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FROM
THE LIBRARY
OF
SIR WILLIAM OSLER, BART.
OXFORD

6756. James Parkinson's Essay on the shaking palsy. Eine bibliographische Notiz. Von Erich Ebstein. la. 8°. (*Leipz.*, 1912.)
Repr. fr. Neurologisches Centralbl., 1912, Nr. 4.
In vol. lettered: Bibliographical Pamphlets I. 5

ZAHALON (JACOB) 1630-93.

6859. Jacob Zahalon of Rome, medieval Rabbi, Physician, Author and Moralist. By Harry Friedenwald. la. 8°. *Baltimore*, 1918.

With a facsimile. Bull. Med. Libr. Assoc., n.s. vol. 8, pp. 1-10. Bd. with no. 6756. 12

ADAMI (J[OHN] G[EORGE]) 1862-1926.

6863. List of Medical Biographies & Obituaries in the Library of Prof. J. G. Adami. la. 8°. [*Montreal*, 1918.]

Typewritten. Bd. with no. 6756.
The 79 items marked with a cross were given by Prof. Adami to Sir W. Osler and are now in this collection. 20

BAY (J. CHRISTIAN).

6882. Inspiration through Cataloging. la. 8°. [*New York*], (1916).

Repr. fr. Library Jnl., vol. 41, pp. 547-51. Bd. with no. 6756. 6

BRUSSELS.

6942. A Visit to the Burgundian Library at Brussels. 8°. [*Lond.*], (1853).

Extr. fr. Fraser's Mag., vol. 47, pp. 83-7. Bd. with no. 6756.

This collection of over 20,000 ancient MSS., formed in the 15th century by the Dukes of Burgundy, is now part of the Royal Library at Brussels. 1

CLARKE (GEORGE GIBB).

6981. The University Libraries of England (Oxford and Cambridge excepted). la. 8°. [*Lond.*, 1916.]

Extr. fr. Libr. Assoc. Record, vol. 18, pp. 403-18. Bd. with no. 6756. 18

COLE (GEORGE WATSON) 1850-

6985. Bibliographical Problems, with a few Solutions... la. 8°. *Chicago*, 1916.

Repr. fr. Papers of the Bibliogr. Soc. of America, vol. 10, pp. 119-42. Bd. with no. 6756. 7

COX (E[DWIN] M[ARION]).

6991. Some of my Books... la. 8°. *Lond.*, 1916.

With facsimiles. Repr. fr. The Library, 3rd ser., vol. 7, pp. 144-62. Bd. with no. 6756. 8

7056. Catalogue of the Library of... Richard Garnett... Which will be sold by auction... the 6th of Dec., 1906... la. 8°. (*Lond.*, 1906.)

Bd. with no. 6756. 2

GEORGIA.

MACKALL (LEONARD L[EOPOLD]) 1879-

7063. The Wymberley Jones DeRenne Georgia Library... la. 8°. *Savannah, Ga.*, (1918).

With frontispiece. Repr. fr. Georgia Hist. Quarterly, vol. 2, no. 2. Bd. with no. 6756. 11

HULSHOF (A[BRAHAM]).

7118. The Study of Palæography in England since 1873. la. 8°. [*Lond.*, 1917.]

On the Palæogr. Society's series of facsimiles. Extr. fr. Libr. Assoc. Record, vol. 19, pp. 43-68. Bd. with no. 6756. 21

KLEBS (ARNOLD C[ARL]) 1870-

7147. Desiderata in the Cataloguing of Incunabula. With a Guide for Catalogue Entries... la. 8°. [*Chicago*], 1916.

Repr. fr. Papers of the Bibliogr. Soc. of America, vol. 10, pp. 143-63. Bd. with no. 6756. 9

KLEBS

7148. Herbals of the 15th century... la. 8°. [*Chicago*], (1918).

Incunabula lists, 1. With a note on the 'Hortus Sanitatis'. Repr. fr. Papers of the Bibliogr. Soc. of America, vol. 11, pp. 75-92 and vol. 12, pp. 41-57. Bd. with no. 6756. 10

LLOYD-MOSTYN (LLEWELLYN NEVILL VAUGHAN) 3rd Baron Mostyn. 1856-

7170. Catalogue of... early English Plays, the property of the Lord Mostyn... Which will be sold by auction... Mar., 1919... la. 8°. (*Lond.*, 1919.)

