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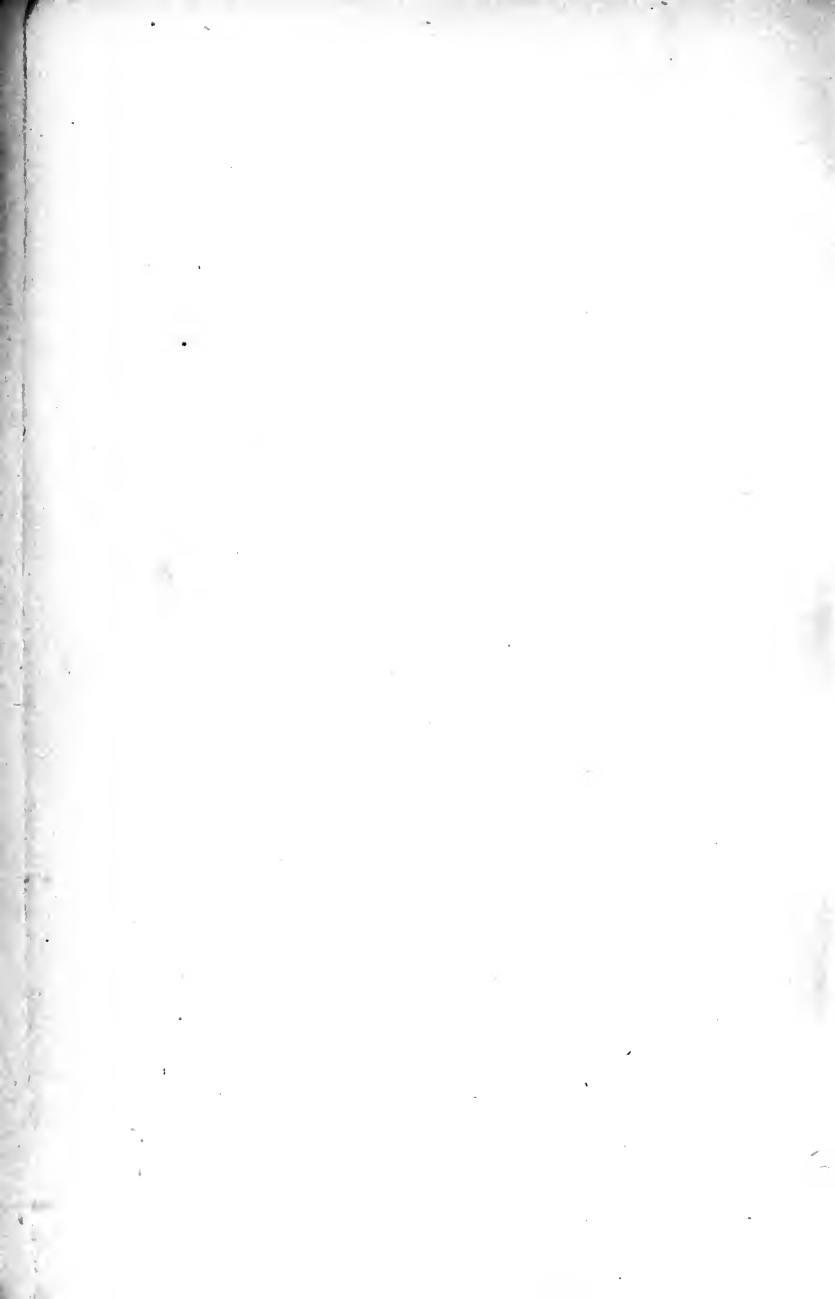
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HALF-HOURS
WITH
THE BEST AUTHORS.

VOL. I.







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ADDISON — DEFOE — STEELE
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HALF-HOURS

WITH

THE BEST AUTHORS.

INCLUDING BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,
By CHARLES KNIGHT.

WITH FIFTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

A New Edition.

REMODELLED AND REVISED BY THE ORIGINAL EDITOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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IN this Edition, the whole of the text has been revised and remodelled by its original Editor, and selections from authors added, whose works have placed them amongst "the best authors" since the publication of the First Edition.



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HALF-HOURS

WITH

THE BEST AUTHORS.

623

1.—A Good Man's Day.

BISHOP HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, Bishop of Norwich, was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire, on the 1st July 1574. He received his academical education at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. In 1597, he published a volume of Satires, which gave great offence, but which remain to the student of English poetry as amongst the most masterly productions of their class. Pope held them to be the best poetry and the truest satire in the English language. In 1617, he was preferred to the Deanery of Worcester; in 1627, was made Bishop of Exeter; and in 1641, was translated to Norwich. His earnest piety and professional zeal rendered him obnoxious to the charge of puritanism, but he was a vigorous defender of the Church in its times of tribulation and danger, and was a sufferer for his conscientious opinions. The revenues of his bishopric were sequestrated in 1642, and he spent the remainder of his life in great poverty, residing at Higham, near Norwich, where he died in 1656. His theological works are very numerous; and though many of them are controversial, others will remain as durable monuments of masterly reasoning, eloquent persuasion, and touching devotion. The piece which we first select, as an opening to the Sunday "Half-Hours," is from an Epistle to Lord Denny.]

VOL. I.

A.

Every day is a little life: and our whole life is but a day repeated: whence it is that old Jacob numbers his life by days; and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years, but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate. We can best teach others by ourselves; let me tell your lordship how I would pass my days, whether common or sacred, that you, (or whosoever others, overhearing me,) may either approve my thriftiness, or correct my errors: to whom is the account of my hours either more due, or more known. All days are His who gave time a beginning and continuance; yet some He hath made ours, not to command, but to use.

In none may we forget Him; in some we must forget all besides Him. First, therefore, I desire to awake at those hours, not when I will, but when I must; pleasure is not a fit rule for rest, but health; neither do I consult so much with the sun, as mine own necessity, whether of body or in that of the mind. If this vassal could well serve me waking, it should never sleep; but now it must be pleased, that it may be serviceable. Now when sleep is rather driven away than leaves me, I would ever awake with God; my first thoughts are for Him who hath made the night for rest and the day for travel; and as He gives, so blesses both. If my heart be early seasoned with His presence, it will savour of Him all day after. While my body is dressing, not with an effeminate curiosity, nor yet with rude neglect, my mind addresses itself to her ensuing task, bethinking what is to be done, and in what order, and marshalling (as it may) my hours with my work; that done, after some while's meditation, I walk up to my masters and companions, my books, and sitting down amongst them with the best contentment, I dare not reach forth my hand to salute any of them, till I have first looked up to heaven, and craved favour of Him to whom all my studies are duly referred: without whom I can neither profit nor labour. After this, out of no over great variety, I call forth those which may best fit my occasions, wherein I am not too scrupulous of age. Sometimes I put myself to school to one of those ancients whom the Church hath

honoured with the name of Fathers, whose volumes I confess not to open without a secret reverence of their holiness and gravity ; sometimes to those later doctors, which want nothing but age to make them classical ; always to God's Book. That day is lost whereof some hours are not improved in those divine monuments : others I turn over out of choice ; these out of duty. Ere I can have sat unto weariness, my family, having now overcome all household distractions, invites me to our common devotions : not without some short preparation. These, heartily performed, send me up with a more strong and cheerful appetite to my former work, which I find made easy to me by intermission and variety ; now, therefore, can I deceive the hours with change of pleasures, that is, of labours. One while mine eyes are busied, another while my hand, and sometimes my mind takes the burthen from them both ; wherein I would imitate the skilfullest cooks, which make the best dishes with manifold mixtures ; one hour is spent in textual divinity, another in controversy ; histories relieve them both. Now, when the mind is weary of others' labours, it begins to undertake her own ; sometimes it meditates and winds up for future use ; sometimes it lays forth her conceits into present discourse ; sometimes for itself, after for others. Neither know I whether it works or plays in these thoughts : I am sure no sport hath more pleasure, no work more use ; only the decay of a weak body makes me think these delights insensibly laborious. Thus could I all day (as ringers use) make myself music with changes, and complain sooner of the day for shortness than of the business for toil, were it not that this faint monitor interrupts me still in the midst of my busy pleasures, and enforces me both to respite and repast. I must yield to both ; while my body and mind are joined together in these unequal couples, the better must follow the weaker. Before my meals, therefore, and after, I let myself loose from all thoughts, and now would forget that I ever studied ; a full mind takes away the body's appetite, no less than a full body makes a dull and unwieldy mind : company, discourse, recreations, are now seasonable and welcome ; these prepare me for a diet, not gluttonous, but medicinal. The palate may not be pleased,

but the stomach, nor that for its own sake ; neither would I think any of these comforts worth respect in themselves but in their use, in their end, so far as they may enable me to better things. If I see any dish to tempt my palate, I fear a serpent in that apple, and would please myself in a wilful denial ; I rise capable of more, not desirous ; not now immediately from my trencher to my book, but after some intermission. Moderate speed is a sure help to all proceedings ; where those things which are prosecuted with violence of endeavour or desire, either succeed not or continue not.

After my later meal, my thoughts are slight ; only my memory may be charged with her task of recalling what was committed to her custody in the day ; and my heart is busy in examining my hands and mouth, and all other senses, of that day's behaviour. And now the evening is come, no tradesman doth more carefully take in his wares, clear his shopboard, and shut his window, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, which like a camel lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God : thus do we rather drive away the time before us than follow it. I grant neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions ; yet must all conspire in honest labour.

Sweat is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent ; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as should never be accounted for ; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning : *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years ! These men shall once find that no blood can privilege idleness, and that nothing is more precious to God than that which they desire to cast away—time. Such are my common days ; but God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it ; yet because that Sun of Righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it,

therefore justly do we sing with the Psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." Now I forget the world, and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who, at some times of their privacy, forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day, which I dare not bestow on any work, or pleasure, but heavenly.

I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day; and according to my care of this is my blessing on the rest. I show your lordship what I would do, and what I ought; I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak, my actions to the censures of the wise and holy, my weaknesses to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.





2.—The Influence of Science on the Wellbeing and Progress of Society.

HERSCHEL.

[SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, the author of a "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," (forming a volume of Lardner's Cyclopædia,) from which the following "Half-Hour" is extracted, stands at the head of the men of science of our own times. This is not the place to enlarge upon his eminent merits as a philosopher. He received from the government of Queen Victoria the same tribute which Sir Isaac Newton received from the government of Queen Anne. In 1850, when the office of Master of the Mint was converted from a ministerial into a permanent one, it was conferred upon Sir John Herschel; and this office was detained by him till 1855, when he resigned it on account of ill-health, and Professor Graham, the eminent chemist, was appointed his successor. Sir John Herschel claims especial regard from us, and from our readers, as being amongst the ablest and most generous of advocates for the Diffusion of Knowledge. We cannot forbear the pleasure of quoting a beautiful passage from an "Address to the Subscribers to the Windsor and Eton Public Library," delivered by him in 1833—a period when many eminent men believed, or affected to believe, that the people might be over-instructed. We give this as a fit introduction to a course of general reading, not selected for a class—not diluted or mangled in the belief that the great body of readers have depraved intellectual appetites and weak digestions—but taken from the best and the highest works in all literature—gems from the rich treasury of instruction and amusement which the master-minds of the world, and especially of our own nation, have heaped up for an exhaustless and imperishable store:—

"If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of

religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading, well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet—

‘Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.’

It civilises the conduct of men—and *suffers* them not to remain barbarous.”

The difference of the degrees in which the individuals of a great community enjoy the good things of life has been a theme of declamation and discontent in all ages; and it is doubtless our paramount duty, in every state of society, to alleviate the pressure of the purely evil part of this distribution as much as possible, and, by all the means we can devise, secure the lower links in the chain of society from dragging in dishonour and wretchedness: but there is a point of view in which the picture is at least materially altered in its expression. In comparing society on its present immense scale, with its infant or less developed state, we must at least take care to enlarge every feature in the same proportion. If, on comparing the very lowest states in civilised and savage life, we admit a difficulty in deciding to which the preference is due, at least in every superior grade, we cannot hesitate a moment; and if we institute a similar comparison in every different stage of its progress, we cannot fail to be struck with the rapid rate of dilatation which every degree upward of the scale, so to speak, exhibits, and which, in an estimate of averages, gives an immense preponderance to the present over every former condition of mankind, and, for aught we can see to the contrary, will place succeeding genera-

tions in the same degree of superior relation to the present that this holds to those passed away. Or we may put the same proposition in other words, and, admitting the existence of every inferior grade of advantage in a higher state of civilisation which subsisted in the preceding, we shall find, first, that, taking state for state, the proportional numbers of those who enjoy the higher degrees of advantage increases with a constantly-accelerated rapidity as society advances ; and, secondly, that the superior extremity of the scale is constantly enlarging by the addition of new degrees. The condition of a European prince is now as far superior, in the command of real comforts and conveniences, to that of one in the middle ages, as that to the condition of one of his own dependants.

The advantages conferred by the augmentation of our physical resources through the medium of increased knowledge and improved art have this peculiar and remarkable property—that they are in their nature diffusive, and cannot be enjoyed in any exclusive manner by a few. An Eastern despot may extort the riches and monopolise the art of his subjects for his own personal use ; he may spread around him an unnatural splendour and luxury, and stand in strange and preposterous contrast with the general penury and discomfort of his people ; he may glitter in jewels of gold and raiment of needlework ; but the wonders of well contrived and executed manufacture which we use daily, and the comforts which have been invented, tried, and improved upon by thousands, in every form of domestic convenience, and for every ordinary purpose of life, can never be enjoyed by him. To produce a state of things in which the physical advantages of civilised life can exist in a high degree, the stimulus of increasing comforts and constantly-elevated desires must have been felt by millions ; since it is not in the power of a few individuals to create that wide demand for useful and ingenious applications, which alone can lead to great and rapid improvements, unless backed by that arising from the speedy diffusion of the same advantages among the mass of mankind.

If this be true of physical advantages, it applies with still greater force to intellectual. Knowledge can neither be adequately cul-

tivated nor adequately enjoyed by a few ; and although the conditions of our existence on earth may be such as to preclude an abundant supply of the physical necessities of all who may be born, there is no such law of nature in force against that of our intellectual and moral wants. Knowledge is not, like food, destroyed by use, but rather augmented and perfected. It requires not, perhaps, a greater certainty, but at least a confirmed authority and a probable duration, by universal assent ; and there is no body of knowledge so complete but that it may acquire accession, or so free from error but that it may receive correction in passing through the minds of millions. Those who admire and love knowledge for its own sake, ought to wish to see its elements made accessible to all, were it only that they may be the more thoroughly examined into, and more effectually developed in their consequences, and receive that ductility and plastic quality which the pressure of minds of all descriptions, constantly moulding them to their purposes, can alone bestow. But to this end it is necessary that it should be divested, as far as possible, of artificial difficulties, and stripped of all such technicalities as tend to place it in the light of a craft and a mystery, inaccessible without a kind of apprenticeship. Science, of course, like everything else, has its own peculiar terms, and, so to speak, its idioms of language ; and these it would be unwise, were it even possible, to relinquish : but everything that tends to clothe it in a strange and repulsive garb, and especially everything that, to keep up an appearance of superiority in its professors over the rest of mankind, assumes an unnecessary guise of profundity and obscurity, should be sacrificed without mercy. Not to do this is deliberately to reject the light which the natural unencumbered good sense of mankind is capable of throwing on every subject, even in the elucidation of principles ; but where principles are to be applied to practical uses, it becomes absolutely necessary ; as all mankind have then an interest in their being so familiarly understood, that no mistakes shall arise in their application.

The same remark applies to arts. They cannot be perfected till their whole processes are laid open, and their language sim-

plified and rendered universally intelligible. Art is the application of knowledge to a practical end. If the knowledge be merely accumulated experience, the art is *empirical*; but if it be experience reasoned upon and brought under general principles, it assumes a higher character, and becomes a *scientific art*. In the progress of mankind from barbarism to civilised life, the arts necessarily precede science. The wants and cravings of our animal constitution must be satisfied; the comforts and some of the luxuries of life must exist. Something must be given to the vanity of show, and more to the pride of power; the round of baser pleasures must have been tried and found insufficient before intellectual ones can gain a footing; and when they have obtained it, the delights of poetry and its sister arts still take precedence of contemplative enjoyments, and the severer pursuits of thought; and when these in time begin to charm from their novelty, and sciences begin to arise, they will at first be those of pure speculation. The mind delights to escape from the trammels which had bound it to earth, and luxuriates in its newly-found powers. Hence, the abstractions of geometry—the properties of numbers—the movements of the celestial spheres—whatever is abstruse, remote, and extramundane—become the first objects of infant science. Applications come late: the arts continue slowly progressive, but their realm remains separated from that of science by a wide gulf which can only be passed by a powerful spring. They form their own language and their own conventions, which none but artists can understand. The whole tendency of empirical art is to bury itself in technicalities, and to place its pride in particular short cuts and mysteries known only to adepts; to surprise and astonish by results, but conceal processes. The character of science is the direct contrary. It delights to lay itself open to inquiry; and is not satisfied with its conclusions till it can make the road to them broad and beaten: and in its applications it preserves the same character; its whole aim being to strip away all technical mystery, to illuminate every dark recess, with a view to improve them on rational principles. It would seem that a union of two qualities almost opposite to each other

—a going forth of the thoughts in two directions, and a sudden transfer of ideas from a remote station in one to an equally distant one in the other—is required to start the first idea of *applying science*. Among the Greeks this point was attained by Archimedes, but attained too late, on the eve of that great eclipse of science which was destined to continue for nearly eighteen centuries, till Galileo in Italy, and Bacon in England, at once dispelled the darkness: the one by his inventions and discoveries; the other by the irresistible force of his arguments and eloquence.

Finally, the improvement effected in the condition of mankind by advances in physical science as applied to the useful purposes of life, is very far from being limited to their direct consequences in the more abundant supply of their physical wants, and the increase of our comforts. Great as these benefits are, they are yet but steps to others of a still higher kind. The successful results of our experiments and reasonings in natural philosophy, and the incalculable advantages which experience, systematically consulted and dispassionately reasoned on, has conferred in matters purely physical, tend of necessity to impress something of the well-weighed and progressive character of science on the more complicated conduct of our social and moral relations. It is thus that legislation and politics become gradually regarded as experimental sciences, and history, not, as formerly, the mere record of tyrannies and slaughters, which, by immortalising the execrable actions of one age, perpetuates the ambition of committing them in every succeeding one, but as the archive of experiments, successful and unsuccessful, gradually accumulating towards the solution of the grand problem—how the advantages of government are to be secured with the least possible inconvenience to the governed. The celebrated apophthegm, that nations never profit by experience, becomes yearly more and more untrue. Political economy, at least, is found to have sound principles, founded in the moral and physical nature of man, which, however lost sight of in particular measures—however even temporarily controverted and borne down by clamour—have yet a stronger and stronger testimony borne to them in each succeed-

ing generation, by which they must, sooner or later, prevail. The idea once conceived and verified, that great and noble ends are to be achieved, by which the condition of the whole human species shall be permanently bettered, by bringing into exercise a sufficient quantity of sober thoughts, and by a proper adaptation of means, is of itself sufficient to set us earnestly on reflecting what ends *are* truly great and noble, either in themselves, or as conducive to others of a still loftier character; because we are not now, as heretofore, hopeless of attaining them. It is not now equally harmless and insignificant, whether we are right or wrong; since we are no longer supinely and helplessly carried down the stream of events, but feel ourselves capable of buffeting at least with its waves, and perhaps of riding triumphantly over them: for why should we despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature to our purposes, should (if permitted and assisted by the providence of God) achieve a far more difficult conquest? and ultimately find some means of enabling the collective wisdom of mankind to bear down those obstacles which individual short-sightedness, selfishness, and passion, oppose to all improvements, and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted, and the fairest prospects marred.

3.—The Piteous Death of the Son of Gaston de Foix.

FROISSART.

[THERE are few who have not heard of JOHN FROISSART, the most graphic of the old chroniclers. He was born at Valenciennes about 1337, and early in life was dedicated to the Church. He was scarcely twenty years old when he began to write a history of the English wars in France, chiefly compiled from another chronicler. This history he brings down to the battle of Poitiers in 1356; after which period his Chronicle has all the value of contemporary observation. His opportunities as an observer were very great; he was in the confidence of many of the sovereigns and nobles of his time, and was especially attached to the court of Edward III., being secretary to Queen Philippa. He closed a life, compounded of travel and ease, of labour and luxury, of native honesty and courtly arts, about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

His description of the manner of life at the Count of Foix's house at Orthes is one of the most picturesque of his passages; and a short extract may fitly introduce the quaint and touching story of the death of his son, which we give in Lord Berners's old translation:—"At midnight, when he came out of his chamber into the hall to supper, he had ever before him twelve torches burning, borne by twelve varlets, standing before his table all supper. They gave a great light, and the hall was ever full of knights and squires, and many other tables were dressed to sup who would. There was none should speak to him at his table, but if he were called. His meat was lightly, wild fowl, the legs and wings only, and in the day he did eat and drink but little. He had great pleasure in harmony of instruments; he could do it right well himself: he would have songs sung before him. He would gladly see conceits and fantasies at his table, and when he had seen it, then he would send it to the other tables bravely; all this I considered and advised. And ere I came to his court I had been in many courts of kings, dukes, princes, counts, and great ladies; but I was never in none that so well liked me. Nor there was none more rejoiced in deeds of arms than the count did; there was seen in his hall, chamber, and court, knights and squires of honour going up and down, and talking of arms and of amours: all honour there was found, all manner of tidings of every realm and country there might be heard, for out of every country there was resort, for the valiantness of this count."

Froissart describes his own intense curiosity to know "how Gaston, the count's son, died;" but no one would satisfy him. At last, "so much I inquired, that an ancient squire, and a notable man, showed the matter to me," and began thus:—]

"True it is," quoth he, "that the Count of Foix and my lady of Foix, his wife, agreed not well together, nor have not done of a long season, and the discord between them was first moved by the King of Navarre, who was brother to the lady: for the King of Navarre pledged himself for the Duke Dalbret, whom the Count of Foix had in prison, for the sum of fifty thousand francs; and the Count of Foix, who knew that the King of Navarre was crafty and malicious, in the beginning would not trust him, wherewith the Countess of Foix had great displeasure and indignation against the count her husband, and said to him:—

"Sir, ye repute but small honour in the King of Navarre, my brother, when ye will not trust him for fifty thousand francs: though ye have no more of the Armagnacs, nor of the house of Dalbret, than ye have, it ought to suffice. And also, sir, ye know well ye should assign out my dower, which amounteth to fifty thou-

sand francs, which ye should put into the hands of my brother, the King of Navarre ; wherefore, Sir, ye cannot be evil paid.'

" ' Dame,' quoth he, ' ye say truth ; but if I thought that the King of Navarre would stop the payment for that cause, the Lord Dalbret should never have gone out of Orthes, and so I should have been paid to the last penny ; and since ye desire it, I will do it ; not for the love of you, but for the love of my son.'

" So by these words, and by the King of Navarre's obligation, who became debtor to the Count of Foix, the Lord Dalbret was delivered quit, and became French, and was married in France to the sister of the Duke of Burbon, and paid at his ease to the King of Navarre the sum of fifty thousand francs for his ransom, for the which sum the king was bound to the Count of Foix ; but he would not send it to the count.

" Then the Count of Foix said to his wife—' Dame, ye must go into Navarre to the king your brother, and show him how I am not well content with him, that he will not send me that he hath received of mine.'

" The lady answered, how that she was ready to go at his commandment. And so she departed, and rode to Pampeluna to the king, her brother, who received her with much joy. The lady did her message from point to point.

" Then the king answered—' Fair lady, the sum of money is yours. The count should give it for your dower ; it shall never go out of the realm of Navarre since I have it in possession.'

" ' Ah, Sir,' quoth the lady, ' by this ye shall set great hate between the count my husband, and you ; and if ye hold your purpose, I dare not return again into the county of Foix, for my husband will slay me. He will say I have deceived him.'

" ' I cannot tell,' quoth the king, ' what ye will do ; either tarry or depart ; but as for the money I will not depart from it : it pertaineth to me to keep it for you, but it shall never go out of Navarre.'

" The countess could have none other answer of the king her brother, and so she tarried still in Navarre, and durst not return again. The Count of Foix, when he saw the dealing of the King

of Navarre, he began to hate his wife, and was evil content with her; howbeit she was in no fault, but that she had not returned again when she had done her message. But she durst not; for she knew well the count, her husband, was cruel where he took displeasure. Thus the matter standeth.

“The count’s son, called Gaston, grew and waxed goodly, and was married to the daughter of the Count of Armagnac, a fair lady, sister to the count that now is, the Lord Bertrand of Armagnac; and, by the conjunction of that marriage, there should have been peace between Foix and Armagnac. The child was a fifteen or sixteen years of age, and resembled right well to his father. On a time he desired to go into Navarre to see his mother and his uncle, the King of Navarre; which was in an evil hour for him and for all his country. When he was come into Navarre he had there good cheer, and tarried with his mother a certain space, and then took his leave; but for all that he could do, he could not get his mother out of Navarre, to have gone with him into Foix. For she demanded if the count had commanded him to do so, or no; and he answered, that when he departed the count spake nothing thereof. Therefore the lady durst not go thither, but so tarried still.

“Then the child went to Pampeluna to take his leave of the king his uncle. The king made him great cheer, and tarried him there a ten days, and gave to him great gifts, and to his men. Also the last gift that the king gave him was his death. I shall show you how.

“When this gentleman should depart, the king drew him apart into his chamber, and gave him a little purse full of powder, which powder was such, that if any creature living did eat thereof, he should incontinent die without remedy. Then the king said, ‘Gaston, fair nephew, ye shall do as I shall show to you. Ye see how the Count of Foix, your father, wrongfully hath your mother, my sister, in great hate; whereof I am sore displeased, and so ought ye to be; howbeit, to perform all the matter, and that your father should love again your mother, to that intent ye shall take a little of this powder and put it on some meat that

your father may eat it ; but beware that no man see you. And as soon as he hath eaten it, he shall intend to nothing but to have again his wife, and so to love her ever after, which ye ought greatly to desire ; and of this that I show you let no man know, but keep it secret, or else ye lose all the deed.' The child, who thought all that the king said to him had been true, said, ' Sir, it shall be done as ye have devised ;' and so he departed from Pampeluna, and returned to Orthes. The count, his father, made him good cheer, and demanded tidings of the King of Navarre, and what gifts he had given him ; and the child showed him how he had given him divers, and showed him all except the purse with the powder.

" Ofttimes this young Gaston and Juan, his bastard brother, lay together ; for they loved each other like brethren, and were like arrayed and apparelled, for they were near of a greatness, and of one age ; and it happened on a time, as their clothes lay together on their bed, Juan saw a purse at Gaston's coat, and said, ' What thing is this that ye bear ever about you ?' Whereof Gaston had no joy, and said, ' Juan, give me my coat, ye have nothing to do therewith.' and all that day after Gaston was pensive.

" And it fortun'd a three days after, as God would that the count should be saved, Gaston and his brother Juan fell out together, playing at tennis, and Gaston gave him a blow, and the child went into his father's chamber, and wept. And the count as then had heard mass, and when the count saw him weep, he said, ' Son Juan, what ailest thou ?' ' Sir,' quoth he, ' Gaston hath beaten me ; but he were more worthy to be beaten than me.' ' Why so ?' quoth the count, and incontinent suspected nothing. ' By my faith, Sir,' said he, ' since he returned out of Navarre, he beareth privily at his breast a purse full of powder ; I wot not what it is, nor what he will do therewith ; but he hath said to me once or twice, that my lady, his mother, should shortly be again in your grace, and better beloved than ever she was.' ' Peace !' quoth the count, ' and speak no more, and show this to no man living.' ' Sir,' said he, ' no more I shall.' Then the count entered into imagination, and so came to the hour of his

dinner ; and he washed, and sat down at his table in the hall. Gaston his son was used to set down all his service, and to make the essays.* And when he had set down the first course, the count cast his eyes on him, and saw the strings of the purse hanging at his bosom. Then his blood changed, and he said, 'Gaston, come hither ; I would speak with thee, in thine ear.' And the child came to him, and the count took him by the bosom, and found out the purse, and with his knife cut it from his bosom. The child was abashed, and stood still, and spake no word, and looked as pale as ashes for fear, and began to tremble. The Count of Foix opened the purse, and took of the powder, and laid it on a trencher of bread, and called to him a dog, and gave it him to eat ; and as soon as the dog had eaten the first morsel, he turned his eyes in his head, and died incontinent. And when the count saw that he was sore displeased, and also he had good cause, and so rose from the table, and took his knife, and would have stricken his son. Then the knights and squires ran between them, and said, 'Sir, for God's sake have mercy, and be not so hasty ; be well informed first of the matter ere you do any evil to your child.' And the first word that the count said, was, 'Ah, Gaston ! traitor ! for to increase thine heritage that should come to thee, I have had war and hatred of the French King, of the King of England, of the King of Spain, of the King of Navarre, and of the King of Arragon, and as yet I have borne all their malice, and now thou wouldst murder me ; it moveth of an evil nature ; but first thou shalt die with this stroke.' And so he stepped forth with his knife, and would have slain him ; but then all the knights and squires kneeled down before him weeping, and said, 'Ah, Sir, have mercy for God's sake—slay not Gaston, your son. Remember ye have no more children. Sir, cause him to be kept, and take good information of the matter ; peradventure he knew not what he bare, and peradventure is nothing guilty of the deed.' 'Well,' quoth the count, 'incontinent put him in prison, and let him be so kept that I may have a reckoning of him.' Then the child was put into the tower.

* Tasted the dishes, to prevent the poisoning of the prince.

“And the count took a great many of them that served his son, and some of them departed ; and as yet the Bishop of Lescar is out of the country, for he was had in suspect, and so were divers others. The count caused to be put to death a fifteen, right horribly ; and the cause that the count laid to them was, he said, it could be none otherwise but that they knew of the child’s secrets, wherefore they ought to have showed it to him, and to have said, ‘Sir, Gaston your son beareth a purse at his bosom.’ Because they did not thus, they died horribly ; whereof it was great pity, for some of them were as fresh and jolly squires as were any in all the country. For ever the count was served with good men.

“This thing touched the count near to the heart, and that he well showed : for, on a day, he assembled at Orthes all the nobles and prelates of Foix and Bierne, and all the notable persons of his country ; and when they were all assembled, he showed them wherefore he sent for them, as how he had found his son in this default, for the which he said his intent was to put him to death, as he had well deserved. Then all the people answered to that case with one voice, and said, ‘Sir, saving your grace, we will not that Gaston should die ; he is your heir, and ye have no more.’ And when the count heard the people, how they desired for his son, he somewhat refrained his ire. Then he thought to chastise him in prison a month or two, and then to send him on some voyage for two or three years, till he might somewhat forget his evil will, and that the child might be of greater age and of more knowledge.

“Then he gave leave to all the people to depart ; but they of Foix would not depart from Orthes till the count should assure them that Gaston should not die ; they loved the child so well. Then the count promised them, but he said he would keep him in prison a certain time to chastise him ; and so upon this promise every man departed, and Gaston abode still in prison.

“These tidings spread abroad into divers places, and at that time Pope Gregory the Eleventh was at Avignon. Then he sent the Cardinal of Amiens in legation into Bierne, to have come to the Count of Foix for that business. And by that time he came

to Beziers, he heard such tidings that he needed not to go any farther for that matter ; for there he heard how Gaston, son of the Count of Foix, was dead. Since I have showed you so much, now I shall show you how he died.

“The Count of Foix caused his son to be kept in a dark chamber, in the town of Orthes, a ten days ; little did he eat or drink, yet he had enough brought him every day, but when he saw it he would go therefrom, and set little thereby. And some said that all the meat that had been brought him stood whole and entire the day of his death, wherefore it was a great marvel that he lived so long, for divers reasons. The count caused him to be kept in the chamber alone, without any company, either to counsel or comfort him ; and all that season the child lay in his clothes as he came in, and he argued in himself, and was full of melancholy, and cursed the time that ever he was born and engendered, to come to such an end.

“The same day that he died, they that served him of meat and drink, when they came to him, they said, ‘Gaston, here is meat for you ;’ he made no care thereof, and said, ‘Set it down there.’ He that served him regarded, and saw in the prison all the meat stand whole as it had been brought him before, and so departed and closed the chamber door, and went to the count and said, ‘Sir, for God’s sake, have mercy on your son Gaston, for he is near famished in prison ; there he lieth. I think he never did eat anything since he came into prison, for I have seen there this day all that ever I brought him before, lying together in a corner.’ Of these words the count was sore displeased ; and without any word-speaking, went out of his chamber, and came to the prison where his son was, and in an evil hour. He had the same time a little knife in his hand to pare withal his nails. He opened the prison door and came to his son, and had the little knife in his hand, and in great displeasure he thrust his hand to his son’s throat, and the point of the knife a little entered his throat, into a certain vein, and said, ‘Ah, traitor ! why dost not thou eat thy meat ?’ And therewith the count departed without any more doing or saying, and went into his own chamber. The child was abashed, and

afraid of the coming of his father, and also was feeble of fasting, and the point of the knife a little entered into a vein of his throat, and so he fell down suddenly and died. The count was scarcely in his chamber, but the keeper of the child came to him, and said, 'Sir, Gaston your son is dead!' 'Dead!' quoth the count. 'Yea, truly, Sir,' answered he. The count would not believe it, but sent thither a squire that was by him, and he went, and came again, and said, 'Sir, surely he is dead.' Then the count was sore displeased, and made great complaint for his son, and said, 'Ah, Gaston! what a poor adventure is this for thee, and for me! In an evil hour thou wentest to Navarre to see thy mother; I shall never have the joy that I had before!' Then the count caused his barber to shave him, and clothed himself in black, and all his house, and with much sore weeping the child was borne to the Friars in Orthes, and there buried.

"Thus, as I have showed you, the Count of Foix slew Gaston his son; but the King of Navarre gave the occasion of his death."

4.—Old Dramatic Poets.

SCENES FROM "THE CITY MADAM."

MASSINGER.

[PHILIP MASSINGER, one of the most illustrious of the successors of Shakespeare, was born at Salisbury in 1584. His father was in the household of the Earl of Pembroke. He was probably sent to college by the earl; but the favour of the great man appears to have been withdrawn from him in his mature years. He became a writer for the stage, and there is distinct evidence that his genius scarcely gave him bread. His dramas, which have been collected by Gifford, in four volumes, are of unequal merit; but of some the dramatic power, the characterisation, the poetry, and the exhibition of manners, are of the very highest order. Massinger died in 1640.

In selecting a few scenes from "The City Madam," we endeavour to connect them with the plot, and with each other, by very slight links.]

SCENE I.

Sir John Frugal is a city merchant; his wife and two daughters of extravagant habits and boundless pride. Luke is brother to Sir John Frugal—a

dependant on his bounty, having spent all his own substance. Lady Frugal and her daughters are first shown as treating Luke with unmitigated scorn and tyranny:—

Lady Frugal. Very good, Sir ;
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner,
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And women did command you ?

Luke. Drunk, an't please you !

L. Frugal. Drunk, I said, sirrah ! dar'st thou, in a look,
Repine or grumble ? Thou unthankful wretch !
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison,
(Thy patrimony spent,) ragged, and lousy,
When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meat
Were your festival-exceedings ! and is this
So soon forgotten ?

Luke. I confess I am
Your creature, madam.

L. Frugal. And good reason why
You should continue so.

Anne. Who did new clothe you ?

Mary. Admitted you to the dining-room ?

Milliscent (*Lady Frugal's maid.*) Allow'd you
A fresh bed in the garret ?

L. Frugal. Or from whom
Received you spending money ?

Luke. I owe all this
To your goodness, madam ; for it you have my prayers,
The beggar's satisfaction : all my studies—
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am)—are now to please you.
And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon ; though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.

SCENE II.

Lord Lacy is a nobleman who is desirous that his son should marry one of the rich merchant's daughters. His deportment to Luke is a contrast to the vulgar insolence of Lady Frugal and her daughters :—

Lord Lacy. Your hand, Master Luke : the world's much changed with you

Within these few months ; then you were the gallant :
No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,
Shooting, or bowling, at which Master Luke
Was not a principal gamester, and companion
For the nobility.

Luke. I have paid dear
For those follies, my good lord ; and 'tis but justice
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,
Share in the miseries that wait upon it.
Your honour, in your charity, may do well
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses,
Too late repented.

L. Lacy. I nor do, nor will ;
And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand
To raise your fortunes : how deals your brother with you ?

Luke. Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness for't.
I am a free man ; all my debts discharged ;
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,
Time to ask Heaven remission for what's past ;
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,
My present poverty's a blessing to me ;
And though I have been long, I dare not say
I ever lived till now.

SCENE III.

