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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

ANECDOTES

OF

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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PREFACE.

THE present age is not more remarkable for its increased attention to literature, than for its regard to those systems in which the vast stores of knowledge are duly arranged. Time was, when information of various kinds might be presented, in heaps, mingled with chaff, every reader having to separate, with great labour, what might meet his necessities or suit his taste ; but now it is demanded ; prepared for immediate use.

Few departments of literature have met with more of the cordial patronage of the public than ANECDOTES, the choice morsels of history and biography. Seldom, indeed, has a good collection been refused liberal support. But it has appeared to the proprietors and editor of the CABINET ANECDOTES that a serious of volumes, combining instruction and amusement, suitable alike for the recreative hours of the man of business, and for the library of his family, was yet a desideratum ; hence their assiduous attention

has been devoted to furnish such a collection. Nor can they doubt the public readiness to encourage their efforts, in the prosecution of which neither pains nor expense shall be spared.

The first volume of the series is devoted to "Books and Authors;" the second, now in the press, will embrace "The Family Circle;" and others, uniform in character, size, and price, will follow with all the speed which a careful regard to selection and arrangement will allow.

Such are the brief prefaratory remarks we submit to the friendly reader; and hoping he may deem our labours worthy of his patronage and support, we, for the present, respectfully say—*farewell.*

London, Oct. 31, 1835.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

CHAPTER I.

CURIOUS HISTORICAL FACTS.

ANCIENT BOOKS.

Books were originally metal plates and boards, or the inner bark of trees; the word being derived from *Bench*, a Beech-tree. The horn-book, now used in nurseries, is a primitive book. Bark is still used by some nations, and skins were also used, for which parchment was substituted. Papyrus, an Egyptian plant, was adopted in that country, and thin plates of brass were used for church service. Papyrus, and parchment *volumes*, were commonly rolled on a round stick, with a ball at each end, and the composition began at the centre. These were called volumes, and were inscribed just as we now letter books at their back.

The MSS. in Herculaneum consist of Papyrus, rolled and charred, and then matted together by the fire; they are about nine inches long, and one, two, or three inches in diameter; each being a volume, or separate treatise.

LANGUAGES.

There are said to be no less than 3,424 known languages in use in the world; of which 937 are Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1,624 American languages and dialects.

Dr. Shuckford remarks, "We may learn, perhaps with equal ease, any language which in our early years is put to us; or if we learn no one, we shall have no articulate way of speaking at all; as Psammeticus, king of Egypt, and Melabdin Eckbar, in the Indies, convinced themselves by experiments upon infants, whom they took care to have brought up without being taught to speak, and found to be no better than mute creatures. For the sound which Psammeticus imagined to be a Phrygian word, and which the children on whom he tried his experiment were supposed after two years' nursing to utter, was a mere sound of no signification; and no more a word, than the noises which dumb people often make, by a pressure and opening of their lips; and sometimes accidentally children make it of but three months old."

By a calculation made from the best dictionaries for each of the following languages, there are about 20,000 words in the Spanish, 22,000 words in the English, 25,000 in the Latin, 30,000 in the French, 45,000 in the Italian, 50,000 in the Greek, and 80,000 in the German. Of the 22,000 in the English language there are about 15,000 that a man understands, who is before master of the Latin, French, and Italian; and 3,000 more if he be master of the German. The other 4,000 are probably the old British.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It may not be uninteresting to know from what sources the articulate sounds which we utter are derived. The Primitives, which constitute the English language, have been arranged by etymologists in the following order:—From the Latin, 6,621; French, 4,361; Saxon, 2,060; Greek, 660; Italian, 229; German, 117; Welch, 111; Spanish, 83; Danish, 81; Arabic, 18; with several words from the Teutonic, Gothic, Hebrew, Swedish, Portuguese, Flemish, Runic, Egyptian, Persic, Cimbric, and Chinese; forming a curious, but valuable compound; an olio of admirable flavour. It is said that the Welch is the least corrupted of the fourteen vernacular languages of Europe, and the worst, being confined, and abounding in gutturals.

THE ENGLISH VERB.

An Englishman, who knew the value of his own constitution, and the richness, strength, and beauty of his own language, happened to fall into conversation with a French *savant*, for all are men of letters in France, from the head of a university down to the penny-postman. The conversation turned on the French and English languages. The Parisian condemned the English as defective in the variety of inflections: "Thus," said he, "I love, you love, he loves; we love, ye love, they love; you see, it is love through all." The Englishman, who well knew that simplicity is one of the chief beauties of any language, was resolved to meet Monsieur on his own ground; and when the vain Gaul thought he was just ready to carry off the *spolia opima*, he addressed

him thus: "It is true, that love is as immutable in our tongue as it is in our hearts; but I perceive you never followed an English verb throughout the whole of its conjugations. Now, there is the verb, to twist; I will conjugate it, if you please:" on which he repeated the following lines from Dr. Wallis:—

"When a twister, a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
With the twisting of his twist, the twines doth entwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist:
Untwisting the twine that entwisteth between,
He twists, with his twister, the two in a twine:
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twaine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined, in twain,
The twain that in twining before in the twine
As twins were entwisted, he now doth untwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine."

The Frenchman was obliged to acknowledge, that, in point of variety, the English language was superior to his own.

THE ALPHABET.

The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be transposed 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand million of years, write out all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote forty pages daily, each of which pages contained forty different transpositions of the letters.

ARITHMETIC.

Our arithmetical figures were borrowed by the Arabians from the Brachmans, who were much skilled

in the knowledge of numbers: the Arabians, before that time, made use of letters to count with.

THE ART OF WRITING.

The art of writing is of great importance; it conveys our thoughts to others by certain marks or representations: there are several methods by which it was practised in former times and in later days. One method, used by the Indians and other untaught nations, is a kind of picture writing, or drawing, to represent things which the writer desires to tell others. The Rev. T. H. Horne, in a work which he has written about books, copies a drawing of this sort made by some North American Indians, which represents one of their expeditions against their enemies. Similar drawings of the ancient Mexicans have been copied by other authors. Another sort of picture writing, probably an improvement on that just mentioned, was much used by the Egyptians; it is called hieroglyphic writing. The first sort of picture writing only represents things, but this represents ideas or thoughts: for instance, an eye represents God, who sees all things; a sword, a cruel tyrant; an eye and sceptre, a king; a lion represents courage; armies were meant by hands and weapons. There are cards and books, to amuse children, with pictures or hieroglyphics not unlike the sorts of writing just mentioned. An inscription on a temple in Egypt, expressing this moral sentence, "All you who come into the world and go out of it, know this, that the gods hate impudence," was represented by an infant, an old man, a hawk, a fish, and a river-horse. It is thought by some, that, from this way of representing religious and moral

truths by pictures of animals, the ancient Egyptians came to worship the animals themselves; as the introducing images or paintings into churches, led the Papists to worship them. Several obelisks, or high pillars, in Egypt, are covered with this sort of writing: see the representation of two famous ones at Alexandria, called Cleopatra's needles; they are a hundred feet in height, upwards of seven feet at the base. The four sides of both are richly adorned with hieroglyphics, cut an inch deep in the granite stone.

Another sort of writing represents words by marks of different forms for each word, instead of spelling them by letters. Chinese writing is of this sort: many of the marks or signs, at first, represented, in some degree, the things meant, as in hieroglyphics; but, by degrees, they were altered. The words in the Chinese language, which are more than fifty thousand in number, are each represented by a different mark or character; and very few, even of their most learned men, are acquainted with more than half or two thirds of them. All these methods are less useful and convenient than writing and spelling by means of a few letters.

Many reasons are assigned why we may suppose that the Hebrew language, in which the Old Testament is written, and which was spoken by the Jews, is the same or nearly the same as the language spoken when the earth was of one speech. If this be correct, we may conclude that the method of writing used by the Hebrews, this spelling by an alphabet of letters, was the most ancient way of writing. The ancient Greek or Roman writers speak of these letters as being first invented and first used by the Phenicians. Now the Phenicians lived close to the Jews; they might learn the art of writing from them; and, as

they had ships, and traded with Greece and other nations, they probably taught them how to express their thoughts in writing.

The ancient Hebrew, and the languages similar to it, as Chaldean, Samaritan, Syriac, &c. are written, not like ours from left to right, but from right to left, so that you begin to read at the other end of the line, and the other end of the book, from what you do in English.

The two great arts, language and writing, are truly the foundation stones of all science, learning, and improvement. The advantages of writing over speech are, that writing is a more extensive and a more permanent method of communication : more extensive, as it is not confined within the narrow circle of those who hear our words : for, by means of written characters, we can send our thoughts abroad, and speak in the most distant regions of the world. Writing is also more permanent, as it prolongs this voice to the most distant ages, giving us the means of recording our sentiments to futurity, and of perpetuating the instructive memory of past transactions. It likewise affords this advantage to such as read, above such as hear : that, having the written characters before their eyes, they can arrest the sense of the writer ; they can pause, and compare, at their leisure, one passage with another : whereas the voice is fugitive and passing ; we must catch the words the moment they are uttered, or we lose them for ever. Although the advantages of written language are so great, that speech without writing would have been very inadequate for the instruction of mankind ; yet we must not forget that spoken, has a great advantage over written language, in point of energy and force : the voice of the living speaker makes an impression upon

the mind much stronger than can be made by the perusal of any writing; tones, looks, and gestures. being natural interpreters of the mind which, remove ambiguities, enforce impressions, and operate upon us by means of sympathy, which is one of the most powerful instruments of persuasion: hence, though writing may and does answer the purpose of instruction, all the high efforts of eloquence must be made by the means of spoken, not of written language.

SHORT-HAND WRITING.

The Romans invented short or abridged writing, which enabled their secretaries to collect the speeches of orators, however rapidly delivered. The characters used by such writers were called notes. They did not consist in letters of the alphabet, but certain marks, one of which often expressed a whole word, and frequently a phrase. The same description of writing is known at the present day by the words stenography, tachygraphy, and echography. From notes came the word notary, which was given to all who professed the art of quick writing. The system of note writing was not suddenly brought to perfection, it only came into favour when the professors most accurately reported an excellent speech which Cato pronounced in the Senate. The orators, the philosophers, the dignitaries, and nearly all the rich patricians, then took for secretaries note-writers, to whom they allowed handsome pay. It was usual to take from their slaves all who had intellect to acquire knowledge of that art. Gruterus has preserved for our information the notes of Tyro, the freed man of Cicero. The Republic and the government of cities also maintained at their expense these

secretaries. It is not necessary here to detail the history of the notaries in Europe who succeeded the *tabellions* of Rome. The intention is only to throw some light on the origin of short-hand writing, and to prove the great estimation in which the art was held by ancient statesmen and orators.

Next to the art of printing, short-hand writing claims the admiration of mankind; it may be called the triumph of human intellect. The wisdom of the senate, the principles of legislation, and the dicta of legal tribunals, are now diffused over the British islands with the rapidity of the eagle's wing. The learning, taste, and reasoning of the most distinguished men, taken, as it were, from the lips of the speakers, and conveyed daily and hourly by the press of Great Britain, must produce light and knowledge among the people, which no other system of education can impart.

PENS.

In ancient times, when people wrote on tables covered with wax, they were obliged to use a style or bodkin; but when they begun to write with coloured liquids, they employed a reed, and afterwards quills or feathers. The most beautiful reeds grew formerly in Egypt, as well as in Armenia and Italy.

Sir John Chardin speaks of the reeds which grow in the marshes of Persia, and which are sold and much sought after in the Levant, particularly for writing. They are transported, he says, throughout the whole East. Miller, in his "Gardener's Dictionary," says, the best writing-reeds are procured from the southern provinces of Persia. They are still used by the

Turks, Moors, and other Eastern people. These reeds are split, and formed to a point like our quills; but it is not possible to make so clear or fine strokes with them, or to write so long or so conveniently.

The oldest certain account, however, known at present respecting writing-quills, is a passage in Isidore, who died in the year 636, and who, among the instruments employed for writing, mentions reeds and feathers.

Alcunius, who lived in England, in the eighth century, speaks of the pen; so that it must have been used in this country almost as early as the art of writing was known.

The horrid barbarity which attends the pulling of quills from geese while alive, has led many persons to adopt steel and other pens, which are now made in great perfection.

PENMANSHIP.

Peter Bales was one of the earliest writing-masters who had his specimens engraved on copper-plates, and one of those occurs in Hondius's "Theatrum Artis Scribendi." He, in 1595, had a great trial of skill with one Daniel Johnson, for a golden pen, of twenty pounds value, and won it, though his antagonist was a younger man by above eighteen years, and was therefore expected to have the advantage of a greater steadiness of hand. A contemporary author also says, that he had the arms of calligraphy given him, which are Azure, a pen Or, at a prize, where solemn trial was made for mastery in this art, among the best penmen in London; which being a trial among more opponents than one, this, wherein the said

arms were given to him, should seem different from that wherein he won the golden pen from Daniel Johnson, before-mentioned. This was the first contention met with for the golden pen, though other memorable ones have since occurred. In 1597, when he re-published his "Writing Schoolmaster," he was in such high reputation for it, that no less than eighteen copies of commendatory verses, composed by learned and ingenious men of that time, were printed before it. He also, by other exercises of his pen, recommended himself to many other persons of knowledge and distinction, particularly by making fair transcripts of the learned and ingenious compositions of some honourable authors, which they designed as presentation-books to the queen, or others their friends or patrons, of high dignity; some of which manuscripts have been, for the beauty of them as well as for their instructive contents, preserved as curiosities to these times. "Among the Harleian MSS., now in the British Museum, there is a thin vellum book, in small 4to., called 'Archeion.' At the end of that treatise is a neat flourish, done by command of hand, wherein are the letters P. B., which shows, says a note in that book, that this copy was written by the hand of Peter Bales, the then famous writing-master of London."

Perhaps, however, Bales was as much exceeded by the late Mr. Tomkins, writing-master of St. Paul's school, as Bales himself exceeded his contemporaries. Among other attainments, Mr. Tomkins was asked to strike a perfect circle, and his specimen in the Chamberlain's office of the city of London, are not likely to be exceeded for its taste and elegance.

Dr. Warner, some years ago, happened to be in the shop of an eminent stationer in the Strand, when a member of the House of Commons purchased a hundred quills for six shillings. When he was gone, the doctor exclaimed, "Oh, the luxury of the age! Six shillings for a hundred quills! why it never cost me sixpence for quills in my life." "That is very surprising, doctor," observed the stationer, "for your works are very voluminous." "I declare," replied the doctor, "I wrote my 'Ecclesiastical History,' two volumes in folio, and my 'Dissertation on the Book of Common Prayer,' a large folio, both the first and corrected copies, with one single pen. It was an old one when I began, and it is not worn out now that I have finished." This statement was circulated, and a celebrated countess so highly esteemed the pen, that she begged it from the doctor, put it into a gold case, and placed it in the cabinet of her curiosities.

An English version of "Camden's Britannia" appeared in the year 1610, which was the work of the indefatigable Philemon Holland, a physician and schoolmaster, whose boast was, that he had written a large folio volume with *one* pen, on which he composed the following stanza:

With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a grey goose-quill;
A pen it was when I it took,
And a pen I leave it still,

PAPER.

The materials on which mankind have contrived to write their sentiments in different ages and differ-

ent countries, have been extremely various. The most ancient, perhaps, were stone and plates of metal. Tablets of wood, particularly of the cedar wood, were afterwards used; and these were again followed by tablets covered with wax, which were written on according to the fashion of the time, either with iron bodkins, the bones of birds, or reeds cut into the form of pens.

At length the *papyrus* of Egypt was invented, which not only gave a great facility to the art of writing, but was a portable material. It was formed of thin coats, stripped from the reed, which grows upon the banks of the Nile. The date of its discovery, and the date of its disuse, have been equally disputed; nor is it yet completely ascertained whether its first application may be ascribed to an earlier or a later date than the conquest of Egypt by the Macedonians.

Parchment was the next invention; originating in a country where no such material as the papyrus reed could be discovered: and it has been found at once so durable and useful that it is still employed upon important occasions in every European country.

The art of making paper, such as we now see it, was a late discovery; and its first material was cotton. The linen paper, which is now in use, is supposed to have *followed* the discovery. They are both dated by the generality of writers at the eleventh or twelfth century, though the honour of the discovery is claimed not only by different, but distant nations.

The first book, which was printed on paper *manufactured in England,* came out without a date, about 1495 or 1496; though for a long while afterwards it was principally brought from abroad.

The first paper-mill in England was established

about 1590, at Dartford, in Kent, by one Spilman, who died in 1607.

There is no country which has not had its learned and elaborate inquirers as to the means through which Europe became acquainted, some time about the eleventh century, with the article of paper. Casiri, however, whilst employed in translating Arabic writers, discovered the real place from which paper came. It has been known in China, where its constituent part is silk, from time immemorial. In the thirtieth year of the Hegira, (in the middle of the seventh century,) a manufactory of similar paper was established at Samarcand; and in 706, fifty-eight years afterwards, one Youzef Amrû, of Mecca, discovered the art of making it with cotton, an article more commonly used in Arabia than silk. This is clearly proved by the following passage from Muhamad Al Gazeli's "De Arabicarum Antiquitatum Eruditione:"—"In the ninety-eighth year of the Hegira," says he, "a certain Joseph Amrû first of all invented paper in the city of Mecca, and taught the Arabs the use of it." And as an additional proof that the Arabians, and not the Greeks of the lower empire, as it has long been affirmed, were the inventors of cotton paper, it may be observed, that a Greek of great learning, whom Montfaucon mentions as having been employed in forming a catalogue of the old MSS. in the king's library at Paris, in the reign of Henry II., always calls the article "*Damascus paper.*" The subsequent invention of paper, made from *hemp* or *flax*, has given rise to equal controversy. Maffei and Tiraboschi have claimed the honour in behalf of Italy, and Scaliger and Meermann for Germany; but none of these writers adduce any instance of its use anterior to the fourteenth

century. By far the oldest in France is a letter from Joinville to St. Louis, which was written a short time before the decease of that monarch, in 1270. Examples of the use of modern paper in Spain date from a century before that time; and it may be sufficient to quote, from the numerous instances cited by Don Gregorio Mayans, a treaty of peace concluded between Alfonso II. of Aragon, and Alfonso IX. of Castile, which is preserved in the archives at Barcelona, and bears date in the year 1178; to this we may add, the *fueros* (privileges) granted to Valencia, by James the Conqueror, in 1251. The paper in question came from the Arabs, who, on their arrival in Spain, where both silk and cotton were equally rare, made it of hemp and flax. Their first manufactories were established at Xativa, (the San Felipe of the present day,) a town of high repute in ancient times, as Pliny and Strabo report, for its fabrication of cloth. Edrisi observes, when speaking of Xativa, "Excellent and incomparable paper is likewise made here." Valencia, too, the plains of which produce an abundance of flax, possessed manufactories a short time afterwards; and Catalonia was not long in following the example. Indeed, the two latter provinces at this moment furnish the best paper in Spain. The use of the article made from flax, did not reach Castile until the reign of Alfonso X., in the middle of the thirteenth century, and thence, it cannot be questioned that it spread to France, and afterwards to Italy, England, and Germany. The Arabic MSS., which are of much older date than the Spanish, were most of them written on satin-paper, and embellished with a quantity of ornamental work, painted in such gay and resplendent colours, that the reader might behold his face reflected as if from a mirror.

THE ART OF PRINTING.

It may, perhaps, be matter of surprise that the art of printing, which throws so much light upon almost every other subject, should throw none upon its own origin. The time when, the place where, and the person by whom it was invented, are equally unknown. England, however, is not concerned in the dispute. The most we know is, that it was discovered either in Germany or Holland, about 1440 ; that the first types were made of wood, not metal ; and that some of the earliest printed works were passed off as manuscripts.

The two principal cities which lay claim to the invention are Haerlem and Mentz ; and either from one or the other, or perhaps from both, it was conveyed to the different cities and countries of Europe.

The introduction of printing into this country is undoubtedly to be ascribed to William Caxton, a modest, worthy, and industrious man, who went to Germany entirely to learn the art ; and, having practised it himself at Cologne in 1471, brought it to England two years afterwards. He was not only a printer, but an author ; and the book which he translated, called "The Game at Chess," and which appeared in 1474, is considered as the first production of the English press.

The seal-engravers were, however, the first printers ; and the art of printing with blocks was merely an extension of the art, from impressions on wax to impressions on paper or vellum.

In the "Typographical Antiquities" of Ames and Herbert, it is stated, that the first book printed on paper manufactured in England, came out in 1495 or 1496, from the press of Winkin de Worde. Shak-

speare—whose chronology is not to be trusted—makes Jack Cade, in the reign of Henry VI., (who was deposed in 1461,) thus accuse Lord Sands:—"Whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the *score* and the *tally*, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill." The insurrection of Jack Cade was ostensibly for the redress of grievances amongst the people. Shakspeare fixes the complaint of Cade against printing and paper-making some ten or twenty years earlier than the introduction of printing amongst us;—but he could not have better pointed out the ignorance of popular violence,—and all violence is the result of ignorance.

It is curious to observe, how *writing* has had to struggle against power. At first the feudal baron was ashamed of being able to write, and the signing his name was like putting on his armour, a service to be done by an inferior; however, writing became general, and barons were obliged to learn to write in self-defence.

The next stage was printing: it was long ungenteel to have a printed book; a kind of blemish on nobility, and indulged in by the youth, and apologized for by the old: but at length printing became universal, the people felt it a weapon of their own. To print a large book, was, however, less a crime than a small work, and the fewness of the audience calculated upon was a recommendation.

The next stage was printing small books, and then, periodically: we are in this stage now. Periodicals have become a sort of necessity; but still to write in them is defilement, and to depreciate those who do so, acceptable. Thisis passing away. The organs of

public communication will soon take their due place amongst other useful and powerful means of influencing the governing will; and the men who, by the gifts of nature, and the accidents of education, are most capable of employing these engines for the increase and preservation of the general happiness, will take that station in society which they deserve, and from which any one would endeavour to drive them in vain.

Some of the earliest printers, were not freemen of the Stationers' Company.

Wynkin de Worde, the successor of Caxton, was born in Lorrain. He settled first in Westminster, and afterwards in Fleet-street, in the house which had been Caxton's. He was of the brotherhood of our Lady of Assumption; and was at first a citizen and leather-seller: but, in his last will, June 5, 1545, he calls himself "citizen and stationer;" and directs to be buried in St. Bride's church.

William Faques, printer to King Henry VII. in 1504, lived within St. Helen's. He died in 1511.

Richard Pinson, a native of Normandy, who was also styled printer to King Henry VII., lived first at the George, in St. Clement's parish; afterwards near St. Dunstan's, where he died before 1529.

Julian Notary, in 1512, lived in St. Paul's Church-yard, near the west door, by my Lord of London's Palace, at the sign of the Three Kings.

Henry Pepwell, citizen and stationer, was a book-seller only, at the sign of the Trinity, in St. Paul's Church-yard; where he sold foreign books for merchants and others. He had a wife, Ursula, and children; and a servant, Michael Lobley, a printer. His earliest book was in 1502. By his will, dated September 11, 1539, he was to be buried near the altar of St. Faith's; and he gave a printed mass-book, value

five shillings, to the parish of Bermondsey, where he was born.

John Skot, in 1521, lived without Newgate, in St. Pulcher's parish; in 1534, in St. Paul's Church-yard, and some time in George-alley, Bishopsgate.

Thomas Godfray lived at Temple-bar in 1510; and printed Chaucer's works in 1532. He printed also a treatise written by St. Germain, in the time of Henry VIII., concerning Constitutions Provincial and Legatine.

John Rastall, citizen and printer, at the Mermaid, against Powl's-gate, died in 1536.

Robert Copland, stationer, printer, bookseller, author, and translator, lived at the Rose-garland in Fleet-street, in 1515; and died about 1547.

The art of printing was introduced into Scotland about the year 1508. It is remarkable that it had taken more than thirty years to travel from England.

The celebrated Andrew Marvel gives the following pertinent description of the powers of the press: —"The press, invented much about the same time with the Reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our church that all the doctrines can make amends for. It was a happy time when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer did keep the keys of the library! Now, since printing came into the world, such is the mischief, that a man cannot write a book but presently he is answered! There have been ways found out to fine, not the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled! but no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters! Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with mere ink and elbow-grease, do more harm than a hundred systematic divines.

Their ugly printing letters, that look like so many rotten teeth, how oft have they been pulled out by the public tooth-drawer; and yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as cutting and talkative, as ever! O, Printing! how hast thou "disturbed the peace!" Lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal as when founded into letters! There was a mistake, sure, in the story of Cadmus; and the serpent's teeth which he sowed were nothing else but the letters which he invented.

One of the most remarkable instances of sagacity of which we have any record, is Wolsey's remark on the press. Speaking in the name of the Romish clergy, this haughty prelate said, "We must destroy the press, or the press will destroy us. How truly foreseen, and how entirely verified!

The invention of printing brought an end at once to the trade of pen-and-ink copiers, because the copiers in type, who could press off several hundred books while the writers were producing one, drove them out of the market. A single printer could do the work of at least two hundred writers? What was the consequence in a year or two? Where one written book was sold, a thousand printed books were required. The old books were multiplied in all countries, and the new books were composed by men of talent and learning, because they could find numerous readers. The printing press did the work more neatly and more correctly than the writer, and it did it infinitely cheaper. For instance, a book consisting of 216 pages, printed upon six sheets of printing paper, called by the makers demy, may be had at one shilling or eighteen-pence. These six sheets of demy,

at the price charged at the shops, would cost fourpence. If the same number of words were written, instead of being printed, (that is if the closeness and regularity of printing were superseded by the looseness and unevenness of writing,) they would cover 200 pages, or fifty sheets of paper called foolscap, which would cost in the shops three shillings; and you would have a book difficult instead of easy to read, because writing is much harder to decypher than print. But the great saving is to come: work as hard as he could, a writer could not transcribe a book upon 200 pages of foolscap in less than ten days; and he would think himself ill-paid to receive thirty shillings for the operation. Adding, therefore, a profit for the publisher and retail tradesman, a single written copy of the little book, which you buy for a trifle, could not be produced for two pounds.

The discovery of printing has changed all social conditions: the press, a machine which can no longer be broken, will continue to destroy the old world, till it has formed a new one. Its voice is calculated for the general forum of all people. Unhappily man participates in infirmity—it will mix evil with good, till our fallen nature has recovered its original purity.

NEWSPAPERS.

M. de Saintfoix, in his Historical Essays on Paris, gives this account of their introduction. Theophrastus Renaudot, a physician of Paris, picked up news from all quarters, to amuse his patients: he presently became more in request than any of his brethren; but as the whole city was not ill, or, at least, did not imagine itself to be so, he began to reflect, at the end of some years, that he might gain a more considerable income by giving a paper every week, con-

taining the news of different countries. A permission was necessary; he obtained it, with an exclusive privilege, in 1632. Such papers had been in use for a considerable time at Venice, and were called gazettes, because a small piece of money called *gazetta* was paid for reading them.

These vehicles of historical intelligence and political discussion began to appear in England during the civil war. The paper called the *English Mercury*, which gave the first example of this kind of publication, scarcely deserves to be mentioned in a general estimate. It seems to have been established by Queen Elizabeth in times of great difficulty and danger, in order to communicate such intelligence as she felt interested in making known, and counteracting such rumours as her enemies were anxious to propagate. Of this publication we have seen three printed numbers in the collection of state papers in the British Museum. The earliest number preserved is No. 50, dated July 23, 1588. It is entitled, "The *English Mercurie*, published by authoritie, for the prevention of false reports:" and is said at the end to be "imprinted by Christopher Barker, her Highness's printer." It would appear not to have been published at regular periodical intervals, but as occasion required, or events of importance occurred. We observe, for instance, the publication of No. 50, on the 23d of July, and No. 51, on the 26th; while subsequently more than a month elapsed without a new number. The first article in No. 50, dated Whitehall, July 23, 1588, contains advices from Sir Francis Walsingham, that the Spanish Armada was seen on the 20th in the Chops of the Channel making for the entrance of the Channel with a favour, able gale. An account is then given of her Majesty's

fleet, which consisted of eighty sail, divided into four squadrons, commanded by the Lord High Admiral, in the *Ark Royal*, Sir Francis Drake, Admirals Hawkins and Forbisher. By the best computation, it is added, the enemy could not have fewer than one hundred and fifty ships; but as soon as they were seen from the top-mast of the English fleet, instead of exciting any fear of the result, they were hailed by the English sailors with acclamations of joy. An account is then given of the attack made on the Armada on the 21st of July, after which it fled. This official article goes on to state, that such preparations were made not only at Tilbury and Blackheath, but along the coast, that nothing was to be feared should the Spaniards even effect a landing. The article concludes :—

" By God's blessing there is no doubt but this unjust and daring enterprise of the King of Spayne will turn out to his everlasting shame and dishonour, as all rankes of the people, without respect of religion, seem resolute to defend the sacred persone of their sovereigne, and the lawes and liberties of this country, against all foreigne invaders."

Under the head, London, July 23, it is said :—

" The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Common Council, and Lieutenantcie of this greate city, wayted upon her Majestie at Westminster, this afternone, with assurances of their hearty and unanimous resolution to stand by and support her Majestie at this critical juncture, with their lives and fortunes, when her invaluable life, the true Protestant religion, and all the priviledges of freeborn Englishmen, are threatened by an open attack from our bigotted and bloode-thirsty adversaries, the Spaniards.

" The Queen received them very graciously, and

assured them that she did not doubte their zealous endeavours to serve theyr sovereigne on the present very important occasion ; that for her part, she relyed on God's providence, and the goodnesse of her cause, and was resolved to run all risques with her faithfull subjects."

No. 51, dated Whitehall, July 26, contains—

" The journal of what passed since the 21st of this month between her Majesties fleet and that of Spayne, transmitted by the Lorde Highe Admirall to the Lordes of the Councill." Also,

A letter from Madrid, dated July 16, details " the hopes of Spayne in the Armada expedition."

The next number in the collection, being 54, is dated Nov. 24, an interval of four months. It contains an account, under the head of London, of " the solemn general thanksgivinge for the successes obtayned against the Spanish Armada." Her Majesty went in state to St. Paul's. She dined at the Deanery, and rode back to Whitehall by torch-light.

From the time that this publication was given up, we find no continued vehicle for political intelligence with a fixed title for many years. In the reign of James I. packets of news were published in the shape of small quarto pamphlets, as they arrived. These pamphlets were entitled, " News from Italy, Germany, Hungary, &c." as they happened to refer to the transactions of those respective countries, and generally purported to be translations from the low Dutch.

No discussion could, of course, exist, nor could any news but such as pleased the Government be communicated, when the Star-chamber and High Commission Courts exercised an uncontrolled sway over the liberties and the ears of authors ; or while

the first of the British Stuarts were issuing frequent proclamations, forbidding the people even to converse with one another on political topics. At that time, besides, there was neither a very extensive reading public, nor a system of convenient post communication.

The *Mercurius Aulicus* begins thus :—

" The world hath long enough been abused with falsehoods ; and there's a weekly cheat put out to nourish the abuse among the people, and make them pay for their seducement. And that the world may see that the court is neither so barren of intelligence as it is conceived, nor the affairs thereof in so unprosperous a condition as these pamphlets make them, it is thought fit to let them truly understand the state of things, that so they may no longer pretend ignorance, or be deceived with untruthes ; which being premised once for all, we now go into the businesse wherein we shall proceed with all truth and candour."

The *Mercuris Aulicus* was published at Oxford, by Berkenhead, in January 1642. This was continued in a weekly quarto sheet, until about the end of 1645, after which time it only made an occasional appearance.

Another private newspaper, entitled, *The Weekly Courant*, was printed in London, 1622 ; and in 1639 appeared one by Robert Baker, Newcastle. The next was called, *Diurnal Occurrences of Parliament*, November, 1641 ; this was succeeded by the *Mercuries*, which appear to have commenced with the *Mercurius Rusticus; or, the Countries' Complaint of the barbarous Outrages began in the year* 1642, *by the Secretaries of this once flourishing kingdom*, &c. This journal of horrid outrages, (the effects of violent

revolutionists,) was edited by Bruno Ryves, and is said to have been originally published in one, and sometimes two sheets of quarto, commencing the 22d of August, 1642. It has since gone through four editions, the last published in 1723, with a curious frontispiece, representing a kind of Dutch Mercury in the centre, and ten other compartments, with fancied views of the places where some of the diabolical scenes were acted.

Some other papers of this kind were published with the following titles:—*Mercurius Britannicus*, communicating the affairs of Great Britain, for the better information of the people, by Marchmont Needham.—*Mercurius Pragmaticus*, by the same pen. *Mercurius Politicus*, appeared every Wednesday, in two sheets of quarto, commencing on the 9th of June, 1649, and ended on the 6th of June, 1656, when the editor commenced with a new series of numbers, and continued till the middle of April, 1660. At this time an order from the council of state prohibited the paper, and Henry Muddiman and Giles were authorised to publish the news every Monday and Thursday, in *The Parliamentary Intelligencer and Mercurius Politicus*. In 1663, Sir Roger L'Estrange commenced two political journals in behalf of the crown, entitled, *The Public Intelligencer*, and *The News*. These were published twice a-week, in quarto sheets; the first commencing on the 31st of August, and the other on the 3d of September, 1663. The most ingenious of its opponents was, *The Weekly Packet of Advice from Rome; or, the Popish Courant;* written by Henry Care, and continued for four years and a half, from December, 1678, to the 13th of July, 1683. A rival paper, written with much wit and humour, against Care,

and other Whig writers, was *Heraclitus Ridens; or, a Discourse between Jest and Earnest; where many a true word is pleasantly spoken, in opposition to libellers against the government.* The first number appeared, February, 1681, and the last, August 22, 1682. Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, when Churchmen were desirous of rendering the Dissenters ridiculous, in order to crush them, this work was reprinted in two volumes, with a preface full of misrepresentation and slander. The work itself contains some humourous songs and poems, adapted to the loyalty of the times. Another contemporary paper, rendered notorious by its subserviency to the court, and the scurrility of its pages, was, *The Observator, in Dialogue. By Roger L'Estrange, Esq.*" It commenced, April, 13, 1681, and was continued until the 9th of March, 1687. Proper titles, prefaces, and indexes were then added to the work, which forms three volumes in folio. It is a curious record of the manners and illiberal spirit of the times. The *Gazette* seems to have superseded these; for L'Estrange discontinued his papers upon the appearance of *The Oxford Gazette*, November 7, 1665. It obtained this appellation in consequence of the English parliament being then held at Oxford. The king and his court returning to the metropolis, was accompanied by the official paper, which has retained the name of *The London Gazette*, from the 5th of February, 1666, to the present time. The first daily paper after the Revolution was called, *The Orange Intelligencer;* and thence to 1692, there were twenty-six different others brought forward. From an advertisement in *The Athenian Gazette*, of 1696, it appears that the coffee-houses in London were then supplied with nine newspapers

every week, exclusive of Votes of Parliament; but there is no mention of any one printed daily.

In the reign of Queen Anne, there were, in 1709, eighteen weekly papers published; of which, however, only one was a daily paper, the *London Courant*.

In the reign of George I., in 1724, there were published three daily, six weekly, and ten evening papers, three times a-week.

The following Table shows the advance of newspapers during half a century:—

Newspapers published in . .	1782	1790	1821	1833
England	50	60	135	248
Scotland	8	27	31	46
Ireland	3	27	50	75
Total of the United Kingdom	61	114	216	369

Of the 369 newspapers now published in the United Kingdom, the following is the division:—

In England:	
Daily, in London	13
Two or three times a-week . .	6
Once a-week	36
Country newspapers . . .	180
British Islands:—Guernsey, Jersey, and Man, (two of which are twice a-week, eleven weekly)	13
In Scotland:	
Twice and three times a-week . .	15
Weekly	31
	294

In Ireland :	Brought up . .	294
In Dublin, five daily ;—seven three times a-week ;—six weekly . . .		18
Rest of Ireland, thirty-five three times or twice a week ;—twenty-two weekly .		57
		369

WRITTEN NEWSPAPERS.

