

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN



THE COLLECTOR

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**Enriched edition. Essays on Books, Newspapers,
Pictures, Inns, Authors, Doctors, Holidays, Actors,
Preachers**

Introduction, Studies and Commentaries by Colin Finch

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INTRODUCTION.

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It was one of the conclusions arrived at by Adelung, that the same language would not maintain itself beyond the limit of a hundred and fifty thousand square miles; but by means of books the limits of the world alone are the limits within which language and the enjoyment of it can be confined. Letters waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole^[19], and printed volumes carry thoughts that breathe and words that burn over the great oceans from one quarter of the world to another.

Such a volume is the one now in the hand of the reader. It is freighted with a dozen pleasant papers or essays, the subjects of which are not confined to America exclusively. They furnish us with text, and afford opportunity for illustrative comment.

Profiting by this opportunity, let me commence by observing, in reference to the opening essay, that the inns and taverns of London underwent a great change after the death of James the First. The rights of honest toppers were suppressed by his son King Charles, who, for the poor fee of an annual three pounds sterling, granted licences to tavern-keepers to sell wines at what prices they pleased, in spite of

all statutes to the contrary! You may fancy how flushed the face of a thirsty Cockney might become, who, on putting down his eightpence for a quart of claret, was told by Francis, the drawer, that the price was a full quarter noble, or 'one-and-eightpence'!

Lord Goring, who issued these licences, pocketed a respectable amount of fees in return. By statute, London had authority only for the establishment of forty taverns. But what did roystering George Goring care for statute, since the king gave him licence to ride over it? Taverns multiplied accordingly, not only in the city but in those 'suburbs,' as they were once called, fragrant Drury Lane and refined 'Convent Garden.' With competition came lower prices, however, and the throats of the Londoners were refreshed, while their purses were not so speedily lightened.

Jolly places they became again; but when they not only increased all over the town, but took to 'victualling,' as it was termed, as well as 'liquoring,' the authorities began to inquire into the matter. With the claret that was drunk, a corresponding amount of venison was eaten. At the same time the king's bucks began to disappear, and suspicion arose that gentlemen in taverns dined off his sacred majesty's deer! A watch was set to prevent such felonious fare being carried into London from any of the royal parks, chases, or forests. Still haunches smoked on the boards of those naughty victualling taverns, and haughty Cockneys, 'greatly daring, dined'! The stolen bucks were smuggled in over Bow Bridge; and not till that passage was occupied by representatives of legal authority did the venison intended for the court cease to find its way into the city.

The drama at this time lingered about Blackfriars and the Bankside. Bacchus emigrated westward, before Thespis. In 1633, in 'Convent Garden' and the 'little lane' adjacent, which had then just begun to be called Russell Street, there were not less than eight taverns and twenty alehouses. This was thought to be so much beyond the requirements of the public thirst, that an order was issued to reduce the number of taverns to two and the alehouses to four. The suburban public cried out against the drinking privileges of the city, where claret was tapped in taverns and ale ran from the spigot from before breakfast till after supper-time. The Council directed the attention of the Lord Mayor thereto, and in 1633 inquiry was made as to how many taverns had been newly opened since the year 1612. The reply was, 'sixty and one.' In the return it is pleasant to read of the 'Boar's Head,' as 'an ancient tavern.' Teetotallers will, perhaps, entertain due regard for 'Bagsishaw Ward,' as being the only one in the city described as having 'never a tavern within that ward.' But, then, Basing Hall, or Bagsishaw Ward, was of such small extent as to be rather contemptuously spoken of by Stowe himself, who calls it 'a small thing consisting of one street.'

An inhabitant of this ward had, therefore, only to step into the next street if he wanted a stoup of Bordeaux or a flagon of ale. If he swore over his liquor he was liable to the penalty of a shilling; and if he went on his way home noisily, with more claret under his belt than he well knew how to carry, he might be mulcted of a crown. These fines were distributed among the poor, so that the more drinking and profanity abounded, the better for those poor. To be

blasphemous was to be on one of the blessed paths of charity. City chronicles tell of one Richard Dixon, who, having more of an eccentric compassion for the distressed than regard for propriety, swallowed his claret, swore a score of oaths, and deposited twenty shillings with the town clerk for London paupers.

