

Punjab, and passes on to its termination over an arid and barren wilderness, resembling in its dreary aspect the vast deserts of Africa and Arabia. Immediately west of the Jumna, between that river and the Indus and their respective branches, there intervenes a considerable space, which is refreshed only by a few small rivulets that spring up and disappear amid the waste. This space comprises a desert "of extent sufficient," says Murray, "to form a mighty kingdom, and occupying the whole breadth in that direction from the mountains to the ocean. This entire region is about six hundred miles long and three hundred broad." The eastern *division* Lord Elphinstone describes as consisting of "heaps of sand, heaped often into hills of surprising elevation, and so loose that, whenever the horses quitted the path hardened by beating, they sunk above the knee." Over this wilderness is scattered, however, at intervals some coarse grass, with stunted and prickly shrubs, while in the midst of the sand are occasionally found large water melons, which afford delicious refreshment to the thirsty traveller. One would hardly suppose that, amidst the dreary solitudes of this desert waste, human beings would make choice of localities for habitation; yet, upon its arid and dreary surface, wide apart from each other, miserable villages exist, consisting of mud huts, around which efforts at cultivation have occasionally been rewarded by the appearance of scanty crops of coarse grain and pulse, "the stalks of which stand distinctly separate from each other." And there is reason to believe that a considerable population is sprinkled over the desert, since Bikaner in its centre presents all the characteristics of an important eastern city, having within its precincts stately palaces and temples, and other edifices of considerable pretensions.

All along the Trunk Road the electric telegraph wires are placed, and messages can be communicated from one important station to another with the same facility as in England. Along this road, too, travelling is not attended with the disadvantages which are incidental to the less important highways of India. The traffic is so considerable that there is always company upon the road. As you proceed on your journey, you encounter the buggy of the military officer or the indigo planter, the carriage of a district judge, the palkee gharee of the Portuguese clerk, the keranchee of the native baboo, and many European and native equestrians.

Our illustration is taken from a drawing by the late Captain G. F. Atkinson, of the Bengal Engineers, the author of a series of amusing sketches recently published under the quaint title of "Curry and Rice," and graphically represents a scene on the Grand Trunk Road. In the foreground is a palanquin carried by its four bearers, preceded and followed by attendants, two bearing trunks and boxes, and others carpet bags, whilst another is getting a hurried whiff or two from a hubble-bubble, which his comrade is holding out his hand to receive so soon as the other may be willing to surrender it. They are below the embankment, off the road, as is usual when the ground is inviting. Running alongside the palanquin is a lean and hungry-looking pariah dog, through

whose skin every bone of his body is distinctly visible. On the left of the picture, in the background, are two dark runners or postmen, the foremost carrying the mail-bag destined for some cross country station; and, tearing along the road in the opposite direction, is a palkee gharee, or jaun, of apparently inferior build, in which is seated a Mahomedan merchant—a hawker, or boxwallah, we imagine, judging from the peculiar shape of the boxes which are lashed on the roof of the vehicle. He is evidently a trader of some consequence in his small way; probably his boxes, and the bundles which are most likely inside the carriage, contain valuable cashmere shawls, and Persian scarfs and rich silks and muslins embroidered with gold, together with cases of jewellery. The coolie who carries the boxes from house to house at the stations at which the proprietor sojourns to dispose of his wares, travels on the box by the side of the Mahomedan coachman, who is lashing the poor native pony with all his might into a fast gallop, which he will keep up for about a quarter of a mile further, when he will stand stock-still in spite of lashes and abuse, till he feels equal to another gallop, into which he is sure to be whipped directly he has made a start again.