The desire of news from the capital, on the part of the wealthier country residents, and probably the false information, and the impertinence of the news-writers, led to the common establishment of a very curious trade,—that of a news correspondent, who, for a subscription of three or four pounds per annum, wrote a letter of news every post-day to his subscriber in the country. This profession probably existed in the reign of James I. ; for in Ben Jonson's play, "The Staple of News," written in the first year of Charles I., we have a very curious and amusing description of an office of news manufacturers.

> "This is the outer room where my clerks sit,
> And keep their sides, the Register i' the midst;
> The Examiner, he sits private there, within;
> And here I have my several rolls and files
> Of news by the alphabet, and all put up
> Under their heads."

The news thus communicated appears to have fallen into as much disrepute as the public news. In the advertisement announcing the first number of the *Evening Post*, September 6th, 1709, it is said, "There must be three or four pound per annum paid by those gentlemen who are out of town, for written news, which is so far generally from having any probability of matter of fact in it, that it is frequently stuffed up with—*We hear, &c.;* or, *an eminent Jew*

merchant has received a letter, &c.; being nothing more than downright fiction." The same advertisement, speaking of the published papers, says, "We read more of our own affairs in the Dutch papers than in any of our own." The trade of a news correspondent seems to have suggested a sort of union of written news and published news; for towards the end of the seventeenth century, we have *news-letters* printed in type to imitate writing. The most famous of these was that commenced by Ichabod Dawks, in 1696, the first number of which was thus announced: "This letter will be done upon good writing-paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It does undoubtedly exceed the best of the *written news*, contains double the quantity, is read with abundantly more ease and pleasure, and will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand."

NEWSPAPER LITERATI.

Mr. William Woodfall, the son of the celebrated printer of the *Public Advertiser*, in which the letters of Junius first appeared, undertook, without any assistance, the arduous task of reporting the debates of both Houses of Parliament, day by day in his father's paper, and afterwards in other daily journals. This gentleman possessed a most extraordinary memory, as well as wonderful powers of literary labour. It is asserted that he has been known to sit through a long debate of the House of Commons, not making a single note of the proceedings, and afterwards to write out a full and faithful account of what had taken place, extending to sixteen columns, without allowing himself an interval of rest. The remarkable

exertions of this most famous reporter gave the newspapers for which he wrote a celebrity which compelled other newspapers to aim at the same fullness and freshness in their parliamentary reports. What Woodfall accomplished by excessive bodily and mental exertion, his contemporaries succeeded in bringing to a higher degree of perfection by the division of labour; and thus in time each morning newspaper had secured the assistance of an efficient body of reporters, each of whom might in turn take notes of a debate, and commit a portion of it to the press several hours before the whole debate was concluded.

The benchers of Lincoln's Inn, some years ago, passed a bye-law, excluding gentlemen who wrote for the newspapers from their society. This illiberal proceeding was brought under the consideration of the House of Commons, by a petition from a gentleman against whom it operated; and there it met with such unmingled condemnation, that the benchers were shortly afterwards induced to rescind the obnoxious resolution.

In the discussion to which the subject gave rise, Mr. Sheridan observed, "Much illiberal calumny had been cast upon these gentlemen, (the reporters,) which it is time should now be fully confuted. He had to state, then, that there were amongst those who reported the debates of that house, no less than twenty-three graduates of the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Edinburgh; those gentlemen were all in their progress to honourable professions; and there was no possible course better than that which they had adopted for the improvement of their

minds, and the acquisition of political experience. They had adopted this course from an honest and honourable impulse; and had to boast the association of many great names, who rose from poverty to reputation. This had been long the employment, and indeed chief means of subsistence, of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke. Such were the men at whose depression this legal bye-law aimed! Never was there a more illiberal and base attack on literary talent; he could find no parallel to it in the History of England, except one indeed, in the reign of Henry IV., which went to exclude lawyers from sitting in parliament. At this, as might be expected, the body who now sought to proscribe others was mightily offended; they branded the parliament with the epithet of *indoctum;* and Lord Coke had even the hardihood to declare from the bench, that *there never was a good law made therein.* It was impossible to imagine a single reason for the enactment of the bye-law complained of. It was a subversion of the liberty and respectability of the press; a most unjust individual proscription; a violation of the best principles of our constitution. For," concluded Mr. Sheridan, "it is the glory of English law, that it sanctions no proscriptions, nor does it acknowledge any office in the state, which the honourable ambitious industry, even of the most humble, may not obtain.

Mr. Stephen followed Mr. Sheridan in a very manly speech. He declared that he had been a member of Lincoln's Inn for thirty-five years, but that he had not the most remote connexion with the framing of the obnoxious bye-law alluded to; he thought it a most illiberal and unjust proscription; a scandal rather to its authors than its objects. "I will put a case," said Mr. Stephen; "I will suppose

a young man of education and talent contending with pecuniary difficulties—difficulties not proceeding from vice, but from family misfortunes. I will suppose him honestly meeting his obstructions with honourable industry, and exercising his talents by reporting the debates of this House in order to attain a profession. Where, I ask, is the degradation of such an employment? Who would be so meanly cruel as to deprive him of it? The case, Sir, which I have now supposed, was, thirty years ago, *my own!*"

Sir John Anstruther was also a member of Lincoln's Inn, but reprobated the by-law referred to. Obnoxious as it was, however, it was a curious fact, that it originated with an individual who had been particularly loud in his professions of regard for the liberty of the press:—Mr. Henry Clifford (of O. P. notoriety) was its father.

PARLIAMENTARY LITERATURE.

In prefacing a motion for the printing of a tax bill, a practice which, though not long adopted, has been of infinite service in preventing the blunders which formerly occurred, Mr. Sheridan proceeded to illustrate the style of a bill to remedy the defects of some bills already in being, by comparing it to the plan of a simple, but very ingenious, moral tale, that had often afforded him amusement in his early days, under the title of the "House that Jack Built." "First, then, comes in a bill, imposing a tax; and then comes in a bill to amend that bill for imposing a tax; and then comes in a bill to explain the bill that amended the bill; next a bill to remedy the defects of a bill, for explaining the bill that amended

the bill; and so on, *ad infinitum*." After parodying the story in this way to a still greater length, Mr. Sheridan entered upon a comparison of tax bills, to a ship built in a dock-yard, which was found to be defective every voyage, and consequently was obliged to undergo a new repair; first, it was to be caulked, then to be new planked, then to be new ribbed, then again to be covered; then, after all these expensive alterations, the vessel was generally obliged to be broken up and rebuilt.

The orator next pointed out several absurdities in the tax bills which had been recently passed, and which he contended might have been avoided, if the bills, by being printed, had undergone a full and public discussion. "In the horse-tax bill, for instance, there was a clause which required a stamp to be placed, not indeed, on the animal, but on some part of the accoutrements. The clause, however, on a little consideration, was abandoned; but another was inserted, so absurd, that it never was carried into execution; namely, the one by which it was enacted, that the numbers and names of all the horses in each parish should be affixed on the church door. The churchwardens were also required, by the same act, to return lists of the windows, within their districts, to the commissioners of stamps, for the purpose of detecting those who had not entered their horses. Now," said Mr. Sheridan, "if horses were in the habit of looking out at windows, this might possibly have been a wise and judicious regulation; but under present circumstances, there is some little occasion for wonder, how such ideas came to be associated in the minds of those who framed the bill, unless it was that they wished to sink the business of legislation into utter contempt."

NERO.

The Emperor Nero, whose name has long been a synonyme for cruelty, was, during the first five years of his reign, comparable even with Augustus himself in the princely virtues of pity and compassion. When once requested to set his hand to a writ for the execution of a malefactor, he exclaimed, "*Quam vellum me nescire literas!*" "How much do I wish that I knew neither how to read nor write!"

SUPERSTITION.

Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzbury, having asserted, that there existed antipodes, the Archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames; and the Abbot Frithemius, who was fond of improving stenography, or the art of secret writing, having published several curious works on this subject, they were condemned as works full of diabolical mysteries; and Frederick II., Elector Palatine, ordered Frithemius's original work, which was in his library, to be publicly burnt.

PETRARCH.

Petrarch had long wished to climb the summit of Mount Venoux, a mountain presenting a wider range of prospect than among the Alps or Pyrenees. With much difficulty he ascended. Arrived at its summit, the scene presented to his sight was unequalled!—After taking a long view of the various objects which lay stretched below, he took from his pocket a volume of "St. Augustine's Confessions;" and opening the leaves at random, the first period that caught his eye

was the following passage:—"Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the source of rivers, but, they neglect themselves." Admirable reasoning! conveying as admirable a lesson! Instantly applying the passage to himself, Petrarch closed the book, and falling into profound meditation, "If," thought he, "I have undergone so much labour in climbing the mountain, that my body might be the nearer to heaven, what ought I not to do, in order that my soul may be received in those immortal regions."

BEDE.

The venerable Bede, born at Jarrow, in the county of Durham, in youth, served his king and country as a soldier; but afterwards, he entered into orders, and applied himself so effectually to study, that he is justly esteemed the greatest scholar of that and many other ages.

THE DARK AGES.

In less than a century after the barbarous nations settled in their new conquests, almost all the effects of knowledge and civility, which the Romans had spread through Europe, disappeared. Not only the arts of elegance, which minister to luxury, and are supported by it, but many of the useful arts, without which life can scarcely be considered as comfortable, were neglected or lost. Literature, science, and taste, were words little in use during the ages which we are contemplating; or, if they occur at any time, eminence in them is ascribed to persons and produc-

tions so contemptible, that it appears their true import was little understood. Persons of the highest rank, and in the most eminent stations, could not read or write. Many of the clergy did not understand the breviary which they were obliged daily to recite; some of them could scarcely read it. The memory of past transactions was, in a great degree, lost, or preserved in annals filled with trifling events or legendary tales.

Of the low state of learning in our Universities at the time of the Reformation, we have a curious account in Warton's Life of Sir Thomas Pope. Erasmus's edition of the Greek Testament was entirely proscribed at Cambridge, and a decree was issued in one of the most considerable colleges, ordering, that if any of the society was detected in bringing that impious and fantastic book into the college, he should be severely fined. One Henry Standish, a doctor in divinity, and a mendicant friar, afterwards bishop of St. Asaph, was a vehement opposer of Erasmus, in this heretical literature; calling him, in a declaration, by way of reproach, *Greculus iste*, which afterwards became a synonymous term for a heretic. But neither was Oxford entirely free from these contracted notions. In 1519, a preacher at St. Mary's church, harangued with much violence against these pernicious teachers, and his arguments occasioned no small ferment among the students. But Henry VIII., who was luckily a favourer of these improvements, being then resident at Woodstock, immediately transmitted his royal mandate to the universities, ordering that these studies should not only be permitted, but encouraged. Soon afterwards, one of the king's chap-

lains, preaching at court, took an opportunity to censure the new, but genuine interpretations of Scripture which the Grecian learning had introduced. The king, when the sermon was ended, which he heard with a smile of contempt, ordered a solemn disputation to be held in his presence; at which the preacher opposed, and Sir Thomas More defended, the use and excellence of the Greek tongue. The divine, instead of answering, fell upon his knees, and begged pardon for having giving any offence in the pulpit. After some little altercation, the preacher, by way of decent submission, declared that he was now better reconciled to the Greek tongue, because it was derived from the Hebrew. The king, amazed at his ignorance, dismissed him with a charge that he should never again presume to preach at court.

LITERARY COPY-RIGHTS.

The first appearance of any thing in the shape of a legal security granted to authors for their productions, is referred, by Mr. D'Israeli, to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. No book was allowed to be published without the permission of the *licensers of the press*, who were instructed, for the better protection of literary property, only to give *one* license for the same book. This does not, however, appear to have had the desired effect, since these persons were easily tampered with by the booksellers of those days, to furnish half a dozen authorities to different persons for the same work. In Queen Anne's reign, the office of licenser of the press was done away with, and literature received a more definite and decided protection: a limited term was granted to every

author to reap the fruit of his labours ; after which a man's right in his own work ceased altogether. This has been the case ever since.

LITERARY FURNITURE.

Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle of the Kings of England was so popular a book that it became a common piece of furniture in every 'squire's hall in the country, for which it was not ill calculated by its easy style and variety of matter. It continued to be re-printed until 1733, when an edition appeared with a continuation to the end of the reign of George I., but still with many errors, although, perhaps, not of much importance to the plain people who delight in the book. This is called by the booksellers the best edition, and has lately been advancing in price, but they are not aware that many curious papers, printed in the former editions, are omitted in this. The late learned Daines Barrington gives the most favourable opinion of the Chronicle. " Baker is by no means so contemptible a writer as he is generally supposed to be : it is believed that the ridicule on this Chronicle arises from its being part of the furniture of Sir Roger de Coverley's hall," in one of the Spectators.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth, on the morning of her coronation, agreeably to the custom of releasing prisoners at the inauguration of a prince, went to the chapel ; and in the great chamber, one of her courtiers, who was well known to her, presented her with a petition, and before a number of courtiers, besought her,—" That now this good time there might be four or five prin-

cipal prisoners more released; those were the four evangelists and the apostle Paul, who had been long shut up in an unknown tongue, as it were in prison, so as they could not converse with the common people." The queen answered very gravely, "That it was best first to inquire of them whether they would be released or no."

Lord Bacon relates of this queen, that once, when she could not be persuaded that a book, containing treasonable matter, was really written by the person whose name it bore, she said, with great indignation, that "she would have him racked, to produce his author." Bacon replied, "Nay, madam, he is a doctor: never rack his person, rack his style; let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue his story; and I will undertake, by collating his styles, to judge whether he were the author."

POPE JULIUS II.

During the visit of Julius to Bologna, Michael Angelo modelled a statue of him. The air and attitude of the statue is said to have been grand, austere, and majestic; in one of the visits he received from his holiness, the Pope making his observations and remarks with his accustomed familiarity, asked if the extended right arm was bestowing a blessing or a curse on the people? To which Michael Angelo replied, "the action is only meant to be hostile to disobedience;" and then asked his holiness whether he would not have a book put into the other hand? The Pope facetiously answered, "No, a sword would be more adapted to my character; I am no book man."

THE KING'S BOOK.

The original book upon which all our kings, from Henry the First to Edward the Sixth, took the coronation oath, is now in the library of a gentleman in Norfolk. It is a manuscript of the four evangelists, written on vellum ; the form and beauty of the letters nearly approaching to Roman capitals. It appears to have been written and prepared for the coronation of Henry the First. The original binding, which is in a perfect state, consists of two oaken boards, nearly an inch thick, fastened together with stout thongs of leather, and the corners defended by large bosses of brass. On the right-hand side (as the book is opened) of the outer cover is a crucifix of brass, double gilt, which was kissed by the kings upon their inauguration, and the whole is fastened together by a strong clasp of brass fixed to a broad piece of leather, nailed on with two large brass pins.

VALUE OF BOOKS.

When books were scarce they were, of course, esteemed of great value. The bequest of one to a religious house entitled the donor to masses for his soul, and they were commonly chained to their station ; which, in some ancient libraries, is still done. As examples of the prices of books, the *Roman de la Rose* was sold for above 30*l.*, and a Homily was exchanged for 200 sheep and five quarters of wheat. Books, indeed, usually fetched double or treble their weight in gold. As they generally belonged to the monasteries, reading was considered an act of religion.

Anthony Panormita, a learned Sicilian, in the fifteenth century, sold an estate, that he might be able to purchase a copy of Livy. Of this circumstance we have a curious account, in a letter written by Panormita himself, to Alphonsus, king of Naples, to whom he was secretary. It is as follows: "Sir, you have informed me from Florence that the books of Livy, written in a fair hand, are to be sold, and that they ask for them 120 crowns. I beseech your majesty to cause to be sent to me this king of books, and I will not fail to send the money for it. And I entreat your prudence to let me know whether Poggins or I does better; he who, to purchase a farm near Florence, sells Livy, or I who, to purchase the book written with his own hand, sell my land? Your goodness and modesty induce me to put this familiar question to you. Farewell, and triumph!" It is to be hoped that the king sent him Livy, without subjecting him to the necessity of parting with his land for the book.

IMPRIMATURS.

About sixty years after the invention of printing the Popes took alarm, and printed lists of forbidden works, and required others to be licensed by three friars, under pain of excommunication. The presses of Cologne, Mentz, Treeves, and Magdeburg, were specially interdicted.

The practice of licensing books was unquestionably derived from the inquisition, and was applied here first to books of religion. Britain long groaned under the leaden stamp of an *imprimatur*. Oxford

and Cambridge still grasp at this shadow of departed literary despotism; they have their licenses and their *imprimaturs*. Long, even in our land, men of genius were either suffering the vigorous limbs of their productions to be shamefully mutilated in public, or voluntarily committed a literary suicide on their own manuscripts. Camden declared he was not suffered to print all his Elizabeth, and sent those passages over to De Thou, the French historian, who printed his history faithfully two years after Camden's first edition, 1615. The same happened to Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII., which has never been given according to the original, which is still in existence. In the poems of Lord Brooke, we find a lacuna of the first twenty pages: it was a poem on religion, cancelled by the order of Archbishop Laud. The great Sir Matthew Hale ordered that none of his works should be printed after his death; as he apprehended that, in the licensing of them, some things might be struck out or altered, which he had observed, not without some indignation, had been done to those of a learned friend; and he preferred bequeathing his uncorrupted MSS. to the society of Lincoln's-inn, as their only guardians, hoping that they were a treasure worth keeping. Contemporary authors have frequent allusions to such books, imperfect and mutilated at the caprice or the violence of a licenser.

PARADISE LOST.

Paradise Lost was published in the year 1667. By what degrees it rose to that reputation in the literary world, from which it is destined at no future

period to decline, it is not now possible minutely to ascertain. There is no reason, however, to suppose that it ever passed through an ordeal of obscurity, though it is quite certain that by some eminent men it was greatly undervalued. Even the celebrated Waller thus spoke of it: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit, it has no other." We know that thirteen hundred copies of the work were sold in two years from the date of the contract, by which Milton disposed of the copy-right to the bookseller. The second edition, which was brought out under the superintendence and correction of the author, in 1674, is ushered in by two copies of verses; the first in English, by Andrew Marvel; and the second in Latin, by Samuel Barrow, physician to the army under General Monk, and who had been actively concerned in bringing about the restoration; in the latter of which the poem is expressly placed "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." Dryden, the poet-laureat, and the most popular writer of verses in that period, had, with the author's permission, turned Milton's story into an opera, entitled the State of Innocence, which was also published in 1674. In the preface to this performance, Dryden observes,—"What I have here borrowed will be so easily discerned from my mean productions, that I shall not need to point the reader to the places, the original being undoubtedly one of the greatest, most noble, and sublime poems, which either this age or nation has produced." Milton died in the same year in which the second edition of Paradise Lost was published.

This poem, when ready for the press, was nearly being suppressed through the ignorance or malice of

the licenser, who saw or fancied treason in the following noble simile :—

"As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

EIKON BASILIKE.

It is well known that a book under this title long passed as the production of King Charles I. The manner in which the imposition was detected was truly curious. In 1686, Mr. Millington, a celebrated auctioneer of that day, had to sell the library of the deceased Lord Anglesey. Putting up an *Eikon Basilike*, notwithstanding it was in the reign of the supposed royal author's brother, there were but few bidders, and those very low in their biddings. Having thus leisure, while his hammer was suspended, to turn over the leaves, he read, with evident surprise, the following memorandum, in Lord Anglesey's own hand-writing :—" King Charles the Second and the Duke of York did both (in the last session of parliament, 1675, when I showed them, in the Lord's House, the written copy of this book, wherein are some corrections, written with the late King Charles the First's own hand) assure me that this was none of the said king's compiling, but made by Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter ; which I here insert for the undeceiving of others in this point, by attesting so much under my own hand.—ANGLESEY."

This curious circumstance coming to light at the end of forty years led to much conversation ; and several persons, who knew that Dr. Walker, an Essex clergyman, had descended from the Bishop of

Exeter, Dr. Gauden, they made inquiries of him, as to whether he could throw any light on the subject. Dr. Walker said that Dr. Gauden acquainted him with the whole design, showed him the heads of divers chapters of the book, and some quite finished; and that on Dr. W.'s expressing his dissatisfaction that the world should be so imposed upon, the Bishop told him to look at the title, "*The King's Portraiture;*" "for," said the Bishop, "no man is supposed to draw his own picture." Toland may well exclaim, as he does,—'A very nice evasion!'

HERCULANEUM MANUSCRIPTS.

Of all the relics of antiquity which have been brought to light during the excavation of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the papyrus of the latter subterranean city must be allowed to stand pre-eminent in value and importance. It is, however, to be regretted that so little success has followed the labours of those who have attempted to unroll them. They seem to have been first enveloped by a paste, which consolidated around them, and then allowed them to become slowly carbonized. The vegetable substance is now a thin friable black matter, in appearance somewhat like the tinder which remains when strong paper has been burnt, in which the letters may still be sometimes traced. The leaves of the papyri are so closely cemented together that the roll appears as one mass, and the difficulty of separation has been found scarcely surmountable, without doing injury to the writing. Some portions, however, have been unrolled, and the titles of about four hundred of the least injured have been read. They are works of no importance, but all entirely new, and chiefly relating to music, rhe-

toric, and cookery. The obliterations and corrections are numerous, so that there is a probability of their having been original manuscripts. There are two volumes of Epicurus "On Nature," and the rest are, for the most part, productions of the same school of writers. Only a very few are written in Latin; almost the whole being in Greek. All were found in the library of one private individual, and in a quarter of the city where there was the least probability of manuscripts being found. From this circumstance, we may be allowed to indulge the hope that future excavations will discover some literary treasures of real value.

ALMANACKS.

Almanacks, in their present shape, are comparatively of a modern date. The first almanack in England was printed at Oxford, in 1673. "There were," says Wood, "near thirty thousand of them printed, besides a sheet almanack for twopence, that was printed for that year; and because of the novelty of the said almanack, and its title, they were all vended. Its sale was so great, that the Society of Booksellers in London bought off the copy for the future, in order to engross it in their own hands."

SPANISH AND FRENCH LITERATURE.

Books were so scarce in Spain in the tenth century, that several monasteries had among them only one copy of the Bible, one of Jerome's Epistles, and one of several other religious books. There are some curious instances given by Lupus, abbot of Ferrieris, of the extreme scarcity of classical manuscripts in the middle of the ninth century. He was much devoted

to literature; and, from his letters, appears to have been indefatigable in his endeavours to find out such manuscripts, in order to borrow and copy them. In a letter to the Pope, he earnestly requests of him a copy of Quintilian, and of a treatise of Cicero; "for," he adds, "though we have some fragments of them, a complete copy is not to be found in France." In two other of his letters, he requests of a brother-abbot the loan of several manuscripts, which he assures him shall be copied, and returned as soon as possible by a faithful messenger. Another time he sent a special messenger to borrow a manuscript, promising that he would take very great care of it, and return it by a safe opportunity, and requesting the person who lent it to him, if he were asked to whom he had lent it, to reply, to some near relations of his own, who had been very urgent to borrow it. Another manuscript, which he seems to have prized much, and a loan of which had been so frequently requested, that he thought of *banishing* it somewhere, that it might not be destroyed or lost, he tells a friend he may, perhaps, lend him when he comes to see him, but that he will not trust it to the messenger who had been sent for it, though a monk, and trustworthy, because he was travelling on foot.

INGENUITY.

In the sixteenth century, an Italian monk, named Peter Almunus, wrote the Acts of the Apostles, and the Gospel of St. John, within the circumference of a farthing.

The Iliad was once written on vellum, so small that a nut-shell contained it.

A man presented to Queen Elizabeth a bit of paper, of the size of a finger-nail, containing the ten commandments, the creed, and the Lord's prayer; together with her name, and the date of the year. The whole could be read with spectacles, which he had himself made.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

The whole library of one of the Scilly Isles consisted, about a century ago, of the Bible and the History of Dr. Faustus. The island was populous; and the western peasants being generally able to read, the conjuror's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made, and unanimously approved, that, as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. A debate now began, in order to ascertain what those books should be, and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at Penzance, for him to send them *another Dr. Faustus!*

CURIOUS MISTAKES.

When the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect, but visionary republic, in an island supposed to have been newly discovered in America. "As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budæus, and others, took it for a genuine history; and considered

it as highly expedient, that missionaries should be sent thither, in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity."

M. Eusebe Salverte, in his learned work on the Origin of Names and Places, gives "a local habitation and a name" to Mr. Tristram, and cites *Shandy* of *Shandy Hall* as an instance of a local designation becoming the surname of an individual! The late Mrs. Gulliver, of Greenwich, being asked if she was any relation to the famous Captain Lemuel Gulliver, replied she believed she was, for her father had a portrait of the captain in the parlour, and always used to call him "my uncle." This was very well in Mrs. Gulliver, who might never have read Swift—but the learned M. Salverte to consider "Tristram Shandy" a true history!

A blunder has been recorded of the monks in the dark ages, which was likely enough to happen, when their ignorance was so dense. A rector going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter: "*Paveam illi, non paveam ego;*" which he construed, "They are to pave the church, not I." This was allowed to be good law by a judge, himself an ecclesiastic, too!

POPE'S "ILIAD."

The MS. of the "Iliad" descended from Lord Bolingbroke to Mallet, and is now to be found in the British Museum, where it was deposited at the pressing instance of Dr. Maty. Mr. D'Israeli, in the first edition of his "Curiosities of Literature,"

has exhibited a fac-simile of one of the pages. It is written upon the backs and covers of letters and other fragments of papers, evincing that it was not without reason he was called "*Paper-sparing Pope.*"

BIBLIO MANIACS.

Among other follies of the Age of Paper, which took place in England at the end of the reign of George III., a set of book-fanciers, who had more money than wit, formed themselves into a club, and appropriately designated themselves the *Biblio-Maniacs.* Dr. Dibdin was their organ; and among the club were several noblemen, who, in other respects, were esteemed men of sense. Theirrage was, not to estimate books according to their intrinsic worth, but for their rarity. Hence, any volume of the vilest trash, which was scarce, merely because it never had any sale, fetched fifty or a hundred pounds; but if it were but one of two or three known copies, no limits could be set to the price. Books altered in the title-page, or in a leaf, or any trivial circumstance which varied a few copies, were bought by these *soi-disant* maniacs, at one, two, or three hundred pounds, though the copies were not really worth more than threepence per pound. A trumpery edition of Boccacio, said to be one of two known copies, was thus bought by a noble Marquis for 1475*l.*, though, in two or three years afterwards, he resold it for 500*l.* First editions of all authors, and editions by the first clumsy printers, were never sold for less than 50*l.*, 100*l.*, or 200*l.*

To keep each other in countenance, these persons formed themselves into a club, and, after a duke, one of their fraternity, called themselves *the Roxburghe*

Club. To gratify them, fac-simile copies of clumsy editions of trumpery books were re-printed; and, in some cases, it became worth the while of more ingenious persons to play off forgeries upon them. This mania is considerably abated; and, in future ages, it will be ranked with the tulip and the picture mania, during which estates were given for single flowers and pictures.

We are indebted to D'Israeli's "*Curiosities of Literature*" for the following extraordinary calculation of the number of books printed from the first invention of the art. A curious arithmetician has discovered that the four ages of typography have produced no less than 3,641,960 works! Taking each work at three volumes, and reckoning each impression to consist of only three hundred copies, which is a very moderate supposition, the actual amount of volumes which have issued from the presses of Europe, up to the year 1816, appears to be 3,277,640,000! And if we suppose each of these volumes to be an inch in thickness, they would, if placed in a line, cover 6,069 leagues! Leibnitz facetiously maintained that such would be the increase of literature, that future generations would find whole cities insufficient to contain their libraries. "We are, however, indebted," says this entertaining writer, "to the patriotic endeavours of our grocers and trunk-makers, the alchemists of literature; they annihilate the gross bodies without injuring the finer spirits."

CHAPTER II.

REMARKABLE BOOKS, TITLES, &c.

CURIOUS BOOK.

In 1537, was printed at Lyons, a 16mo. volume, entitled, "*Les Controverses des Sexes masculin and feminin.*" It was written in metrical version, by Gratian du Pont; who asserts that every man will, at the resurrection, be an entire body, without the least deformity. He maintains that were every part of the body separated into fifteen hundred different places, they would all unite, and become complete. He adds that Adam will regain the part from which Eve was formed, and that Eve must again become Adam's side; and thus, he says, it will be with all other persons; every man will be like Adam, and every woman like Eve; and he concludes with a positive assertion, that woman will cease to exist.

DRELINCOURT ON DEATH.

When Drelincourt first published his work on Death, he was so totally disappointed in its sale, that he complained to Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," of the injury he was likely to sustain by it. Daniel asked him, if he had blended any thing marvellous with his advice; he replied

that he had not. "If you wish to have your book sell," said Defoe, "I will put you in a way:" he then sat down, and wrote the story of the Apparition, which is to be found at the end of the book, and which is alleged as a proof of the appearance of ghosts.

THE EPISTLES TO PHALARIS.

On the death of Mr. Justel, Dr. Richard Bentley was nominated keeper of the Royal Library at St. James's, and had his patent in April, 1694. About this time, the famous dispute between him and the honourable Mr. Boyle, whether the epistles of Phalaris were genuine or not, first took rise; which occasioned so many books and pamphlets, and made so much noise in the world. Among other publications, Mr. Boyle issued a new edition of Phalaris; but, wanting to consult a MS. Phalaris in the King's Library, he sent to Mr. Bennet, bookseller in London, to get him the MS., by applying for it to Dr. Bentley, in his name. After earnest solicitation, and great delays for many months, Mr. Bennet at last got possession of the MS.; who, imagining there was no great hurry to return it, did not immediately set the collater (Mr. Gibson) to work upon it. But Dr. Bentley having to go a journey into Worcestershire at that time for six months, about six days after the MS. had been delivered, he called for it again, and would by no means be prevailed upon to let Mr. Bennet have the use of it any longer, though he told him the collation was not perfected, and denied his request in a very rude manner, throwing out many slighting and disparaging expressions, both of Mr. Boyle and the work.

This is the case, as told by Mr. Bennet, Dr. King, and Mr. Boyle, who, thinking himself ill-used, toward the end of his Preface, where he is giving some account of the edition of Phalaris, and the MS. consulted in it, added the following words :—" I likewise gave orders to have the epistles collated with the MS. in the King's Library ; but my collater was prevented from going beyond the fortieth epistle by *the singular humanity* of the library keeper, who refused to let me have any further use of the MS." The Epistles being published, Dr. Bentley sent a letter to Mr. Boyle at Oxford, to give him true information of the whole matter ; wherein, as Mr. Boyle acknowledges, having expressed himself with great civility, he represented the matter of fact quite otherwise than he had heard it ; expecting that, upon the receipt of the letter, he would put a stop to the publication of the book, till he had altered that passage, and printed the page anew. To which letter, Mr. Boyle says, he immediately returned a civil answer.

Here the matter rested for two years and a half after the edition of Phalaris ; when Dr. Bentley, in an Appendix to Mr. Wotton's Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning, inserted his Dissertation on the Epistles of Themistocles, Socrates, Euripides, Phalaris, and the Epistles of Æsop ; asserting, that the Epistles which had been ascribed to Phalaris for so many years past were spurious, and the production of some sophist ; and, partly in anger for the attack in Mr. Boyle's Preface to them, fell foul, with some warmth, on Mr. Boyle's new edition and version ; saying, he had foolishly busied himself about a contemptible and spurious author, and had made a bad book worse by a very ill edition of it ; and, in part of the book, justifies himself as to the affair of the

MS. in these words: "A bookseller came to me, in the name of the editors, to beg the use of the MS.; it was not then in my custody; but, as soon as I had the power of it, I went voluntarily and offered it him; bidding him tell the collater not to lose any time, for I was shortly to go out of town for two months. It was delivered, used, and returned. Not a word was said by the bearer, nor the least suspicion in me, that they had not finished the collation."

The doctor is not now imagined to have had the worst of the argument, or to have handled it without some merit and applause as to wit and humour, though Mr. Boyle only received congratulations on this occasion. Thus Dr. Garth says,—

"So diamonds take a lustre from their foil,
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle."

Another very learned and very judicious writer, Dr. Henry Felton, said a very just and a very handsome thing upon this dispute:—"Perhaps Mr. Boyle's book will be charged upon some sophist, too; yet, taking it for genuine at present, if we must own Dr. Bentley is the *better critic*, we must acknowledge his antagonist is much the *genteeler writer*."

The doctor had also some wags who were his enemies, even at Cambridge; they drew his picture in the hands of Phalaris's guards, who were putting him into their master's bull; and out of the doctor's mouth came a label with these words, "I had rather be *roasted* than *Boyled*."

The inimitable Dean of St. Patrick's also, in his "Tale of a Tub," has some strokes on Dr. Bentley on this occasion; particularly in the episode on the Battle of the Books, where, on account of the Doctor's Dissertation on Phalaris being annexed to Mr. Wotton's "Reflections on Learning," and their being

great friends, he makes Mr. Wotton and Dr. Bentley standing side by side, in each others' defence, to be both transfixed to the ground by one stroke of the javelin of Mr. Boyle ; and this he heightens by the simile of a cook spitting a brace of woodcocks.

LOCKE'S ESSAY.

We are not aware that any writer, not excepting Lord King, the recent biographer of Locke, has noticed one of the most curious particulars in the history of the studies of our philosopher. It appears, that his memorable discovery, or developement of that new system of the "Association of Ideas," was an afterthought. It did not appear in the first edition of the "Essay on the Human Understanding ;" and when he sent it forth to the world, Locke certainly was not aware of the surprising novelty which has immortalized his name. We learn this from a manuscript letter which accompanied the new edition on its presentation to Sir Hans Sloane.

Oates, Dec. 2, 1669.

"I took the liberty to send you, just before I left the town, the last edition of my Essay. I do not intend you should have it gratis. There are two new chapters in it ; one of the 'Association of Ideas,' and another of 'Enthusiasm.' These two I expect you should read, and give me your opinion frankly upon. Though I have made other large additions, yet it would be to make you pay too dear to expect you should be at the task to find them out, and read them. You will do very friendly by me, if you forgive me *the wasting your time on these two chapters.*"

PAMPHLETS OF GEORGE III.

In the year 1762, the British Museum was enriched, by the munificence of George III., with a most valuable collection of thirty thousand tracts and pamphlets, relative to the history of England during the civil wars. The whole are bound in two thousand volumes, of which one hundred, chiefly on the royal side, were printed, but never published. This collection was commenced for the use of Charles I. by a clergyman of the name of Thomason, and was carried about England as the parliament army marched, kept in the collector's warehouses, disguised as tables covered with canvas; and, at length, lodged at Oxford, under the care of Dr. Barlow, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. These tracts were subsequently offered to the library at Oxford, and were at last bought for Charles II. by his stationer, Samuel Mearke, whose widow endeavoured to dispose of them, by leave of the said king, in 1684; but it is believed they continued unsold till George the Third bought them of Mearke's representatives. In a printed paper it is said, that the collector had refused four thousand pounds for them.

FOSTER'S RISE AND FALL.

Mr. Foster, had, in the early part of life, been selected by old Edward Wortley Montague, the husband of the celebrated Lady Mary, to superintend the education of that very eccentric character, the late Edward Wortley Montague. Foster was perfectly qualified for the station of a private tutor, but his pupil was so exceedingly volatile, as to render it

utterly impossible to fix his attention to any worthy pursuit. After thrice running away, and being discovered by his father's valet, crying *flounders* about the streets of Deptford, he was sent to the West Indies, whither Foster accompanied him. On their return to England, a good-natured stratagem was practised to obtain a temporary supply of money from old Montague, and, at the same time, to give him a favourable opinion of his son's attention to a particular species of erudition. The stratagem was this: Foster wrote a book, which he entitled, "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Republics." To this he subjoined the name of Edward Wortley Montague, jun., Esq. Old Wortley, seeing the book advertised, sent for his son, and gave him a bank note of one hundred pounds, promising him a similar present for every new edition which the book should pass through. It was well received by the public, and therefore a second edition occasioned a second supply. It is now in libraries with the name of Wortley Montague prefixed as the author, although he did not write a line of it. Mr. Foster was afterwards Chaplain to the celebrated Sir William Wyndham; he then went to Petersburgh, in the suite of the English Ambassador.

TRANSLATIONS.