Sober people in the city, however, complained of the increasing number of inns and taverns. Orders were issued accordingly, and a Boniface here and there took down his bush at the beginning of the week, but hung it up again before Saturday. The temperance party furnished a list of 211 taverns, new and old, in the city, in October, 1633. At that time Shakspeare's and Washington Irving's 'Boar's Head,' in Eastcheap, was kept by one William Leedes, 'not by any licence from the king's majesty,' but 'as a freeman.' Will Leedes may well have seen Shakspeare, who had not then been dead a score of years; and we may fancy mine host's guests discussing the second edition of the *Folio*, which had then been out of the press not much above twelve months.

In spite of the law for the suppression of certain taverns, these remained open, and new inns were built. The fashion and delicacy of Drury Lane were deeply affected by the threatened building of a tavern in that refined locality, in addition to eleven already existing there. The master of his majesty's tents, one Thomas Jones, resided in Drury Lane, and he petitioned the Council to prohibit the above building, as being to the great prejudice of the royal tent-master 'and other neighbours, being men of eminent quality.'

The greatest blow at the old taverns was the prohibition of 'victualling.' Tavern-keepers beset the king for licences to cook and retail meat, 'it being,' says one petition, 'a thing much desired by noblemen and gentlemen of the best rank, and others (for the which, if they please, they may also contract beforehand, as the custom is in other countries), there being no other place fit for them to eat in the city.' This was in Cheapside; but there was also Will Mead's house in Bread Street. It had ever been resorted to by citizens and foreigners, on account of its famous fish dinners. The company had always been 'well-affected,' of the very best quality, too; gentlefolk, who conformed themselves to the laws made for eating fish upon days appointed. If Will Mead be not permitted to vend his Lenten fare, then he is 'deprived of his best way of subsistence, having applied himself and bred up many servants only for the dressing of fish.' As licence had been given to two vintners to 'dress and vent flesh,' Will prays for similar licence to dress and vend fish also. Will was landlord of that very 'Mermaid' of which Mr. Tuckerman speaks in his first essay—the 'Mermaid' of Ben Jonson, who had then just closed his dramatic career with *Love's Welcome*—the 'Mermaid' which, some thirty years earlier, had been kept by the poet's namesake, Johnson, and which had been a 'Mermaid,' where men of quality took their wine, as early at least as the time when the Houses of York and Lancaster were at bloody strife for the crown of 'this our England.'

But, occasionally, men of quality died as well as drank in a London inn. I am not sure that it was not in this very 'Mermaid' that Richard de Grey, the sixth Lord Grey of

Ruthyn, died, in 1523, an utterly penniless gambler. His son Henry, from poverty, never assumed any title of honour; and it was not until the time of his great-grandson, Reginald, that the honour and fortune were restored of a family of which the present Baroness Grey de Ruthyn is the representative.

Those old inns had their tragic as well as their gayer aspects. A man was as likely to die poisoned as ruined by gaming in some of them. For example, in 1635 eighteen pipes of white wine, belonging to Peter van Paine, a foreigner, were seized, and Lord Mayor Parkhurst wrote to the Council that 'in eight of them were found eight bundles of weeds, in four some quantities of sulphur, in another a whole piece of match, besides in every cask a kind of gravel mixture, by which mixtures the wines are conceived to be very unwholesome, and of the like nature with those which were formerly destroyed.' Peter van Paine must have dealt in a compound of the quality of modern Hamburg sherry, a compound that would have been deeply declined by the poorest of those authors who form the subject of the second essay.



oor Authors! Against no class of men have the acutely-pointed shafts of satire been more frequently darted. Congreve, who had so little cause to be ashamed of the name, yet persistently rejected the honour of being supposed to be one of the brotherhood. When Voltaire visited him, the French writer expressly stated that the

compliment was addressed to the *author*, and not to merely Mr. Congreve. The latter remarked that he was a 'gentleman,' and not an *author*. Whereupon the polite Frenchman rejoined that if Congreve had been only a gentleman, he, the French author, would never have thought of calling upon him at all.

A wicked wit, some hundred and odd years ago, made the early pages of *Sylvanus Urban* lively by inventing a census of surviving English authors. These he set down in round numbers at three thousand, who had produced in the preceding year, of abortive works, 7,000; born dead, 3,000; and not one that survived the year itself. Three hundred and twenty perished by sudden death, and a few thousands went to line trunks, make sky-rocket cases, hold pies, or were consumed by worms. One thousand of these literary gentlemen are said to have died of lunacy, a rather greater number were 'starved,' seventeen were hanged, fifteen committed suicide, five pastoral poets died of fistula, others in various ways; while a difference was suggested as to the diet, lives, and deaths of aldermen and authors in a *zero*, indicating the number of writers who died of 'surfeit.'

