

chant ships and fishermen fishing and trading within the limits of the sea that is subjected to any particular dominion.

4. The regular execution of justice for protecting the innocent, and punishing the guilty for all crimes committed within the extent of such sea-dominions.

5. To grant free passage through any such sea to any number of ships of war belonging to any other prince or republic, or to deny the same, according to the circumstances and occasion of such passage, in the same manner as any prince or state may grant or deny free passage to foreign troops through their territories by land, even though the prince or state to whom such ships or land forces belong *be, not only at peace, but in alliance* with the prince or republic of whom passage is desired.

6. To demand of all foreign ships whatsoever within those seas to strike the flag and lower the topsail to any ships of war, or others bearing the colours of the sovereign of such seas."

The latest example of an English commander insisting on a salute to his flag, which we have been able to find, occurred in the month of June, 1769, when "a French frigate having anchored in the Downs, without paying the usual compliment to the British flag, Captain John Holwell, who was the senior officer lying there, in the 'Apollo' frigate, sent an officer on board to demand the customary salute; the French captain refused to comply, upon which Captain Holwell immediately ordered the 'Hawk' sloop of war to fire two shot over her, which being done, the French commander thought proper instantly to salute."

Many of the greatest of our poets have eloquently alluded to the sea-sovereignty of their native island, ramparted with tidal waters. Who does not remember the truly magnificent lines:—

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it as the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house  
Against the envy of less happy lands!

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
Of watery Neptune."

The popular strain of Thomson's "Rule Britannia" gives an emphatic assertion of Britain's naval greatness. No poet, however, has so celebrated the floating bulwarks of Britain, and the "Hearts of Oak" who man them, as Campbell. His marvellously spirit-stirring lyric, "Ye Mariners of England,"\* has no rival in its intense patriotism.

In conclusion, suffice it that for a considerable time the claim of England's sovereignty of the seas, so far as it includes special homage to our flag, or anything resembling a judicial supremacy over the ships of other nations, within the limits of the narrow (or any other) seas, has been a dead letter. But we can well afford to dispense with what was at best a somewhat questionable sort of shadowy

\* It is a curious and interesting literary fact, that Campbell wrote this in a foreign land, viz. at Ratisbon, on hearing of war being declared against Denmark. Some portion of it is said to have been previously roughly sketched out, owing to his admiration of the music of "Ye Gentlemen of England." His splendid lyric, "The battle of the Baltic," soon followed.

honour, for we know that we yet retain the substantial maritime supremacy which alone enables us to rank as the foremost nation of the world—

"Missress, at least while Providence shall please,  
And trident-bearing Queen of the wide seas!"

to quote the noble lines of the patriotic and Christian poet, Cowper. Well will it be for us to constantly bear in mind the vital truth that the same great poet proclaimed:—

"They trust in navies, and their navies fail:  
God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail!"

## NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

### VANITY OF AUTHORS.

"Vanity makes a fool of the wisest."

WHEN Benvenuto Cellini, the poet, painter, sculptor, jeweller, warrior, and what not, wrote his "Memoirs," he committed an unconceivable vanity. He seems to have been in constant controversy with the world about his merits. Like Goldsmith, he ever feared lest his "eminence" should get overlooked, and therefore "his instrumentation is marred by the preponderance of the brass." He is always at the great trumpet, blowing for the bare life. Everybody who opposes him is wrong, and not only so, but, as it were, by the nature of the case, altogether evil-minded and wicked. His unbounded confidence in his superiority over all his contemporaries is ludicrous in the extreme. Some of his doings are so absurdly impossible that the reader, weary of laughter, grows angry. "The braggart," he exclaims, "was no doubt a great man in some things; but the greatest of all men and in all things! it is too much for belief or patience." As it is indeed.

Derrick, the poet, through the interest of his friends, was made master of the ceremonies at Bath. In this situation he displayed his fondness for pomp and show. His dress was always fine, and he kept a footman as fine as himself. When he visited London, his footman always walked behind him; and to show that he was his servant, Derrick generally crossed the streets several times, that the man might be seen to follow him.

La Place, the great French astronomer, was exceedingly vain of the orders which had been presented to him for his scientific renown. He had the star of the order of the Reunion affixed to his dressing-gown.

Boswell was always earning some ridiculous nick-name, and then "binding it as a crown unto him," not merely in metaphor, but literally. He exhibited himself, at the Shakespeare Jubilee, to all the crowd which filled Stratford-on-Avon, with a placard round his hat, bearing the inscription of "CORSIKA BOSWELL." In his Tour he proclaimed to all the world, that at Edinburgh he was known by the appellation of "PAOLI BOSWELL." He was so vain of the most childish distinctions, that when he had been to court, he drove to the office where his book was printing, without changing his clothes, and summoned all the people there to admire his new ruffles and sword.