With facsimiles and (separate) list of prices and buyers. Inserted: newspaper cuttings. Bd. with no. 6756. 14-15

PRIDEAUX (W. R. B.).

7176. The Medical Libraries of London... la. 8°. *Aberdeen*, 1906.

Repr. fr. Libr. Assoc. Record, vol. 8, pp. 405-22. Bd. with no. 6756. 3

NEWTON (W[ILLIAM] T[HOMAS]).

7234. Catalogue of... Books... comprising... a large collection of Emblem Books, the property of... W. T. Newton... etc. Which will be sold by auction... Feb., 1919... la. 8°. (*Lond.*, 1919.)

A considerable collection by a surgeon. Bd. with no. 6756. 13

7306. Bernard Quaritch and others. la. 8°. [*Lond.*, 1907.]

Illustr. Signed J. P. C. The Makers of Books, 9. Extr. fr. Pall Mall Mag., vol. 40, n.s. vol. 6, pp. 619-28. Bd. with no. 6756. 19

TEDDER (HENRY R[ICHARD]) 1850-1924.

7356. The Librarian in relation to Books... la. 8°. *Lond.*, 1907.

Repr. fr. Libr. Assoc. Record, vol. 9, pp. 602-18. With a few pencil notes by Sir W. Osler for a bibliographical paper. Bd. with no. 6756. 4

WOTTON (THOMAS) -1766.

7392. Catalogue of... Books bound for Thomas Wotton, the English Grolier... etc. Which will be sold by auction... Apr., 1919... la. 8°. (*Lond.*, 1919.)

With facsimiles. Bd. with no. 6756. 16

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Greece, Naples, Portugal, Rome, Russia, Sardinia, Turkey, and Tuscany. Lord Shaftesbury, one of the members of the English Board, informed the House of Lords on 28th May last, that the general principle of the adoption of sanitary measures (we wish they had been more definitely described) had been agreed to by the conference. The modifications of quarantine, however, which they recommend are exceedingly slight when contrasted with the total abolition so vehemently urged by the English Board. With the exception of restricting quarantine to the three diseases, cholera, yellow fever, and plague—in the last of which they make no diminution of period of detention,—the mitigations are scarcely more than each state frequently assumes the power of making for itself upon representation of special cases. But comparatively insignificant as they are, it seems from Lord Malmesbury's speech in the House of Lords, on 18th November last, that four only of the continental powers,

Portugal, France, Sardinia, and Russia, will sign the Convention proposed for carrying them into effect; and thus this most momentous question stands where it did, with the obstacle to partial amendment of quarantine created by the dread of its entire abolition.

We have read the Report on Yellow-fever, and its very interesting Appendix. The question there treated is much more of a professional and technical nature than that in the preceding Report, but we observe too much of the same partizan spirit in the collection of evidence and prominence of opinion on one side only. It is from the documents in the Appendix that we learn the opinions and evidence on the other; and it appears to us that although, happily for this country, the existence of yellow fever seems incompatible with its temperature, its non-importation into the warmer climates of Europe, or even into England during very hot months, is by no means so satisfactorily established.

A VISIT TO THE BURGUNDIAN LIBRARY AT BRUSSELS.

AMONGST the numerous attractions which the good town of Brussels presents to travellers, one of the most worthy of attention, and yet one of the most neglected, is the magnificent collection of ancient manuscripts known as the Burgundian Library, which contains more than 20,000 of the most valuable documents. A visit to it is undoubtedly one of the amusing ways of spending a morning, even for casual visitors; but for those who take a deeper interest in such relics of past and gone literature, a succession of visits alone can satisfy the curiosity which the sight of its treasures excites. Before proceeding to speak more particularly of its varied riches, it may not be uninteresting to give a slight sketch of its rise and progress.