Perhaps one of the most singular reasons for founding a periodical, and undertaking much of the authorship and editorship, presents itself in the case of the celebrated French physician, Théophraste Renaudet. He had a number of nervous, anxious, restless patients, who required little more than to have their minds drawn from the unprofitable occupation of dwelling upon the condition of the body. The great doctor did not wish that the thoughts of his patients should be allowed to dwell very much upon anything. Books

of science, politics, or polemical theology, were not at all what he required. The romances of the day were stilted, pompous things, quite as difficult for invalids to read as any of the inflated treatises on scientific, political, and theological subjects. Renaudet may be said to have been a pupil of the philosophical school of Hippias. That self-reliant teacher of Elis maintained that a portion at least of manly virtue consisted in being able to dispense with the assistance of other men. Hippias never allowed any man to help him in any matter wherein he could help himself. He was accordingly his own tailor, shoemaker, hairdresser, laundress, and cook! How the philosopher looked when he went abroad, or how he fared when he dined at home, it is at once awful and amusing to think of! Renaudet did not go quite so far as the Elia; but in case of his patients failing to find help in others, he took the matter into his own hands, and founded the *Gazette de France*. It was better, if not for himself, at least for his patients, than if he had discovered a new remedy for prevalent diseases. Those pleasant little paragraphs of news were as so many pleasant fillips to the lazy intelligences of the nervous. Those fresh supplies of little scandals were as fresh pinches of rappee to the arid nostril all athirst for dust. Those brief hints and innuendoes were as gentle titillations, not strong enough to exhaust, but just sufficient to exhilarate, refresh, and strengthen. Nervous patients recovered, many who might otherwise have become so did not fall ill, and every one was delighted with Renaudet's attempt at authorship except his fellow-practitioners, the most of whom then lived upon the nerves of the fashionable public.

Renaudet's authorship had a benevolent and unselfish motive. As an example of audacity in the same line, I know nothing that can compare with a circumstance which occurred in the middle of the last century. There was at that time in Oxford an honest watchmaker, named Greene. He was a great reader and a great admirer of Milton; but, like the artist who had just finished a painting on a signboard, and contemplated his performance with a commiserating thought of Titian, and the complacent cry of '*Poor little Tit!*' so the Oxford watchmaker tapped his forehead, like poor André Chenier before execution, and thought he had 'something *there*' beyond any possession that could be boasted of by mortal sons of song. Accordingly, Greene published a specimen of a new version of *Paradise Lost*, in blank verse of the watchmaker's own adaptation, 'by which,' he modestly remarked, 'that amazing work is brought somewhat nearer the summit of perfection.' Poor Greene's 'summit of perfection' might lead one to believe that his ideas of improvement were not directed towards Milton only, but that he wished to give a new version to the old joke, the point of which lay in 'the height of acme'!

It is a singular fact that one of the best literal renderings of Milton into a foreign language is one into French by Jean de Diur. It is lineal, metaphrastic, and literal; consequently you have, as it were, the words of the song, but only faint, or rather no echoes of the music. Nevertheless, the patience and conscientiousness of the translator are to be seen in the fidelity with which he has interpreted the significance of the terms.

Another original phase of authorship may be here recorded, since it is in connection with Milton. While the Oxford watchmaker was carrying *Paradise Lost* to the summit of perfection by his improvements, Landor was carrying through the press his *Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns*. The author described the attempt as one hitherto never made in prose or rhyme. The method by which he sought to prove his case against Milton was by naming certain authors whom he supposed the poet to have consulted, and then giving quotations from them to expose Milton's plagiarisms. The case startled the world only for a while. Competent defenders of Milton's authorship arose, and they proved that Milton had not plagiarised from the sources named by Landor, but that the latter had forged his quotations in order to traduce Milton! The discovery made every one eager to avoid Landor as a rogue, and to possess his book as a curiosity.

A French author flung *his* poisoned dart also at Milton. Voltaire accused him of taking his epic from an old Italian mystery, the *Adamo*, by Andréivi. But Milton has had gallant champions in French authors, too. Their judgment is, that if Milton created his great epic out of the chaos of the old mystery, he, in a certain sense, resembled the Creator, who, out of brute clay, created man in the image of the Creator himself.