It has been said, that a translation, in general, exhibits the same sort of resemblance to the original, as the *wrong* side of the tapestry does to the right. In some cases, it does not even do that. Sir John Pringle published a medical book, wherein he says he cured a soldier of a violent scurvy, by prescribing two quarts of the Dog-and-Duck water, to be drank

every morning before dinner. In a translation of this book by a French physician, this remedy is specified to be two quarts of *broth* made of a *duck* and a *dog !*

ASCHAM'S SCHOOLMASTER.

The incident which led to Roger Ascham's writing his "Schoolmaster," is well worth relating:—

At a dinner given by Sir William Cecil, at his apartments at Windsor, a number of ingenious men were invited. Secretary Cecil communicated the news of the morning, that several scholars at Eton had run away, on account of their master's severity, which he condemned as a great error in the education of youth. Sir William Petre maintained the contrary; severe in his own temper, he pleaded warmly in defence of hard flogging. Dr. Warton, in softer tones, sided with the Secretary. Sir John Mason, adopting no side, bantered both. Mr. Haddon seconded the hard-hearted Sir William Petre; and adduced, as an evidence, that the best schoolmaster then in England was the hardest flogger. Then it was that Roger Ascham indignantly exclaimed, that if such a master had an able scholar, it was owing to the boy's genius, and not the preceptor's rod. Secretary Cecil and others were pleased with Ascham's notions. Sir Richard Sackville was silent; but when Ascham, after dinner, went to the Queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he took him aside and frankly told him, that though he had taken no part in the debate, he would not have been absent from that conversation for a great deal; that he knew to his cost the truth that Ascham had supported; for it was the perpetual flogging of

such a schoolmaster that had given him an unconquerable aversion to study. And as he wished to remedy this defect in his own children, he earnestly exhorted Ascham to write his observations on so interesting a topic. Such was the circumstance which produced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

FRANKLIN'S EPITAPH.

The following epitaph was written by Dr. Franklin himself, many years previous to his death :—

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER,
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT,
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING,)
LIES HERE, FOOD FOR WORMS;
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW
AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION,
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY THE AUTHOR.

COTTON'S EPITAPH.

When the Rev. John Cotton, one of the early ministers of New England, died, in 1652, one of his friends, a Mr. Woodbridge, wrote the following singular epitaph, which is supposed to have given rise

to the celebrated one written by Dr. Franklin, on himself:—

A living breathing bible; tables where
Both covenants at large engraven were;
Gospel and law in's heart had each its column,
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and next
His life a commentary on the text.
Oh, what a monument of glorious worth,
When in a new edition he comes forth!
Without errata, we may think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity!

MISS BURNEY.

Miss Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arbley, wrote her celebrated novel of "*Evelina*" when only seventeen years of age, and published it without the knowledge of her father, who having occasion to visit the metropolis soon after it had issued from the press, purchased it as the work then most popular, and most likely to prove a treat to his family.

When Dr. Burney had concluded his business in town, he went to Chessington, the seat of Mr. Crisp, where his family was on a visit. He had scarcely dismounted and entered the parlour, when the customary question of "What news?" was addressed to him by the several personages of the little party. "Nothing," said the worthy doctor, "but a great deal of noise about a novel which I have brought you."

When the book was produced, and its title read, the surprised and conscious Miss Burney turned away her face to conceal the blushes and delighted confusion which otherwise would have betrayed her secret; but the bustle which usually attends the arrival of a friend in the country, where the monotonous but peaceful tenour of life is agreeably disturbed by such a change, prevented the curious and happy

group from observing the agitation of their sister. After dinner, Mr. Crisp proposed that the book should be read. This was done with all due rapidity, when the gratifying comments made during its progress, and the acclamations which attended its conclusion, ratified the approbation of the public. The amiable author, whose anxiety and pleasure could with difficulty be concealed, was at length overcome by the delicious feelings of her heart: she burst into tears, and throwing herself on her father's neck, avowed herself the author of Evelina. The joy and surprise of her sisters, and still more of her father, cannot easily be expressed. Dr. Burney, conscious as he was of the talents of his daughter, never thought that such maturity of observation and judgment, such fertility of imagination, and chasteness of style, could have been displayed by a girl of seventeen, by one who appeared a mere infant in artlessness and inexperience, and whose deep seclusion from the world had excluded her from all ocular knowledge of its ways.

CURIOUS TITLES OF BOOKS.

Very strange titles were common in the time of Charles I. and Cromwell. We select the following as samples:—

In 1626, a pamphlet was published in London, entitled, "A most delectable, sweet perfumed Nosegay, for God's Saints to smell at." About the year 1646, there was published a work entitled, "A pair of Bellows, to blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry;" and another called, "The Snuffers of Divine Love." Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title-pages. The author of a book on charity entitled his

book, "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches;" and another, who professed a wish to exalt poor human nature, calls his labours, "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" and another, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." A quaker, in prison, published, "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." About the same time there was also published, "The spiritual Mustard Pot, to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion." "Salvation's Vantage Ground! or a Louping Stand for Heavenly Believers;" another, "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Head Quarters, through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." This is an author who speaks plain language, which the most illiterate reprobate cannot fail to understand. Another, "A Reaping Hook, well tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crop, or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation." To another we have the following copious description,—"Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuis's Handful of Honeysuckles, and divers godly and pithy Ditties, now newly augmented."

The following books have appeared at different times:—

"The Discoverie of Witchcraft, wherein the lewde dealings of Witches and Witchmongers is notablie detected; the knaverie of Conjurors, the impietie of Inchanters, the follie of Soothsayers, the impudent

falsehood of Couseners, the infidelitie of Atheists, the pestilent practices of Pythinists, the curiositie of Figure-casters, the vanitie of Dreamers, the beggarly art of Alcumystrie, &c. are deciphered. By Reginald Scott, esq. 1584." "Demonologie; in form of a Dialogue, divided into Three Books; written by the High and Mighty Prince James, by the Grace of God, King of England, &c. Works. 1616." "Select Cases of Conscience, touching Witches and Witchcraft; by John Gaule, preacher of the Word at Great Staughten, in the county of Huntingdon. 1646." "The Discovery of Witches, in Answer to severall Queries lately delivered to the Judges of Assize for the county of Norfolk; and now published by Matthew Hopkins, witch-finder, for the benefit of the whole kingdom. 1647." "An Advertisement to the Jurymen of England, touching Witches; together with a difference between an English and Hebrew Witch; by Sir R. Filmer. 1653." "Tryal of Witches at the Assizes held at Bury St. Edmond's, for the county of Suffolk, on the 10th of March, 1664, before Sir M. Hale, Knt. 1682." "The Certainty of the world of Spirits, &c., fully evinced by the unquestionable Histories of Apparitions, Operations, Witchcrafts, Voices, &c.; by Richard Baxter. 1691." "Saducismus Triumphatus; or, a full and plain Evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions; by Joseph Glanvil, Chaplain in Ordinary to King Charles II., and F.R.S. 1726."

WHIMSICAL TITLE-PAGE IN 1776.

Take your Choice!

Representation and Respect:	Imposition and Contempt.

Annual Parliaments and Liberty:	Long Parliaments and Slavery.

8vo. 1s. 6d. Almon.

Where annual election ends, slavery begins.—*Hist. Ess. on Brit. Const.*

A free government, in order to maintain itself free, hath need every day of some new provision in favour of liberty.—*Machiavel.*

I wish the maxim of Machiavel was followed, that of examining a constitution, at certain periods, according to its first principles: this would correct abuses, and supply defects.—*Lord Camden.*

And now, in the name of all that is holy, let us consider whether a scheme may not be laid down for obtaining the necessary reformation of parliament.—*Burgh.*

It is a curious circumstance that in the British Museum are now to be found *nine* thick volumes entirely composed of title-pages, the collector of whom spoiled thousands of volumes to obtain them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The proprietor of a provincial madhouse, after inviting an inspection of his premises, the sublimity of which he describes in glowing terms, adds,—"In fine, averse to professions of superiority, and prolix appeals to the public, but influenced by sympathy and benevolence towards the afflicted, the advertiser presumes to observe, that those are the best means which accomplish the best effects." Similar to this *stupid* affair is much of the *fine* writing of the present day.

At the end of the "Ninth Collection of Papers relative to the present Juncture of Affairs in England, quarto, 1689," there is a curious advertisement, of which the following is nearly a verbatim copy:—"Lately published, the Trial of Mr. Papillon; by which it is manifest that the (then) Lord Chief Justice Jefferies had neither learning, law, nor good manners, but great impudence, (as was said of him by Charles the Second,) in abusing all those worthy citizens who voted for Mr. Papillon and Mr. Dubois, calling them a parcel of factious, pragmatical, sneaking, canting, snivelling, prick-eared, crop-eared, atheistical fellows, rascals, and scoundrels, as in page 19 of that trial may be seen. Sold by Michael Janeway, and most booksellers."

DEDICATIONS.

One of the most singular anecdotes respecting dedications in English bibliography is that of the Polyglott Bible of Dr. Castell. Cromwell, much to his honour, patronized that great labour, and allowed the paper to be imported free of all duties, both of excise and custom. It was published under the protectorate, but many copies had not been disposed of ere Charles II. ascended the throne. Dr. Castell had dedicated the work gratefully to Oliver, by mentioning him with peculiar respect in the preface, but he wavered with Richard Cromwell. At the Restoration, he cancelled the two last leaves, and supplied their places with three others, which softened down the republican strains, and blotted Oliver's name out. The differences in what are now called the *republican* and the *loyal* copies have amused the curious collectors; and the former being very scarce are most

sought after. I have seen the republican. In the *loyal* copies the patrons of the work are mentioned, but their *titles* are essentially changed; *Seremissimus*, *Illustrissimus*, and *Honoratissimus*, were epithets that dared not show themselves under the *levelling* influence of the great republican.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

We mean not the celebrated baronet of that name, but an elder and earlier Walter, who describes himself as

> "An old soldier and no scholar,
> And one that can write none
> But just the letters of his name,"

published, in 1688, "The True History of several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable name of Scott, &c., gathered out of Ancient Chronicles, Histories, and Traditions of our Fathers." On the death of his grandfather, Sir Robert Scott, of Thirlstone, his father having no means to bring up his children, put poor Walter to attend beasts in the field; "but," says he, "I gave him the short cut at last, and left the kine in the carn, and ever since that time I have continued a souldier abroad and at home."

The singular production noticed above, which was written at the age of seventy-three, has so much of the whimsical solemnity of *nothing*, and is written in so uncouth a style, that a specimen may, probably, afford the reader some amusement. For this purpose we shall select his account of a celebrated impostor of his race.

> "Walter Scott was Robert's son;
> And Robert he was Walter's son,
> The first of Whitehaugh that from Borthwick sprung.
> That Wat of Whitehaugh was cousin-german

To John of Borthwick that fasted so long.
Three sundry times he did perform
To fast forty days, I do aver;
Bishop Spotswood, my author is he,
A profound learn'd prelate, that would not lie:
When James the Fifth he was Scotland's king,
In the Castle of Edinburgh he incarcerated him,
And would not believe, the country says,
That any mortal could fast forty days;
Bare bread and water the king allowed for his meat,
But John Scott refused and would not eat;
'When the forty days were come and gone
He was a great deal lustier than when he began.'
Then of the king he did presume
To beg recommendation to the Pope of Rome,
'Where there he fasted forty days more,
And was neither hungry, sick, nor sore.'
From Rome he did hastily return,
And arrived in Brittain at London,
Where Henry the Eighth got notice,
That John Scott had fasted twice forty days;
The king would not believe he could do such thing,
For which he commanded to incarcerate him;
Forty days expired, he said he had no pain,
That his fast had been but ten hours' time.
Here, Walter Scott, I'll draw near an end,
From John of Borthwick thy fathers did descend," &c.

ESSAY ON MAN.

When the Essay on Man was first published, it came out in folio parts, and without a name. A little after the appearance of the first, Mr. Morris, who had attempted some things in the poetical way, particularly a piece for music, which was performed in private before some of the royal family, accidentally paid a visit to Mr. Pope, who, after the first civilities were over, inquired of him what news there was in the learned world. Morris replied that there was little or nothing; or at least little or nothing worth notice: that there was indeed a thing called "An Essay on Man," the first epistle, threatening more; he had read it, and it was a most abominable piece of stuff, shocking poetry, insufferable

philosophy, no coherence, no connexion at all. "If I had thought," continued he, "that you had not seen it, I would have brought it with me." Upon this, Mr. Pope very frankly told him, that he had seen it before it went to press; for it was his own writing, a work of years, and the poetry such as he thought proper for the expression of the subject; on which side, he did not imagine it would ever have been attacked, especially by any pretending to have knowledge in the harmony of numbers." This was as a clap of thunder to the mistaken bard: he reached his hat, took his leave, and never ventured to show himself again.

ICON LIBELLORUM.

The celebrated Myles Davies, in his "*Icon Libellorum*, or a Critical History of Pamphlets," has a strange medley of remarks in reference to Pope the poet, which we copy for the amusement of our readers:—"Another class of pamphlets, writ by Roman Catholics, is that of *poems*, written chiefly by A Pope, himself a gentleman of that name. He passed always amongst most of his acquaintance for what is commonly called a Whig; for it seems the Romish politicians are divided, as well as Popish missionaries. However, one *Esdras*, an apothecary, as he qualifies himself, has published a piping-hot pamphlet against Mr. Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' which he entitles, 'A Key to the Lock,' wherewith he pretends to unlock nothing less than a *plot* carried on by Mr. Pope in that poem against the last and this present ministry and government."

WAKEFIELD'S POPE.

One of the grossest literary blunders of modern times, is that of the late Gilbert Wakefield, in his edition of Pope. He there takes the well-known "Song, by a Person of Quality," which is a piece of ridicule on the glittering tuneful nonsense of certain poets, as a serious composition. In a most copious commentary, he proves that every line seems unconnected with its brothers, and that the whole reflects disgrace on its author! A circumstance which too evidently shows how necessary the knowledge of modern literary history is to a modern commentator, and that those who are profound in verbal Greek, are not the best critics in English writers.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY DEVELOPEMENT OF TALENT.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

It was Alfred's misfortune in infancy to lose his mother, a person of excellent abilities and conspicuous piety: his extraordinary talents, therefore, owed but little to her culture. Nor does any degree of scholarship appear to have entered into the plans of those who directed his earlier education. He was trained in the habits of a sportsman and a warrior; but his twelfth year overtook him while yet unable to read. He had shown, however, a considerable taste for literature, in his keen attention to the poems commonly recited in the royal presence. By one of these, beautifully written, his mother-in-law, Judith, endeavoured to shame the gross illiteracy of her new connexions. "I will give this," she said, "to that one of you, young people, who shall first learn it by heart." Alfred gazed eagerly upon the manuscript, fascinated particularly by an illuminated capital. "Now, will you really give this?" he asked. Judith declared herself in earnest. Nothing more was needed by the resolute and intelligent boy. He applied himself instantly to learn his letters, nor did

he rest until able to repeat accurately the poem that had so happily captivated his eye.

He now found his eager thirst for knowledge met by a mortifying repulse. Reading to any extent, or to much advantage, required a knowledge of Latin. Upon overcoming this new difficulty he soon accordingly determined. But instruction was not easily obtained, even by a prince. The taste for learning and the facilities for its cultivation which England once owed to Theodore, had become extinct. Alfred, however, feeling ignorance insupportable, was impelled by a generous energy to set ordinary obstacles at defiance, and he diligently sought instructors. How effectually he profited by their aid, his literary labours most nobly testify. These evidences of learned industry are, indeed, sufficient for immortalizing any name in a dark and tempestuous age. As the works of an author, unable even to read until fully twelve years old, and who grew into manhood before he had mastered Latin, they claim a distinguished place among the victories of the human intellect.

MADAME DE STAËL HOLSTEIN.

This distinguished lady was remarkable, even in her childhood, for an attentive observation of every thing around her. She was a writer from her earliest youth. She composed eulogies and portraits, and at the age of fifteen she made extracts from the Spirit of the Laws, with remarks. Madame Rilliet, who has written an account of the infancy of Madame de Staël, with whom she was very intimate, describes her at the age of eleven, as not engaging in the usual sports of children, but inquiring of those of her age what

lessons they had learned, and what foreign languages they were acquainted with; and when she had been at a play, she always wrote down the subject of the pieces, with remarks. She used to sit by the side of her father, M. Necker, and was always much noticed by those who visited him; particularly the Abbe Raynal, who would converse with her as if she had been five and twenty. When her father had a party of friends, she was always very attentive to their conversation. "She uttered not a word," says Madame Rilliet; "yet she seemed as if speaking in her turn, all her flexible features displayed so much expression. Her eyes followed the looks and motions of those who spoke; you would have said, she seized their ideas before she heard them. She was mistress of every subject, even politics, which, at that time, had become one of the leading topics of conversation."

BURNS.

Burns, in his autobiography, informs us, that a life of Hannibal, which he read when a boy, raised the first stirrings of his enthusiasm; and he adds, with his own fervid expression, that "the life of Sir William Wallace poured a tide of Scottish prejudices into his veins, which would boil along them till the flood-gates of life were shut in eternal rest." He adds, speaking of his retired life in early youth, "this kind of life, the cheerless gloom of a hermit, and the toil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth year, *when love made me a poet.*"

THOMAS WILLIAMS MALKIN.

It is easy to conceive that the partialities of a parent, who may have the happiness to possess a

child of precocious talent, may induce him to dwell on the "trivial fond records" with too much minuteness; and if he becomes the biographer, to write with a fervour unrestricted by the limits of a calm investigation. Whether such an observation may not be applied to Dr. Malkin, who, in "A Father's Memoirs of his Child," has related facts so astonishing, we will not say, but certainly he has furnished abundance of evidence to prove the extraordinary talents of his son.

Thomas Williams Malkin was two years old before he began to talk; but he was familiar with the alphabet almost half a year sooner. Before he could articulate, when a letter was named, he immediately pointed to it with his finger. From the time when he was two years old, and the acquisition of speech seemed to put him in possession of all the instruments necessary to the attainment of knowledge, he immediately began to read, spell, and write, with a rapidity which can scarcely be credited but by those who were witnesses of its reality. Before he was three years old, he had taught himself to make letters first in imitation of printed books, and afterwards of hand-writing, and that without any instruction, for he was left to chalk out his own pursuits of this nature. On his birth-day, when he attained the age of three years, he wrote a letter to his mother with a pencil, and a few months afterwards he addressed others to some of his relatives.

At the age of four, he had learnt the Greek alphabet, and had advanced so far in Latin, as to write an exercise every day with a considerable degree of accuracy. Before he had reached his fifth year, he not only read English with perfect fluency, "but," says his father, "understood it with critical preci-

sion." He had acquired a happy art in copying maps with neatness and accuracy, an amusement to which he was very partial; he had also made copies from some of Raphael's heads, so much in unison with the style and sentiment of the originals, as to induce connoisseurs to predict, that if he were to pursue the arts as a profession, he would one day rank among the most distinguished of their votaries.

When he was in his seventh year, he wrote fables, and made one or two respectable attempts at poetical composition; but the most singular instance of a fertile imagination, united with the power of making all he met with in books or conversation his own, yet remains behind. This was the idea of a visionary country, called Allestone, which was so strongly impressed on his own mind, as to enable him to convey an intelligible and lively transcript of its description. Of this delightful territory, he considered himself as king. He had formed the plan of writing its history, and executed detached parts of it. Neither did his ingenuity stop here; for he drew a map of the country, giving names of his own invention to the principal mountains, rivers, cities, seaports, villages, and trading towns. This map, in whatever light it is viewed, is a very remarkable production. A considerable part of the history he wrote in a number of letters and tales, in which he displays a most fertile imagination. This was one of the last efforts of his genius; for this youthful prodigy of learning died before he had attained the seventh year of his age.

DELRIUS.

Amongst the various instances of literary precocity, perhaps that of the learned Delrius is the most

extraordinary. At the early age of 19, he published a work illustrative of Seneca, quoting 100,000 different authors.

PASCAL.

Pascal, when only eleven years of age, wrote a treatise on sounds. At twelve, he had made himself master of Euclid's Elements, without the aid of a teacher. When only sixteen, he published a treatise on Conic Sections, which Descartes was unwilling to believe could have been produced by a boy of his age. When only nineteen, he invented the arithmetical instrument or *scale* for making calculations.

A FRENCH YOUTH.

The French newspapers of August, 1760, gave an account of a boy, only five years of age whose precocity of talent exceeded even that of Pascal himself. He was introduced to the assembly of the Academy of Montpelier, where a great number of questions were put to him on the Latin language, on sacred and profane history, ancient and modern, on mythology, geography, chronology, and even philosophy, and the elements of the mathematics: all which he answered with so much accuracy, that the Academy gave him a most honourable certificate.

A YOUNG BRAHMIN.

The Asiatic Journal for June, 1827, records the following instance of acuteness in a young Brahmin. After the introduction of juries into Ceylon, a wealthy

Brahmin, whose unpopular character had rendered him obnoxious to many, was accused of murdering his nephew, and put upon trial. He chose a jury of his own caste; but so strong was the evidence against him, that twelve out of thirteen of the jury were thoroughly convinced of his guilt. The dissentient juror, a young Brahmin of Ramisseram, stood up, declared his persuasion that the prisoner was the victim of a conspiracy, and desired that all the witnesses might be recalled. He examined them with astonishing dexterity and acuteness, and succeeded in extorting from them such proofs of their perjury that the jury, instead of consigning him to an ignominious death, pronounced him innocent. The affair made much noise in the island, and the chief justice, Sir Alexander Johnston, sent for the juror who had so distinguished himself, and complimented him upon the talents he had displayed. The Brahmin attributed his skill to his study of a book, which he called *Strengthener of the Mind.* He had obtained it from Persia, and he had translated it from the Sanscrit, into which it had been rendered from the Persian. Sir Alexander Johnston expressing a curiosity to see this book, the Brahmin brought him a Tamul MS. on palm leaves, which Sir Alexander found, to his infinite surprise, to be the "Dialects of Aristotle."

CATHERINE COCKBURN.

Catherine Cockburn, whose poetical productions procured her the name of the *Scotch Sappho*, but who is better known to posterity by her able "Defence of the Essay on the Human Understanding," and other metaphysical lucubrations, was the youngest

daughter of Captain David Trotter, a native of Scotland, and a naval officer in the reign of Charles II. On the death of her father, who fell a victim to the plague at Scanderoon, she was still a child. She had given early indications of genius, by some extemporary verses on an accident which, passing in the street, excited her attention. Several of her relations and friends happened to be present on the occasion, among whom was her uncle, a naval commander. This gentleman, greatly struck by such a proof of observation, facility, and talent, in a child, observed with what pleasure the father of Catherine, who possessed a peculiar taste for poetry, would have witnessed, had he been living, this unpremeditated effusion. Catherine, by application and industry, made herself mistress of the French language, without any instructor; she also taught herself to write. In the study of the Latin grammar and logic, she had some assistance; of the latter, she drew up an abstract for her own use. In 1693, being then only fourteen years of age, she addressed some lines to Mr. Bevil Higgons, on his recovery from sickness. In her seventeenth year she produced a tragedy, entitled "Agnes de Castro," which was acted with applause at the Theatre Royal in 1696; and published, but without her name, the following year, with a dedication to the Earl of Dorset: and when she wrote her "Defence of the Essay on the Human Understanding," she was no more than twenty-two years of age. Mr. Locke himself was pleased to say of this defence, in a letter to the fair author, "you have hereby not only vanquished my adversary, but reduced me also absolutely under your power, and left no desire more strong in me, than that of meeting with some opportunity to assure you with what respect and submission I am," &c.

JUANA INEZ DE LA CRUZ.

Juana Inez De La Cruz was born in November, 1651, a few leagues from the city of Mexico. Her father, a Spaniard, had sought wealth by an establishment in America, where he married a lady of the country, but of Spanish extraction. Juana, the fruit of this union, displayed in early childhood a passion for letters, and an extraordinary facility in the composition of Spanish verse. At eight years of age, she was placed by her parents with an uncle, who resided in Mexico; he caused her to receive a learned education. Her talents having attracted notice and distinction, she was patronized by the lady of the viceroy, the Marquis de Mancera, and, at the age of seventeen, was received into his family.

A Spanish encomiast of Juana relates a curious anecdote respecting her, communicated to him, as he affirms, by the viceroy. Her patrons, filled with admiration and astonishment, by the powers and attainments of their young *protegé*, determined to prove the extent and solidity of her erudition. For this purpose they invited forty of the most eminent literary characters of the country, who assembled to examine Juana in the different branches of learning and science. Questions, arguments, and problems, were accordingly proposed to her by the several professors in philosophy, mathematics, history, theology, and poetry, all of which she answered with equal readiness and skill, acquitting herself to the entire satisfaction of her judges. To this account, it is added, that she received the praise, extorted on this occasion by her acquirements, with the most perfect modesty; neither did she, at any period of her life, discover the smallest tendency to presump-

tion or vanity, though honoured with the title of the *tenth muse*, humility was her distinguishing characteristic. She lived forty-four years, twenty-seven of which she passed in the convent of St. Geronimo, where she took the veil, in the exercise of the most exemplary virtues.

In the fervour of her zeal, she wrote in her blood a confession of faith. She is said to have collected a library of four thousand volumes, in the study of which she placed her delight: nevertheless, towards the close of her life, she sacrificed this darling propensity for the purpose of applying the money which she acquired by the sale of her books to the relief of the indigent. However heroic may be the motive of this self-denial, the rectitude of the principle is doubtful; the cultivation of the mind, with its influence upon society, is a more real benefit to mankind than the partial relief of pecuniary exigencies.

Juana was not less lamented at her death than celebrated and respected during her life; her writings were collected in three quarto volumes, to which are prefixed numerous panegyrics upon the author, both in verse and prose, by the most illustrious persons of old and new Spain. It is observed by the Spanish critic, father Feyjoo, that the compositions of Juana excel in ease and elegance, rather than in energy and strength. This is, perhaps, in some degree attributable to the age in which she lived, and to the subjects of her productions, which were principally compliments addressed to her friends, or sacred dramas, for which an absurd and senseless superstition afforded the materials.

SHERIDAN.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan gave almost no promise in his childhood of those splendid talents by which he was afterwards distinguished. When about seven years of age, he was committed, along with his brother, to the care of Mr. Samuel Whyte, who, with these two boys, commenced an academy which afterwards became celebrated. When Mrs. Sheridan took the boys to the house of Mr. Whyte, she adverted to the necessity of patience in the arduous profession which he had embraced; adding, "these boys will be your tutors in that respect; I have hitherto been their only instructor, and they have sufficiently exercised mine; for two such impenetrable dunces I never met with."

It was the illustrious Samuel Parr, who, when under twenty years of age, and an under-master at Harrow school, first discovered the latent genius of Sheridan, and by judicious cultivation ripened it into maturity.

MISS LOGAN.

This young author, who wrote a volume of poems, printed some years ago, but not very extensively published, first discovered a predilection for the muses at a very early age, and gave a very remarkable instance of the power of memory. When she had nearly attained her fourth year, Pope's Essay on Man happening to lie in the window, it was taken up, and the first line read aloud: "Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things;" to which the child very archly added, "To low ambition, and the pride of kings;" and thus suggested the attempt of teach-

ing her the whole Essay. The effort was so completely successful, that on her birthday, in the following February, when she completed her fourth year, she repeated the whole four epistles to a neighbouring clergyman, who came on purpose to hear her, almost without a mistake.

GROTIUS.

Hugo Grotius, at the age of eight years, is said to have composed verses, which an old poet would not have disavowed. At the age of fifteen, he maintained theses in philosophy, mathematics, and jurisprudence, with great applause. The following year he went to France, where he attracted the notice of Henry IV. On his return to his own country, he pleaded his first cause at the age of seventeen, having previously published Commentaries on Capella and Aratus. When only twenty-four years of age, he was made Advocate-General of Rotterdam.

GEORGE III.

When this prince was not ten years old, George the Second, just as he was about to set out for Hanover, sent Baron Steinberg to examine the children of Frederic Prince of Wales in their learning. The Baron discharged his office very punctually, by taking them all in due course ; and at the conclusion said to Prince George, that he would tell the king what a great proficiency his Highness had made in Latin, but that he wished he would be a little more perfect in his German grammar, as it would be of signal use to him. "German grammar! German grammar!" retorted the prince ; "why any dull child

can learn that!" This reply is said to have given great offence to the old Monarch.

PROFESSOR WHITE.

White was a very extraordinary man, of great profundity as an Asiatic linguist. He was first discovered by the late Dean Tucker, working as an apprentice to a poor weaver, in a village either in Gloucestershire or Somersetshire. At this village, on a certain day, was to be a dinner-party. The Dean, strolling about before dinner, chanced to go into a poor weaver's shop. He took up a dirty shattered Greek Testament. "How comes this here; who reads this book?—"Sir, my lad is always poring over such books." On speaking to the lad, he found him well versed in Greek and Latin. By appointment he waited upon the Dean in the afternoon, who introduced him to the company. A collection was made for him. Tucker undertook the care of him, put him to school at Gloucester, and from thence sent him to Oxford. Here he gradually rose in academical success,—Fellow of Wadham, Professor of Arabic, Canon of Christ Church, and Hebrew Professor.

COWLEY.

Cowley, losing his father at an early age, was left to the care of his mother. In the window of their apartment lay Spenser's Fairy Queen; in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet. "Such," says Dr. Johnson, "are the accidents which, sometimes remembered, and per-

haps sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius." Cowley might be said to "lisp in numbers," and gave such early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of the comprehension of things, as, to more tardy minds, seems scarcely credible. When only in his thirteenth year, a volume of his poems was printed, containing, with other poetical compositions, "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," written when he was ten years old; and "Constantia and Philetus," written two years after. And while still at school, he produced a comedy of a pastoral kind, called "Love's Riddle," though it was not published till he had been some time at Cambridge.

DR. WATTS.

It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even when he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threat into execution, the child burst out into tears, and, on his knees, said,—

"Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

LA HARPE.

The Academy of Rouen having proposed a subject for a prize in poetry, when the pieces for competition were read, the judges were unanimous in

acknowledging the superiority to two odes, but the difficulty that now arose was, to which to give the preference: at length, after long discussion, finding that they were unable to decide otherwise, they determined to divide the prize between their respective authors. On opening the sealed billets, sent with them, they found in each the name of La Harpe.

CHAPTER IV.

POVERTY AND SUFFERINGS OF AUTHORS.

STOWE.

Stowe, the celebrated historian, devoted his life and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his hand-writing, still exist, to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study; and seated in his monkish library, associating with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste; for Spenser the poet visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labours of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, his good humour did not desert him; for being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that his affliction lay in that part which formerly he had made so much use of. Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded, for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and

with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stowe at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a *license to collect alms* for himself! "as a recompense for his labour and travel of *forty-five years*, in setting forth the *Chronicles of England*, and *eight years* taken up in the *survey of the cities of London and Westminster*, towards his relief, now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employed himself for the service and good of his country." Letters patent under the great seal were granted. After a penurious commendation of Stowe's labours, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England; to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpits. They produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth. One entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stowe, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for one twelvemonth! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!

MILTON.

The literary fate of Milton was remarkable, his genius was castrated alike by the monarchical and the republican government. The royal licenser expunged several passages from Milton's history, in which Mil-

ton had painted the superstition, the pride, and the cunning of the Saxon Monks, which the sagacious licenser applied to Charles II. and the bishops. But Milton had before suffered as merciless a mutilation from his old friends the republicans, who suppressed a bold picture, taken from life, which he had introduced into his History of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines. Milton gave the unlicensed passages to the Earl of Anglesea, a literary nobleman, the editor of "Whitelock's Memorials;" and the castrated passage, which could not be licensed in 1670, was received with peculiar interest when separately published in 1681. If there be found in an author's book one sentence of a venturous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, not suiting every low decrepit humour of their own, they will not pardon him their dash.

The Duke of York, in the hey-day of his honours and greatness, went to satisfy a malignant curiosity, by visiting Milton in his own house. He asked him if he did not regard the loss of his sight as a judgment for his writings against the king. Milton replied, calmly, "If your Highness thinks calamity is an indication of Heaven's wrath, how do you account for the fate of the king, your father?—I have lost but my eyes—he lost his head."

On the duke's return to court, he said to the king, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue, Milton, hanged."

"What!" said the king, "have you seen Milton?"

"Yes," answered the duke, "I have seen him."

"In what condition did you find him?"

"Condition? why, he is old, and very poor."

"Old and poor," said the king, "and blind, too? You are a fool, James, to have him hanged; it would be doing him a service. No; if he is poor, old, and blind, he is miserable enough in all conscience; let him live."

BLACKLOCK.

Blacklock, the poet, certainly much better known for his blindness than for his genius, happened to call upon Hume, the historian, one day, and began a long dissertation on his misery, bewailing his loss of sight, his large family of children, and his utter incapacity to provide for them, or even to supply them, at that moment, with the necessaries of life.

Hume, himself, was at that period so little a favourite of fortune, from the smallness of his paternal fortune, and the scantiness of his collegiate stipend, being then a member of the University, that he had solicited, and just then received, through the strenuous interest of a friend, an University appointment, worth about forty pounds per annum.

The heart of the philosopher, however, was softened by the complaint of his friend; and being destitute of the pecuniary means of immediate assistance, he ran to his desk, took out the newly received grant, and presented it to the unhappy poet, with a promise, which he faithfully performed, of using his best interest to have the name of Hume changed for that of Blacklock. In this generous attempt he was finally successful; and by his noble philanthropy, had the pleasure of saving his friend and family from starvation.

POSTEL.

William Postel, a celebrated French writer of the sixteenth century, was only eight years of age when he lost his father and mother, who died of the plague. Want and misery driving him from his native village, La Dolorie, at this early age he commenced the profession of schoolmaster in the village of Pontoise. Here he continued until his fourteenth year ; when born with a passion for letters, which neither thirst, hunger, nor fatigue could subdue, he collected the little money he had been able to save, and set out for Paris in the pursuit of knowledge. On his arrival in the capital, he almost wished himself back in the circle of the rustics he had deserted, whom he now looked upon as the happiest people upon earth. He could read nothing but avarice, dissipation, and hypocrisy, in every countenance he met. Young as he was, however, he knew that he would be laughed at if he returned, by those who deemed themselves wiser than others, because they happened to be more fortunate in the enjoyment of the good things of this life. He was resolved, at all events, that the malicious gratification of that sordid race of beings should not be gratified at his expense. He hired a garret, and as every day made his little less, he passed his moments in digesting plans to recruit the consumption of his slender purse. One morning, when he thought he had hit on one that would immediately snatch him from the jaws of despair, he started in a transport of pleasure out of bed ; but this transport was of momentary duration ; for, alas ! some unrelenting thief had stolen his clothes, and all the money he possessed along with them. He

was going to throw himself out of the window; but an early sense of religion arrested the impulse of the moment, and admonished him that, if deserted by man, he was not deserted by Heaven. He sunk into his wretched bed; the sudden transition from the bright hope he had indulged, to the most dreadful misfortune and disappointment, brought on a dysentery, and he was obliged to be conveyed to the hospital, where he remained two years before he recovered his strength. As soon as he was able to walk, he quitted Paris. Poverty, which chased him full in view, drove him to the necessity of gleaning during the harvest time in Beausse. His industry furnished him with the means of purchasing a plain suit of clothes, and he hastened back to Paris; he now became a *servitor* in one of the colleges of the University; and so rapid was his progress, that he had soon acquired almost universal knowledge. Francis I., touched with hearing that so much merit was struggling with indigence, sent him to the East, whence he brought many valuable MSS., and on his return, he was rewarded with the chair of Professor of Mathematics and Languages, with several other considerable appointments.

CERVANTES.

This writer of romance, replete with character, incident, pleasantry, and humour, which is held in admiration throughout the civilized world, starved in the midst of a high reputation, and died in penury!

As Philip III. king of Spain, was standing in a balcony of his palace at Madrid, and viewing the

prospects of the surrounding country, he observed a student on the banks of the river Manzanares, reading a book, and from time to time breaking off, and beating his forehead with extraordinary tokens of pleasure and delight; upon which the king said to those about him, "That scholar is either mad, or he is reading Don Quixote."—This anecdote is worth a volume of panegyric.

The History of Don Quixote did not wait for the tardy fame of remote ages. It was universally read, and as universally admired, as soon as published; and the most eminent painters, engravers, and sculptors, vied with each other in representing the story of the knight of La Mancha; yet the author had not interest enough to obtain even the smallest pension from the court. Friendless and indigent, however, as Cervantes was, he retained his incomparable humour and facetiousness to the end of his life.