#### SORROWS OF OLD SCHOOL-BOYS.

It was not my lot to be an "unlicked cub" while at school. Nor was it the lot of any of my companions; for with the utmost impartiality our tutor administered the process to us, to which the various names of caning, flogging, thrashing, hiding, licking, leathering, and others, are applied, according as schools are of high or low degree. Hence the statement of my flogging experience, while under tuition, involves no personal discredit. With perfect truth it may be affirmed, that no boy ever left the academy of Dr. Touchem without being well acquainted with certain writhings, contortions, and ejaculations indicative of bodily uncomfortableness, caused by the ability and industry with which he wielded the weapon of chastisement. None could surpass him in the act of using the cane with dexterity and emphasis, so as to make it fulfil the castigating office with the most efficiency in the smallest possible time. After a preliminary shake and flourish for a moment or two, as if to make sure that it was safe in his gripe, he had a knack of giving it force by a peculiar twist, just at the point of contact, which, though perfectly indescribable, brought it down with telling effect upon one's flesh and blood. It seemed a thing of life, though not of beauty, in his hand; and to this day, I almost flinch, wince, and smart, at the very reminiscence of its vigorous application.

Touchem, to do him justice, was not of irritable or explosive temper—quite the contrary. He was as cold and passionless as marble—a man of imperturbable gravity, always solemnly serene while extracting a full chorus of lamentation; and to me, the abominably cool methodical manner with which he went to work, to make one's back or fingers tingle for an hour afterwards, rendered the infliction

intensely exasperating. It must be admitted also that, though he scourged on very slight occasions, or none at all, he did it not only without malice, but upon principle, if not with benevolent intentions. He evidently thought the rod an indispensable part of school discipline, wholly distinct from circumstances; and, as a thing of virtue in itself, it was hence deemed his duty to have its wholesomeness demonstrated by use. Now and then a hint would drop about a blessing in disguise, just as many a rustic pedagogue has dismissed the last stroke of a flagellation with the moralizing remark, "There, take that! You'll thank me for it when I'm dead and gone." I have often thought that he would not have carried a clear conscience to his pillow—for he *was* a conscientious man—if the day had elapsed without his having given, at least upon a small scale, a brief practical illustration of the advantages of corporal punishment: he would have felt as though some imperative obligation had been neglected. But let bygones be bygones; and now that he has gone to his long rest, and sore skins are healed, why, peace to his ashes and his memory.

Time was when, with very few exceptions, those who had charge of the boyhood of the land agreed with my own tutor in his views of the efficacy of beating as a stimulus to learning, as also the guardian of good manners and morals. The great point with many a village dominie has been to wield the birch of his ancestors with unabated British vigour; but in high-class schools especially, the severe system was once universally resorted to as a safe, proper, and wholesome specific, in every case of real or supposed default. The chronicles of the monkish miracle manufacturers record the sorrows of the ancient school-boys, their flight to the shrines for protection from the masters, and the benevolent interposition of the saints to shield their helplessness. Thus, as the legend reports, a child took refuge at the tomb of Adrian of Canterbury, and the master, venturing to chastise him there, got a stiff arm upon the second stroke, which was not restored till the lad had been persuaded to intercede with the defunct prelate for him.

"We never cease beating them day and night," said an abbot to his superior, "and yet they are always worse than they were before."

"And what sort of persons," inquired he, "do they turn out to be when they are grown up?"

"Stupid and brutal," was the reply.

"Then," answered the superior, "how well have you bestowed all your pains in education, when you have educated human beings so as to make brutes of them!"

These visitations of the flesh have just as commonly been penalties incurred by native intellectual dulness as corrections for any actual offence, intended to "teach the young idea how to shoot;" while the quicker though more vicious scholar has frequently escaped all stripes.

"You call this education, do you not?"

Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bullocks  
Before a shouting drover. The glad van  
Move on at ease, and pause awhile to snatch  
A passing morsel from the dewy greensward;  
While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,  
Fall on the croup of the ill-fated laggard  
That cripples in the rear."

It is remarkable how very generally the notion has prevailed that, in training youth, there is something abstractly profitable in the occasional administration of torture to the frame, though the natural effect is to beget habitual aversion to that with which the mind connects the idea of severity and pain. Erasmus tells us that he was a favourite with his master. Yet, for his improvement, he must needs treat him with the experiment of a sound whipping. "Upon this," says he, "a fault was cooked up, of which I never so much as dreamed, and accordingly I suffered the discipline of the school. Immediately I lost all relish for my studies, and this usage did so damp my spirits that it almost broke my heart."