The extravagance and pride of the City Madam and her daughters, who have rejected the suit of two honourable men in the wantonness of their ambi-

tion, determine Sir John Frugal, in concert with Lord Lacy, to give out that he has retired into a monastery, and has left all his riches to his brother. Luke soliloquises upon his greatness :—

Luke. 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
 A real truth ; nor dream : I did not slumber,
 And could wake ever with a brooding eye
 To gaze upon 't ! it did endure the touch ;
 I saw and felt it ! Yet what I beheld
 And handled oft, did so transcend belief,
 (My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er,)
 I faintly could give credit to my senses.
 Thou dumb musician—[*Taking out a key*—that without a
 charm
 Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
 What wise men wish and toil for ! Hermes' moly,
 Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
 Imagined only by the alchymist,
 Compared with thee are shadows—thou the substance,
 And guardian of felicity ! No marvel
 My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
 Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
 To be hugg'd ever ! In by-corners of
 This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
 Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
 Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
 That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
 There needs no artificial light ; the splendour
 Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
 By that still-burning lamp for ever banished !
 But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
 Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
 Each sparkling diamond, from itself, shot forth
 A pyramid of flames, and, in the roof,
 Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
 Heaven's abstract, or epitome !—rubies, sapphires,
 And ropes of orient pearl,—these seen, I could not

But look on with contempt. And yet I found,
 What weak credulity could have no faith in,
 A treasure far exceeding these : here lay
 A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
 The wax continuing hard, the acres melting ;
 Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
 If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
 The unthrift's power ; there being scarce one shire
 In Wales or England, where my moneys are not
 Lent out at usury, the certain hook
 To draw in more. I am sublimed ! gross earth
 Supports me not ; I walk on air.

SCENE IV.

Luke, who, in his abasement, was all gentleness and humility, treats his brother's debtors with the most wanton harshness ; and degrades his sister-in-law and nieces to the condition of menials. The ladies appear before him clothed in coarsest weeds :—

Luke. Save you, sister !

I now dare style you so : you were before
 Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear
 Like a city matron ; and my pretty nieces
 Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you
 ape

The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles
 And pedigrees of long descent, gave warrant
 For their superfluous bravery ? 'twas monstrous !
 Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.

L. Frugal. Is this spoken
 In scorn ?

Luke. Fie ! no ; with judgment. I make good
 My promise, and now show you like yourselves,
 In your own natural shapes ; and stand resolved
 You shall continue so.

L. Frugal. It is confess'd, sir.

Luke. Sir ! sirrah : use your old phrase—I can bear it.

L. Frugal. That, if you please, forgotten ; we acknowledge
We have deserved ill from you ; yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposal, you 'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.

Luke. 'Tis my purpose.

L. Frugal. And not make us ridiculous.

Luke. Admired rather,

As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown ;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,
And rise up a new satirist : but hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by't.

L. Frugal. We are bound to hear you.

Luke. With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was
An honest country farmer, goodman Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er call'd master. Did your pride
Descend from him ? but let that pass : your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,
And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver-cap, a silver pin,
Headed with a pearl worth threepence : and thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it ;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician and a plebeian.

Milliscent. Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some other
text ;

Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.

Luke. Peace, chattering magpie!
 I'll treat of you anon :—but when the height
 And dignity of London's blessings grew
 Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress
 Became a byword, and you scorn'd the means
 By which you were raised, my brother's fond indulgence
 Giving the reins to it ; and no object pleased you
 But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court ;
 What a strange, nay, monstrous, metamorphosis follow'd !
 No English workman then could please your fancy,
 The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse ;
 This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
 To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
 Appear'd in the last masque, and how it drew
 The young lord's eyes upon her ; and this usher
 Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place,
 To walk before you—

L. Frugal. Pray you, end.

Holdfast, (Sir John Frugal's steward.) Proceed, sir ;
 I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,
 You touch them so to the quick.

Luke. Then, as I said,
 The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
 Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
 Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
 And the richest orient pearl ; your carcanets
 That did adorn your neck, of equal value :
 Your Hungerland bands, and Spanish quellio ruffs ;
 Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
 Embroider'd petticoats ; and sickness feign'd,
 That your night-rails of forty pounds a-piece
 Might be seen, with envy, of the visitants ;
 Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,
 And roses worth a family : you were served in plate,
 Stir'd not a foot without your coach, and going
 To church, not for devotion, but to show

Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried,
 Heaven save your honour! this idolatry
 Paid to a painted room!
 And when you lay
 In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
 I well remember it, as you had been
 An absolute princess, since they have no more,
 Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
 And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
 For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
 Of the rich Tyrian die; a canopy
 To cover the brat's cradle; you in state,
 Like Pompey's Julia.

L. Frugal. No more, I pray you.

Luke. Of this, be sure you shall not. I'll cut off
 Whatever is exorbitant in you,
 Or in your daughters, and reduce you to
 Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge
 Of your base usage of me, but to fright
 Others by your example: 'tis decreed
 You shall serve one another, for I will
 Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
 With these useless drones

SCENE V.

The catastrophe is the reformation of the City Madam, and the disgrace of the tyrannical Luke, when his brother reappears, and demands his own. The towering audacity of the hypocritical spendthrift raised to sudden riches is at its height before his final fall:—

Lord Lacy. You are well met,
 And to my wish—and wondrous brave! your habit
 Speaks you a merchant royal.

Luke. What I wear
 I take not upon trust.

L. Lacy. Your betters may,
 And blush not for't.

Luke. If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.

L. Lacy. You are very peremptory ; pray you stay :—
I once held you
An upright, honest man.

Luke. I am honester now
By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars for't,
Upon the Exchange ; and if your late opinion
Be alter'd, who can help it ? Good, my lord,
To the point ; I have other business than to talk
Of honesty, and opinions.

L. Lacy. Yet you may
Do well, if you please, to show the one, and merit
The other from good men, and in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.

Luke. What is it ? I am troubled.

L. Lacy. Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
Your brother's prentices.

Luke. Mine, my lord, I take it.

L. Lacy. Goldwire and Tradewell.

Luke. They are welcome, if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage
I have sustain'd by their sons.

Goldwire. We are, so you please
To use a conscience.

Tradewell. Which we hope you will do,
For your own worship's sake.

Luke. Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation ; for it would convince me
Of indiscretion : nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.

L. Lacy. No moderation ?

Luke. They cannot look for't, and preserve in me
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie

For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all
They have run out: the masters never prosper'd
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices: when we look
To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge Alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds, look to 't.
A thousand pounds a-piece, and that will hardly
Repair my losses.

L. Lacy. Thou dar'st not show thyself
Such a devil!

Luke. Good words.

L. Lacy. Such a cut-throat! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your moneys
Cannot justify your villainies.

Luke. I endure this.

And, good my lord, now you talk in time of moneys,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder
Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself
So much in my danger.

L. Lacy. In thy danger?

Luke. Mine.

I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd,
Pawn'd, my good lord; Lacy manor, and that manor
From which you have the title of a lord,
An it please your good lordship! You are a nobleman;
Pray you pay in my moneys: the interest
Will eat faster in 't than aquafortis in iron.
Now though you bear me hard, I love your lordship;
I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well paid, will serve
An extent on lord's or lown's land. Pay it in:

I would be loath your name should sink, or that
 Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,
 Should find you, my lord, without land. You are angry
 For my good counsel: look you to your bonds; had I known
 Of your coming, believe 't I would have had serjeants ready.
 Lord, how you fret! but that a tavern's near,
 You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,
 To wash down sorrow; but there it will do better!
 I know you'll drink a health to me.

5.—The War in La Vendee.

MARQUISE DE LAROCHEJAQUELEIN.

[THE events of this terrible war of the French Revolution have been detailed with singular animation, in the late Lord Jeffrey's Review of the Memoirs of the Marquise de Larochejaquelein. We pass over the early successes of the insurgents, to give the afflicting narrative of their final discomfiture.]

The last great battle was fought near Chollet, where the insurgents, after a furious and sanguinary resistance, were at last borne down by the multitude of their opponents, and driven down into the low country on the banks of the Loire. M. de Bonchamp, who had always held out the policy of crossing this river, and the advantages to be derived from uniting themselves to the royalists of Brittany, was mortally wounded in this battle; but his counsels still influenced their proceedings in this emergency; and not only the whole débris and wreck of the army, but a great proportion of the men and women and children of the country, flying in consternation from the burnings and butchery of the government forces, flocked down in agony and despair to the banks of this great river. On gaining the heights of St Florent, one of the most mournful, and at the same time most magnificent, spectacles, burst upon the eye. Those heights form a vast semicircle; at the bottom of which a broad bare plain extends to the edge of the water. Near a hundred thousand unhappy souls now blackened over that dreary expanse,—old men, infants, and women, mingled with the half-armed soldiery, caravans, crowded baggage waggons and teams of oxen, all full of despair, impatience, anxiety, and terror. Behind were the smokes of their burning villages, and the

thunder of the hostile artillery ;—before, the broad stream of the Loire, divided by a long low island, also covered by the fugitives—twenty frail barks plying in the stream—and, on the far banks, the disorderly movements of those who had effected the passage, and were waiting there to be rejoined by their companions. Such, Madame de Lescure assures us,* was the tumult and terror of the scene, and so awful the recollections it inspired, that it can never be effaced from the memory of any of those who beheld it ; and that many of its awe-struck spectators have concurred in stating that it brought forcibly to their imaginations the unspeakable terrors of the great Day of Judgment ! Through this dismayed and bewildered multitude, the disconsolate family of their gallant general made their way silently to the shore ;—M. de L. stretched, almost insensible, on a wretched litter,—his wife, three months gone with child, walking by his side,—and, behind her, her faithful nurse, with her helpless and astonished infant in her arms. When they arrived on the beach, they with difficulty got a crazy boat to carry them to the island ; but the aged monk who steered it would not venture to cross the larger branch of the stream—and the poor wounded man was obliged to submit to the agony of another removal.

M. de Bonchamp died as they were taking him out of the boat ; and it became necessary to elect another commander. M. de L. roused himself to recommend Henri de Larochejaquelein ; and he was immediately appointed. When the election was announced to him, M. de L. desired to see and congratulate his valiant cousin. He was already weeping over him in a dark corner of the room, and now came to express his hopes that he should soon be superseded by his recovery, “ No,” said M. de L., “ that, I believe, is out of the question : but, even if I were to recover, I should never take the place you have now obtained, and should be proud to serve as your aide-de-camp.” The day after they advanced towards Rennes. M. de L. could find no other conveyance than a baggage waggon ; at every jolt of which he suffered such anguish, as to draw forth the most piercing shrieks, even from his manly bosom. After some time an old chaise was

* Afterwards Larochejaquelein.

discovered: a piece of artillery was thrown away to supply it with horses, and the wounded general was laid in it—his head being supported in the lap of Agatha, his mother's faithful waiting-woman, and now the only attendant of his wife and infant. In three painful days they reached Laval;—Madame de L. frequently suffering from absolute want, and sometimes getting nothing to eat the whole day but one or two sour apples. M. de L. was nearly insensible during the whole journey. He was roused but once, when there was a report that a party of the enemy were in sight. He then called for his musket, and attempted to get out of the carriage, addressed exhortations and reproaches to the troops that were flying around him, and would not rest till an officer in whom he had confidence came up and restored some order to the detachment. The alarm turned out to be a false one.

At Laval they halted for several days; and he was so much recruited by the repose, that he was able to get for half an hour on horseback, and seemed to be fairly in the way of recovery, when his excessive zeal, and anxiety for the good behaviour of the troops, tempted him to premature exertions, from the consequences of which he never afterwards recovered. The troops being all collected and refreshed at Laval, it was resolved to turn upon their pursuers, and give battle to the advancing army of the republic. The conflict was sanguinary, but ended most decidedly in favour of the Vendéans. The first encounter was in the night, and was characterised with more than the usual confusion of night attack. The two armies crossed each other in so extraordinary a manner, that the artillery of each was supplied, for a part of the battle, from the *caissons* of the enemy; and one of the Vendean leaders, after exposing himself to great hazard in helping a brother officer, as he took him to be, out of a ditch, discovered, by the next flash of the cannon, that it was an enemy—and immediately cut him down. After day-break the battle became more orderly, and ended in a complete victory. This was the last grand crisis of the insurrection. The way to La Vendée was once more open; and the fugitives had it in their power to return triumphant to their fastnesses and their homes, after rousing Brittany by the example of their valour and success. M. de L.

and Henri both inclined to this course ; but other counsels prevailed. Some were for marching on to Nantes,—others for proceeding to Rennes,—and some, more sanguinary than the rest, for pushing directly for Paris. Time was irretrievably lost in these deliberations ; and the republicans had leisure to rally, and bring up their reinforcements, before any thing was definitively settled.

In the meantime, M. de L. became visibly worse ; and one morning, when his wife alone was in the room, he called her to him, and told her that he felt his death was at hand ;—that his only regret was for leaving her in the midst of such a war, with a helpless child, and in a state of pregnancy. For himself, he added, he died happy, and with humble reliance on the Divine mercy ;—but her sorrow he could not bear to think of ;—and he entreated her pardon for any neglect or unkindness he might ever have shown her. He added many other expressions of tenderness and consolation ; and, seeing her overwhelmed with anguish at the despairing tone in which he spoke, concluded by saying that he might perhaps be mistaken in his prognosis ; and hoped still to live for her. Next day they were under the necessity of moving forward ; and, on the journey, he learned accidentally from one of the officers the dreadful details of the Queen's execution, which his wife had been at great pains to keep from his knowledge. This intelligence seemed to bring back his fever, though he still spoke of living to avenge her. " If I do live," he said, " it shall now be for vengeance only—no more mercy from me !" That evening, Madame de L., entirely overcome with anxiety and fatigue, had fallen into a deep sleep on a mat before his bed : and, soon after, his condition became altogether desperate. He was now speechless, and nearly insensible ;—the sacraments were administered, and various applications made, without awaking the unhappy sleeper by his side. Soon after midnight, however, she started up, and instantly became aware of the full extent of her misery. To fill up its measure, it was announced in the course of the morning that they must immediately resume their march with the last division of the army. The thing appeared altogether impossible ; Madame de L. declared she would rather die by the hands of the republicans, than permit her

husband to be moved in the condition in which he then was. When she recollected, however, that these barbarous enemies had of late not only butchered the wounded that fell into their power, but mutilated and insulted their remains, she submitted to the alternative, and prepared for this miserable journey with a heart bursting with anguish. The dying man was roused only to heavy moaning by the pain of lifting him into the carriage—where his faithful Agatha again supported his head, and a surgeon watched all the changes of his condition. Madame de L. was placed on horseback; and, surrounded by her father and mother, and a number of officers, went forward, scarcely conscious of anything that was passing—only that sometimes, in the bitterness of her heart, when she saw the dead bodies of the republican soldiers on the road, she made her horse trample upon them as if in vengeance for the slaughter of her husband. In the course of little more than an hour, she thought she heard some little stir in the carriage, and insisted upon stopping to inquire into the cause. The officers, however, crowded around her; and then her father came up and said that M. de L. was in the same state as before, but that he suffered dreadfully from the cold, and would be very much distressed if the door was again to be opened. Obligated to be satisfied with this answer, she went on in a sullen and gloomy silence for some hours longer, in a dark and rainy day of November. It was night when they reached the town of Fougères; and, when lifted from her horse at the gate, she was unable either to stand or walk: she was carried into a wretched house, crowded with troops of all descriptions, where she waited two hours in agony till she heard that the carriage with M. de L. was come up. She was left alone for a dreadful moment with her mother; and then M. de Beauvolliers came in, bathed in tears, and, taking both her hands, told her she must now think only of saving the child she carried within her! Her husband had expired when she heard the noise in the carriage, soon after their setting out, and the surgeon had accordingly left it as soon as the order of the march had carried her ahead; but the faithful Agatha, fearful lest her appearance might alarm her mistress in the midst of the journey, had remained alone with the dead body for all the rest of the day!

Fatigue, grief, and anguish of mind now threatened Madame de L. with consequences which it seems altogether miraculous that she should have escaped. She was seized with violent pains, and was threatened with a miscarriage in a room which served as a common passage to the crowded and miserable lodging she had procured. It was thought necessary to bleed her; and, after some difficulty, a surgeon was procured. She can never forget, she says, the formidable apparition of this warlike phlebotomist. A figure six feet high, with ferocious whiskers, a great sabre at his side, and four huge pistols in his belt, stalked up with a fierce and careless air to her bedside; and, when she said she was timid about the operation, answered harshly, "So am not I. I have killed three hundred men and upwards in the field in my time, one of them only this morning; I think, then, I may venture to bleed a woman. Come, come, let us see your arm." She was bled accordingly; and, contrary to all expectation, was pretty well again in the morning. She insisted for a long time in carrying the body of her husband in the carriage along with her; but her father, after indulging her for a few days, contrived to fall behind with this precious deposit, and informed her, when he came up again, that it had been found necessary to bury it privately in a spot which he would not specify.

After a series of murderous battles, to which the mutual refusal of quarter gave an exasperation unknown in any other history, and which left the field so encumbered with dead bodies that Madame de L. assures us that it was dreadful to feel the lifting of the wheels, and the cracking of the bones, as her heavy carriage passed over them, the wreck of the Vendéans succeeded in reaching Angers upon the Loire, and trusted to a furious assault upon that place for the means of repassing the river, and regaining their beloved country. The garrison, however, proved stronger and more resolute than they had expected. Their own gay and enthusiastic courage had sunk under a long course of suffering and disaster; and, after losing a great number of men before the walls, they were obliged to turn back in confusion, they did not well know whither, but farther and farther from the land to which all their hopes and wishes were directed.

After many a weary march and desperate struggle, about 10,000 sad survivors got again to the banks of that fatal Loire, which now seemed to divide them from hope and protection. Henri, who had arranged the whole operation with consummate judgment, found the shores on both sides free of the enemy. But all the boats had been removed; and, after leaving orders to construct rafts with all possible despatch, he himself, with a few attendants, ventured over in a little wherry, which he had brought with him on a cart, to make arrangements for covering their landing. But they never saw the daring Henri again! The vigilant enemy came down upon them at this critical moment—intercepted his return—and, stationing several armed vessels in the stream, rendered the passage of the army altogether impossible. They fell back in despair upon Savenay; and there the brave and indefatigable Marigny told Madame de L. that all was now over—that it was altogether impossible to resist the attack that would be made next day—and advised her to seek her safety in flight and disguise, without the loss of an instant. She set out accordingly, with her mother, in a gloomy day of December, under the conduct of a drunken peasant; and, after being out most of the night, at length obtained shelter in a dirty farm-house, from which, in the course of the day, she had the misery of seeing her unfortunate countrymen scattered over the whole open country, chased and butchered without mercy by the republicans, who now took a final vengeance of all the losses they had sustained. She had long been clothed in shreds and patches, and needed no disguise to conceal her quality. She was sometimes hidden in the mill when the troopers came to search for fugitives in her lonely retreat; and oftener sent, in the midst of winter, to herd the sheep or cattle of her faithful and compassionate host, along with his rawboned daughter.

The whole history of their escapes would make the adventures of Caleb Williams appear a cold and barren chronicle; but we have room only to mention that after the death of Robespierre there was a great abatement in the rigour of pursuit; and that a general amnesty was speedily proclaimed for all who had been concerned in the insurrection.

6.—A Tale of Terror.

COURIER.

[PAUL LOUIS COURIER, who was born in 1774, served in the French army in Italy, in 1798-9. He was a scholar and a man of taste; and his letters are full of indignation at the rapacity of the French conquerors. After the peace of Amiens he published several translations from the Greek. On the renewal of the war he served again in Italy; and held the rank of a chief of squadron in the Austrian campaign of 1809. He gave in his resignation in 1809, for his independent spirit made him obnoxious to the creatures of Napoleon. His literary reputation is chiefly built upon the political tracts which he wrote after the restoration of the Bourbons, which, in their caustic humour, are almost unequalled, and have been compared to the celebrated "Provincial Letters" of Pascal. The little piece which we translate gives no notion of his peculiar powers, but it is well adapted for an extract. The story is contained in a letter to his cousin, Madame Pigalle.]

I was once travelling in Calabria; a land of wicked people, who, I believe, hate every one, and particularly the French; the reason why would take long to tell you. Suffice it to say that they mortally hate us, and that one gets on very badly when one falls into their hands. I had for a companion a young man with a face—my faith, like the gentleman that we saw at Kincy; you remember? and better still perhaps—I don't say so to interest you, but because it is a fact. In these mountains the roads are precipices; our horses got on with much difficulty; my companion went first; a path which appeared to him shorter and more practicable led us astray. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head only twenty years old? Whilst daylight lasted we tried to find our way through the wood, but the more we tried, the more bewildered we became, and it was pitch dark when we arrived at a very black-looking house. We entered, not without fear; but what could we do? We found a whole family of colliers at table; they immediately invited us to join them; my young man did not wait to be pressed: there we were eating and drinking; he, at least, for I was examining the place and the appearance of our hosts. Our hosts had quite the look of colliers, but the house you would have taken for an arsenal; there was nothing but guns, pistols, swords, knives, and cutlasses. Every-

thing displeased me, and I saw very well that I displeased them. My companion, on the contrary, was quite one of the family; he laughed and talked with them; and, with an imprudence that I ought to have foreseen, (but to what purpose, if it was decreed?) he told at once where we came from, where we were going, and that we were Frenchmen. Just imagine! amongst our most mortal enemies, alone, out of our road, so far from all human succour! and then, to omit nothing that might ruin us, he played the rich man, promised to give the next morning, as a remuneration to these people and to our guides, whatever they wished. Then he spoke of his portmanteau, begging them to take care of it, and to put it at the head of his bed; he did not wish, he said, for any other pillow. Oh, youth, youth! you are to be pitied! Cousin, one would have thought we carried the crown diamonds. What caused him so much solicitude about this portmanteau was his mistress's letters. Supper over, they left us. Our hosts slept below, we in the upper room, where we had supped. A loft raised some seven or eight feet, which was reached by a ladder, was the resting-place that awaited us; a sort of nest, into which we were to introduce ourselves by creeping under joists loaded with provisions for the year. My companion climbed up alone, and, already nearly asleep, laid himself down with his head upon the precious portmanteau. Having determined to sit up, I made a good fire, and seated myself by the side of it. The night, which had been undisturbed, was nearly over, and I began to reassure myself; when, about the time that I thought the break of day could not be very far off, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below; and putting my ear to the chimney, which communicated with the one in the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these words spoken by the husband: "Well, let us see, must they both be killed?" To which the wife replied, "Yes;" and I heard no more. How shall I go on? I stood scarcely breathing, my body cold as marble; to have seen me, you would hardly have known if I were alive or dead. Good heavens! when I think of it now!—We two, almost without weapons, against twelve or fifteen who had so many! and

my companion dead with sleep and fatigue! To call him, or make a noise, I dared not: to escape alone was impossible; the window was not high, but below were two great dogs howling like wolves. In what an agony I was, imagine if you can. At the end of a long quarter of an hour I heard some one on the stairs, and, through the crack of the door, I saw the father, his lamp in one hand, and in the other one of his large knives. He came up, his wife after him, I was behind the door; he opened it, but before he came in he put down the lamp, which his wife took. He then entered, barefoot, and from the outside the woman said to him, in a low voice, shading the light of the lamp with her hand, "Softly, go softly." When he got to the ladder, he mounted it, his knife between his teeth, and getting up as high as the bed—the poor young man lying with his throat bare—with one hand he took his knife, and with the other—Oh! cousin—he seized a ham, which hung from the ceiling, cut a slice from it, and retired as he had come. The door was closed again, the lamp disappeared, and I was left alone with my reflections.

As soon as day appeared, all the family, making a great noise, came to awaken us as we had requested. They brought us something to eat, and gave us a very clean and a very good breakfast, I assure you. Two capons formed part of it, of which we must, said our hostess, take away one and eat the other. When I saw them I understood the meaning of those terrible words, "Must they both be killed?" and I think, cousin, you have enough penetration to guess now what they signified.

7.—The Opening Year.

THE year of the Calendar and the year of the poets might well have different starting points. The poets would welcome a new year with spring-garlands of the tenderest green, and go forth into the fields to find the first violet giving out its perfume as an offering to the reproductive power which fills the earth with gladness. But the Calendar offers us only the slow lengthening of the days to mark the progress of change; and we have little joy in the lengthening when the old saw tells us—

“ As day lengthens,
Cold strengthens.”

The poets, however, have their resources, drawn out of the compensations that belong to the condition of us all. Hope with them becomes prophetic. “The Dirge for the Old Year” swells and dances into a bridal song for the New:—

Orphan hours, the year is dead,	As the wild air stirs and sways
Come and sigh, come and weep !	The tree-swung cradle of a child,
Merry hours, smile instead,	So the breath of these rude days
For the year is but asleep ;	Rocks the year :—be calm and mild,
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,	Trembling hours ; she will arise
Mocking your untimely weeping.	With new love within her eyes.
As an earthquake rocks a corse	January gray is here,
In its coffin in the clay,	Like a sexton by her grave :
So white Winter, that rough nurse,	February bears the bier,
Rocks the dead-cold here to-day ;	March with grief doth howl and rave,
Solemn hours ! wail aloud	And April weeps—but, O ye hours !
For your mother in her shroud.	Follow with May’s fairest flowers.

SHELLEY.

Our ancestors assuredly had a more fervent love of nature than we have, when they filled their houses with evergreens while the snow blocked up their doorways, and replaced them with new emblems of the freshness which is never wholly dead whilst the rains of February and the winds of March were doing their nursing-work. The song for Candlemas-day (February 2) was as true a herald of the spring as the cuckoo and the swallow:—

Down with rosemary and bays,	When yew is out, then birch comes in,
Down with the mistletoe ;	And many flowers beside,
Instead of holly, now upraise	Both of a fresh and fragrant kin,
The greener box for show.	To honour Whitsuntide.
The holly hitherto did sway ;	Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
Let box now domineer,	With cooler oaken boughs,
Until the dancing Easter-day,	Come in for comely ornaments,
Or Easter’s eve appear.	To re-adorn the house.
Then youthful box, which now hath	Thus times do shift ; each thing his turn
grace	does hold ;
Your houses to renew,	New things succeed as former things
Grown old, surrender must his place	grow old.
Unto the crispèd yew.	

HERRICK.

WORDSWORTH, in one of his charming lyrics of the Spring, makes “the opening of the year” begin with “the first mild day of March:”—

It is the first mild day of March ;	There is a blessing in the air,
Each minute sweeter than before,	Which seems a sense of joy to yield
The redbreast sings from the tall larch	To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
That stands beside our door.	And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('tis a wish of mine!) One moment now may give us more
 Now that our morning meal is done, Than fifty years of reason:
 Make haste, your morning task resign; Our minds will drink, at every pore,
 Come forth and feel the sun. The spirit of the season.

Edward will come with you; and pray, Some silent laws our hearts will make,
 Put on with speed your woodland Which they shall long obey:
 dress: We for the year to come may take
 And bring no book; for this one day Our temper from to-day.

We 'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate And from the blessèd power that
 Our *living Calendar*; rolls
 We from to-day, my friend, will About, below, above,
 date We 'll frame the measure of our souls:
The opening of the year. They shall be tuned to love.

Love, now a universal birth, Then come, my sister! come, I pray,
 From heart to heart is stealing, With speed put on your woodland
 From earth to man, from man to earth; dress:
 —It is the hour of feeling. And bring no book; for this one day
 We 'll give to idleness.

WORDSWORTH.

The "blessing in the air" is one of the beautiful indications of the awakening of the earth from its winter sleep. It may proclaim the waking hour in March—the cold north-east wind may permit no "sense of joy" till April. But the opening of the year comes to the poet when he first hears the voice of gladness in the song of birds, or sees the humblest flower putting on its livery of glory. It opened to the Ayrshire ploughman when he heard "A Thrush Sing in a Morning Walk in January;" and that song filled his heart with thankfulness and contentment:—

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the I thank Thee, Author of this opening
 leafless bough, day!
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to Thou whose bright sun now gilds
 thy strain: yon orient skies!
 See aged Winter, 'mid his surly Riches denied, Thy boon was purer
 reign, joys,
 At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd What wealth could never give nor take
 brow. away!

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear Yet come, thou child of Poverty and
 Sits meek Content, with light un- Care;
 anxious heart, The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that
 Welcomes the rapid moments, bids mite with thee I 'll share.

Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

BURNS.

Spring in the lap of Winter is very beautiful. February smiles and pouts like a self-willed child. We are gladdened by the flower-buds of the elder and the long flowers of the hazel. The crocus and the snow-drop timidly lift up their heads. Mosses, the verdure of winter, that rejoice in moisture and defy cold, luxuriate amidst the general barrenness. The mole is busy in his burrowed galleries. There are clear mornings, not unmusical with the voices of more birds than the thrush of Burns. Spenser, the most imaginative of poets, has painted the March of rough winds—the “sturdy March,” the March of



the bent brow—with weapon and armour. But he is also the March of gifts and of hope, in whose “sternest frown” there is “a look of kindly promise.” So he is described by one of a band of poets whose native voice is heard over that mighty continent which our forefathers peopled. The cultivation of the same literature—for that literature is the common property of all “who speak the tongue which Shakspeare spake”—ought, amongst other influences, to bind America and England in eternal peace and good fellowship:—

The stormy March is come at last,
 With wind, and cloud, and changing
 skies;
 I hear the rushing of the blast
 That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
 Wild, stormy month! in praise of
 thee!
 Yet, though thy winds are loud and
 bleak,
 Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again
 The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
 And thou hast join'd the gentle train,
 And wear'st the gentle name of
 Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm
 Smiles many a long bright sunny
 day,

When the changed winds are soft and
 warm,
 And heaven puts on the blue of
 May.

Then sing along the gushing rills,
 And the full springs, from frost set
 free,
 That, brightly leaping down the hills,
 Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
 Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
 But in thy sternest frown abides
 A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm
 skies,
 And that soft time of sunny showers,
 When the wide bloom on earth that lies
 Seems of a brighter world than ours.

BRYANT.

8.—St Paul at Athens.

MILMAN.

[THE Reverend Henry Hart Milman is the present Dean of Saint Paul's. He is the son of an eminent physician, Sir Francis Milman, and passed through his university education at Brasenose College, Oxford, with distinguished honours. Mr Milman's poetical works are full of grace: his tragedy of "Fazio" is perhaps the most finished dramatic production of our times, though others may have surpassed it in force of character and stage effect. His "Fall of Jerusalem" is a truly beautiful conception, and some of its lyrical pieces remarkable for tenderness and sublimity. As a prose writer, Mr Milman may justly take rank amongst "the best authors." The following extract is from his learned and unaffectedly pious "History of Christianity."]

At Athens, at once the centre and capital of the Greek philosophy and heathen superstition, takes place the first public and direct conflict between Christianity and Paganism. Up to this time there is no account of any one of the apostles taking his

station in the public street or market-place, and addressing the general multitude. Their place of teaching had invariably been the synagogue of their nation, or, as at Philippi, the neighbourhood of their customary place of worship. Here, however, Paul does not confine himself to the synagogue, or to the society of his countrymen and their proselytes. He takes his stand in the public market-place, (probably not the Ceramicus, but the Eretriac Forum,) which, in the reign of Augustus, had begun to be more frequented, and at the top of which was the famous portico from which the Stoics assumed their name. In Athens, the appearance of a new public teacher, instead of offending the popular feelings, was too familiar to excite astonishment, and was rather welcomed as promising some fresh intellectual excitement. In Athens, hospitable to all religions and all opinions, the foreign and Asiatic appearance, and possibly the less polished tone and dialect of Paul, would only awaken the stronger curiosity. Though they affect at first (probably the philosophic part of his hearers) to treat him as an idle "babbler," and others (the vulgar, alarmed for the honour of their deities) supposed that he was about to introduce some new religious worship which might endanger the supremacy of their own tutelary divinities, he is conveyed, not without respect, to a still more public and commodious place, from whence he may explain his doctrines to a numerous assembly without disturbance. On the Areopagus the Christian leader takes his stand, surrounded on every side with whatever was noble, beautiful, and intellectual in the older world,—temples, of which the materials were only surpassed by the architectural grace and majesty; statues, in which the ideal anthropomorphism of the Greeks had almost elevated the popular notions of the Deity, by embodying it in human forms of such exquisite perfection; public edifices, where the civil interests of man had been discussed with the acuteness and versatility of the highest Grecian intellect, in all the purity of the inimitable Attic dialect, when oratory had obtained its highest triumphs by "wielding at will the fierce democracy;" the walks of the philosophers, who unquestionably, by elevating the human mind to an appetite for new and

nobler knowledge, had prepared the way for a loftier and purer religion. It was in the midst of these elevating associations, to which the student of Grecian literature in Tarsus, the reader of Menander and of the Greek philosophical poets, could scarcely be entirely dead or ignorant, that Paul stands forth to proclaim the lowly yet authoritative religion of Jesus of Nazareth. His audience was chiefly formed from the two prevailing sects, the Stoics and Epicureans, with the populace, the worshippers of the established religion. In his discourse, the heads of which are related by St Luke, Paul, with singular felicity, touches on the peculiar opinions of each class among his hearers; he expands the popular religion into a higher philosophy, he imbues philosophy with a profound sentiment of religion.

It is impossible not to examine with the utmost interest the whole course of this (if we consider its remote consequences, and suppose it the first full and public argument of Christianity against the heathen religion and philosophy) perhaps the most extensively and permanently effective oration ever uttered by man. We may contemplate Paul as the representative of Christianity, in the presence, as it were, of the concentrated religion of Greece, and of the spirits, if we may so speak, of Socrates, and Plato, and Zeno. The opening of the apostle's speech is according to those most perfect rules of art which are but the expressions of the general sentiments of nature. It is calm, temperate, conciliatory. It is no fierce denunciation of idolatry, no contemptuous disdain of the prevalent philosophic opinions; it has nothing of the sternness of the ancient Jewish prophet, nor the taunting defiance of the later Christian polemic. "Already the religious people of Athens had, unknowingly indeed, worshipped the universal Deity, for they had an altar to the unknown God. The nature, the attributes of this sublimer Being, hitherto adored in ignorant and unintelligent homage, he came to unfold. This God rose far above the popular notion; He could not be confined in altar or temple, or represented by any visible image. He was the universal Father of mankind, even of the earth-born Athenians, who boasted that they were of an older race than the other families of

man, and coeval with the world itself. He was the fountain of life, which pervaded and sustained the universe ; he had assigned their separate dwellings to the separate families of man." Up to a certain point in this higher view of the Supreme Being, the philosopher of the Garden as well as of the Porch might listen with wonder and admiration. It soared, indeed, high above the vulgar religion : but in the lofty and serene Deity, who disdained to dwell in the earthly temple, and needed nothing from the hand of man, the Epicurean might almost suppose that he heard the language of his own teacher. But the next sentence, which asserted the providence of God as the active creative energy,—as the conservative, the ruling, the ordaining principle,—annihilated at once the atomic theory and the government of blind chance, to which Epicurus ascribed the origin and preservation of the universe. "This high and impressive Deity, who dwelt aloof in serene and majestic superiority to all want, was perceptible in some mysterious manner by man ; His all-pervading providence comprehended the whole human race ; man was in constant union with the Deity, as an offspring with its parent." And still the Stoic might applaud with complacent satisfaction the ardent words of the apostle ; he might approve the lofty condemnation of idolatry. "We, thus of divine descent, ought to think more nobly of our Universal Father, than to suppose that the godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art or man's device." But this divine Providence was far different from the stern and all-controlling necessity, the inexorable fatalism of the Stoic system. While the moral value of human action was recognised by the solemn retributive judgment to be passed on all mankind, the dignity of Stoic virtue was lowered by the general demand of repentance. The perfect man, the moral king, was deposed, as it were, and abased to the general level ; he had to learn new lessons in the school of Christ, lessons of humility and conscious deficiency, the most directly opposed to the principles and the sentiments of his philosophy. The great Christian doctrine of the resurrection closed the speech of Paul.



9.—Roger Ascham and Lady Jane Grey.

LANDOR.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was born in 1775. He published a volume of poems in 1795 ; and has at various periods of his life enriched the poetry of his country with productions of no common merit. The first series of his "Imaginary Conversations," from which the following dialogue is extracted, was published in 1824 ; a second series appeared in 1836. His complete works were, in 1846, collected in two large closely printed volumes, sold at a cheap rate. A great body of readers were thus enabled, for the first time, to make the acquaintance of an author who, although his opinions may sometimes be singular and paradoxical, has a genuine love for all that is beautiful and ennobling in human thoughts and actions, and who has rarely been excelled as a prose writer in fertility and power. He died September 17, 1864.

As a fit introduction to this conversation, we subjoin a passage from Roger Ascham's celebrated "Scholemaster," describing the character and pursuits of Lady Jane Grey:—

"Her parents, the Duke and the Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park : I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some

gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park : smiling she answered me : ‘I wis, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato ; alas ! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.’ ‘And how came you, madam,’ quoth I, ‘to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it. seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?’ ‘I will tell you,’ quoth she, ‘and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that He sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes, with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name, for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr Elmer, who teacheth me, so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him.’”]

Ascham. Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state ; thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it : submit in thankfulness.

Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree, is inspired by honour in a higher : it never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds. Alas ! alas !

Jane. What aileth my virtuous Ascham ? What is amiss ? Why do I tremble ?