Queen Elizabeth was one of the vainest of the



vain. When her wrinkles waxed deep and many, it is reported that an unfortunate master of the mint incurred disgrace by a too faithful shilling; the die was broken, and only one mutilated impression is now in existence. Her maids of honour took the hint, and were thenceforth careful that no fragment of looking-glass should remain in any room of the palace which she frequented. At a very advanced period of her reign, she bestowed on her "illustrious spy," as the dearest token of her esteem, a likeness of herself, *painted during the lifetime of her father*. It had this inscription, written by herself:—

"The queen to Walsingham this table sent,  
Mark of her people's and her own content."

Her wardrobe, at the time of her death, contained more than two thousand dresses, of the fashions of all countries, of all times, and of all contrivances that busy fancy could suggest.

Baron Grimm was also remarkably fond of an unpromising person. His toilette was an affair of the utmost importance: red and white paint were found on his table. Ridicule had no effect in repressing this folly; but, accustomed to society, he received and returned with a good grace the pleasantries called down upon him by his almost feminine coquetries.

Hallam, in his "Literature of Europe," says of Montaigne, that his "vanity led him to talk perpetually of himself; and, as often happens to vain men, he would rather talk of his own failings than of any foreign subject."

"I like," wrote the Ettrick Shepherd, "to write about myself; in fact, there are few things which I like better." This was literally true. In a long and entertaining memoir of himself, attached to an edition of "The Altrine Tales," every page is impressed with it; he never loses sight of the hero of the narrative.

In 1641, Sir Richard Baker published his "Chronicle of the Kings of England from the Time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James." This work, the author complacently declares, was "collected with so great care and diligence, that if all other of our chronicles were lost, his only would be sufficient to inform posterity of all passages memorable or worthy to be known."

Dr. Edward Chamberlayne was the author of "Angliæ Notitia," or the "Present State of England," 1668, and of various writings on religious and political subjects, but of nothing calculated to raise the admiration of his fellow-countrymen to any very high degree. His vanity, however, was excessive. We read on his monument in Chelsea Church:—"He was so studious of doing good to all men, and especially to posterity, that he ordered some of his books, covered with wax, to be buried with him, which may be of use in times to come." More than a century having elapsed, it was thought posterity might claim its own; and so the place of deposit of the intellectual treasures was opened. But alas! the labours of the seekers had been anticipated by Time, who had so injured the tomb, that nooks and crannies were opened for the admission

of air and moisture; when the interior was examined, scarcely a trace of the mystic volumes remained behind! What may we not have lost?!"\*

Mons. Dumont, the celebrated juriconsult of Geneva, has left an interesting sketch of Paine, the author of "The Age of Reason," etc. "His egregious conceit and presumptuous self-sufficiency quite disgusted me. He was drunk with vanity. If you believed him, it was he who had done everything in America. He was an absolute caricature of the vainest of Frenchmen. He fancied that his book upon the 'Rights of Man' ought to replace every other book in the world; and he told me roundly that if it were in his power to exterminate every library in existence, he would do so without hesitation, in order to eradicate the errors they contained, and begin, with the 'Rights of Man,' a new chain of ideas and principles. He knew all his own writings by heart, but he knew nothing else."

The Rev. Edward Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," was very vain of his oratorical talents. On one occasion, when preaching at St. James's, he perceived that it was out of his power to command the attention of his congregation, notwithstanding the grace and animation of his delivery; this so affected him, that he sat back in the pulpit and burst into tears.

Saint-Simon was a singular compound of energy and vanity, often labouring under absence of mind and forgetfulness of common sense, which have rendered him obnoxious to ridicule. His disciples relate that he had scarcely reached his seventeenth year, ere he had himself awakened every morning in these words—"Arise, M. le Comte, you have great things to perform." In after years, when he passed through Geneva, he solicited the favour of being received at Coppet, and thus rendered his homage to Madame de Staël: "Madame, you are the most extraordinary woman in the world, as I am the most extraordinary man in it: had it been our lot to be united, what might not have been expected of our children!"

The vanity of Saint-Simon was at least equalled by that of a now forgotten English dramatist. His piece, entitled "News from Camperdown," written soon after Lord Duncan's victory, was hissed off the stage. The author, however, thinking that it had been unfairly and unjustly "run down," published it, in order to put his critics to shame, with this motto from Swift: "When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this mark, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him."

A certain Swede—I forget his name—wrote a treatise on the Swedish constitution, and proved it indissoluble and eternal. Just as he had corrected the proofs of the last sheet, news came that Gustavus III had destroyed this immortal government. "Sir," quoth the vain author, "the king of Sweden may overthrow the constitution, but not *my book*."

\* Anne, "sole daughter of Edward Chamberlayne," was a lady also of eccentric habits. According to her monument at Chelsea, she "aspiring above her sex and age, fought under her brother, with arms and manly attire, in a fire-ship, against the French, for six hours, on the 30th of June, 1690—a maiden heroine!"