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MARCH, 1817.

The Newlander's Cure, as well of those violent sicknesses which distemper most minds in these latter days: as also by a cheap and newfound dyet to preserve the body sound and free from all diseases, untill the last date of life, through extremity of age. Wherein are inserted general and speciall remedies against the Scurvy, gout, collicke, fevers, sea-sicknesses and other grievous infirmities. By Sir William Vaughan, Knight. Published for the Weale of Great Brittain. Imprinted at London, by N. O. for F. Constable, and to be sold at his shop in St. Paul's Church, at the signe of the Craine, 1630.

SIR W. VAUGHAN, the author of this Newlander's, or Newfoundlander's Cure, was, as we are informed by Purchas, vol. 4, p. 1888, 4to edition, one among other eminent and zealous individuals, who undertook to colonize and promote the settlement of Newfoundland, where he was at the expense of transporting many settlers. This colony very early attained a very great importance in the commerce of England; for in the same volume (p. 1882) Purchas says, that in the year 1615, no less than two hundred and fifty English vessels frequented Newfoundland, and

Vol. IV.—No. 12.

37

yielded a return of 135,000 pounds, in fish and oil; a sum of great relative magnitude in English commerce, as it was two centuries ago. The exclusive attention of the inhabitants has been always given to the fisheries, and few attempts made in agriculture. The interior of the country has never been very perfectly explored. There is a modern history of Newfoundland, by Mr. Reeves, who was Chief Justice there, and since at the head of the Alien Office in London. We shall make an extract from the author's introductory letter to his "loving brother, John, Earl of Carbery, Baron of Molingar:"

—— "Seeing that death brings with it so great happiness, I hope you will not be offended with me, if, by calculating our 'ancestors yeares for these three last descents,' I seem to put you in minde that you ought not to expect much longer time than they enioyed. Our *Great Grand-father*, Hugh Vaughan, was Gentleman Usher to King Henry the 7th, who is famous in our English Chronicles, and in the Justes in Richmond, before the sayd King, agaynst Sir James Parker, about our Ancestors Arms, and Scutcheons, the sayd Sir James lost his life, on the first encounter. Our sayd Great Grandfather, dyed before he was fifty years old. Our *Grandfather*, who built our house, nay yours by Birth-right, (called the *Golden Grove*) died about the fiftieth sixth year of his age. Our *Father* likewise about those years payd nature her debt. Why then should we expect for a greater lot? we want not above three or four years of theirs. But suppose we should arrive to seventy or eighty, or by the help of this Dyet which I here discover, to the long age of the Swithcus; it would but augment our sinnes and sorrowes. Therefore let us live mindfull of that which cannot be avoyded. For which purpose a Pagan king used, every morning, to have a dead man's skull brought to remember him, that he was a mortall creature. So in like manner we see, in our days, many persons wearing Rings with a deaths head engraven in the Seall. Others with a poesie on the inside including the remembrance of Death: *memento mori*. But because this subject breeds sadnesse, I have added some more plausible passages, to profit the body as well as the minde.

“Now having discharged the part of a brother, in this necessary point, whereto all Adam’s posterity are subject, sooner or later; I will now show wherefore I entituled this diminutive rapture ‘*The Newlander’s Cure*.’ more for others satisfaction, who know me not, and yet may (by our free Charter of Election, and the illumination of God’s working spirit,) meete with some passage in this ‘*Cure*,’ to confirm them sure in their Christian calling; and perhaps move some to lend their helping hands to the building up of our *New Church* in that remote country; than for any desire I have to reiterate a matter of tautology (like the Cuckoes Song) unto you, who from the beginning have bin acquainted with my actions in this kinde.

“1617, about *thirteen years past*, being interested by Patent in the *South part of Newfoundland*, from our late king James I, of happy memory: I transported thither certyne Colonies of men and women at my own charge: After which, finding the burden too heavy for my weake shoulders, I assigned the northerly proportion of my grant unto the Right Honorable the *Lord Viscount Faulkland*, late deputy of Ireland: A noble gentleman of singular wisdom, virtue, and experience, and (upon your motion) to my *Lord Baltimore*; who to his immortal prayse has lived there these *two last years*, with his *Lady and children*.