A kind-hearted and very sensible man was Dean Colet, founder of St. Paul's School, a semi-Protestant in the Papal times of Henry VII. He delighted in children with a natural and Christian feeling. Yet, whenever he dined at the school, it is said that he had one or two of the boys flogged after dinner—I suppose by way of a dessert. Erasmus was once a spectator of this discipline, and while the flagellation of an unlucky urchin was in process, the dean coolly remarked to him, "not that he has deserved this, but it is fit to humble him." If recollection serves, a clause in Colet's statutes for the government of the foundation contains a hint for the direction of the masters, not to be sparing of stripes. But the physical force system by itself never yet succeeded in a school, any more than in a state, in effectually securing subordination. It did not at Paul's; for never was there a more uproarious crew than the boys, when, after forty-five years of thrashing, Dr. Roberts retired from the head-mastership on a pension, just when the first Napoleon was compelled to give up thrashing the nations.

A regular curiosity was Roberts—a venerable-looking man, at least in his last days, seeming scarcely more lively than his bust, which now adorns the school-room, except when plying the cane; and on such occasions he was wonderfully active, as if inspired by new life. He wore a suit of rusty black, never wholly buttoned up so as to hide his shirt, with an enormous steel watch-chain, and a hat to which a three-year-old one would appear quite fresh and juvenile. At seven o'clock on a winter's morning, the shivering scholars assembled, with sixpenny tapers in japanned boxes, and fingers below freezing point, no fires being at any time allowed. About half-past seven, magister crawled in, but in complete deshabille, with a blue nose, ludicrously winking his eye-lids to keep them open. Having seated himself at a desk with back props opposite the pupil's face, the latter strove to fix upon the said props, within convenient distance, a duplicate of the lesson to be delivered. If this trick could not be performed, some auxiliary would infallibly puff out the doctor's taper, upon which, like a giant aroused from slumber, he would cut away *right and left* in the dark, assailing face and limbs indiscriminately. If any noise arose which could not be traced home to the noise-maker, he invariably chastised the head boy of every class, as a kind of practical lecture on the

dangers of eminence. He had the ugly habit also of tying two or three canes together, thus making a *bouquet* of the implements, when there was any special amount of cudgelling to be dispensed. Upon retiring from office, after a long reign, the Mercers' Company allowed him the handsome pension of £1000 a-year as a reward for his labours. Fortunate Dr. Roberts!

Immediately afterwards there was a sub-master of Paul's, with the long name of William Alexander Charles Durham. The surname duly appeared at full length upon a brass-plate on his house door; but the prefixes were represented by the initial letters W. A. C. This obtained for him the appellation of *Whack* Durham. It was no misnomer. But, nothing daunted by prospective tribulation, the youngsters took it into their heads invariably to greet his entrance into the school with the full chorus of "whack row-de-dow." Some took the tenor, others the alto, and others the bass. Neither cane nor casuistry could put this practice down. It died out of itself. Another usage arose, which castigation equally failed to suppress—that of the boys throwing their books at the head of any one who entered the school-room with his hat on. No respect was paid to persons any more than to beavers. My Lord Mayor would have been treated precisely the same as the parish-beadle. Whoever failed to unbonnet himself was an instant mark for vengeance; and, thick as hail, Gradus, Virgil, Ovid, Æsop, and Xenophon, flew round the pate of the astonished visitor.

Few schools have been so notorious as Eton for severities inflicted upon the scholars. The head-mastership of Nicolas Udall, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was eminently a reign of terror. Tucker, a pupil, has commemorated him and his doings in some homely rhymes:—

"From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,  
To learn straightways, the Latin phrase,  
Where fifty-three stripes given to me,  
At once I had;  
For fault but small, or none at all,  
It came to pass, thus beat I was,  
See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee  
To me, poor lad."