Ascham. I remember a sort of prophecy, made three years ago ; it is a prophecy of thy condition and of my feelings on it. Recollectest thou who wrote, sitting upon the sea-beach, the evening after an excursion to the Isle of Wight, these verses ?

Invisibly bright water ! so like air,
On looking down I fear'd thou couldst not bear
My little bark, of all light barks most light,
And look'd again, and drew me from the sight,
And, hanging back, breathed each fresh gale aghast,
And held the bench, not to go on so fast.

Jane. I was very childish when I composed them ; and, if I had thought any more about the matter, I should have hoped you had been too generous to keep them in your memory as witnesses against me.

Ascham. Nay, they are not much amiss for so young a girl, and there being so few of them, I did not reprove thee. Half an hour, I thought, might have been spent more unprofitably ; and I now shall believe it firmly, if thou wilt but be led by them to meditate a little on the similarity of situation in which thou then wert to what thou art now in.

Jane. I will do it, and whatever else you command ; for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not His creature. Those were with me at sea who would have been attentive to me if I had seemed to be afraid, even though worshipful men and women were in the company ; so that something more powerful threw my fear overboard. Yet I never will go again upon the water.

Ascham. Exercise that beauteous couple, that mind and body, much and variously, but at home, at home, Jane ! indoors, and about things indoors ; for God is there too. We have rocks and quicksands on the banks of our Thames, O lady, such as ocean never heard of ; and many (who knows how soon !) may be ingulfed in the current under their garden walls.

Jane. Thoroughly do I now understand you. Yes, indeed, I have read evil things of courts ; but I think nobody can go out bad who entereth good, if timely and true warning shall have been given.

Ascham. I see perils on perils which thou dost not see, albeit thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because Love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence; but it is because thy tender heart, having always leant affectionately upon good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

I once persuaded thee to reflect much: let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection, to lay aside books, and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee.

Jane. I have well bethought me of my duties: Oh, how extensive they are! what a goodly and fair inheritance! But tell me, would you command me never more to read Cicero, and Epictetus, and Plutarch, and Polybius? The others I do resign: they are good for the arbour and for the gravel walk; yet leave unto me, I beseech you, my friend and father, leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy.

Ascham. Read them on thy marriage-bed, on thy child-bed, on thy death-bed. Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well. These are the men for men: these are to fashion the bright and blessed creatures whom God one day shall smile upon in thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband.

Jane. I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me; I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection; I pray to the Almighty for his goodness and happiness, and do forget at times, unworthy supplicant! the prayers I should have offered for myself. Never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher by disobedience to my husband in the most trying duties.

Ascham. Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous; but time will harden him: time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou, complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition.

Jane. He is contented with me, and with home.

Ascham. Ah, Jane! Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness.

Jane. He told me he never liked books unless I read them to him: I will read them to him every evening; I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniard: I will conduct him to treasures—oh, what treasures!—on which he may sleep in innocence and peace.

Ascham. Rather do thou walk with him, ride with him, play with him, be his faery, his page, his everything that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well; sport with his fancies, turn them about like the ringlets round his cheek; and if he ever meditate on power, go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse.

Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that women, like the plants in woods, derive their softness and tenderness from the shade.

10.—Dejection: an Ode.

COLERIDGE.

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born on the 20th of October 1772, at Saint Mary Ottery, Devonshire, of which parish his father was the vicar. His early education was in that noble institution, Christ's Hospital; and having there attained the scholastic rank of Grecian, he secured an exhibition to Jesus College, Cambridge, 1791. But he quitted the university without taking a degree, having adopted the democratic opinions of the day in all their extreme results. This boyish enthusiasm eventually subsided into calmer feelings. He gave himself up to what is one of the first duties of man—the formation of his own mind. His character was essentially contemplative. He wanted the energy necessary for a popular writer, and thus people came to fancy that he was an idle dreamer. What he has left behind him will live and fructify when the flashy contributions to the literature of the day of four-fifths of his contemporaries shall have utterly perished. There is no man of our own times who has, incidentally as well as directly, contributed more to produce that revolution in opinion, which has led us from the hard and barren paths of a miscalled utility, to expatiate in the boundless luxuriance of those regions of thought which belong to the spiritual part of our nature, and have something in them higher than a money value. Since Mr Coleridge's death in 1834, some of his

works have been collected and republished in a neat form and at a moderate price :—"The Poetical Works," 3 vols. ;—"The Friend, a Series of Essays," 3 vols. ;—"Aids to Reflection," 2 vols. ;—"On the Constitution of Church and State," 1 vol. ;—"Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," 1 vol. ;—"Literary Remains," 4 vols. To these has lately been added his "Biographia Literaria," in 2 vols. These publications were chiefly superintended by his accomplished nephew, Mr Henry Nelson Coleridge, whose early death was a public loss. The "Biographia" was edited by the widow of Mr H. N. Coleridge, the daughter of the poet—the inheritress of the genius of her father, and of the virtues of her husband. She died in 1852.]

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moon,
With the old moon in her arms ;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
We shall have a deadly storm!"

—*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.*

I.

Well! If the bard was weatherwise who made
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,
Or the dull sobbing draught, that moans and rakes
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the new moon, winter-bright!
And overspread with phantom light,
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread,
But rimm'd and circled by a silver thread,)
I see the old moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,
And sent my soul abroad,
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

II.

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,
 Stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
 Which finds no natural outlet, no relief

In word, or sigh, or tear—

O lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
 To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,

All this long eve, so balmy and serene,
 Have I been gazing on the western sky,

And its peculiar tint of yellow green :

And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!

And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,
 That give away their motion to the stars,

Those stars that glide behind them or between ;

Now sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always seen,

Yon crescent moon, as fix'd as if it grew

In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue ;

I see them all so excellently fair,

I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

III.

My genial spirits fail,

And what can these avail

To lift that smothering weight from off my breast ?

It were a vain endeavour,

Though I should gaze for ever

On that green light that lingers in the west :

I may not hope from outward forms to win

The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

IV.

O lady! we receive but what we give,

And in our life alone does nature live :

Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud !

And would we aught behold of higher worth

Than that inanimate cold world allow'd
 To the poor loneless ever-anxious crowd,
 Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth
 A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
 Enveloping the earth—
 And from the soul itself must there be sent
 A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
 Of all sweet sounds the life and element !

v.

O pure of heart ! thou need'st not ask of me
 What this strong music in the soul may be !
 What, and wherein it doth exist,
 This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
 This beautiful and beauty-making power.
 Joy, virtuous lady ! Joy that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure, and in their purest hour ;
 Life and life's effluence, cloud at once and shower ;
 Joy, lady, is the spirit and the power,
 Which wedding nature to us gives in dower,
 A new earth and new heaven
 Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—
 Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—
 We in ourselves rejoice !
 And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,
 All melodies the echoes of that voice,
 All colours a suffusion from that light.

vi.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
 This joy within me dallied with distress,
 And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
 Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness :
 For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,
 And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seem'd mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth ;
 Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth.
 But oh ! each visitation
 Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,
 My shaping spirit of imagination—
 For not to think of what I needs must feel,
 But to be still and patient, all I can ;
 And haply by abstruse research to steal
 From my own nature all the natural man—
 This was my sole resource, my only plan ;
 Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
 And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

VII.

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,
 Reality's dark dream !
 I turn from you, and listen to the wind,
 Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream
 Of agony by torture lengthen'd out
 That lute sent forth ! Thou wind that rav'st without,
 Bare crag, or mountain-tarn,* or blasted tree,
 Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,
 Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,
 Mad lutanists ! who in this month of showers,
 Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,
 Mak'st devil's yule, with worse than wintry song,
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.
 Thou actor, perfect in all tragic sounds !
 Thou mighty poet, e'en to frenzy bold !
 What tell'st thou now about ?
 'Tis of the rushing of a host in rout,

* Tarn is a small lake, generally if not always applied to the lakes up in the mountains, and which are the feeders of those in the valleys. This address to the storm-wind will not appear extravagant to those who have heard it at night, and in a mountainous country.

With groans of trampled men, with smarting wounds—
 At once they groan with pain and shudder with the cold !
 But hush ! there is a pause of deepest silence !

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,
 With groans and tremulous shudderings—all is over—
 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud !—

A tale of less affright,
 And temper'd with delight,
 As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,—
 'Tis of a little child
 Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath lost her way ;
 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

VIII.

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep :
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep !
 Visit her, gentle Sleep ! with wings of healing,
 And may this storm be but a mountain birth ;
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
 Silent as though they watch'd the sleeping earth ;

With light heart may she rise,
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes ;
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice ;
 To her may all things live, from pole to pole,
 Their life the eddying of her living soul !

O simple spirit, guided from above,
 Dear lady ! friend devoutest of my choice,
 Thus mayst thou ever, evermore rejoice.

11.—Apophthegms.—I.

[AN Apophthegm is, properly speaking, a pithy saying. An Aphorism is a precept, or rule of practice. Plutarch made a collection of Apophthegms, which are for the most part what we call Anecdotes. Lord Bacon's collection of Apophthegms is almost wholly of the same character. In a preface to this collection our great English philosopher writes as follows:—

“Julius Cæsar did write a collection of apophthegms, as appears in an epistle of Cicero : I need say no more for the worth of a writing of that nature. It is pity his work is lost, for I imagine they were collected with judgment and choice ; whereas that of Plutarch and Stobæus, and much more the modern ones, draw much of the dregs. Certainly they are of excellent use. They are *macrones verborum*, pointed speeches. Cicero prettily calls them *salinas*, salt pits, that you may extract salt out of and sprinkle it where you will. They serve to be interlaced in continued speech. They serve to be recited, upon occasions, of themselves. They serve, if you take out the kernel of them and make them your own. I have, for my recreation in my sickness, fanned the old, not omitting any because they are vulgar [common], for many vulgar ones are excellent good ; nor for the meanness of the person, but because they are dull and flat, and adding many new, that otherwise would have died.”

We shall devote a few “Half-hours” to this amusing branch of literature, selecting, without chronological order, from many books.]

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Dr Johnson and I [Boswell] took a sculler at the Temple Stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. *Johnson*. “Most certainly, sir ; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it.” “And yet,” said I, “people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning.” *Johnson*. “Why, sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use ; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors.” He then called to the boy, “What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?” “Sir,” said the boy, “I would give what I have.” Johnson was much

pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr Johnson then turning to me, "Sir," said he, "a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being, whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."—BOSWELL. *Life of Johnson.*

DECAYED GENTRY.—It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, was Lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son of that county was pressed into the wars; as I take it to go over with Count Mansfeldt. The old man at Leicester requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry maintained him and his mother. The earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loath to tell, (as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to confess the truth;) at last he told his name was Hastings. "Cousin Hastings," said the earl, "we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root; your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed!" So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy in an honourable person, and gentry I believe in both. And I have reason to believe, that some who justly hold the surnames and blood of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets, (though ignorant of their own extractions,) are hid in the heap of common people, where they find that under a thatched cottage, which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded castle—contentment, with quiet and security.—FULLER. *Worthies.—Art. of Shire-Reeves or Shiriffes.*

GOLDSMITH.—Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told me an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though, perhaps, coloured a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Mr Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what passes between him and me

by and by at Sir Joshua's." They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr Burke would tell him how he had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak; but, after a good deal of pressing, said "that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square." Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, What stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?" "Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility: "I am very sorry—it was very foolish: I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it."—*Notes in Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson.*

ILLUSTRIOUS PRISONERS.—Queen Elizabeth, the morrow of her coronation, went to the chapel; and in the great chamber, Sir John Rainsforth, set on by wiser men, (a knight that had the liberty of a buffoon,) besought the queen aloud—"That now this good time, when prisoners were delivered, four prisoners, amongst the rest, mought likewise have their liberty who were like enough to be kept still in hold." The queen asked who they were; and he said, "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who had long been imprisoned in the Latin tongue, and now he desired they mought go abroad among the people in English." The queen answered, with a grave countenance, "It were good, Rainsforth, they were spoken with themselves, to know of them whether they would be set at liberty."—BACON.

CANNING AND THE AMBASSADOR.—What dull coxcombs your diplomatists at home generally are! I remember dining at Mr Frere's once in company with Canning and a few other interesting

men. Just before dinner, Lord —— called on Frere, and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French—all of us being genuine English—and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war; of none of those things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery and dress, and the like. At last he paused for a little—and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the deluge and the preservation of life in Genesis and the “Paradise Lost,” and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton’s description in his Noah’s Flood:—

“And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud,
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
And to the ark leads down the lioness;
The bull for his belovèd mate doth low,
And to the ark brings on the fair-eyed cow,” &c.

Hereupon Lord —— resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah’s ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty and filled up the foreground. “Ah! no doubt, my lord,” said Canning; “your elephants, wise fellows! stayed behind to pack up their trunks!” This floored the ambassador for half-an-hour.—COLERIDGE. *Table-Talk.*

HENRY MARTIN.—His speeches in the House were not long, but wondrous poignant, pertinent, and witty. He was exceedingly happy in apt instances; he alone had sometimes turned the whole House. Making an invective speech one time against the old Sir Harry Vane, when he had done with him he said, *But for young Sir Harry Vane*—and so sat him down. Several cried out, “What have you to say to young Sir Harry?” He rises up: *Why, if young Sir Harry lives to be old, he will be old Sir Harry!*

and so sat down, and set the whole House a laughing, as he oftentimes did. Oliver Cromwell once in the House called him, jestingly or scoffingly, *Sir Harry Martin*. H. M. rises and bows, "I thank *your Majesty*; I always thought when you were *king* that I should be knighted." A godly member made a motion to have all profane and unsanctified persons expelled the House. H. M. stood up, and moved that all fools should be put out likewise, and then there would be a thin house. He was wont to sleep much in the House (at least dog-sleep;) Alderman Atkins made a motion that such scandalous members as slept and minded not the business of the House should be put out. H. M. starts up—"Mr Speaker, a motion has been made to turn out the *Nodders*; I desire the *Noddees* may also be turned out."—AUBREY'S *MSS.*

THE DESOLATION OF TYRANNY.—The Khaleefeh, 'Abd El-Melik, was, in the beginning of his reign, an unjust monarch. Being, one night, unable to sleep, he called for a person to tell him a story for his amusement. "O Prince of the Faithful," said the man thus bidden, "there was an owl in El-Mósil, and an owl in El-Basrah; and the owl of El-Mósil demanded in marriage, for her son, the daughter of the owl of El-Basrah; but the owl of El-Basrah said, 'I will not, unless thou give me as her dowry a hundred desolate farms.' 'That I cannot do,' said the owl of El-Mósil, 'at present; but if our sovereign (may God, whose name be exalted, preserve him!) live one year, I will give thee what thou desirest.'" This simple fable sufficed to rouse the prince from his apathy, and he thenceforward applied himself to fulfil the duties of his station.—LANE. *Notes to Arabian Nights.*

PERFECTION.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend, looking at his figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that

trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."—COLTON.
Lacon.

CIVIL WAR.—When the civil wars broke out, the Lord Marshall had leave to go beyond sea. Mr Hollar went into the Low Countries, where he stayed till about 1649. I remember he told me, that when he first came into England (which was a serene time of peace) that the people, both poor and rich, did look cheerfully, but at his return, he found the countenances of the people all changed, melancholy, spiteful, as if bewitched.—AUBREY'S *MSS.*

WALLER.—As his disease increased upon Waller, he composed himself for his departure; and calling upon Dr Birch to give him the Holy Sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with delight. He related that, being present when the Duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, "My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your Grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them, and so I hope your Grace will."—DR JOHNSON. *Life of Waller.*

JOHN KEMBLE.—I always had a great liking—I may say, a sort of nondescript reverence—for John Kemble. What a quaint creature he was! I remember a party, in which he was discoursing in his measured manner after dinner, when the servant announced his carriage. He nodded, and went on. The announcement took place twice afterwards; Kemble each time nodding his head a little more impatiently, but still going on. At last, and for the fourth time, the servant entered, and said—"Mrs Kemble says, sir, she has the *reumatise*, and cannot stay." "Add *ism!*" dropped John, in a parenthesis, and proceeded quietly in his harangue.

Kemble would correct anybody at any time, and in any place. Dear Charles Matthews—a true genius in his line, in my judgment—told me he was once performing privately before the king. The king was much pleased with the imitation of Kemble, and

said,—“I liked Kemble very much. He was one of my earliest friends. I remember once he was talking, and found himself out of snuff. I offered him my box. He declined taking any—“he, a poor actor, could not put his fingers into a royal box.” I said, “Take some, pray; you will oblige me.” Upon which Kemble replied, “It would become your royal mouth better to say, ‘oblige me,’ and took a pinch.”—COLERIDGE. *Table-Talk*.

THE INVENTOR OF THE STOCKING FRAMES.—Mr William Lee, A.M., was of Oxon., (I think Magdalen Hall.) He was the first inventor of the weaving of worsted stockings by an engine of his contrivance. He was a Sussex man born, or else lived there. He was a poor curate, and, observing how much pains his wife took in knitting a pair of stockings, he bought a stocking and a half, and observed the contrivance of the stitch, which he designed in his loom, which (though some of the instruments of the engine be altered) keeps the same to this day. He went into France, and there died before his loom was made there. So the art was not long since in no part of the world but England. Oliver, Protector, made an act that it should be felony to transport this engine. This information I took from a weaver, (by this engine,) in Pear-pole Lane, 1656. Sir S. Hoskyn, Mr Stafford Tyndale, and I, went purposely to see it.—AUBREY'S *MSS.*

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.—The deputies of the reformed religion, after the massacre that was upon St Bartholomew's day, treated with the king and queen-mother, and some other of the council for a peace. Both sides were agreed upon the articles. The question was upon the security of performance. After some particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother said, “Why, is not the word of a king sufficient security?” One of the deputies answered, “No, by Saint Bartholomew, madam.”—BACON.

THE AGE BEFORE NEWSPAPERS.—I am so put to it for something to say, that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess-dowager; as the old Duchess of Rutland does, when she is told of some strange casualty, “Lucy, child, step into the next room, and set that down.”—“Lord, madam!” says Lady Lucy, “it can't be true.”

“Oh, no matter, child ; it will do for news into the country next post.”—HORACE WALPOLE.

BURNING OF WICKLIFFE'S BODY BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.—Hitherto [A.D. 1428] the corpse of John Wickliffe had quietly slept in his grave about forty-one years after his death, till his body was reduced to bones, and his bones almost to dust. For though the earth in the chancel of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he was interred, hath not so quick a digestion with the earth of Aceldama, to consume flesh in twenty-four hours, yet such the appetite thereof, and all other English graves, to leave small reversion of a body after so many years. But now, such the spleen of the Council of Constance, as they not only cursed his memory as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution,—if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people) be taken out of the ground, and thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight scent at a dead carcass) to ungrave him. Accordingly to Lutterworth they came, Sumner, Commissary, Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and their servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands) take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. Thus this brook has conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, then into the main ocean ; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.—FULLER. *Church History.*

OCH CLO.—The other day I was what you would call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked, that I said to him, “Pray, why can't you say, ‘old clothes’ in a plain way as I do now?” The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, “Sir, I can say old clothes as well as you can ; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would

say *Och Clo* as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.—COLERIDGE. *Table Talk.*

MERCIFUL LAW.—The book of deposing King Richard the Second, and the coming in of Henry the Fourth, supposed to be written by Dr Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth: and she asked Mr Bacon, being then of her learned council, "Whether there were any treason contained in it?" Mr Bacon, intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the queen's bitterness with a merry conceit, answered, "No, madam, for treason I cannot deliver opinion that there is any, but very much felony." The queen, apprehending it gladly, asked, "How, and wherein?" Mr Bacon answered, "Because he has stolen many of his sentences and conceits out of Cornelius Tacitus."—BACON.

PARLIAMENTARY DESPATCH.—Mr Popham, when he was Speaker, and the Lower House had sat long, and done in effect nothing, coming one day to Queen Elizabeth, she said to him, "Now, Mr Speaker, what has passed in the Lower House?" He answered, "If it please your Majesty, seven weeks."—BACON.

OPINIONS.—Charles the Fifth, when he abdicated a throne, and retired to the monastery of St Juste, amused himself with the mechanical arts, and particularly with that of a watchmaker. He one day exclaimed, "What an egregious fool must I have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure, in an absurd attempt to make men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together."—COLTON. *Lacon.*

12.—The Candid Man.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[AMONGST the very popular novelists of our times must be reckoned Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. It is forty years since his first novel, "Falkland," was published. Its reception was not eminently favourable; but "Pelham," from which the following is extracted, at once established a reputation for the young man of fashion, who brought from Cambridge a character of high promise. In various realms of fiction Sir Edward has since travelled. As a dramatist and a novelist his success has been large and enduring. His early reputation as a brilliant writer of fiction was largely exceeded by the greater depth and power of his later productions. "The Caxtons" was originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, as were "My Novel;" and "What will he do with it."]

One bright laughing day, I threw down my book an hour sooner than usual, and sallied out with a lightness of foot and exhilaration of spirit, to which I had long been a stranger. I had just sprung over a stile that led into one of those green shady lanes, which make us feel that the old poets who loved and lived for nature, were right in calling our island "the merry England"—when I was startled by a short quick bark on one side of the hedge. I turned sharply round; and, seated upon the sward, was a man, apparently of the pedlar profession; a great deal box was lying open before him; a few articles of linen and female dress were scattered round, and the man himself appeared earnestly occupied in examining the deeper recesses of his itinerant warehouse. A small black terrier flew towards me with no friendly growl. "Down," said I: "all strangers are not foes—though the English generally think so."

The man hastily looked up; perhaps he was struck with the quaintness of my remonstrance to his canine companion; for, touching his hat civilly, he said—"The dog, sir, is very quiet; he only means to give *me* the alarm by giving it to *you*; for dogs seem to have no despicable insight into human nature, and know well that the best of us may be taken by surprise."

"You are a moralist," said I, not a little astonished in my turn by such an address from such a person. "I could not have expected to stumble upon a philosopher so easily. Have you any wares in your box likely to suit me? if so, I should like to purchase of so moralising a vendor!"

"No, sir," said the seeming pedlar, smiling, and yet at the same time hurrying his goods into his box, and carefully turning the key—"no, sir, I am only a bearer of other men's goods; my morals are all that I can call my own, and those I will sell you at your own price."

"You are candid, my friend," said I, "and your frankness, alone, would be inestimable in this age of deceit, and country of hypocrisy."

"Ah, sir!" said my new acquaintance, "I see already that you are one of those persons who look to the dark side of things; for my part, I think the present age the best that ever existed, and our country the most virtuous in Europe."

"I congratulate you, Mr Optimist, on your opinions," quoth I; "but your observation leads me to suppose that you are both an historian and a traveller: am I right?"

"Why," answered the box-bearer, "I *have* dabbled a little in books, and wandered *not* a little among men. I am just returned from Germany, and am now going to my friends in London. I am charged with this box of goods: God send me the luck to deliver it safe!"

"Amen," said I; "and with that prayer and this trifle I wish you a good morning."

"Thank you a thousand times, sir, for both," replied the man—"but do add to your favours by informing me of the right road to the town of ——."

"I am going in that direction myself: if you choose to accompany me part of the way, I can insure your not missing the rest."

"Your honour is too good!" returned he of the box, rising, and slinging his fardel across him—"it is but seldom that a gentleman of your rank will condescend to walk three paces with

one of mine. You smile, sir; perhaps you think I should not class myself among gentlemen; and yet I have as good a right to the name as most of the set. I belong to no trade—I follow no calling: I rove where I list, and rest where I please: in short, I know no occupation but my indolence, and no law but my will. Now, sir, may I not call myself a gentleman?"

"Of a surety!" quoth I. "You seem to me to hold a middle rank between a half-pay captain and the king of the gipsies."

"You have it, sir," rejoined my companion, with a slight laugh. He was now by my side, and, as we walked on, I had leisure more minutely to examine him. He was a middle-sized, and rather athletic man; apparently about the age of thirty-eight. He was attired in a dark blue frock-coat, which was neither shabby nor new, but ill-made, and much too large and long for its present possessor; beneath this was a faded velvet waistcoat, that had formerly, like the Persian ambassador's tunic, "blushed with crimson, and blazed with gold;" but which might now have been advantageously exchanged in Monmouth Street for the lawful sum of two shillings and ninepence; under this was an inner vest of the Cashmere shawl pattern, which seemed much too new for the rest of the dress. Though his shirt was of a very unwashed hue, I remarked, with some suspicion, that it was of a very respectable fineness; and a pin, which might be paste, or could be diamond, peeped below a tattered and dingy black kid stock, like a gipsy's eye beneath her hair.

His trousers were of a light gray, and the justice or Providence, or of the tailor, avenged itself upon them for the prodigal length bestowed upon their ill-assorted companion, the coat; for they were much too tight for the muscular limbs they concealed, and, rising far above the ankle, exhibited the whole of a thick Wellington boot, which was the very picture of Italy upon the map.

The face of the man was commonplace and ordinary; one sees a hundred such, every day, in Fleet Street, or on the 'Change; the features were small, irregular, and somewhat flat; yet, when you looked twice upon the countenance, there was something

marked and singular in the expression, which fully atoned for the commonness of the features. The right eye turned away from the left, in that watchful squint which seems constructed on the same considerate plan as those Irish guns, made for shooting round a corner; his eyebrows were large and shaggy, and greatly resembled bramble bushes, in which his fox-like eyes had taken refuge. Round these vulpine retreats was a labyrinthean maze of those wrinkles, vulgarly called crow's feet, deep, intricate, and intersected, they seemed for all the world like the web of a Chancery suit. Singular enough, the rest of the countenance was perfectly smooth and unindented; even the lines from the nostril to the corners of the mouth, usually so deeply traced in men of his age, were scarcely more apparent than in a boy of eighteen.

His smile was frank—his voice clear and hearty—his address open, and much superior to his apparent rank of life, claiming somewhat of equality, yet conceding a great deal of respect; but, notwithstanding all these certainly favourable points, there was a sly and cunning expression in his perverse and vigilant eye and all the wrinkled demesnes in its vicinity, that made me mistrust even while I liked my companion: perhaps, indeed, he was too frank, too familiar, too *dégagé*, to be quite natural. Your honest men soon buy reserve by experience. Rogues are communicative and open, because confidence and openness cost them nothing. To finish the description of my new acquaintance, I should observe that there was something in his countenance which struck me as not wholly unfamiliar; it was one of those which we have not, in all human probability, seen before, and yet which (perhaps from their very commonness) we imagine we have encountered a hundred times.

We walked on briskly, notwithstanding the warmth of the day; in fact, the air was so pure, the grass so green, the laughing noon-day so full of the hum, the motion, and the life of creation, that the feeling produced was rather that of freshness and invigoration than of languor and heat.

“We have a beautiful country, sir,” said my hero of the box.

“It is like walking through a garden, after the more sterile and sullen features of the continent. A pure mind, sir, loves the country; for my part, I am always disposed to burst out in thanksgiving to Providence when I behold its works, and, like the valleys in the psalm, I am ready to laugh and sing.”

“An enthusiast,” said I, “as well as a philosopher! perhaps, (and I believed it likely,) I have the honour of addressing a poet also.”

“Why, sir,” replied the man, “I have made verses in my life; in short, there is little I have not done, for I was always a lover of variety; but, perhaps, your honour will let me return the suspicion. Are *you* not a favourite of the muse?”

“I cannot say that I am,” said I. “I value myself only on my common sense—the very antipodes to genius, you know, according to the orthodox belief.”

“Common sense!” repeated my companion, with a singular and meaning smile, and a twinkle with his left eye. “Common sense! Ah, that is not my *forte*, sir. You, I daresay, are one of those gentlemen whom it is very difficult to take in, either passively or actively, by appearance, or in act? For my part, I have been a dupe all my life—a child might cheat me! I am the most unsuspecting person in the world.”

“Too candid by half,” thought I. “This man is certainly a rascal; but what is that to me? I shall never see him again;” and true to my love of never losing an opportunity of ascertaining individual character, I observed that I thought such an acquaintance very valuable, especially if he were in trade; it was a pity, therefore, for my sake, that my companion had informed me that he followed no calling.

“Why, sir,” said he, “I *am* occasionally in employment; my nominal profession is that of a broker. I buy shawls and handkerchiefs of poor countesses, and retail them to rich plebeians. I fit up new-married couples with linen at a more moderate rate than the shops, and procure the bridegroom his present of jewels at forty per cent. less than the jewellers; nay, I am as friendly to an intrigue as a marriage; and, when I cannot sell my jewels, I

will my good offices. A gentleman so handsome as your honour may have an affair upon your hands ; if so, you may rely upon my secrecy and zeal. In short, I am an innocent good-natured fellow, who does harm to no one or nothing, and good to every one for something."

"I admire your code," quoth I, "and, whenever I want a mediator between Venus and myself, will employ you. Have you always followed your present idle profession, or were you brought up to any other?"

"I was intended for a silversmith," answered my friend : "but Providence willed it otherwise : they taught me from childhood to repeat the Lord's prayer : Heaven heard me, and delivered me from temptation—there is, indeed, something terribly seducing in the face of a silver spoon."

"Well," said I, "you are the honestest knave that ever I met, and one would trust you with one's purse, for the ingenuousness with which you own you would steal it. Pray, think you, is it probable that I have ever had the happiness of meeting you before ? I cannot help fancying so—as yet I have never been in the watch-house or the Old Bailey, my reason tells me that I must be mistaken."

"Not at all, sir," returned my worthy ; "I remember you well, for I never saw a face like yours that I did *not* remember. I had the honour of sipping some British liquors in the same room with yourself one evening ; you were then in company with my friend Mr Gordon."

"Ha !" said I, "I thank you for the hint. I now remember well, by the same token that he told me you were the most ingenious gentleman in England, and that you had a happy propensity of mistaking other people's possessions for your own ; I congratulate myself upon so desirable an acquaintance."

My friend smiled with his usual blandness, and made me a low bow of acknowledgment before he resumed :—

"No doubt, sir, Mr Gordon informed you right. I flatter myself few gentlemen understand better than myself the art of *ap-*

propriation, though I say it who should not say it. I deserve the reputation I have acquired, sir, I have always had ill-fortune to struggle against, and always have remedied it by two virtues—perseverance and ingenuity. To give you an idea of my ill-fortune, know that I have been taken up twenty-three times on suspicion; of my perseverance, know that twenty-three times I have been taken up *justly*; and, of my ingenuity, know that I have been twenty-three times let off, because there was not a tittle of legal evidence against me!”

“I venerate your talents, Mr Jonson,” replied I, “if by the name of Jonson it pleaseth you to be called, although, like the heathen deities, I presume that you have many titles, whereof some are more grateful to your ears than others.”

“Nay,” answered the man of two virtues, “I am never ashamed of my name; indeed, I have never done anything to disgrace me. I have never indulged in low company, nor profligate debauchery: whatever I have executed by way of profession has been done in a superior and artist-like manner; not in the rude bungling fashion of other adventurers. Moreover, I have always had a taste for polite literature, and went once as an apprentice to a publishing bookseller, for the sole purpose of reading the new works before they came out. In fine, I have never neglected any opportunity of improving my mind; and the worst that can be said against me is, that I have remembered my catechism, and taken all possible pains ‘to learn and labour truly to get my living, and to do my duty in that state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call me.’”

“I have often heard,” answered I, “that there is *honour* among thieves; I am happy to learn from you that there is also religion: your baptismal sponsors must be proud of so diligent a godson.”

“They ought to be, sir,” replied Mr Jonson, “for I gave them the first specimens of my address: the story is long, but, if you ever give me an opportunity, I will relate it.”

“Thank you,” said I; “meanwhile I must wish you good morning: your way now lies to the right. I return you my best

thanks for your condescension, in accompanying so undistinguished an individual as myself."

"Oh, never mention it, your honour," rejoined Mr Jonson. "I am always too happy to walk with a gentleman of your 'common sense.' Farewell, sir; may we meet again!"

So saying, Mr Jonson struck into his new road, and we parted.

I went home, musing on my adventure, and delighted with my adventurer. When I was about three paces from the door of my home, I was accosted in a most pitiful tone, by a poor old beggar, apparently in the last extreme of misery and disease. Notwithstanding my political economy, I was moved into alms-giving by a spectacle so wretched. I put my hand into my pocket, my purse was gone; and, on searching the other, lo—my handkerchief, my pocket-book, and a gold locket, which had belonged to Madame D'Anville, had vanished too.

One does not keep company with men of two virtues, and receive compliments upon one's common sense, for nothing!

The beggar still continued to importune me.

"Give him some food and half-a-crown," said I to my landlady. Two hours afterwards she came up to me—"O sir! my silver teapot—*that villain the beggar!*"

A light flashed upon me—"Ah, Mr Job Jonson! Mr Job Jonson!" cried I, in an indescribable rage; "out of my sight, woman! out of my sight;" I stopped short; my speech failed me. Never tell me that shame is the companion of guilt—the sinful knave is never so ashamed of himself as is the innocent fool who suffers by him.

13.—Sir Roger de Coverley.—I.

ADDISON.

[JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the 1st of May 1672, at Milston, Wilts, of which parish his father was rector. His early education was at the Charterhouse, from which celebrated school he proceeded to Oxford, and obtained a

scholarship of Magdalen College. In 1694, he published his first English poem. Men of letters at that period were sought out for public employments. Addison filled several official appointments, for which he seems to have been peculiarly unfitted. With his contemporaries his fame was that of a poet. With us "Cato" is forgotten; the "Spectator" and "Guardian" are the best monuments of Addison's genius. He died in 1719.]

Cowley is a pretty village about two miles from Oxford; and here some one lived in the days of the Tudors who was famous enough to have his name linked with the pretty dance tune that has once again become fashionable. But he had a higher honour. The popularity of the dance in the days of Queen Anne gave a name to the most famous character in the "Spectator;" and ever afterwards the dance itself gathered an accession of dignity even in its name; and plain Roger of Cowley became *Sir Roger de Coverley*. Some of the most delightful papers of Addison, in which Steele occasionally assisted, are devoted to the fictitious character of Sir Roger. Few people now read the "Spectator" as a whole. One or two of the more celebrated essays, such as "The Vision of Mirza," find their place in books of extracts. The delicate humour of the delineation of Sir Roger de Coverley is always referred to as the highest effort of Addison's peculiar genius; but not many will take the pains to select these sixteen or seventeen papers from the six hundred and thirty which form the entire work. These papers have a completeness about them which shows how thoroughly they were written upon a settled plan. Steele appears to have first conceived the character in the second number of the "Spectator;" but Addison very soon took it out of his friend's hands, who was scarcely able to carry on the portraiture with that refinement which belonged to Addison's conception of the character. Addison, it is said, killed Sir Roger in the fear that another hand would spoil him.

As a representation of manners a century and a half ago, the picture of Sir Roger de Coverley has a remarkable value. The good knight is thoroughly English; and in him we see a beautiful specimen of the old-fashioned gentleman, with a high soul of honour, real benevolence, acute sense, mixed up with the eccentricities which belong to a nation of humorists. The readers of the "Spectator" are fast diminishing. No one now gives "his days and nights to the volumes of Addison;" but his gentle graceful humour has never been excelled, and nowhere is it more conspicuous than in the papers of which Sir Roger de Coverley is the hero.

The plan of "The Spectator" is founded upon the fiction of a club that assembles every Tuesday and Thursday to carry on the publication. Sir Roger does not appear highly qualified for a literary colleague—a *collaborateur*, as the French style it,—but he nevertheless is the foremost in "The Spectator's" "account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in the work:"—

"The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley.

His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy, and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster: but being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

“His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess to love him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum, that he fills the chair at a quarter-sessions with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.”

We hear little of Sir Roger, except an occasional opinion, till we reach the 106th number, when Addison takes up the man of whom he said "we are born for each other:"—

"Having often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley, to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the county come to see him, he shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

"I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober, staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother; his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in his old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard for his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

"I could not but observe, with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with

several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with : on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

“My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.”

Such is the general outline of the character and position of Sir Roger de Coverley.

The humour of Addison is manifest in his delineation of Sir Roger's chaplain; and that personage is a pleasing specimen of the unambitious, quiet, placable clergyman of the days of Anne, when there was not a vast amount of zeal in the Church, and perhaps not quite so much piety as an earnest Christian would desire:—

“My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

“I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist, and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how

I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned : and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. ‘My friend,’ says Sir Roger, ‘found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish ; and because I know his value, have set upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years ; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them ; if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.’”

The Spectator goes to church, and hears “the Bishop of St Asaph in the morning, and Dr South in the afternoon ;” that is, he hears the chaplain read a sermon from Fleetwood’s and South’s printed collections. He says, “I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more *’o* my satisfaction.” This is to speak of a sermon as he would of a play ; which was indeed very much the temper of the Spectator’s age. He recommends the country clergy not “to waste their spirits in laborious compositions of their own,” but to enforce “by a handsome elocution,” those discourses “which have been penned by great masters.” Whether the advice

be judicious or not is scarcely necessary to be discussed. There is something higher to be attained by preaching than enabling a listener to pass his time to his satisfaction; but something even worse may be effected by cold, incoherent, and dull preaching—drowsiness under the shadow of high pews.