No precise date is, we believe, affixed to its foundation; it probably sprung up and increased gradually beneath the fostering care of the rich and powerful dukes of Burgundy during the fifteenth century, the golden age of the Netherlands. Philippe le Bon was, as is well

known, a great protector of the arts and of learning, and established a sort of school, or 'atelier,' for transcribing and embellishing the numerous scattered works of former zealous caligraphs, whose means were not equal to their desire of excellence; and, in addition, kept up four libraries, one at Ghent, one at Bruges, the others at Brussels and Dijon. The latter and that at Ghent still exist; but the manuscripts at Bruges have been added to the collection at Brussels, forming a mass of valuable documents quite unique in its line. These libraries, and particularly the one at present under consideration, suffered very much during the convulsions and strife which so long desolated the country; and during three centuries of frequent and bitter warfare it is impossible to say what losses may not have occurred. It is certain that the whole collection was, at the formal annexation of Belgium to France, transported to Paris, and remained there until the peace of 1815, when it was again restored,

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happily uninjured, and many of the books rebound and refreshed from the state of decay into which they had fallen. But they were not destined to remain quietly in their new abode; for in 1831, a fire broke out in the ancient palace of the Princes of Orange, where they were kept, and some perished, but fortunately none of the most valuable. In so many vicissitudes it would be difficult to say at what precise period the loss occurred, but the accounts and statistics of the before-mentioned caligraphic establishment, which are known to have existed there, have entirely disappeared; although the privy purse accounts of the dukes of Burgundy during the fifteenth century still remain. Some manuscripts have been purchased at different periods and added to the collection, amongst which are a few Arabic, Persian, Chinese, &c., but not in sufficient number to interfere with the *national* character of the whole library, which now contains upwards of 20,000 volumes.

The entrance to it is by the large court of the ancient Nassau palace, in the Place du Musée, and the means of admittance the most simple imaginable. The visitor merely enters by the large door immediately under the balcony, in the principal front of the building, and passing through a pair of mattress folding doors, and turning to the right, finds himself in presence of another ground-glass door, which gives admittance to the librarian's room. This is a large, handsome apartment, matted and furnished with desks, seats, and tall presses; upon which, on the occasion of exercising our personal inspection, our eyes became instantly riveted. They seemed positively conscious of the importance of their trust; and as they stood, tall, stately, and in oaken grandeur, they looked impenetrable to any hand but those empowered to display the hidden beauties they contained. Upon our entrance, we were taken in charge by one of the assistants, an intelligent and most obliging cicerone, who brought down for us book after book with untiring patience. No description could do justice to what we saw. The finest are nearly all of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries,

and one Bible, written on vellum, with illuminations in gold, silver, and colours, was a perfect masterpiece. It had belonged to Philippe le Bel, King of France, was in two immense volumes, and in perfect preservation. Every one must remember, who has ever seen them, the exquisite drawings in the large edition of the prince of chroniclers, Froissart; but for *naïveté* of design, utter neglect of perspective, contempt of probabilities, and anachronism of costume, they fade into nothing before the vignettes of the King of France's *Hystoire Saynte*. Imagine, reader, if you can, Elijah ascending into heaven in a long cart, much resembling that in which criminals are conveyed to the guillotine, in a highly decorated state, with tongues of bright red flame symmetrically disposed along the sides and wheels. This eligible vehicle is drawn by a horse which a London costermonger would be ashamed to own, lashed, however, into a state of extreme excitement by the efforts of a singularly ill-favoured angel in dirty white garments, who bestrides him, to his evident discomfort. The prophet himself sits meekly in his chariot of triumph, with lifted hands, contemplating the Pegasus by whose efforts he is to reach the favoured and celestial regions, indicated by a line of intense ultramarine blue, and wearing on his face (by some curious and novel process presented to the gazer's view in defiance of all the laws of nature) a very natural and excusable expression of doubt and distrust of ever getting there. The whole concern is just rising, in a highly perilous and perplexing manner; from a pale green ground, upon which, at the foot of a rock, kneels Elisha, decidedly astonished, as he well may be. Like his master, he has performed upon himself a *tour de force* of unparalleled cleverness, for, as he kneels, his limbs, from the knee downwards, are stretched out by his side, instead of behind him, a position quite incompatible with modern ideas of anatomy. This is one among a thousand similar examples. Solomon is depicted staring with a look of indescribable horror and dismay, mingled with contemptuous surprise, at three flame-coloured cherubim, who are

