

## QUIZ

Following are physical descriptions of real historical figures.  
Identify the person being described:

... a stout, short man with a very red face, small, piercing eyes, and bushy eyebrows, dressed in a very long overcoat which reached nearly to his ankles ...

He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*", as Augustus said of Materius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so, too!

... those extraordinarily spaced eyes raise so powerfully the question "If this woman be not she, who is she?" that I dispense with further evidence, and challenge those who disagree with me to prove a negative. It is a wonderful face, but quite neutral from the point of view of the operatic beauty fancier.

He was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the state; he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and, though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun.

He was a plain man, who went through brooding useless moods. He had a clear mind, which trusted in its own cool logic. He was a lonely man, who may never have known a lasting love, either in early childhood or in later family life. He was a homely man, tall and awkward when he walked.

In his latter years he wore buskins of dogskin on his legs, next to the skin, constantly for whole months together, so that afterwards, when he sought to take them off, on drawing them off the skin often came away with them.

Among those secondhand acting-figures, mimes for the most part, of the Eighteenth Century, once more a giant Original Man; one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deeps, who take rank with the Heroic among men; and he was born in a poor Ayrshire hut.

... his skin had a marvelous good savor and that his breath was very sweet, insomuch that his body had so sweet a smell of itself that all the apparel he wore next unto his body took thereof a passing delightful savor, as if it had been perfumed ...

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety; other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things  
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
Bless her when she is riggish ...