Cædmon, in Anglo-Saxon, and St. Avitus, in Latin, likewise treated of the Creation and the Fall, long before Milton. But, as another French author, M. Guizot, has remarked, 'It is of little importance to Milton's glory whether he was acquainted with them or not. He was one of those

who imitate when they please, for they invent when they choose, and they invent even while imitating.' True authorship could not be more happily defined than under those words; and they may be applied in reference to another attempt to question Milton's originality, in the statement that he founded his epic on the old drama *Adamo Caduto*, by Salandra. Moreover, there is nothing more in common between Milton and his predecessors than that he selected a subject which *they* had sung before him. *Their* tune is on an oaten reed; but Milton sits down to the organ, and billows of sound roll forth to awe and enchant the world.

In our own country Milton made but 'slow way,' not merely with the general but with the educated public. Dryden supposed he wrote *Paradise Lost* in blank verse because he was unable to do it in rhyme! Johnson depreciated him by asserting that if he could cut a colossus out of the rock he could not carve heads upon cherry-stones; as if Milton's briefer poems and sonnets were unworthy of the author of the great epic! Hannah More united with Johnson, not only in thinking these briefer poems bad, but in critically examining *why* they were so! But there is no end to the vagaries of authors when judging of other writers. Dryden, in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, makes Shakspeare the Homer and Johnson the Virgil of dramatic composition; but, in his *Defence of the Epilogue to the Conquest of Granada*, he informs us that Shakspeare abounds in solecisms and nonsense, in lameness of plot, meanness of writing, in comedy that cannot raise mirth, and tragedy that cannot excite sympathy; and, most wonderful of all, placing Shakspeare on a level with Fletcher, he says:

‘Had they lived now they would doubtless have written more correctly’! If you would know to what correct level Dryden thought Shakspeare might have been brought, had he had the good luck to live later, the knowledge is vouchsafed in the assertion that ‘the well placing of words for the sweetness of pronunciation was not known till Mr. Waller introduced it.’ This is quite as bad as the criticism of Addison, who bracketed Lee and Shakspeare together, accused them of a spurious sublimity, and gave it as his opinion that ‘in those authors the affectation of greatness often hurts the perspicuity of style’!

These great literary artists understood Shakspeare so indifferently, that they were unable to picture him truly to themselves or to represent him naturally to others. Milton called sweetest Shakspeare ‘Fancy’s child.’ Dryden says his Fancy limped; and Addison hints that his sublimity rendered him obscure!



Perhaps some among us may be inclined to smile at Mr. Tuckerman’s allusion, in his chapter on PICTURES, to a portrait of ‘an American matronly belle of the days of Washington, by Stewart, which represents the type of mingled self-reliance and womanly loveliness that has made the ladies of our Republican court so memorably attractive.’ Of the attraction of the ladies there can be no doubt, but can a Republic care to pride itself on such an institution as a ‘court’? La Rochefoucauld said very well of royal courts in Europe that they did not render those that tarried in them

happy, but that they prevented those who *had* tarried at them from being happy elsewhere. It may be added that there is only one royal court on record where every one was equal, and that was the proverbially celebrated 'Cours du Roi Pétaut.' But the equality there led to inextricable confusion, because every one wished to command and no one cared to obey. Now, the court of King Pétaut has very much extended itself. So wide, indeed, are its limits that it may be said to embrace all society, which has become a grand court where dissimulation and distrust, splendour without and anxieties within, abundantly prevail. Some one has compared that tremendous institution called 'Society,' as well as courts generally, to those magnificent, ill-regulated, gilt clocks to be seen in France. The exterior is dazzling with beauty, but inside everything is going wrong.

Among old court fashions of the last century was one of having a portrait of the eye. Of course this was only of ladies' eyes—eyes that slew the peace of mortal man,—and the counterfeit presentiment of one of which was held to be a solace to the memory and a stimulant to hope. Lovers carried about with them the figure of one of the (presumed) two eyes of their respective ladies. There was an affected modesty in this fashion; and, if I may so speak, the mode most prevailed when modesty, or a decent reserve which might pass for it, was least in fashion.

It has been a disputed question whether painting or poetry was the earlier born. It would be as difficult to determine whether Calliope wrote heroic songs before Clio painted heroic deeds. Probably poetry, which preceded prose in the early festive ceremonies of the human race

(bards sang of high deeds before less gifted men made long speeches about them), was earlier than painting. The actions of heroes were first fixed on the artist's imagination by the songs of the bards and the praise of orators. But there is a prettier theory touching the origin of portrait-painting, in the story of the youth who drew the outline of the one face he loved by tracing with charcoal its shadow on the wall, purposely disposed to enable him to display this primitive effort of art and of affection.