“And for myselfe, during such time as I remayne in this kingdom for the settling of my private fortunes, which for aught I see, I must chiefly rely upon to supply me there, untill the plantation be better strengthened; and fearing the displeasure of the Almighty, who threatenes those which causelessly look back at his Plow; I sent forth (like Noah’s dove) my late workes called *The Golden Fleece* and my *Cambreasiym Caroleia*, to stirre up our Islanders mindes to assist and support for a time our *Newfound-Isle*; which rightly may be stiled *Great Britaines Sister*, or *Britannial*, in regard for these *fourscore years and upwards* she hath furnished us with fish and traine, which by exchange return us sundry kinds of commodities.

“In like manner to let the world understand that my zeal to *Newfoundland* is not frozen, I took her for my gossip to this Pigmy infant, which now is named ‘*The Newlander’s Cure*.’ But why should I, among so many thousands of greater powers, aspire to such an Atlantic

weight, which is able to crush into the earth another Sator? It is the Lord of heaven and earth, (whose powerfull presence overlooks all the foure quarters of the earth; who prefers sometimes the most simple to his works of honor, before the grand Epicures of the world, as the lillies of the field before the Royalties of Solomon;) even our Mighty God, who is so wonderful in all his deeds; made choyse of me for his worthy Instrument to doe some good in this he-roical enterprize.

“For this cause, and also to edifie my country with those books which from time to time *even from my youth up I published*, hath he bestowed a double talent upon me. For these ends it pleased his sacred Majesty to reserve my service for the public good by preserving my life most miraculously above the ordinary sort of men, from fire and water, and twice from his pestilentiaall arrowes.

“1602, uppon a Christmas day, in France, at a passage of two leagues broad (betwixt Tremblado and Marena) falling over board a ship, in a most terrible tempest; I floated amidst the waves of the raging sea, being then ignorant of swimming, about a quarter of an hour, onely with an oar in my hand, which casually fell unto me, (by what means to this present I cannot tell) and which is most strange to human sense, the Storm suddenly calmed, during my aboad in this perplexity; untill the bark from which I fell, found leisure to turn about, and take me up; being over wearied, and at the very point to throw away the oare and perish. As soon as I was taken up, the storm began again so furiously, that the mast broke within a foot of the boat, and with the fall had like to have overturned us all.

“1608, in January, I was stricken with a sulphureous dampe; my house was battered about my ears with lightning and thunder, the artillery of God’s Glory, in that fearfull manner; as yourselfe beheld, the next day after the ruins of the catastrophe, not without great astonishment and admiration, how miraculously I escaped.

“1603, in August, in the hottest time of the sicknesse, in my return from beyonde seas, I was not affraid to stay a while in London.

“1625. And during the last and greatest Pestilence, 1625, I frequented the citty from the beginning to the latter end; as our famous Countryman Sir Thomas Button, and our

virtuous Cousin his Lady, (in whose house I continued the most part of that summer,) can bear me witness; when you and others of my friends wondred at my boldnesse, by which extraordinary deliverances I gather, that his Omnipotent Majesty hath ordayned me, (as a fire brand so often taken out of the flames) for some glorious service of his; eyther to do some good unto my fellow Christians by my public writings, or else to advance this hopeful Plantation by my personall paines and industry. And if I fail in my presages for this last, I am fully persuaded that I shall not light upon a worse fortune than chanced unto a gentlewoman of Italy, who having her destiny told her by an astrologer, (as that sex is over credulous like Eve,) that she should be married to a *prince*, she refused many good matches, in hope of her princely preferment; untill after many years expectation in vaine, fearing (as the Proverb is) 'to lead Apes in hell,' she consented at last to marry with the Principall of an University, who in that place had the title of Prince. If I misse in my actual performance for Newfoundland, it lies not in the power of flesh and blood to take away my zealous intentions; nor can my foes (if any such at all I have) deny but that meaner men than I, have had the lucke to be married to the Muses; as also the mightiest Lords of the earth have thought themselves graced to be entertained their servantes and woers.—The truth is, I am addicted both to the Muses, and Newfoundland: and I could wish that I had that command over some misers purses, or of theirs who may die without issue and leave their fortunes to thanklesse worldlings, for the benefit of Newfoundland; as Mark Anthony had at Athens: For when the citizens had accordingly presented him with the Image of their Goddess Minerva, because he wanted a wife; he answered, that he kindly accepted of their offer, and therefore he must needs have 1000 Talents of them, as a dowry fit for so great a Princesse. The charge certainly is great now at the first; yet if there were but twenty such persons of my poor meanes and resolution, I would not doubt, *but before seaven years*, our Newfoundland should not only double those sayles of ships, which trade thither at the present; but likewise the yearly gains which our merchants doe reape from that country, for these *many yeares together*, computed to be above 200,000 pounds a