Vicesimus Knox is said to have inflicted an average of fifty lashes a-day for forty years. A famous hand at the scourge is mentioned in the German Pedagogue Magazine for 1833. He was a Suabian schoolmaster, then recently deceased. An usher calculated that during fifty-one years he had given 10,200 boxes on the ear, 22,700 tasks to get by heart, 124,000 floggings, 136,000 tips with the rule, 209,000 thumps, 911,500 canings, making, with sundry small visitations, a grand total of 1,421,208 punishments. As the common result of such regimens, we have the reality of Shakespeare's picture—

"The whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And smooth morning face, creeping like snail,  
Unwillingly to school."

There are still occasionally unhappy cases of tutorial merciless severity, as the one in Sussex which has recently very righteously entailed the sentence of penal servitude. But, generally speaking, the boyhood of the present day may be congratulated

on living under a milder and more enlightened scholastic dispensation than the juveniles of former generations. Experience has amply proved the inefficiency of corporal punishment in schools, with the potency of teachers winning the respect and confidence of pupils by their character and capacity, while conciliating their affections by appearing as much the friend as the master. "My first task," remarked Pestalozzi, "was to gain the confidence of my pupils"—some of the poorest children in the canton of Underwalden—"and then to attach them to me. I partook of all their pains and pleasures. I was everywhere with them when they were well, and when they were sick I was constantly at their bed-side. We had the same nourishment, and I slept in the midst of them, and from my bed either prayed with them or taught them something. The very children who before had never had a book in their hands applied from morning till night; and when I have asked them after supper, 'My children, which would you rather do—go to bed, or learn a little longer?' they would generally reply that they would rather learn."

The reference made to Eton and the terrible Udall revives the remembrance of an incident of sufficient interest to be detailed. The scene was Windsor Castle; the time, December 10, 1563, the days of good Queen Bess; the parties were Mr. Secretary Cecil, afterwards the great Lord Burleigh, and some guests whom he entertained at dinner, at the then fashionable hour of twelve o'clock. Among the number were Sir Richard Sackville, Treasurer of the Exchequer; Sir Walter Mildmay, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Haddon, Master of Requests; Mr. Astley, Master of the Jewel House; Mr. Ascham, the Queen's Latin secretary, formerly her tutor; Sir William Petre, Sir John Mason, Dr. Wotton, Mr. Nicasius, and Mr. Hampton. They were most of them members of the Privy Council, in attendance upon the queen, who was then at Windsor, owing to the plague being in London. Though no "special correspondent" was present, a report of the conversation at table can be given, and avouched for as substantially accurate. The host tossed up the ball.

*Cecil.* Strange news brought to me this morning from Eton; the boys off home; run away for fear of a beating.

*Petre.* I hope their parents will give them a good whipping for their pains, and send them quick back again to get another.

*Haddon.* With all my heart; the rogues ought to be made to remember that obedience to the tutor is the first duty of the scholar. If they forget it, why, let it be thrashed into them.

*Mason.* Udall is said to be the best schoolmaster of our time.

*Ascham.* And the greatest beater.

*Haddon.* To be sure, else he could never send such scholars as he does to the university.

*Ascham.* But wise men say, that is owing to the great aptness of the youths, not to the great beating of the master. Children are the soonest allured by love, to attain good learning. A lady of high birth, of my acquaintance, was once a living example of this. For my part, I pity the lads, if all be true

that is reported of Eton, and wonder not at their running away.

*Petre.* Depend upon it, however mild ways may do for girls, they will not do for boys. You will only encourage them in wilfulness and disobedience by gentle measures. The rod is to the school what the sword is to the state, quite essential, and specially ordained for the preservation of good order. The magistrate is not to bear the sword in vain, so neither the schoolmaster the rod. Remember what Solomon says about sparing it.

*Mason.* Yet, according to the laws of England, magistrates cannot use the sword without clear cause being first shown for it, as I chance to know many schoolmasters do the rod. They don't go, when out of temper, poking the sword into the first unlucky wretch in their way, and pricking him till *their anger* cools, as is the manner with some handlers of the birch.

*Ascham.* The godly counsel of King Solomon is meant rather for fatherly correction than masterly beating; rather for manners than for learning; for other places than for schools. I would have every vice sharply corrected, every fault properly amended; but the less connection there is between lessons and stripes the better. The ancients committed their youth to the rule of three persons: the schoolmaster taught the child learning with all gentleness; a governor corrected his manners with the necessary sharpness; the father held the stern of his whole obedience. So he that used to teach did not commonly use to beat, but remitted that over to another man's charge. It is ill to make the school-house the temple of fear. It should be counted a sanctuary from it.