As we may not take all portraits of our ancestors for *veræ effigies*, so are the portraits of more modern heroes not to be accepted without due reserve. There was, for instance, a series of *Lives of the British Admirals*, with illustrative portraits, and Charles Lamb sat for them *all*!

Desmahis says, rather saucily, of the ladies (but they must have been those of his time, and not the general sex), that when they go to have their portraits taken they wish the artist to be faithless and the portrait to be a likeness! Steele has similar satire. Clerimont, in the *Tender Husband*, says that his fancy is utterly exhausted with inventing faces for his sitters. 'I gave my Lady Scornwell,' he says, 'the choice of a dozen frowns before she found one to her liking.' I suppose in these days the fair are not so exacting. In the very ancient days noble sitters were even more so. It was death to the painter, as well as to his reputation, if he failed to please a Roman emperor. I shudder when I think of the artist who received a commission to paint a full-length of Nero. It was more than life size; it was a hundred and twenty feet high! and there was possible death in every inch of it.

Michael Angelo had a good idea of the simple dignity of an artist. On being told of one who painted pictures with his fingers, 'The simpleton,' said he; 'he had better keep to his pencils.' A picture painted without pencils is, however, not so curious a fact as publishing a book that never was written. Mr. Tuckerman's volume reminds me of another set of essays, which were published in 1844, called *Colloquies Desultory, but chiefly upon Poetry and Poets*. It is a very agreeable volume of 250 pages, but not a word of it was really ever written. The clever printer and publisher, Mr. Lordan of Romsey, set up the types as fast as he mentally composed the book; and the latter is highly creditable to the author, who, however, never *wrote* it! Lord Palmerston respected this ingenious man; and collectors of singular books keep a good look out for a work that was published before the author penned a word of it.



The next curiosity to an author who did not write his own book, passing over the authors who really *did* write books by other people, is, perhaps, the physician who scorned to take fees. Mr. Tuckerman has pretty well exhausted the subject of DOCTORS. Let me notice how few of them resemble those proto-Christian physicians, Cosmas and Damian, who won the glorious name of *Anargyri*, or the 'feeless,' because out of their abundant charity they gave 'advice gratis,' which, it must be said, is a commodity often worth the price it costs when you get it for nothing.

Those last-named amiable physicians were Arabians by birth, and among those people some curious ideas still prevail touching the relations between medical men and patients. When the late Dr. Hogg was travelling with Lamartine in the East, it was the physician's happiness to cure, of a very horrible disease, a poor and pious Arab who had been reduced almost to despair. The cure was slow, but at last it was perfect; and the gratitude of the Arab to God, the Prophet, and Dr. Hogg was beyond all bounds. The convalescent waited on his mortal benefactor, and told him that he was the greatest of the wonders of the world. The *medico*, fancying the grateful fellow might embarrass himself by overstraining his means, in order to evince his gratitude, told him that all had been done for the love of God and the good of a fellow-creature, and that nothing more was to be said about it. But the Arab had much more to say about it. 'God,' he remarked, 'had conferred upon the Christian doctor a power beyond that possessed by any other man. The Prophet had permitted him to find a remedy for the maladies which had beset one of the faithful. Gratitude, taking the form of cash payment, was therefore indispensable.' 'I need no payment,' said the doctor. 'Just so, Effendi,' replied the countryman of Cosmas and Damian; 'it is so, I understand it. But the chief of doctors will not be ungrateful for the power he has been permitted to exercise. Behold the servant whom he has been allowed to make whole. Let the Effendi show his thankfulness by bestowing on his servant *bakshish*.' Between these two extremes of physicians altogether declining fees, and patients requesting them from physicians as testimonies of gratitude

for cure almost miraculously wrought, modern practice has established itself on a pretty good basis. But the old theory, yet not the old reality as to fees, still exists. The *honorarium* is slipped into the physician's hand with an air of there being nothing in it, and that unworldly person often *looks* like Cosmas and Damian, as if he had taken nothing by it.