How happens it, that although the manners, customs, proverbs, and allusions in Don Quixote are so strictly Spanish, yet it is such a general favourite with readers of all nations? The answer seems to be, that the delineation of the characters, and the lively humour and burlesque, are so conformable to nature, that the subject is rendered, by the power of genius, universally interesting and pleasant.

Every anecdote of such a genius as Cervantes, however trifling in itself, cannot be so to his admirers.

M. de Boulay attended the French ambassador to Spain, while Cervantes was yet alive. He said, that the ambassador one day complimented Cervantes on the reputation he had acquired by his Don Quixote, and that Cervantes whispered in his ear, "Had it not been for the Inquisition, I should have made my book much more entertaining."

DRYDEN.

Dryden, who was notoriously poor, was one evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, and some other noblemen of wit and genius. It happened that the conversation, which was literary, turned on the art of composition, and elegance of style ; and, after some debate, it was agreed, that each party should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick for Mr. Dryden's judgment. Most of the company took uncommon pains to outdo each other: while Lord Dorset, with much composure, wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them to the place agreed on. The rest having finished, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction ; but at one in particular he seemed in raptures. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who wrote them ; but I am under the indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference to my Lord Dorset. I must request that your lordships will hear it, and I believe all will be satisfied with my judgment :—

"I promise to pay John Dryden, or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

"DORSET."

WYCHERLEY.

Wycherley was once in a bookseller's shop at Bath or Tunbridge, when Lady Drogheda came in, and

happened to inquire for the "Plain Dealer." A friend of Wycherley's, who stood by him, pushed him toward her, and said, "There's the Plain Dealer, Madam, if you want him?"—Wycherley made his excuses, and Lady Drogheda said, that she loved plain-dealing best. He afterwards visited that lady, and some time after married her. This proved a great blow to his fortunes. Just before the time of his courtship, he was designed for governor to the late Duke of Richmond, and was to have been allowed fifteen hundred pounds a year from the government: his absence from court in the progress of this amour, and his being yet more absent after his marriage, disgusted his friends there so much, that he lost all his interest with them. His lady died: and his misfortunes were such, that he was thrown into the Fleet, and lay there seven years. It was then that Captain Brett got his "Plain Dealer" to be acted, and contrived to get King James the Second to be there. The Colonel attended him thither. The King was mightily pleased with the play; asked who was the author of it; and, upon hearing it was one of Wycherley's, complained that he had not seen him for many years, and inquired what was become of him. The Colonel improved this opportunity so well, that the King gave orders that his debts should be discharged out of the privy-purse. Wycherley was so unwise as to give an account only of five hundred pounds, and so was confined almost half a year, till his father was at last prevailed on to pay the rest, between two and three hundred pounds more.

GAY.

Gay had a present of some South Sea Stock from young Craggs, and once supposed himself to be mas-

ter of 20,000*l.* His friends advised him to sell his share; but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase him a hundred a year for life, "which," said Fenton, "will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This counsel was rejected. The profit and principal were lost, and Gay sunk under the calamity so low that his life became in danger. He was a negligent and bad manager. The Duke of Queensberry, latterly, took the trouble of taking care of his money for him, and would only let him have what was necessary out of it. He lived principally in that family, and, consequently, did not spend much: when he died, he left upwards of three thousand pounds.

HERON.

Robert Heron was a man of cultivated powers and unwearied industry, but loose in his morals, and therefore corrupt in his principles. He commenced his career at Edinburgh, as a writer for the booksellers, whom he soon disgusted by common-place writing, without regard to truth or principle. About 1800 he came to London, and found a new set of employers, whom he soon overstocked with productions free from glaring faults, but unmarked by originality or profound views. Yet, such was his industry, that, at one time, he conducted the *British Press* morning, and the *Globe* evening newspapers, besides editing the "Antijacobin Review," the "Agricultural Magazine," and a Sunday newspaper. Of course, intellect, spread over so much surface, was not very intense; and,

though he exhausted his constitution, yet these employments were soon taken from him. His habits being extravagant, he involved himself in debt, which, when incurred, he had no prospect of paying. At length, having worn out his friends, as well as his constitution, which he supported by alternate doses of æther and opium, he applied to his countryman, Dr. Garthshore ; who, unable to do any thing better for him, introduced him as an in-door patient of the Fever Institution, in Gray's Inn-lane, where, after a few months, he died. Among other proofs of his utter want of principle, he, on one occasion, wrote and published a critique on a performance at Drury-lane Theatre, containing some strictures in the grossest language on several of the players ; but it turned out, that, from some cause, the play for the evening was changed, and then, as his apology, he stated, that, if it had been performed, his strictures would have been true ! Some of the players brought an action for so gross an abuse of criticism, but, finding that the writer was an insolvent, afterwards abandoned it.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

Sir Richard Steele desired Mr. Savage to come very early to his house one morning. Mr. Savage came, as he had promised, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, or where they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire ; but immediately seated himself with Sir Richard. The coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde-park Corner, where they stopped at a petty ale-

house, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that was ordered had been put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and, after some hesitation, ventured to ask for wine; which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr. Savage then imagined his task over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home; but he was deceived, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer to sell the new production for two guineas, which, with some difficulty, he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet to discharge his reckoning.

SMITH.

About the year 1735, a pamphlet was published, entitled, "The Cure of Deism." The author, Mr. Elisha Smith, had the misfortune to be confined in the Fleet prison for a debt of two hundred pounds. Fortunately for him, Mr. Benson, then Auditor of the Imprest, was much pleased with the work. He inquired who was the author; and on learning his circumstances, not only sent him a very flattering letter, but discharged the whole debt, fees, &c. and

set him at liberty. This was the same Mr. Benson who erected a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Milton ; and who gave one thousand pounds to Mr. Dobson, of New College, for translating Paradise Lost into Latin. He always preferred Johnson's Latin Psalms to Buchanan's. It was in allusion to these facts that Pope dragged Mr. Benson into the Dunciad.

"On two unequal crutches propped he came,
Milton on this, on that one Johnson's name."

SEVERAL MEN OF EMINENCE.

Sir Isaac Newton lost the use of his intellect before the animal frame was arrested by the hand of death. So it was said of a Mr. Swisset, that he often wept because he was not able to understand the books which he had written in his younger days. Cornivus, an excellent orator in the Augustine age, became so forgetful as not even to know his own name. Simon Tournay, in 1202, after he had outdone all at Oxford for learning, at last grew such an idiot, as not to know one letter from another, or one thing he had ever done.

A CLERICAL AUTHOR.

A poor vicar, in a remote diocese, had, on some popular occasion, preached a sermon so acceptable to his parishioners, that they entreated him to print it, and he undertook a journey to London for the purpose. On his arrival in town he was recommended to the late Mr. Rivington, to whom he triumphantly related the object of his journey. The printer agreed to his proposals, and required to know

how many copies he would wish to have struck off. "Why, sir," returned the clergyman, "I have calculated that there are in the kingdom ten thousand parishes, and that each parish will at least take one, and others more; so that I think we may venture to print about thirty-five or thirty-six thousand copies." The bookseller remonstrated, the author insisted, and the matter was settled, so that the reverend author departed in high spirits to his home. With much difficulty and great self-denial a period of about two months was suffered to pass, when his golden visions so tormented his imagination that he could endure it no longer; accordingly he wrote to Mr. Rivington, desiring him to send the debtor and creditor account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr. R.'s convenience. Judge of the astonishment, tribulation, and anguish excited by the receipt of the following account:—

The Rev. * * * * Dr. to C. Rivington.	£	s.	d.
To printing and paper 35,000 copies of sermon . .	785	5	6
Cr. By the sale of 17 copies of said sermon . .	1	5	6
Balance due to C. Rivington .	£784	0	0

The bookseller, however, in a day or two, sent a letter to the following purport:—

"Rev. Sir,—I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give yourself uneasiness. I knew better than you could do the extent of the sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but 100 copies, to the expense of which you are heartily welcome."

GOLDSMITH.

Every thing which relates to men of genius is interesting to the admirers of science: even their

abodes, though humble in the extreme, when contemplated, call forth the most lively emotions.

Who will not walk up the Break-neck Stairs, between Seacoal-lane and the Old Bailey, with the greater pleasure, when he knows that it will conduct him to Green Arbour-court, where Goldsmith wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield," and his "Traveller?" A friend of Goldsmith's, once paying him a visit in this place, in March, 1759, found him in a lodging so poor and miserable, that he said he should not have thought it proper to mention the circumstance, had he not considered it the highest proof of Goldsmith's genius and talents, by the bare exertion of which, under every disadvantage, he gradually emerged from obscurity, not only to enjoy the comforts, but even the luxuries of life, and an introduction into the best societies in the metropolis.

At the time the Doctor was writing his "Inquiry into the present State of Polite Learning," he resided in a wretched dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when he, from civility, offered it to a visitant, he was obliged to seat himself in the window. Such were the privations to which one of the first literary geniuses Ireland ever produced was heir to; but Goldsmith, more fortunate than many of his brethren, outlived them.

Numerous instances might be produced of the thoughtless extravagance of literary men; but few authors were more remarkable for a careless indifference to worldly concerns than Goldsmith. One leading feature in the character of this admirable writer, was to be liberal to his poor countrymen in distress. One man, who was artful, never failed to apply to him as soon as he published any new work,

and was likely to be in cash. This person succeeded twice; but sometimes found that all the copy-money was gone before the Doctor's works saw the light. Goldsmith, tired of his applications, told him to write himself, at the same time ordering him to draw up a description of China, interspersed with political reflections; a work which a bookseller had applied to Goldsmith for, at a price which he despised, but had not rejected. The idle carelessness of his temper may be collected from this, that he never gave himself the trouble to read the manuscript, but sent to the press an account which made the Emperor of China a Mahometan, and placed India between China and Japan. Two sheets were cancelled at Goldsmith's expense, who kicked his newly-created author down stairs.

Goldsmith had not the same love of something new, that prevails at present in so many of our writings and our opinions. "Whatever is new," said he, "is in general false." Goldsmith was a great admirer of the poems pretended to have been written by Rowley, a monk at Bristol, in the fourteenth century; and, when he was at Bristol, he wished much to purchase Chatterton's manuscripts of them, then in the possession of Mr. George Catcott. The Doctor, however, had nothing but his note of hand to offer for them. "Alas! my dear Sir," replied Mr. Calcott, "I fear a poet's note of hand is not very current upon our Exchange at Bristol."

WYNNE.

J. Huddleston Wynne was brought up a printer, and worked as a compositor for some time on *The*

General Evening Post; in which situation he gave frequent proofs of the versatility of his genius, and the promptness of his poetic fancy. His employer, who well knew his abilities, contracted with him to supply a short article of poetry for every day's publication, at a very small sum. One day, having forgot this part of his engagement till reminded of it by a fellow-workman, and the day being then too far advanced to have it deliberately written out, he obtained the assistance of another compositor, and thus, on the spur of the moment, while he himself composed the first six lines *impromptu*, he dictated the last six to his coadjutor; by which rapidity of composition, he saved his credit, and secured his usual weekly remuneration.

The distresses of authors, sometimes, on receiving patronage, are as great as that which renders patronage necessary. On this subject, a story is told of the eccentric Wynne.

A short time previous to his publishing his "History of Ireland," he expressed a desire to dedicate it to the Duke of Northumberland, who had just returned from being Lord Lieutenant of that country. For this purpose he waited on Dr. Percy, and met with a very polite reception. The Duke was made acquainted with his wishes, and Dr. Percy went as the messenger of good tidings to the author. But there was more to be done than a formal introduction: the poor writer intimated this to the good doctor; who, in the most delicate terms, begged his acceptance of an almost new suit of black, which, with a very little alteration, might be made to fit. This, the doctor urged, would be best, as there was

not time to provide a new suit, and other things necessary for his *debut*, as the Duke had appointed Monday in the next week to give the historian an audience. Mr. Wynne approved of the plan in all respects, and in the mean time had prepared himself with a set speech, and a manuscript of the dedication. But it must be understood that Dr. Percy was considerably in stature above Mr. Wynne, and his coat sufficiently large to wrap round the latter, and conceal him. The morning came for the author's public entry at Northumberland-house; but, alas! one grand mistake had been made: in the hurry of business, no application had been made to the tailor for the necessary alteration of his clothes; however, great minds are not cast down by ordinary occurrences: Mr. Wynne dressed himself in Dr. Percy's friendly suit, together with a borrowed sword, and a hat under his arm of great antiquity; then taking leave of his trembling wife, he set out for the great house. True to the moment, he arrived—Dr. Percy attended—and the Duke was ready to receive our poet, whose figure at this time presented the appearance of a suit of sables hung on a hedge-stake, or one of those bodiless forms we see swinging on a dyer's pole. On his introduction, Mr. Wynne began his formal address; and the noble Duke was so tickled at the singularity of the poet's appearance, that, in spite of his gravity, he burst the bonds of good manners; and at length, agitated by an endeavour to restrain risibility, he leaped from his chair, forced a purse of thirty guineas into Mr. Wynne's hand, and hurrying out of the room, told the poet he was welcome to make what use he pleased of his name and patronage.

BUTLER.

It is said that Butler, the celebrated author of "Hudibras," was equally remarkable for poverty and pride. A friend of his one evening invited him to supper, and contrived to place in his pocket a purse containing one hundred guineas. This was found by the poet the following morning, and feeling uneasy, he ascertained by whom it was given, and then returned it, expressing his warm displeasure at the insult which had been thus offered him.

Butler was fortunate, for a time, in having Charles II. to *admire* his "Hudibras." That Monarch carried one in his pocket: hence his success, though the work has great merit. Yet merit does not sell a work in one case out of twenty. Butler, after all, was left to starve; for, according to Dennis, the author of "Hudibras" died in a garret.

BOYSE.

Samuel Boyse, author of "The Deity," a poem, was a fag author, and, at one time, employed by Mr. Ogle to translate some of Chaucer's tales into modern English, which he did, with great spirit, at the rate of three-pence a line for his trouble. Poor Boyse wore a blanket, because he was destitute of breeches; and was, at last, found famished to death with a pen in his hand.

COLLINS.

Collins, that elegant poet, moaned and raved amidst the cloisters of Chichester cathedral, and died

insane, in consequence of literary disappointment; however, there was a pretty monument raised to his memory!

CORNEILLE.

Corneille suffered all the horrors of poverty. This great poet used to say, his poetry went away with his teeth. Some will think that they ought to disappear at the same time, as one would not give employment to the other.

DANTE.

Dante had not the good fortune to please his patron at Verona. The great Candella Scala gave him to understand that he was weary of him, and told him one day, it was a wonderful thing that such an one, who was a fool, should please and make himself beloved by every body, which he, who was accounted a wise man, could not do. "This is not to be wondered at," answered Dante; "you would not admire such a thing, if you knew how much the conformity of characters knits men together."

SAVAGE.

Savage was in continual distress, independently of an unnatural mother's persecution: he sold his "Wanderer" for ten pounds.

SMART.

Christopher Smart, the translator of "Horace," and no mean poet, died in the rules of the King's Bench.

Poor Smart, when at Pembroke College, wore a path upon one of the paved walks.

DE TOURNEOU.

De Tourneou, the elegant translator of Young's "Night Thoughts," sold the version for the very trifling sum of twenty-five louis d'ors, to a Madame Ducrone, who made, at least, sixty thousand livres of the work. Whilst De Tourneou was translating Young, and adding new energy to his native language, he was seldom indulged with a bed on which to repose his wearied limbs :—he and his wife were often obliged to leave Paris before night, to seek the most convenient and hospitable hedge in the environs of the capital.

HUME.

Hume one day complained in a mixed company, that he considered himself as very ill treated by the world, by its unjust and unreasonable censures; adding, that he had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that could be said to contain any reprehensible matter; and yet for those few pages, he was abused and torn to pieces!

The company for some time paused; when at length a gentleman drily observed, that he put him in mind of an old acquaintance, a notary public, who, having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the extreme injustice and hardship of his case, inasmuch as he had written many thousand

inoffensive sheets; and now he was to be hanged for a single line!

DR. JOHNSON.

Walter Harte, the poet and historian, was one of Dr. Johnson's earliest admirers.—Johnson's "Life of Savage" was published in 1744: soon after which, Harte, dining with Mr. Cave, the projector of "The Gentleman's Magazine," at St. John's Gate, took occasion to speak very handsomely of the work, which was anonymous. Cave, the next time they met, told Harte that he made a man very happy the other day at his house, by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of Savage's "Life." "How could that be?" said Harte, "none were present but you and I." Cave replied, "You might have observed, I sent a plate of victuals behind the screen: there skulked the biographer, one Johnson, whose dress was so shabby, that he durst not make his appearance. He overheard our conversation; and your applauding his performance delighted him exceedingly."

A WELSHMAN.

The following whimsical accident happened some years ago to a well known, learned, and self-taught Cambro-Briton:—

Devoted to his books, it was his daily custom to take a solitary walk along the shore. He was not unobserved: his appearance altogether was not of the most prepossessing description. Some soldiers followed him in his ramble. They noticed his actions, his looks, alternately at the distant town, the river,

and a something which he held in his hand, which they could not decipher, but which they were sanguine enough to imagine a plan of the place, and the poor Welshman a French spy! They communicated their opinions to each other, and it was resolved to take the plotting villain into custody. Richard, in consequence, was immediately seized; and after a night's confinement in the black-hole, was taken before a magistrate. His sagacious accusers made their charge, and were convinced of his bad designs, from his actions, and the papers he had on his person. We are not told what was the opinion of the bench, but it was thought necessary to send for some person acquainted with the strange characters found in his greasy pockets. A gentleman, eminent in the literary world, happened to be at hand: he explained to the magistracy the perfect harmlessness of the unfortunate prisoner; that the supposed plans and correspondence were portions of the Talmud, and of the classical productions of Theocritus, Lucian, and some Hebrew and Greek authors, and therefore no apprehensions need be entertained of endangering the safety of the state by discharging the Welshman!

SHERIDAN.

When Sheridan was in distress in early life, one of his resources was that of writing for the fugitive publications of the day, in which he was materially assisted by his wife: and many years after his entrance into the sphere of politics, he was heard to say, that "if he had stuck to the law, he believed he should have done as much as his friend Tom Erskine; but," continued he, "I had no time for such studies. Mrs.

Sheridan and myself were often obliged to keep writing for our daily leg or shoulder of mutton; otherwise we should have had no dinner." One of his friends, to whom he confessed this, wittily replied, "Then, I perceive, it was a *joint* concern."

TASSO.

As the Italian poet Tasso, whose misfortunes were as great as his genius, was on one of his journeys between Rome and Naples, he fell into the hands of banditti, who immediately proceeded to plunder him and his fellow-travellers. But no sooner did the captain of the band, the celebrated Marco Sciarra, of Abruzzi, hear the poet pronounce his name, than, with tokens of admiration and respect, he set him at liberty; nor would he even permit his followers to plunder Tasso's companions. A prince of royal or imperial birth confined the poet in a mad-house for more than seven years; the great and wealthy left him to a precarious life, which was often a life of absolute want; the servile men of letters of the day loaded him with abusive and most unjust criticism; but a mountain robber, by the road's side, controlled in his favour the very instinct of his gang, and kissed the hand of the author of the "Gerusalemme!"

VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE, when in London, was very intimate with Pope: he was familiar at his table, and introduced to the circle of his acquaintance. But gratitude, and a respect to the laws of hospitality, seemed not to govern the conduct of Voltaire. One day,

when he knew Pope was from home, he called on his ancient mother, who lived with him, and told her that he should be very sorry to do any thing to displease her, but really it was very hard living in London, that he had a poem, a severe lampoon upon her, which he was going to publish, but which he would recommend her to give him a sum of money to suppress.

The fear of the poor old woman at length prevailed over her indignation, and she bribed him not to publish: which he agreed to, on one condition, that she would never mention the subject. She promised, and she kept her word. Having so well succeeded once, he made a second attempt on the yielding prey. The indignation of the injured lady was at its height, when Pope entered the room, and, perceiving her agitation, insisted on knowing the cause. She informed him in half-stifled accents. Voltaire had neither time to run off nor to make up an excuse; when the enraged poet, who was never deficient in filial respect, flew with resentment on the unfeeling Frenchman, striking him vehemently. Voltaire, in the attempt to retreat precipitately, fell over a chair.

EARLY DIFFICULTIES.

A curious catalogue might be made of the shifts to which ingenious students in different departments of art have resorted, when, like Davy, they have wanted the proper instruments for carrying on their inquiries or experiments. His is not the only case in which the stores of an apothecary's shop are recorded to have fed the enthusiasm, and materially assisted the labours, of the young cultivator of natural science.

The German chemist, SCHEELE, whose name ranks in his own department with the greatest of his time, was, as well as Davy, apprenticed in early life to an apothecary. While living in his master's house, he used secretly to prosecute the study of his favourite science by employing often half the night in reading the works that treated of it, or making experiments with instruments fabricated, as Davy's were, by himself, and out of equally simple materials. Like the young British philosopher, too, Scheele is recorded to have sometimes alarmed the whole household by his detonations—an incident which always brought down upon him the severe anger of his master, and heavy menaces, intended to deter him from ever again applying himself to such dangerous studies; which, however, he did not long regard. It was at an apothecary's house that BOYLE and his Oxford friends first held their scientific meetings, induced, as we are expressly told, by the opportunity they would thus have of obtaining drugs wherewith to make their experiments. NEWTON lodged with an apothecary, while at school, in the town of Grantham; and as, even at that early age, he is known to have been ardently devoted to scientific contrivances and experiments, and to have been in the habit of converting all sorts of articles into auxiliaries in his favourite pursuits, it is not probable that the various strange preparations which filled the shelves and boxes of his landlord's shop should escape his curious examination. Although Newton's glory chiefly depends upon his discoveries in abstract and mechanical science, some of his speculations, and especially some of his writings on the subjects of light and colour, show that the internal constitution of matter, and its chemical properties, had also much occupied his thoughts. Thus,

too, in other departments, genius has found its sufficient materials and instruments in the humblest and most common articles, and the simplest contrivances. FERGUSSON observed the places of the stars by means of a thread with a few beads strung on it, and TYCHO BRAHE did the same thing with a pair of compasses. The self-taught American philosopher, RITTENHOUSE, being, when a young man, employed as an agricultural labourer, used to draw geometrical diagrams on his plough, and study them as he turned up the furrow. PASCAL, when a mere boy, made himself master of many of the elementary propositions of geometry, without the assistance of any master, by tracing the figures on the floor of his room with a bit of coal. This, or a stick burned at the end, has often been the young painter's first pencil, while the smoothest and whitest wall he could find supplied the place of a canvass. Such, for example, were the commencing essays of the early Tuscan artist, ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO, who employed his leisure in this manner when he was a little boy tending cattle, till his performances at last attracted the notice of one of the Medici family, who placed him under a proper master. The famous SALVATOR ROSA first displayed his genius for design in the same manner. To these instances may be added that of the late English musical composer, Mr. JOHN DAVY, who is said, when only six years old, to have begun the study and practice of his art by imitating the chimes of a neighbouring church with eight horse-shoes, which he suspended by strings from the ceiling of a room in such a manner as to form an octave.

POVERTY.

Homer resorted to the public places of concourse to recite his verses for a morsel of bread; Xylander sold his notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner; Savage sold his "Wanderer" for 10*l.*; Otway perished from hunger; Chatterton found "a penny tart a luxury;" Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Bentivoglio was refused admittance into an hospital he had himself erected; Camoens ended his days in an alms-house; Vaugilas left his body to the surgeons, to pay his debts as far as it would go; Bacon lived in great distress; Lee died in the streets; and Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot.

IMPRISONMENT.

Imprisonment has not always disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies, but often unquestionably has greatly promoted them.

In prison, Boethius composed his work on the Consolations of Philosophy; and Grotius wrote his Commentary on Saint Matthew, with other works.

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent Paraphrases of the Psalms of David.

Cervantes composed the most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary. "Fleta," a well-known law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet for debt: the name of the *place*, though not that of the *author*, has thus been preserved; and another work, "Fleta Minor, or the Laws of art and Nature, in knowing the bodies of Metals, &c., by Sir John Pettus, 1683;" who gave

it this title from the circumstance of his having translated it from the German during his confinement in this prison.

Louis the Twelfth, when Duke of Orleans, was long imprisoned in the tower of Bourges, applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected: he became, in consequence, an enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature, and composed an apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement: and it is said that Mary Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetical compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh's unfinished History of the World, which leaves us to regret that later ages had not been celebrated by his sublime eloquence, was the fruits of eleven years of imprisonment. It was written for the use of Prince Henry, as he and Dallington, who also wrote "Aphorisms" for the same prince, have told us; the prince looked over the manuscript. Of Raleigh it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, "They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives: and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his History of the World." He was, however, assisted in this great

work by the learning of several eminent persons; a circumstance which has not been noticed.

The plan of the *Henriade* was sketched, and the greater part composed, by VOLTAIRE, during his imprisonment in the Bastile; and "the Pilgrim's Progress" of BUNYAN was produced in a similar situation.

HOWEL, the author of "Familiar Letters," wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet prison.

LYDIAT, while confined in the King's Bench for debt, wrote his Annotations on the Parian Chronicle, which were first published by Prideaux. This was that learned scholar whom Johnson alludes to: an allusion not known to Boswell and others.

FREERET, when imprisoned in the Bastile, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. His dictionary was always before him, and his principles were got by heart. To this circumstance we owe his works, animated by scepticism.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT finished his poem of "Gondibert" during his confinement by the rebels in Carisbroke Castle.

DE FOE, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his Review; a periodical paper, which was extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and it has been supposed served as the model of the celebrated papers of Steele. There he also composed his "Jure Divino."

WICQUEFORT's curious work on "Ambassadors" is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigour of those heavy hours by several historical works.

One of the most interesting facts of this kind is the fate of an Italian scholar, of the name of MAGGI. Early addicted to the study of the sciences, and par-

ticularly to the mathematics and military architecture, he defended Famagusta, besieged by the Turks, by inventing machines which destroyed their works. When that city was taken in 1571, they pillaged his library, and carried him away in chains. Now a slave, after his daily labours he amused a great part of his nights by literary compositions: *De Tintinnabulis*, on Bells, a treatise still read by the curious, was actually composed by him when a slave in Turkey, without any other resource than the erudition of his own memory, and the genius of which adversity could not deprive him.

In addition to these instances, taken from D'Israeli, we may add, that in prison Powell wrote his "Concordance," and from hence "Dr. Syntax," and many modern works, have proceeded.

CHAPTER V.

HABITS OF AUTHORS.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

This extraordinary man had about him the candour and liberality of feeling which should ever mark the man of talent. After the publication of one of his books, which provoked much controversy, a poor curate, who had replied to it, was compelled to wait upon him to solicit a favour. The bishop candidly asked him if he was not the author of the reply referred to, which the curate admitted. To the surprise of the poor fellow, the bishop complimented his talents, compelled him to dine with him, and cheerfully gave him the favour he solicited.

In the Letters of this literary Colossus, left for publication by his friend, Bishop Hurd, there is the following characteristic anecdote, in which the urbanity of George III., stands well contrasted with the roughness of the controversialist. "I brought," says the bishop, (February 20, 1767,) "as usual, a bad cold with me to town; and this being the first day I ventured out of doors, it was employed, as in duty bound, at court, it being a levee day. A buf-

foon lord in waiting (you may guess who I mean) was very busy in marshalling the circle ; he said to me, ' Move forward ; you clog up the door.' I replied, with as little civility, ' Did nobody clog up the king's doorstead more than I, there would be room for all honest men.' This brought the man to himself. When the king came up to me, he asked why I did not come to levee before ? I said, ' I understood there was no business going forward in the house in which I could be of service to his majesty.' He replied, ' He supposed the severe storm of snow would have brought me up.' I replied, ' I was under the cover of a very warm house.' You see by this, how unfit I am for courts."

The king, when in conversation with Dr. Johnson, observed, that Pope made Warburton a bishop. " True, Sir," said Johnson ; " but Warburton did more for Pope—he made him a Christian !" alluding, no doubt, to his ingenious comments on the " Essay on Man."

ROUSSEAU.

The effects of a morbid mind, in regard to vanity, though sources of regret to the benevolent, cannot fail, sometimes, of being amusing, when they happen to a professed philosopher and contemner of the world. This was the case with Rousseau, who, having pertinaciously quarrelled with his best friends, indeed, with all the world in France, had sought a refuge in England, under the personal guidance of his friend David Hume. Even here, the object of some admiration, and of royal generosity in a pension, the philosopher of Geneva could not be happy ; but having quarrelled, as usual, with Hume, and all

his English friends, he became bent on making his escape, as he termed it, into France; and stopping on his way at a village between London and Canterbury, he from thence wrote a long official letter to General Conway, then Secretary of State, informing him that, although he had got so far in safety, yet he had reason to believe, that the remainder of his route was so beset with his inexorable enemies, that, without government protection, he would not be able to escape. He therefore formally claimed the protection of the king, and further desired, that a party of cavalry should be ordered to protect him to Dover!

It is needless to add, that General Conway wrote to him to say, that his postilion was a safeguard to him throughout the British dominions.

DEAN SWIFT.

Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middle classes, which led them to make an appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving this folly in those persons for whom he had an esteem, the following instance has been recorded. When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been soliciting subscriptions for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a laced waistcoat, a bagged wig, and other fopperies. Swift received him with the same ceremonies as if he had been a stranger. "And pray, Sir," said he, "what are your commands with me?" "I thought it was my duty, Sir," replied George, "to wait on

you immediately on my arrival from London." "Pray, Sir, who are you?" "George Faulkner, the printer, Sir." "You George Faulkner, the printer! why you are the most impudent, bare-faced scoundrel of an impostor, I have ever met with! George Faulkner is a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will immediately send you to the House of Correction." Away went George as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, he returned to the Deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend, George," says the Dean, "I am glad to see you returned safe from London. Why here has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a laced waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you; but I soon sent him away with a flea in his ear."

Standing one morning at the window of his study, the Dean observed a decent old woman offer a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, in an insolent and surly manner. The woman however, pressed her suit, with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose soul was compassionate, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate, her misery. He waited most anxiously for the servant to bring the paper; but to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The Dean again looked out. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her situation, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to

ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and returned the paper with the utmost *sang froid* and indifference. The Dean could bear it no longer; he threw up the sash, and loudly demanded what the paper contained. "It is a petition, please your reverence," replied the woman. "Bring it up, rascal," cried the enraged Dean. The servant, surprised and petrified, obeyed. With Swift, to know distress was to pity it; to pity, to relieve. The poor woman was instantly made happy, and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct. "The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty; which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharge him." Such were the consequences of this paper, that for seven years the fellow was an itinerant beggar; after which the Dean forgave him; and in consequence of another paper, equally singular, he was hired by Mr. Pope, with whom he lived till his death.

STERNE.

Sterne told the following story of himself.—"I happened to be acquainted with a young man who had been bound apprentice to a stationer in Yorkshire: he had just then finished his time, set up in London, and had rented a window in one of the alleys in the city. I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement on it with a wafer:—

"Epigrams, Anagrams, Paragrams, Chronograms, Monograms, Epitaphs, Epithilamiums, Prologues,

Epilogues, Madrigals, Interludes, Advertisements, Letters, Petitions, Memorials on every occasion, Essays on all Subjects, Pamphlets for or against the Ministry, with Sermons upon any Text, or for any Sect, to be written here on reasonable Terms, by

A. B. PHILOLOGER."

The uncommonness of the titles occasioned numerous applications; and at night I used privately to glide into my office to digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earnests, which were directed always to be left with the memorandums; the writing to be paid for on delivery, according to the subject.

The ocean of vice and folly that opened itself to my view, during the period I continued in this odd department of life, shocked and disgusted me so much, that the very moment I had realised a small sum, and discharged the rent of my pane, I closed the horrid scene.

An incident occurred in the early part of Sterne's life, which contributed much to establish his reputation for wit. There was a coffee-room, in the principal inn in the town in which he resided, where gentlemen who frequented the house might read the newspapers; one of the greatest enjoyments of Yorick's life was spending an inoffensive hour in a snug corner of this room. There was a troop of horse at that time quartered in the town; one of the officers was a young man, not destitute of good qualities, but remarkable for his freedom of conversation and pointed reflections against the clergy. The modest Yorick was often constrained to hear toasts he could not approve, and

conversations shocking to the ear of delicacy, and was frequently obliged to move his seat or pretend deafness. The captain, resolving this conduct should no longer avail him, seated himself by Yorick, so as to prevent his retreat, and immediately began a profane tale, at the expense of the clerical profession, with his eyes fixed steadfastly on Yorick, who pretended for some time not to notice his ill-manners; when that became impossible, he turned to the military intruder, and gravely said, "Sir, I'll tell you my story:—My father is an officer, and is so brave himself, that he is fond of every thing else that is brave, even his dog: you must know we have at this time one of the finest creatures in the world of his kind; the most spirited, yet the best natured that can be imagined; so lively, that he charms every body; but he has a trick that throws a strong shade over all his good qualities."

"Pray, what may that be?" interrogated the officer.

"He never sees a clergyman, but he instantly flies at him."

"How long has he had that trick?"

"Why, Sir," replied the divine, with a significant look, "*ever since he was a puppy.*"

The man of war for once blushed; and after a pause, "Doctor," said he, "I thank you for your hint; give me your hand: I'll never rail at a clergyman again as long as I live."

These, and a number of pleasant repartees, always conducted with temper, and strongly enforced with good sense, established his character as a first wit, and perfect master of humour in the country.

About this time, Sterne printed the first two volumes of Tristram Shandy, at York, and sent a

parcel of them up to a bookseller in London; they were unknown, and scarcely advertised; but, thus friendless, made their way to the closet of every person of taste, and introduced their author to the tables of the most distinguished persons in the kingdom.

ABERNETHY.

Every body must recollect instances of having thought upon subjects till the memory of all the particulars was gone. When an author writes an original book, upon any subject that requires close and profound thinking, the chance is, that he will know less of what is in the book after he has just finished writing it, than an intelligent reader after he has just glanced it over. "Don't ask me about that, for I have written upon it," was an habitual saying with a veteran both in science and literature; and Abernethy's constant reference of his patients to "My book," had philosophy in it, whether he understood that philosophy or not.

GALLAND.

The Sieur Galland, translator of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," greatly disgusted readers of taste by the publication of his first two volumes, which were half filled with the foolish questions and answers of the sisters Scheherazade and Dinarzade. To ridicule this nonsense, some young men, in the middle of a sharp frosty night, combined, by all manner of noises before the house of Galland, to keep him at the window. After teazing him a long time while he stood shivering at his window, one of them

said to him, "Dear sister, if you be not asleep, I pray you till break of day, which is near at hand, go on with that agreeable story which you began." Poor Galland, finding his own words so unmercifully turned against him, shut his window, and consulting his pillow, published the tales in his succeeding volumes, without any more such absurd introductions.

WYCHERLEY.

Wycherley used to read himself asleep at night, either in Montaigne, Rochefoucault, Seneca, or Gracian; for those were his favourite authors. He would read one or other of them in the evening; and the next morning, perhaps, write a copy of verses on some subject similar to what he had been reading; and have all the thoughts of his author, only expressed in a different mode, and that without knowing that he was obliged to any one for a single thought in the whole poem. Pope found this in him several times; for he visited him for a whole winter, almost every evening and morning, and considered it as one of the strangest phenomena that he ever observed in the human mind.

DR. JOHNSON.

When Dr. Johnson was busily engaged in the compilation of his Dictionary, Dr. Adams one day honoured him with a call, and the following dialogue occurred:—

Adams.—This is a great work, Sir: how are you to get all the etymologies?

Johnson.—Why, Sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh

gentleman, who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh.

Adams.—But, Sir, how can you do this in three years?

Johnson.—Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years.

Adams.—But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their dictionary.