Sir Roger's picture gallery is an interesting portion of his ancient mansion. There is one picture in it which has reference to his own personal history:—

“At the very upper end of this handsome structure, I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to his house. I remembered, indeed, Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.”

But the gallery is chiefly filled with the portraits of the old De Coverleys. There we have the knight in buff of the days of Elizabeth, who won “a maid of honour, the greatest beauty of her time,” in a tournament in the tilt-yard. The spendthrift of the next generation—the fine gentleman who “ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life,” is drawn at full-length, with his “little boots, laces, and slashes.” But the real old English country gentleman, who kept his course of honour in evil times—in days of civil commotion, and afterwards in a period of court profligacy—is a character which we trust will never be obsolete:—

“This man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the honour of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley: he was in his deal-

ings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of the shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties, many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which were superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbours."

The ghosts which used to haunt Sir Roger's mansion were laid, even in his time, by a good orthodox process:—

"My friend Sir Roger has often told me, with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family, that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in

every room, one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family."

But the belief in apparitions was not passed away. The haunted ruins are described by Addison with his usual grace:—

"At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of His own creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids, coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes, that she let it fall."

The fame of the "Spectator's" Sir Roger de Coverley was revived some twenty years ago by one of the most beautiful pictures of the modern English school—the charming representation, by Newton, of the fine old squire coming out of church, amidst the reverential greetings of his affectionate tenantry. This was a real old English scene; and such as touched our sympathies, even in an age when much of this cordial intercourse between the great and the humble has passed away. The paper of the "Spectator" upon which this picture is founded is by Addison, and in his best style:—

"I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time,

in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

“ My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular: and that in order to make them kneel, and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

“ As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse, in the singing Psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times in the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon

their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

“I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

“As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one’s wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

“The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk’s place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

“The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never

comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers, while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year; and the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

“Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.”

The quiet humour of this pleasant description furnishes in itself a tolerable example of the state of opinion in the reign of Queen Anne—our Augustan age, as it has often been called. It shows the cold and worldly aspect which the most solemn institutions presented to the eye of the conventional moralist. There is something much higher in the association of Christians in public worship than even the good of meeting together with “best faces and cleanliest habits.” Sunday is to be observed for something better than “clearing away the rust of the week,” and “putting both sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms.” But for too long a period this has been very much the orthodox notion of Sunday and Sunday duties; and the real purpose of public worship, that of calling forth the spiritual and unworldly tendencies of our nature, to the exclusion of the ambition and vanity of every-day life, is only beginning yet to be generally felt in town or village. We lost for two or three centuries the zealous spirit which made the cathedral and the church a refuge from the hard and irritating cares which belong to a life of struggle and vexation; which there lifted us up to a calm and earnest reliance on the protection of the great Father of all; which made all men equal in their capacity for partaking of this elevation of spirit; which for a while excluded the distinctions that belong to transitory things alone. The solemn responses, the soul-uttering chants, the assembling together in temples venerable for their antiquity and impressive in their beauty, gave a loftier tone to the mind of the most uninformed than belongs to the discussion of parish politics “after sermon or before the bell rings.” A reform of somewhat too sweeping a character changed the feelings of the people. Religion came either to be looked at as a severe thing or as a formal thing; and then followed what Addison has painted too truly in

the conclusion of his paper, "the differences and contentions between the parson and the squire." In this respect we may earnestly hope that the description of the essayist is wholly obsolete.

14.—The Barometer.

ARNOTT.

[THE work from which this is transcribed is entitled "Elements of Physics; or, Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, explained independently of Technical Mathematics." Of this book the first volume was published in 1828, and passed through several editions. When a portion only of a second volume had appeared, the following paper on the barometer was thus introduced by the editor of "Half-Hours:"—"When we consider that this excellent book can only be completed at the rare intervals of leisure in a most arduous professional life—that at the moments when the physician is not removing or mitigating the sufferings of individuals, he is labouring for the great benefit of all by such noble inventions as the Hydrostatic Bed—we can only hope that the well-earned repose which wise men look to in the evening of their day, will give opportunity for perfecting one of the books best calculated to advance the education of the people that the world has seen." The hope thus expressed has been realised very recently by the publication of the work in two volumes, comprising some of the most important branches of modern science, not included in the original publications.]

Galileo had found that water would rise under the piston of a pump to a height only of about thirty-four feet. His pupil Torricelli, conceiving the happy thought, that the weight of the atmosphere might be the cause of the ascent, concluded that mercury, which is about thirteen times heavier than water, should only rise, under the same influence, to a thirteenth of the elevation:—he tried, and found that this was so, and the mercurial barometer was invented. To afford further evidence that the weight of the atmosphere was the cause of the phenomenon, he afterwards carried the tube of mercury to the tops of buildings and of mountains, and found that it fell always in exact proportion to the portion of the atmosphere left below it;—and he found that water-pumps in different situations varied as to sucking power, according to the same law.

It was soon afterwards discovered, by careful observation of the mercurial barometer, that even when remaining in the same place,

it did not always stand at the same elevation ; in other words, that the weight of atmosphere over any particular part of the earth was constantly fluctuating ; a truth which, without the barometer, could never have been suspected. The observation of the instrument being carried still further, it was found that, in serene, dry weather, the mercury generally stood high, and that before and during storms and rain it fell ; the instrument, therefore, might serve as a prophet of the weather, becoming a precious monitor to the husbandman or the sailor.

The reasons why the barometer falls before wind and rain will be better understood a few pages hence ; but we may remark here, that when water which has been suspended in the atmosphere, and has formed a part of it, separates as rain, the weight and bulk of the mass, are diminished ; and that wind must occur when a sudden condensation of aeriform matter, in any situation, disturbs the equilibrium of the air, for the air around will rush towards the situation of diminished pressure.

To the husbandman the barometer is of considerable use, by aiding and correcting the prognostics of the weather which he draws from local signs familiar to him ; but its great use as a weather-glass seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, and is often under skies and climates altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is frequently enabled to take in sail and to make ready for the storm, where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen upon him unprepared. The marine barometer has not yet been in general use for many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude. The sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet, the oldest sailors had not perceived even a threatening in the sky, and were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations ; but the required measures were not completed when a

more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled; and at one time the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such for a few hours was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard, and amidst the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves an unsightly wreck.

The marine barometer differs from that used on shore, in having its tube contracted in one place to a very narrow bore, so as to prevent that sudden rising and falling of the mercury which every motion of the ship would else occasion.

Civilised Europe is now familiar with the barometer and its uses, and therefore, that Europeans may conceive the first feelings connected with it, they almost require to witness the astonishment or incredulity with which people of other parts still regard it. A Chinese, once conversing on the subject with the author, could only imagine of the barometer that it was a gift of miraculous nature, which the God of Christians gave them in pity, to direct them in the long and perilous voyages which they undertook to unknown seas.

A barometer is of great use to persons employed about those mines in which *hydrogen gas* or *fire-damp* is generated and exists in the crevices. When the atmosphere becomes unusually light, the hydrogen, being relieved from a part of the pressure which ordinarily confines it to its holes and lurking-places, expands or issues forth to where it may meet the lamp of the miner, and explode to his destruction. In heavy states of the atmosphere, on the contrary, it is pressed back to its hiding-places, and the miner advances with safety.

We see from this, that any reservoir or vessel containing air would itself answer as a barometer if the only opening to it were through a long tubular neck, containing a close sliding plug, for then, according to the weight and pressure of the external air, the density of that in the cavity would vary, and all changes would be marked by the position of the movable plug. A beautiful barometer has really been made on this principle, by using a vessel of glass, with a long slender neck, in which a globule of mercury is the movable plug.

The state of the atmosphere, as to weight, differs so much at different times in the same situation, as to produce a range of about three inches in the height of the mercurial barometer, that is to say, from twenty-eight to thirty-one inches. On the occasion of the great Lisbon earthquake, however, the mercury fell so far in the barometers, even in Britain, as to disappear from that portion at the top usually left uncovered for observation. The uncovered part of a barometer is commonly of five or six inches in length, with a divided scale attached to it, on which the figures 28, 29, &c., indicate the number of inches from the surface of the mercury at the bottom to the respective divisions:—on the lower part of the scale the words *wind* and *rain* are generally written, meaning that, when the mercury sinks to them, wind and rain are to be expected; and on the upper part, *dry* and *fine* appear, for a corresponding reason; but we have to recollect, that it is not the absolute height of the mercury which indicates the existing or coming weather, but the recent change in its height:—a falling barometer usually telling of wind and rain; a rising one of serene and dry weather.

The barometer answers another important purpose, besides that of a *weather-glass*—in enabling us to ascertain readily the height of mountains, or of any situation to which it can be carried.

As the mercurial column in the barometer is always an exact indication of the tension or pressure produced in the air around it by the weight of air above its level, being indeed, as explained in the foregoing paragraphs, of the same weight as a column of

the air of equal base with itself, and reaching from it to the top of the atmosphere—the mercury must fall when the instrument is carried from any lower to any higher situation, and the degree of falling must always tell exactly how much air has been left below. For instance, if thirty inches barometrical height mark the whole atmospheric pressure at the surface of the ocean, and if the instrument be found, when carried to some other situation, to stand at only twenty inches, it proves that one-third of the atmosphere exists below the level of the new situation. If our atmospheric ocean were of as uniform density all the way up as our watery oceans, a certain weight of air thus left behind in ascending would mark everywhere a change of level nearly equal, and the ascertaining any height by the barometer would become one of the most simple of calculations:—the air at the surface of the earth being about twelve thousand times lighter than its bulk of mercury, an inch rise or fall of the barometer would mark everywhere a rise or a fall in the atmosphere of twelve thousand inches or one thousand feet. But owing to the elasticity of air, which causes it to increase in volume as it escapes from pressure, the atmosphere is rarer in proportion as we ascend, so that to leave a given weight of it behind, the ascent must be greater, the higher the situation where the experiment is made; the rule therefore of one inch of mercury for a thousand feet, holds only for rough estimates near the surface of the earth. The precise calculation, however, for any case, is still very easy; and a good barometer, with a thermometer attached, and with tables, or an algebraical formula expressing all the influencing circumstances, enables us to ascertain elevations much more easily, and in many cases more correctly, than by trigonometrical survey.

The weight of the whole atmospherical ocean surrounding the earth being equal to that of a watery ocean of thirty-four feet deep, or of a covering of mercury of thirty inches, and the air found at the surface of the earth being eight hundred and forty times lighter than water, if the same density existed all the way up, the atmosphere would be 34 times 840, or about 28,000 feet high, which is equal to five miles and a half. On account of the greater rarity,

however, in the superior regions, it really extends to a height of nearly fifty miles. From the known laws of aerial elasticity, we can deduce what is found to hold in fact, that one half of all the air constituting our atmosphere exists within three miles and a half from the earth's surface ; that is to say, under the level of the summit of Mont Blanc. A person, unaccustomed to calculation, would suppose the air to be more equally distributed through the fifty miles than this rule indicates, as he might at first also suppose a tube of two feet diameter to hold only twice as much as a tube of one foot, although in reality it holds four times as much.

In carrying a barometer from the level of the Thames to the top of St Paul's Church in London, or of Hampstead Hill, the mercury falls about half an inch, marking an ascent of about five hundred feet. On Mont Blanc it falls to half of the entire barometric height, marking an elevation of fifteen thousand feet ; and in Du Luc's famous balloon ascent it fell to below twelve inches, indicating an elevation of twenty-one thousand feet, the greatest to which man has ever ascended from the surface of his earthly habitation.

The extreme rarity of the air on high mountains must of course affect animals. A person breathing on the summit of Mont Blanc, although expanding his chest as much as usual, really takes in at each inspiration only half as much air as he does below—exhibiting a contrast to a man in a diving-bell, who at thirty-four feet under water is breathing air of double density, at sixty-eight feet of triple, and so on. It is known that travellers, and even their practised guides, often fall down suddenly as if struck by lightning, when approaching lofty summits, on account chiefly of the thinness of the air which they are breathing, and some minutes elapse before they recover. In the elevated plains of South America the inhabitants have larger chests than the inhabitants of lower regions—another admirable instance of the animal frame adapting itself to the circumstances in which it is placed. It appears from all this, that although our atmosphere be fifty miles high, it is so thin beyond three miles and a half, that mountain ridges of greater elevation are nearly as effectual barriers between

nations of men, as islands or rocky ridges in the sea are between the finny tribes inhabiting the opposite coasts.

15.—Sunday.

HERBERT.

[GEORGE HERBERT, the fifth brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born in 1593; he died in 1632. His character as a minister was full of Christian graces. He belonged to the same class of clergymen as Hooker—devoted to pastoral duties—enthusiastic in his reverence for the offices of the Church. His religious poetry used to be neglected for its quaintness; but the present age has restored it to its proper rank amongst the writers who have left us gems which antiquity cannot rust. The poem which we give has a peculiar interest in being his death-bed song, as we learn from the following narrative of Isaac Walton:—

“In this time of his decay, he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebends of the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces, (then a part of his family,) and Mr Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose:—‘I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me, like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise Him that I am not to learn patience, now I stand in such need of it, and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem, dwell there with men made perfect, dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus: and with Him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place; and this is my content, that I am going daily towards it, and that every day which I have lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me, and that I shall live the less time for having lived this, and the day past.’ These, and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said, ‘My God, my God,

“ ‘ My music shall find Thee,
 And every string
 Shall have his attribute to sing :’

And having tuned it, he played and sung :—

“ ‘ The Sundays of man’s life,
 Threaded together on Time’s string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal glorious King.
 On Sunday heaven’s gate stands ope !
 Blessings are plentiful and rife,
 More plentiful than hope.’ ”

<p>O day most calm, most bright, The fruit of this, the next world’s bud, Th’ indorsement of supreme delight, Writ by a Friend, and with His blood ; The couch of time, Care’s balm and bay ; The week were dark but for thy light : Thy torch doth show the way.</p> <p>The other days and thou Makeup one man ; whose face thou art, Knocking at heaven with thy brow : The worky-days are the back-part ; The burden of the week lies there, Making the whole to stoop and bow, Till thy release appear.</p> <p>Man had straight forward gone To endless death : but thou dost pull And turn us round to look on one, Whom, if we were not very dull,</p>	<p>We could not choose but look on still ; Since there is no place so alone, The which He doth not fill.</p> <p>Sundays the pillars are On which Heaven’s palace archèd lies : The other days fill up the spare And hollow room with vanities. They are the fruitful bed and borders In God’s rich garden : that is bare Which parts their ranks and orders.</p> <p>The Sundays of man’s life, Threaded together on Time’s string, Make bracelets to adorn the wife Of the eternal glorious King. On Sunday heaven’s gate stands ope, Blessings are plentiful and rife, More plentiful than hope.</p>
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PERKIN WARBECK TAKING SANCTUARY.

16.—The History of Perkin Warbeck.

BACON.

[FRANCIS BACON is one of the most prominent names in English literature. His "Essays" are in the hands of many persons; his "Novum Organon" is talked of by more. He is execrated as the corrupt judge and faithless friend; he is venerated under the name of the father of the inductive philosophy. His foibles, as well as his merits, have been perhaps equally exaggerated. This is not the place to enter upon the disputed passages of his political career; nor to inquire how much he borrowed from the ancient philosophy, which he is supposed to have overturned. That he was a man, in many respects, of the very highest order of intellect no one can doubt; that he was "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," may be safely disputed. It is sufficient here to mention that he was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal—was born in 1561, and died in 1626. The following extract is from his "History of Henry VII."—a book much neglected, although a remarkable specimen of clear and vivid narrative, and judicious reflection. Those who desire to obtain a general knowledge of the writings of Bacon, especially with his philosophical works, cannot do better than study them in the masterly Analysis by Mr Craik, originally published in "Knight's Weekly Volume." The complete works have been produced in a new edition by Mr Spedding, upon which the editor has bestowed an amount of critical labour very rarely equalled in fulness of research and comprehensive illustration.]

This youth of whom we are now to speak was such a mercurial as the like hath seldom been known, and could make his own part if at any time he chanced to be out. Wherefore, this being

one of the strangest examples of a personation that ever was in elder or later times, it deserveth to be discovered and related at the full—although the king's manner of showing things by pieces and by dark lights hath so muffled it, that it hath been left almost as a mystery to this day.

The Lady Margaret,* whom the king's friends called Juno, because she was to him as Juno was to Æneas, stirring both heaven and hell to do him mischief, for a foundation of her particular practices against him, did continually, by all means possible, nourish, maintain, and divulge the flying opinion that Richard, Duke of York, second son to Edward the Fourth, was not murdered in the Tower, as was given out, but saved alive. For that those who were employed in that barbarous act, having destroyed the elder brother, were stricken with remorse and compassion towards the younger, and set him privily at liberty to seek his fortune. . . .

There was a townsman of Tournay, that had borne office in that town, whose name was John Osbeck, a convert Jew, married to Catherine de Faro, whose business drew him to live for a time with his wife at London, in King Edward the Fourth's days. During which time he had a son by her, and being known in the court, the king, either out of a religious nobleness, because he was a convert, or upon some private acquaintance, did him the honour to be godfather to his child, and named him Peter. But afterwards, proving a dainty and effeminate youth, he was commonly called by the diminutive of his name Peterkin or Perkin. For as for the name of Warbeck, it was given him when they did but guess at it, before examinations had been taken. But yet he had been so much talked of by that name, as it stuck by him after his true name of Osbeck was known. While he was a young child, his parents returned with him to Tournay. There he was placed in the house of a kinsman of his, called John Stenbeck, at Antwerp, and so roved up and down between Antwerp and Tournay, and other towns of Flanders for a good time, living

* Sister to Edward IV., and widow of Charles *le Téméraire*, Duke of Burgundy.

much in English company and having the English tongue perfect. In which time, being grown a comely youth, he was brought by some of the espials of the Lady Margaret into her presence. Who, viewing him well, and seeing that he had a face and personage that would bear a noble fortune, and finding him otherwise of a fine spirit and winning behaviour, thought she had now found a curious piece of marble to carve out an image of a Duke of York. She kept him by her a great while, but with extreme secrecy. The while she instructed him by many cabinet conferences. First, in princely behaviour and gesture, teaching him how he should keep state, and yet with a modest sense of his misfortunes. Then she informed him of all the circumstances and particulars that concerned the person of Richard, Duke of York, which he was to act, describing unto him the personages, lineaments, and features of the king and queen, his pretended parents; and of his brother and sisters, and divers others, that were nearest him in his childhood; together with all passages, some secret, some common, that were fit for a child's memory, until the death of King Edward. Then she added the particulars of the time from the king's death, until he and his brother were committed to the Tower, as well during the time he was abroad as while he was in sanctuary. As for the times while he was in the Tower, and the manner of his brother's death, and his own escape, she knew they were things that a very few could control. And therefore she taught him only to tell a smooth and likely tale of those matters, warning him not to vary from it. It was agreed likewise between them what account he should give of his peregrination abroad, intermixing many things which were true, and such as they knew others could testify, for the credit of the rest, but still making them to hang together with the part he was to play. She taught him likewise how to avoid sundry captious and tempting questions which were like to be asked of him. But in this she found him so nimble and shifting, as she trusted much to his own wit and readiness, and therefore laboured the less in it. Lastly, she raised his thoughts with some present rewards, and further promises, setting before him chiefly the glory

and fortune of a crown if things went well, and a sure refuge to her court if the worst should fall. After such time as she thought he was perfect in his lesson, she began to cast with herself from what coast this blazing star should first appear, and at what time it must be upon the horizon of Ireland, for there had the like meteor strong influence before. The time of the apparition to be when the king should be engaged in a war with France. But well she knew that whatsoever should come from her would be held suspected. And therefore if he should go out of Flanders immediately into Ireland, she might be thought to have some hand in it. And besides, the time was not yet ripe, for that the two kings were then upon terms of peace. Therefore she wheeled about ; and to put all suspicion afar off, and loath to keep him any longer by her, for that she knew secrets are not long-lived, she sent him unknown into Portugal, with the Lady Brampton, an English lady, that embarked for Portugal at that time, with some privado of her own, to have an eye upon him, and there he was to remain, and to expect her further directions. In the mean time she omitted not to prepare things for his better welcome and accepting, not only in the kingdom of Ireland, but in the court of France. He continued in Portugal about a year, and by that time the King of England called his parliament, as hath been said, and declared open war against France. Now did the sign reign, and the constellation was come, under which Perkin should appear. And therefore he was straight sent unto by the duchess to go for Ireland, according to the first designment. In Ireland he did arrive, at the town of Cork. When he was thither come, his own tale was, when he made his confession afterwards, that the Irishmen, finding him in some good clothes, came flocking about him, and bare him down that he was the Duke of Clarence that had been there before. And after, that he was Richard the Third's base son. And lastly, that he was Richard, Duke of York, second son to Edward the Fourth. But that he, for his part, renounced all these things, and offered to swear upon the Holy Evangelists that he was no such man ; till at last they forced it upon him, and bade him fear nothing, and so forth.

But the truth is, that immediately upon his coming into Ireland, he took upon him the said person of the Duke of York, and drew unto him complices and partakers by all the means he could devise. Insomuch as he wrote his letters unto the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, to come in to his aid, and be of his party; the originals of which letters are yet extant.

Somewhat before this time, the duchess had also gained unto her a near servant of King Henry's own, one Stephen Frion, his secretary for the French tongue; an active man, but turbulent and discontented. This Frion had fled over to Charles, the French king, and put himself into his service, at such time as he began to be in open enmity with the king. Now King Charles, when he understood of the person and attempts of Perkin, ready of himself to embrace all advantages against the King of England, instigated by Frion, and formerly prepared by the Lady Margaret, forthwith despatched one Lucas and this Frion, in the nature of ambassadors to Perkin, to advertise him of the king's good inclination to him, and that he was resolved to aid him to recover his right against King Henry, an usurper of England, and an enemy of France; and wished him to come over unto him at Paris. Perkin thought himself in heaven now that he was invited by so great a king in so honourable a manner. And imparting unto his friends in Ireland, for their encouragement, how fortune called him, and what great hopes he had, sailed presently into France. When he was come to the court of France, the king received him with great honour, saluted and styled him by the name of the Duke of York: lodged him and accommodated him in great state. And the better to give him the representation and the countenance of a prince, assigned him a guard for his person, whereof Lord Congresall was captain. The courtiers likewise, though it be ill mocking with the French, applied themselves to their king's bent, seeing there was reason of state for it. At the same time there repaired unto Perkin divers Englishmen of quality: Sir George Neville, Sir John Taylor, and about one hundred more, and amongst the rest this Stephen Frion, of whom we spake, who followed his fortune both then and for a long time

after, and was, indeed, his principal counsellor and instrument in all his proceedings. But all this on the French king's part was but a trick, the better to bow King Henry to peace. And therefore, upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Boloign, Perkin was smoked away. Yet would not the French king deliver him up to King Henry, as he was laboured to do, for his honour's sake, but warned him away and dismissed him. And Perkin, on his part, was ready to be gone, doubting he might be caught up underhand. He therefore took his way into Flanders, unto the Duchess of Burgundy, pretending that, having been variously tossed by fortune, he directed his course thither as to a safe harbour, noways taking knowledge that he had ever been there before, but as if that had been his first address. The duchess, on the other part, made it as new strange to see him, pretending, at the first, that she was taught and made wise, by the example of Lambert Simnell, how she did admit of any counterfeit stuff, though, even in that, she said she was not fully satisfied. She pretended at the first, and that was ever in the presence of others, to pose him and sift him, thereby to try whether he were indeed the very Duke of York or no. But seeming to receive full satisfaction by his answers, she then feigned herself to be transported with a kind of astonishment, mixed of joy and wonder, at his miraculous deliverance, receiving him as if he were risen from death to life, and inferring that God, who had in such wonderful manner preserved him from death, did likewise reserve him for some great and prosperous fortune. As for his dismissal out of France, they interpreted it, not as if he were detected or neglected for a counterfeit deceiver, but contrariwise, that it did show manifestly unto the world that he was some great matter, for that it was his abandoning that, in effect, made the peace, being no more but the sacrificing of a poor distressed prince unto the utility and ambition of two mighty monarchs. Neither was Perkin, for his part, wanting to himself, either in gracious or princely behaviour, or in ready or apposite answers, or in contenting and caressing those that did apply themselves unto him, or in petty scorn and disdain to those that

seemed to doubt of him ; but in all things did notably acquit himself, insomuch as it was generally believed, as well amongst great persons as amongst the vulgar, that he was indeed Duke Richard. Nay, himself, with long and continued counterfeiting, and with oft telling a lie, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be, and from a liar to a believer. The duchess, therefore, as in a case out of doubt, did him all princely honour, calling him always by the name of her nephew, and giving the delicate title of the white rose of England, and appointed him a guard of thirty persons, halberdiers, clad in a party-coloured livery of murrey and blue, to attend his person. Her court, likewise, and generally the Dutch and strangers, in their usage towards him, expressed no less respect.

The news hereof came blazing and thundering over into England, that the Duke of York was sure alive. As for the name of Perkin Warbeck, it was not at that time come to light, but all the news ran upon the Duke of York ; that he had been entertained in Ireland, bought and sold in France, and was now plainly avowed and in great honour in Flanders. These fames took hold of divers ; in some upon discontent, in some upon ambition, in some upon levity and desire of change, and in some few upon conscience and belief, but in most upon simplicity, and in divers out of dependence upon some of the better sort, who did in secret favour and nourish these bruits. And it was not long ere these rumours of novelty had begotten others of scandal and murmur against the king and his government, taxing him for a great taxer of his people, and discountenancer of his nobility. The loss of Britain and the peace with France were not forgotten. But chiefly they fell upon the wrong that he did his queen, in that he did not reign in her right. Wherefore, they said, that God had now brought to light a masculine branch of the House of York, that would not be at his courtesy, howsoever he did depress his poor lady. And yet, as it fareth with things which are current with the multitude, and which they effect, these fames grew so general, as the authors were lost in the generality of the speakers ; they being like running weeds that have no certain root, or like footings up

and down, impossible to be traced. But after a while these ill humours drew to a head, and settled secretly in some eminent persons, which were Sir William Stanley, lord chamberlain of the king's household, the Lord Fitzwater, Sir Simon Mountfort, and Sir Thomas Thwaites. These entered into a secret conspiracy to favour Duke Richard's title. Nevertheless none engaged their fortunes in this business openly, but two, Sir Robert Clifford and Master William Barley, who sailed over into Flanders, sent, indeed, from the party of the conspirators here, to understand the truth of those things that passed there, and not without some help of moneys from hence; provisionally to be delivered, if they found and were satisfied that there was truth in these pretences. The person of Sir Robert Clifford, being a gentleman of fame and family, was extremely welcome to the Lady Margaret, who, after she had conference with him, brought him to the sight of Perkin, with whom he had often speech and discourse. So that in the end, won either by the duchess to affect, or by Perkin to believe, he wrote back into England, that he knew the person of Richard Duke of York as well as he knew his own, and that this young man was undoubtedly he. By this means all things grew prepared to revolt and sedition here, and the conspiracy came to have a correspondence between Flanders and England.

The king, on his part, was not asleep, but to arm or levy forces yet, he thought, would but show fear, and do this idol too much worship. Nevertheless the ports he did shut up, or at least kept a watch on them, that none should pass to or fro that was suspected: but for the rest, he chose to work by countermines. His purposes were two; the one to lay open the abuse, the other to break the knot of the conspirators. To detect the abuse there were but two ways: the first, to make it manifest to the world that the Duke of York was indeed murdered; the other to prove that, were he dead or alive, yet Perkin was a counterfeit. For the first, thus it stood. There were but four persons that could speak upon knowledge to the murder of the Duke of York: Sir James Tirrell, the employed man from King Richard; John Dighton and Miles Forrest, his servants, the two butchers or tormentors, and the priest of the

Tower that buried them. Of which four, Miles Forrest and the priest were dead, and there remained alive only Sir James Tirrell and John Dighton. These two the king caused to be committed to the Tower, and examined touching the manner of the death of the two innocent princes. They agreed both in a tale, as the king gave out, to this effect : that King Richard having directed his warrant for the putting of them to death to Brackenbury, the lieutenant of the Tower, was by him refused. Whereupon the king directed his warrant to Sir James Tirrell, to receive the keys of the Tower from the lieutenant, for the space of a night, for the king's special service. That Sir James Tirrell accordingly repaired to the Tower by night, attended by his two servants aforementioned, whom he had chosen for that purpose. That himself stood at the stair-foot, and sent these two villains to execute the murder. That they smothered them in their beds, and that done, called up their master to see their naked dead bodies, which they had laid forth. That they were buried under the stairs, and some stones cast upon them. That when the report was made to King Richard that his will was done, he gave Sir James Tirrell great thanks, but took exception to the place of their burial, being too base for them that were king's children. Whereupon another night, by the king's warrant renewed, their bodies were removed by the priest of the Tower, and buried by him in some place which, by means of the priest's death soon after, could not be known. Thus much was then delivered abroad to be the effect of those examinations ; but the king, nevertheless, made no use of them in any of his declarations, whereby, as it seems, those examinations left the business somewhat perplexed. And as for Sir James Tirrell, he was soon after beheaded in the Tower-yard for other matters of treason. But John Dighton, who, it seemeth, spake best for the king, was forthwith set at liberty, and was the principal means of divulging this tradition. Therefore, this kind of proof being left so naked, the king used the more diligence in the latter, for the tracing of Perkin. To this purpose he sent abroad into several parts, and especially into Flanders, divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, some feigning themselves to fly over

unto Perkin, and to adhere to him, and some under other pretence, to learn, search, and discover all the circumstances and particulars of Perkin's parents, birth, person, travels up and down, and in brief, to have a journal, as it were, of his life and doings. . . . Others he employed in a more special nature and trust, to be his pioneers in the main countermine.

The narrative then describes the countenance which James IV. of Scotland gave to Perkin ; his marriage to Lady Catherine Gordon ; the inroad of James upon the northern counties, carrying the pretended prince with him ; and the events of the Cornish insurrection, all which circumstances greatly alarmed the politic Henry VII.

The king of Scotland, though he would not formally retract his judgment of Perkin, wherein he had engaged himself so far ; yet in his private opinion, upon often speech with the Englishmen, and divers other advertisements, began to suspect him for a counterfeit. Wherefore in a noble fashion he called him unto him, and recounted the benefits and favours that he had done him in making him his ally, and in provoking a mighty and opulent king by an offensive war in his quarrel, for the space of two years together ; nay more, that he had refused an honourable peace, whereof he had a fair offer, if he would have delivered him ; and that, to keep his promise with him, he had deeply offended both his nobles and people whom he might not hold in any long discontent ; and therefore required him to think of his own fortunes, and to choose out some fitter place for his exile ; telling him withal, that he could not say but that the English had forsaken him before the Scottish, for that, upon two several trials, none had declared themselves on his side ; but nevertheless he would make good what he said to him at his first receiving, which was that he should not repent him for putting himself into his hands ; for that he would not cast him off, but help him with shipping and means to transport him where he should desire. Perkin, not descending at all from his stage-like greatness, answered the king in few words, that he saw his time was not yet come ; but whatsoever his fortunes were, he should both think and speak honour of the king. Taking his leave, he would not think on Flanders, doubting it was

but hollow ground for him since the treaty of the arch-duke, concluded the year before; but took his lady, and such followers as would not leave him, and sailed over into Ireland. . . .

When Perkin heard this news, [the Cornwall insurrection,] he began to take heart again, and advised upon it with his council, which were principally three—Herne, a mercer, that fled for debt; Skelton, a tailor; and Astley, a scrivener; for Secretary Frion was gone. These told him that he was mightily overseen, both when he went into Kent, and when he went into Scotland—the one being a place so near London, and under the king's nose; and the other a nation so distasted with the people of England, that if they had loved him never so well, yet they could never have taken his part in that company. But if he had been so happy as to have been in Cornwall at the first, when the people began to take arms there, he had been crowned at Westminster before this time; for these kings, as he had now experience, would sell poor princes for shoes. But he must rely wholly upon people; and therefore advised him to sail over with all possible speed into Cornwall; which accordingly he did, having in his company four small barques, with some six score or sevenscore fighting men. He arrived in September at Whitsand Bay, and forthwith came to Bodmin, the blacksmith's town; where they assembled unto him to the number of three thousand men of the rude people. There he set forth a new proclamation, stroking the people with fair promises, and humouring them with invectives against the king and his government. And as it fareth with smoke, that never loseth itself till it be at the highest, he did now before his end raise his style, entitling himself no more Richard, Duke of York, but Richard the Fourth, King of England. His council advised him by all means to make himself master of some good walled town; as well to make his men find the sweetness of rich spoils, and to allure to him all loose and lost people, by like hopes of booty as to be a sure retreat to his forces, in case they should have any ill day, or unlucky chance of the field. Wherefore they took heart to them, and went on, and besieged the city of Exeter, the principal town for strength and wealth in those parts. . . .

Perkin, hearing this thunder of arms, and preparations against him from so many parts, raised his siege, and marched to Taunton; beginning already to squint one eye upon the crown and another upon the sanctuary; though the Cornish men were become, like metal often fired and quenched, churlish, and that would sooner break than bow; swearing and vowing not to leave him, till the uttermost drop of their blood were spilt. He was at his rising from Exeter between six and seven thousand strong, many having come unto him after he was set before Exeter, upon fame of so great an enterprise, and to partake of the spoil; though upon the raising of his siege some did slip away. When he was come near Taunton, he dissembled all fear, and seemed all the day to use diligence in preparing all things ready to fight. But about midnight he fled with three score horses to Bewdley,* in the New Forest, where he and divers of his company registered themselves sanctuary-men, leaving his Cornish men to the four winds; but yet thereby easing them of their vow, and using his wonted compassion, not to be by when his subjects' blood should be spilt. The king, as soon as he heard of Perkin's flight, sent presently five hundred horse to pursue and apprehend him, before he should get either to the sea, or to that same little island called a sanctuary. But they came too late for the latter of these. Therefore all they could do was to beset the sanctuary, and to maintain a strong watch about it, till the king's pleasure were further known. [Perkin at last gave himself up.]

Perkin was brought into the king's court, but not to the king's presence; though the king, to satisfy his curiosity, saw him sometimes out of a window, or in passage. He was in show at liberty, but guarded with all care and watch that was possible, and willed to follow the king to London. But from his first appearance upon the stage in his new person of a sycophant or juggler, instead of his former person of a prince, all men may think how he was exposed to the derision not only of the courtiers, but also of the common people, who flocked about him as he went along; that one might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds;

* The Abbey of Beaulieu, near Southampton.

some mocking, some wondering, some cursing, some prying and picking matter out of his countenance and gesture to talk of; so that the false honour and respects, which he had so long enjoyed, was plentifully repaid in scorn and contempt. As soon as he was come to London the king gave also the city the solace of this May-game; for he was conveyed leisurely on horseback, but not in any ignominious fashion, through Cheapside and Cornhill, to the Tower, and from thence back again unto Westminster, with the churm of a thousand taunts and reproaches. But to amend the show, there followed a little distance of Perkin, an inward counsellor of his, one that had been serjeant farrier to the king. This fellow, when Perkin took sanctuary, chose rather to take an holy habit than an holy place, and clad himself like an hermit, and in that weed wandered about the country, till he was discovered and taken. But this man was bound hand and foot upon the horse, and came not back with Perkin, but was left at the Tower, and within few days after executed. Soon after, now that Perkin could tell better what himself was, he was diligently examined; and after his confession taken, an extract was made of such parts of them as were thought fit to be divulged, which was printed and dispersed abroad; wherein the king did himself no right; for as there was a laboured tale of particulars, of Perkin's father and mother, and grandsire and grandmother, and uncles and cousins, by names and surnames, and from what places he travelled up and down; so there was little or nothing to purpose of anything concerning his designs, or any practices that had been held with him; nor the Duchess of Burgundy herself, that all the world did take knowledge of, as the person that had put life and being into the whole business, so much as named or pointed at. So that men, missing of that they looked for, looked about for they knew not what; and were in more doubt than before; but the king chose rather not to satisfy than to kindle coals.

It was not long but Perkin, who was made of quicksilver, which is hard to hold or imprison, began to stir. For deceiving his keepers, he took him to his heels, and made speed to the sea-

coasts. But presently all corners were laid for him, and such diligent pursuit and search made, as he was fain to turn back, and get him to the house of Bethlehem, called the priory of Sheen, (which had the privilege of sanctuary,) and put himself into the hands of the prior of that monastery. The prior was thought an holy man, and much revered in those days. He came to the king, and besought the king for Perkin's life only, leaving him otherwise to the king's discretion. Many about the king were again more hot than ever, to have the king take him forth and hang him. But the king, that had an high stomach, and could not hate any that he despised, bid, "Take him forth, and set the knave in the stocks;" and so promising the prior his life, he caused him to be brought forth. And within two or three days after, upon a scaffold set up in the palace court at Westminster, he was fettered and set in the stocks for the whole day. And the next day after the like was done by him at the cross in Cheapside, and in both places he read his confession, of which we made mention before; and was from Cheapside conveyed and laid up in the Tower. . . .