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huddled together in a most undignified heap in a corner of the picture. The monarch is habited in gorgeous robes, blue and gold, and sits upon a hard chair, with an uncomfortably low canopy, in a room, or rather on a sort of background of a mosaic pattern in black, red, and gold. But what shall we say of the cherubim? Heads there are indeed, and wings, but little else save a brick-dusty mist; the heads aforesaid being at least twice the size of Solomon's, and the points of the wings serving as feet, or at least supports, to them. These celestials bear a decidedly stupid countenance, and look somewhat like schoolboys afraid of a flogging; and neither they nor the wise king seem to know what to make of each other, at which no sensible individual can be astonished. The two angels sent to Sodom and Gomorrah are seen approaching a pinky town, of which the walls and ramparts just reach their heads; the walls (garnished with towers like pepper boxes) are ornamented with lambent tongues of fire, in the midst of which, and attached to the walls by some mysterious agency, hangs in a very animated attitude a wild, little, black imp, supposed to represent the promoter of evil hovering over the devoted city. One of these vignettes occurs every fourth or fifth page, and in the others every capital letter is blazing with the richest and most elaborate designs, and stiff with gold leaf. And round many a page are rolled the most graceful patterns of leaves and branches in fanciful wreaths, of an elegance and delicacy which furnish a most singular contrast to the agonizing stiffness and wooden outlines of the human figures.

But in these volumes, however absurd the ideas and their execution may appear, the painter has not yet attained the sublime of absurdity and anachronism reached by two others in a *History of Rome* and a *Mythology*, both written for the instruction of Charles le Téméraire. In the first of these productions, Publius Cornelius, or, more properly speaking, some Publius Cornelius or another, is represented as pleading against some Caius Lentulus or another, before the Roman Senate.

That grave and far-famed body is formed of five individuals, seated upon a very narrow and slanting bench in a Gothic room (the architecture of which, by the bye, is a marvel of patient execution), dressed in immense white turbans, loose gowns, and hanging sleeves, and near them is a Capuchin monk, with shaven crown and in the full dress of his order. The complainant, being probably intended for a representation of 'Young Rome,' is dressed in the height of the fashion, with a jerkin of the most succinct proportions, tight indispensables, outrageously pointed boots, peculiar conical cap, and all the 'et ceteras' of a dandy of the time at which this anachronism was perpetrated. Nor are there wanting Roman matrons in horned head dresses, and long, close fitting gowns, trains and veils, who are promenading in the space before the Senate, as if the Senate-house were their own parlour. In another nearly similar picture Caius Lentulus makes his defence, and in this the lictors appear as halberdiers in yellowish boots. The other tome, the *Mythology*, presents some curious views of nature, and throws a new and unexpected light upon the habits and customs of the Pagan gods, goddesses, and celebrities generally. In this magnificent specimen of ancient writing and miniature, done in fine Gothic black letter upon vellum, and over which its author, the Sire Raoul Lefebvre, priest, seems to have spent some choice time and labour, every event nearly in ancient fable is *pourtraité au vif* with distracting minuteness. The likeness of the worthy monk himself adorns the beginning of the book; he is shown sitting at a low wooden table writing, in the presence of Philippe le Bon and the knights of the Golden Fleece. The most natural object in the whole piece is a beautiful little white greyhound, who is snapping and snarling at a highly democratic little grey dog, who is in company with one of the knights, and who seems to offend his high bred prejudices. After a slight exordium, the writer proceeds to business. Jupiter is seen and the injured Saturn; the Titans in complete arms, with shield and sword, and waving plumes, and vizor down,