Johnson.—Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

It is said of Johnson, that he never could withhold whatever he had in his pockets from the appeals of humanity. His house was ever an asylum for the afflicted; and for several years he maintained three old ladies, who were reduced, by misfortunes, to extreme poverty in the winter of their lives. The following anecdote confirms his general character. Walking one morning over some fields near Lichfield, he met a boy about fifteen years of age, whose appearance exhibited the extreme of poverty and wretchedness. He asked charity of Dr. Johnson, who inquired why he could not work? his reply was, that he could get no employment. "Oh, if that's all," said the doctor, "follow me;" and taking him home with him, ordered his servants to buy him necessaries; "and give him," added he, "one of my coats, which, if too long, cut it shorter, and send him in to wait at dinner." This was accordingly done. We are sorry to add, that he proved unworthy of this kindness, and absconded the next morning, with

his new clothes, and a few other articles which he thought proper to make free with.

Macklin and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from the Irish.

Authors, though fond of having their own works read, are not often very anxious to hear those of others. Even Johnson appears to have quarrelled with a literary brother on that account, of whom he observed, "I never did the man an injury; *but he would read his tragedy to me!*"

DR. GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was a great novice in the common occurrences of life. Sitting one evening at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, he called for a mutton chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman near him, with whom he was intimately acquainted, showed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the Doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. "Stinking!" said Goldsmith; "in good truth, I do not smell it." "I never smelled any thing more unpleasant in my life," answered the gentleman; "the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat." "In good troth," said the

poet, relying on his judgment, "I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop as a punishment. The waiter resisted; but the Doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the Doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking that it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When the waiter had finished his repast, Goldsmith's friend burst into a loud laugh. "What ails you now?" asked the poet. "Indeed, my good friend," said the other, "I could never think that any man whose knowledge of letters is so extensive as yours, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour: the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life." "Was it?" said Dr. Goldsmith, "then I will never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you."

A common female beggar once asked alms of Dr. Goldsmith, as he walked with a friend up Fleet-street. He generously gave her a shilling. His companion, who knew something of the woman, censured the bard for his excess of humanity, adding, that the shilling was much misapplied, for she would spend it in liquor. "If it makes her happy in any way," replied the Doctor, "my end is answered."

As another proof that the Doctor's humanity was not always regulated by discretion, it may be stated, that being once much pressed by his tailor for a bill of forty pounds, a day was fixed for payment. Goldsmith procured the money, but Mr. Glover calling on him, and relating a piteous tale of

his goods being seized for rent, the thoughtless but benevolent Doctor gave him the whole of the money. The tailor called, and was told, that if he had come a little sooner he would have received the money, but he had just parted with every shilling of it to a friend in distress, adding, "I should have been an unfeeling monster not to have relieved distress when in my power."

A voluminous author was one day expatiating on the advantages of employing an amanuensis, and thus saving time and the trouble of writing. "How do you manage it?" said Goldsmith "Why, I walk about the room, and dictate to a clever man, who puts down very correctly all that I tell him, so that I have nothing to do, more than just to look over the manuscript, and then send it to the press."

Goldsmith was delighted with the information, and desired his friend to send the amanuensis the next morning. The scribe accordingly waited upon the Doctor, with the implements of pens, ink, and paper placed in order before him, ready to catch the oracle. Goldsmith paced the room with great solemnity, several times, for some time; but, after racking his brains to no purpose, he put his hand into his pocket, and, presenting the amanuensis with a guinea, said, "It won't do, my friend, I find that my head and hand must go together."

BUTLER.

The most agreeable writers are not always the most pleasing in their behaviour, or witty in conversation. When "Hudibras" came out, it soon became

the general favourite, and the "merry monarch Charles II." was never without a copy in his poeket, The Earl of Dorset, who was considered as the Mecænas of his time, concluding that the author of so inimitable a performance must be as amusing in his discourse as fascinating in his works, expressed a desire to Mr. Fleetwood Shepherd, to spend an evening in Butler's company. Accordingly, Mr. Shepherd brought them together at a tavern, as if by accident, and without mentioning his lordship's quality to the poet. Mr. Butler, while the first bottle was drinking, appeared very flat and heavy; at the second bottle, brisk and lively, full of wit and learning, and a most pleasant, agreeable companion; but before the third bottle was finished, he sunk again into such deep stupidity and dulness, that hardly any body could have believed him to be the author of a book which abounded with so much wit, learning, and pleasantry. Next morning, when Mr. Shepherd asked his lordship's opinion of Mr. Butler, the Earl answered, "He is like a nine-pin, little at both ends, but great in the middle."

THOMAS.

It is rather humiliating to perceive that those who have undertaken to instruct the public have not always paid careful attention to truth; and it is amusing, when even what may be expected to prove false, turns out correct. When Isaiah Thomas, of Massachusetts, was printing his Almanack for 1780, one of the boys asked him what he should put opposite the 12th of July. Mr. Thomas, being engaged, replied, "Any thing, any thing." The boy

returned to the office, and set, "Rain, hail, and snow." The country was all amazement: the day arrived, when it actually rained hailed, and snowed violently. From that time "Thomas's Almanack" was in great demand.

HUME.

It is a curious fact, that when Hume was complimented by a noble marquis on the correctness of his style, particularly in his "History of England," he observed, "if it had shown any peculiar correctness, it was owing to the uncommon care he took in the execution of his work, as he wrote it over three times before he sent it to the press." Yet, notwithstanding his extreme care, he made a most egregious blunder; for having inserted in his history, that if ever the national debt came up to *one hundred millions*, this country would be ruined, he was asked by a friend how he could make such a mistake, seeing that the debt was then far above that sum, and likely to be much more. "Owing to a mistake, Sir," says he, "common to *writers by profession*, who are often obliged to adopt statements on the authority of other people."

DANTE.

An old author mentions an anecdote of Dante, which forcibly illustrates the studious ardour of his mind. Having gone one day to the house of a bookseller, from one of whose windows he was to be a spectator of a public show exhibited in the square below, he, by chance, took up a book, in which he

soon got so absorbed, that on returning home, after the spectacle was over, he solemnly declared he had neither seen nor heard any thing whatever of all that had taken place before his eyes.

ADDISON.

When Addison lodged in Kensington-square, he read over some of "Montaigne's Essays," and finding little or no information in the chapters of what their titles promised, he closed the book more confused than satisfied.

"What think you of this famous French author?" said a gentleman present.

"Think!" said he, smiling. "Why that a pair of manacles, or a stone doublet, would probably have been of some service to that author's infirmity."

"Would you imprison a man for singularity in writing?"

"Why let me tell you," replied Addison, "if he had been a horse he would have been pounded for straying, and why he ought to be more favoured because he is a man, I cannot understand."

LEYDEN.

Of the unconquerable industry of Dr. John Leyden, the following anecdote is related by Sir John Malcolm:—"He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life; but though all his friends endeavoured, at this period, to prevail upon him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain. He used, when unable to sit upright, to

prop himself up with pillows, and continue his translations. One day that I was sitting by his bed-side, the surgeon came in. "I am glad you are here," said Mr. Anderson, addressing himself to me, "you will be able to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and I now repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies, and remain quiet."—"Very well, Doctor," exclaimed Leyden; "you have done your duty, but you must now hear me; *I cannot be idle;* and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last;" and he actually continued, under the depression of a fever and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.

GARRICK.

The vanity of David Garrick was insatiate; and being so visible to all, they had but to administer to this weakness, and they achieved their point. Mallet, who wrote the "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," wishing to have his tragedy of "Elvira" brought forward, adopted this mode. Having waited upon him one day, after the common salutation, Mr. Garrick asked him what then employed his studies. "Why, upon my word," said Mallet, "I am eternally fatigued with preparing and arranging materials for the Life of the great Duke of Marlborough; my nights and days are occupied with that history; and you know, Mr. Garrick, that it is a very bright and interesting period in the British annals. But hark'ye my friend, do you know that I have found out a very pretty snug niche in it for you?"—"Hey! how's that? a niche for me!" said the manager, turning quickly upon him, his eyes sparkling with unusual fire; "how

could you bring me into the history of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough?"—"That's my business, my dear friend," rejoined Mallet, "but I tell you I have done it."—"Well, Mallet, you have the art of surprising your friends in the most unexpected and the politest manner: but why won't you now, who are so well qualified, write something for the stage? You should relax, you know! for I am sure the theatre is a mere matter of diversion; a pleasure to you."—"Why," said the other, "to tell you the truth, I have, whenever I could rob the Duke of an hour or so, employed myself in adapting La Motte's 'Ines de Castro' to the English stage; and here it is." The manager embraced "Elvira" with rapture, and brought it forward with all expedition.

A gentleman of the law, who could not miss such an opportunity of laughing at Mr. Garrick's preposterous vanity, met him one day, and told him he had been applied to by the booksellers to publish an edition of the Statutes at Large, and he hoped he should find a snug niche in them to introduce him.

ORME.

When this intelligent historian presided in the export warehouse of Madras, Mr. Davidson, who acted under him, was one morning at breakfast asked by Mr. Orme of what *profession his father was?* He replied, that he was a saddler. "And pray," said Orme, "why did he not make you a saddler?" "I was always whimsical," said Davidson, "and rather chose to try my fortune as you have done, in the East India Company's service. But pray, Sir," continued he, "what profession was *your* father?" "My father," answered

the historian, rather sharply, was a gentleman." "And why," retorted Davidson, with great simplicity, "did he not breed you up a gentleman?"

MOREL.

The entire absorption of the mind in one object has often been seen among authors, but perhaps never more so than in connexion with Frederick Morel, the translator of *Libanius*. While engaged in that work, some one went and told him that his wife, who had long been ill, wished much to speak with him. "I have only," said he, "two periods to translate, and I will then see her." A second messenger informed him that she was on the very point of death." I have not more than two words to finish," said he; "return to her; I shall be there as soon as you." A third messenger immediately followed with an account of her death. "I am very sorry," he replied, "she was a very good woman." He then continued his translation.

GASSENDI.

Gassendi, the celebrated philosopher, was, perhaps, one of the hardiest students that ever existed. In general, he rose at three o'clock in the morning, and read or wrote till eleven, when he received the visits of his friends. He afterwards, at twelve, made a very slender dinner, at which he drank nothing but water, and sat down to his books again at three. There he remained till eight o'clock, when, after having eaten a very light supper, he retired to bed at ten o'clock. Gassendi was a great repeater of verses in the several

languages with which he was conversant. He made it a rule every day to repeat six hundred. He could repeat six thousand Latin verses, besides all Lucretius, which he had by heart. He used to say, "that it is with the memory as with all other habits. Do you wish to strengthen it, or prevent its being enfeebled, as it generally happens when a man is growing old, exercise it continually, and in very early life get as many fine verses by heart as you can: they amuse the mind, and keep it in a certain degree of elevation, that inspires dignity and grandeur of sentiment." The principles of moral conduct that he laid down for the direction of his life were, to know and fear God; not to be afraid of death; and to submit quietly to it whenever it should happen; to avoid idle hopes, as well as idle fears; not to defer till tomorrow any undertaking that may be fulfilled to-day; to desire nothing but what is necessary; and to govern the passions by reason and good sense.

PENNANT.

The late Mr. Pennant, author of the "Tours," &c. had some whimsical peculiarities, and even eccentricities. Among the latter may be classed his singular antipathy to a wig, which, however, he could suppress till reason yielded to wine,—but when this was the case, off went the wig next him into the fire. Dining once at Chester with an officer, who wore a wig, Mr. Pennant became half-seas-over; and another friend that was in company carefully placed himself between Pennant and the wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it on the

burning coals. It was in flames in a moment, and so was the officer, who ran to his sword. Down stairs ran Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester: but Pennant, from his superior knowledge of topography, escaped. This was whimsically enough called, *Pennant's Tour through Chester.*

NEWTON.

The extreme accuracy of research of Sir Isaac Newton is deserving of notice, in the preparation of his chronology of ancient kingdoms, in which he occupied a portion of the long lapse of thirty years, in reading over every work that had reference to his design, besides writing the work itself sixteen times over with his own hand.

In this he surpassed the so much boasted labour of Demosthenes, who copied Thucydides eight times, in order to become familiar with the style of that great historian.

HEARNE.

The following humorous anecdote is taken from a publication by the late laureat Warton, entitled, "A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion; being a Supplement to all the Accounts of Oxford hitherto published." Having noticed an antique pot-house, known by the historical sign of Whittington and his Cat, Mr. Warton proceeds with his story: "Here that laborious antiquarian, Mr. Thomas Hearne, one evening suffered himself to be overtaken in liquor. But, it should be remembered,

that this accident was more owing to his love of antiquity than of ale. It happened that the kitchen where he and his companion were sitting, was neatly paved with sheep's trotters, disposed in various compartments. After one pipe, Mr. Hearne, consistently with his usual gravity and sobriety, proposed to depart; but his friend, who was inclined to enjoy more of his company, artfully observed, that the floor on which they were then sitting, was no less than an original tesselated Roman pavement. Out of respect to classic ground, and on recollection that the Stunsfield Roman pavement, on which he had just published a dissertation, was dedicated to Bacchus, our antiquary cheerfully complied; an enthusiastic fit of transport seized his imagination; he fell on his knees, and kissed the sacred earth, on which, in a few hours, and after a few tankards, by a sort of sympathetic attraction, he was obliged to repose for some part of the evening. His friend was probably in the same condition; but two printers, accidentally coming in, conducted Mr. Hearne, between them, to Edmund Hall, with much state and solemnity.

CRUDEN.

Alexander Cruden, the laborious compiler of an excellent "Concordance to the Holy Scriptures," was subject to a strange mental malady. He subsisted by correcting the press, and had a very accurate judgment on literary subjects, as well as a great sense of religion; and yet he was guilty at times of such extravagancies, that his friends caused him to be confined in a mad-house.

After he was liberated, he brought an action in the King's Bench against his sister, Dr. Monro, and others, for false imprisonment. The cause was tried at Westminster Hall, July 17th, 1738, and ended with the evidence of the celebrated Mr. Bradbury, of Pinner's Hall, who, to prove Cruden's insanity, related the following anecdote :—

Mr. Bradbury had one evening prepared an excellent supper for several friends ; but the moment it was served on the table, Mr. Cruden made his appearance in the room, heated with walking. It happened that Bradbury's favourite dish, a turkey, was smoking at one end of the table, and before the company could be seated, Cruden advanced, put back his wig, and with both hands plunged in the gravy, began to wash his head and face over the bird, to the no small mortification of the whole company. When Mr. Bradbury had finished his story, Cruden abruptly addressed the chief justice, and said : "My Lord, don't believe a word that man says ; he is very well in the pulpit at Pinner's Hall, but he is not a proper evidence in this court."

DOCTOR SHEBBEARE.

When Lord Melcombe (then Bubb Doddington) was in the train of the late Princess Dowager of Wales, he observed one day a pamphlet lying in one of the ante-chambers, which, upon perusal, he found reflected very sharply on many of the characters and intrigues of the Court. The Princess saw him reading it, and asked him what he thought of it? He replied, " That it was a very artful, libellous, performance, and might occasion some prejudices against her

Royal Highness's servants if not immediately answered ; and if your Royal Highness, said he, will permit me to take it home, I believe I could answer it myself." The Princess thanked him for his kindness, and he took the book with him.

However, not having time, or perhaps inclination, to fulfil his promise, he sent for Dr. Shebbeare, (with whom he had some intimacy, and whom he knew to be an author *by profession*,) and told him if he had leisure to sit down and answer that pamphlet, he would be obliged to him, and he should be well paid into the bargain. Shebbeare, running his eye rather carelessly over the book, said it should be done. " Aye, but," said Doddington, " I wish to have it done well, as I have undertaken it immediately under the sanction of the Princess ; and to tell you the truth, though I have a very good opinion of your general knowledge, I am afraid you do not readily see the jut of this fellow's reasoning." Shebbeare, a little nettled at this, threw down the book in a kind of passion, and exclaimed, " Why this is harsh censure, not to allow an author to understand his own work." " What do you mean?" said Doddington, quite astonished. " Why, I mean to say, I wrote this pamphlet, and therefore I think I know how best to answer it."

MENAGE.

Literary men have often thought very erroneously on the value of solitude. It is true that retirement is essential to true greatness ; but it is equally necessary that we should enjoy society to preserve the animal spirits, and to give the polish to our productions which shall make them acceptable. When

Menage, attacked by some, and abandoned by others, was seized by a fit of the spleen, he retreated into the country, and gave up his famous Mercuriales; those Wednesdays when the literati assembled at his house, to praise up or cry down one another, as is usual with the literary populace. Menage expected to find that tranquillity in the country which he had frequently described in his verses; but as he was only a poetical plagiarist, it is not strange that our pastoral writer was greatly disappointed. Some country rogues having killed his pigeons, they gave him more vexation than his critics. He hastened his return to Paris. "It is better," he observed, "since we are born to suffer, to feel only reasonable sorrows."

MADAME ROLAND.

On first reading Telemachus and Tasso, this lady had feelings of which she gives the following forcible description:—"My respiration rose; I felt a rapid fire colouring my face, and, my voice changing, had betrayed my agitation; I was Eucharis for Telemachus, and Erminia for Tancred; however, during this perfect transformation, I did not yet think that I myself was any thing for any one. The whole had no connexion with myself; I sought for nothing around me; I was them, I saw only the objects which existed for them; it was a dream without being awakened."

SAMUEL DREW

The late Samuel Drew, whose metaphysical talents few men will be found to dispute, was of very hum-

ble origin, and had originally a very uncouth as well as mean mode of dress. When a youth, he strolled into a bookseller's shop in Truro, to ask for Plato on the Soul. Some military officers, who were lounging in the shop looked at him with surprise ; and one of them said, " Mr. ——— has not got Plato, my man ; but here (presenting him with a child's primer) is a book he thinks likely to be more serviceable to you ; and as you do not seem to be overstocked with cash, I'll make you a present of it." Mr. Drew thanked him for his professed kindness, and added some remark, unhappily forgotten, which caused the military gentleman to retreat with precipitation and shame.

MADAME DACIER.

Modesty usually accompanies true merit. When the celebrated Madame Dacier was once travelling in Germany, she was visited by a learned man of that country, who requested her to imitate the example of literary men, and write her name in a book he presented for that purpose. She very unaffectedly replied that, to do so would be the highest presumption, and that she was unworthy to appear in such company. At length, overcome by his solicitations, she took the pen and wrote her name, placing beneath it a verse from Sophocles, intimating that silence is one of the brightest ornaments of the female character.

PROUD AUTHORS.

The self-exultations of authors, frequently employed by injudicious writers, place them in ridicu-

lous attitudes. A writer of a bad dictionary, which he intended for a Cyclopædia, formed such an opinion of its extensive sale, that he put on the title-page the words, *First Edition*—a hint to the gentle reader that it would not be the last. Desmarest was so delighted with his "Clovis," an Epic Poem, that he solemnly concludes his preface with a thanksgiving to God, to whom he attributes all its glory! This is like that conceited member of a French parliament, who was overheard, after his tedious harangue, muttering most devoutly to himself, *Non nobis, Domine.*

POPE.

Mr. Pope never flattered any one for money in the whole course of his writing. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's writings. He did not want money, but he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in his desire, and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much; but Mr. Pope would never comply with such a baseness: and when he died, he left him a legacy of only a hundred pounds; which might have been some thousands, if he had obliged him only with a couplet.

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Homer, it is said, had such an aversion to natural music, that he could never be prevailed on to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook; nevertheless, he sang his own ballads, though not in the character of a mendicant, as recorded by Zoilus.

VIRGIL was so fond of salt, that he seldom went without a box-full in his pocket, which he made use of from time to time, as men of the present day use tobacco.

ZOROASTER, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

SHAKSPEARE, though one of the most generous of men, was a great higgler. He was often known to dispute with a shopkeeper for half an hour on the matter of a penny. He gives Hotspur credit for a portion of his own disposition, when he makes him say, "I would cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

PETER CORNEILLE, the greatest wit of his time, so far as concerns his works, was remarkably stupid in conversation, as was also Addison, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived.

HANDEL was such a miser, that at the very time he was in the receipt of fifty pounds a night from the Opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month, to save the expense of washing.

SAMUEL ROGERS is an inveterate punster, albeit from his poetry one might suppose him to be the gravest man in Christendom. He has one peculiarity that distinguishes him from all poets, past, present, and to come; i. e. *three hundred thousand pounds.*

YOUNG wrote his "Night Thoughts" with a scull, and a candle in it, before him. His own scull was luckily in the room, or very little aid would have been yielded by the other.

Doctor YOUNG was fond of coffee in an afternoon: till, finding it prejudicial to his nerves, he intimated his intention of abstaining from it. His grandson, who was then a little boy, inquired into the particular motive that led him to this resolution. "My reason is," answered the Doctor, "because it keeps me awake at night. I can't sleep for it."—"Then I beg you, Sir, not to leave off your coffee; otherwise you will give us no more *Night Thoughts*."

It is said that DRYDEN was always cupped and physicked previous to a grand effort at tragedy.

BEMBO had a desk of forty divisions, through which his sonnets passed in succession, before they were published; and at each transition they received correction.

MILTON used to sit leaning back obliquely in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the elbow of it. He frequently composed lying in bed in the morning; but when he could not sleep, and lay awake whole nights, not one verse could he make; at other times, his unpremeditated lines flowed easy, with a certain impetus and œstrum, as himself used to believe. Then, whatever the hour, he rang for his daughter to commit them to paper. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number. These may appear trifles; but such trifles assume a sort of greatness, when related of what is great.

Thuanus tells us, that TASSO was frequently seized with violent fits of distraction; which yet did not prevent him writing excellent verses. LUCRETIUS, also, "running distracted by drinking a love-potion, wrote some books during his lucid intervals."

It has been said, that it was not without great application and labour that MALHERBE produced his

poetical performances. This is seen in the following passage in "Balzac's Letters to Conrart:"—"At last it is finished; I mean the discourse which I mentioned to you in my last letter, and which is one of the five that I promised you. It has fatigued, it has exhausted me. Though you may tell me, this is still to be more easily satisfied than was that honest man, whom I so often quote to you. He blotted half a ream of paper in making and retrenching one single stanza. If you are curious to know which stanza it was, it begins with—

'Comme en cueillant une guirlande,
L'homme est d'autant plus travaille.'

"What pains do we take in such trifles! trifles moral and political, in French and in Latin, in prose and in verse!" This good man was Malherbe; for we find the lines in his Poesies, liv. 4.

Balzac also tells us, that Malherbe, the best French poet of his time, "said the most genteel things in the world; but he did not say them with a good grace, and he was the worst reciter of his age. He spoiled his fine verses in reading them; besides that, one could scarcely hear him for the impediment in his speech and the lowness of his voice. He spat at least six times in reciting a stanza of four lines; and it was this habit which caused the Cavalier Marin to say of him, that he had never seen so moist a man, or so dry a poet."

The habits and peculiarities of authors in almost every branch of literature have, in many instances, been sufficiently ridiculous. Rousseau, for instance, could write only when dressed in the highest style of refinement, and with crow-pens, on tinted or gilt

paper. Dr. Samuel Johnson was almost the only author of the last century who could write at any time and under any circumstances. In recent times, and in the present day, we find the greater proportion of authors free from the peculiarities which were fashionable among their predecessors; occupying half their time with some ordinary pursuit, and taking up the pen in most cases in the intervals of business. The chief composers of music were, in general, still more affected and impassioned in their feelings than the authors of the last century, and were apparently unable to compose, unless under great excitement. It is seen from the "Harmonicon," that Gluck, in order to warm his imagination, and transport himself in idea to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him, and a bottle of champagne by his side, he wrote his two Iphigenias, his Orpheus, and other works. Sarti, on the contrary, required a spacious, dark room, dimly illuminated by a large lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the most silent hours of night that he could summon musical ideas. Cimarosa, it seems, was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently, in the course of a single night, he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends. Cherubini was also in the habit of composing when surrounded with company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the *pips* with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices; for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though certainly not equally great with both. Sacchini could not write

a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gambolling about him. PAISIELLO composed in bed; and it was there that he planned *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*, *La Molinara*, and other *chefs-d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. ZINGARELLI would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the Fathers of the Church, or in some Latin classic. HAYDN, who was lofty in his conceptions, required a peculiar, but a harmless species of excitement. Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which, he said, was necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eernstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter composed with great facility, and was so borne or hurried along, that his brain resembled a high-pressure engine, the steam of which was perpetually up every time he entered his study, and lifted a pen. Latterly he dictated, and we have heard his amanuensis say that he paced the apartment under great emotion, and appeared more like a rapt seer than an ordinary mortal, while composing the celebrated dialogue between the Templar and the fair Rebecca. Mr. William Laidlaw is himself a man of genius, feeling, and taste; such was the effect upon his own nerves, that he frequently paused and placed his hands on his temples, from excess of sym-

pathy; so that we might say of his racked faculties much more truly than was said of Prior, after his converse with the literary and titled great,—

> ———"Strain'd to the height
> In that celestial colloquy sublime,
> Dazzled and spent, sunk down and sought repair."

There are authors, as there are painters, whose forte resides in the bold off-hand style of composition, and who produce by breadth of outline and touch what others supply by laborious, minute, and finished execution. If the works of one look best at a distance, and are injured by being held too closely to the eye, those of the other rise in our estimation the nearer we approach them, and amply repay the most leisurely and microscopic examination. Sir Walter went to work like Sir Henry Rackburn, and exercised the same witchery in the management of words that his cotemporary did in lights and shadows. Washington Irving, to take only one example is a painter of quite a different cast; every thing with him is delicate and studied, and in giving the palm to his manner, we must still contend that his matter suffers correspondingly in vigour, variety, and originality.

Sir Walter is said to have taken no pride in the wonderful creations of his genius, but at the same time he was extremely vain of his title of sheriff of the county.

EDITOR OF JOHN BULL.

When the *John Bull* newspaper first started, many gentlemen felt offended with the freedom of its remarks. A gallant Colonel, a near relation of an illustrious house, taking amiss some freedom of

the editor, determined to curb his wit by a smart application of the horsewhip. Well, the Colonel, full of martial fury, walked himself off to the *John Bull* office, in Fleet-street, burning with revenge, grasping in his right hand the riding-master's whip of the regiment. Intimating his wish to see the editor, he was politely shown into a room, and informed that the editor would wait on him instantly. Like a chafed lion, he walked up and down the room during the interval, flourishing his weapon of vengeance; when the door opened, and in marched an individual of the Brobdignag species, clad in a thick white fuzzy great-coat, his chin buried in a red cotton handkerchief, with a broad oil-skin hat upon his head, and a most suspicious-looking oak stick under his arm. "What might you want with *me*, Sir?" asked this engaging-looking individual. "I wished to see the editor." "*I* am the editor, Sir, at your *sarwiss*," said the Brobdignag, taking from his vest his stick of about the thickness and size of a clothes-prop. "Indeed!" ejaculated the Colonel, edging away towards the door; "oh, another time."—"Whenever you please, Sir;" and the parties separated.

SOUTH.

Dr. South had a dispute with Dr. Sherlock, on some subject of divinity. Sherlock accused him of making use of wit in the controversy; South in his reply observed, that had it pleased God to have made him (Dr. Sherlock) a wit, he wished to know what he would have done.

DANGEAU.

When Dangeau, a Parisian author, heard that all rank and merit were threatened with destruction on the breaking out of the Revolution, he exclaimed, "Well, come what will, I have two hundred verbs, well conjugated, in my escrutoir!"

A POOR AUTHOR.

A poor but high-spirited author once presented a book to King James the second, in the Great chamber at Whitehall, as he passed from the chapel, but omitted the usual ceremony of kneeling to the King. The Duke of Richmond, who was in attendance, said, "Sir, where did you learn manners, not to kneel?" The author replied, "If it please your Grace, I do GIVE now: but when I come to BEG any thing, then will I kneel."

LEXICOGRAPHERS.

Littleton, the author of the Latin and English Dictionary, seems to have indulged his favourite propensity to punning, so far as even to introduce a pun in the grave and elaborate work of a lexicon. A story has been raised to account for it; and it has been ascribed to the impatient interjection of the lexicographer to his scribe, who, taking no offence at the peevishness of his master, put it down in the Dictionary. The article alluded to is, "CONCURRO, to run with others; to run together; to come together; to fall foul on one another; to CON-*cur*, to CON-*dog*."

Mr. Todd, in his Dictionary, has laboured to show

the "inaccuracy of this pretended narrative." Yet a similar blunder appears to have happened to Ash. Johnson, while composing his Dictionary, sent a note to the "Gentleman's Magazine," to inquire the etymology of the word *curmudgeon.* Having obtained the information, he records in his work the obligation to an anonymous letter-writer. "Curmudgeon, a vitious way of pronouncing *cœur mechant:* an unknown correspondent." Ash copied the word into his Dictionary in this manner: "Curmudgeon; from the French *cœur,* unknown; and *mechant,* a correspondent." This singular negligence ought to be placed in the class of our *literary blunders.*

NEWMAN.

In 1643, Newman's Concordance, usually called the *Cambridge Concordance,* was published. He revised this book after he settled at Rehoboth, in America, using pine-knots to light him in the night, instead of candles.

CANOVA.

Many authors have fancied particular hours of the day, or particular seasons of the year, as more propitious to the flights of genius. Love-sick swains seek woods and groves, and purling streams, to pour out the overflowings of passion. Canova fancied the sun of Italy alone propitious to his genius; a clouded sky or a foggy atmosphere cast a gloom on his spirits which he could not overcome, so that even Paris was to him the grave of genius. Napoleon perceived that in the bust Canova made of him, and which is now in the possession of Baron Denon, there was

wanting that grand character which distinguished his works from the rest of modern sculptors, and observed to him that he did not think he had been happy in the execution of his work. "I feel it, Sire," replied Canova, "but I cannot help it; the clouded sky of France does not inspire me like the warm sun of Italy."

POPE.

When Pope was one evening at Burton's coffee-house, in company with Swift, Arbuthnot, and others, poring over a manuscript of the Greek Aristophanes, they found one sentence which they could not comprehend. As they talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conversation, and begged permission to look at the passage. "Oh," said Pope sarcastically, "by all means; pray let the young gentleman look at it." The officer took up the book, and remarked that there only wanted a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible. "And pray, Sir," asked Pope, who was a little deformed man, and who was evidently piqued at being outdone by a soldier, "what is a note of interrogation?" "A note of interrogation," replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, "is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

CELEBRATED HISTORIANS.

It cost Lord Lyttleton twenty years to write the "Life and History of Henry II.;" the historian Gibbon was twelve years in completing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" and Adam Smith occupied ten years in producing his "Wealth of Nations."

DAY.

One day, upon removing some books at the chamber of Sir William Jones, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said to Day, who was then paying him a visit, "Kill that spider, Day; kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with all that coolness for which he was so remarkable, "I will not kill that spider, Jones; I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose, when you are going in your coach to Westminster-hall, a superior being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, "Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!" how should you like that, Jones? and I am sure, that to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

In Edgeworth's Memoirs, it is related that Mr. Day bought a house and a small estate, called Stapleford Abbot, near Abridge, in Essex. The house was indifferent, and the land worse; the one he proposed to enlarge, the other to improve, according to the best and latest systems of agriculture. The house was of brick, with but one good room, and it was but ill adapted, in other respects, to the residence of a family. He built, at a considerable expense, convenient offices; also a small addition to the house.

When Day determined to dip his unsullied hands in mortar, he bought at a stall "Ware's Architecture;" this he read with persevering assiduity for three or four weeks before he began his operations. He had not, however, followed this new occupation a week before he became tired of it, as it completely

deranged his habits of discussion with Mrs. Day in their daily walks in the fields, or prevented their close application to books when in the house. Masons calling for supplies of various sorts, which had not been suggested in the great body of architecture that he had procured with so much care, annoyed the young builder exceedingly. Sills, lintels, door and window-cases, were wanting before they had been thought of; and the carpenter, to whose presence he had looked forward but at a distant period, was now summoned and hastily set to work, to keep the masons a-going. Mr. Day was deep in a treatise, written by some French agriculturist, to prove that any soil may be rendered fertile by sufficient ploughing, when the masons desired to know where he would have the window of the new room on the first floor. "I was present at the question," says Edgeworth, "and offered to assist my friend." No—he sat immoveable in his chair, and gravely demanded of the mason whether the wall might not be built first, and a place for the window cut out afterwards. The mason stared at Mr. Day with an expression of the most unfeigned surprise. "Why, Sir, to be sure, it is very possible; but I believe, Sir, it is more common to put in the window-cases while the house is building, and not afterwards."

Mr. Day, however, with great coolness, ordered the wall to be built without any opening for windows, which was done accordingly; and the addition which was made to the house was actually finished, leaving the room, which was intended for a dressing-room for Mrs. Day, without any window whatever. When it was sufficiently dry, the room was papered, and for some time candles were lighted in it whenever it was used. So it remained for two or three years; after-

wards Mrs. Day used it as a lumber-room, and at last the house was sold without any window having been opened in this apartment.

This strange neglect arose from two causes ; from Mr. Day's bodily indolence, and his mental activity ; he did not like to get up from his chair to give orders upon a subject on which he was but little interested, and he felt strongly intent upon the speculation which then occupied his mind.

EDGEWORTH.

Edgeworth was eccentric, and he had a sort of autobiographical history, which he seldom failed to give to every new acquaintance at the first introduction. It ran thus :—" Now, Sir, you know the great Mr. Edgeworth, and you may possibly wish to know something of his birth, parentage, and education. I shall first give you my reasons for being an Englishman, and then for being an Irishman, and I shall leave you your choice to call me which you please. I was born in England ; I married two English wives ; I have several children, who were born in England ; and I have a small property in England. Now my reasons for being an Irishman : I married three Irish wives ; I have a large estate in Ireland ; I have a number of Irish children ; my progenitors were Irish ; and I have lived most of my life in Ireland. Sir, I am a man who despises vulgar prejudice ; for two of my wives are alive, and two, who are dead, were sisters."

Another eccentricity of this whimsical individual we give in a conversation which took place on his

first introduction to a gentleman who related the anecdote. This person having called to visit the great man, and names being announced by a third party, Mr. Edgeworth instantly turned round to a lady who was present, and said, "My dear, for what purpose have I those galloshes at the fire?" "To air," answered the lady. "But why to air?" asked he. "For the purpose of wearing them," she replied. "But for what purpose to wear them?" "In order to visit that gentleman." "There, Sir," cried he, "ever while you live call witnesses to your conduct, instead of speaking on it yourself. Had I told you why these galloshes are at the fire, you might not have believed me. By the way, I wonder what is the derivation of the word galloshes?" The visitor seeing him so well inclined to sportiveness, was willing to humour him, and said, "The word was probably derived from some one's having exclaimed, as he was kicking them off after a walk, *go, loose shoes.*" Mr. Edgeworth thought they might be "gala shoes," in King James's time, when the most extraordinary shoes were worn. In short, after a variety of Swiftian derivations, the dictionary was produced, and *galloshes* proved to be a Spanish word.

SHENSTONE.

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat in company with his Delia, (her real name was Wilmot,) when a man rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money," said the robber, "is not worth struggling for; you cannot be poorer than I am." "Unhappy man!" exclaimed Shenstone, throwing his

purse to him, "take it and fly as quick as possible." The man did so, threw his pistol in the water, and instantly disappeared. Shenstone ordered his foot-boy to follow the robber, and observe where he went. In two hours the boy returned and informed his master that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived; that he went to the door of his house, and peeping through the key-hole, saw the man throw the purse on the ground, and say to his wife, "Take the dear-bought price of my honesty;" then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone, on hearing this, lost no time in inquiring the man's character; and found that he was a labourer oppressed by want, and a numerous family; but had the reputation of being honest and industrious. Shenstone went to his house; the poor man fell at his feet, and implored mercy. The poet took him home with him, and provided him with employment.

HOGG.

James Hogg, popularly known by the name of the Ettrick Shepherd, one of the greatest peasant-poets that Scotland ever produced, could neither read nor write at the age of twenty. He passed a youth of poverty and hardship, but it was the youth of a lonely shepherd, among the most beautiful pastoral valleys in the world. His haunts were among scenes

> "The most remote and inaccessible
> By shepherds trod."

Living for years in this solitude, he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs, the brooks, the

caves, the hills, and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky, that to him came in the place of those human affections, from whose indulgence he was debarred by the necessities that keep him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain top. For many years, he seldom saw "the human face Divine," except once a week, when he came down from the mountains to renew his weekly store of provender.