But it was ordained that this winding-ivy of a Plantagenet should kill the true tree itself. For Perkin after he had been a while in the Tower, began to insinuate himself into the favour and kindness of his keepers, servants of the lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Digby, being four in number—Strangeways, Blewet, Astwood, and Long Roger. These varlets, with mountains of promises, he sought to corrupt, to obtain his escape; but knowing well that his own fortunes were made so contemptible as he could feed no man's hopes, and by hopes he must work, for rewards he had none, he had contrived with himself a vast and tragical plot; which was, to draw into his company Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, then prisoner in the Tower; whom the weary life of a long imprisonment, and the often and renewing fears of being put to death, had softened to take any impression of counsel for his liberty. This young prince he thought these servants would look upon, though not upon himself; and therefore, after that by some message by one or two of them, he had

tasted of the earl's consent, it was agreed that these four should murder their master, the lieutenant, secretly, in the night, and make their best of such money and portable goods of his, as they should find ready at hand, and get the keys of the Tower, and presently let forth Perkin and the earl. But this conspiracy was revealed in time, before it could be executed. And in this again the opinion of the king's great wisdom did surcharge him with a sinister fame, that Perkin was but his bait, to entrap the Earl of Warwick. And in the very instant while this conspiracy was in working, as if that also had been the king's industry, it was fated that there should break forth a counterfeit Earl of Warwick, a cordwainer's son, whose name was Ralph Wilford; a young man taught and set on by an Augustin friar, called Patrick. They both from the parts of Suffolk came forwards into Kent, where they did not only privily and underhand give out that this Wilford was the true Earl of Warwick, but also the friar, finding some light credence in the people, took the boldness in the pulpit to declare as much, and to incite the people to come in to his aid. Whereupon they were both presently apprehended, and the young fellow executed, and the friar condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This also happening so opportunely, to represent the danger to the king's estate from the Earl of Warwick, and thereby to colour the king's severity that followed; together with the madness of the friar so vainly and desperately to divulge a treason before it had gotten any manner of strength; and the saving of the friar's life, which nevertheless was, indeed, but the privilege of his order; and the pity in the common people, which if it run in a strong stream, doth ever cast up scandal and envy, made it generally rather talked than believed that all was but the king's device. But howsoever it were, hereupon Perkin, that had offended against grace now the third time, was at the last proceeded with, and by commissioners of oyer and determiner, arraigned at Westminster, upon divers treasons committed and perpetrated after his coming on land within this kingdom, for so the judges advised, for that he was a foreigner, and condemned, and a few days after executed at Tyburn; where he did again openly read his confession, and take

it upon his death to be true. This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first. It was one of the longest plays of that kind that had been in memory, and might perhaps have had another end, if he had not met with a king both wise, stout, and fortunate.

17.—The Ancient Mansion.

CRABBE.

[CRABBE has been called the Teniers of poetry; by which title it is meant to be conveyed that he painted the minute details of low life with a brilliant fidelity. There is something more in Crabbe than we find in the Dutch painter. He exhibits, indeed, the coarse pleasures of the poor—he has scenes of boisterous merriment and sottish degradation;—but he is also the painter of the strong passions and deep feelings that belong to the common nature of the humble and the great. If he had sufficiently kept his power of delineating character within the limits of pleasurable effects—the greatest test of all high art—if he had not too frequently revelled in descriptions that only excite unmixed disgust—he would have been the Wilkie of poetry—a much higher order of artist than the whole race of Tenierses, and Ostades, and Jan Steens. Crabbe will always be a popular poet, to a certain extent;—although the chances are that as real poetry comes to be better understood, a great deal that he has written will be forgotten and neglected. It was said in his praise, by Mr Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1810, “His characters and incidents are as common as the elements out of which they are compounded are humble; and not only has he nothing prodigious or astonishing in any of his representations, but he has not even attempted to impart any of the ordinary colours of poetry to these vulgar materials. He has no moralising swains or sentimental tradesmen.” This is a sarcasm against the poetry of Wordsworth, which it was then the fashion to sneer at. It would not be difficult to show that the “moralising swains and sentimental tradesmen” are really as true to our higher nature—that nature with which poetry has especially to deal—as “the depraved, abject, diseased, and neglected poor—creatures in whom everything amiable or respectable has been extinguished by sordid passions or brutal debauchery”—are revolting accidents which poetry ought to avoid. Indeed, if Crabbe had not higher delineations than such as these, (which are too common in his writings,) he would not take the rank which he deservedly holds amongst English poets. It is where he does approach to the despised moralists and sentimentalists of another school, that he has the best assurance of an undying fame.

George Crabbe was the son of a humble tradesman at Aldborough, in Suffolk. He was born in 1754. He was apprenticed to a surgeon; but his

father was unable to afford the means of completing his professional education. In 1780, he went to London, a literary adventurer; sustained many hardships and mortifications; was finally rescued from poverty by the kindness of Edmund Burke; entered the Church; and enjoyed competence and universal esteem till his death in 1832. His collected works, with a life by his son, in eight volumes, were published in 1834.]

“Come, lead me, lassie, to the shade, Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,
Where willows grow beside the brook; But they’re a social multitude.”

For well I know the sound it made
When dashing o’er the stony rill—
It murmur’d to St Osyth’s Mill.”

The lass replied—“The trees are fled,
They’ve cut the brook a straighter bed:
No shades the present lords allow,
The miller only murmurs now;
The waters now his mill forsake,
And form a pond they call a lake.”

“Then, lassie, lead thy grandsire on,
And to the holy water bring;
A cup is fasten’d to the stone,

And I would taste the healing spring,
That soon its rocky cist forsakes,
And green its mossy passage makes.”

“The holy spring is turn’d aside,
The arch is gone, the stream is dried;
The plough has levell’d all around,
And here is now no holy ground.”

“Then, lass, thy grandsire’s footsteps
guide,
To Bulmer’s Tree, the giant oak,
Whose boughs the keeper’s cottage hide,
And part the church-way lane o’er-
look.

A boy, I climb’d the topmost bough,
And I would feel its shadow now.

“Or, lassie, lead me to the west,
Where grew the elm-trees thick and
tall,
Where rooks unnumber’d build their
nest—
Deliberate birds, and prudent all;

“The rooks are shot, the trees are
fell’d,

And nest and nursery all expell’d;
With better fate the giant-tree,
Old Bulmer’s Oak, is gone to sea.
The church-way walk is now no more,
And men must other ways explore:
Though this indeed promotion gains,
For this the park’s new wall contains;
And here, I fear, we shall not meet
A shade—although, perchance, a seat.”

“Oh, then, my lassie, lead the way
To Comfort’s Home, the ancient inn:
That something holds, if we can pay—
Old David is our living kin;
A servant once, he still preserves
His name, and in his office serves!”

“Alas! that mine should be the fate
Old David’s sorrows to relate:
But they were brief; not long before
He died, his office was no more,
The kennel stands upon the ground,
With something of the former sound!”

“Oh, then,” the grieving man replied,

“No farther, lassie, let me stray;
Here’s nothing left of ancient pride,
Of what was grand, of what was gay;
But all is changed, is lost, is sold—
All, all that’s left, is chilling cold;
I seek for comfort here in vain,
Then lead me to my cot again!”

18.—The Spider and the Bee.

SWIFT.

[The following extract will give some notion of the vein of the famous Dean of St Patrick's. But no adequate notion can be afforded by extracts. "Gulliver's Travels," offensive as it is in many respects, may be in the hands of every reader for a shilling or two; and there, and perhaps better even in "The Tale of a Tub," may be fitly learnt the great powers of Swift as a satirist, and his almost unequalled mastery of a clear, vigorous, and idiomatic style. "The Battle of the Books," from which our extract is taken, was one of Swift's earlier performances. It had reference to the great contest which was then going on between the advocates of Ancient Learning and Modern Learning. The bee represents the ancients, the spider the moderns. Such contests are as harmless and as absurd as the more recent disputes amongst our French neighbours, about the comparative merits of the Classic and the Romantic schools. Real criticism can find enough to admire in whatever form genius works. The Apologue of the Spider and the Bee was not unjustly applied, some years ago, to a coterie of self-applauding writers, "furnished with a native stock," who, despising accuracy and careful investigation, turned up their noses at those who were labouring to make knowledge the common possession of all.]

Jonathan Swift was born in 1667, and died in 1745. An excellent edition of his works, in nineteen volumes, was edited by Sir Walter Scott. There is a cheap edition, in two large octavo volumes, published in 1841.]

Upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification. After you had passed several courts you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself, in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below, when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself, and in he went; where, expatiating a while,

he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel, which yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution, or else that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects* whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the rugged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wits' end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight,) "A plague split you," said he, "for a giddy puppy, is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could you not look before you? do you think I have nothing else to do but to mend and repair after you?" "Good words, friend," said the bee, (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to be droll:) "I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kenel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born." "Sirrah," replied the spider, "if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners." "I pray have patience," said the bee, "or you'll spend your substance, and for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all toward the repair of your house." "Rogue, rogue," replied the spider, "yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters." "By my troth," said the bee, "the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute."

* Beelzebub, in the Hebrew, signifies Lord of Flies.

At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

“Not to disparage myself,” said he, “by the comparison with such a rascal, what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your own but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person.”

“I am glad,” answered the bee, “to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance.

Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions, by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two, that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment, and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax."

19.—Of the Jealousy of Trade.

DAVID HUME.

[DAVID HUME was born in 1711;—died in 1776. His first publication was a "Treatise of Human Nature," which appeared in 1738. According to his own account, it "fell dead-born from the press." In 1742 he published a volume of "Essays," which was better received. Hume's philosophical works were the subject of much controversy in his day. They display great acuteness, but leave no convictions. As a thinker on questions which we now class under the head of political economy, he was before his age, and far in advance of its prejudices. In reading these productions, we must not forget that they were written a century ago. The following is one of the essays, in which he asserts principles that have still to seek that universal acceptance to which they are entitled. Every one is familiar with Hume's "History of England"—a work which, in spite of manifold defects, has a charm which few historians had been able to command, until one arose in our own day—Macaulay—who has made History as attractive as Romance.]

Nothing is more usual among states which have made some advances in commerce, than to look on the progress of their neighbours with a suspicious eye, to consider all trading states as their rivals, and to suppose that it is impossible for any of them to flourish, but at their expense. In opposition to this narrow and malignant opinion, I will venture to assert, that the increase of riches and commerce in any one nation, instead of hurting, commonly promotes the riches and commerce of all its neighbours; and that a state can scarcely carry its trade and industry

very far where all the surrounding states are buried in ignorance, sloth, and barbarism.

It is obvious, that the domestic industry of a people cannot be hurt by the greatest prosperity of their neighbours; and as this branch of commerce is undoubtedly the most important in any extensive kingdom, we are so far removed from all reason of jealousy. But I go further, and observe, that when an open communication is preserved among nations, it is impossible but the domestic industry of every one must receive an increase from the improvements of the others. Compare the situation of Great Britain at present with what it was two centuries ago. All the arts, both of agriculture and manufactures, were then extremely rude and imperfect. Every improvement which we have since made has arisen from our imitation of foreigners; and we ought so far to esteem it happy, that they had previously made advances in arts and ingenuity. But this intercourse is still upheld to our great advantage; notwithstanding the advanced state of our manufactures, we daily adopt, in every art, the inventions and improvements of our neighbours. The commodity is first imported from abroad, to our great discontent, while we imagine that it drains us of our money; afterwards, the art itself is gradually imported, to our visible advantage; yet we continue still to repine, that our neighbours should possess any art, industry, and invention; forgetting that, had they not first instructed us, we should have been at present barbarians; and did they not still continue their instructions, the arts must fall into a state of languor, and lose that emulation and novelty which contribute so much to their advancement.

The increase of domestic industry lays the foundation of foreign commerce. Where a great number of commodities are raised and perfected for the home-market, there will always be found some which can be exported with advantage. But if our neighbours have no art or cultivation, they cannot take them; because they will have nothing to give in exchange. In this respect states are in the same condition as individuals. A single man can scarcely be industrious where all his fellow-citizens are idle. The

riches of the several members of a community contribute to increase my riches, whatever profession I may follow. They consume the produce of my industry, and afford me the produce of theirs in return.

Nor need any state entertain apprehensions that their neighbours will improve to such a degree in every art and manufacture as to have no demand from them. Nature, by giving a diversity of geniuses, climates, and soils to different nations, has secured their mutual intercourse and commerce, as long as they all remain industrious and civilised. Nay, the more the arts increase in any state, the more will be its demands from its industrious neighbours. The inhabitants, having become opulent and skilful, desire to have every commodity in the utmost perfection; and as they have plenty of commodities to give in exchange, they make large importations from every foreign country. The industry of the nations from whom they import receives encouragement; their own is also increased by the sale of the commodities which they give in exchange.

But what if a nation has any staple commodity, such as the woollen manufacture is in England? Must not the interfering of our neighbours in that manufacture be a loss to us? I answer, that when any commodity is denominated the staple of a kingdom, it is supposed that this kingdom has some peculiar and natural advantages for raising the commodity; and if, notwithstanding these advantages, they lose such a manufacture, they ought to blame their own idleness or bad government, not the industry of their neighbours. It ought also to be considered, that by the increase of industry among the neighbouring nations, the consumption of every particular species of commodity is also increased; and though foreign manufactures interfere with them in the market, the demand for their product may still continue, or even increase; and should it diminish, ought the consequence to be esteemed so fatal? If the spirit of industry be preserved, it may easily be diverted from one branch to another; and the manufactures of wool, for instance, be employed in linen, silk, iron, or any other commodities for which there appears to be a demand. We need

not apprehend that all the objects of industry will be exhausted, or that our manufacturers, while they remain on an equal footing with those of our neighbours, will be in danger of wanting employment. The emulation among rival nations serves rather to keep industry alive in all of them; and any people is happier who possess a variety of manufactures than if they enjoyed one single great manufacture, in which they are all employed. Their situation is less precarious, and they will feel less sensibly those revolutions and uncertainties to which every particular branch of commerce will always be exposed.

The only commercial state that ought to dread the improvements and industry of their neighbours, is such a one as the Dutch, who, enjoying no extent of land, nor possessing any number of native commodities, flourish only by their being the brokers and factors and carriers of others. Such a people may naturally apprehend, that as soon as the neighbouring states come to know and pursue their interest, they will take into their own hands the management of their affairs, and deprive their brokers of that profit which they formerly reaped from it. But though this consequence may naturally be dreaded, it is very long before it takes place; and by art and industry it may be warded off for many generations, if not wholly eluded. The advantage of superior stocks and correspondence is so great, that it is not easily overcome; and as all the transactions increase by the increase of industry in the neighbouring states, even a people whose commerce stands on this precarious basis, may at first reap a considerable profit from the flourishing condition of their neighbours. The Dutch, having mortgaged all their revenues, make not such a figure in political transactions as formerly; but their commerce is surely equal to what it was in the middle of the last century, when they were reckoned among the great powers of Europe.

Were our narrow and malignant politics to meet with success, we should reduce all our neighbouring nations to the same state of sloth and ignorance that prevails in Morocco and the coast of Barbary. But what would be the consequence? They could send us no commodities: they could take none from us: our

domestic commerce itself would languish for want of emulation, example, and instruction ; and we ourselves should soon fall into the same abject condition to which we had reduced them. I shall therefore venture to acknowledge that, not only as a man, but as a British subject, I pray for the flourishing commerce of Germany, Spain, Italy, and even France itself. I am at least certain that Great Britain, and all those nations, would flourish more did their sovereigns and ministers adopt such enlarged and benevolent sentiments towards each other.

20.—A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis.

C. LAMB.

[CHARLES LAMB—what shall we say of the most original, most quaint, most simple, most touching, of all modern essayists? No critical line and level can measure the sinuosities of his rich and overflowing runlet of thought ; no plummet can gauge the depth of his quiet but most genial humour. Few are his writings ;—but there are, in their way, not many higher things in any language. They are finished works of art. How did he form his style? It is the revelation of his own nature. It lets us into the innermost depths of the man as completely as Montaigne shows us himself in all his nakedness ; but there are no painful exposures of gross desires and unlawful imaginings. He has as keen a sense of the hiding-places of vice and meanness as Swift ; but he has no truculent abuse or withering sarcasm for what he dislikes. He has a large toleration of all human infirmity, and a cordial love of all human excellence. He deposits no offerings on the altars of conventional opinions ; he mouths no commonplaces about goodness and greatness ; he blindly worships neither purple nor rags. He delights in queer books and queer men and women. He sees in what is called a character some rich fruit under a rough rind ; and he gets at the juice through the husk in a way which is, to say the least, real philosophy. If any man thoroughly believed in the humanising principle that “there is a soul of goodness in things evil,” it was Charles Lamb. He was born in London in 1775 ; educated at Christ’s Hospital ; laboured as a clerk in London till 1825 ; and died in the neighbourhood of London in 1834. There he drew the materials for his Essays. In one of his letters he says, “I often shed tears in the motley Strand, for feeling of joy at so much life.” His prose works have been published in three volumes : his poems in one volume. A most interesting sketch of the life of Charles Lamb was published by the late Mr Justice Talfourd in 1837. This was followed in 1848, after the death of Lamb’s sister, by “Memorials of Charles Lamb,” consisting of letters collected by the same genial friend.]

The all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides' club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear mendicity from the metropolis. Scripts, wallets, bags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity, with all their baggage, are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from the corners of streets and turnings of alleys, the parting genius of beggary is “with sighing sent.”

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusado or *bellum ad exterminationem* proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these beggars.

They were the oldest and the honourablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature; less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a suppliant to the particular humours or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs were the only rates uninvincible in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel anything towards him but contempt? Could Vandyke have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a sceptre, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius begging for an *obolus*? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The blind beggar in the legend—the father of pretty Bessy—whose story doggerel rhymes and alehouse signs cannot so degrade or attenuate, but that some sparks of a lustrous spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble Earl of Cornwall (as indeed he was) and memorable sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stript of all, and seated on the flowering green of Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by

his side, illumining his rags and his beggary—would the child and parent have cut a better figure, doing the honours of a counter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shop-board?

In tale or history your beggar is ever the first antipode to your king. The poets and romancical writers, (as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them,) when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the descent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which can be presented to the imagination without offence. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, must divest him of his garments, till he answer “mere nature,” and Cresseid, fallen from a prince’s love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar alms with bell and clap-dish.

The Lucian wits knew this very well; and with a converse policy, when they would express scorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had declined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! Yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the “true ballad” where King Cophetua woos the beggar maid?

Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its “neighbour grice.” Its poor rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascally comparative insults a beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He con-

fessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the beggar's robes and graceful insignia of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quakers'. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuation of agricultural or commercial prosperity toucheth him not, or at worst, but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The mendicants of this great city were so many of her rights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the ballad-singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial mottos, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry;

“Look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.”

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's-Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled

them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful dog guide at their feet—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? Immured between four walls, in what withering poorhouse do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropped halfpenny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dogs! Have the overseers of St L—— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks, and dropped into the Thames, at the suggestion of B——, the mild rector of ——?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne, most classical, and at the same time most English of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the *Epitaphium in Canem*, or *Dog's Epitaph*. Reader, peruse it; and say if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis:—

Pauperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
 Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
 Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,
 Prætense hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
 Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,
 Quæ dubios regerent passus, vestigia tuta
 Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
 In nudo nactus saxo, quæ prætereuntium
 Unda frequens confluit, ibi miserisque tenebras
 Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
 Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,
 Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.
 Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
 Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilia jussa
 Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicè

Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei

Tædia perpressus reditum sub nocte parabat.

Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,

Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ;

Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum

Orbavit dominum : prisci sed gratia facti

Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,

Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,

Etsi inopis, non ingratae, munuscula dextræ;

Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque

Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,

That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,

His guide and guard; nor, while my service lasted,

Had he occasion for that staff with which

He now goes picking out his path in fear

O'er the highways and crossings; but would plant,

Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,

A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd

His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide

Of passers-by in thickest confluence flow'd:

To whom with loud and passionate laments

From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd,

Nor wail'd to all in vain; some here and there,

The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.

I meantime at his feet obsequious slept;

Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear

Prick'd up at his least motion; to receive

At his kind hands my customary crumbs,

And common portion in his feast of scraps;

Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent

With our long day and tedious beggary.

These were my manners, this my way of life,

Till age and slow disease me overtook,

And sever'd from my sightless master's side.

But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus rear'd,
Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest—
In long and lasting union to attest—
The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood—a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident, which brought him low, took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a Centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithæan controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two-years

had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poorhouse, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—is a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Naturæ*, indeed, but) *Accidentium*? What if in forty-and-two years' going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child (as the rumour ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured? Whom had he imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their *sight* for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful motion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow-cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons Committee—was *this*, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is inconsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay, edifying, way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?

There was a Yorick once, whom it would not have shamed to have sat down at the cripples' feast, and to have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed."

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised

with the announcement of a five hundred pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham, (or some village thereabouts,) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sate begging alms by the wayside in the Borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts and pennies against giving an alms to the blind? —or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun.

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture. *Give, and ask no questions.* "Cast thy bread upon the waters." Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the "seven small children," in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and, under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

21.—The First Man.

BUFFON.

[THE Comte de Buffon, the most eloquent if not the most accurate of naturalists, was born in 1707, and died in 1788. More than two-thirds of his fourscore years were passed in unremitting literary labour. He was rich, luxurious, fond of display—yet he went to bed every night at nine o'clock, and began his appointed task every morning at six. In his later years, when asked how he could have done so much, he replied, "Have I not spent fifty years at my desk?" The passage which we translate from his chapter on "Man" will give a notion of the fertility of his imagination under the guidance of science.]

The first man describes his first movements, his first sensations, and his first ideas, after the creation.

I recollect that moment full of joy and perplexity, when, for the first time, I was aware of my singular existence; I did not know what I was, where I was, or where I came from. I opened my eyes: how my sensations increased! the light, the vault of heaven, the verdure of the earth, the crystal of the waters, everything interested me, animated me, and gave me an inexpressible sentiment of pleasure. I thought at first that all these objects were in me, and made a part of myself. I was confirming myself in this idea, when I turned my eyes towards the sun; its brilliancy distressed me; I involuntarily closed my eyelids, and I felt a slight sensation of grief. In this moment of darkness I thought I had lost my entire being.

Afflicted and astonished, I was thinking of this great change, when suddenly I heard sounds: the singing of the birds, the murmuring of the air, formed a concert the sweet influence of which touched my very soul; I listened for a long time, and I soon felt convinced that this harmony was myself. Intent upon and entirely occupied with this new part of my existence, I had already forgotten light, that other portion of my being, the first with which I had become acquainted, when I reopened my eyes. What happiness to possess once more so many brilliant objects! My pleasure surpassed what I had felt the first time, and for a while suspended the charming effect of sound.

I fixed my eyes on a thousand different objects ; I soon discovered that I might lose and recover these objects, and that I had, at my will, the power of destroying and reproducing this beautiful part of myself ; and, although it seemed to me immense in its grandeur, from the quality of the rays of light, and from the variety of the colours, I thought I had discovered that it was all a portion of my being.

I was beginning to see without emotion, and to hear without agitation, when a slight breeze, whose freshness I felt, brought to me perfumes that gave me an inward pleasure, and caused a feeling of love for myself.

Agitated by all these sensations, and oppressed by the pleasures of so beautiful and grand an existence, I suddenly rose, and I felt myself taken along by an unknown power. I only made one step ; the novelty of my situation made me motionless, my surprise was extreme ; I thought my existence was flying from me : the movement I had made disturbed the objects around me, I imagined everything was disordered.

I put my hand to my head ; I touched my forehead and eyes ; I felt all over my body ; my hand then appeared to me the principal organ of my existence. What I felt was so distinct and so complete, the enjoyment of it appeared so perfect, compared with the pleasure that light and sound had caused me, that I gave myself up entirely to this substantial part of my being, and I felt that my ideas acquired profundity and reality.

Every part of my body that I touched seemed to give back to my hand feeling for feeling, and each touch produced a double idea in my mind. I was not long in discovering that this faculty of feeling was spread over every part of my body ; I soon found out the limits of my existence, which had at first seemed to me immense in extent. I had cast my eyes over my body ; I thought it of enormous dimensions, so large, that all the objects that struck my eye appeared to me, in comparison, mere luminous points. I examined myself for a long time, I looked at myself with pleasure, I followed my hand with my eyes, and I observed all its movements. My mind was filled with the strangest ideas.

I thought the movement of my hand was only a kind of fugitive existence, a succession of similar things. I put my hand near my eyes; it seemed to me larger than my whole body, and it hid an infinite number of objects from my view.

I began to suspect that there was an illusion in the sensations that my eyes made me experience. I had distinctly seen that my hand was only a small part of my body, and I could not understand how it could increase so as to appear of immoderate size. I then resolved to trust only to touch, which had not yet deceived me, and to be on my guard with respect to every other way of feeling and being.

This precaution was useful to me. I put myself again in motion, and I walked with my head high and raised towards heaven. I struck myself slightly against a palm-tree; filled with fear, I placed my hand on this foreign substance, for such I thought it, because it did not give me back feeling for feeling. I turned away with a sort of horror, and then I knew for the first time that there was something distinct from myself. More agitated by this new discovery than I had been by all the others, I had great difficulty in reassuring myself; and, after having meditated upon this event, I came to the conclusion that I ought to judge of external objects as I had judged of the parts of my own body, that it was only by touching them that I could assure myself of their existence. I then tried to touch all I saw. I wanted to touch the sun; I stretched out my arms to embrace the horizon, and I only clasped the emptiness of air.

At every experiment that I made, I became more and more surprised; for all the objects around appeared to be equally near me: and it was only after an infinite number of trials that I learnt to use my eyes to guide my hand; and, as it gave me totally different ideas from the impressions that I received through the sense of sight, my opinions were only more imperfect, and my whole being was to me still a confused existence.

Profoundly occupied with myself, with what I was, and what I might be, the contrarieties I had just experienced humiliated me. The more I reflected, the more doubts arose in my mind. Tired out

by so much uncertainty, fatigued by the workings of my mind, my knees bent, and I found myself in a position of repose. This state of tranquillity gave new vigour to my senses. I was seated under the shadow of a fine tree; fruits of a red colour hung down in clusters within reach of my hand. I touched them lightly, they immediately fell from the branch, like the fig when it has arrived at maturity. I seized one of these fruits, I thought I had made a conquest, and I exulted in the power I felt of being able to hold in my hand another entire being. Its weight, though very slight, seemed to me an animated resistance, which I felt pleasure in vanquishing. I had put this fruit near my eyes; I was considering its form and colour. Its delicious smell made me bring it nearer; it was close to my lips; with long respirations I drew in the perfume, and I enjoyed in long draughts the pleasures of smell. I was filled with this perfumed air. My mouth opened to exhale it; it opened again to inhale it. I felt that I possessed an internal sense of smell, purer and more delicate than the first. At last, I tasted.

What a flavour! What a novel sensation! Until then I had only experienced pleasure; taste gave me the feeling of voluptuousness. The nearness of the enjoyment to myself produced the idea of possession. I thought the substance of the fruit had become mine, and that I had the power of transforming beings.

Flattered by this idea of power, and urged by the pleasure I had felt, I gathered a second and a third fruit, and I did not tire of using my hand to satisfy my taste; but an agreeable languor by degrees taking possession of my senses, weighed on my members, and suspended the activity of my mind. I judged of my inactivity by the faintness of my thoughts; my weakened senses blunted all the objects around, which appeared feeble and indistinct. At this moment, my now useless eyes closed, and my head, no longer kept up by the power of my muscles, fell back to seek support on the turf. Everything became effaced, everything disappeared. The course of my thoughts was interrupted, I lost the sensation of existence. This sleep was profound, but I do not know whether it was of long duration, not yet having an idea of

time, and therefore unable to measure it. My waking was only a second birth, and I merely felt that I had ceased to exist. The annihilation I had just experienced caused a sensation of fear, and made me feel that I could not exist for ever.

Another thing disquieted me. I did not know that I had not lost during my sleep some part of my being. I tried my senses. I endeavoured to know myself again.

At this moment, the sun, at the end of the course, ceased to give light. I scarcely perceived that I lost the sense of sight; I existed too much to fear the cessation of my being; and it was in vain that the obscurity recalled to me the idea of my first sleep.

22.—Nature's Law.

HOOKER.

[THE life of Richard Hooker has been written by Isaac Walton. He was born near Exeter, in 1553, of poor parents; was placed by an uncle at school; and through the patronage of Bishop Jewel was sent to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Having taken orders, he was presented to the living of Drayton Beauchamp, Bucks: and was preferred to be Master of the Temple in 1585. Here he became involved in a controversy on Church discipline, which determined him to write his "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." To acquire leisure for the completion of this task, he retired from the career of ambition which was opened to him, and resided, first at Boscombe in Wiltshire, and then at Bishopbourne in Kent, where he died in 1600. His great work in defence of the constitution and discipline of the Church of England is a masterpiece of learning, of acute reasoning, and of splendid eloquence. Amidst its rigid disquisitions there are passages that are truly sublime. It is difficult in an extract to furnish an adequate notion of the comprehensiveness of his argument. We give a passage from his first book, "Concerning Laws, and their several kinds in general." The concluding sentence of Walton's Life of Hooker is a just tribute to his personal character: "Bless, O Lord, Lord bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with ardent desires, and effectual endeavours, to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation: for these are praiseworthy; these bring peace at the last."]

I am not ignorant that by Law eternal, the learned for the most part do understand the order, not which God hath eternally purposed Himself in all His works to observe, but rather that which

with Himself he hath set down as an expedient to be kept by all His creatures, according to the several conditions wherewith He hath endued them. They who thus are accustomed to speak apply the name of Law unto that only rule of working which superior authority imposeth; whereas we, somewhat more enlarging the sense thereof, term any kind of rule or canon, whereby actions are framed, a law. Now that Law, which, as it is laid up in the bosom of God, they call eternal, receiveth, according unto the different kind of things which are subject unto it, different and sundry kinds of names. That part of it which ordereth natural agents, we call usually Nature's Law; that which angels do clearly behold, and without any swerving observe, is a Law celestial and heavenly; the Law of Reason, that which bindeth creatures reasonable in this world, and with which by reason they most plainly perceive themselves bound; that which bindeth them, and is not known but by special revelation from God, Divine Law: Human Law, that which out of the law, either of reason or of God, men probably gathering to be expedient, they make it a law. All things, therefore, which are as they ought to be, are conformed unto this second Law Eternal; and even those things, which to this Eternal Law are not conformable, are notwithstanding in some sort ordered by the first Eternal Law. For what good or evil is there under the sun; what action correspondent or repugnant unto the law which God hath imposed upon His creatures, but in, or upon it, God doth work according to the law, which Himself hath eternally purposed to keep; that is to say, the first Eternal Law? So that a twofold law eternal being thus made, it is not hard to conceive how they both take place in all things. Wherefore to come to the Law of Nature, albeit thereby we sometimes mean that manner of working which God hath set for each created thing to keep; yet forasmuch as those things are termed most properly natural agents, which keep the law of their kind unwittingly, as the heavens and elements of the world, which can do no otherwise than they do: and forasmuch as we give unto intellectual natures the name of voluntary agents, that so we may distinguish them from the other, expedient it will be that we

sever the Law of Nature observed by the one, from that which the other is tied unto. Touching the former, their strict keeping of one tenure, statute, and law, is spoken of by all, but hath in it more than men have as yet attained to know, or perhaps ever shall attain, seeing the travail of wading herein is given of God to the sons of men; that perceiving how much the least thing in the world hath in it, more than the wisest are able to reach unto, they may by this means learn humility. Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: *God said, Let there be light: let there be a firmament: let the waters under the heavens be gathered together into one place: let the earth bring forth: let there be lights in the firmament of heaven.* Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power, by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour? Surely, it seemeth that Moses had herein, besides this, a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand, and decreeing with himself, that which did outwardly proceed from him. Secondly, to show that God did then institute a law naturally to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course, which they do, importeth the establishment of Nature's Law. The world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it, but only so far forth a manifestation by execution what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world; since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do His will: *He made a law for the rain; He gave His decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass His commandment.* Now, if Nature should intermit her course, and leave

altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother-elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have: if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were, through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixtures, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the Law of Nature is the stay of the whole world? Notwithstanding, with nature it cometh sometimes to pass as with art. Let Phidias have rude and obstinate stuff to carve, though his art do that it should, his work will lack that beauty which otherwise in fitter matter it might have had. He that striketh an instrument with skill, may cause notwithstanding a very unpleasant sound, if the string whereon he striketh chance to be incapable of harmony. In the matter whereof things natural consist, that of Theophrastus takes place, Πολὺ τὸ οὐχ ὑπακούον οὐδὲ δεχόμενον τὸ εὔ. *Much of it is oftentimes such as will by no means yield to receive that impression which were best and most perfect.* Which defect in the matter of things natural, they who gave themselves to the contemplation of nature amongst the heathen, observed often; but the true original cause thereof, divine malediction, laid for the sin of man upon these creatures, which God had made for the use of man, this being an article of that saving truth which God hath revealed unto His Church, was above the reach of their merely natural capacity and understanding. But howsoever, these swervings are now and then incident

into the course of nature ; nevertheless, so constantly the laws of nature are by natural agents observed, that no man denieth but those things which nature worketh are wrought either always, or for the most part, after one and the same manner. If here it be demanded, what this is which keepeth Nature in obedience to her own law, we must have recourse to that higher law whereof we have already spoken ; and because all other laws do thereon depend, from thence we must borrow so much as shall need for brief resolution in this point. Although we are not of opinion, therefore, as some are, that Nature in working hath before her certain exemplary draughts or patterns, which subsisting in the bosom of the Highest, and being thence discovered, she fixeth her eye upon them, as travellers by sea upon the pole star of the world, and that according thereunto she guideth her hand to work by imitation : although we rather embrace the oracle of Hippocrates, *That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny hath set down.* And concerning the manner of executing and fulfilling the same, *What they do, they know not, yet is it in show and appearance as though they did know what they do; and the truth is, they do not discern the things which they look on:* nevertheless, forasmuch as the works of Nature are no less exact, than if she did both behold and study how to express some absolute shape or mirror always present before her ; yea, such her dexterity and skill appeareth, that no intellectual creature in the world were able by capacity to do that which Nature doth without capacity and knowledge ; it cannot be but Nature hath some director of infinite knowledge to guide her in all her ways. Who is the guide of Nature, but only the God of Nature ? *In Him we live, move, and are.* Those things which Nature is said to do, are by divine art performed, using Nature as an instrument ; nor is there any such art or knowledge divine in Nature herself working, but in the guide of Nature's work. Whereas therefore things natural, which are not in the number of voluntary agents (for of such only we now speak, and of no other) do so necessarily observe their certain laws, that as long as they keep those forms which give them their being, they cannot possibly be apt or inclin-

able to do otherwise than they do; seeing the kinds of their operations are both constantly and exactly framed, according to the several ends for which they serve, they themselves in the meanwhile, though doing that which is fit, yet knowing neither what they do, nor why; it followeth that all which they do in this sort proceedeth originally from some such agent as knoweth, appointeth, holdeth up, and even actually frameth the same.

23.—The Good Lord Clifford.

WORDSWORTH.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE, UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS.



LORD CLIFFORD AS A SHEPHERD.

[THE greatest name in the literature of our own age is William Wordsworth. Twenty years ago we should have been sneered at for this opinion; no one now ventures to doubt its truth, who has outlived the poetical creed of the first Edinburgh Reviewers. Hazlitt, a critic in many respects before his age, writes thus of Wordsworth:—"He is the most original poet now living, and the one whose writings could the least be spared, for they have no substitute elsewhere. The vulgar do not read them; the learned, who see all things through books, do not understand them; the great despise, the fashionable may ridicule them; but the author has created himself an interest in the heart of the retired and lonely student which can never die." The tastes of the retired and lonely

student have triumphed over the pedantry of the learned and the coldness of the great and fashionable; and by dint of better education, and a familiarity with good models, the class whom Hazlitt calls "the vulgar" do read the poems of the secluded thinker, who made the earnest cultivation of the highest poetry the one business of his life.

Mr Wordsworth was born in 1770. He was educated at Hawkshead Grammar School; and graduated at St John's College, Cambridge, in 1791. In 1793 he published a small poem, "The Evening Walk," and in 1798 was associated with Coleridge, in the "Lyrical Ballads." In 1803 he married his cousin, Mary Hutchinson; and for the remainder of his life dwelt in the lake country, occasionally publishing and slowly winning his power over the mind of his age. He died on the 23d of April 1850. In his last years he might have been apostrophised in his own beautiful lines, in companionship with Homer and Milton:—

"Brothers in soul! though distant times
Produced you, nursed in various climes,
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
A plenitude of love retain'd;
Hence, while in you each sad regret
By corresponding hope was met,
Ye linger'd among human kind,
Sweet voices for the passing wind;
Departing sunbeams, loath to stop,
Though smiling on the last hill-top."