A question of health connects itself closely with the subject of the next essay, on HOLIDAYS. Many a soldier in the noble army of workers owes much of his health to the keeping of holidays. Mr. Tuckerman regrets that his country does not take rest and rejoice on some common national holiday at least once a year. Now, all Christian nations have one that they may celebrate once a week. But some among us are doing their conscientious best to turn the joyous festival into a gloomy fast. God granted the day, but some among us misinterpret the meaning of the grant, obstruct rest and enjoyment, and only change one sort of labour for another. Let all the nation go up and praise the Lord; but, for

'Other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.'

The making of a holiday rendered famous for ever a philosopher whose reputation would not have spread so widely through his philosophy. When Anaxagoras was dying he was asked if he had any particular desire that should be fulfilled. 'Ay,' said the Clazomenian, 'on the anniversary of my death let all the boys have a holiday.' Thence arose the *Anaxagorica*, festivals in which the boys rejoiced, not that Anaxagoras had died on that day, but that he had lived

during many years of usefulness before it. Mr. Bright never shook the faith of his own followers so much as when he voted against the shortening of the hours of labour of women and children in the cotton mills. The contrast between the ancient and the modern philosopher is not to the disadvantage of the heathen. But there are some persons who are averse to much leisure time on working-days, and to any air of enjoyment on Sundays. A Scotchman, who had gone back to his country after a long absence, declared after going to kirk that the whole kingdom was on the road to perdition. 'The people,' he said, 'used to be reserved and solemn on the Sabbath, but now they look as happy on that day as on any other.'



With regard to what is asserted in this volume respecting the judicial and legal excellence of modern times compared with a past period, the assertion cannot be admitted without a certain reserve. We may look back at those old Brehon laws which St. Patrick himself could not amend or even make more clear, when he attempted to be for them what Coke afterwards was upon Lyttleton. For instance, if a Brehon judge were to utter an absurdity—were he, for instance, to say that he was inclined to believe in the folly of a criminal, which folly had led to crime, and were the judge to inflict a ridiculously light sentence in consequence, the 'truth of nature,' as the phrase then ran, would have been violated, and a blotch would fix itself on the face of the judge for ever!

One might reasonably suppose that no Brehon judge ever exposed himself to be twice so branded. But human nature is as weak as it is perverse. We read in the ancient laws of Ireland of a certain Sencha Mac Aililla, who, the more he was 'blotched,' the wickeder he grew. He seemed to defy the brand, as others have defied public opinion. He did not care what the law was. When he had to administer it between a member of his own tribe and one of another clan, he would decide in favour of his own 'country,' as he called it, irrespective of law and justice. This exemplary Sencha used to retire from the judgment-seat daily with three additional fiery blotches to those he bore the day previous. The monster became so ugly that he was fain at last to withdraw from the public gaze.

It was the same with the lawyers in those felicitous times. If one ventured upon a 'Scotch insinuation,' such as deliberately accusing a witness of forgery, and, on the accusation being immediately shown to be groundless, pleading that the charge was simply an 'insinuation,' perfectly professional, on the Brehon nose of such an unworthy lawyer a carbuncle would establish itself, like a light on a disagreeable object to help you to avoid it. A Brehon lawyer never even played with a lie but a pimple started on his tongue and checked his speech. If a Brehon judge were addicted to the wine-cup, it was as much as his nose, or at least the end of it, was worth to potter about excess, from the bench. If he lived an unclean life, and then judicially talked solemn sham to the ignorant and immoral, a burning St. Anthony's fire, or whatever name it was called before St. Anthony, overspread his face, and never left it.

Nay, there is record of unjust kings and judges laughing at the commission of crime till their mouths extended from ear to ear, and remained so for ever after.

It must have been *then* that divine Astræa bandaged her eyes. Were she to open them now and glance over the world, she would behold bench and bar unstained by a blush. Nevertheless, a sigh may be permitted for the good old Brehon times, when wicked lawyers blushed in spite of themselves.



In many respects those old times, or their customs, have not so completely passed away as might be generally thought. In connection with Mr. Tuckerman's next subject of SEPULCHRES, I may notice those military funerals at which the horse of the dead rider follows his master to the grave. There is now no significance in such a matter; but it was once of very stern reality, and not a mere form. It is now simply a relic of the times when the steed was slain at the side of the tomb of his defunct master, a tomb which the horse was destined to share with the departed soldier. The faithful horse, like the Indian's dog, was to keep him company in the fields beyond the waters of oblivion. It was a pagan ceremony, but it did not finally go out till somewhat late in the Christian era—in fact, not till towards the close of the last century. On the 13th of February, 1781, there was a military burial at Treves. A cavalry general, in the service of the Palatinate, a Teutonic knight, and commander of Lorraine, named Frederick Kasimir, was then and there

[32] W. L. Symonds.