*Haddon.* You approve, then, of this flight of the boys from Eton?

*Ascham.* By no means. I can pronounce no decided opinion, not knowing the particular circumstances, only I am not surprised. Such scourgings as are reported there, and in other places, are to me very shocking. They are unjust, being so indiscriminate, and often the effect and evidence of the master's lack of self-control. They are cruel, by reason of their severity, as well as the occasion of them; for to whip a child for not having his lesson ready in time, when great negligence cannot be clearly shown, is to punish him for want of a capacity which nature has not given. They are very harmful also, for many a boy so treated has been so disgusted with learning as to be anxious for a release from pursuing it.

*Cecil.* Master Ascham, you have seen much of men and things, here and abroad. You have studied this subject; I have not. But as far as I apprehend your views, they are mine also. I wish schoolmasters had more discretion in using correction than commonly there is. They often punish rather the failing of nature than the fault of the scholar. Many are driven thereby to hate learning before they know what learning is, and so abandoning their book, betake themselves to any other mode of living. Wotton, what do you say?

*Wotton.* In my opinion the Greeks and Romans were wise in their generation. Socrates, in the "Republic of Plato," truly says, "the lessons that

are made to enter by force into a child's mind, do not take up a lodging there." An Athenian philosopher caused pictures of joyfulness to be set round his school, to signify that the business of learning should be made as pleasant as possible, in order to be successfully conducted. The Greek word for school has the meaning of "ease" or "leisure;" and the Romans named it *ludus*, or "play," *ludus literarius*. I would have learning made as pleasant and gladsome as may be to the scholar. The road to knowledge is up-hill, and he ascends it the quickest who is more encouraged than beaten on the way.

*Ascham.* If the scholar does his best, he ought to be praised, whatever short-comings there may be. There's no whetstone to sharpen wit like encouragement. But sorrowful is the lot of a slow-minded child. The master despises him, and he is little looked to. He lacks teaching; he lacks encouragement; he lacks all things; only he never lacks flogging, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from it. I would have music and song in schools, in place of weeping and wailing.

*Wotton.* I bethink me, the Greek child, in the grammar school where he learnt his letters, was taught the best popular poems, both the heroic and the tender, Homer and Simonides. He then passed to the music-master, and learned to sing to the lyre—a pleasant and useful art.

*Petre.* Good friend Wotton would have boys grow up fit only to handle the spindle and distaff.

*Cecil.* Nay, the Greeks were men admirable for eloquence and philosophy, valiant by land and sea, as Xerxes and Darius found to their cost. I have read Arrian and Xenophon.

*Ascham.* A man is none the worse citizen or soldier, but much the better, if able to sing properly the songs of his country and the praises of God. Luther has written strongly in favour of the well-tuned voice. "It has," he says, "a mighty control over every movement of the heart. Wherefore I recommend it to every man, especially to youth, duly to love, honour, and esteem this precious, useful, and cheering gift of God, the knowledge and diligent use of which will drive off evil thoughts, or diminish the effect of evil society and vices. It is necessary that this art be taught in schools. A schoolmaster must be able to sing, or else I will not look upon him."

*Mason.* Much would it delight me to hear Udall essay a ditty. A wholesome custom, I take it, if masters would but sing before they birch, as likely to moderate their choler. It would save the boys some singing, not over tuneful, and dancing too. But you referred to a high-born lady when speaking of luresome teaching.

*Ascham.* True, the lady Jane Grey.

*Cecil.* Hush!

*Ascham.* No harm. The queen's highness has heard the story, and much was she affected by it. Before I journeyed into Germany, I went to Bradgate, in Leicestershire, to take leave of that noble lady, to whom I was exceedingly much beholden. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, were hunting in the park. I found her

in her chamber, reading Plato in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale of Boccace. After salutation and duty done, and some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime as was in the park. Smiling, she answered, "I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure which I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madam," said I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure?" "I will tell you," she replied, "and tell you a truth which, perchance, you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me is that he sent me such sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. I can do nothing to please them; but when I go to Mr. Elmer, he teacheth me so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him; and when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and all misliking unto me." Alas! poor lady.