High in the breathless hall the minstrel sate, And Emont's murmur mingled with the song. The words of ancient time I thus trans- late, A festal strain that hath been silent long:— "From town to town, from tower to tower, The red rose is a gladsome flower. Her thirty years of winter past, The red rose is revived at last; She lifts her head for endless spring, For everlasting blossoming Both roses flourish, Red and White. In love and sisterly delight The two that were at strife are blended, And all old troubles now are ended.	Joy! joy to both! but most to her Who is the flower of Lancaster! Behold her how she smiles to-day On this great throng, this bright array! Fair greeting doth she send to all From every corner of the hall; But chiefly from above the board Where sits in state our rightful lord, A Clifford to his own restored!
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The red rose is a gladsome flower. Her thirty years of winter past, The red rose is revived at last; She lifts her head for endless spring, For everlasting blossoming Both roses flourish, Red and White. In love and sisterly delight The two that were at strife are blended, And all old troubles now are ended.	"They came with banner, spear, and shield; And it was proved in Bosworth field. Not long the Avenger was withstood— Earth helped him with the cry of blood: St George was with us, and the might Of blessed angels crown'd the right. Loud voice the land has utter'd forth, We loudest in the faithful north:
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Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming;
Our strong abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty.

“How glad is Skipton at this hour,
Though she is but a lonely tower!
To vacancy and silence left;
Of all her guardian sons bereft—
Knight, squire, or yeoman, page or
groom;
We have them at the feast of Brougham.
How glad Pendragon, though the sleep
Of years be on her!—She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden’s course to guard;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely tower:—
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair house by Emont’s side,
This day, distinguish’d without peer,
To see her Master, and to cheer
Him and his Lady Mother dear!

“Oh! it was a time forlorn,
When the fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die!
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the mother and the child.
Who will take them from the light?
—Yonder is a man in sight—
Yonder is a house—but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven, she looks:
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, mother mild,
Maid and mother undefiled,
Save a mother and her child!

“Now, who is he that bounds with
joy
On Carrock’s side, a shepherd boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that
pass

Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be he who hither came
In secret, like a smother’d flame?
O’er whom such thankful tears were
shed
For shelter, and a poor man’s bread!
God loves the child, and God hath
will’d
That those dear words should be ful-
fill’d,
The lady’s words, when forced away,
The last she to her babe did say,
‘My own, my own, thy fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd’s life is best!’

“Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The boy must part from Mossdale’s
groves,
And leave Blencathara’s rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer
brings
To Glenderamakin’s lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turn’d to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!
Thou free of covert and of rest
For this young bird, that is distrest,
Among the branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play
When falcons were abroad for prey.

“A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford’s ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long.
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy youth,

And thankful through a weary time
That brought him up to manhood's
prime.

—Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
Hath he, a child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for solemn glee,
And a cheerful company,
That learn'd of him submissive ways,
And comforted his private days.

To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stoop'd down to pay him fealty;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale-Tarn did wait on
him,

The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;
They moved about in open sight,
To and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which angels haunt
On the mountains visitant;
He hath kenn'd them taking wing;
And the caves where faeries sing
He hath enter'd,—and been told
By voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
Face of thing that is to be;
And if men report him right,
He could whisper words of might.
—Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom:
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls;
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the lance—
Bear me to the heart of France,

Is the longing of the shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling field.
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Grown thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our shepherd, in his power,
Mail'd and horsed, with lance and
sword,
To his ancestors restored,
Like a reappearing star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!"

Alas! the fervent harper did not
know
That for a tranquil soul the lay was
framed,
Who long compell'd in humble walks
to go,
Was soften'd into feeling, soothed, and
tamed.
Love had he found in huts where poor
men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and
rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely
hills.
In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts,
were dead:
Nor did he change; but kept in lofty
place
The wisdom which adversity had
bred.
Glad were the vales, and every cottage
hearth;
The shepherd lord was honour'd more
and more:
And ages after he was laid in earth,
"The good Lord Clifford" was the
name he bore.

Mr Southey, describing the mountain scenery of the lake region, says, "The story of the shepherd Lord Clifford, which was known only to a few antiquaries till it was told so beautifully in verse by Wordsworth, gives a romantic interest to Blencathara." Henry Lord Clifford was the son of John Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towton, which battle placed the House of York upon the throne. His family could expect no mercy from the conqueror; for he was the man who slew the younger brother of Edward IV. in the battle of Wakefield—a deed of cruelty in a cruel age. The hero of this poem fled from his paternal home, and lived for twenty-four years as a shepherd. He was restored to his rank and estates by Henry VII. The following narrative is from an old MS. quoted by Mr Southey:—

"So in the condition of a shepherd's boy at Lonsborrow, where his mother then lived for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth, till he was about fourteen years of age, about which time his mother's father, Henry Bromflett, Lord Vesey, deceased. But a little after his death it came to be rumoured at the court that his daughter's two sons were alive; about which their mother was examined, but her answer was, that she had given directions to send them both beyond seas, to be bred there, and she did not know whether they were dead or alive.

"And as this Henry Lord Clifford did grow to more years, he was still the more capable of his danger, if he had been discovered. And therefore presently after his grandfather, the Lord Vesey, was dead, the said rumour of his being alive, being more and more whispered at the court, made his said loving mother, by the means of her second husband, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, to send him away with the said shepherds and their wives into Cumberland, to be kept as a shepherd there, sometimes at Threlkeld, and amongst his father-in-law's kindred, and sometimes upon the borders of Scotland, where they took lands purposely for these shepherds that had the custody of him; where many times his father-in-law came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly. By which mean kind of breeding this inconvenience befell him, that he could neither write nor read; for they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning, lest by it his birth should be discovered. Yet after he came to his lands and honours, he learnt to write his name only.

"Notwithstanding which disadvantage, after he came to be possessed again and restored to the enjoyment of his father's estate, he came to be a very wise man, and a very good manager of his estate and fortunes.

"This Henry Lord Clifford, after he came to be possessed of his said estate, was a great builder and repairer of all his castles in the north, which had gone to decay when he came to enjoy them; for they had been in strangers' hands about twenty-four or twenty-five years. Skipton Castle and the lands about it had been given to William Stanley by King Edward IV., which William Stanley's head was cut off about the tenth year of King Henry VII.; and Westmoreland was given by Edward IV. to his brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who was afterwards king of England, and was slain in battle the 22d of August 1485.

“This Henry Lord Clifford did, after he came to his estate, exceedingly delight in astronomy, and the contemplation of the course of the stars, which it was likely he was seasoned in during the course of his shepherd’s life. He built a great part of Barden Tower, (which is now much decayed,) and there he lived much; which it is thought he did the rather because in that place he had furnished himself with instruments for that study.

“He was a plain man, and lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to the Court or London, but when he was called thither to sit in them as a peer of the realm, in which parliament, it is reported, he behaved himself wisely, and nobly, and like a good Englishman.”

24.—Struggling with Adversity.

BASIL HALL.

[THERE is only one book of biography in our language that, in our view, can compare with Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*, and that book is Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*. The life of the great novelist is more artistically put together than the life of the great moralist and critic; but they each, in their several modes, place you in the most intimate companionship with the heroes of their respective stories. There is more of varied incident in the narrative of Scott’s career than in that of Johnson. When Scott falls from his splendid position as regards wealth into comparative poverty, with a load of debt upon his shoulders that might have sunk him to the earth, we trace the gradual approach and consummation of his ruin with an interest that no writer of fiction could ever hope to excite and sustain. And when, again, we see the brave man bearing his load gallantly through years of labour, and gradually casting it off, bit by bit, and winning universal love and admiration by his wondrous exertions of talent and industry, that he may work out his emancipation by the strength of his own hand alone—the world can hardly show another such example of the sublime spectacle of will o’ermastering fate. We offer these obvious remarks upon the career of Scott, as an introduction to a most interesting narrative extracted from Captain Basil Hall’s *Diary*, and published in Mr Lockhart’s *Life of Scott*. Captain Hall was a most accomplished naval officer—one of that class now happily so common, who unite a taste for science and literature with their professional knowledge. He has described some of his travels and adventures with remarkable spirit in various popular works. He was born in 1788, and died in 1844.]

A hundred and fifty years hence, when his works have become old classical authorities, it may interest some fervent lover of his writings to know what this great genius was about on Saturday the 10th of June 1826—five months after the total ruin of his

pecuniary fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife.

In the days of his good luck he used to live at No. 39 North Castle Street, in a house befitting a rich baronet; but on reaching the door, I found the plate on it covered with rust, (so soon is glory obscured,) the windows shuttered up, dusty, and comfortless; and from the side of one projected a board, with this inscription,—“To Sell;” the stairs were unwashed, and not a foot-mark told of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am acquainted the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the great tide of civilisation; and, *vice versâ*, those persons who decline in fortune, which is mostly equivalent to declining in fashion, shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and inquiring at the clubs in Prince’s Street, learned that he now resided in St David Street, No. 6.

I was rather glad to recognise my old friend the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door—the saying about heroes and valets-de-chambre comes to one’s recollection on such occasions; and nothing, we may be sure, is more likely to be satisfactory to a man whose fortune is reduced than the stanch adherence of a mere servant, whose wages must be altered for the worse. At the top of the stair we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for one solitary person’s dinner. Some few months ago Sir Walter was surrounded by his family, and wherever he moved, his head-quarters were the focus of fashion. Travellers from all nations crowded round, and, like the recorded honours of Lord Chatham, “thickened over him.” Lady and Miss Scott were his constant companions; the Lockharts were his neighbours both in town and in Roxburghshire; his eldest son was his frequent guest; and, in short, what with his own family and the clouds of tourists, who, like so many hordes of Cossacks, pressed upon him, there was not, perhaps, out of a palace, any man so attended, I had almost said overpowered, by company. His wife is now dead—his son-in-law and favourite daughter gone to London, and his grandchild, I fear, just staggering, poor little fellow, on the

edge of the grave, which, perhaps, is the securest refuge for him—his eldest son is married, and at a distance, and report speaks of no probability of the title descending; in short, all are dispersed, and the tourists, those “curiosos impertinentes,” drive past Abbotsford gate, and curse their folly in having delayed for a year too late their long-projected jaunt to the north. Meanwhile, not to mince the matter, the great man had, somehow or other, managed to involve himself with printers, publishers, bankers, gasmakers, wool-staplers, and all the fraternity of speculators, accommodation-bill manufacturers, land-jobbers, and so on, till, at a season of distrust in money matters, the hour of reckoning came, like a thief in the night; and as our friend, like the unthrifty virgins, had no oil in his lamp, all his affairs went to wreck and ruin, and landed him, after the gale was over, in the predicament of Robinson Crusoe, with little more than a shirt to his back. But, like that able navigator, he is not cast away upon a barren rock. The tide has ebbed, indeed, and left him on the beach, but the hull of his fortunes is above water still, and it will go hard indeed with him if he does not shape a raft that shall bring to shore much of the cargo that an ordinary mind would leave in despair, to be swept away by the next change of the moon. The distinction between man and the rest of the living creation, certainly, is in nothing more remarkable than in the power which he possesses over them, of turning to varied account the means with which the world is stocked. But it has always struck me that there is a far greater distinction between man and man than between many men and most other animals; and it is from a familiarity with the practical operation of this marvellous difference that I venture to predict that our Crusoe will cultivate his own island, and build himself a bark in which, in process of time, he will sail back to his friends and fortune in greater triumph than if he had never been driven amongst the breakers.

Sir Walter Scott, then, was sitting at a writing-desk covered with papers, and on the top was a pile of bound volumes of the *Moniteur*,—one, which he was leaning over as my brother and I entered, was open on a chair, and two others were lying on the floor. As

he rose to receive us, he closed the volume which he had been extracting from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers and the other trappings of woe; but his countenance, though certainly a little woe-begonish, was not cast into any very deep furrows. His tone and manner were as friendly as heretofore; and when he saw that we had no intention of making any attempt at sympathy or moanification, but spoke to him as of old, he gradually contracted the length of his countenance, and allowed the corners of his mouth to curl almost imperceptibly upwards, and a renewed lustre came into his eye, if not exactly indicative of cheerfulness, at all events of well-regulated, patient, Christian resignation. My meaning will be misunderstood if it be imagined from this picture that I suspected any hypocrisy, or an affectation of grief, in the first instance. I have no doubt, indeed, that he feels, and most acutely, the bereavements which have come upon him; but we may very fairly suppose, that among the many visitors he must have, there may be some who cannot understand that it is proper, decent, or even possible, to hide those finer emotions deep in the heart. He immediately began conversing in his usual style—the chief topic being Captain Denham (whom I had recently seen in London) and his book of African Travels, which Sir Walter had evidently read with much attention. . . . After sitting a quarter of an hour we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit—and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever, and very possibly all the better for the discipline—better, I mean, for the public, inasmuch as he has now a vast additional stimulus for exertion, and one which all the world must admit to be thoroughly noble and generous.

25.—Omens.

DAVY.

[SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, the great chemist, may fairly take his place amongst "the best authors." The qualities by which he raised himself to his professional eminence were the very qualities that make a great writer—a vivid imagination subjected to the discipline of accurate reasoning, and both working with unwearied industry. Davy took the largest views of science; but he worked them out by the most diligent examination of the minutest facts. We trace the same genius in his lighter writings. The extract which we are about to give is from his little book on fly-fishing, entitled "Salmonia," a book full of the most charming pictures of external nature, seen through the brilliant atmosphere of a poetical philosophy. Davy was born in Penzance in 1778. His father was a carver in wood; and, while an apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary, the future president of the Royal Society was laying up materials for his career in diligent study. In 1801 he came to London, and became a lecturer at the Royal Institution; from this time his life was one continued series of brilliant discoveries and beautiful exposition. The Miner's Safety Lamp is one of the most signal examples of the practical benefit of the highest theoretical science. He died in the maturity of his fame at the comparatively early age of fifty-one.]

Poict. I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the west.

Phys. I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.

Hal. Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?

Phys. The air when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have observed generally a coppery or yellow sunset to foretell rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and, consequently, the more ready to fall.

Hal. I have often observed that the old proverb is correct—

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning,
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Can you explain this omen?

Phys. A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or

depositing the rain are opposite to the sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

Poict. I have often observed that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. Can you account for this?

Hal. Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata of air are higher, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

Poict. I have often seen sea-gulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.

Orn. No such thing. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave, and you may see him flitting above the edge of the highest surge. I believe that the reason of this migration of sea-gulls, and other sea birds, to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth-worms and larvæ, driven out of the ground by severe floods; and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food, as we agreed on a former occasion, is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting, in the end of March, for

the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome, a great flight appeared on the 3d of April, and the day after heavy rain set in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but *two* may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.

Poict. The singular connexions of causes and effects, to which you have just referred, make superstition less to be wondered at, particularly amongst the vulgar; and when two facts, naturally unconnected, have been accidentally coincident, it is not singular that this coincidence should have been observed and registered, and that omens of the most absurd kind should be trusted in. In the west of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea-coast was referred to a spirit or goblin called Bucca, and was supposed to foretell a shipwreck: the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air, and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast, without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic.

Phys. All the instances of omens you have mentioned are founded on reason; but how can you explain such absurdities as Friday being an unlucky day, the terror of spilling salt, or meeting an old woman? I knew a man, of very high dignity, who was exceedingly moved by these omens, and who never went out shooting without a bittern's claw fastened to his button-hole by a riband, which he thought insured him good luck.

Poict. These, as well as the omens of death-watches, dreams, &c., are for the most part founded upon some accidental coin-

cidence; but spilling of salt, on an uncommon occasion, may, as I have known it, arise from a disposition to apoplexy, shown by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom; and persons dispirited by bad omens sometimes prepare the way for evil fortune; for confidence in success is a great means of insuring it. The dream of Brutus, before the field of Pharsalia, probably produced a species of irresolution and despondency which was the principal cause of his losing the battle: and I have heard that the illustrious sportsman to whom you referred just now, was always observed to shoot ill, because he shot carelessly, after one of his dispiriting omens.

Hal. I have in life met with a few things which I found it impossible to explain, either by chance coincidences or by natural connexions: and I have known minds of a very superior class affected by them—persons in the habit of reasoning deeply and profoundly.

Phys. In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder-cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and the referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.

26.—The Present Age.

CHANNING.

[IT is our intention, from time to time, to give specimens of those writers of the United States who have added something to the glories of "the tongue which Shakspeare spake." Amongst those, one of the most celebrated is William Ellery Channing, D.D. He was born in 1780 or 1781; was educated at Harvard College; became a member of the Unitarian communion; and spent his life as pastor of a congregation at Boston. He died in 1842. Dr Channing's reputation is very high in this country; chiefly from the republication of his *Essays on Milton* and on *Napoleon Bonaparte*. He is a great master of words, which he pours forth with fluency, elegance, and even splendour; but there appears sometimes a want of solidity. This is, no doubt, a consequence of the diffuseness of his style; which has the flow of the orator, rather than the condensation of the writer. But without doubt Channing may be advantageously read. Passing over his controversial works, there is great benevolence in all his tendencies. He sees the conditions of human progress very clearly. He aims to banish vice and ignorance from the world by the general elevation of the great masses of the people. His efforts for the abolition of negro slavery were unremitting.]

In looking at our age, I am struck, immediately, with one commanding characteristic, and that is, the tendency in all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this, I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged petted individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few, now of the many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it, has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint con-

sciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking its place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all; these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.

If we look at the various movements of our age, we shall see in them this tendency to universality and diffusion. Look, first, at science and literature. Where is science now? Locked up in a few colleges, or royal societies, or inaccessible volumes? Are its experiments mysteries for a few privileged eyes? Are its portals guarded by a dark phraseology, which, to the multitude, is a foreign tongue? No; science has now left her retreats, her shades, her selected company of votaries, and with familiar tone begun the work of instructing the race. Through the press, discoveries and theories, once the monopoly of philosophers, have become the property of the multitude. Its professors, heard, not long ago, in the university or some narrow school, now speak in the mechanics' institute. The doctrine that the labourer should understand the principles of his art, should be able to explain the laws and processes which he turns to account; that instead of working as a machine, he should join intelligence to his toil, is no longer listened to as a dream. Science, once the greatest of distinctions, is becoming popular. A lady gives us conversations on chemistry, revealing to the minds of our youth vast laws of the universe, which, fifty years ago, had not dawned on the greatest minds. The school-books of our children contain grand views of the creation. There are parts of our country (the United States) in which lyceums spring up in almost every village, for the purpose of mutual aid in the study of natural science. The characteristic of

our age, then, is not the improvement of science, rapid as this is, so much as its extension to all men.

The same characteristic will appear, if we inquire into the use now made of science. Is it simply a matter of speculation? a topic of discourse? an employment of the intellect? In this case, the multitude, with all their means of instruction, would find in it only a hurried gratification. But one of the distinctions of our time is that science has passed from speculation into life. Indeed, it is not pursued enough for its intellectual and contemplative uses. It is sought as a mighty power, by which nature is not only to be opened to thought, but to be subjected to our needs. It is conferring on us that dominion over earth, sea, and air, which was prophesied in the first command given to man by his Maker; and this dominion is now employed, not to exalt a few, but to multiply the comforts and ornaments of life for the multitude of men. Science has become an inexhaustible mechanician; and by her forges, and mills, and steam cars, and printers' presses, is bestowing on millions not only comforts, but luxuries which were once the distinction of a few.

Another illustration of the tendency of science to expansion and universality may be found in its aims and objects. Science has burst all bonds, and is aiming to comprehend the universe, and thus it multiplies fields of inquiry for all orders of minds. There is no province of nature which it does not invade. Not content with exploring the darkest periods of human history, it goes behind the birth of the human race, and studies the stupendous changes which our globe experienced for hundreds of centuries, to become prepared for man's abode. Not content with researches into visible nature, it is putting forth all its energies to detect the laws of invisible and imponderable matter. Difficulties only provoke it to new efforts. It would lay open the secrets of the polar ocean, and of untrodden barbarous lands. Above all, it investigates the laws of social progress, of arts, and institutions of government, and political economy, proposing as its great end the alleviation of all human burdens, the weal of all the members of the human race. In truth, nothing is more

characteristic of our age than the vast range of inquiry which is opening more and more to the multitude of men. Thought frees the old bounds to which men used to confine themselves. It holds nothing too sacred for investigation. It calls the past to account, and treats hoary opinions as if they were of yesterday's growth. No reverence drives it back. No great name terrifies it. The foundations of what seems most settled must be explored. Undoubtedly this is a perilous tendency. Men forget the limits of their powers. They question the Infinite, the Unsearchable, with an audacious self-reliance. They shock pious and revering minds, and rush into an extravagance of doubt, more unphilosophical and foolish than the weakest credulity. Still, in this dangerous wildness, we see what I am stating, the tendency to expansion in the movements of thought.

I have hitherto spoken of science, and what is true of science is still more true of literature. Books are now placed within reach of all. Works, once too costly except for the opulent, are now to be found on the labourer's shelf. Genius sends its light into cottages. The great names of literature are become household words among the crowd. Every party, religious or political, scatters its sheets on all the winds. We may lament, and too justly, the small comparative benefit as yet accomplished by this agency; but this ought not to surprise or discourage us. In our present stage of improvement, books of little worth, deficient in taste and judgment, and ministering to men's prejudices and passions, will almost certainly be circulated too freely. Men are never very wise and select in the exercise of a new power. Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance. It is an undoubted fact, that, silently, books of a higher order are taking the place of the worthless. Happily, the instability of the human mind works sometimes for good as well as evil: men grow tired at length even of amusements. Works of fiction cease to interest them, and they turn from novels to books, which, having their origin in deep principles of our nature, retain their hold of the human mind for ages. At any rate, we see in the present diffusion of literature the tendency to universality of which I have spoken.

The remarks now made on literature might be extended to the fine arts. In these we see, too, the tendency to universality. It is said that the spirit of the great artists has died out ; but the taste for their works is spreading. By the improvements of engraving, and the invention of casts, the genius of the great masters is going abroad. Their conceptions are no longer pent up in galleries open to but few, but meet us in our homes, and are the household pleasures of millions. Works, designed for the halls and eyes of emperors, popes, and nobles, find their way, in no poor representations, into humble dwellings, and sometimes give a consciousness of kindred powers to the child of poverty. The art of drawing, which lies at the foundation of most of the fine arts, and is the best education of the eye for nature, is becoming a branch of common education, and in some countries is taught in schools to which all classes are admitted.

I am reminded, by this remark, of the most striking feature of our times, and showing its tendency to universality, and that is, the unparalleled and constantly-accelerated diffusion of education. This greatest of arts, as yet little understood, is making sure progress, because its principles are more and more sought in the common nature of man ; and the great truth is spreading that every man has a right to its aid. Accordingly, education is becoming the work of nations. Even in the despotic governments of Europe, schools are open for every child without distinction ; and not only the elements of reading and writing, but music and drawing are taught, and a foundation is laid for future progress in history, geography, and physical science. The greatest minds are at work on popular education. The revenues of states are applied most liberally, not to the universities for the few, but to the common schools. Undoubtedly, much remains to be done ; especially a new rank in society is to be given to the teacher ; but even in this respect a revolution has commenced, and we are beginning to look on the guides of the young as the chief benefactors of mankind.

Thus we see, in the intellectual movements of our times, the

tendency to expansion, to universality ; and this must continue. It is not an accident, or an inexplicable result, or a violence on nature ; it is founded in eternal truth. Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge ; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance. The divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labour, than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, ploughmen, or servants. Every being, so gifted, is intended to acquaint himself with God and His works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished ; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending ; and without this all outward political changes would be but children's play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

27. —Classical Education.

ARNOLD.

[THE opinions of so eminent a man as the late Dr Arnold on Classical Education must always command the attention of every candid inquirer. Those who advocate the general education of the people are somewhat too apt to say that Latin and Greek are useless things. There cannot, in our view, be a greater instance of narrow-mindedness. It is the abuse of the study of Latin and Greek that alone is to be condemned. Arnold was the model of a sensible teacher ; and the following extract from an account of his own school at Rugby, which he published in the *Quarterly Journal of Education*, in 1834, puts this question of Classical Education on the surest footing. Thomas Arnold was born at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in 1795 ; he died of spasm of the heart in 1842 ; having devoted the greater part of his useful life to the instruction of the young. As an author, he is best known by his "Roman History." But the great beauty of his character was never generally understood till the publication of his "Life and Correspondence." The following account of his mode of living at Laleham, where he received private pupils from 1819 to 1828, is from the pen of one of those pupils ; and it eminently shows the great cause of Arnold's unrivalled success as the head master of a public school, in which capacity he closed his too short career :—

“The most remarkable thing which struck me at once on joining the Laleham circle was, the wonderful healthiness of tone and feeling which prevailed in it. Everything about me I immediately found to be most real; it was a place where a new-comer at once felt that a great and earnest work was going forward. Dr Arnold’s great power as a private tutor resided in this, that he gave such an intense earnestness to life. Every pupil was made to feel that there was a work for him to do—that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well. Hence, an indescribable zest was communicated to a young man’s feelings about life; a strange joy came over him on discovering that he had the means of being useful, and thus of being happy; and a deep respect and ardent attachment sprang up towards him who had taught him thus to value life and his ownself, and his work and mission in this world. All this was founded on the breadth and comprehensiveness of Arnold’s character, as well as its striking truth and reality; on the unfeigned regard he had for work of all kinds, and the sense he had of its value both for the complex aggregate of society and the growth and perfection of the individual. Thus, pupils of the most different natures were keenly stimulated: none felt that he was left out, or that, because he was not endowed with large powers of mind, there was no sphere open to him in the honourable pursuit of usefulness. This wonderful power of making all his pupils respect themselves, and in awakening in them a consciousness of the duties that God has assigned to them personally, and of the consequent reward each should have of his labours, was one of Arnold’s most characteristic features as a trainer of youth; he possessed it eminently at Rugby; but, if I may trust my own vivid recollections, he had it quite as remarkably at Laleham. His hold over all his pupils I know perfectly astonished me. It was not so much an enthusiastic admiration for his genius, or learning, or eloquence, which stirred within them; it was a sympathetic thrill, caught from a spirit that was earnestly at work in the world—whose work was healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God—a work which was founded on a deep sense of its duty and its value; and was coupled with such a true humility, such an unaffected simplicity, that others could not help being invigorated by the same feeling, and with the belief that they too in their measure could go and do likewise.

“In all this there was no excitement, no predilection for one class of work above another; no enthusiasm for any one-sided object; but a humble, profound, and most religious consciousness that work is the appointed calling of man on earth, the end for which his various faculties were given, the element in which his nature is ordained to develop itself, and in which his progressive advance towards heaven is to lie. Hence, each pupil felt assured of Arnold’s sympathy in his own particular growth and character of talent; in striving to cultivate his own gifts, in whatever direction they might lead him, he infallibly found Arnold not only approving, but positively and sincerely valuing for themselves the results he had arrived at; and that approbation and esteem gave a dignity and a worth both to himself and his labour.”]

A reader unacquainted with the real nature of a classical education will be in danger of undervaluing it, when he sees that so large a portion of time at so important a period of human life is devoted to the study of a few ancient writers whose works seem to have no direct bearing on the studies and duties of our own generation. For instance, although some provision is undoubtedly made at Rugby for acquiring a knowledge of modern history, yet the history of Greece and Rome is more studied than that of France and England; and Homer and Virgil are certainly much more attended to than Shakspeare and Milton. This appears to many persons a great absurdity; while others who are so far swayed by authority as to believe the system to be right, are yet unable to understand how it can be so. A Journal of Education may not be an unfit place for a few remarks on this subject.

It may be freely confessed that the first origin of classical education affords in itself no reasons for its being continued now. When Latin and Greek were almost the only written languages of civilised men, it is manifest that they must have furnished the subjects of all liberal education. The question therefore is wholly changed since the growth of a complete literature in other languages; since France, and Italy, and Germany, and England, have each produced their philosophers, their poets, and their historians, worthy to be placed on the same level with those of Greece and Rome.

But although there is not the *same* reason now which existed three or four centuries ago for the study of Greek and Roman literature, yet there is another no less substantial. Expel Greek and Latin from your schools, and you confine the views of the existing generation to themselves and their immediate predecessors; you will cut off so many centuries of the world's experience, and place us in the same state as if the human race had first come into existence in the year 1500. For it is nothing to say that a few learned individuals might still study classical literature; the effect produced on the public mind would be no greater than that which has resulted from the labours of our Oriental scholars: it

would not spread beyond themselves; and men in general, after a few generations, would know as little of Greece and Rome, as they do actually of China and Hindostan. But such an ignorance would be incalculably more to be regretted. With the Asiatic mind we have no nearer connexion and sympathy than is derived from our common humanity. But the mind of the Greek and of the Roman is in all the essential points of its constitution our own; and not only so, but it is our mind developed to an extraordinary degree of perfection. Wide as is the difference between us with respect to those physical instruments which minister to our uses or our pleasures; although the Greeks and Romans had no steam-engines, no printing-presses, no mariner's compass, no telescopes, no microscopes, no gunpowder; yet in our moral and political views, in those matters which must determine human character, there is a perfect resemblance in these respects. Aristotle, and Plato, and Thucydides, and Cicero, and Tacitus, are most untruly called ancient writers; they are virtually our own countrymen and contemporaries, but have the advantage which is enjoyed by intelligent travellers, that their observation has been exercised in a field out of the reach of common men; and that having thus seen in a manner with our eyes what we cannot see for ourselves, their conclusions are such as bear upon our own circumstances, while their information has all the charm of novelty, and all the value of a mass of new and pertinent facts, illustrative of the great science of the nature of civilised man.

Now when it is said that men in manhood so often throw their Greek and Latin aside, and that this very fact shows the uselessness of their early studies, it is much more true to say that it shows how completely the literature of Greece and Rome would be forgotten, if our system of education did not keep up the knowledge of it. But it by no means shows that system to be useless, unless it followed that when a man laid aside his Greek and Latin books, he forgot also all that he had ever gained from them. This, however, is so far from being the case, that even where the results of a classical education are least tangible, and least appreciated even by the individual himself, still the mind often retains much of the

effect of its early studies in the general liberality of its tastes and comparative comprehensiveness of its views and notions.

All this supposes, indeed, that classical instruction should be sensibly conducted; it requires that a classical teacher should be fully acquainted with modern history and modern literature, no less than with those of Greece and Rome. What is, or perhaps what used to be, called a mere scholar, cannot possibly communicate to his pupils the main advantages of a classical education. The knowledge of the past is valuable, because without it our knowledge of the present and of the future must be scanty; but if the knowledge of the past be confined wholly to itself—if, instead of being made to bear upon things around us, it be totally isolated from them, and so disguised by vagueness and misapprehension as to appear incapable of illustrating them, then indeed it becomes little better than laborious trifling, and they who declaim against it may be fully forgiven.

28.—Sir Alexander Ball.

COLERIDGE.

[THE following most interesting account of an eminent naval commander is from Mr Coleridge's Collection of Essays, "The Friend." There are few better specimens of genuine English prose employed to do honour to a genuine English character.]

Sir Alexander Ball was a gentleman by birth: a younger brother of an old and respectable family in Gloucestershire. He went into the navy at an early age from his choice, and, as he himself told me, in consequence of the deep impression and vivid images left on his mind by the perusal of "Robinson Crusoe." It is not my intention to detail the steps of his promotion, or the services in which he was engaged as a subaltern. I recollect many particulars indeed, but not the dates with such distinctness as would enable me to state them (as it would be necessary to do if I stated them at all) in the order of time. These dates might perhaps have been procured from other sources; but incidents that are

neither characteristic nor instructive, even such as would be expected with reason in a regular life, are no part of my plan; while those which are both interesting and illustrative I have been precluded from mentioning—some from motives which have been already explained, and others from still higher considerations. The most important of these may be deduced from a reflection with which he himself once concluded a long and affecting narration; namely, that no body of men can for any length of time be safely treated otherwise than as rational beings; and that, therefore, the education of the lower classes was of the utmost consequence to the permanent security of the empire, even for the sake of our navy. The dangers apprehended from the education of the lower classes, arose (he said) entirely from its not being universal, and from the unusualness in the lowest classes of those accomplishments which he, like Dr Bell, regarded as one of the means of education, and not as education itself. If (he observed) the lower classes in general possessed but one eye or one arm, the few who were so fortunate as to possess two would naturally become vain and restless, and consider themselves as entitled to a higher situation. He illustrated this by the faults attributed to learned women, and that the same objections were formerly made to educating women at all—namely, that their knowledge made them vain, affected, and neglectful of their proper duties. Now that all women of condition are well educated, we hear no more of these apprehensions, or observe any instances to justify them. Yet if a lady understood the Greek one tenth-part as well as the whole circle of her acquaintances understood the French language, it would not surprise us to find her less pleasing from the consciousness of her superiority in the possession of an unusual advantage. Sir Alexander Ball quoted the speech of an old admiral, one of whose two great wishes was to have a ship's crew composed altogether of serious Scotchmen. He spoke with great reprobation of the vulgar notion, the worse man the better sailor. Courage, he said, was the natural product of familiarity with danger, which thoughtlessness would oftentimes turn into fool-hardiness; and that he had always found the most usefully brave sailors

the gravest and most rational of his crew. The best sailor he had ever had first attracted his notice by the anxiety which he expressed concerning the means of remitting some money which he had received in the West Indies to his sister in England; and this man, without any tinge of Methodism, was never heard to swear an oath, and was remarkable for the firmness with which he devoted a part of every Sunday to the reading of his Bible. I record this with satisfaction as a testimony of great weight, and in all respects unexceptionable; for Sir Alexander Ball's opinions throughout life remained unwarped by zealotry, and were those of a mind seeking after truth in calmness and complete self-possession. He was much pleased with an unsuspecting testimony furnished by Dampier. "I have particularly observed," writes this famous old navigator, "there and in other places, that such as had been well bred, were generally most careful to improve their time, and would be very industrious and frugal where there was any probability of considerable gain; but, on the contrary, such as had been bred up in ignorance and hard labour, when they came to have plenty would extravagantly squander away their time and money in drinking and making a bluster." Indeed, it is a melancholy proof how strangely power warps the minds of ordinary men, that there can be a doubt on this subject among persons who have been themselves educated. It tempts a suspicion, that, unknown to themselves, they find a comfort in the thought that their inferiors are something less than men; or that they have an uneasy half-consciousness that, if this were not the case, they would themselves have no claim to be their superiors. For a sober education naturally inspires self-respect. But he who respects himself will respect others; and he who respects himself and others, must of necessity be a brave man. The great importance of this subject, and the increasing interest which good men of all denominations feel in the bringing about of a national education, must be my excuse for having entered so minutely into Sir Alexander Ball's opinions on this head; in which, however, I am the more excusable, being now on that part of his life which I am obliged to leave almost a blank.

During his lieutenancy, and after he had perfected himself in the knowledge and duties of a practical sailor, he was compelled by the state of his health to remain in England for a considerable length of time. Of this he industriously availed himself for the acquirement of substantial knowledge from books; and during his whole life afterwards, he considered those as his happiest hours, which, without any neglect of official or professional duty, he could devote to reading. He preferred—indeed he almost confined himself to—history, political economy, voyages and travels, natural history, and latterly agricultural works; in short, to such books as contain specific facts, or practical principles capable of specific application. His active life, and the particular objects of immediate utility, some one of which he had always in his view, precluded a taste for works of pure speculation and abstract science, though he highly honoured those who were eminent in these respects, and considered them as the benefactors of mankind, no less than those who afterwards discovered the mode of applying their principles, or who realised them in practice. Works of amusement, as novels, plays, and the like, did not appear even to amuse him; and the only poetical composition of which I have ever heard him speak, was a manuscript poem, written by one of my friends, which I read to his lady in his presence. To my surprise he afterwards spoke of this with warm interest; but it was evident to me, that it was not so much the poetic merit of the composition that had interested him, as the truth and psychological insight with which it represented the practicability of reforming the most hardened minds, and the various accidents which may awaken the most brutalised person to a recognition of his nobler being. I will add one remark of his on knowledge acquired from books, which appears to me both just and valuable. The prejudice against such knowledge, (he said,) and the custom of opposing it to that which is learnt by practice, originated in those times when books were almost confined to theology and to logical and metaphysical subtleties; but that at present there is scarcely any practical knowledge which is not to be found in books: the press is the means by which in-

telligent men now converse with each other, and persons of all classes and all pursuits convey, each the contribution of his individual experience. It was therefore, he said, as absurd to hold book-knowledge at present in contempt, as it would be for a man to avail himself only of his own eyes and ears, and to aim at nothing which could not be performed exclusively by his own arms. The use and necessity of personal experience, consisted in the power of choosing and applying what had been read, and of discriminating by the light of analogy the practicable, and probability from mere plausibility. Without a judgment matured and steadied by actual experience, a man would read to little or perhaps to bad purpose; but yet that experience, which in exclusion of all other knowledge has been derived from one man's life, is in the present day scarcely worthy of the name—at least for those who are to act in the higher and wider spheres of duty. An ignorant general, he said, inspired him with terror: for if he were too proud to take advice, he would ruin himself by his own blunders; and if he were not, by adopting the worst that was offered. A great genius may indeed form an exception; but we do not lay down rules in expectation of wonders. A similar remark I remember to have heard from an officer, who to eminence in professional science and the gallantry of a tried soldier adds all the accomplishments of a sound scholar and the powers of a man of genius.

