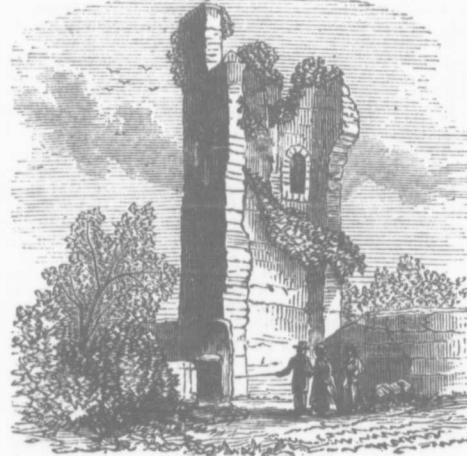


"IF THE BRAIN SOW NOT CORN, IT PLANTS THISTLES."

the excited state of his mind, and of the keen feeling that an injustice had been done to him. Soon after this, Shelley travelled abroad, accompanied by Mary Wolstoncroft Godwin,* whom he afterwards married. Shelley continued his travels in Italy, and after making the acquaintance of Lord Byron, reached the Gulf of Spezzia. In its bright blue waters he was unhappily drowned during a gale in 1822, under the following circumstances:—

In conjunction with one of his friends, a gentleman named Williams, he bought a small schooner, which they named the *Don Juan*. One day, in returning from Leghorn to Lerici, a squall burst, and striking the vessel, she immediately commenced sinking. Shelley was reading a volume of Keats's poetry, which he put in his pocket. Williams made an attempt to swim; but he also, along with a boy, the only other soul on board, perished. After days of harrowing suspense the corpses were all traced out by Captain Trelawney, a friend of Shelley's. By the law of Tuscany all sea-waifs must be burned, and the body of the poet, and his friend Williams, were consumed on the funeral pyre. His ashes were afterwards collected, and placed in the Protestant burying-ground at Rome, near the pyramid of Cestus. The poet Keats was also buried near this place.

Shelley's wife, while in Italy with her husband, wrote her wonderful novel "*Frankenstein*," and after his death pursued her literary labours with much success. She died in London in 1851.



THE TOMB OF SHELLEY.

Additional Notes to July.

THE PULTENEY GUINEA.

(8.)—WILLIAM PULTENEY, afterwards Earl of Bath, commenced his political career under the auspices of Robert Walpole—but afterwards became his unflinching and consistent opponent. On Feb. 11, 1741, a time when party feeling was at its height, Walpole received an intimation in the House of Commons that it was the intention of the Opposition to impeach him. To this menace he replied with his usual composure and self-complacency, merely requesting a fair and candid hearing, and winding up his speech with the quotation—

"*Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpa.*"

With his usual tact, Pulteney immediately rose, and observed—"that the right honourable gentleman's logic and Latin were alike inaccurate, and that Horace, whom he had just misquoted, had written, '*nulla pallescere culpa.*'" Walpole maintained that his quotation was correct, and a bet was offered. The matter

* She was the daughter of Godwin, (author of "*Caleb Williams*,") and the celebrated authoress, who is so well known by the name of Mary Wolstoncroft.

was thereupon referred to the Clerk of the House, an excellent classical scholar, who decided against Walpole. The minister accordingly took a guinea from his pocket, and flung it across the House to Pulteney. The latter caught it, and holding it up, exclaimed, "It's the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last." This guinea having been carefully preserved, finally came into the hands of Sir J. Murray, by whom it was presented, in 1828, to the British Museum. The following memorandum, in the handwriting of Pulteney, is attached to it:—

"This guinea I desire may be kept as an heirloom. It was won of Sir Robert Walpole in the House of Commons; he asserting the verse in Horace to be '*nulli pallescere culpa.*' whereas I laid the wager of a guinea that it was '*nulla pallescere culpa.*' He sent for the book, and, being convinced that he had lost, gave me this guinea. I told him I could take the money without any blush on my side, but believed it was the only money he ever gave in the House where the giver and the receiver ought not equally to blush. This guinea, I hope, will prove to my posterity the use of knowing Latin, and encourage them in their learning."

It is related of Pulteney, that he once lay dangerously ill of a fever, which illness cost him nearly eight hundred guineas in fees for physicians; and, after all, his cure was accomplished by a draught of small beer! Whilst a consultation of physicians was being held, he was heard to mutter in a low voice, "Small beer! small beer!" They said, "Give him small beer, or anything." Accordingly, a silver cup, which held two quarts of beer, was given him, when he drank off the whole at a draught, and demanded another! Another cupful was given him; and soon after that he fell into a profuse perspiration and profound slumber for twenty-four hours. In his case the saying was eminently verified, "If he sleepeth he doeth well." He recovered speedily, and in a few days the physicians took their leave. The joy over his recovery was diffused all over the country, for he was then in the height of his popularity, which, after his elevation to the peerage, he completely forfeited, for then, in the words of Chesterfield, he sank "into insignificance and an earldom."

THE BONES OF TURENNE.

(27.)—In the year 1675, the Council of Vienna sent the famous general Count de Montecuculli to oppose the equally famous MARSHAL TURENNE as the only officer that was thought to be a match for him. Both generals were perfect masters of the art of war. They passed four months in watching each other, and in marches and counter-marches; at length Turenne thought that he had got his rival into such a situation as he wanted, near Salzbach. When going to choose a place to erect a battery, Turenne was unfortunately struck by a cannon-shot, which killed him on the spot, to the great grief of his army, who cried out, "Our father is dead!" The same ball also carried away the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of the artillery, when his son, who was near, could not forbear weeping. "Weep not for me," said Hilaire, "but for the brave man who lies there, whose loss to his country nothing can repair." Turenne was buried at St. Denis, amongst the kings of France. In the Revolution of 1793 a furious multitude, headed by the revolutionary army, precipitated itself out of Paris, and proceeded to violate the tombs of St. Denis, and subjected the sepulchres of the kings of France to a vile profanation, when the tombs of Henry IV., of Francis I., and of Louis XII. were ransacked, and their bones scattered in the air. And even the glorious name of Turenne could not protect his grave from spoliation; but his bones escaped the fate of the others, which had been thrown into a vast trench and destroyed by quicklime—not from any reverence for his memory, but from the fortunate circumstance that being in a good state of preservation, it was selected and purchased by two of the officers of the Museum of Natural History as being a "*well-preserved mummy*," which might be of service to the science of comparative anatomy! It was then carried to the Jardin des Plantes, where it lay unnoticed for nearly ten years in a store-room, between the skeletons of a monkey and a camel. In 1802, however, Bonaparte heard of the circumstance, and had the body of the illustrious warrior removed to the church of the Invalides—and where, in later years, the bones of Bonaparte found a resting-place beside it.

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