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are made to issue from a town in which the smallest of them could hardly sleep comfortably, headed by Jupiter in a war chariot more like a mud cart than any other modern vehicle, and worse even than Elijah's. He seems to have no means of propulsion whatever. Perseus fights for Andromeda with a mild looking and very damp monster, in the image and semblance of a rough Scotch terrier, emerging from a pale-blue brook a yard wide, and forces a stick down his throat with a look of the most playful good humour. Esculapius, on his part, is seen performing a similar operation on a pink and lilac basilisk, spotted a good deal like a tiger, whilst his assistant surgeons administer succour in the form of large bundles of herbs (to be taken as directed, in this case by cramming down the throat), to certain unhappy, dwarfed individuals, who are supposed to be bitten by the harmless and gentlemanly animal who is offering himself so calmly to destruction, whilst his children, on an eminence in the background, share his melancholy fate. Many are the scenes depicted, and in all the incongruity is nearly equal to those above described. Here and there a faint gleam of something like nature or probability appears, but instantly is swamped in a sea of absurdity so vast that it has no chance whatever of floating.

A very curious and interesting book is the music-album of Marguerite of Austria, the daughter of the beautiful and unhappy Mary of Burgundy, and aunt of Charles V. Two sides of each page are surrounded by a broad border, painted with flowers of exquisite delicacy, upon a gold ground, chiefly her own namesake, the daisy (Marguerite), in every variety of position, but mixed also with violet, common heartsease, pinks, and something like what is now called Virginia stock; arabesques, too, in bronze colours of singular finish and beauty. The same, however, cannot be said of the music, which is curiously clumsy and large, although evidently something superior for the age. Half the book is empty, the pages being ruled, but untouched. The original binding still exists, but is preserved in an outer cover.

It would take too long to enumerate all the curious works which are to be seen here, but one especially deserving of notice is a Bible written for the especial use, we believe, of Charles the Bold, with pictures much in the style of the before-described mythological performances. Pharaoh's daughter and the infant Moses are worth any trouble to behold; the fall of Jericho and the story of Esther are equally good; Job upon his dunghill, tempted by Satan, in the likeness of a chimpanzee, soars above even the ordinary genius of the painter. Daniel in the den of lions is little short of sublime. The den is a pinkish brick tub, filled with chocolate-coloured monkey-faces, which are intended, 'if you make believe very much,' to represent the kings of the forest. No bodies are visible: the dimensions of the den would not admit of any existing; in the midst stands Daniel, in a faint-coloured lilac robe, and quite unconcerned. In a succeeding picture, the prophet is being fetched away in triumph, and one of the chocolate-faces is snapping with a ghastly grin at the robe of one of the terrified accusers, who vainly tries to escape.

Another work most amusing to those capable of appreciating its odd mixture of simple-hearted good sense and monastic rigidity, is the treatise upon the *Education des Demoyelles*, by the Chevalier de Latour, written for the use of his daughters, who were doubtless most grateful for this mark of paternal solicitude.

The book of the *Toison d'Or* is also very interesting. It contains a series of portraits of the Dukes of Burgundy, and, after each, the names and arms of the knights by him created,—a host of noble names, many of which are now completely extinct. The book has an interest independent of its pictorial merits, from the fact that this celebrated order, once, except the Garter, the noblest in Europe, is now extinct in the country that gave it birth, although still subsisting, with two separate heads, in Austria and Spain, the grandmaster in the former country being the Emperor, in the latter, Queen Isabella. As

we said, this book contains portraits, at full length, and most elaborately finished, of the Dukes of Burgundy, who were chiefs of the order, and all bear striking marks of resemblance. The head of Charles V. is a little *chef d'œuvre* of expression and finish; and, in spite of the *naïve* stiffness and quaint precision in the attitudes and draperies, there is an air of life-like fidelity and ingenious imitation about the whole collection, that would redeem far worse painting. Here, too, may be seen a list of all the Knights of the Garter since its foundation, in a book of the statutes of the order, sent to Charles V. on his creation as a knight, and which, contrary to rule, was not returned at the death of its possessor.