To this youth of romantic seclusion, we may ascribe the fertility of his mind in images of external nature; images which are dear to him for the recollections which they bring, for the restoration of his early life. These images he has at all times a delight in poring out, and in all his descriptions they are lines of light or strokes of darkness, that at once captivate the imagination, and convince us that the sunshine, or the shadow, had travelled before the poet's eye.

IRELAND.

The late Mr. Samuel Ireland, originally a silk-merchant in Spitalfields, was led by his taste for literary antiquities to abandon trade for those pursuits, and published several elegant Tours, which may be regarded as of standard taste. One of them consisted of a Tour on the river Avon, during which he was led to explore, with ardent curiosity, every thing that related to Shakspeare. During this excursion he was accompanied by his son, a sprightly youth of sixteen, who imbibed a portion of his father's mania on the subject of Shakspeare. The youth, perceiving the great importance which his father attached to every relic of the poet, and the eagerness with

which he sought for any of his MS. remains, conceived that it would not be difficult to gratify his father by some productions of his own in the language and manner of the time. This idea possessed his mind for a certain period ; and, in 1793, being then in his eighteenth year, he produced some MSS., professed to be in the handwriting of Shakspeare, which he said had been given him by a gentleman possessed of many other old papers. The young man, being articled to a solicitor in Chancery, easily fabricated, in the first instance, the deed of mortgage from Shakspeare to Michael Fraser. The ecstacy which his father expressed urged him to the fabrication of other documents, described as coming from the same quarter. Emboldened by success, he adventured upon higher compositions in prose and verse ; and at length announced the discovery of an original drama under the title of "Vortigern," which he exhibited, act by act, written in the period of two months. Having provided himself with paper of the period, being the fly-leaves of old books, and with ink prepared by a bookbinder, no suspicion was entertained of deception. The father, who was a maniac upon such subjects, gave such eclat to the supposed discovery, that the attention of the literary world, and all England, was drawn to it ; insomuch that the son, who had announced other papers, found it impossible to retreat, and was goaded into the production of the series which he had announced. The house of Mr. Ireland, Norfolk-street, was crowded to excess by persons of the highest rank, and of the greatest celebrity in the republic of letters. The MSS. being generally decreed genuine, were considered as of inestimable worth, and at one time it was expected that parliament would have given any required sum

for them. Some conceited amateurs in literature at length sounded an alarm, which was supported by some of the newspapers and public journals; but at length Mr. Sheridan gave 600*l.* for permission to play "Vortigern" at Drury-lane Theatre. Such a house was never seen, and ten times more persons left the doors than could obtain admission. The pre-determined malcontents began an opposition from the outset; but some ill-cast characters converted grave scenes into ridicule, and a contest ensued between the believers and sceptics, which endangered the property. The piece, however, was withdrawn. The juvenile author was now so beset for full information, that he found it necessary to abscond from his father's house; and then, to put an end to the wonderful ferment which his harmless ingenuity had created, published a pamphlet, in which he honestly confessed the entire fabrication. Besides "Vortigern," this ingenious youth also produced a play of "Henry the Second;" and, although there were such incongruities in both as were inconsistent with Shakspeare's dramas, both plays contained passages of considerable beauty and originality. The ingenuous admissions of the son did not, however, screen the responsible father from obloquy, and the re-action of public opinion affected his fortunes and his health. Mr. Ireland, however, was the dupe of his zeal on such subjects; and the son never contemplated, at the outset, the unfortunate effect which took place; being exasperated by the enthusiasm of certain admirers of Shakspeare, some of whom, as Drs. Parr and Warton, fell on their knees before the papers, and, by their idolatry, inspired hundreds of others with similar enthusiasm. The juvenile author was filled with astonishment and alarm; but, at that stage, it was out of his power to

check it. Mr. Ireland died about 1802, and his son very recently.

SMOLLET.

A beggar asking Dr. Smollet for alms, he gave him, through mistake, a guinea. The poor fellow, on perceiving it, hobbled after him to return it; upon which, Smollet returned it to him, with another guinea as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, at the same time, "What a lodging has honesty taken up with!"

DR. HUGH BLAIR.

It will perhaps be believed with difficulty, that Dr. Blair was a very vain man. A gentleman one day met him in the street, and, in course of conversation, mentioned that his friend, Mr. Donald Smith, banker, was anxious to secure a seat in the High Church, that he might become one of Dr. Blair's congregation. "Indeed," continued this person, "my friend is quite anxious on this subject. He has tried many preachers, but he finds your sermons, Doctor, so superior in the graces of oratory, and so full of pointed observation of the world, that he cannot think of settling under any other than you." "I am very glad to hear that I am to have Mr. Smith for a hearer," said the preacher, with unconscious self-gratulation; "he is a very sensible man."

HON. R. BOYLE.

There is a traditional anecdote concerning Mr. Boyle, that he used to have it sometimes inscribed over his

door, "Mr. Boyle is not to be spoken with to-day." This was very proper in one who was often engaged in processes of the utmost importance, and which required an unremitted attention. Indeed, if literary men, in general, could find a rational method of preventing the interruption of needless morning visitors, it would be of service to the prosecution of many useful designs.

A CUMBERLAND CURATE.

The curacy of the village of Threlkeld, in Cumberland, was once in the possession of a clergyman remarkable for the oddity of his character. This gentleman, by name Alexander Naughley, was a native of Scotland. The curacy, in his time, was very poor, only 8*l.* 16*s.* yearly; but, as he lived the life of a Diogenes, it was enough. His dress was mean, and even beggarly: he lived alone, without a servant to do the meanest drudgery for him: his victuals he cooked himself, not very elegantly we may suppose: his bed was straw, with only two blankets. But with all these outward marks of a sloven, no man possessed a greater genius; his wit was ready, his satire keen and undaunted, and his learning extensive; added to this, he was a facetious and agreeable companion; and, though generally fond of the deepest retirement, would unbend among company, and become the chief promoter of mirth. He had an excellent library, and, at his death, left behind him several manuscripts, on various subjects, and of very great merit. These consisted of a "Treatise on Algebra," "Conic Sections," "Spherical Trigonometry," and other mathematical pieces. He had written some poetry; but most of this he destroyed before his death. His other productions

would have shared the same fate, had they not been kept from him by a person to whom he had intrusted them. The state they were found in is scarcely less extraordinary than his other oddities; being written upon sixty loose sheets, tied together with a shoemaker's waxed thread.

A PHILOSOPHER.

A learned philosopher being very busy in his study, a little girl came to ask him for some fire: "But," said the Doctor, "you have nothing to take it in;" and as he was going to fetch something for that purpose, the little girl stooped down at the fireplace, and taking some cold ashes in one hand, she put live embers on them with the other. The astonished Doctor threw down his book, saying, "With all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

RICHARDSON.

Richardson, the author of "Clarissa," &c., used to encourage diligence and early rising among his workmen, by leaving at night sometimes money and sometimes fruit in the letter-boxes.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLY.

Shelly had a pleasure in making paper boats, and floating them on the water. The "New Monthly" has the following curious anecdote on this subject:—So long as his paper lasted he remained rivetted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement: all waste paper was rapidly consumed; then the covers

of letters ; next letters of little value ; the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to the pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles, and he seldom went out without a book, the fly-leaves were commonly wanting ; he had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied Gopher wood ; but learning was so sacred in his eyes, that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy ; the work itself was always respected. It has been said, that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine River without the materials for indulging those inclinations which the sight of water invariably inspired ; for he had exhausted his supplies in the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a bank-post bill for fifty pounds : he hesitated long, but yielded at last ; he twisted it into a boat, with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favours those who frankly and fully trust her ; the north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where during the latter part of the voyage the venturous owner had waited its arrival with patient solicitude.

DR. ADAM SMITH.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets.

As an anecdote of the first peculiarity, it is related of him, that, having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkaldy, dressed in little besides his nightgown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awake until he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had, in reality, trudged along the king's highway all that distance in the pursuit of a certain train of ideas ; and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance, in a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader. It is told, as an example of the second peculiarity, that, on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the "Wealth of Nations," he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his housekeeper, who exercised a kind of control over him. It used to be related of him, that one day, as he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fishwomen, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Hech! and he's weel put on too;" that is, well dressed ; the idea of his being a gentleman having, of course, much increased her sympathy.

CHAPTER VI.

ASSOCIATES OF LITERARY MEN.

GROTIUS AND HIS WIFE.

Grotius having taken part in the political disputes which agitated his native country, Holland, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was condemned to imprisonment for life in the castle of Louvestein. The malice of his persecutors was, however, fortunately disappointed by the ingenuity of his wife. Having obtained permission to remove some books from the prison, she sent a large chest for the purpose; but instead of books, she deposited a more valuable treasure, the illustrious Grotius himself; and the gaoler having no suspicion, he was by this means enabled to make his escape.

Nothing more strongly marks the genius and fortitude of Grotius, than the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. It does honour to religion and to science, and eminently proves the consolations which are reserved for the good man. While in the prison of Louvestein he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy; which induced him to translate the

ancient poets, collected by Stobæus, and the fragments of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to reading the Scriptures, and to writing his Commentaries on the New Testament. In the course of this work he fell ill; but as soon as he recovered his health, he composed his treatise, in Dutch verse, on the Truth of the Christian Religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreshing his mind, was to pass from one work to another; and although his talents produced so abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim, in a trite expression, that "his soul was not imprisoned."

AKENSIDE AND BALLOW.

Sir John Hawkins, in his "Life of Dr. Johnson, gives a curious account of the evasion of a challenge, sent by Akenside, the poet and physician, to one Ballow, a lawyer and a man of wit. One evening, at the coffee-house, a dispute between these two persons rose so high, that for some expression uttered by Ballow, Akenside thought himself obliged to demand an apology, which, not being able to obtain, he sent his adversary a challenge in writing. Ballow, a little deformed man, well known as a saunterer in the Park, about Westminster, and in the streets between Charing Cross and the houses of parliament, though remarkable for a sword of an unusual length, which he constantly wore when he went abroad, had no inclination for fighting, and declined an answer. The demand of satisfaction was followed by several attempts, on the part of Akenside, to see Ballow at

his lodgings, but he kept close, till by the interposition of friends the difference could be adjusted.

STERNE AND HIS MOTHER.

What is called fine sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the produce of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of tender feelings; yet I know, says Horace Walpole, from indisputable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in gaol, if the parents of the scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

GAY, POPE, AND SWIFT.

One evening Gay and Pope went to see Swift. On their going in, "Hey-day, gentlemen," said the Doctor, "What's the meaning of this visit? How come you to leave all the great lords, that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor dean?"—"Because we would rather see you than any of them."—"Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do, might believe you. But, since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose?"—"No, Doctor, we have supped already."—"Supped already! that's impossible: why, 'tis not eight o'clock yet!"—"Indeed, we have."—"That's very strange: but, if you had not supped, I must have got something for you. Let me see, what should I have had? A couple of lobsters? ay, that would have done very well,—

two shillings: tarts, a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time, only to spare my pocket?"—"No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you."—"But, if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must have drank with me. A bottle of wine, two shillings. Two and two is four, and one is five: just two-and-sixpence a-piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you; and there's another for you, Sir; for I won't save any thing by you, I am determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and, in spite of every thing they could say to the contrary, he actually obliged them to take the money.

POPE AND HIS NURSE.

There is in Twickenham church-yard an inscription to the memory of the woman who nursed Pope, of which the following is a copy:—

"To the Memory of Mary Beach, who died November 5, 1725, aged 78.

"Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in his infancy, and whom she affectionately attended for twenty-eight years, in gratitude for such a faithful old servant, erected this stone."

A PREACHER AND HIS WIFE.

In a manse in Fife, the conversation of a large party one evening turned on a volume of sermons, which had just been published with considerable success, and was supposed to have brought a round sum into the hands of the author. When the minis-

ter's wife heard of what had been made by the volume, her imagination was excited; and, turning to her husband, who sat a little aside, she said, "My dear, I see naething to hinder you to print a few of your sermons, too." "They were a' printed lang syne," said the candid minister in his wife's ear.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND A FRIEND.

It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that, not long before his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" made its appearance, while crossing the Frith of Forth in a ferry-boat, with a friend, they proposed to beguile the time by writing a number of verses on a given subject; and at the end of an hour's poring and hard study, the product of Sir Walter's (then Mr. Scott) fertile brain, adding thereto the labours of his friend, was *six lines*. "It is plain," said Scott, to his fellow-labourer, then unconscious of his great powers, "that you and I need never think of getting our living by writing poetry."

SCOTT AND HOGG.

Sir Walter was one day visiting the Ettrick Shepherd, while the Waverley authorship was still a mystery, and took a sight of his library, in which his own prose works formed a conspicuous feature, with the back-title, "Scott's Novels." "What a stupid fellow of a binder you must have got, Jamie," exclaimed Sir Walter, "to spell Scot's with two t's!"

SCOTT AND A SCOTCH LADY.

Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditionary stories and anecdotes wrought up in his admirable fictions, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he, as usual, stoutly denied. "What," exclaimed the old lady, "d'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?"

DESCARTES.

Sir Kenelm Digby, having read the works of the celebrated Descartes, resolved on a journey to Holland, for the purpose of seeing him. He found Descartes in solitude at Egmond, where he conversed with him without making himself known. Descartes, who had read some of his works, said, "I have not the least doubt but you are Digby, the celebrated English philosopher;" to which Sir Kenelm replied, "Were not you, Sir, the illustrious Descartes, I would not have come from England for the sole purpose of seeing you."

WIVES OF LITERARY MEN.

The ladies of Albert Durer, and Berghem, were both shrews, and the former compelled that great genius to the hourly drudgery of his profession, merely to gratify her own sordid passion. At length, in despair, Albert ran away from his Tisiphone; she wheedled him back, and not long afterwards he fell a victim to her furious disposition. He died of a broken heart! It is told of Berghem's wife, that she would not allow that excellent artist to quit his occu-

pation; and she contrived an odd expedient to detect his indolence: the artist worked in a room above her; ever and anon she roused him by thumping a stick against the ceiling, while the obedient Berghem answered by stamping his foot, to satisfy Mrs. Berghem that he was not napping!

The wife of BARCLAY, author of *The Argenis*, considered herself as the wife of a demi-god. This appeared glaringly after his death; for Cardinal Barberini, having erected a monument to the memory of his tutor next to the tomb of Barclay, Mrs. Barclay was so irritated at this, that she demolished his monument, brought home his bust, and declared that the ashes of so great a genius as her husband should never be placed beside so villanous a pedagogue.

The wife of ROHALT, when her husband gave lectures on the philosophy of Descartes, used to seat herself on those days at the door, and refused admittance to every one shabbily dressed, or who did not discover a genteel air; so convinced was she that to be worthy of hearing the lectures of her husband it was proper to appear fashionable. In vain our good lecturer exhausted himself in telling her that fortune does not always give fine clothes to philosophers.

SALMASIUS's wife was a termagant; and Christina said she admired his patience more than his erudition, in being married to such a shrew. Mrs. Salmasius, indeed, considered herself as the queen of science, because her husband was acknowledged as

sovereign among the critics. She boasted that she had for her husband the most learned of all the nobles, and the most noble of all the learned. Our good lady always joined the learned conferences which he held in his study. She spoke loud, and decided with a tone of majesty. Salmasius was mild in his conversation, but the reverse in his writings; as our proud Xantippe considered him as acting beneath himself if he did not pour out his abuse, and call every one names.

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, is presented to us as a literary wife, at once assisting her husband in his labours, and producing books. She is known, at least, by her name, as a voluminous writer; for she extended her literary productions to the number of twelve folio volumes.

Her labours have been ridiculed by some wits; but had her studies been regulated, she would have displayed no ordinary genius. The *Connoisseur* has quoted her poems, and her verses have been imitated by Milton.

The Duke, her husband, was also an author; his book on horsemanship still preserves his name. He has likewise written comedies, and his contemporaries have not been penurious in their eulogiums. It is true he was a duke. Shadwell says of him, that he was the greatest master of wit, the most exact observer of mankind, and the most accurate judge of humour that ever he knew. The life of the Duke is written "by the hand of his incomparable Duchess." It was published in his lifetime. This curious piece of biography is a folio of 197 pages, and is entitled, "The Life of the Thrice Noble, High, and Puissant

Prince, William Cavendish." His titles then follow: —"Written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent Princess, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, his wife. London, 1667." This life is dedicated to Charles the Second; and there is also prefixed a copious epistle to her husband the Duke.

DR. BEATTIE AND GEORGE III.

Tuesday, 24th August, (1778,) I set out (says Dr. Beattie) for Dr. Majendie's at Kew Green. The Doctor told me that he had not seen the King yesterday, but had left a note in writing, to intimate that I was to be at his house to-day; and that one of the King's pages had come to him this morning to say, that his majesty would see me a little after twelve. At twelve the Doctor and I went to the King's house at Kew. We had been only a few minutes in the hall, when the King and Queen came in from an airing; and as they passed through the hall, the King called me by my name, and asked how long it was since I came from town. I answered him, "About an hour." "I shall see you," says he, "in a little while." The Doctor and I waited a considerable time, (for the King was busy,) and then we were called into a large room, furnished as a library, where the King was walking about, and the Queen sitting in a chair. We were received in the most gracious manner possible by both their majesties. I had the honour of a conversation with them (nobody else being present but Dr. Majendie) for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics; in which both the King and the Queen joined, with a degree of cheerfulness, affability, and ease, that was to me surprising, and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt at the

beginning of the conference. They both complimented me in the highest terms on my Essay, which they said was a book they always kept by them: and the King said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from the shelf. I found it was the second edition. "I never stole a book but one," said his majesty, "and that was yours (speaking to me;) I stole it from the Queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read." He had heard that the sale of Hume's Essays had failed since my book was published; and I told him what Mr. Strahan had told me in regard to that matter. He had even heard of my being at Edinburgh last summer, and how Mr. Hume was offended on the score of my book. He asked many questions about the second part of the Essay, and when it would be ready for the press. I gave him, in a short speech, an account of the plan of it; and said, my health was so precarious, I could not tell when it might be ready, as I had many books to consult before I could finish it; but that if my health was good, I thought I might bring it to a conclusion in two or three years. He asked me how long I had been in composing my Essay; praised the caution with which it was written; and said that he did not wonder that it had employed me five or six years. He asked about my poems. I said there was only one poem of my own on which I set any value, (meaning the Minstrel,) and that it was published about the same time with the Essay. My other poems, I said, were incorrect, being but juvenile pieces, and of little consequence, even in my own opinion. We had much conversation on moral subjects; from which both their majesties let it appear, that they were warm friends to Christianity;

and so little inclined to infidelity, that they could hardly believe that any thinking man could be an atheist, unless he could bring himself to believe that he had made himself; a thought which pleased the King exceedingly, and he repeated it several times to the Queen. He asked whether any thing had been written against me. I spoke of the late pamphlet, of which I gave an account, telling him that I never had met with any man that had read it, except one Quaker. This brought on some discourse about the Quakers, whose moderation and mild behaviour the King and Queen commended. I was asked many questions about the Scots universities, the revenue of the Scots clergy, their mode of praying and preaching, the medical college of Edinburgh, Dr. Gregory (of whom I gave a particular character) and Dr. Cullen; the length of our vacation at Aberdeen, and the closeness of our attendance during the winter; the number of students that attend my lectures; my mode of lecturing, whether from notes, or completely written lectures; about Mr. Hume, and Dr. Robertson, and Lord Kinnoul, and the Archbishop of York, &c. His majesty asked what I thought of my new acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth. I said, there was something in his air and manner which I thought not only agreeable but enchanting, and that he seemed to me to be one of the best of men; a sentiment in which both their majesties heartily joined. "They say that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast," said the King, "but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion, but what every Christian may and ought to say."

He asked whether I did not think the English language on the decline at present? I answered in the affirmative, and the King agreed, and named the

Spectator as one of the best standards of the language. When I told him that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter or even half an hour at a time, he asked whether it did not lead them into repetitions? I said it often did. "That," said he "I don't like in prayers; and excellent as our liturgy is, I think it somewhat faulty in that respect." "Your majesty knows," said I, "that three services are joined in one, in the ordinary church service, which is one cause of those repetitions." "True," he replied, "and that circumstance also makes the service too long." From this he took occasion to speak of the composition of the church liturgy; on which he very justly bestowed the highest commendation. "Observe," his majesty said, "how flat those occasional prayers are, that are now composed, in comparison with the old ones." When I mentioned the smallness of the church livings in Scotland, he said he wondered how men of liberal education would choose to become clergymen there, and asked whether, in the remote parts of the country, the clergy, in general, were not very ignorant? I answered, No, for that education was cheap in Scotland, and that the clergy, in general, were men of good sense, and competent learning. He asked whether we had any good preachers in Aberdeen. I said Yes; and named Campbell and Gerard, with whose names, however, I did not find that he was acquainted. Dr. Majendie mentioned Dr. Oswald's Appeal, with commendation; I praised it too; and the Queen took down the name, with a view to send for it. I was asked whether I knew Dr. Oswald? I answered, I did not; and said that my book was published before I read his; that Dr. Oswald was well known to Lord Kinnoul, who had often proposed to make us acquainted. We discussed a great many

other topics; for the conversation, as before observed, lasted upwards of an hour, without any intermission. The Queen bore a large share in it. Both the King and her majesty showed a good deal of sense, acuteness, and knowledge, as well as of good-nature and affability. At last the King took out his watch, (for it was now almost three o'clock, his hour of dinner,) which Dr. Majendie and I took as a signal to withdraw. We accordingly bowed to their majesties, and I addressed the King in these words: "I hope, Sir, your majesty will pardon me, if I take this opportunity to return you my humble and most grateful acknowledgements for the honour you have been pleased to confer upon me." He immediately answered, "I think I could not do less for a man who has done so much service for the cause of Christianity. I shall always be glad of an opportunity to show the good opinion I have of you."

DR. JOHNSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE KING.

The King being informed that Dr. Johnson occasionally visited the Royal Library, gave orders that he should be informed when the Doctor came thither again, that he might have the pleasure of conversation. This was done, and no sooner was the Doctor seated, than the librarian went to communicate the intelligence to his majesty, who condescended immediately to repair to the spot. Johnson, on being told that the King was in the room, started up and stood still. The King, after the usual compliments, asked some questions about the libraries of Oxford, where the Doctor had lately been, and inquired if he

was then engaged in any literary undertaking. Johnson replied in the negative ; adding, that he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King said, "I do not think that you borrow much from any body." Johnson said he thought he had done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," replied his majesty, "if you had not written so well." The King having observed that he must have read a great deal, Johnson answered, that he thought more than he read ; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others ; for instance, he said he had not read much compared with Dr. Warburton. On this, the King said, he had heard that Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarcely talk with him upon any subject on which he was not qualified to speak ; and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting, in its universality.

His majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth ; asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton has more general, more scholastic learning ; Lowth is the most correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best." The King was pleased to say he was of the same opinion ; adding, "You do not think then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case?" Johnson said he did not think there was. "Why, truly," said the King, "when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttleton's history ; it was then just published. Johnson said, he thought his style pretty good,

but that he had blamed Henry too much. "Why," said the King, "they seldom do these things by halves." "No, Sir," answered Johnson, "not to kings;" but fearing to be misunderstood, he subjoined, "that for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them, would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises; and, as this proceeded from a good motive, it could be excused."

The King then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill. Johnson answered, that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree, by using three or four microscopes at a time, than by using one. "Now," added Johnson, "every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why," replied the King, "this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily; for if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope, will be able to detect him." But that he might not leave an unfavourable impression against an absent man, the Doctor added, that Dr. Hill was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation.

The King then talked of literary journals; men-

tioned particularly, the *Journal des Sçavans*, and asked Dr. Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said it was formerly well done; and gave some account of the persons who began and carried it on for some years, enlarging at the same time on the nature and utility of such works. The King asked him if it was well done now? Johnson answered, he had no reason to think it was. The King next inquired if there were any other literary journals published in this kingdom, except the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*; and, on being answered there was no other, his majesty asked which of them was the best. Johnson said, that the *Monthly Review* was done with most care, the *Critical* upon the best principles; adding, that the authors of the former were hostile to the church. This the King said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the "Philosophical Transactions;" when Johnson observed, that the Royal Society had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Aye," said the King, "they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;" for his majesty remembered a circumstance which Johnson himself had forgotten. His majesty next expressed a desire to have the literary biography of the country ably executed, and proposed to the Doctor to undertake it; and with this wish, so graciously expressed, Johnson readily complied.

During this interview, the Doctor talked with profound respect; but still in his firm manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is common at the levee and drawing-room. Afterwards he observed to Mr. Barnard, the librarian, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will, but he

is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he also observed at another time to Mr. Layton, "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman, as we may suppose Louis the Fourteenth, or Charles the Second, to have been"

CHAPTER VII.

PATRONS AND CRITICS.

CARDINAL MAZARINE

Patrons to books have sometimes been obtained in a very odd manner. Benserade attached himself to Cardinal Mazarine; but his friendship produced nothing but civility. The poet every day indulged his easy and charming vein of amatory and panegyrical poetry, while all the world read and admired his verses. One evening the cardinal, in conversation with the King, described his mode of life when at the papal court. He loved the sciences; but his chief occupation was the belles lettres, composing little pieces of poetry; he said that he was then in Rome what Benserade was in France. Some hours afterwards the friends of the poet related to him the conversation of the Cardinal. He quitted them abruptly, and ran to the apartment of his eminence, knocking with all his force, that he might be certain of being heard. The Cardinal had just gone to bed; but as he incessantly clamoured, demanding entrance, they were compelled to open the door. He ran to his eminence, fell upon his knees, almost pulled off the sheets of the bed in rapture, imploring a thousand pardons for thus disturbing him; but such was

his joy in what he had just heard, which he repeated, that he could not refrain from immediately giving vent to his gratitude and his pride, to have been compared with his eminence for his poetical talents! Had not the door been immediately opened, he should have expired; he was not rich, it was true, but he should now die contented! The Cardinal was pleased with his *ardour*, and probably never suspected his flattery. The next week our new actor was pensioned.

WILLIAM III.

Lord Molesworth, who had been the English ambassador at the Court of Copenhagen, published, towards the end of the seventeenth century, a valuable work under the title of "An Account of Denmark;" in which he expressed himself with all the freedom of a Briton, respecting the arbitrary conduct of the Danish government. His Danish majesty, highly incensed at some of the observations of the noble author, commanded his ambassador to complain on the subject to William III. "What would you have me do?" replied the King. "Sire," answered the Dane, "if you had caused such a complaint to be preferred to the King, my master, he would have sent you the head of the writer." "That," rejoined his majesty, "is what I neither will nor can do; but if it will give you satisfaction, he shall introduce what you have just said into the second edition of his work."

GEORGE III.

In January, 1793, Bishop Watson published a Sermon, entitled, "The Wisdom and Goodness of

God in having made both Rich and Poor;" with an appendix respecting the then circumstances of Great Britain and France. A strong spirit of insubordination and discontent was at that time prevalent in Great Britain; the common people were, in every village, talking about liberty and equality, without understanding the terms. The bishop thought it not improper to endeavour to abate this revolutionary ferment, by informing the understandings of those who excited it. The King at a public levee complimented him in the warmest terms, in the hearing of the then Lord Dartmouth, on the conciseness, clearness, and utility of this little publication. On this occasion, when the King was praising what the bishop had written, the latter said, "I love to come forward in a moment of danger." His majesty quickly replied, "I see you do, and it is a mark of a man of high spirit."

LORD HOLLAND.

The "Vicar of Wakefield" remained unnoticed, and was attacked by the Reviews, until lord Holland, who had been ill, sent to his bookseller for some amusing book. This was sent, and he was so pleased that he spoke of it in the highest terms to a large company who dined with him a few days after. The consequence was, that the whole impression was sold off in a few days.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

In a history of the press at Caille, an anecdote occurs from which it may be seen, that Anne of Austria loved literature, and sustained its freedom

and dignity. Antoine Berthier, librarian of Paris, having formed a design to add to the Life of Cardinal Richelieu two volumes of letters and memoirs, addressed himself to the regent, to whom he intimated, that without a powerful protection, he dared not hazard the publication, as many persons who were received at court were blamed in its pages. Her reply was truly noble: "Proceed without fear; and make so many blush for vice, that for the future, virtue only may find repose in France."

EARL SPENCER.

Earl Spencer, on the perusal of Mr. Bloomfield's Prometheus, unsolicited, and, indeed, without any personal knowledge of the author, presented him to a valuable living in Northamptonshire.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

When Dr. Johnson first conceived the design of compiling a dictionary of the English language, he drew up a plan, in a letter to the Earl of Chesterfield. This very letter exhibits a beautiful proof to what a degree of grammatical perfection, and classical elegance, our language was capable of being brought. The execution of this plan cost him the labour of many years; but when it was published, in 1755, the sanguine expectations of the public were amply justified; and several foreign academies, particularly *della Crusca*, honoured the author with their approbation. "Such are its merits," says Mr. Harris, "that our language does not possess a more copious, learned, and valuable work." But the excellency of this great work will rise in the estimation of all who

are informed, that it was written, as the author declares, "with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconveniences and distraction, in sickness and sorrow." Lord Chesterfield, at that time, was universally esteemed the Mæcenas of the age: and it was in that character, no doubt, that Dr. Johnson addressed to him the letter before mentioned. His lordship endeavoured to be grateful, by recommending that valuable work in two essays, which, among others, he published in a paper entitled *The World*, conducted by Mr. Edward Moore, and his literary friends. Some time after, however, the Doctor took great offence at being refused admittance to Lord Chesterfield; a circumstance which has been imputed to the mistake of the porter. Just before the dictionary was published, Mr. Moore expressed his surprise to the great lexicographer, that he did not intend to dedicate the book to his lordship. Johnson answered, that he was under no obligation to any great man whatever, and therefore he should not make him his patron. "Pardon me, Sir," said Moore, "you are certainly obliged to his lordship for two elegant papers he has written in favour of your performance." "You quite mistake the thing," replied the other, "I confess no obligation; I feel my own dignity, Sir: I have made a voyage round the world of the English Language; and, while I am coming into port, with a fair wind, on a fair sun-shining day, my Lord Chesterfield sends out two little cock-boats to tow me in. I am very sensible of the favour, Mr. Moore, and should be sorry to say an ill-natured thing of that nobleman; but I cannot help thinking he is a lord

among wits, and a wit amongst lords." The severity of this remark seems never to have been forgotten by the Earl, who, in one of his letters to his son, thus delineates the Doctor:—"There is a man, whose moral character, deep learning, and superior parts, I acknowledge, admire, and respect, but whom it is so impossible for me to love, that I am almost in a fever when I am in his company. His figure, without being deformed, seems made to disgrace or ridicule the common structure of the human body: his legs and arms are never in the position which, according to the situation of his body, they ought to be in, but constantly employed in committing acts of hostility upon the Graces. He throws any where, but down his throat, whatever he means to drink; and only mangles what he means to carve. Inattentive to all the regards of social life, he mistimes or misplaces every thing. He disputes with heat, and indiscriminately; mindless of the rank, character, and situation, of those with whom he disputes. Absolutely ignorant of the several gradations of familiarity or respect, he is exactly the same to his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; and therefore, by a necessary consequence, absurd to two of the three. Is it possible to love such a man? No; the utmost I can do for him is to consider him a respectable *Hottentot*."

LORD WEYMOUTH.

A letter appeared in a newspaper, giving a ludicrous account of one of the heads of the Bourbon family; upon which, not only the Spanish ambassador, but all the ambassadors belonging to that family, joined in a memorial which was delivered to

Lord Weymouth, insisting upon condign punishment being inflicted upon the printer, and even threatening us as a nation, if such satisfaction was refused. To this the secretary of state answered like a man of sense and spirit, that he was surprised the ambassadors could be so ignorant of the constitution of this country, as not to know that it was out of the power of government to punish a printer in the way their excellencies desired; that he was sorry for the affront offered to their sovereign; that the English newspapers took liberties with their own king, and a foreign prince had no great cause to be angry, if he was sometimes treated with the same freedom, since the laws of the land were equally the shelter of the offenders in both cases. As to the threats, he smiled at them; but added, that if what the printers had done, could be construed into a libel, the attorney-general should be spoken to, a prosecution commenced, and such damages adjudged, as a jury of Englishmen thought equitable.

Prince Masserano, the Spanish ambassador, was greatly enraged at this answer of Lord Weymouth's, and exclaimed, "What, not punish the rascal who has called the King of Spain a *fool?*" "No," said Lord Weymouth, "I cannot, for these very printers have said the same of our king, who is a sensible man; and when brought to trial by our course of law, they were acquitted."

ADRIAN.

The Emperor Adrian, who, not content with being the first in power, was ambitious to be the first in letters, once corrected Favorinus for employing an improper word. He submitted with patience, though

he was convinced that he had used the proper word. When his friends objected to his compliance, he answered, "Shall not I easily suffer him to be the most learned of all men, who has thirty legions at his command?"

EDMUND BURKE.

To Mr. Burke, Mr. Crabbe, when a young man,—with timidity, indeed, but with the strong and buoyant expectation of inexperience,—submitted a large quantity of miscellaneous compositions, on a variety of subjects, which he was soon taught to appreciate at their proper value; yet, such was the feeling and tenderness of his judge, that, in the very act of condemnation, something was found to praise. Mr. Crabbe had sometimes the satisfaction of hearing, when the verses were bad, that the thoughts deserved better, and that, if he had the common faults of inexperienced writers, he frequently had the merit of thinking for himself. Among the number of those compositions, were poems of somewhat a superior cast. "The Library," and "The Village," were selected by Mr. Burke; and, benefited by his judgment and penetration; and comforted by his encouraging predictions, Mr. Crabbe was enjoined to learn the duty of sitting in judgment upon his best efforts, and without mercy to reject the rest.

When all was done that his abilities permitted, and when Mr. Burke had patiently waited the progress of improvement in the individual whom he conceived to be capable of it, he took "The Library" himself to Dodsley, the bookseller, and gave to many lines the advantage of his own reading and comments. Mr. Dodsley listened with all that respect due to

the highly-gifted reader, and all that apparent desire to be pleased with the poem, that would be grateful to the feelings of the writer; and Dodsley was as obliging also in his reply as, in the true nature of things, a bookseller can be supposed to be towards a young adventurer for poetical reputation. "He had declined the venturing upon any thing himself:—there was no judging of the probability of success:—the taste of the town was very capricious and uncertain:—he paid the greatest respect to Mr. Burke's opinion; the verses were good, and he did, in part, think so himself; but he declined the hazard of publication: yet he would do all he could for Mr. Crabbe, and take care that his poem should have all the benefit which he could give it."

The worthy bookseller was mindful of his engagement; he became even solicitous for the success of the work; and its speedy circulation was, no doubt, in some degree expedited by his exertions. This, and more than this, he did: although by no means insensible to the value of money, he gave to the author his profits as a publisher and vender of the pamphlet; and Mr. Crabbe always took every opportunity that at any time presented itself to make acknowledgment for such disinterested conduct, at a period when it was most particularly beneficial and acceptable. The success which attended "The Library" procured for its author some share of notice, and occasioned the publication of his second poem, "The Village;" a considerable portion of which was written, and the whole corrected, in the house of his excellent and faithful friend and patron, whose activity and energy of intellect would not permit a young man, under his tried guardianship and protection, to

cease from labour, and whose correct judgment directed that labour to its most useful attainments.

MARQUIS OF ROCKINGHAM.

At the time when Mr. Burke was selected to be the private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, he was an author in the service of Mr. Dodsley, the bookseller; he had conducted for that gentleman the "Annual Register," a work of considerable reputation and merit, first established in the year 1758; and it was conducted under the direction of Mr. Burke to a very late period of his life. The political knowledge of Mr. Burke might be considered almost as an encyclopædia: every man who approached him received instruction from his stores; and his failings were not visible at that time, perhaps they did not then exist; they possibly grew up in the progress of his political life. When Mr. Burke entered into the service of the Marquis of Rockingham he was not rich, but the munificent generosity of that nobleman immediately placed him in an affluent situation. Mr. Burke purchased a beautiful villa at Beaconsfield, which was paid for by the Marquis of Rockingham. When Dr. Johnson, who, like Mr. Burke, had subsisted by his labours as an author, visited his friend at his new purchase, he could not help exclaiming with the shepherd in Virgil's Eclogue,

"Non equidem invideo, miror magis."