*Wotton.* Would that we had more tutors like Elmer. But teaching is often committed to those who need themselves to be taught.

*Ascham.* It is too true, and an ill habit is it with gentlemen, who commonly have more care to find out a skilful man for their horse, than one for their children. They say nay in word, but they do so in deed. To the one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns a year, and are loth to offer to the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in the heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewards them according to their liberality. He suffers them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children; and so in the end they find more pleasure in their cattle than comfort in their family.

The party broke up. Cecil withdrew to his cabinet to ponder over despatches. Ascham went up to read with the queen an oration of Demosthenes. Sir Richard Sackville, who had been a silent listener during dinner, awaited his leisure; and then, after mutual converse, they agreed to look out a proper tutor for their two sons, and place them under his care. Ascham soon afterwards began to commit his thoughts to writing, and finished his excellent treatise, "The School-master," which his widow published. Upon hearing of his death, in 1568, the queen is said to have declared that she would rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea than have lost her Ascham.

## NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

### PECULIARITIES IN STYLE.

THOMAS WILSON, the first critical writer upon the English language, in his "System of Rhetoric and Logic" earnestly advocates simplicity of language, and condemns those writers who disturb the natural arrangement of their words, and reject familiar and appropriate phrases for the sake of others more refined and curious. Among other false styles censured by him is that of *alliteration*, of which he gives the following caricature example:—"Pitiful poverty

prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual." What a thunderbolt rhetorical Thomas would have hurled against Tryphidorus, who composed an Odyssey, consisting of twenty-four Books, excluding from the first book the letter A, from the second, B, and so on; thus showing the whole letters of the alphabet one after another that he could do without them. It was in allusion to this fantastical work that Addison says he saw in a dream the phantom of Tryphidorus engaged in a ball with twenty-four persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance without being able to overtake him.\*

"He that would write well," says Roger Ascham, "must follow the advice of Aristotle, to speak as the common people speak, and to think as the wise think." Few writers have carried out *this precept* more fully than Paley, in his "Natural Theology." In this work he uses the most homely and simple illustrations, when they are to the purpose. The laminae of the feathers of birds are kept together by teeth that hook into one another, "as a latch enters into the catch, and fastens a door." The eyes of the mole are protected by being very small, and buried deep in a cushion of skin, so that the apertures leading to them are like "pin-holes in a piece of velvet," scarcely pervious to loose particles of earth. The snail, without wings, feet, or thread, adheres to a stalk, by a provision of "sticking-plaster." The lobster, as he grows, is furnished with a way of uncasing himself of his buckles, and "drawing his legs out of his boots" when they become too small for him. Let us contrast this style of writing natural history with that of Monsieur Virey, who, in his "Histoire des Mœurs et de l'Instinct des Animaux," is unable to speak of granivorous animals without terming them Pythagoreans and Gymnosophists. He calls the crying baboon of South America a wild Demosthenes, the lion a generous prince, the jackal a courtier. He describes the nightingale as appealing to heaven against the robber of her nest, and the crocodiles as the "sad orphans of nature," because hatched in the sand.

Jeremy Taylor has been called "the Spenser of our prose writers;" and it has been added that "his prose is sometimes almost as musical as Spenser's verse." Of Samuel Rogers and his poetry, a competent authority humorously states that "he is so polished, that time can never take the shine out of him; so classically correct are his charms, that to the end of time they will be among the principal 'Pleasures of Memory.'" On the other hand, some writers have openly expressed their contempt for the graces of style. Dr. John Owen, a well known theological writer of the seventeenth century, in one of his prefaces utters this declaration:—"Know, reader, that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a

\* We are told of one Theobaldus, a monk, who flourished in the time of Charles the Bald (Carolus calvus), that he wrote a pænyric on "baldness," every word beginning with the letter C.