It would be in vain to enumerate all the objects of attraction and amusement afforded by this splendid library, but few persons, we imagine, would, unless compelled by absolute necessity, confine themselves to a single visit; and fewer still would leave it without a feeling of wonder, almost of awe, at the changed state of society, since these rare and laboured works were the only means of conveying knowledge. We hold now in our own hands a mighty engine for peace or war,—we stand beneath the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and it is for us to choose which is to be our portion. Printing, by spreading abroad instruction for the ignorant, by disseminating, in every quarter of the globe the results of one man's thoughts, by giving even to the poorest thirster for knowledge the means of satisfying his longing for intellectual food, has done what it would hardly be an exaggeration to term miracles, for the improvement of the human race; but, alas! as the good has increased and multiplied, so also has the evil spread.

The false philosophy of men whose religion was the belief in human reason and human goodness, the hard scepticism of avowed infidelity, the still more dangerous poison of those who reduce every end and aim in human life to the mere pursuit of happiness, and throw over sin itself the enchantment of every beauty that genius and passion can bestow, the doctrines of every wild schemer, are perpetuated with the same facility, and scattered abroad with the same profusion as the works of those who have done good service to God and man. Truly, it has been a light to the world, but heavy is the responsibility that hangs over us, and terrible will be the retribution of those in whose hands that light becomes as darkness. There is not a word that is written, not a line that is printed, but is a seed sown for future good or evil, in the circle of its influence, however small or however extended it may be; and, although none would wish to return to the times of old, in which the subjects of our descriptions were the only means of enlightenment afforded to mankind, still none can deny that as a far greater talent has been intrusted to our charge, so we shall have a far weightier account to render of its employment.

These reflections may perhaps seem somewhat serious for such a subject, but they are not unfitted or inconsequent thoughts; they arise naturally, from the sight of the relics of olden times; and if that sight awakens to ever so slight a degree a sense of the importance of the power intrusted to modern society, and a desire to guide it to a path beneficial to humanity, however small the power to accomplish it may be, a few hours may have been often worse spent than in a visit to the Burgundian Library.

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INDIAN TEAS AND CHINESE TRAVELLERS.

THE process by which the dainty of one century becomes the necessity of the next is as philosophic a study as any connected with the development of nations. In our days the incense of a tea-table seldom fails to assemble every family at least once in the four and twenty hours: but when we examine those quaint old China relics handed down to us by the venerable lady with the waist close up beneath the arms, and the puckered cap, yonder in the sombre gilt frame, we are put in mind of the time when a single cup of tea was a costly matter, and a luxury not to be enjoyed but from material of corresponding costliness, as it is the fashion of the knights of romance to drink their golden wine out of golden beakers. The golden wine still continues to be drunk, if not out of golden beakers, out of golden purses, but the republican nature of tea began to manifest itself very soon after its first introduction into England; descending gradually from the select entertainment, where it was critically discussed as a curiosity, to the universal tavern, where it was gladly hailed as a variation; and thence to the fireside, where it was instantly welcomed as the greatest of blessings, and crowned queen of drinks. When Pepys sent for a cup of tea, 'of which he had never drank before,' the only tea imported into England came through the Dutch East India Company, and, being upwards of sixty shillings the pound, rapidly grew into fashion. The establishment of the British East India Company, 'for the honour of the nation, the wealth of the people, the encouragement of enterprise, the increase of navigation, and the advancement of lawful traffic,' soon changed the face of things, however, and diluted the virtues of tea with a cheapness that for some years damaged its reputation. But its cheapness was its only chance of becoming domesticated; and accordingly, running our eyes over the quantities imported after the first ten years of relapse, a periodical increase is seen enormous enough to compensate it amply for any temporary slight of fashion it may have previously undergone.