But the Marquis of Rockingham's liberality was not confined to the person of Mr. Burke; he procured for Mr. William Burke, his cousin, and most confidential connexion, the employment of Under Secre-

tary of State to General Conway; and he gave to Mr. Edmund Burke's brother, Richard Burke, the place of Collector of the Customs at Grenada.

"I had lived," says Mr. Nicholls, "in habits of acquaintance with Mr. Edmund Burke. I had no prejudices against him; for he had not at that time involved my country in the crusade against French principles. Before he brought forward the charges against Mr. Hastings, he conversed with me very fully on the subject. I put this question to him: 'Can you prove that Mr. Hastings ever derived any advantage to himself from that misconduct which you impute to him?' He acknowledged that he could not; but added, that his whole government of India had been one continued violation of the great principles of justice. Before the charges were laid on the table, I had a second conversation with Mr. Burke on the subject. When he found that I persevered in my opinion, he told me, that in that case I must relinquish the friendship of the Duke of Portland. I replied, that would give me pain, but that I would rather relinquish the Duke of Portland's friendship than support an impeachment which I did not approve. We parted, and our intercourse was terminated."

HALLER.

Baron Haller was, in his youth, warmly attached to poetic composition. His house was on fire; and, to rescue his poems, he rushed through the flames. He was so fortunate as to escape with his beloved manuscripts in his hands. Ten years afterwards, he conducted to the flames those very poems which he had ventured his life to preserve.

GERMAN CRITICS.

A German writer, named Braune, resident at Naumburg, published an account of the siege of that town by the Hussites, and gravely asserted in the preface that he had discovered documents, in the archives of Naumburg, which enabled him to throw new light upon the subject. He combined such facts as were historically true, in a most dexterous manner, with his own fictions: these he illustrated with notes, containing passages from the pretended documents composed by himself in ancient style, and thus confuted the opinions of other writers. At the same time he amused himself with giving to the nobles and gentlemen, whom he introduced as the leaders of the defenders, or in other interesting characters, burlesque names, after shoemakers, tailors, bakers, butchers, and other tradesmen yet living at Naumburg, and in his description of the persons and qualities of these imaginary heroes, he delineated, in the most ludicrous manner, those whose names he transferred to them. This hoax produced the desired effect. Several critical journals represented the pamphlet as a highly important work; and in one periodical production, which claimed an eminent literary rank, it was mentioned as a book to which the public was indebted for the most extraordinary discoveries. The death of this ingenious young historian is a matter of regret. Had he lived, he might have spared the learned much laborious research on other subjects equally difficult of explanation.

ADDISON.

Addison was not a good-natured man, and was very jealous of rivals. Being one evening in company

with Philips, and the poems of "Blenheim" and "The Campaign" being talked of, he made it his whole business to run down blank verse. Philips never spoke till between eleven and twelve o'clock, nor even then would he do it in his defence. It was at Jacob Tonson's; and a gentleman in the company ended the dispute by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by; Jacob immediately named Milton's "Paradise Lost."

SIGISMUND.

Some of the courtiers of the Emperor Sigismund, having no taste for learning, inquired why he so honoured and respected men of low birth on account of their science. The emperor replied, "In one day I can confer knighthood or nobility on many; in many years I cannot bestow genius on one."

LORD HALIFAX.

The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste than really possessed of it. "When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the 'Iliad,'" says Pope, "that Lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house. Addison, Congreve, and Garth were there at the reading. In four or five places Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time of much the same kind, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope, but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little more at your leisure: I am sure you can give it a better turn.' I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my lord had laid me under a good deal of difficulty,

by such loose and general observations; that I had been thinking over the passages ever since, and could not guess what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself in looking those places over and over again when I got home. 'All you need do,' said he, 'is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence; thank him for his kind observations on those passages; and then read them to him as if altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed, and read them to him exactly as they were at first. His lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Ay, now, Mr. Pope, they are perfectly right; nothing can be better.'"

We must not complain that merit is never rewarded. An instance is on record, in regard to the gaining of a friend in power, which Lord Halifax proved to Addison, upon the arrival of the news of the victory of Blenheim. On that occasion the Lord Treasurer, Godolphin, in the fulness of his joy, meeting with the above-mentioned nobleman, told him, it was a pity the memory of such a victory should ever be forgotten; adding that he was pretty sure his lordship, who was so distinguished a patron of men of letters, must know some person whose pen was capable of doing justice to the action. Lord Halifax replied, that he did indeed know such a person, but would not desire him to

write upon the subject his lordship had mentioned. The Lord Treasurer entreated to know the reason of so unkind a resolution: Lord Halifax candidly told him, that he had long, with indignation, observed, that while many fools and blockheads were maintained in their pride and luxury, at the expense of the public, such men as were really an honour to their country, and to the age they lived in, were shamefully suffered to languish in obscurity; that, for his own part, he would never desire any gentleman of parts and learning to employ his time in celebrating a ministry who had neither the justice nor generosity to make it worth his while.

The Lord Treasurer calmly replied, that he would seriously consider of what his lordship had said, and endeavour to give no fresh occasion for such reproaches; but that, in the present case, he took it upon himself to promise, that any gentleman whom his lordship should name to him as capable of celebrating the late action, should find it worth his while to exert his genius on that subject. With this encouragement, Lord Halifax named Mr. Addison. The celebrated poem, entitled "The Campaign," was soon afterwards published, and the author found the Lord Treasurer as good as his word.

BOILEAU.

M. Patru was a native of the kingdom of France, and had a liberal education given him by his father. He was particularly trained up to plead at the bar, but a violent love to the sciences, and a taste for convivial entertainments, caused him to neglect his proper business. In short, he found his income would not maintain his expenses. He gently intimated to some of his dearest friends, that he must

sell his library to preserve his honour, and pay his debts. This was whispered about in the circles of learned men, till at last it reached the ears of M. Boileau, who was at once the richest and best poet of the kingdom of France. Boileau waited on M. Patru, and after mutual compliments he said, "Sir, I understand you want to sell your library?"

"Yes Sir," replied Patru, "I must sell my library, to preserve my honour."

"Well, Sir, and what is the price?"

"The price, Sir, is so many thousand livres."

"Sir," replied M. Boileau, "I'll give you that and half as much more. There's the money, Sir;" laying it down upon the table.

"Well Sir," said M. Patru, "when shall I deliver the books?"

"When you are dead, Sir, and till then they are all your own." He took a genteel leave, and left Patru full of gratitude and admiration.

QUEEN MARY.

Heywood, a poet of the sixteenth century, being asked by Queen Mary what wind blew him to the court,—he answered, "Two specially; the one to see your majesty." "We thank you for that," said the Queen; "but, I pray you what is the other?" —"That your grace," said he, "might see me."

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Voltaire was employed by that eccentric great man, the famous Earl of Peterborough, to write some considerable work. His lordship supplied the money whenever importuned by Voltaire, then under his roof, for that purpose, and rather impatiently

waited for its completion, urging Voltaire to expedite the publication, who replied that booksellers and printers were dilatory.

The bookseller employed by Voltaire, having frequently demanded from him more money, his constant reply was, that Lord Peterborough could not be prevailed upon to advance more until the completion of the work; for which event, Voltaire, it should seem, was in no great haste. The bookseller, at length, began to suspect Monsieur de Voltaire, and determined on making a personal application to the Earl. He accordingly set out in a stage coach, and arrived at his lordship's in the afternoon. After dining, the Earl and two or three gentlemen who had dined with him, walked in the garden, when a servant came to announce that Mr. —— wished an interview with his lordship, who immediately said, "Show him into the garden." On his being introduced, he told Lord Peterborough, that the work had long stood still for want of money. His lordship's choler, upon this, began to rise, saying, that he had never failed to send, immediately, all that was demanded. The poor bookseller declared that Monsieur de Voltaire had never given him more than ten pounds, at the same time informing him, that he could not prevail on Lord Peterborough to advance any more; that he suspected Monsieur de Voltaire might have slandered his lordship; and he therefore took the liberty of obtaining an interview.

The indignation of his lordship overcame him for a time: he did at length utter, "The villain!" At that moment, Voltaire appearing at the end of a very long gravel walk, the Earl exclaimed "Here he comes, and I will kill him instantly." So saying, he drew his sword, and darted forward to the object of

his revenge. A fatal catastrophe was prevented by M. St. André, then present, catching lord Peterborough in his arms, and exclaiming "My lord, if you murder him, you will be hanged."—"I care not for that. I will kill the villain!" The walk being one of the old-fashioned garden walks of King William, was of great length: Voltaire proceeded some way before he observed the bookseller. At that moment, M. St. André screamed out, "Fly for your life, for I cannot hold my lord many moments longer." Voltaire fled, concealed himself that night in the village, and the next day he went to London, where, on the following day, he embarked for the Continent, leaving his portmanteau, papers, &c., at Lord Peterborough's.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

We have heard of travellers getting authors to write their books of travels, and getting engravers to draw imaginary scenes for their embellishment; we have also heard of ladies who could not sew, getting sempstresses to work beautiful needlework for them, which they exhibited as their own; but all this impudence is nothing to that of the famous Cardinal Richelieu. A man of great learning, called Le Jay, compiled a French Polyglott Bible in ten volumes folio, and having spent his fortune in its completion, he applied to the cardinal, then Prime Minister of France, for assistance to bring out his work. To this application the cardinal replied, that if his name were put on the title-page as author, he would then furnish means; but the noble Le Jay rejected the insolent offer, and submitted to poverty rather than lose the justly acquired honour of so great an undertaking.

KELLY.

Hugh Kelly, the author of the "School for Wives," and several other dramatic pieces, was ever ready to relieve distress when he saw it, to the very extent of his power. To poor authors he was particularly liberal, constantly promoting subscriptions in their favour; and as he had a numerous and respectablea cquaintance, he was generally successful. Being told one day that a man who had abused him in the newspapers was in much distress, and had a poem to publish by subscription, he exclaimed, "God help him; I forgive him; but stop;" then pausing, he said, "Tell him to come and dine with me to-morrow, and I'll endeavour to do something for him." The poor author went, and was received cordially; when Kelly gave him a guinea for his own subscription, and disposed of six copies.

LEE.

Dryden, in a letter to Dennis the critic, relates the following anecdote of Lee, the dramatic poet, who was confined four years in Bedlam; after which, he regained his liberty, but never thoroughly recovered his senses.

"I remember poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and a witty answer to a bad poet, who told him, it was an easy thing to write like a madman. 'No,' said he, 'it is very difficult to write like a madman; but it is a very easy thing to write like a fool.'"

Lee wrote his tragedy of Alexander while in Bedlam. One night, when he was employed about

it by moonlight, a cloud passing along, covered part of the moon so as to make it almost dark, when Lee exclaimed, "Arise, Jupiter, and snuff the moon!" No sooner had he spoken, than the cloud instantly covered the whole face of the moon, so as to make it quite dark; when he exclaimed again, "Ye envious gods, you've snuff'd it out!"

ROUSSEAU.

If Jean Jacques Rousseau was not qualified at times for a lodging in Bedlam, it would be difficult to account for many parts of his conduct and his writings. An anecdote related in Helen Williams' "Letters from France," will perhaps decide the matter.

At a friend's house Rousseau praised the wine: his friend sent him fifty bottles. Rousseau felt himself offended; but as the present was offered by an old friend, he condescended to accept ten bottles, and returned the rest. A short time after, he invited his friend with his family to supper. When they arrived, they found Rousseau very busy turning the spit. "How extraordinary it is," exclaimed his friend, "to see the first genius in Europe employed in turning a spit!"—"Why," answered Rousseau, with great simplicity, "if I were not to turn the spit, you would certainly lose your supper: my wife is gone to buy a salad, and the spit must be turned." At supper Rousseau produced, for the first time, the wine which his friend had sent him; but no sooner had he tasted it, than he suddenly put the glass from his lips, exclaiming with the most violent emotion, that it was not the same sort of wine he had drank at his friend's house, who, he perceived, had a design to poison him. In vain did the gentleman protest his inno-

cence; Rousseau's imagination, once possessed by this idea,

> "Displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
> With most admired disorder."

His friend was immediately obliged to retire, and they never met again.

DR. BENTLEY.

This divine, who from the severity of his criticisms has been designated as

> "Slashing Bentley with his desperate hook,"

and who is only known as a critic and a controversialist, was not wanting in some of the best qualities of human nature. A thief once robbed him of his plate, and was seized and brought before him with the very articles upon him. While Commissary Greaves, who was then present, and council for the college ex-officio, was expatiating on the crime, and prescribing the measures necessary to be taken with the offender, Dr. Bentley interposed, saying, "Why tell the man he is a thief? he knows that well enough without thy information, Greaves." Then turning to the culprit, said, "Hark ye, fellow; thou seest the trade which thou hast taken up is an unprofitable trade; therefore get thee gone; lay aside an occupation by which thou canst gain nothing but a halter, and follow that by which thou mayest earn an honest livelihood." Having said this, he ordered him to be set at liberty, against the remonstrances of the persons present; and insisting that the fellow was duly penitent for his offence, bade him "go in peace, and sin no more."

BAYLE.

When Baillet refuted the sentiments of an author, he did it without naming him; but when he found any observation which he deemed commendable, he quoted his name. Bayle observes, that "this is an excess of politeness, prejudicial to that freedom which should ever exist in the republic of letters; that it should be allowed always to name those whom we refute; and that it is sufficient for this purpose that we banish asperity, malice, and indecency."

TWO SCHOLARS.

"Literary wars," says Bayle, "are sometimes as lasting as they are terrible." A disputation between two great scholars was so interminably violent, that it lasted thirty years! He humorously compares it to the German war, which lasted as long.

DR. JOHNSON.

At the time a reward was offered for the best epitaph on General Wolfe, two gentlemen agreed each to write one, by way of a frolick, and for a wager, to leave the determination of which was best to Dr. Johnson. After reading them both, the Doctor wrote his opinion to this effect: "The epitaphs are both extremely bad, and therefore I prefer the shorter of the two."

A POET'S FRIEND.

An indifferent poet, who had been severely handled by the critics, yet continued to go on publishing his crudities, said one day to an acquaintance, that he

had found out a way to be revenged of his reviewers, and that was by laughing at them. "Do you so?" said the other, "then let me tell you, you lead the merriest life of any man in Christendom."

L'ÉTOILLE.

Pellison has recorded a literary anecdote, which forcibly shows the danger of caustic criticism. A young man from a remote province came to Paris with a play, which he considered as a master-piece. M. L'Etoille was more than just in his merciless criticism. He showed the youthful bard a thousand glaring defects in his chef-d'œuvre. The humbled country author burnt his tragedy, returned home, took to his chamber, and died of vexation and grief.

REV. R. HALL.

Dr. Gregory asked this eminent man to lend him Dr. Kippis's edition of Doddridge's "Pneumatology," which contains many references to authors who have treated on the topics introduced by Dr. Doddridge, which were not originally included. Mr. Hall replied, that he did not possess Dr. K.'s edition, in a tone which showed that he did not highly regard his authority. Dr. Gregory asked, "Was not Dr. Kippis a clever man?" Mr. H. replied, "He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head, that his brains could not move."

POPE.

Lord Bolingbroke and the Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury) did not quite approve of Telemachus;

and Lord Bolingbroke, in particular, used to say that he could never bear "the saffron morn with her rosy fingers," in prose.—"For my own part," says Pope, "though I don't like that poetic kind of prose writing, yet I always read Telemachus with pleasure."—"That must be, then, from the good sense and spirit of humanity that runs through the whole work."—"Yes, it must be that; for nothing else could make me forget my prejudices against the style it is written in so much as I do."

AN AMERICAN EDITOR.

A New York morning paper *reviews* a contemporary periodical in the following characteristic manner:—"The *Knickerbocker* for January has been laid upon *our table*. We have only time to mention, that it contains twenty original papers, sixteen literary notices, *an editor's table*, &c., making in all 94 pages of matter." How fond these people are of *tables;* but wood, we suppose, is cheap.

LOUIS XIV.

Messieurs de Saint-Aguau and Dangeau persuaded the King he could write verses as well as another. Louis made the experiment, and composed a madrigal, which he himself did not think very good. One morning he said to the Marshal de Grammont, "Read this, Marshal, and tell me if ever you saw any thing so bad; finding I have lately addicted myself to poetry, they bring me any trash." The Marshal, having read, answered, "Your majesty is a most excellent judge in all matters of taste, for I think I never read any thing so stupid or so ridiculous." The

King laughed. "Do you not think he must be a very silly fellow who composed it?" "It is not possible," continued Grammont, "to call him any thing less." "I am delighted," said the King, "to hear you speak your sentiments so frankly, for I wrote it myself." Every body present laughed at the marshal's confusion, and it certainly was as malicious a trick as could possibly be played on an old courtier.

CHAPTER VIII.

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

The following facts will show the value of literary property in former days; immense profits and cheap purchases. The manuscript of "Robinson Crusoe" ran through the whole trade, and no one would print it; the bookseller, who bought the work, it is said, was not remarkable for his discernment, but for a speculative turn, and got a thousand guineas by it. How many thousands have his successors since accumulated by it! "Burn's Justice" was disposed of by its author for a mere trifle, as well as "Buchan's Domestic Medicine;" both of which now yield immense incomes. The "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a few pounds, and Miss Burney's "Evelina" produced only five guineas. Dr. Johnson fixed the price of his "Lives of the Poets" at two hundred guineas; and Mr. Malone observes, "The booksellers, in the course of twenty-five years, have probably cleared five thousand." The publisher of "Lalla Rookh" gave three thousand guineas for the copyright of that poem; which, with all its beauties, and they are numerous, is certainly not worth one single book of the "Paradise Lost" of our blind Mæonides; and what would seem still

more extraordinary is, that the spirited purchasers of the work have had no reason to repent of their bargain

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Dryden received from Tonson 2*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* for every hundred lines of his poetry. In October 1812, the copyright of "Cowper's Poems" was put up to sale among the members of the trade, in thirty-two shares. Twenty of these shares were sold at 212*l.* a share, including printed copies in quires to the amount of 82*l.* which each purchaser was to take at a stipulated price, and twelve shares were retained in the hands of the proprietor. This work, consisting of two octavo volumes, was satisfactorily proved at the sale to net 834*l.* per annum. It had only two years of copyright, and yet this same copyright, with printed copies, produced, estimating the twelve shares which were retained at the same price as those which were sold, the sum of 6,764*l.*

From an old account-book of Bernard Lintot, the bookseller, the following information respecting the prices paid heretofore for the copyright of plays is obtained. Tragedies were then the fashionable drama, and obtained the best price. Dr. Young received for his "Busiris," 84*l.*; Smith for his "Phædra and Hypolitus," 50*l.*; Rowe for his "Jane Shore," 50*l.* 15*s.*; and for "Lady Jane Grey," 75*l.* 5*s.*; and Cibber, for his "Nonjuror," obtained 105*l.* About the middle of the last century, a hundred crowns were paid in Paris to the author of a successful play.

THOMSON.

Thomson, when he first came to London, was in very narrow circumstances, and was many times in distress, even for a dinner. Upon the publication of his "Seasons," one of his creditors arrested him,

thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune reached the ears of Quin, who had read the "Seasons," but never seen their author; and he was told that Thomson was in a spunging-house in Holborn. Thither Quin went, and being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," said he, "you don't know me, but my name is Quin." Thomson said, that, though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or to his merit; and invited him to sit down. Quin then told him he was come to sup with him, and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. When supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr. Quin told him it was now time to enter upon business. Thomson declared he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach in any thing he should command, thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama. "Sir," said Quin, "you mistake me. I am in your debt. I owe you a hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you." Thomson, with a disconsolate air, replied, that, as he was a gentleman whom he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to banter him with his misfortunes. "No," said Quin, raising his voice, "I say I owe you a hundred pounds, and there it is," laying a bank-note of that value before him. Thomson, astonished, begged he would explain himself. "Why," said Quin, "I'll tell you; soon after I had read your "Seasons," I took it into my head, that as I had something to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and among the rest of my legatees I set down the author of the "Seasons," for a hundred pounds; and this day hearing

that you were in this house, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself, as to order my executors to pay it, when, perhaps, you may have less need of it; and this, Mr. Thomson, is my business with you." Of course Thomson left the house with his benefactor.

DOCTOR WOLCOT.

Dr. Wolcot, better known by the name of Peter Pindar, from the prodigious sale of his early pieces, became a desirable object of bookselling speculation; and about the year 1795, Robinson and Walker entered into a treaty to grant him an annuity for his published works, and, on certain conditions, for his unpublished ones. While this was pending, Peter had an attack of asthma, which he did not conceal or palliate, but, at meetings of the parties, his asthma always interrupted the business. A fatal result was of course anticipated, and instead of a sum of money, an annuity of 250*l.* per annum was preferred. Soon after the bond was signed, Peter called on Walker, the manager for the parties, who, surveying him with a scrutinizing eye, asked him how he did. "Much better, thank you," said Peter; "I have taken measure of my asthma; the fellow is troublesome, but I know his strength, and am his master."—"Oh!" said Walker, gravely, and turning into an adjoining room, where Mrs. Walker, a prudent woman, had been listening to the conversation. Peter, aware of the feeling, paid a keen attention to the husband and wife, and heard the latter exclaim, "There now, didn't I tell you he wouldn't die? fool that you've been! I knew he wouldn't

die." Peter enjoyed the joke, and outlived both the parties, receiving the annuity for twenty-four years, during which time various efforts were used to frustrate his claims.

MILTON.

Milton did not begin to write "Paradise Lost" until he was forty-seven years of age. He sold it for five pounds, to Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667. In two years more, he had five pounds for the second edition. In 1680, Mrs. Milton sold all her right for eight pounds. Simmons then sold the copyright for twenty-five pounds. Dr. Bentley, the first editor of the "Paradise Lost," got one hundred guineas for his edition. Dr. Newton, the next editor, got six hundred and thirty pounds for the "Paradise Lost," and one hundred guineas for the "Regained."

In 1649, the character of Milton was sufficiently fixed; and his connexions were such as to introduce him, soon after the death of the King, into the situation of Latin secretary to the Commonwealth. No sooner was he placed in this office, then he was applied to by those who were then in power, to write —first a rejoinder to the celebrated royalist pamphlet, named "Eikon Basilike," which he published under the title of "Eikonoclastes;" and secondly, an answer to the "*Defensio Regia pro Carolo Primo*," by Salmasius.

Never did any book more completely fulfil the ends for which it was produced, than this work of Milton. It was every where received on the Continent with astonishment and applause. The am-

bassadors of the different governments of Europe, at that time resident in London, paid visits of compliment to the author. It had the honour to be burned by the hands of the common hangman at Toulouse and at Paris. Lastly, having been perused by Christina, Queen of Sweden, she was struck with the eloquence of the composition, the strength of the reasoning, and the vigour with which its author exposed the futility, the sophistry, and contradictions of his antagonist, spoke on all occasions warmly in its praise, and from that hour withdrew her favour from Salmasius. This redoubted champion sank under his defeat, withdrew himself into obscurity, and soon after died in Holland.

BLAIR.

Dr. Blair transmitted the manuscript of his first volume of sermons to Mr. Strahan, the King's printer, who, after keeping it for some time, wrote a letter to him, discouraging the publication. Such, at first, was the unpropitious state of one of the most successful theological books that has ever appeared. Mr. Strahan, however, had sent one of the sermons to Dr. Johnson, for his opinion; and after his unfavourable letter to Dr. Blair had been sent off, he received from Johnson, on Christmas-eve, 1776, a note in which was the following paragraph: "I have read over Dr. Blair's first sermon with more than approbation; to say it is good, is to say too little." Mr. Strahan had, very soon after this time, a conversation with Dr. Johnson concerning them; and then he very candidly wrote again to Dr. Blair, enclosing Johnson's note, and agreeing to purchase the volume, for which he and Mr. Cadell gave one hundred

pounds. The sale was so rapid and extensive, and the approbation of the public so high, that the proprietors made Dr. Blair a present, first of one sum, and afterwards of another, of fifty pounds; thus voluntarily doubling the stipulated price; and when he prepared another volume, they gave him at once three hundred pounds; and for the others he had six hundred pounds each. A fifth volume was prepared by him for the press, and published after his death, in 1801; to which is added, "A Short Account of his Life," by James Finlayson, D.D. The sermons contained in this last volume were composed at very different periods of his life, but were all written out anew in his own hand, and in many parts re-composed, during the course of the summer of 1800, after he had completed his eighty-second year.

FIELDING.

When Fielding had finished his "Tom Jones," being much distressed, he sold it to an obscure bookseller for twenty-five pounds, on condition of being paid on a certain given day. In the meantime, he showed the manuscript to Thomson, the poet, who was immediately struck with its merit, and advised Fielding by all means to get free from the bargain, which he did without much difficulty, as the bookseller was not capable of estimating the value of his purchase. Thomson recommended the work to Andrew Miller, and the parties met at a tavern over a beef-steak and a bottle. Miller began with saying, "Mr. Fielding, I always determine on affairs of this sort at once, and never change my offer. I will not give one farthing more than two hundred pounds." "Two hundred pounds!" cries Fielding. "Yes,"

said the other, "and not one farthing more." Fielding, whose surprise arose from joy, and not disappointment, shook him by the hand, sealed the bargain, and ordered in two bottles of wine. Miller got a very large sum by the sale of the book. He, at different times during his life, assisted Fielding with 2,500*l.*, which debt he cancelled in his will.

SMOLLET.

This man of genius, among trading authors, before he began to publish his History, wrote to the Earl of Shelburne, then in a Whig administration, and informed him, that if the Earl would procure for his work the patronage of government, he would accommodate his politics to the wishes of ministers; but if not, that he had high promises of support from the other party. Lord Shelburne, of course, treated the proffered support of a writer of such accommodating principles with silent contempt, and the work of Smollet became distinguished for its high Toryism. The History was published in sixpenny weekly numbers, of which 20,000 were sold directly. This extraordinary popularity was created by the artifice of the publisher. He addressed a packet of the proposals to every parish clerk in England, carriage free, with half-a-crown enclosed as a compliment, to have them distributed through the pews of the church; the result was, a universal demand for the work.

GIBBON.

Gibbon's own account of his History is as follows:—"The volume of my History, which had been somewhat delayed by the novelty and tumult of the

first session, was now ready for the press. After the perilous adventure had been declined by my friend, Mr. Elmsey, I agreed upon easy terms with Mr. Thos. Cadell, a respectable bookseller, and Mr. William Strahan, an eminent printer; and they undertook the risk and care of the publication, which derived more credit from the name of the shop, than from that of the author. The last revisal of the proof was submitted to my vigilance; and many blemishes of style, which had been invisible in the manuscript, were discovered and corrected in the printed sheet. So moderate were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred, till the number was doubled by the prophetic taste of Mr. Strahan. The first impression was exhausted in a few days; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand. My book was on every table, and almost on every toilette; nor was the general voice disturbed by the barking of any profane critic."

VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire wrote a very severe satire upon the King of Prussia, which so nettled him that he never could forgive it. Upon hearing that the bard was at Leipsic, he told Count de ——, one of his aides-de-camp, that he could confer a singular obligation on him; the aide-de-camp, who said he only lived to obey his majesty, was told the object was properly to requite Voltaire for the obligation he had conferred in that satire. The hint was sufficient; the count flew to execute his sovereign's pleasure: he repaired to Leipsic; and, waiting one morning upon Voltaire, complimented him upon his extraordinary merit, and

inquired if he was not the author of that particular poem; to which the bard very innocently replied, "Yes." "Then, Sir," said the count, "it is a scandal to the judgment of the present age, that you have not been recompensed for it. I have a commission, Sir, to reward you liberally for this production; and I have too great a sense of its value, and too much generosity, to deprive you of any part of your due." Having said this, he fell to work, and caned him very severely, while the unfortunate bard in vain pleaded for mercy. The obligation being thus requited, the count drew up a receipt in the following terms, which he insisted on Voltaire's signing, on pain of further corporal punishment:—"Received of his Prussian Majesty, by the hands of the Count de ——, one hundred bastinadoes, very judiciously applied, for having written a satire on his said Majesty, in full of all demands. Witness my hand,

"VOLTAIRE."

REV. W. LAW.

The Rev. William Law, the author of the "Serious Call to the Unconverted," and other popular works, was once standing at the door of a shop in London, when a person unknown to him stepped up, and asked whether his name was William Law, and whether he was of Kingscliffe. On Mr. Law's answering in the affirmative, the stranger delivered to him a sealed packed, addressed, "The Rev. William Law," and then hastily walked away. On opening the packet, Mr. Law was astonished to find that it enclosed a bank-note for one thousand pounds. The worthy divine, having no personal occasion at the

time for pecuniary assistance, looked upon this extraordinary gift as sent to him from Heaven, to be employed by him for the good of others; and he accordingly founded with it an almshouse at Cliffe, for the reception and maintenance of two old women, either unmarried and helpless, or widows; and also a school for the instruction and clothing of fourteen girls.

ROUSSEAU.

Among other persons of literary eminence who were pensioned by King George III., in the early part of his reign, was the celebrated Rousseau; but his majesty, on making the grant, insisted that the matter should not be made public, which was intended as a peculiar mark of respect for that wayward and extraordinary character. The philosopher of Geneva, however, after having gratefully accepted the favour, and returned his thanks for the manner in which it was bestowed, returned it on quarrelling with his friend, David Hume. He did this, however, in a manner which plainly indicated a desire to keep the grant, if he was courted to it; but having once declined the royal bounty, it was not thought proper to make the monarch a suppliant to an adventurer. Madame de Staël, in her extravagant panegyric on Rousseau, has most absurdly praised him for refusing a pension from the King of England, without, however, stating the particulars of the story, or noticing the excessive meanness of her hero, who actually endeavoured to get the pension renewed when it was too late. Rousseau, however, bore testimony to the virtues of his majesty. "It is not," said he, "the

great monarch whom I reverence, but the good husband, the good father, the virtuous, the benevolent man."

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

In the reigns of WILLIAM III., of ANNE, and of GEORGE I., even such men as CONGREVE and ADDISON would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement,—by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid,—at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided, patronized literature with emulous munificence. CONGREVE, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. SMITH, though his "Hippolytus and Phœdra" failed, would have been consoled with 300*l.* a-year but for his own folly. ROWE was not only poet-laureate, but land-surveyor of the customs in the port of London, clerk of the council to the Prince of Wales, and secretary of the Presentations of the Lord Chancellor. HUGHES was secretary to the Commissions of the Peace. AMBROSE PHILIPS was judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. LOCKE was Commissioner of Appeals, and of the Board of Trade. NEWTON was Master of the Mint. STEPNEY and PRIOR were employed in

embassies of high dignity and importance. GAY, who commenced life as an apprentice to a silk-mercer, became a secretary of legation at five-and-twenty. It was to a poem on the Death of Charles II., and to "The City and Country Mouse" that Montague owed his introduction into public life, his earldom, his garter, and his auditorship of the Exchequer. SWIFT, but for the unconquerable determination of the Queen, would have been a bishop. Oxford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome PARNELL, when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. STEELE was a commissioner of stamps and a member of Parliament. ARTHUR MAINWARING was a commissioner of the customs, and auditor of the imprest. TICKELL was secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. ADDISON was secretary of state.

This liberal patronage was brought into fashion, as it seems, by the magnificent DORSET, who alone of all the noble versifiers in the court of CHARLES the Second, possessed talents of composition which would have made him eminent without the aid of a coronet. MONTAGUE owed his elevation to the favour of DORSET, and imitated through the whole course of his life the liberality to which he was himself so greatly indebted. The Tory leaders—HARLEY and BOLINGBROKE in particular—vied with the chiefs of the Whig party in zeal for the encouragement of letters.

CHAPTER IX.

PRINTERS, BOOKSELLERS, READERS.

PRINTERS OF BIBLES.

Mr. D'Israeli tells us that a printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her house, one night took an opportunity of stealing into the office, to alter that sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve, in Genesis iii. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word Herr, and substituted Na in their place; thus altering the sense from, "and he shall be thy Lord," (*Herr,*) to, "and he shall be thy Fool," (*Narr.*) It is said that her life paid for this intentional erratum; and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous prices.

We have an edition of the Bible, known by the name of "*The Vinegar Bible;*" from the erratum in the title to the 20th chapter of St. Luke, in which, "Parable of the Vineyard," is printed, "Parable of the Vinegar." It was printed in 1717, at the Clarendon press.

We have had another, where "Thou shalt commit adultery" was printed, omitting the negation; which occasioned the archbishop to lay one of the

heaviest penalties on the Company of Stationers that was ever recorded in the annals of literary history.

The number of typographical inaccuracies which abound in the Bibles printed by the King's printers, it remarkable. Dr. Lee states, "I do not know any book in which it is so difficult to find a very correct edition as the English Bible." What is in England called the Standard Bible, is that printed at Oxford, in 1769, which was superintended by Dr. Blayney; yet it has been ascertained that there are at least 116 errors in it. These errors were discovered in printing an edition in London in 1806, which has been considered as very correct; yet Dr. Lee says, that that edition contains a greater number of mistakes. The Rev. T. Curtis corroborates Dr. Lee's testimony. He states his general impression to be, that the text of the common English Bible is incorrect, and he gives a great variety of instances. Dr. A. Clarke, in his preface to the Bible, states, that he has corrected many thousand errors in the italics, which, in general, are said to be in a very incorrect state. Between the Oxford edition of 1830, and the Cambridge edition, there are 800 variations in the Psalms alone. The Rev. T. H. Horne, in his "Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures," makes the following observation:—"Booksellers' edition, 1806. In the course of printing, by Woodfall, this edition from the Cambridge copy, a great number of very gross errors were discovered in the latter, and the errors of the common Oxford edition were not so few as 1,200." Mr. Offer, a retired bookseller, and who made a collection of upwards

of 400 Bibles of different editions, states, that he was not aware of any edition he had examined which was without errors; but Pasham's Bible in 1776, and another printed at Edinburgh, in 1811, were the most accurate and the most beautiful he had found. Now, it will be observed, that the former was printed by a private individual, the monopoly being evaded by putting at the bottom of the pages very short notes, which were cut off in the binding. The same witness afterwards remarks, "that there never was an elegant edition of the Bible printed at the King's printer's; the elegant editions have been those of Baskerville, Macklin, Heptinstall, Ritchie, and Bowyer, and the whole of those were printed with colourable notes." He also states, that the effect of the patents has been to limit the circulation of the Scriptures; and that, if the patents were intended to protect the purity of the text, and improve the printing, they have certainly been productive of a very different result.

FRANKLIN.

The Americans are distinguished by a strong spirit of curiosity, which renders them extremely troublesome and disagreeable to strangers. In the "Memoirs of Dr. Benjamin Franklin," is the following whimsical account:—

The Doctor, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston: in his journey, he stopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive, even to impertinence, into the business of every stranger.

The Doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had set himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions: the Doctor well knew the disposition of these people, and apprehending that, after having answered his questions, others would come in and go over the same ground, he determined to stop the man. "Have you a wife, landlord?"—"Yes, Sir." "Pray let me see her." Madam was introduced with much form. "How many children have you?"—"Four, Sir." "I should be happy to see them." The children were introduced. "How many servants have you?"—Two, Sir; a man and a woman." "Pray fetch them." When they came, the Doctor asked if there was any one else in the house; and being answered in the negative, he addressed himself to them with much solemnity: "My good friends, I sent for you here, to give you an account of myself: my name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer, of thirty years of age; reside at Philadelphia, and am now going on business from thence to Boston. I sent for you all, that, if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you; which done, I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace."

A FRENCH CORRECTOR.

The Baron de Grimm, in his "Memoirs," mentions the extraordinary circumstance of an irritable French author having died in a fit of anger, in consequence of a favourite work, which he had himself revised with great care, having been printed off with upwards of three hundred typographical errors; half of which had been made by the corrector of the press.

AN ENGLISH PRINTER.

A distinguished minister, now living, having engaged to publish a sermon, was waited on by the printer with the first proof, which, of course, contained the text, in which a most singular mistake was made. The text was from the first chapter of Job, "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." The printer's blunder consisted in substituting a *w* for the *l* in the last word, which of course presented a very different sense from the original text. The minister smiled at the mistake, and simply wrote in the margin, "N.B. This depends upon circumstances."

BASKERVILLE.