One incident, which happened at this period of Sir Alexander's life, is so illustrative of his character, and furnishes so strong a presumption that the thoughtful humanity by which he was distinguished was not wholly the growth of his latter years, that, though it may appear to some trifling in itself, I will insert it in this place, with the occasion on which it was communicated to me. In a large party at the Grand Master's palace, I had observed a naval officer of distinguished merit listening to Sir Alexander Ball, whenever he joined in the conversation, with so marked a pleasure, that it seemed as if his very voice, independently of what he said, had been delightful to him: and once as he fixed his eyes on Sir Alexander Ball, I could not but notice the mixed expression of awe and affection, which gave a more

than common interest to so manly a countenance. During his stay in the island, this officer honoured me not unfrequently with his visits; and at the conclusion of my last conversation with him, in which I had dwelt on the wisdom of the governor's conduct in a recent and difficult emergency, he told me that he considered himself as indebted to the same excellent person for that which was dearer to him than his life. "Sir Alexander Ball," said he, "has (I daresay) forgotten the circumstances; but when he was Lieutenant Ball, he was the officer whom I accompanied in my first boat expedition, being then a midshipman, and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amid a discharge of musketry, I was overpowered by fear, my knees trembled under me, and I seemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his countenance directed toward the enemy, took hold of my hand, and pressing it in the most friendly manner, said in a low voice, 'Courage, my dear boy! don't be afraid of yourself! you will recover in a minute or so—I was just the same when I first went out in this way.' Sir," added the officer to me, "it was as if an angel had put a new soul into me. With the feeling that I was not yet dishonoured, the whole burden of agony was removed; and from that moment I was as fearless and forward as the oldest of the boat's crew; and on our return the lieutenant spoke highly of me to our captain. I am scarcely less convinced of my own being, than that I should have been what I trembled to think of, if, instead of his humane encouragement, he had at that moment scoffed, threatened, or reviled me. And this was the more kind in him, because, as I afterwards understood, his own conduct in his first trial had evinced to all appearances the greatest fearlessness, and that he said this therefore only to give me heart, and restore me to my own good opinion." This anecdote, I trust, will have some weight with those who may have lent an ear to any of those vague calumnies from which no naval commander can secure his good name, who, knowing the paramount necessity of regularity and strict discipline in a ship of war, adopts an

appropriate plan for the attainment of these objects, and remains constant and immutable in the execution. To an Athenian who, in praising a public functionary, had said that every one either applauded him, or left him without censure, a philosopher replied, "How seldom then must he have done his duty!"

Of Sir Alexander Ball's character as Captain Ball, of his measures as a disciplinarian, I have now to speak.* On assuming the command of a man-of-war, he found a mutinous crew, more than one-half of them uneducated Irishmen, and of the remainder no small portion had become sailors by compromise of punishment. What terror could effect by severity and frequency of acts of discipline, had been already effected. And what was this effect? Something like that of a polar winter on a flask of brandy. The furious spirit concentrated itself with tenfold strength at the heart: open violence was changed into secret plots and conspiracies; and the consequent orderliness of the crew, as far as they were orderly, was but the brooding of a tempest. The new commander instantly commenced a system of discipline as near as possible to that of ordinary law; as much as possible, he avoided, in his own person, the appearance of any will or arbitrary power to vary, or to remit, punishment. The rules to be observed were affixed to a conspicuous part of the ship, with the particular penalties for the breach of each particular rule; and care was taken that every individual of the ship should know and understand this code. With a single exception in the case of mutinous behaviour, a space of twenty-four hours was appointed between the first charge and the second hearing of the cause, at which time the accused person was permitted and required to bring forward whatever he thought conducive to his defence or palliation. If, as was commonly the case—for the officers well knew that the commander would seriously resent in them all caprice of will, and by no means permit to others what he denied to himself—no answer could be returned to the three questions—Did

* This part of Mr Coleridge's narrative is taken from a previous section of "The Friend," and in this place he requests the reader to re-peruse that passage.

you not commit the act? Did you not know that it was in contempt of such a rule, and in defiance of such a punishment? And was it not wholly in your own power to have obeyed the one and avoided the other?—the sentence was then passed with the greatest solemnity, and another, but shorter, space of time was again interposed between it and its actual execution. During this space the feelings of the commander, as a man, were so well blended with his inflexibility, as the organ of the law; and how much he suffered previously to and during the execution of the sentence, was so well known to the crew, that it became a common saying with them, when a sailor was about to be punished, the captain takes it more to heart than the fellow himself. But whenever the commander perceived any trait of pride in the offender, or the germs of any noble feeling, he lost no opportunity of saying, “It is not the pain that you are about to suffer which grieves me. You are, none of you, I trust, such cowards as to turn faint-hearted at the thought of that! but that, being a man, and one who is to fight for his king and country, you should have made it necessary to treat you as a vicious beast—it is this that grieves me.”

I have been assured, both by a gentleman who was a lieutenant on board that ship at the time, when the heroism of its captain, aided by his characteristic calmness and foresight, greatly influenced the decision of the most glorious battle recorded in the annals of our naval history; and very recently by a gray-headed sailor, who did not even know my name, or could have suspected that I was previously acquainted with the circumstances—I have been assured, I say, that the success of this plan was such as astonished the oldest officers, and convinced the most incredulous. Ruffians who, like the old Buccaneers, had been used to inflict torture on themselves for sport, or in order to harden themselves beforehand, were tamed and overpowered, how or why they themselves knew not. From the fiercest spirits were heard the most earnest entreaties for the forgiveness of their commander: not before the punishment, for it was too well known that then they would have been to no purpose, but days after it, when the bodily pain was remembered but as a dream. An invisible power

it was that quelled them, a power which was therefore irresistible, because it took away the very will of resisting. It was the awful power of law, acting on natures preconfigured to its influences. A faculty was appealed to in the offender's own being—a faculty and a presence of which he had not been previously made aware—but it answered to the appeal; its real existence therefore could not be doubted, or its reply rendered inaudible; and the very struggle of the wilder passions to keep uppermost, counteracted their own purpose, by wasting in internal contest that energy which before had acted in its entirety on external resistance or provocation. Strength may be met with strength; the power of inflicting pain may be baffled by the pride of endurance; the eye of rage may be answered by the stare of defiance, or the downcast look of dark and revengeful resolve, and with all this there is an outward and determined object to which the mind can attach its passions and purposes, and bury its own disquietudes in the full occupation of the senses. But who dares struggle with an invisible combatant—with an enemy which exists and makes us know its existence—but where it is, we ask in vain? No space contains it—time promises no control over it—it has no ear for my threats—it has no substance that my hands can grasp, or my weapons find vulnerable—it commands and cannot be commanded—it acts and is insusceptible of my reaction—the more I strive to subdue it, the more am I compelled to think of it, and the more I think of it, the more do I find it to possess a reality out of myself, and not be a phantom of my own imagination; that all, but the most abandoned men, acknowledge its authority, and that the whole strength and majesty of my country are pledged to support it; and yet that for me its power is the same with that of my own permanent self, and that all the choice which is permitted to me consists in having it for my guardian angel or my avenging fiend! This is the spirit of law! the lute of Amphion, the harp of Orpheus! This is the true necessity which compels man into the social state, now and always, by a still-beginning, never-ceasing force of moral cohesion.

Shortly after the general peace was established, Captain Ball, who was now a married man, passed some time with his lady in

France, and, if I mistake not, at Nantes. At the same time, and in the same town, among the other English visitors, Lord (then Captain) Nelson happened to be one. In consequence of some punctilia as to whose business it was to pay the compliment of the first call, they never met, and this trifling affair occasioned a coldness between the two naval commanders, or in truth a mutual prejudice against each other. Some years after, both their ships being close together off Minorca, and near Port Mahon, a violent storm nearly disabled Nelson's vessel, and in addition to the fury of the wind, it was night time, and the thickest darkness. Captain Ball, however, brought his vessel at length to Nelson's assistance, took his ship in tow, and used his best endeavours to bring her and his own vessel into Port Mahon. The difficulties and the dangers increased. Nelson considered the case of his own ship as desperate, and that unless she was immediately left to her own fate, both vessels would be inevitably lost. He, therefore, with the generosity natural to him, repeatedly requested Captain Ball to let him loose ; and, on Ball's refusal, he became impetuous, and enforced his demand with passionate threats. Ball then himself took the speaking trumpet, which the fury of the wind and waves rendered necessary, and with great solemnity, and without the least disturbance of temper, called out in reply, " I feel confident that I can bring you in safe ; I, therefore, must not, and, by the help of Almighty God, I will not, leave you ! " What he promised he performed : and after they were safely anchored, Nelson came on board of Ball's ship, and embracing him with all the ardour of acknowledgment, exclaimed, " A friend in need is a friend indeed ! " At this time, and on this occasion, commenced that firm and perfect friendship between these two great men, which was interrupted only by the death of the former. The two men whom Lord Nelson especially honoured were Sir Thomas Troubridge and Sir Alexander Ball ; and once, when they were both present, on some allusion made to the loss of his arm, he replied, " Who shall dare tell me that I want an arm, when I have three right arms—this (putting forward his own left one) and Ball and Troubridge ? "

In the plan of the battle of the Nile it was Lord Nelson's design that Captains Troubridge and Ball should have led up the attack. The former was stranded; and the latter, by accident of the wind, could not bring his ship into the line of battle till some time after the engagement had become general. With his characteristic forecast and activity of (what may not improperly be called) practical imagination, he had made arrangements to meet every probable contingency. All the shrouds and sails of the ship, not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted and so rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders of wood; every sailor had his appropriate place and function, and a certain number were appointed as the firemen, whose sole duty it was to be on the watch if any part of the vessel should take fire: and to these men exclusively the charge of extinguishing it was committed. It was already dark when he brought his ship into action, and laid her alongside the French *L'Orient*. One particular only I shall add to the known account of the memorable engagement between these ships, and this I received from Sir Alexander Ball himself. He had previously made a combustible preparation, but which, from the nature of the engagement to be expected, he had purposed to reserve for the last emergency. But just at the time when, from several symptoms, he had every reason to believe that the enemy would soon strike to him, one of the lieutenants, without his knowledge, threw in the combustible matter; and this it was that occasioned the tremendous explosion of that vessel, which, with the deep silence and interruption of the engagement which succeeded to it, has been justly deemed the sublimest war incident recorded in history. Yet the incident which followed, and which has not, I believe, been publicly made known, is scarcely less impressive, though its sublimity is of a different character. At the renewal of the battle, Captain Ball, though his ship was then on fire in three different parts, laid her alongside a French eighty-four; and a second longer obstinate contest began. The firing on the part of the French ship having at length for some time slackened, and then altogether ceased, and yet no

sign given of surrender, the first lieutenant came to Captain Ball, and informed him that the hearts of his men were as good as ever; but that they were so completely exhausted, that they were scarcely capable of lifting an arm. He asked, therefore, whether, as the enemy had now ceased firing, the men might be permitted to lie down by their guns for a short time. After some reflection, Sir Alexander acceded to the proposal, taking of course the proper precautions to rouse them again at the moment he thought requisite. Accordingly, with the exception of himself, his officers, and the appointed watch, the ship's crew lay down, each in the place to which he was stationed, and slept for twenty minutes. They were then roused; and started up, as Sir Alexander expressed it, more like men out of an ambush than from sleep, so co-instantaneously did they all obey the summons! They recommenced their fire, and in a few minutes the enemy surrendered; and it was soon after discovered that, during that interval, and almost immediately after the French ship had first ceased firing, the crew had sunk down by their guns, and there slept, almost by the side, as it were, of their sleeping enemy.

[Mr Coleridge continues his interesting narrative through the remainder of Sir Alexander Ball's life. He dwells upon the noble services he performed in the two years' siege of Valetta, in the island of Malta, his amazing kindness to the Maltese; his wisdom as the governor of the island when it became a British possession; and the unexampled confidence which he enjoyed from the Maltese, who looked upon him as a father.]

29.—The Measures and Offices of Friendship.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

[JEREMY TAYLOR, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore—one of the most eloquent of the great divines of the Church of England—was the son of a barber at Cambridge. He was born in 1613. He says himself that he was "solely grounded in grammar and mathematics by his father." In his thirteenth year he was admitted a sizar of Caius College, Cambridge. By a sizar was then understood a poor student, who performed humble offices in the college. Out of this rank have come some of the most eminent of our scholars. Very early he obtained the patronage of Laud, Archbishop of

Canterbury; who placed him at All Souls' College, Oxford, and nominated him, by a stretch of authority, Fellow of that College. In 1637 he was appointed to the Rectory of Uppingham; but his living was sequestered in the Civil Wars. For some years he suffered poverty and imprisonment; he kept a school; he was a dependant upon private bounty. But he laboured unremittingly; he preached and he published. Upon the Restoration, in 1660, he was nominated by the king to his Irish bishopric. Here he resided for seven years, discharging his duties with the most exemplary industry, and endeavouring to win all men to his fold by unremitting love. His period of prosperity was not of long duration. He died of a fever in 1667, in his fifty-fifth year. The character of Taylor's writings which was given by his successor, Dr Rust, in his funeral sermon, is not an exaggeration:—"They will be famous to all succeeding generations for their greatness of wit, and profoundness of judgment, and richness of fancy, and clearness of expression, and copiousness of invention, and general usefulness to all the purposes of a Christian." Reginald Heber, the admirable Bishop of Calcutta, has prefixed an excellent biography of Jeremy Taylor to the valuable edition of his works in 15 vols. There is also a complete edition sold at a moderate price, in three large volumes, printed by Mr Childs, of Bungay.]

You first inquire how far a dear and perfect friendship is authorised by the principles of Christianity.

To this I answer, that the word "friendship," in the sense we commonly mean by it, is not so much as named in the New Testament; and our religion takes no notice of it. You think it strange; but read on before you spend so much as the beginning of a passion or a wonder upon it. There is mention of "friendship with the world," and it is said to be "enmity with God;" but the word is nowhere else named, or to any other purpose, in all the New Testament. It speaks of friends often; but by friends are meant our acquaintance, or our kindred, the relatives of our family, or our fortune, or our sect; something of society, or something of kindness, there is in it; a tenderness of appellation and civility, a relation made by gifts, or by duty, by services and subjection; and I think I have reason to be confident, that the word "friend" (speaking of human intercourse) is no otherwise used in the Gospels, or Epistles, or Acts of the Apostles: and the reason of it is, the word "friend" is of a large signification, and means all relations and societies, and whatsoever is not enemy. But by

friendships I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faithfulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable. But then I must tell you that Christianity hath new christened it, and calls this charity. The Christian knows no enemy he hath; that is, though persons may be injurious to him, and unworthy in themselves, yet he knows none whom he is not first bound to forgive, which is indeed to make them on his part to be no enemies—that is, to make that the word enemy shall not be perfectly contrary to friend, it shall not be a relative term, and signify something on each hand, a relative and a correlation; and then he knows none whom he is not bound to love and pray for, to treat kindly and justly, liberally and obligingly. Christian charity is friendship to all the world; and when friendships were the noblest things in the world, charity was little, like the sun drawn in at a chink, or his beams drawn into the centre of a burning-glass; but Christian charity is friendship expanded like the face of the sun when it mounts above the eastern hills: and I was strangely pleased when I saw something of this in Cicero; for I have been so pushed at by herds and flocks of people that follow anybody that whistles to them, or drives them to pasture, that I am grown afraid of any truth that seems chargeable with singularity: but therefore I say, glad I was when I saw Lælius in Cicero discourse thus:—“*Amicitia ex infinitate generis humani quam conciliavit ipsa natura, contracta res est, et adducta in angustum; ut omnis charitas, aut inter duos, aut inter paucos jungeretur.*” Nature hath made friendships and societies, relations and endearments; and by something or other we relate to all the world; there is enough in every man that is willing to make him become our friend; but when men contract friendships, they enclose the commons; and what nature intended should be every man’s, we make proper to two or three. Friendship is like rivers, and the strand of seas, and the air—common to all the world; but tyrants, and evil customs, wars, and want of love, have made them proper and peculiar. But when Christianity came to

renew our nature, and to restore our laws, and to increase our privileges, and to make our aptness to become religion, then it was declared that our friendships were to be as universal as our conversation; that is, *actual* to all with whom we converse, and *potentially extended* unto those with whom we did not. For he who was to treat his enemies with forgiveness and prayers, and love and beneficence, was indeed to have no enemies, and to have all friends.

So that to your question, "How far a dear and perfect friendship is authorised by the principles of Christianity?" the answer is ready and easy: it is warranted to extend to all mankind; and the more we love, the better we are; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God. Let them be as dear, and let them be as perfect, and let them be as many as you can; there is no danger in it; only where the restraint begins, there begins our imperfection. It is not ill that you entertain brave friendships and worthy societies; it were well if you could love and if you could benefit all mankind; for I conceive that is the sum of all friendship.

I confess this is not to be expected of us in this world; but as all our graces here are but imperfect—that is, at the best they are but tendencies to glory—so our friendships are imperfect too, and but beginnings of a celestial friendship by which we shall love every one as much as they can be loved. But then so we must here in our proportion; and, indeed, that is it that can make the difference; we must be friends to all—that is, apt to do good, loving them really, and doing to them all the benefits which we can, and which they are capable of. The friendship is equal to all the world, and of itself hath no difference; but is differenced only by accidents, and by the capacity or incapacity of them that receive it.

Nature and religion are the bands of friendship; excellency and usefulness are its great endearments; society and neighbourhood—that is, the possibilities and the circumstances of converse—are the determinations and actualities of it. Now, when men either are unnatural or irreligious, they will not be friends: when

they are neither excellent nor useful, they are not worthy to be friends; when they are strangers or unknown, they cannot be friends actually and practically; but yet, as any man hath anything of the good, contrary to those evils, so he can have and must have his share of friendship.

For thus the sun is the eye of the world; and he is indifferent to the negro, or the cold Russian, to them that dwell under the line and them that stand near the tropics, the scalded Indian, or the poor boy that shakes at the foot of the Riphean hills. But the fluxures of the heaven and the earth, the conveniency of abode, and the approaches to the north or south respectively, change the emanations of his beams; not that they do not pass always from him, but that they are not equally received below, but by periods and changes, by little inlets and reflections, they receive what they can. And some have only a dark day and a long night from him, snows and white cattle, a miserable life, and a perpetual harvest of catarrhs and consumptions, apoplexies and dead palsies. But some have splendid fires and aromatic spices, rich wines and well-digested fruits, great wit and great courage; because they dwell in his eye, and look in his face, and are the courtiers of the sun, and wait upon him in his chambers of the east. Just so is it in friendships; some are worthy, and some are necessary; some dwell hard by, and are fitted for converse; nature joins some to us, and religion combines us with others; society and accidents, parity of fortune, and equal dispositions, do actuate our friendships: which, of themselves and in their prime disposition, are prepared for all mankind according as any one can receive them. We see this best exemplified by two instances and expressions of friendship and charity, viz., alms and prayers; every one that needs relief is equally the object of our charity; but though to all mankind in equal needs we ought to be alike in charity, yet we signify this severally and by limits and distinct measures: the poor man that is near me, he whom I meet, he whom I love, he whom I fancy, he who did me benefit, he who relates to my family, he rather than another: because my expressions, being finite and narrow, and cannot extend to all in

equal significations, must be appropriate to those whose circumstances best fit me : and yet even to all I give my alms, to all the world that needs them ; I pray for all mankind ; I am grieved at every sad story I hear ; I am troubled when I hear of a pretty bride murdered in her bride-chamber by an ambitious and enraged rival ; I shed a tear when I am told that a brave king was misunderstood, then slandered, then imprisoned, and then put to death by evil men ; and I can never read the story of the Parisian massacre, or the Sicilian vespers, but my blood curdles, and I am disordered by two or three affections. A good man is a friend to all the world ; and he is not truly charitable that does not wish well, and do good to all mankind in what he can. But though we must pray for all men, yet we say special litanies for brave kings and holy prelates, and the wise guides of souls, for our brethren and relations, our wives and children.

The effect of this consideration is, that the universal friendship of which I speak must be limited, because we are so. In those things where we stand next to immensity and infinity, as in good wishes and prayers, and a readiness to benefit all mankind, in these our friendships must not be limited ; but in other things which pass under our hand and eye, our voices and our material exchanges ; our hands can reach no farther but to our arm's end, and our voices can but sound till the next air be quiet, and therefore they can have intercourse but within the sphere of their own activity ; our needs and our conversations are served by a few, and they cannot reach at all ; where they can, they must ; but where it is impossible, it cannot be necessary. It must therefore follow that our friendships to mankind may admit variety as does our conversation ; and as by nature we are made sociable to all, so we are friendly ; but as all cannot actually be of our society, so neither can all be admitted to a special, actual friendship. Of some intercourses all men are capable, but not of all ; men can pray for one another, and abstain from doing injuries to all the world, and be desirous to do all mankind good, and love all men : now this friendship we must pay to all, because we can ; but if we can do no more to all, we must show our readiness to do more

good to all, by actually doing more good to all them to whom we can.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.

For the good man is a profitable, useful person, and that is the band of an effective friendship. For I do not think that friendships are metaphysical nothings, created for contemplation, or that men or women should stare upon each other's faces, and make dialogues of news and prettiness, and look babies in one another's eyes. Friendship is the allay of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the charity of our minds, the emission of our thoughts, the exercise and improvement of what we meditate. And although I love my friend because he is worthy, yet he is not worthy if he can do me no good; I do not speak of accidental hindrances and misfortunes by which the bravest man may become unable to help his child, but of the natural and artificial capacities of the man. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can do those offices for which friendship is excellent. For (mistake not) no man can be loved for himself; our perfections in this world cannot reach so high; it is well if we would love God at that rate; and I very much fear that if God did us no good we might admire His beauties, but we should have but a small proportion of love towards Him; all His other greatnesses are objects of fear and wonder—it is His goodness that makes Him lovely. And so it is in friendships. He only is fit to be chosen for a friend who can give counsel, or defend my cause, or guide me right, or relieve my need, or can and will, when I need it, do me good: only this I add, into the heaps of doing good, I will reckon, loving me, for it is a pleasure to be beloved; but when his love signifies nothing but kissing my cheek, or talking kindly, and can go no further, it is a prostitution of the bravery of friendship to spend it upon impertinent people who are (it may be) loads to their families, but can never ease any loads; but my friend is a worthy person when he can become to

me, instead of God, a guide or a support, an eye or a hand, a staff or a rule. . . .

Can any wise or good man be angry if I say, I choose this man to be my friend because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows; he is pleasant to me in private, and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me? For what else should I choose? For being a fool and useless? for a pretty face and a smooth chin? I confess it is possible to be a friend to one that is ignorant, and pitiable, handsome and good for nothing, that eats well, and drinks deep, but he cannot be a friend to me; and I love him with a fondness or a pity, but it cannot be a noble friendship.

Plutarch calls such friendships "the idols and images of friendship." True and brave friendships are between worthy persons; and there is in mankind no degree of worthiness, but is also a degree of usefulness, and by everything by which a man is excellent I may be profited: and because those are the bravest friends which can best serve the ends of friendships, either we must suppose that friendships are not the greatest comforts in the world, or else we must say, he chooses his friend best that chooses such a one by whom he can receive the greatest comforts and assistances.

This being the measure of all friendships, they all partake of excellency, according as they are fitted to this measure: a friend may be counselled well enough, though his friend be not the wisest man in the world; and he may be pleased in his society, though he be not the best-natured man in the world; but still it must be, that something excellent is, or is apprehended, or else it can be no worthy friendship; because the choice is imprudent and foolish. Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenuous and honest; and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty; but in such things which consist in an indivisible point, make no abatements; that is, you must not choose him to be your friend that is not honest and secret, just and true to a tittle; but if he be wise at all, and useful in any degree, and as good as you can have him, you need not be ashamed to

own your own friendships; though sometimes you may be ashamed of some imperfections of your friend.

But if you yet inquire, further, whether fancy may be an ingredient in your choice? I answer, that fancy may minister to this as to all other actions in which there is a liberty and variety. For in all things where there is a latitude, every faculty will endeavour to be pleased, and sometimes the meanest persons in a house have a festival: even sympathies and natural inclinations to some persons, and a conformity of humours, and proportionable loves, and the beauty of the face, and a witty answer, may first strike the flint and kindle a spark, which if it falls upon tender and compliant natures may grow into a flame; but this will never be maintained at the rate of friendship unless it be fed by pure materials, by worthinesses which are the food of friendship. These are the prettinesses of prosperity and good-natured wit; but when we speak of friendship, which is the best thing in the world, (for it is love and beneficence, it is charity that is fitted for society,) we cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing.

But I know not whither I am going: I did only mean to say that because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen amongst the worthiest persons—that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other. And though in equal worthiness I may choose by my eye, or ear, that is, into the consideration of the essential, I may take in also the accidental and extrinsic worthinesses; yet I ought to give every one their just value: when the internal beauties are equal, these shall help to weigh down the scale, and I will love a worthy friend that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all, and profit me no more: but yet I will not weigh the gayest flowers, or the wings of butterflies, against wheat; but when I am to choose wheat, I may take that which looks the brightest. When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness: but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them: but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better: that is, I will, when I choose my friend, choose him that is the

bravest, the worthiest, and the most excellent person; and then your first question is soon answered. To love such a person, and to contract such friendships, is just so authorised by the principles of Christianity, as it is warranted to love wisdom and virtue, goodness and beneficence, and all the impresses of God upon the spirits of brave men.

30.—The British Hirundines.



GILBERT WHITE.

[WHO has not heard of "The Natural History of Selborne,"—one of the most delightful books in the English language! The author was the Reverend Gilbert White, who for forty years lived in the retirement of his beautiful native village, Selborne, in Hampshire, diligently observing the appearances of nature, and recording them in letters to his friends. He was the first to take Natural History out of the hands of the mere classifiers, and to show how full of interest is the commonest object of creation, when carefully examined, and diligently watched through its course of growth, of maturity, and of decay. Mr White was borne in 1720, and died in 1793.]

THE HOUSE-MARTIN.—In obedience to your injunctions, I sit down to give you some account of the house-martin, or martlet; and, if my monography of this little, domestic, and familiar bird

should happen to meet with your approbation, I may probably soon extend my inquiries to the rest of the *British hirundines*—the swallow, the swift, and the bank-martin.

A few house-martins begin to appear about the 16th of April; usually some few days later than the swallow. For some time after they appear, the hirundines in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about, either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey, if they do migrate at all, or else that their blood may recover its true tone and texture after it has been so long benumbed by the severities of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the martin begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall without any projecting ledge under, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum; and, thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, pull itself down by its own weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast; but by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen when they build mud-walls, (informed at first perhaps by this little bird,) raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then desist lest the work should become top-heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method in about ten or twelve days is formed an hemispheric nest, with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm; and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. But then nothing is more common than for the house-sparrow, as soon as the shell is

finished, to seize on it as its own, to eject the owner, and to line it after its own manner.

After so much labour is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as nature seldom works in vain, martins will breed on for several years together in the same nest, where it happens to be well-sheltered and secure from the injuries of the weather. The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic work full of nobs and protuberances on the outside: nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all; but is rendered soft and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers; and sometimes by a bed of moss interwoven with wool.

As the young of small birds presently arrive at their full growth, they soon become impatient of confinement, and sit all day with their heads out at the orifice, where the dams, by clinging to the nest, supply them with food from morning till night. For a time the young are fed on the wing by their parents; but the feat is done by so quick and almost imperceptible a sleight, that a person must have attended very exactly to their motions before he would be able to perceive it. As soon as the young are able to shift for themselves, the dams immediately turn their thoughts to the business of a second brood; while the first flight, shaken off and rejected by their nurses, congregate in great flocks, and are the birds that are seen clustering and hovering on sunny mornings and evenings round towers and steeples, and on the roofs of churches and houses. These congregations usually begin to take place about the first week in August; and therefore we may conclude that by that time the first flight is pretty well over. The young of this species do not quit their abodes altogether; but the more forward birds get abroad some days before the rest. These approaching the eaves of buildings and playing about before them, make people think that several old ones attend one nest. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons. Those which breed in a ready-finished house get the start, in

hatching, of those that build new, by ten days or a fortnight. These industrious artificers are at their labours in the long days before four in the morning: when they fix their materials they plaster them on with their chins, moving their heads with a quick vibratory motion. They dip and wash as they fly sometimes in very hot weather, but not so frequently as swallows. It has been observed that martins usually build to a north-east or north-west aspect, that the heat of the sun may not crack and destroy their nests; but instances are also remembered, where they bred for many years in vast abundance in a hot stifled inn-yard, against a wall facing to the south.

Martins are by far the least agile of the four species; their wings and tails are short, and therefore they are not capable of such surprising turns, and quick and glancing evolutions, as the swallow. Accordingly they make use of a placid easy motion in a middle region of the air, seldom mounting to any great height, and never sweeping long together over the surface of the ground or water. They do not wander far for food, but affect sheltered districts, over some lake, or under some hanging wood, or in some hollow vale, especially in windy weather. They breed the latest of all the swallow kind. In 1772, they had nestlings on to the 21st of October, and are never without unfledged young as late as Michaelmas.

As the summer declines, the congregating flocks increase in numbers daily by the constant accession of the second broods, till at last they swarm in myriads upon myriads round the villages on the Thames, darkening the face of the sky as they frequent the aits of that river, where they roost. They retire, the bulk of them I mean, in vast flocks together, about the beginning of October; but have appeared of late years, in a considerable flight, in this neighbourhood, for one day or two, as late as the 3d and 6th of November, after they were supposed to have been gone for more than a fortnight. They, therefore, withdrew with us the latest of any species. Unless these birds are short-lived, indeed, or unless they do not return to the district where they are bred, they must undergo vast devastations somehow, and somewhere; for the birds

that return yearly bear no manner of proportion to the birds that retire.

THE CHIMNEY-SWALLOW.—The house-swallow, or chimney swallow, is, undoubtedly, the first comer of all the *British hirundines*, and appears in general on or about the 13th of April, as I have remarked from many years' observation. Not but now and then a straggler is seen much earlier; and, in particular, when was a boy, I observed a swallow for a whole day together, on a sunny warm Shrove Tuesday; which day could not fall out later than the middle of March, and often happened early in February.

It was worth remarking, that these birds are seen first about lakes and mill-ponds; and it is also very particular, that if these early visitors happen to find frost and snow, as was the case of the two dreadful springs of 1770 and 1771, they immediately withdraw for a time,—a circumstance this, much more in favour of hiding than migration; since it is much more probable that a bird should retire to its hybernaculum, just at hand, than return for a week or two only to warmer latitudes.

The swallow, though called the chimney-swallow, by no means builds altogether in chimneys, but often within barns and out-houses against the rafters, and so she did in Virgil's time:

“ Antè
Garrula quàm tignis nidum suspendat hirundo.”

In Sweden, she builds in barns, and is called *ladu swala*, the barn-swallow. Besides, in the warmer parts of Europe there are no chimneys to houses, except they are *English-built*; in these countries she constructs her nest in porches, and gateways, and galleries, and open halls.

Here and there a bird may affect some odd peculiar place; as we have known a swallow build down the shaft of an old well, through which chalk had been formerly drawn up for the purpose of manure; but, in general, with us the *hirundo* breeds in chimneys, and loves to haunt those stalks where there is a constant fire, no doubt for the sake of warmth. Not that it can subsist in the immediate shaft where there is a fire; but prefers one adjoining to

that of the kitchen, and disregards the perpetual smoke of that funnel, as I have often observed with some degree of wonder.

Five or six or more feet down the chimney does this little bird begin to form her nest about the middle of May, which consists, like that of the house-martin, of a crust or shell composed of dirt or mud, mixed with short pieces of straw, to render it tough and permanent; with this difference, that whereas the shell of the martin is nearly hemispheric, that of the swallow is open at the top, and like half a deep dish: this nest is lined with fine grasses and feathers, which are often collected as they float in the air.

Wonderful is the address which this adroit bird shows all day long in ascending and descending, with security, through so narrow a pass. When hovering over the mouth of the funnel, the vibrations of her wings acting on the confined air occasion a rumbling like thunder. It is not improbable that the dam submits to this inconvenient situation so low in the shaft, in order to secure her broods from rapacious birds, and particularly from owls, which frequently fall down chimneys, perhaps in attempting to get at these nestlings.

The swallow lays from four to six white eggs, dotted with red specks, and brings out her first brood about the last week in June, or the first week in July. The progressive method by which the young are introduced into life is very amusing; first they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the rooms below: for a day or so they are fed on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called *perchers*. In a day or two more they become *flyers*, but are still unable to take their own food; therefore they play about near the place where the dams are hawking for flies; and when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal given, the dam and the nestling advance, rising towards each other, and meeting at an angle; the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note of gratitude and complacency, that a person must have paid very little regard to the wonders of nature that has not often remarked this feat.

The dam betakes herself immediately to the business of a second brood as soon as she is disengaged from the first ; which at once associates with the first broods of house-martins ; and with them congregates, clustering on sunny roofs, towers, and trees. This *hirundo* brings out her second brood towards the middle and end of August.

All the summer long is the swallow a most instructive pattern of unwearied industry and affection ; for, from morning to night, while there is a family to be supported, she spends the whole day in skimming close to the ground, and exerting the most sudden turns and quick evolutions. Avenues, and long walks under hedges, and pasture-fields, and mown meadows where cattle graze, are her delight, especially if there are trees interspersed ; because in such spots insects most abound. When a fly is taken, a smart snap from her bill is heard, resembling the noise at the shutting of a watch-case ; but the motion of the mandibles is too quick for the eye.

The swallow, probably the male bird, is the *excubitor* to house-martins, and other little birds, announcing the approach of birds of prey. For, as soon as a hawk appears, with a shrill alarming note he calls all the swallows and martins about him, who pursue in a body, and buffet and strike their enemy till they have driven him from the village, darting down from above on his back, and rising in a perpendicular line in perfect security. This bird also will sound the alarm, and strike at cats when they climb on the roofs of houses, or otherwise approach the nests. Each species of *hirundo* drinks as it flies along, sipping the surface of the water ; but the swallow alone, in general, *washes* on the wing, by dropping into a pool for many times together : in very hot weather house-martins and bank-martins dip and wash a little.

The swallow is a delicate songster, and in soft sunny weather sings both perching and flying ; on trees in a kind of concert, and on chimney-tops : is also a bold flyer, ranging to distant downs and commons, even in windy weather, which the other species seem much to dislike ; nay, even frequenting exposed seaport towns, and making little excursions over the salt water. Horsemen

on wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which play before and behind them, sweeping around, and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet ; when the wind blows hard, without this expedient, they are often forced to settle to pick up their lurking prey.

This species feed much on little *coleoptera*, as well as on gnats and flies ; and often settles on dug ground, or paths, for gravel to grind and digest its food. Before they depart, for some weeks, to a bird, they forsake houses and chimneys, and roost in trees, and usually withdraw about the beginning of October ; though some few stragglers may appear on, at times, till the first week in November.

THE SAND-MARTIN.—The sand-martin, or bank-martin, is by much the least of any of the *British hirundines* ; and, as far as we have seen, the smallest known *hirundo* : though Brisson asserts that there is one much smaller, and that is the *hirundo esculentata*.

But it is much to be regretted that it is scarce possible for any observer to be so full and exact as he could wish in reciting the circumstances attending the life and conversation of this little bird, since it is *fera naturâ*, at least in this part of the kingdom, disclaiming all domestic attachments, and haunting wild heaths and commons where there are large lakes ; while the other species, especially the swallow and house-martin, are remarkably gentle and domesticated, and never seem to think themselves safe but under the protection of man.

It is curious to observe with what different degrees of architectonic skill Providence has endowed birds of the same genus, and so nearly correspondent in their general mode of life ! for, while the swallow and the house-martin discover the greatest address in raising and securely fixing crusts or shells of loam as *cunabula* for their young, the bank-martin terebrates a round and regular hole in the sand or earth, which is serpentine, horizontal, and about two feet deep. At the inner end of this burrow does this bird deposit, in a good degree of safety, her rude nest, consisting of

fine grasses and feathers, usually goose feathers, very inartificially laid together.

Perseverance will accomplish anything; though at first one would be disinclined to believe that this weak bird, with her soft and tender bill and claws, should ever be able to bore the stubborn sand-bank without entirely disabling herself; yet with these feeble instruments have I seen a pair of them make great despatch, and could remark how much they had scooped that day by the fresh sand that ran down the bank, and was a different colour from that which lay loose and bleached in the sun.