[33] 'News-letters were written by enterprising individuals in the metropolis, and sent to rich persons who subscribed for them; and then circulated from family to family, and doubtless enjoyed a privilege which has not descended to their printed contemporary—the newspaper,—of never becoming stale. Their authors compiled them from materials picked up in the gossip of the coffee-houses.'—Draper's *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, p. 509.

[34] *Jockey's Intelligencer*, 1683.

[35] Burke's influence upon journalism was still more direct. While preparing for Dodsley 'An Account of the European Settlements in America,' he was led by his researches to suggest a periodical which should chronicle the important literary, political, and social facts of the year. Such was the origin of the *Annual Registers*. The first volume appeared in 1759. For several years it was edited by Burke, is still regularly published, and has been imitated in similar publications elsewhere, having finally initiated and established the historical element of journalism.

[36] The following return of the numbers daily printed by the principal Paris journals is taken from M. Didot's pamphlet on the fabrication of paper. It may be regarded as official: *Presse*, 40,000; *Siècle*, 35,000; *Constitutionnel*, 25,000; *Moniteur*, 24,000; *Patrie*, 18,000; *Pays*, 14,000; *Débats*, 9,000; *Assemblée Nationale*, 5,000; *Univers*, 3,500; *Union*, 3,500; *Gazette de France*, 2,500; *Gazettes de Tribunaux*, 2,500. These journals are all printed in five

offices; and the quantity of paper they annually consume amounts to more than four millions of pounds.

[37] Bryant.

[38] *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxviii., p. 8.

[39] Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe*.

[40] Dr. Sprague's *Annals of the American Pulpit* is full of delineations and anecdotes of prominent preachers. Their energy, zeal, and courage are viewed in connection with their racy individual peculiarities. What some of the Methodists had and have to endure and suffer, is indicated by a direction from a circuit, in want of a preacher, to the Western Conference: 'Be sure you send us a good swimmer,'—it being the duty of the minister in that region frequently to swim wide and bridgeless streams to keep his appointments.

[41] *Mémoires de Rochambeau*.

[42] Rev. Archibald Carlyle's *Autobiography*.

[43] *The Warden, Barchester Towers, and Framley Parsonage*, by A. Trollope; *Vincenzo*, by Ruffini; *Mademoiselle La Quintinie*, par Geo. Sand; *La Maudit*, par L'Abbe —; *Adam Bede*; *Chronicles of Carlingford*, &c.

[44] Dr. J. W. Draper.

[45] Calvert's *Scenes and Thoughts in Europe*.

[46] Recent Italian journals speak of a project to construct a bridge over the Straits of Messina, to unite Sicily with the mainland. The bridge proposed will be a suspension one, on a new system, the chains being of cast-steel, and strong enough to support the weight of several railway trains.

[47] *Travels through the Middle Settlements of North America, in 1759-60.* By Rev. Andrew Burnaby.

[48] Bagehot.

[49] Sir Astley Cooper's nephew presented to Dr. Valentine Mott, the late eminent New York surgeon, an elegantly-wrought case of amputating instruments, the handles of which are made of the wood and the blades of iron from old London Bridge, whose oak timbers were laid in 1176.

[50] *History of the Netherlands*, vol. i., p. 182.

[51] *Histoire du Pont Neuf*, par Edouard Fournier.

[52] 'The invention of the Suspension Bridge, by Sir Samuel Brown, sprung from the sight of a spider's web hanging across the path of the inventor, observed on a morning walk, when his mind was occupied with the idea of bridging the Tweed.'

Memorable Quotes

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1q "Letters waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,"

2q "he old, legitimate, delightful idea of an Inn is becoming obsolete;"

3q "The fashion has not been followed in our own country,"

4q "they 'laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.'"

5q "we are but 'pilgrims and sojourners on the earth.'"

6q "Art is the nearest thing to life;"

7q "There is no profession which depends so much for its efficiency on personal traits as that of medicine;"

8q "'The Doctor!—a word that stirs the extremest moods, despair and jollity!"

9q "The devotion to the immediate, the thrift, the enterprise, and the material activity which pertain to a new country,"

10q "Our festivals are chiefly on occasions of economic interest."