It is now as popular with us as in its native country. If the mandarin and peasant are, literally, so attached to the kettle and the teapot that they cannot move without them, our noble lord and honest Hodge find themselves kindred in the same weakness. If, in common with the *tsianoi* of the Japanese, the Chinese teach females the elegant handling of the teapot and serving of the tea, say, is there an occasion upon which our fair countrywomen better display their graceful affability and delicacy of hand and wrist than when, with the 'fluttering urn' before them, skilled with daily practice, they dispense the delicious brewage? Nor are our poets and philosophers behind theirs in celebrating its praises. 'Cultivate it,' writes Tung-po, 'and the benefit will be widely spread; drink it, and the animal spirits will be lively and clear. The chief rulers, dukes, and nobility, esteem it; the lower people, the poor and beggarly, will not be destitute of it; all use it daily, and like it.'

Dr. Johnson's admiration finds more eloquent relief when he describes himself 'A shameless and hardened tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnights, and with tea welcomes the morning.' For the sake of tea, moreover, he sacrificed his good manners, which we will hope is more than the Chinese have done. Whilst on his Scottish tour, and spending some time at Dunregan, we read, the Dowager Lady Macleod having repeatedly helped him, until she had poured out sixteen cups, then asked him if a small basin would not save him trouble and be more agreeable. Whereupon he answered roughly, 'Why, all the ladies ask me such questions. It is to save yourselves trouble, madam, and not me.' The lady was silent, and resumed her task. He assured Boswell that he never felt the least inconvenience from the immoderate quantities he imbibed, and was probably of the opinion of the Dutch physician, who, at the time when the Dutch held the tea

trade, wrote such high encomiums on tea and its merits, going so far as to argue that even two hundred dishes a day might be drunk without hurt. It is not out of all belief that the Doctor did sometimes nearly reach this amount. Imagination is not bold enough to enumerate the conceivable number of cups that followed the first surly sixteen at Lady Macleod's, but there is something touchingly suggestive in her silent way of 'resuming her task.' Up to Johnson's time there was, perhaps, no one who, as Boswell says, more relished the infusion of the fragrant leaf than he. Since then Hazlitt may fairly challenge the great Doctor, both in keen relish and power of consuming it; but his constitution was weak, and his appetites were so excessive as to become vices. Mr. Patmore, in his *Recollections of Hazlitt*, tells us that he half filled his teapot with tea. This, we take it, is an exaggeration, and if Hazlitt's teapot was like the two-quart silver teapot of Dr. Johnson, his tea must have been fabulous; but Mr. Patmore does not give us its measure; in any case it was monstrous, and against the special prohibitions both of English and Chinese eulogists. Unlike the Doctor's, Hazlitt's tea was solitary, stimulating, and of a strange fascinating effect. He did not press fair ladies into his service. Nevertheless, onerous as the service may sometimes be, the ladies cannot complain of it, even when so hard set as was poor Lady Macleod. That they owe to it much of their present high social position in England, very little reflection will show. How was it with them some century and a half since, when the squire, shortly after their departure from table, locked the door, and pushed the bottle round until his guests had not only their baser but their entire members under his mahogany?

There is a subdued look about that ancient lady in the family picture, which speaks of small companionship with her lesser half, and much undivided sorrow. If her

living eyes could gaze down from her portrait yonder, she would see a great change caused by a simple agent. There is no possibility of long and strong bibbing now. At the magic words, 'Tea is ready!' she would behold, to her astonishment, the rosy light of the bottle wane, fading like a thing unholy at cockcrow, while with most deferential attention her great grandchildren receive the summons, and obey it. Like tobacco to the Ottomans,* tea has beneficently weaned us from those heavy potations in which our forefathers glorified, and by which we their sons, after the sentence of the old curse, are stingingly twitched in the extremities at warning intervals. Nothing has ever wrought such marvellous social transformations. It is no exaggeration to assert that the existence of society in its present form would not be possible without it in this country. On the continent, where light, cheap, and harmless wines are to be had, the want that tea supplies is not felt; nor have foreigners the art of making tea. French tea tastes like a chemical dilution that has passed through the hands of the perfumer; and to be condemned to drink German tea would be a torture our gossips would never forget. Foreigners boast, in return, of their coffee and chocolate-making, and therein triumph over us, but on a very petty scale in comparison. A people that can drink *causée* at their *soirées* and reunions can dispense with much. The countenance of wrath that would come upon John Bull at the bare proffering of such a mixture is too awful to contemplate. Manifestly he could not be enticed from his home to partake of such refreshment. Tea, however, has enough of stimulus to flatter his contempt of the pure element, and nothing treacherous to betray his thirsty soul; and he sits like a domesticated lion by the side of his elected Una, soothed, softened, and content, smiling complacently at his old brutish days, and feeling himself proudly elevated by seeing her in her natural position, using her be-