This extraordinary man was trained to no occupation, but, in 1726, became a writing-master at Birmingham. As painting suited his talents, he entered into the lucrative branch of japanning, and continued a japanner for life: his carriage, each panel of which was a distinct picture, might be considered the pattern card of his trade, and was drawn by a beautiful pair of cream-coloured horses. His inclination for letters induced him, in 1750, to turn his thoughts towards types. He spent many years in the uncertain pursuit, sunk six hundred pounds before he could produce one letter to please himself, and some thousands before the stream of profit began to flow.

His first attempt was a quarto edition of Virgil, 1756, price one guinea, but now much more valuable. This he reprinted in 8vo. in 1758, and in that year was employed by the University of Oxford on

an entire new-faced Greek type. Soon after this he obtained leave from the University of Cambridge to print a Bible in royal folio, and two editions of the Common Prayer, in three sizes; for which permission he paid a considerable premium. He was remarkably polite to the stranger, fond of show; a figure rather of the smaller size, and delighted to adorn that figure with gold lace. He died, January 8, 1775. Many efforts were used, after Baskerville's death, to dispose of his types in this country, but without effect; and in 1779, they were purchased, by a literary society of Paris, for 3,700*l.*, and were afterwards employed on a splendid edition of Voltaire's Works. He had the merit of being the first modern improver of types."

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

This is an appellation which most of our readers must have frequently heard; but as many of them may not be aware of its origin, we copy the following explanation from Mr. M'Creery's "Poems of the Press:—

In the adventure of Dr. Faustus and the Sorbonne at Paris, we seem to have the origin of the opinion that the printers have occasion for the assistance of a supernatural personage in the progress of their labours, with whom all the rest of the world is most anxious to avoid any acquaintance. The printer's devil is a character almost identified with the origin of the art, from whom we have so little to apprehend, that he is commonly our faithful assistant, both in our labours and our pleasures. From hence also the legend of the *Devil and Doctor Faustus*. In further elucidation, we may inform our readers that the youngest

apprentice of a printer is called the devil, and he generally conveys the messages, and the proofs of works in the press, between the printer and the author.

MR. W——N.

It is well known to literary people, that, in preparing works for the press, it is usual for the printer, after the proof sheets have been seen by the author, to go over them again, and clear them of what are called typographical errors, such as wrong spelling, inaccuracies of punctuation, and similar imperfections. In performing this office for a celebrated northern critic and editor, a printer, now dead, was in the habit of introducing a much greater number of commas than it appeared to the author the sense required. The case was provoking, but did not produce a formal remonstrance, until Mr. W——n himself accidentally afforded the learned editor an opportunity of signifying his dissatisfaction with the plethora of punctuation under which his compositions were made to labour. The worthy printer, coming to a passage one day which he did not understand, very naturally took it into his head that it was unintelligible, and transmitted it to his employer, with a remark on the margin, that "there appeared some obscurity in it." The sheet was immediately returned with this reply, which we give *verbatim*. "Mr. J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the quantity of commas, which Mr. W——n seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him, for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with them."

ADRIEN MOETGENS.

Busset, in his "Life of Fenelon," says that the manuscript of this celebrated work was secretly circulated in several families previous to its publication. This circulation was occasioned by the faithlessness of the valet to whom he gave it to transcribe. It was afterwards sold to the widow of Claude Barbin, who committed it to the press; but only 208 pages had been printed when it was discovered to be the work of Fenelon; and that suspicious king, Louis, ordered strict search to be made at the printer's after the sheets had been worked off, which were confiscated and burnt, and every effort made to annihilate this admirable production. A few copies escaped, with transcripts of that part which had not been printed; one of these was obtained by Adrien Moetgens, a bookseller at the Hague, who, in 1699, published it in four volumes.

MR. TEGG.

Mr. Tegg, the London publisher, was taken by a Galashiels manufacturer to Abbotsford; and the latter, having been informed, jestingly, by Mr. Tegg that he was the author of "Jokeby," introduced him to Sir Walter with that designation attached to his name. "The more jokes the better," said Sir Walter, as he bustled about for a chair; and in the whole course of the interview he never made further allusion to the burlesque poem, but, after his usual manner, or it may be called policy, conversed generally upon the profession of the individual whom he was addressing.

TAUCHNITZ.

Every scholar is acquainted with the reputation of the great publisher, Tauchnitz, of Leipsic. Not long since he advertised, as forthcoming, an elegant edition of the Koran in Arabic. German scholars wondered at the stereotyping of such a work, knowing how few were the De Sacys, Freytages, Lees, and Ewalds, who could demand the original. But the mystery was soon explained by the following paragraph in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* :—Our old unwearied stereotyper, Tauchnitz, is now stereotyping the Koran in the original, and hopes by its elegance to effect its introduction among the Turks, accustomed as they are to their highly-ornamented manuscripts. Many, perhaps, on first hearing it, will regard this as chimerical, but the hope is not groundless ; as the Tauchnitz editions of the Greek classics have already found their way to Greece and Constantinople in great numbers.

A LONDON PUBLISHER.

One of those booksellers in Paternoster-row, who published books in numbers, at a time when all sorts of rubbish was so circulated, went to Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's-street, sent up his name, and was admitted. "Sir," said he, "I am now publishing a History of England, done by several good hands. I understand you have a knack at them there things, and should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement." As soon as Gibbon recovered the use of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with surprise, he ran to the bell, and desired his servant to show this encourager of learning down stairs.

LACKINGTON.

This celebrated character, who, in his own account of his life, modestly informed the public that he began business with only five pounds, was born at Wellington, in Somersetshire, in 1746. His father, being in indigent circumstances, when his son was ten years of age, put him to a baker to cry and sell apple-pies, with whom he remained only fifteen months; when returning home to his father, who could not afford to keep him in idleness, he was made a cobbling shoemaker, working when his father worked, but making holiday whenever the former went to drink: he was afterwards regularly apprenticed to one of the gentle craft, and worked at different places as a journeyman, till he married and came to London. About the year 1774, having hired a kind of stall for selling old books, the refuse of his own reading, as well as for the purpose of mending soles, his first stock of books was not worth five shillings. With these, however, when sold, he bought others, and at one time a large bag full for a guinea. Afterwards, belonging to Mr. Wesley's chapel, he availed himself of the temporary relief allowed as loans to deserving members, and, borrowing five pounds, soon removed to a respectable shop and parlour in Chiswell-street, where, at first, as he would not be deemed a vender of improper books, he kept only what he termed a "Divinity Library." Here, however, going into partnership with Mr. John Dennis, of Cannon-street, their success was far beyond expectation. In 1780, though Mr. Dennis withdrew from the firm, a Mr. Scales, a carcase butcher of Whitechapel market, assisted Mr. Lackington with a large sum, and he assumed a gold button and loop in his cocked hat;

and his hands, so recently begrimed with shoemaker's wax, were ornamented with ruffles. But, as Mr. Lackington did not think his growing importance was sufficiently noticed by the world when he had some time kept his carriage, he hit upon an expedient that succeeded wonderfully: he published an advertisement in the public papers, stating that his coach-house and stables in Old-street had been robbed of ten thousand volumes, chiefly Dr. Watts's "Psalms and Hymns." This answered the double purpose of letting the world know that he kept a coach, and that his stock was so extensive that a large quantity of books could not soon be missed. His ready-money plan succeeded so well, that, in 1784, his catalogue was very much increased in numbers and value; but the most effectual way of making his shop known was by the publication of his own Life, which, in the course of a few years, run through thirteen or fourteen editions. Like "Ned," when he first began business, he opened and shut shop himself; and, for thirteen years, did without an assistant. But, after that, twenty handsome and obliging shopmen succeeded, and this the face of his catalogues declared. His country lodgings at Dulwich were now left for a house at Upper Holloway, which he called his Elysium. A chariot had succeeded a single horse, and the occasional hiring of a coach or stage; and, at last, Upper Merton, in Surrey, was selected as the seat of his occasional retirement. In 1794, Mr. Lackington, anticipating the surprising run he might have by issuing tokens, as other tradesmen did about that time, ordered a coinage of them from Birmingham, which, with another, were quickly dispersed. There were three

sorts of impressions on the reverse, but the front always bore Mr. Lackington's resemblance. After he had recalled his copper coin, he intended publishing a five-guinea note, but this he was advised to decline,

> For some disaster marr'd his undertaking,
> And statue, coin, and notes, were all forsaken.

In 1794 Mr. Lackington made over his business, at the Temple of the Muses, in Finsbury-square, to Messrs. George Lackington, Allen, and Co. These large premises were originally built as a letter-foundry for Mr. Caslon, and, at the sale of his effects, were purchased by Mr. L. for 4,100*l.* Even the opening of this place as a shop for the new possessor was calculated to add to his celebrity ; for, on a wager being laid by him that a coach-and-four would drive in and out, going clear round the shop, without any hinderance from height or width, it was actually performed by the Yarmouth mail-coachman, and from this circumstance the world was informed of the capaciousness of his shop. He also caused his own coachman to perform the same ceremony soon after with himself, Mr. Hughes, of Sadler's Wells, and Robert Allen, Esq., in the chariot. Mr. L. soon after understanding that a statue was to be erected in the centre of Finsbury-square, then newly built, immediately caused it to be known, that he would pay all the expenses of one, and have it worthy of the place, if the commissioners would allow it to be an exact resemblance of himself. However, at all events, being resolved to overlook his neighbours, he raised Mr. Caslon's late house higher than the rest by means of a lantern over the upper story, on the top of which he placed a flag-pole, and a large flag was constantly hoisted on his arrival from Merton,

which was daily struck on his departure. Since his interest ceased in the house, a weathercock has supplied the place of this symbol of vanity.

DR. R. GRIFFITHS.

This singular man was for nearly fifty years the conductor of the *Monthly Review*. He was originally a watchmaker at Stone, in Staffordshire. Abandoning his trade, he came to London, and turned bookseller, first on Ludgate-hill, and afterwards in St. Paul's Church-yard, and in Paternoster-row.

One of his first adventures, as a publisher, was in the notorious book of Cleland's, called "The History of Fanny Hill, or Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure." This work he had the assurance to recommend to the public as a rival of "Tom Jones," in a printed criticism upon it, in one of the early numbers of the *Monthly Review*. He was, however, apprehended under a general warrant as the publisher; but having contrived to remove the copies out of his house by the back door, into Paternoster-row, while the officer was gone to get the warrant backed by the Lord Mayor, he escaped the punishment which otherwise might have befallen him.

He afterwards removed into the Strand, where he failed; and his Review being sold for the benefit of his creditors, was purchased by Collins, then an enterprising bookseller, of Salisbury. Under Collins, the work improved in variety and reputation, if not in sale; and Griffiths, who had retained the management, regained the whole of the property itself about the year 1780.

He now began a new series, and the profits of the work were so much increased, that he commenced a

handsome establishment at Turnham-green ; latterly kept two carriages, and lived in good style. He was also made a Doctor of Laws by a New England University. He died at a time when his Review had attained the zenith of its glory, in his 86th year.

VARIOUS BOOKSELLERS.

It would be no uninteresting literary speculation, remarks Mr. D'Israeli, to describe the difficulties which some of our most favourite works encountered in their manuscript state, and even after they had passed through the press. STERNE, when he had finished his first and second volumes of "Tristram Shandy," offered them to a bookseller at York for fifty pounds, but was refused : he came to town with his MSS., and he and ROBERT DODSLEY agreed in a manner of which neither repented.

"The Rosciad," with all its merit, lay for a considerable time in a dormant state, till CHURCHILL and his publisher became impatient, and almost hopeless of success. "BURN'S Justice" was disposed of by its author, who was weary of soliciting booksellers to purchase the MS. for a trifle, and now it yields an annual income. COLLINS burnt his odes before the door of his publisher. The "Essay on the Immutability of Truth," by Dr. Beattie, could find no publisher to purchase it, and was printed by two friends of the author, at their joint expense.

"The Historical Connexion of the Old and New Testament," by SHUCKFORD, is also reported to have been seldom inquired after for about a twelvemonth ; however, it made a shift, though not without some difficulty, to creep up to a second edition, and afterwards even to a third. And, which is another re-

markable instance, the MS. of Dr. Prideaux's "Connexion" is well known to have been bandied about from hand to hand among several, at least five or six, of the most eminent booksellers, during the space of at least two years, to no purpose; none of them undertaking to print that excellent work. It lay in obscurity, till Archdeacon Echard, the author's friend, strongly recommended it to Tonson. It was purchased, and the publication was very successful. The undertaker of the translation of Rapin, after a very considerable part of the work had been published, was not a little doubtful of its success, and was strongly inclined to drop the design. It proved at last to be a most profitable literary adventure. It is, perhaps, useful to record, that while the fine compositions of genius, and the elaborate labours of erudition, are doomed to encounter these obstacles to fame, and seldom more than slightly remunerated, works of another description are rewarded in the most princely manner: at the recent sale of a bookseller, the copy-right of "Vyse's Spelling-book" was sold at the enormous price of 2,200*l.*, with an annuity of fifty guineas to the author.

GEORGE FOSTER.

A learned man of great merit, whose loss Germany still deplores, wrote some years ago to a bookseller, M. Voss, of Berlin, that in order to form a new plan of life, he wanted the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. He knew well, he said, that his correspondent could not draw it out of his trade, but entreated him to procure it him for six years, though on a very high interest. The bookseller deliberated about it with a friend. A circular letter was written, in which, with-

out naming the learned man, the rich were invited to bring this sum together. The privy-counsellor Wlomer signed it, and paid himself a hundred dollars; Count Herzberg, and another esteemed minister of the King, did the same; almost the whole of the remainder was subscribed by Jew houses, many of which are the first banking-houses in Berlin, and very eager to seize every opportunity of showing their philanthropy. It is easily to be conceived, that men who could determine to advance money to an unknown person, thought of no interest, and left it entirely to his means or integrity whether he would repay them or not. Some time afterwards, a new circular announced the death of George Foster, the person assisted, adding, that he had left means from which the sum lent him might be collected.

AN EMINENT BOOKSELLER.

Long before Dr. Johnson broached the idea of his Dictionary, or any other work which contributed to raise and establish his literary reputation, he was much with a bookseller of eminence, who frequently consulted him about manuscripts offered for sale, or books newly published; but whenever Johnson's opinion happened to differ from his, he would stare him full in the face, and remark, with much gravity and arrogance, "I wish you could write as well." This, Johnson thought, was literally telling a professional man that he was an impostor, or, that he assumed a character to which he was not equal; he, therefore, heard the gross imputation once or twice with sullen contempt. One day, however, in the presence of several gentlemen who knew them both, this bookseller very incautiously threw out the same

illiberal opinion. Johnson could suppress his indignation no longer: "Sir," said he, "you are not competent to decide a question which you do not understand. If your allegations be true, you have the brutality to insult me with what is not my fault, but my misfortune: if your allegations be not true, your impudent speech only shows how much more detestable a liar is than a brute." The strong conclusive aspect and ferocity of manner, which accompanied the utterance of these words, from a poor author to a purse-proud bookseller, made a deep impression in Johnson's favour, and secured him, perhaps, more respect and civility in his subsequent intercourse with the trade, than any other transaction of his life.

LOUIS XIV.

Louis XIV. of France was not fond of books; he one day asked Montausier, his son's tutor, why he was always reading, and what advantage he gained from it. "Sire," replied the teacher, "good books have the same effect upon my mind that the partridges your majesty is so good as to send me have upon my body; they nourish and support it."

NEWSPAPER READERS.

Shenstone, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into the following general classes:—The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts; the tradesman, to the price of bread; the stock-jobber, to the lie of the day; the old maid, to marriages; the prodigal son, to deaths; the monopolist, to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding-school misses, to every thing that relates to Gretna-green!

An honest farmer being asked why he did not subscribe for a newspaper; "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many papers, and I haven't read them through yet."

"No man is ever satisfied," says Bishop Horne, "with another man's reading a newspaper to him; but the moment it is laid down, he takes it up, and reads it over again."

A poor aged woman, who had long earned her livelihood by knitting, one day coming to the end of her worsted ball, found it to be wound on a piece of an old newspaper, which she had the curiosity to read; when, to her astonishment and delight, she discovered it to contain an advertisement respecting herself, as the heir of a large property, which, had she been unable to read, she might never have possessed!

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

When Lord Chesterfield was one day at Newcastle House, the Duke happening to be very particularly engaged, the Earl was requested to sit down in an ante-room, where a commentary on Job, dedicated to the Duke, happened to lie in the window. When his grace entered, finding the Earl busily engaged in reading, he asked him how he liked the commentary. "In any other place," replied Chesterfield, "I should not think much of it; but there is so much propriety in putting a volume on *patience* in the room where every visitor has to wait for your grace,

that *here* it must be considered as one of the best books in the world."

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Among the sufferers from the capricious despotism of Henry VIII. was Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who would most probably have perished on the scaffold, had not the timely death of the tyrant reserved him for better times.

In his petition to the Lords, from the Tower of London, he requests to have some of the books that are at Lambeth; "for," adds he, "unless I have books to read ere I fall asleep, and after I am awake again, I cannot sleep, nor have done these dozen years. That I may hear mass, and be bound upon my life not to speak to him who says mass, which he may do in the other chamber whilst I remain within. That I may be allowed sheets to lie in; to have license in the day-time to walk in the chamber without, and in the night be locked in, as I am now. I would gladly have license to send to London, to buy one book of St. Austin, *de Civitate Dei;* and one of Josephus, *de Antiquitatibus;* and another of Sabellius; who both declare most of any book that I have read, how the bishop of Rome, from time to time, hath usurped his power against all princes, by their unwise sufferance."

BAYLE.

Basnage said of Bayle, that "he read much by his fingers." He meant that he ran over a book more than he read it; and that he had the art of always falling upon that which was most essential and curious in the book he examined.

VILLAGERS.

I recollect, says Sir John Herschell, an anecdote told me by a late highly respectable inhabitant of Windsor as a fact which he could personally testify, having occurred in a village where he resided several years, and where he actually was at the time it took place. The blacksmith of the village had got hold of Richardson's novel of "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," and used to read it aloud in the long summer evenings, seated on his anvil, and never failed to have a large and attentive audience. It is a pretty long-winded book, but their patience was fully a match for the author's prolixity, and they fairly listened to it all. At length, when the happy hour of fortune arrived, which brings the hero and heroine together, and sets them living long and happily according to the most approved rules, the villagers were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and, procuring the church keys, actually set the parish bells ringing.

MADAME DE STAEL.

It is recorded of Madame de Stael Holstein, that before she was fifteen years of age she had *devoured* 600 novels in three months; so that she must have read more than six a day upon an average.

LOUIS XVI.

Louis XVI., during the five months and seven days of his imprisonment immediately preceding his death, read 157 volumes, or one a day. If this species of gluttony is pardonable in circumstances

like those of Louis, it is less so in those of a young lady of fourteen or fifteen. No one can have time for reflection who reads at this rapid rate ; and, whatever may be thought, these devourers of books are guilty of abusing nature to an extent as much greater than those who overcharge their stomachs, as the intellectual powers are higher than the animal propensities. Thousands of young people spend their time in perpetual reading, or rather in devouring books. It is true, the food is light ; but it occupies the mental faculties for the time in fruitless efforts, and operates to exclude food of a better quality.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Queen Caroline, consort of George II., being informed that her eldest daughter, afterwards Princess of Orange, was accustomed, at going to rest, to employ one of the ladies of the court in reading aloud to her till she dropped asleep, and that, on one occasion, the princess suffered the lady, who was indisposed, to continue the fatiguing duty until she fell down in a fainting fit, determined to inculcate on her daughter a lesson of humanity. The next night the Queen, when in bed, sent for the princess, and commanded her to read aloud. After some time, her royal highness began to be tired of standing, and paused, in hopes of receiving an order to be seated. " Proceed," said her majesty. In a short time a second pause seemed to plead for rest. " Read on," said the Queen again. The princess again stopped, and again received an order to proceed ; till, at last, faint and breathless, she was forced to complain.

"Then," said this excellent parent, "if you thus feel the pain of this exercise for one evening only, what must your attendants feel who do it every night? Hence learn, my daughter, never to indulge your own ease, while you suffer your attendants to endure unnecessary fatigue."

A VILLAGE READER.

It is well known that the late Rev. Thomas Scott, the celebrated commentator on the Bible, published an edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," with expository notes. A copy of this work he benevolently presented to one of his poor parishioners. Meeting him soon after, Mr. S. inquired whether he had read it. The reply was, "Yes, Sir." "Do you think you understand it?" "Oh, yes, Sir," was the answer, with this somewhat unexpected addition, "and I hope before long I shall understand the notes."

A SCOTCH BELLMAN.

The antipathy entertained by the Scotch of the lower orders against read sermons is the subject of various good jokes. A country clergyman, on the north side of the Forth, was guilty of this fault to a great degree; he was, indeed, as his parishioners said, a perfect slave to the paper. At the acquittal of Queen Caroline, in 1821, the inhabitants of the village where this clergyman's manse stood, resolved on having an illumination as well as their neighbours; and the bellman was sent round to announce the event. In the course of his peregrinations, John

stopped opposite the manse, and read his proclamation. The news of a radical illumination in the parish alarmed the minister extremely: he ran out, crying, "Stop, John; wha bad ye cry that? Ye souldna cry that, John." "Deed, Sir," answered John, "I'll just cry what I'm paid for, and ne'er speer wha gies me the paper." The minister seeing that no good was to be done in this way, made up to John, and snatching the paper from him, ran off. "Hoot, man!" cried the sardonic Scot, "ye needna rin sae fast; though you canna tell your story wanting your paper, d'ye think I canna do wanting mine?"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I observe almost all of them to be good book-keepers."

COLERIDGE.

In a lecture delivered upwards of twenty years ago, in Fetter-lane, London, the late S. T. Coleridge, Esq., divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge—which imbibes every thing, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag, which allows

all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond-mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that was worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

CHAPTER X.

LIBRARIES.

MEDICINES FOR THE SOUL,

Was the expressive inscription which a king of Egypt placed over the door of his library. It belongs, no doubt, to well-selected books ; but alas! how many of those which appear in the present day would be more aptly described as Poisons for the Soul!

A large library has this advantage, that it frightens him who contemplates it. Two hundred thousand volumes are calculated to discourage a man who is tempted to print. But unfortunately he says to himself, The greater part of these authors are not read, but I may be. He compares himself to a drop of water which complained of being lost and unknown in the ocean ; a genius took pity on it, and caused an oyster to swallow it. It became the most beautiful pearl of the East, and the principal ornament of the throne of the Great Mogul. Those who are but compilers, imitators, petty verbal critics—in short, those on whom some good genius has not taken pity, will remain for ever drops of water. But our hero fags in his garret with the hope of becoming the pearl.

RUSSIAN LIBRARY.

Learning is not always associated with greatness, nor do the owners of books always know their value. Rimsky Korzadoff, a sergeant in the guards, was suddenly raised to be the favourite of Catherine II. of Russia. He thought it would be proper to have a library, and sent for a bookseller of St. Petersburgh, to whom he gave an order for this necessary portion of the furniture of his house. "What books," inquired the bookseller, "would you please to have?" "That is your business," replied Rimsky; "you understand that matter better than I do. You know the proper assortments which I have destined a large room to receive. Let there be large books at the bottom, and smaller and smaller up to the top, in the manner in which they are placed in the library of the empress." "How did you contrive to find a sufficient quantity of large books for the purpose, since folios are out of fashion?" asked a friend of the bookseller. "Oh, I went to my warehouse, and drew out some old German commentators on the Bible, and writers on jurisprudence, where they had lain in quires ever since they were sent to my predecessor for a bad debt. I took care to put them in new coats; and the showy outsides of very many of them, as is common in the world, must be a passport to any deficiency within."

LIBRARY IN FRANCE.

Diderot was once so much reduced as to be obliged to expose his library for sale at Paris. Prince Galitzin, the ambassador of Catherine of Russia at the court of France, hearing of the circumstance, sent for Diderot, and requested him not to proceed in the

sale, at the same time making him a handsome present. Prince Galitzin immediately acquainted his imperial mistress with Diderot's distress, when she ordered his excellency to pay him the full value of his library, and allow him the exclusive use of it during the remainder of his life ; and the more effectually to relieve his necessities, she appointed him her librarian, with a pension of fifteen hundred livres per annum.

SPANISH LIBRARY.

When the celebrated Beautru was in Spain, he went to see the much-talked-of library in the Escurial. On conversing with the librarian, he found him to be a very ignorant man ; and when he was asked by the King what he thought of the library, he replied, that he admired the library, but that he would humbly recommend to his majesty to make the librarian the administrator of the public finances. The King, greatly surprised, wished to know on what grounds his recommendation was founded. Beautru replied, " Because he does not make use of the treasure intrusted to him."

BEGON'S LIBRARY.

Michael Begon, who was born at Blois, in 1638, was possessed of a valuable library, which was free of public access. In most of his books was written, " Michaelis Begon et amicorum ;" i. e. the property of Begon and his friends ; and when he was once cautioned by his librarian against lending his books, for fear of losing them, he replied, " I would rather lose them than seem to distrust any honest man."

BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Camden, under the year 1598, tells us, that Bodley, being disengaged from affairs of state, about the year 1578, set himself a task which would have suited the character of a crowned head,—the promotion and encouragement of learning; for he began to repair the public library at Oxford, and furnished it with new books. It was founded by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, but through the iniquity of the times was, in the reign of Edward VI., stripped of all the books; but Bodley having made the choicest collection from all parts of the world, of the most valuable books, partly at his own cost, and partly by contributions from others, he first stocked, and afterwards left it so well endowed at his death, that his memory deserves to be cherished amongst men of worth and letters.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF EUROPE.

We are unable to state the exact number of these useful establishments, though, on a superficial enumeration, they cannot amount to fewer than between seven and eight hundred; the contents of which have been estimated by Malthus at 19,847,000 volumes. Of these, contents, there are preserved in

The Austrian states . . .	2,220,000 vols.
Prussian	997,000
Remaining states of Germany	3,524,500
The whole of Germany	6,741,500
France	6,427,000
Great Britain	1,533,000
Russian Empire	880,000
Italy	2,139,000

The six most considerable, and at the same time, most valuable libraries in Europe, are the following :—

	Vols.	MSS.
Royal Library, Paris .	450,000	76,000
Bodleian, Oxford . .	420,000	30,000
Royal Central, Munich	400,000	9,000
Vatican, Rome . . .	100,000	40,000
University, Gottingen .	300,000	5,000
British Museum, London	300,000	

DESTRUCTION OF LIBRARIES.

It is well known that the part taken by Lord Mansfield, in the bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics, brought on him the vengeance of the mob, in the disgraceful riots of 1780. His house in Bloomsbury-square, with all his furniture, his books, his manuscripts, &c., were entirely consumed by fire. He bore this calamity with great equanimity ; and once in the House of Lords made the following pathetic allusion to it, when giving his opinion on a legal question :—" I speak not this from books ; for books I have none."

Literature sustained an irreparable loss at Buda, by the destruction of the library, collected from the relics of Constantinopolitan science, by Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, and placed in a magnificent tower, wherein thirty secretaries were constantly employed in transcribing and collating manuscripts. These unhappy volumes, doomed to a second bondage to Ottoman barbarism, were now torn to pieces for their rich bindings and weighty bosses. Cardinal

Bozmanni in vain tempted the captors to relinquish their prize, with the offer of 200,000 pieces of imperial coin. The learned Obsopæus was more fortunate; be bought of a private soldier a manuscript which proved to be "The Æthiopics of Heliodorus." From this, in 1584, he printed the first edition of that curious work.

Lambecius says, that having been sent by the Emperor Leopold, in 1665, to examine what might remain of the library, he was not permitted to enter the room till after much delay and difficulty; that he found there about four hundred printed books, of no value, scattered over the floor, and covered with filth and dust.

The destruction of libraries was so great at the dissolution of the monasteries, in the time of Henry VIII., that John Bayle much laments it, in his "Epistle upon Leland's Journal." Those who purchased religious houses, took the libraries as part of the booty with which they scoured their furniture. Some they sold to the grocers, and others they sent over the sea to the bookbinders in ship loads. "I know a merchant," says he, "who bought two noble libraries for forty shillings each."

CHAPTER XI.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNKNOWN AUTHORS.

All men, as Mr. D'Israeli remarks, are fond of glory, and even those philosophers who write against that passion prefix their names to their works. It is, however, remarkable that several most distinguished authors are entirely unknown. Who wrote the "Letters of Junius?" is a question that will probably remain for ever unanswered. The authors of two religious books, universally received, have concealed their names from the world. The "Imitation of Christ" is attributed, without authority, to Thomas à Kempis; and the author of "The Whole Duty of Man" still remains undiscovered. Millions of these books have been dispersed in the Christian world.

ENTERTAINING AUTHORS.

Ten gentlemen, of acknowledged taste, being on a visit to a gentleman of rank, were each desired to write out a list of the ten most interesting books they had ever read. One work only found its way into every list; this was "Gil Blas."

Had Dr. Johnson been present, and been previously heard upon the subject, the preference would

probably have been given to "Don Quixote." The Doctor used to say, that there were few books of which one ever could possibly arrive at the last page; and that there never was any thing written by mere man that was wished longer by its readers, excepting "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress." After "Homer's Iliad," he said the work of Cervantes was the greatest in the world, as a book of entertainment; and when we consider that every other author's admirers are confined to his countrymen, and perhaps to the literary classes among them; while "Don Quixote" is a sort of common property, an universal classic, equally enjoyed by the court and the cottage; equally applauded in France and England, as in Spain; quoted by every servant, the amusement of every age, from infancy to decrepitude; the first book you see in every shop where books are sold, through all the states of Italy;—who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the superiority of Cervantes to all modern writers? Shakspeare has, until within the last half-century, been worshipped only at home; while translators and engravers live by the hero of "La Mancha" in every nation; and the walls of the miserable inns and the cottages, all over England, France, and Germany, are adorned with the exploits of "Don Quixote."

FATE OF BOOKS.

There are 1000 books published per annum in Great Britain, on 600 of which there is a commercial loss; on 200 no gain; on 100 a trifling gain; and only on 100 a considerable profit. Seven hundred and fifty are forgotten within the year, 100 others in

two years, another 150 in three years; not more than fifty survive seven years, and scarcely ten are thought of after twenty years. Of the 50,000 books published in the seventeenth century, not fifty are now in estimation. And of the 80,000 published in the eighteenth century, not more than 300 are considered worth reprinting, and not more than 500 are now sought after. Since the first writings, 1400 years before Christ, i. e. in thirty-two centuries, only about 500 works, of writers of all nations, have sustained themselves against the devouring influence of time.

LITERARY PERSEVERANCE.

The following is a recent illustration of what may be effected by individual attention to one undertaking:—

The late Francis Cox, Esq., of Brompton-crescent, a gentleman of original taste and uncommon perseverance, began, many years ago, to cut out of the public journals such scraps as, in his estimation, possessed interest. These scraps, forming altogether a singular collection of whimsical, interesting, and instructive facts, he continued, from time to time, to paste on the blank leaves of books prepared to receive them, little thinking what a mass of matter would, by this means, be at length accumulated. These scraps, before his death, amounted to no less than ninety-four volumes. It was his intention to make up the number to a hundred, and then present them to his majesty; but this intention was abandoned, and the ninety-four volumes, entitled "Fragmenta," were bequeathed by him to the British Museum, provided they were thought worthy the acceptance of that

institution. It is needless to add, that the volumes have been sufficiently estimated to be added to the splendid collection of books at the Museum, and that no doubt many a curious eye will investigate them, and many an antiquarian spirit ponder over them, with interest and satisfaction.

Ninety-four folio volumes of scraps, having no necessary connexion with each other, must of necessity present an entertainment of no ordinary kind, offering something suitable to every taste; a sort of flowery labyrinth wherein the reader may willingly lose himself; the man of science and reflection recreate and refresh his memory; and the lover of the wonderful and marvellous find abundant sources of gratification.

POLITICAL CATECHISM.

Soon after the appearance of Burke's work, in which the celebrated expression of "the swinish multitude," as applied to the lower grades of society, was used, a pamphlet was published in the form of a catechism, with a reference to the war then about to be commenced: the first question, "What is the first duty of a member of the swinish multitude?" was answered, "To save his bacon." A very good-humoured reproof.

TOPHAM BEAUCLERK.

When the splendid folio edition of "Cæsar's Commentaries," by Clarke, published on purpose to be presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, was sold at the sale of Mr. Topham Beauclerk's library, for forty pounds, it was accompanied with an anec-

dote respecting that gentleman's mode of acquiring that copy, which deserves to be made public. Upon the death of an officer, who had this book in his possession, his mother, being informed that it was of some value, wished to dispose of it, and, being told that Mr. Topham Beauclerk was a proper person to offer it to, she waited upon him for that purpose. He asked what she required for it, and being answered four guineas, took it without hesitation, though unacquainted with the real value of the book. Being desirous, however, of information with respect to the nature of the purchase he had made, he went to an eminent bookseller's, and inquired what he would give for such a book: the bookseller replied, seventeen guineas. Mr. Beauclerk, actuated by principles of strict justice and benevolence, went immediately to the person who sold him the book, and, telling her that she had been mistaken in its value, not only gave her the additional thirteen guineas, but also generously bestowed a further gratuity upon her.

LORD W. P.

A pamphlet, called, "The Snake in the Grass,' being reported, probably in joke, to be written by Lord W—— P——, a gentleman abused in it, sent him a challenge. His Lordship professed hs innocence, and declared that he was not the author; but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord W—— took a pen, and began:—"This is to scraify, that the buk, called 'The Snak,'"—"Oh, my Lord," said the person, "I am satisfied: your Lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

DR. MORE.

The enthusiasm which at first was caught by the readers of the works of the platonic Dr. Henry More, is remarkable ; but Henry More was himself an enthusiast. So necessary is it that there should be some reality in every great illusion, if we hope to create the sympathy of those around us. Time, however, has long cast into the shade the visionary pages of Henry More, and he seems himself to have survived that fame which he had once promised to himself. I find a curious fact relating to his works. A gentleman who had died beyond sea, left a legacy of three hundred pounds for the translation of Dr. Henry More's works. The task was cheerfully un taken by the Doctor himself, but when he had finished it, he was compelled to give the bookseller the three hundred pounds to print them.

GIBBON.

When Mr. Fox's furniture was sold by auction several years ago, amongst the books there happened to be Gibbon's first volume of the Roman History, and which appeared by the title-page to have been given by the author to his honourable friend, who thought proper to insert on the blank leaf this anecdote :—" The author at Brookes's, said, there was no salvation for this country, until six heads of the principal persons in administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after, this same gentleman accepted a place of lord of trade, under those very ministers, and has acted with them ever since !" Such was the avidity of bidders for the smallest pro-

duction of so wonderful a genius, that by the addition of this little record, the book sold for three guineas.

PROPORTION OF TALENT.

Shenstone says, that if the public were divided into one hundred parts, the relative distribution of intellect might be estimated thus :—

Fools	15
Persons of common sense	40
Wits	15
Pedants	15
Persons of wild taste	10
Persons of improved taste	5

LONGEVITY OF AUTHORS.

The following is the order of longevity exhibited in the various lists ; and the average duration of life is, of the most eminent men, in each pursuit,

	Aggregate.	Average.
Natural Philosophers	1504	75
Moral Philosophers	1417	70
Sculptors and Painters	1412	70
Authors on Law and Jurisprudence	1394	69
Medical Authors	1368	68
Authors on Revealed Religion	1350	67
Philologists	1323	66
Musical Composers	1284	64
Novelists, and Miscellaneous Authors	1257	62½
Dramatists	1249	62
Authors on Natural Religion	1245	62
Poets	1144	57

"From these tables," says Mr. Madden, from whom we extract the above summary, "it would appear, that those pursuits in which imagination is largely exerted, is unfavourable to longevity. We find the difference between the united ages of twenty natural philosophers, and that of the same number of poets, to be no less than three hundred and sixty years; or in other words, the average of life to be about seventy-five in one, and fifty seven in the other. Quoting from Madame De Stael, Mr. Madden further remarks, "that as poetry is the apotheosis of sentiment, this deification of sublime conception costs the priests of nature not a little for the transfiguration of simple ideas into splendid imagery; no little wear and tear of the body, no small outlay for fervid feeling.

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W. Tyler, Printer, Bolt-court, Fleet-street.

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