

the Decretalists it is discovered now that, as the French say, "*Il y a fagots et fagots.*" When we buy the Glenfield starch, are we not constantly told to see that we get it? It is just so with Cyprian and Athanasius, and many others of that class; when you cite them, you have to see to it that it is they.

At later periods, pseudonyms have been used for purposes of concealment, and the writings to which they were attached became famous. The Abbé St. Cyran in 1635 wrote his famous defence of the French hierarchy, under the title of Petrus Aurelius; and Paschal originally subscribed the name of Louis de Montalte to his well-known Provincial Letters. There is in France a whole Dictionary of "*Auteurs Déguisés sous les noms Etrangers, Empruntés, Supposés, Feints à plaisir, Chiffrés, Renversés, Retournés, ou Changés d'un Langue en une autre.*" Baillet, the compiler of this work, has also a department in his "*Jugements des Savants*" for "*Auteurs Déguisés.*" The name by which Paul Sarpi was known as historian of the Council of Trent was Pietro Soave Polano, an imperfect anagram of Paolo Sarpi, Venetiano. That Sarpi had some reason to protect himself by a disguise, is shown by what befel him on the Bridge of St. Mark's, where he was waylaid by assassins and stabbed all but mortally. In Germany, Frederick von Hardenberg, author of "*Hymns to Night*" and the mystic romance entitled "*Heinrich von Ofterdingen,*" is usually known and quoted as Novalis.

In Great Britain and Ireland, while yet open criticism of the policy of Ministers was held to be seditious—when the publication of parliamentary debates was forbidden, and the press generally was gagged—a pseudonymous literature of a wide range of course sprung up. It was only under disguised names that enlightened men, in many an instance, ventured to promulgate their doctrines which, however salutary to mankind, were yet unacceptable to those in power, and sometimes to the bulk of the community likewise. Sometimes the mask assumed was so effectually retained that, in spite of considerable curiosity on the point, posterity has been left in doubt. Whole shelves are filled with conjectural replies to the queries, Who was Martin Marprelate? Who was Junius? But Peter Pindar's secret was quickly discovered, as also was Peter Porcupine's and Peter Plimley's, no particular pains having been taken in any of these cases to preserve it. The same may be said of Runnymede and Historicus.