* Mr. Lane, in his *Modern Egyptians*, defends the universal use of tobacco by Eastern nations, on the plea that it has almost entirely destroyed the vice, and, to their creed, crime, of drunkenness; once very prevalent and fatal in a country where self-indulgence is the first law of life.

nignant influence for his best happiness.

We have noticed how quickly the republican nature of tea began to declare itself among us. Notwithstanding that, in some districts of China and Japan, the men who tend it are mere slaves, having to feed on especial diet, watch and guard the leaves from dust, and finally gather them in finest gloves, with care and toil far greater than any bestowed on the rare Johannesberger Riesling, still that it has a levelling and equalizing spirit seems certain—not only from the fact of an Emperor of China having once condescended to write with his own celestial hand an ode to it, but from every evidence of its use, universality, and influence, in the two kingdoms where it is a necessary of life. An occult reason, perhaps, why it is favoured more by Saxon than by Celt. When we consider the proud natures of our countrymen, and how much they shrink from receiving a favour they cannot return, we perceive that some medium was requisite to their social existence, within the reach of all and despised by none, to put them upon a common footing. Dinner, as a means of intercourse, excellent as it was and is, was yet obviously not always available to the humbler classes of the English. Ale-bouts excluded the gentler sex. Tea, therefore, which every man can without expense offer to his neighbour, quiet in his conscience as to its being an acceptable set-off to the most luxurious of dinners; which the cottager can hand to the lady who shelters in her cottage without fear of shocking her refined taste; around which poor and rich can sit, and do sit, on terms of equality and fellowship—is pre-eminently and intrinsically suited to the exigencies of our social position. What deep root it has taken here, those who remember the panic created during our last war with China, by the Emperor's threat to cut off all supplies of the celestial shrub, have proof. And bearing in mind that we held so important a commerce at the capricious toleration of an arbitrary sovereign, the matter became a serious consideration. Neither was the recommendation of the military man to take possession *vi et armis* of

certain tea districts along the coast, nor that of the merchant to watch the effect of the mandate on the commercial spirit of the people, very assuring to men who knew the people and the power of the Lord of the Yellow Girdle. So great is the facility of internal traffic in China, so enormous the scale of culture and vast the consumption of tea by all orders, that the immense exportations are nationally a matter of indifference to them. Nothing but the keen bargaining energies of a few Canton hong-men—easily converted into smugglers—would have been abashed by the enforcement of the edict. These would have found themselves burdened with large stores of a marketable article of too artistic a composition for their more knowing countrymen; but the people would have cared little even had we ceased (a thing beyond speculation) to drink tea altogether. Now, the decline of port in England would operate quite otherwise on the promoters and growers of that ancient dynasty. We cannot forecast change; yet if, as seers prophecy, a gradual usurpation of legendary Rhine wines and French wines should induce its fall—distant as that must be, considering how many of our friends have cast anchor by it—it would not surprise us to find it tragic to many a Portuguese, or to see the nation completely chapfallen.

The Chinese can do without us, and have told us so often enough. In common with the Dutch, the Russians, and the Portuguese, we have hitherto paid homage to this celestial fact; but the future 'looms palpable' with strange revolutions; and it seems not incredible that the aids of science and the present restless state of all civilization will do more to sap the foundations of that stern immemorial system than the ocean-washings of ages that, as they fable, were grey before the infancy of ours. Every traveller in China has noted the inborn passion of the people for commerce, and how they will strike a bargain at all hazards, and under difficulties that might startle the tribe so famous here for the same virtue. They are said to have had a leaven of Jewish blood some time before Christ. From the

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