yeare. Indeed there be some hopes that the London and Bristow merchants will now, after these late stormes, settle there some *Iron-works, Glass houses, and for the making of salt.*

“And likewise that my Lord of Faulkland and our noble brother in law Sir Henry Salisbury Baronet, with some gentlemen of N. Wales, will the next spring proceede to doe something in that country, which with open arms awaites for their coming: and also there are others out of England, to whom I have freely, (as I have received) assigned grants, which have faithfully promised to plant in their several divisions: The which if they perform, my costly cares for sacrifice would be the lesse.

“But because my experience teacheth me, that we oftener meet with backsliding and inconsistent men, like worldly Demas, than with bountifull converts, like that Terrentian Demea, I can not build my foundation on such slippery mould; but must resolve, with my owne poore estate, to continue what I have long since fruitlessly begune.

“After this sort these renowned Monsieurs, De Monts and Poutrincourt were deluded above two years, by some courtiers at Paris; and therefore thus concluded at last, no more to trust any but *themselves*, for the erecting of their Plantations in Canada, *two hundred leagues* beyond our Newfoundland.—Hap what may hap, I have broke the ice; I have passed the Rubicon.

“In the mean time, let me entreate you to conceive charitably of our *Newland Plantation*, which by one hard winter, among *many more tolerable*, is like to suffer; and to regard this little God child of hers. And if you or any other of our friends, when wilde and irregular passions break out beyond the bounds of reason, shall meete with some lenitive, by meditating on the towardly disposition thereof, (as the diseased Israelites found ease with beholding the brazen serpent;) Do but say, *Well fare the Newlander's Cure*, and that's as much as I expect for my paines. The Lord enrich you with heavenly happinesse, as he hath bountifully dealt with you in this world; and if hereafter, it fortune (according to your hopes) that you shall live in Court, as heretofore you have, to your singular praise and your friends comfort, to many years together; Let not transitory Pompe, nor vaine glory, seduce your noblest

part to forget the *poor Newlander's Cure*; nor him, whom you are tyed in nature to respect and cherish; who reciprocally shall ever during life, continue in all christian offices your Lordships brother at Command,

“WILLIAM VAUGHAN.”

[The following Anecdotes are taken promiscuously from Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia, published last year, in two splendid quarto volumes, with maps and plates.]

JEMSHEED, who is celebrated as the founder of Persepolis, was the first who discovered *Wine*. He was immoderately fond of grapes, and desired to preserve some; which were placed in a large vessel and lodged in a vault for future use. When the vessel was opened, the grapes had fermented; and their juice, in this state, was so acid, that the king believed it must be poisonous. He had some vessels filled with it, and *poison* written upon each; these were placed in his room. It happened that one of his favourite ladies was affected with nervous headachs: the pain distracted her so much, that she desired death. Observing a vessel with poison written on it, she took it, and swallowed its contents. The wine, for such it had become, overpowered the lady; who fell down into a sound sleep, and awoke much refreshed. Delighted with the remedy, she repeated the doses so often, that the monarch's poison was all drank. He soon discovered this, and forced the lady to confess what she had done. A quantity of wine was made; and Jemsheed, and all his court, drank of the new beverage; which, from the circumstance that led to its discovery, is to this day known in Persia by the name of *Zeher-e-Khooshon*, the *delightful poison*.

When Alexander the Great was near his end, he wrote to his Mother requesting that the alms given on his death, should be bestowed on those *who had never seen the miseries of this world, and who had never lost those that were dear to them*. His mother sought in vain for persons of this description: all had tasted of the woes and griefs of