monster alive, it is the more to be regretted that no one profited by one rare opportunity. In the year 1684, a kraken, probably young and heedless, came into Ulvangen Fjord, in the province of Bergen, and stretching out its feelers, which it seems to employ as a snail does its horns, they got entangled in some trees near the Fjord, and in the crevices of the rocks, so that it could not get loose again, but died and rotted.”*

Shakspeare has several allusions to crabs:—

“In very likeness of a roasted crab.”—*Mid. N. D.*

“See a crab! why, here’s no crab.”—*Taming of the Shrew.*

“As a crab does to a crab.”—*Lear.*

“If, like a crab, you could go backward.”—*Hamlet.*

Charles V. of Spain was passionately fond of crabs, which he had cooked in a variety of ways to his own

* Bishop Pontoppidan’s “Natural History of Norway.”

fancy. In a book published at Barcelona in 1650, the general mode of this royal crab cookery is given at full length. We shall give a brief outline of it.

The Emperor's method of having a crab served up cold was the following:—A good boiled crab was selected, as heavy as could be found, with the joints of the legs stiff. The legs and claws being broken off, were cracked, the meat extracted, and minced small. The body of the crab was taken out and mixed with the produce of the claws, with mustard, vinegar, and ground garlic. A certain proportion of salt and pepper was used. The dish was garnished with several kinds of aromatic plants; and the whole used in conjunction with a portion of oils from the Indies.

When his majesty fancied hot crabs they were commonly cooked in this fashion:—After boiling, the meat was taken from the claws, cut very small, and mixed with eggs and cream, to which were added portions of butter and ground garlic. Flour or fine bread-crumbs were then laid over the top, with pepper, mustard, and salt. The whole was placed in a dish and baked a certain length of time. This was commonly Charles's supper, when not actively engaged in his military duties.

Another royal method resembled our mode of scolloping the fish. Its contents were extracted, and mixed with bread and various kinds of spices, and then submitted to the process of baking. Garlic, eggs, and cream were used after this process had been finished. Sometimes a species of sweet wine was thrown over the whole.

One of the Emperors of Germany had likewise a strong liking for crabs. He had regularly appointed

days when these fish were to form a conspicuous item in the royal bill of fare to his courtiers. It became a common remark that his majesty was always more than usually bland and facetious on these occasions.

Taylor, the water-poet, in his curious satire on "Coaches," published in 1623, says that when William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought a coach from Holland, the people of London were quite confounded at its singular make and use. "Some said it was a *crab-shell* from China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the Devil; moreover, it makes people imitate sea-crabs in being drawn side-ways, as they are when they sit in the boot of the coach."

Tim Bright highly extols crabs in his treatise on "Melancholy." He thinks they are exhilarating to the animal spirits. The same opinion is entertained by a distinguished Italian physician, who invariably ordered these fish to be daily used in all cases of physical and mental debility.

Legendary lore touches upon the crab, as upon almost every other material object of animal life, which has anything conspicuous about it. It is said, those who dream of crabs will have ill-natured husbands. When Dutchmen dream of this fish, they think their mud walls and dikes are in danger of being washed away by the ocean, and themselves swallowed up in oblivion. In some districts of Ireland, fishermen refuse to put to sea if they have on the previous night dreamt of crabs. The gipsies about Blackheath, who tell the fortunes of the Cockneys, say that to dream of the shell-fish is indicative of

approaching lawsuits and family bickerings. The Laplanders are very superstitious about crabs, and consider them unwelcome heralds of another world. In several other sections of the North of Europe, it is considered very melancholy to dream of this shell-fish; more particularly at or about the full moon. In some districts, the dreaming of crabs is considered a certain sign of a woman giving birth to twins.

Many similar notions prevail among almost all nations. We have a story, of Scandinavian origin, which relates that two princesses were walking one day by the sea-shore, and were seized by an immense crab—equal in bulk to two large oxen—and carried into the sea on its back. After an absence of several days they were again brought back to land, and restored in perfect health to their friends. They gave an account of having been taken into remote caverns and bays of ice, traversed from place to place, fed upon roasted mussels, and supplied with drink from the running ice-springs of the mountains and rocks along the sea-coast. And we find an equally absurd story among the country people in the north of England and the south of Scotland. Thomas Boston, of Ettrick, was the ornament of the Scottish pulpit, and one of the most popular writers on theology that the Church of Scotland has ever produced. He flourished about one hundred and fifty years ago. Numerous are the marvellous stories told about his personal conflict with the Devil. There is one to the effect that the worthy minister, on the morning of a sacramental Sabbath, was visited by his Satanic majesty in the shape of an immense crab. It was seen walking

out from the river Ettrick, which flows hard by, proceeded up the aisle of the church, and placed itself opposite the pulpit. At the word of reproof from the minister, it flew out of the open window in the shape of a flame of fire. Hundreds of sensible and well-meaning people may be found at the present moment ready to substantiate the truth of this strange fancy.

In ecclesiastical legends we find the crab occupying a conspicuous position. It is related of some religious solitaries living on the borders of Libya, not far from Cyrene, the capital of Pentapolis, and about seven miles from the Mediterranean Sea, that they had a pool or pond attached to their rude dwelling, in which they kept a number of crabs for their amusement. By long converse these shell-fish became not only cognizant of these holy men, but actually gave indications of a degree of intelligence highly pleasing and interesting. It is said that one large crab, that had been in the pond for ten years, was taught to speak, and could actually repeat the Lord's Prayer without making a single blunder! *

The history of Spanish painting contains many curious legends connected with the practice of the art. The ecclesiastical authorities in Spain were systematically opposed to the employment of the graphic sketching of objects of a grotesque or caricatural nature. These, they thought, had a direct tendency to weaken the pious feelings of the people, and to unsettle their faith. There was one exception to this stringent rule, namely, that artists whose genius lay in the comic and satirical, might freely ridicule the Devil; and the more grotesque and

* "Le Miroir des Religieux." Paris, folio, 1585.

whimsical they represented him, the greater was their artistic merits in the eyes of the Church. One painter, called Damianus Rodriguez de Vargas, gained great applause by representing his Satanic majesty as a crab. The picture was a large one, and emblematically figured the crab moving *backward* from all that was holy, orthodox, and praiseworthy. One of the religious institutions of Salamanca granted a pension to the artist for life, for the wit and satire he had so cleverly portrayed in this graphic production.

We take the following from an American newspaper:—
 “Nantucket, an island of Massachusetts, famous for its *sea-serpent*, now sends us an anecdote of crabs. An old lady was alarmed at night by the stealthy steps of ghosts or burglars crawling across the floor of the room above. Soon they reached the stairs, with a heavy clamp, clamp, clamp. She thought of Mrs. Crowe and the ‘Night Side of Nature,’ and fell into a profuse sweat. She mustered up her courage, however, and went to the door, lamp in hand; when, to her astonishment, she discovered a procession of crabs on the stairs. Little Tommy had carried a lot of crabs to the attic on the previous day.”

No animal has given birth to a greater number of more bitter, difficult, and vituperative words in the English language than the crab. We shall notice a few:—

“Ne drede hem not, doth hem no reverence,
 For though thin husboned armed be in maille,
 The armes of thy *crabbed* elequence
 Shal perce his brest.”—CHAUCER. *The Clerkes's Tale*.

“Such as with -oten cakes in poor estate abides,
Of care haue they no cure, the *crab* with myrth
they rost.”—*Vncertaine Authors.*

“And with the sun doth fold againe ;
Then iogging home hetime,
He turns a *crab*, or turns around,
Or sings some merrie ryme.”

WARNER. *Albion's England.*

“He (Appius Claudius) kept the same sower countenance still, the very same forwardnesse and *crabbedness* of visage, the same spirit of boldness in his appologie and defence.”—HOLLAND'S *Livius.*

“As when the hungry *crab* in India's main.”

The Scribleriad.

“We might have received with veneration mixed with awe, from an old, severe, *crabbed* Cato.”—BURKE.

“The mathematics and their *crabbedness* and intricacy could not deter you.”—HOWELL.

“Your *crabbed* rogues that read Lucretius.”—PRIOR.

THE END.