The sand-martin arrives much about the same time with the swallow, and lays, as she does, from four to six white eggs. But as this species is *cryptogame*, carrying on the business of nidification, incubation, and the support of its young in the dark, it would not be so easy to ascertain the time of breeding, were it not for the coming forth of the broods, which appear much about the time, or rather somewhat earlier than those of the swallow. The nestlings are supported in common like those of their congeners, with gnats and other small insects; and sometimes they are fed with *libellulæ* (dragon-flies) almost as long as themselves. In the last week of June, we have seen a row of these sitting on a rail, near a great pool, as *perchers*, and so young and helpless as easily to be taken by hand; but whether the dams ever feed them on the wing, as swallows and house-martins do, we have never yet been able to determine: nor do we know whether they pursue and attack birds of prey.

When they happen to breed near hedges and enclosures, they are dispossessed of their breeding holes by the house-sparrow, which is on the same account a fell adversary to house-martins.

These *hirundines* are no songsters, but rather mute, making only a little harsh noise when a person approaches their nests. They seem not to be of a sociable turn, never with us congregating with their congeners in the autumn. Undoubtedly they breed a second time, like the house-martin and swallow: and withdraw about Michaelmas.

Though in some particular districts they may happen to abound,

yet, in the whole, in the south of England at least, this is much the rarest species. For there are few towns or large villages but what abound with house-martins; few churches, towers, or steeples, but what are haunted by some swifts; scarce a hamlet or single cottage-chimney that has not its swallow; while the bank-martins, scattered here and there, live a sequestered life among some abrupt sandhills, and in the banks of some few rivers.

THE SWIFT.—As the swift, or black-martin, is the largest of the *British hirundines*, so is it undoubtedly the latest comer. For I remember but one instance of its appearing before the last week in April; and in some of our late frosty harsh springs, it has not been seen till the beginning of May. This species usually arrives in pairs.

The swift, like the sand-martin, is very defective in architecture, making no crust, or shell, for its nest; but forming it of dry grasses and feathers, very rudely and inartificially put together.

Swifts, like sand-martins, carry on the business of nidification quite in the dark, in crannies of castles, and towers, and steeples, and upon the tops of the walls of churches, under the roof; and therefore cannot be so narrowly watched as those species that build more openly; but, from what I could ever observe, they begin nesting about the middle of May; and I have remarked, from eggs taken, that they have sat hard by the 9th of June.

This *hirundo* differs widely from its congeners in laying invariably but *two* eggs at a time, which are milk white, long, and peaked at the small end; whereas the other species lay at each brood from *four* to *six*. It is a most alert bird, rising very early, and retiring to roost very late; and is on the wing in the height of summer at least sixteen hours. In the longest day it does not withdraw to rest till a quarter before nine in the evening, being the latest of all day birds. Just before they retire, whole groups of them assemble high in the air, and squeak and shoot about with wonderful rapidity. But this bird is never so much alive as in sultry thundery weather, when it expresses great alacrity, and calls forth all its powers. In hot mornings, several, getting together in little parties, dash round the steeples and churches, squeaking

as they go in a very clamorous manner; these, by nice observers, are supposed to be males serenading their sitting hens; and not without reason, since they seldom squeak till they come close to the walls and eaves, and since those within utter at the same time a little inward note of complacency.

When the hen has sat hard all day, she rushes forth just as it is almost dark, and stretches and relieves her weary limbs, and snatches a scanty meal for a few minutes, and then returns to her duty of incubation. Swifts, when wantonly and cruelly shot while they have young, discover a little lump of insects in their mouths, which they pouch and hold under their tongue. In general they feed in a much higher district than the other species; a proof that gnats and other insects do also abound to a considerable height in the air; they also range to vast distances, since locomotion is no labour to them who are endowed with such wonderful powers of wing. Their powers seem to be in proportion to their levers; and their wings are longer in proportion than those of almost any other bird.

At some certain times in the summer, I had remarked that swifts were hawking very low for hours together, over pools and streams, and could not help inquiring into the object of their pursuit that induced them to descend so much below their usual range. After some trouble, I found that they were taking *phryganeæ*, *ephemeræ*, and *libellulæ* (cadew-flies, may-flies, and dragon-flies) that were just emerged out of their aurelia state. I then no longer wondered that they should be so willing to stoop for a prey that afforded them such plentiful and succulent nourishment.

They bring out their young about the middle or latter end of July; but as these never become perchers, nor, that ever I could discern, are fed on their wing by their dams, the coming of the young is not so notorious as in the other species.

On the 30th of last June I untiled the eaves of a house where many pairs build, and found in each nest only *two* squab, naked *pulli*: on the 8th of July I repeated the same inquiry, and found they had made very little progress towards a fledged state, but were still naked and helpless. From whence we may

conclude that birds whose way of life keeps them perpetually on the wing, would not be able to quit their nest till the end of the month. Swallows and martins, that have numerous families, are continually feeding them every two or three minutes; while swifts, that have but two young to maintain, are much at their leisure, and do not attend on their nests for hours together.

There is a circumstance respecting the *colour* of swifts, which seems not to be unworthy our attention. When they arrive in the spring, they are all over of a glossy, dark soot colour, except their chins, which are white; but, by being all day long in the sun and air, they become quite weather-beaten and bleached before they depart, and yet they return glossy again in the spring. Now, if they pursue the sun into lower latitudes, as some suppose, in order to enjoy a perpetual summer, why do they not return bleached? Do they not rather perhaps retire to rest for a season, and at that juncture moult and change their feathers, since all other birds are known to moult soon after the season of breeding?

Swifts are very anomalous in many particulars, dissenting from all their congeners not only in the number of their young, but in breeding but *once* in a summer; whereas all the other *British hirundines* breed invariably *twice*. It is past all doubt that swifts can breed but once, since they withdraw in a short time after the flight of their young, and some time before their congeners bring out their second broods. We may here remark, that as swifts breed but *once* in a summer, and only *two* at a time, and the other *hirundines twice*, the latter, who lay from four to six eggs, increase at an average five times as fast as the former.

But in nothing are swifts more singular than in their early retreat. They retire, as to the main body of them, by the 10th of August, and sometimes a few days sooner; and every straggler invariably withdraws by the 20th, while their congeners, all of them, stay till the beginning of October; many of them all through the month, and some occasionally to the beginning of November. This early retreat is mysterious and wonderful, since that time is often the sweetest season in the year. But, what is most extraordinary, they begin to retire still earlier in the most southerly

parts of Andalusia, where they can be nowise influenced by any defect of heat ; or, as one might suppose, defect of food. Are they regulated in their motions with us by a failure of food, or by a propensity to moulting, or by a disposition to rest after so rapid a life, or by what ? This is one of those incidents in natural history that not only baffles our researches, but almost eludes our guesses.

On the 5th of July 1775, I again untiled part of a roof over the nest of a swift. The dam sat in the nest ; but so strongly was she affected by natural love for her brood, which is supposed to be in danger, that, regardless of her own safety, she would not stir, but lay sullenly by them, permitting herself to be taken in hand. The squab young we brought down and placed on the grass-plot, where they tumbled about, and were as helpless as a new-born child. While we contemplated their naked bodies, their unwieldy disproportioned abdomina, and their heads, too heavy for their necks to support, we could not but wonder when we reflected that these shiftless beings, in a little more than a fortnight, would be able to dash through the air almost with the inconceivable swiftness of a meteor ; and perhaps, in their emigration, must traverse vast continents and oceans as distant as the equator.

31.—The Voluble Lady.

JANE AUSTEN.

[OF the hundreds of novels that have been published since the beginning of the present century, who can remember even the names of a twentieth part? The larger number are quietly sleeping on the shelves of the circulating libraries of the country towns, destined only to see the light when some voracious spinster has exhausted all that is new of a teeming press, and in desperation plunges into the antiquities of a past generation. But there are six novels that can never be old—the works of the inimitable Jane Austen. No dust will ever settle on them, even in the libraries of the least tasteful of communities. Old and young, learned and unlearned, equally delight in the productions of the marvellous young woman, who drew the commonest incidents and characters of the most ordinary domestic life, with a skilfulness that manifests, more than anything we know, the surpassing power of that art

which makes realities more true than the thing itself beheld through a common medium. This is, indeed, genius. Jane Austen, the daughter of the rector of Steventon, in Hampshire, was born in 1775—died in 1817.]

Miss Bates and Miss Fairfax, escorted by the two gentlemen, walked into the room. Everybody's words were soon lost under the incessant flow of Miss Bates, who came in talking, and had not finished her speech under many minutes after her being admitted into the circle at the fire. As the door opened she was heard,—

“So very obliging of you!—No rain at all. Nothing to signify. I do not care for myself. Quite thick shoes. And Jane declares—Well! (as soon as she was within the door,) well! This is brilliant indeed! This is admirable. Excellently contrived, upon my word. Nothing wanting. Could not have imagined it. So well lighted up! Jane, Jane, look! did you ever see anything? Oh, Mr Weston, you must really have had Aladdin's lamp. Good Mrs Stokes would not know her own room again. I saw her as I came in; she was standing in the entrance. ‘Oh, Mrs Stokes,’ said I, but I had not time for more.” She was now met by Mrs Weston. “Very well, I thank you, ma'am. I hope you are quite well. Very happy to hear it. So afraid you might have a headache! seeing you pass by so often, and knowing how much trouble you must have. Delighted to hear it indeed. Ah! dear Mrs Elton, so obliged to you for the carriage—excellent time—Jane and I quite ready. Did not keep the horses a moment. Most comfortable carriage. Oh—and I am sure our thanks are due to you, Mrs Weston, on that score, Mrs Elton had most kindly sent Jane a note, or we should have been. But two such offers in one day! Never were such neighbours. I said to my mother, ‘Upon my word, ma'am.’ Thank you—my mother is remarkably well. Gone to Mr Woodhouse's. I made her take her shawl, for the evenings are not warm—her large, new shawl, Mrs Dixon's wedding-present. So kind of her to think of my mother. Bought at Weymouth, you know; Mr Dixon's choice. There were three others, Jane says, which they hesitated about some time. Colonel

Campbell rather preferred an olive. My dear Jane, are you sure you did not wet your feet? It was but a drop or two, but I am so afraid; but Mr Frank Churchill was so extremely—and there was a mat to step upon. I shall never forget his extreme politeness. Oh, Mr Frank Churchill, I must tell you my mother's spectacles have never been in fault since; the rivet never came out again. My mother often talks of your good-nature—does not she, Jane? Do not we often talk of Mr Frank Churchill? Ah! here's Miss Woodhouse. Dear Miss Woodhouse, how do you do? Very well, I thank you, quite well. This is meeting quite in fairy-land. Such a transformation! Must not compliment, I know (eyeing Emma most complacently)—that would be rude; but upon my word, Miss Woodhouse, you do look—how do you like Jane's hair? You are a judge. She did it all herself. Quite wonderful how she does her hair! No hairdresser from London, I think, could. Ah, Dr Hughes, I declare—and Mrs Hughes. Must go and speak to Dr and Mrs Hughes for a moment. How do you do? how do you do? Very well, I thank you. This is delightful, is it not? Where's dear Mr Richard? Oh, there he is. Don't disturb him. Much better employed talking to the young ladies. How do you do, Mr Richard? I saw you the other day as you rode through the town. Mrs Otway, I protest! and good Mr Otway, and Miss Otway, and Miss Caroline. Such a host of friends! and Mr George and Mr Arthur! How do you do? how do you do? Quite well—I am much obliged to you. Never better. Don't I hear another carriage? Who can this be? very likely the worthy Coles. Upon my word, this is charming, to be standing among such friends! And such a noble fire! I am quite roasted. No coffee, I thank you, for me; never take coffee. A little tea if you please, sir, by and by; no hurry. Oh, here it comes; everything so good!"

Supper was announced. The move began; and Miss Bates might be heard from that moment without interruption, till her being seated at table and taking up her spoon.

"Jane, Jane, my dear Jane, where are you? Here is your

tippet. Mrs Weston begs you to put on your tippet. She says she is afraid there will be draughts in the passage, though everything has been done ; one door nailed up—quantities of matting ; my dear Jane, indeed you must. Mr Churchill—oh, you are too obliging ! How well you put it on—so gratified ! Excellent dancing indeed ! Yes, my dear, I ran home as I said I should, to help grandmamma to bed, and got back again, and nobody missed me. I set off without saying a word, just as I told you. Grandmamma was quite well ; had a charming evening with Mr Woodhouse, a vast deal of chat, and backgammon. Tea was made down stairs—biscuits and baked apples and wine before she came away ; amazing luck in some of her throws ; and she inquired a great deal about you—how you were amused, and who were your partners. ‘Oh!’ said I, ‘I shall not forestall Jane ; I left her dancing with Mr George Otway ; she will love to tell you all about it herself to-morrow. Her first partner was Mr Elton ; I do not know who will ask her next, perhaps Mr William Cox.’ My dear sir, you are too obliging. Is there nobody you would not rather?—I am not helpless. Sir, you are most kind. Upon my word, Jane on one arm and me on the other ! Stop, stop, let us stand a little back, Mrs Elton is going—dear Mrs Elton, how elegant she looks ! Beautiful lace ! Now we all follow in her train. Quite the queen of the evening ! Well, here we are at the passage. Two steps—Jane, take care of the two steps. Oh, no, there is but one. Well, I was persuaded there were two. How very odd ! I was convinced there were two, and there is but one. I never saw anything equal to the comfort and style—candles everywhere. I was telling you of your grandmamma, Jane—there was a little disappointment. The baked apples and biscuits—excellent in their way, you know ; but there was a delicate fricassee of sweetbread and some asparagus brought in at first, and good Mr Woodhouse, not thinking the asparagus quite boiled enough, sent it all out again. Now there is nothing grandmamma loves better than sweetbread and asparagus, so she was rather disappointed ; but we agreed we would not speak of it to anybody, for fear of its getting round to dear Miss Woodhouse, who would

be so very much concerned. Well, this is brilliant! I am all amazement!—could not have supposed anything—such elegance and profusion! I have seen nothing like it since. Well, where shall we sit—where shall we sit? Anywhere, so that Jane is not in a draught. Where *I* sit is of no consequence. Oh! do you recommend this side? Well, I am sure, Mr Churchill—only it seems too good; but just as you please. What you direct in this house cannot be wrong. Dear Jane, how shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grandmamma? Soup, too! Bless me! I should not be helped so soon, but it smells most excellent, and I cannot help beginning.”

32.—May:

THE May of the Poets is a beautiful generalisation, which sometimes looks like a mockery of the keen east winds, the leafless trees, the hedges without a blossom, of late springs. In an ungenial season we feel the truth of one poetical image,—

“Winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;”

but we are apt to believe that those who talk of halcyon skies, of odorous gales, of leafy thickets filled with the chorus of Nature’s songsters,—to say nothing of Ladies of the May, and morrice-dancers in the sunshine,—have drawn their images from the Southern poets.

In such a season,—which makes us linger over our fires, when we ought to be strolling in the shade of bright green lanes, or loitering by a gushing rivulet to watch the trout rise at the sailing fly,—some nameless writer has seen a single feeble swallow, and has fancied the poor bird was a thing to moralise upon:—

THE FIRST SWALLOW.

He has come before the daffodils,	Oh! he has left his mother’s home:
The foolish and impatient bird:	He thought there was a genial clime
The sunniest noon hath yet its chills,	Where happy birds might safely roam,
The cuckoo’s voice not yet is heard,	And he would seek that land in
The lamb is shivering on the lea,	time.
The cowering lark forbears to	Presumptuous one! his elders knew
sing,—	The dangers of these fickle skies;
And <i>he</i> has come across the sea	Away the pleasure-seeker flew—
To find a winter in the spring.	Nipp’d by untimely frosts he dies.

There is a land in Youth's first dreams	Rush to the world, unguided youth, Prove its false joys, its friendships hollow,
Whose year is one delicious May, And Life, beneath the brightest beams,	Its bitter scorns,—then turn to truth, And find a lesson in the unwise swallow.
Flows on, a gladsome holiday;	

Away with these wintry images! There is a south wind rising; the cold gray clouds open; the sun breaks out. Then comes a warm sunny shower. A day or two of such showers and sunshine, and the branches of the trees, that looked so sere,

“Thrust out their little hands into the ray.”*

The May of the Poets is come;—at any rate we will believe that it is come. WORDSWORTH shall welcome it in a glorious song:—

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
shepherd boy!

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

* We quote Leigh Hunt from memory; for the poem in which this line occurs is not printed in any recent edition of his works.

Oh, evil day ! if I were sullen
 While the Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the children are pulling,
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm.

WORDSWORTH.

SPENSER shall paint "fair May" and her train in noble words—

Then come, fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
 Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
 And throwing flowers out of her lap around :
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
 The twins of Leda, which on either side
 Supported her like to their sovereign queen.
 Lord ! how all creatures laught when her they spied,
 And leapt and danced as they had ravish'd been,
 And Cupid self about her flutter'd all in green.

SPENSER.

JAMES I. welcomes the May, as if Scotland had no cutting winds to shame his song of "Away, Winter, away!"—

Now was there made, fast by the Toure's wall,
 A garden fair, and in the corners set
 Ane herber green, with wandes long and small
 Rail'd about ; and so with trees set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
 That life was none walking there forby
 That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the bewes and the leaves green
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
 And middes every herber might be seen
 The sharpe, greene, sweete juniper,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That, as it seem'd to a life without,
 The bewes spread the herber all about.

And on the smale greene twistes sate
 The little sweete nightingale, and sung
 So loud and clear the hymnes consecrate
 Of love's use, now soft, now loud among
 That of the gardens, and the walles rung

Right out their song, and on the couple next
Of their sweet harmony; and lo, the text:—

Worshippe, ye that lovers been, this May,
For of your bliss the kalends are begun,
And sing with us, Away, winter, away!
Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun;
Awake, for shame! that have your heavens won,
And amorously lift up your heades all:
Hark, Love, that list you to his mercy call.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

A poet of the Shakspearean age has the same lesson, "Rejoice in May:"—

When May is in his prime,
Then may each heart rejoice:
When May bedecks each branch with
green,
Each bird strains forth his voice.

The lively sap creeps up
Into the blooming thorn;
The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
Now laugh the frost to scorn.

All Nature's imps triumph
Whiles joyful May doth last;
When May is gone, of all the year
The pleasant time is past.

May makes the cheerful hue,
May breeds and brings new blood,
May marcheth throughout every limb,
May makes the merry mood.

May pricketh tender hearts,
Their warbling notes to tune.

Full strange it is, yet some we see,
Do make their May in June.

Thus things are strangely wrought,
Whiles joyful May doth last.
Take May in time: when May is
gone,
The pleasant time is past.

All ye that live on earth,
And have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
And use your May with skill.

Use May, while that you may,
For May hath but his time;
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.

Your liking and your lust
Is fresh whiles May doth last!
When May is gone, of all the year
The pleasant time is past.

EDWARDS.

After this old English Epicurean philosophy of "Take May in time," the Transatlantic child of our native muse can scarcely be called original:—

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,

Where, waiting till the west wind
blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the
leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding
crest,

And even the nest beneath the eaves ; There are no birds in last year's nest !	Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime, For, oh, it is not always May !
All things rejoice in youth and love, The fulness of their first delight !	Enjoy the spring of love and youth, To some good angel leave the rest ;
And learn from the soft heavens above The melting tenderness of night.	For time will teach thee soon the truth,
Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme, Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;	There are no birds in last year's nest !

LONGFELLOW.

But who can be original with a theme upon which poets in all ages have written? We forgot the ditty which Master Touchstone calls "a foolish song:"—

It was a lover and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey, no nee no,	Between the acres of the rye, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no, &c.
And a hey no nee no ni no, That o'er the green corn-fields did pass,	These pretty country fools did lie, In spring-time, &c.
In spring-time, the only pretty ring- time	This carol they begun that hour With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no, &c.
When birds do sing, hey ding, a ding, a ding ;	How that life was but a flower, In spring-time, &c.
Sweet lovers love the spring.	
In spring-time, the only pretty ring- time,	Then pretty lovers take the time, With a hey, and a ho, and a hey, no, &c.
When birds do sing, hey ding, a ding, a ding ;	For love is crown'd with the prime, In spring-time, &c.*
Sweet lovers love the spring.	

33.—Progress of the Mechanical Arts.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

[THE following is extracted from a Lecture delivered before the Boston Mechanics' Institution, in 1828. Mr Webster was one of the most distinguished orators of the United States, and, what is higher praise, a man of benevolent and pacific views. He died in 1852.]

* We print this, as it is given in Mr Chappell's excellent collection of old English Songs, from an ancient MS. The reader may compare it with the version in "As You Like It."

Human sagacity, stimulated by human wants, seizes first on the nearest natural assistant. The power of his own arm is an early lesson among the studies of primitive man. This is animal strength; and from this he rises to the conception of employing, for his own use, the strength of other animals. A stone, impelled by the power of his arm, he finds will produce a greater effect than the arm itself; this is a species of mechanical power. The effect results from a combination of the moving force with the gravity of a heavy body. The limb of a tree is a rude but powerful instrument; it is a lever. And the mechanical powers being all discovered, like other natural qualities, by induction, (I use the word as Bacon used it,) or experience, and not by any reasoning *à priori*, their progress has kept pace with the general civilisation and education of nations. The history of mechanical philosophy, while it strongly illustrates, in its general results, the force of the human mind, exhibits, in its details, most interesting pictures of ingenuity struggling with the conception of new combinations, and of deep, intense, and powerful thought, stretched to its utmost to find out, or deduce, the general principle from the indications of particular facts. We are now so far advanced beyond the age when the principal, leading, important mathematical discoveries were made, and they have become so much matter of common knowledge, that it is not easy to feel their importance, or be justly sensible what an epoch in the history of science each constituted. The half frantic exultation of Archimedes, when he had solved the problem respecting the crown of Hiero, was on an occasion and for a cause certainly well allowing very high joy. And so also was the duplication of the cube.

The altar of Apollo, at Athens, was a square block or cube, and to double it required the duplication of the cube. This was a process involving an unascertained mathematical principle. It was quite natural, therefore, that it should be a traditional story, that by way of atoning for some affront to that god, the oracle commanded the Athenians to *double his altar*; an injunction, we know, which occupied the keen sagacity of the Greek geometers for more than half a century before they were able to obey

it. It is to the great honour, however, of this inimitable people, the Greeks, a people whose genius seems to have been equally fitted for the investigations of science and the works of imagination, that the immortal Euclid, centuries before our era, composed his "Elements of Geometry;" a work which, for two thousand years, has been, and still continues to be, a text-book for instruction in that science.

A history of mechanical philosophy, however, would not begin with Greece. There is a wonder beyond Greece. Higher up in the annals of mankind, nearer, far nearer, to the origin of our race, out of all reach of letters, beyond the sources of tradition, beyond all history except what remains in the monuments of her own art, stands Egypt, the mother of nations! Egypt! Thebes! the Labyrinth! the Pyramids! Who shall explain the mysteries which these names suggest? The Pyramids! Who can inform us whether it was by mere numbers, and patience, and labour, perhaps aided by the simple lever; or if not, by what forgotten combinations of power, by what now unknown machines, mass was thus aggregated to mass, and quarry piled on quarry, till solid granite seemed to cover the earth and reach the skies?

The ancients discovered many things, but they left many things also to be discovered; and this, as a general truth, is what our posterity, a thousand years hence, will be able to say, doubtless, when we and our generation shall be recorded also among the ancients. For, indeed, God seems to have proposed His material universe as a standing perpetual study to His intelligent creatures; where, ever learning, they can yet never learn all; and if that material universe shall last till man shall have discovered all that is unknown, but which, by the progressive improvement of his faculties, he is capable of knowing, it will remain through a duration beyond human measurement, and beyond human comprehension.

The ancients knew nothing of our present system of arithmetical notation; nothing of algebra, and, of course, nothing of the important application of algebra to geometry. They had not learned the use of logarithms, and were ignorant of fluxions. They had

not attained to any just method for the mensuration of the earth, a matter of great moment to astronomy, navigation, and other branches of useful knowledge. It is scarcely necessary to add, that they were ignorant of the great results which have followed the development of the principle of gravitation.

In the useful and practical arts, many inventions and contrivances, to the production of which the degree of ancient knowledge would appear to us to have been adequate, and which seem quite obvious, are yet of late origin. The application of water, for example, to turn a mill, is a thing not known to have been accomplished at all in Greece, and is not supposed to have been attempted at Rome till in or near the age of Augustus. The production of the same effect by wind, is a still later invention. It dates only in the seventh century of our era. The propulsion of the saw by any other power than that of the arm, is treated as a novelty in England so late as in the middle of the sixteenth century. The Bishop of Ely, ambassador from the Queen of England to the Pope, says he saw, "at Lyons, a saw-mill driven with an upright wheel, and the water that makes it go is gathered into a narrow trough, which delivereth the same water to the wheels. This wheel hath a piece of timber put to the axletree end, like the handle of a *broch*, (a hand organ,) and fastened to the end of the saw, which being turned with the force of water, hoisteth up the saw, that it continually eateth in, and the handle of the same is kept in a rigall of wood from severing. Also the timber lieth, as it were, upon a ladder, which is brought by little and little to the saw by another vice." From this description of the primitive power-saw, it would seem that it was probably fast only at one end, and that the *broch* and rigall performed the part of the arm in the common use of the hand-saw.

It must always have been a very considerable object for men to possess, or obtain, the power of raising water otherwise than by mere manual labour. Yet nothing like the common suction-pump has been found among rude nations. It has arrived at its present state only by slow and doubtful steps of improvement; and, indeed, in that present state, however obvious and unattractive, it

is something of an abstruse and refined invention. It was unknown in China until Europeans visited the "Celestial Empire;" and is still unknown in other parts of Asia, beyond the pale of European settlements, or the reach of European communication. The Greeks and Romans are supposed to have been ignorant of it, in the early times of their history; and it is usually said to have come from Alexandria, where physical science was much cultivated by the Greek school, under the patronage of the Ptolemies.

These few and scattered historical notices of important inventions have been introduced only for the purpose of suggesting that there is much which is both curious and instructive in the history of mechanics: and that many things, which to us, in our state of knowledge, seem so obvious that we should think they would at once force themselves on men's adoption, have, nevertheless, been accomplished slowly, and by painful efforts.

But if the history of the progress of the mechanical arts be interesting, still more so, doubtless, would be the exhibition of their present state, and a full display of the extent to which they are now carried. The slightest glance must convince us that mechanical power and mechanical skill, as they are now exhibited in Europe and America, mark an epoch in human history worthy of all admiration. Machinery is made to perform what has formerly been the toil of human hands, to an extent that astonishes the most sanguine, with a degree of power to which no number of human arms is equal, and with such precision and exactness as almost to suggest the notion of reason and intelligence in the machines themselves. Every natural agent is put unrelentingly to the task. The winds work, the waters work, the elasticity of metals work; gravity is solicited into a thousand new forms of action; levers are multiplied upon levers; wheels revolve on the peripheries of other wheels. The saw and the plane are tortured into an accommodation to new uses; and, last of all, with inimitable power, and "with whirlwind sound," comes the potent agency of steam. In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent comprised in the short compass of fifty years! Everywhere practicable, everywhere efficient, it has an arm a thousand times

stronger than that of Hercules, and to which human ingenuity is capable of fitting a thousand times as many heads as belonged to Briareus. Steam is found in triumphant operation on the seas; and under the influence of its strong propulsion, the gallant ship

“Against the wind, against the tide,
Still *steadies* with an upright keel.”

It is on the rivers, that the boatman may repose on his oars; it is in highways, and exerts itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the earth's surface; it is in the mill, and in the workshops of the trades. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints. It seems to say to men, at least to the class of artisans, “Leave off your manual labour, give over your bodily toil; bestow but your skill and reason to the directing of my power, and I will bear the toil,—with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to feel faintness.” What further improvements may still be made in the use of this astonishing power it is impossible to know, and it were vain to conjecture. What we do know is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears beyond which its progress is seen to be impossible. If its power were now to be annihilated, if we were to miss it on the water and in the mills, it would seem as if we were going back to rude ages.

34.—Decision of Character.

JOHN FOSTER.

[JOHN FOSTER, born in 1770, was a native of Yorkshire. He was educated for the Baptist ministry; but subsequently devoted himself to literary occupation, residing at Stapleton, near Bristol, where he died in 1843. His “Essays” were first published in 1805—a remarkable book, that will live as long as the language. His other work is “Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance.”]

I have frequently remarked to you in conversation the effect of what has been called a ruling passion. When its object is

noble, and an enlightened understanding directs its movements, it appears to me a great felicity; but whether its object be noble or not, it infallibly creates, where it exists in great force, that active ardent constancy, which I describe as a capital feature of the decisive character. The subject of such a commanding passion wonders, if indeed he were at leisure to wonder, at the persons who pretend to attach importance to an object which they make none but the most languid efforts to secure. The utmost powers of the man are constrained into the service of the favourite cause by this passion, which sweeps away, as it advances, all the trivial objections and little opposing motives, and seems almost to open its way through impossibilities. This spirit comes on him in the morning as soon as he recovers his consciousness, and commands and impels him through the day with a power from which he could not emancipate himself if he would. When the force of habit is added, the determination becomes invincible, and seems to assume rank with the great laws of nature, making it nearly as certain that such a man will persist in his course as that in the morning the sun will rise.

A persisting, untamable efficacy of soul gives a seductive and pernicious dignity even to a character and a course which every moral principle forbids us to approve. Often in the narrations of history and fiction, an agent of the most dreadful designs compels a sentiment of deep respect for the unconquerable mind displayed in their execution. While we shudder at his activity, we say with regret, mingled with an admiration which borders on partiality, What a noble being this would have been, if goodness had been his destiny! The partiality is evinced in the very selection of terms, by which we show that we are tempted to refer his atrocity rather to his destiny than to his choice. I wonder whether an emotion like this has not been experienced by each reader of "Paradise Lost," relative to the leader of the infernal spirits; a proof, if such were the fact, that a very serious error has been committed by the greatest poet. In some of the high examples of ambition, we almost revere the force of mind which impelled them forward through the longest series of action, superior to

doubt or fluctuation, and disdainful of ease, of pleasures, of opposition, and of hazard. We bow to the ambitious spirit which reached the true sublime, in the reply of Pompey to his friends, who dissuaded him from venturing on a tempestuous sea, in order to be at Rome on an important occasion :—"It is necessary for me to go, it is not necessary for me to live."

Revenge has produced wonderful examples of this unremitting constancy to a purpose. Zanga is a well-supported illustration. And you may have read a real instance of a Spaniard, who, being injured by another inhabitant of the same town, resolved to destroy him : the other was apprised of this, and removed with the utmost secrecy, as he thought, to another town at a considerable distance, where, however, he had not been more than a day or two, before he found that his enemy was arrived there. He removed in the same manner to several parts of the kingdom, remote from each other ; but in every place quickly perceived that his deadly pursuer was near him. At last he went to South America, where he had enjoyed his security but a very short time, before his unrelenting enemy came up with him and effected his purpose.

You may recollect the mention, in one of our conversations, of a young man who wasted in two or three years a large patrimony in profligate revels with a number of worthless associates who called themselves his friends, and who, when his last means were exhausted, treated him, of course, with neglect, or contempt. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out of the house with an intention to put an end to his life ; but wandering a while unconsciously, he came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked what were lately his estates. Here he sat down, and remained fixed in thought a number of hours, at the end of which he sprang from the ground with a vehement, exulting emotion. He had formed his resolution, which was, that all these estates should be his again : he had formed his plan, too, which he instantly began to execute. He walked hastily forward, determined to seize the very first opportunity, of however humble a kind, to gain any money, though it were ever so despicable a trifle, and resolved absolutely not to spend, if he could help it, a farthing of whatever

he might obtain. The first thing that drew his attention was a heap of coals shot out of carts on the pavement before a house. He offered himself to shovel or wheel them into the place where they were to be laid, and was employed. He received a few pence for the labour; and then, in pursuance of the saving part of his plan, requested some small gratuity of meat and drink, which was given him. He then looked out for the next thing that might chance to offer, and went, with indefatigable industry, through a succession of servile employments, in different places, of longer and shorter duration, still scrupulously avoiding, as far as possible, the expense of a penny. He promptly seized *every* opportunity which could advance his design, without regarding the meanness of occupation or appearance. By this method he had gained, after a considerable time, money enough to purchase, in order to sell again, a few cattle, of which he had taken pains to understand the value. He speedily but cautiously turned his first gains into second advantages; retained without a single deviation his extreme parsimony; and thus advanced by degrees into larger transactions and incipient wealth. I did not hear, or have forgotten, the continued course of his life; but the final result was, that he more than recovered his lost possessions, and died an inveterate miser, worth £60,000. I have always recollected this as a signal instance, though in an unfortunate and ignoble direction, of decisive character, and of the extraordinary *effect*, which, according to general laws, belongs to the strongest form of such a character.

But not less decision has been displayed by men of virtue. In this distinction no man ever exceeded, for instance, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard.

The energy of his determination was so great, that if, instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time, on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of anything like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character

of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds: as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent.

The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity, was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings toward the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scenes which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one. There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits who fulfil their commission of philanthropy among mortals do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive when its gratification should be presented by conscience, which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time, as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an incon-

ceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.

His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, as the Egyptian pyramids to travellers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labour and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every movement and every day was an approximation. As his method referred everything he did and thought to the end, and as his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent: and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence.

Unless the eternal happiness of mankind be an insignificant concern, and the passion to promote it an inglorious distinction, I may cite George Whitefield as a noble instance of this attribute of the decisive character, this intense necessity of action. The great cause which was so languid a thing in the hands of many of its advocates, assumed in his administrations an unmitigable urgency.

Many of the Christian missionaries among the heathens, such as Brainerd, Elliot, and Schwartz, have displayed memorable examples of this dedication of their whole being to their office, this eternal abjuration of all the quiescent feelings.

This would be the proper place for introducing (if I did not hesitate to introduce in any connexion with merely human instances) the example of Him who said, "I must be about my Father's business." "My meat and drink is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished."

35.—The Dream of Eugene Aram.

HOOD.

[THOMAS HOOD, born in London, in 1798, was the son of a respectable publisher, of the firm of Vernor, Hood, & Sharpe. He was brought up an engraver;—he became a writer of “Whims and Oddities,”—and he grew into a poet of great and original power. The slight partition which divides humour and pathos was remarkably exemplified in Hood. Misfortune and feeble health made him doubly sensitive to the ills of his fellow-creatures. The sorrows which he has delineated are not unreal things. He died in 1845, his great merits having been previously recognised by Sir Robert Peel, who bestowed on him a pension, to be continued to his wife. That wife soon followed him to the grave. The pension has been continued to their children.]

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some
that leapt
Like troutlets in a stream.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessèd breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he lean'd his head on his hands
and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;

For the peace of his soul he read that
book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
“O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took;
Now up the mead, then down the
mead,
And past a shady nook:
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

“My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page
Of kings and crowns unstable?”
The young boy gave an upward
glance—
“It is the death of Abel.”

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain;

Six hasty strides beyond the place,
 Then slowly back again :
 And down he sat beside the lad,
 And talk'd with him of Cain ;
 And long since then of bloody men,
 Whose deeds tradition saves—
 Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
 And hid in sudden graves—
 Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
 And murders done in caves ;
 And how the sprites of injur'd men,
 Shriek upward from the sod—
 Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
 To show the burial clod ;
 And unknown facts of guilty acts
 Are seen in dreams from God !
 He told how murderers walk'd the
 earth
 Beneath the curse of Cain—
 With crimson clouds before their eyes,
 And flames about their brain :
 For blood has left upon their souls
 Its everlasting stain !
 “ And well,” quoth he, “ I know for
 truth
 Their pangs must be extreme—
 Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
 Who spill life's sacred stream !
 For why? Methought last night I
 wrought
 A murder in a dream !
 “ One that had never done me wrong,
 A feeble man and old ;
 I led him to a lonely field—
 The moon shone clear and cold :
 Now here, said I, this man shall die,
 And I will have his gold !
 “ Two sudden blows with a ragged
 stick,
 And one with a heavy stone,
 One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
 And then the deed was done :

There was nothing lying at my foot
 But lifeless flesh and bone !
 “ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
 That could not do me ill ;
 And yet I fear'd him all the more
 For lying there so still :
 There was a manhood in his look
 That murder could not kill !
 “ And lo! the universal air
 Seem'd lit with ghastly flame—
 Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
 Were looking down in blame :
 I took the dead man by the hand,
 And call'd upon his name.
 “ Oh, God! it made me quake to see
 Such sense within the slain!
 But when I touch'd the lifeless clay
 The blood gush'd out amain,
 For every clot a burning spot
 Was scorching in my brain !
 “ My head was like an ardent coal,
 My heart as solid ice ;
 My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
 Was at the devil's price :
 A dozen times I groan'd—the dead
 Had never groan'd but twice ;
 “ And now from forth the frowning
 sky,
 From the heaven's topmost height,
 I heard a voice—the awful voice
 Of the blood-avenging sprite :
 ‘ Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
 And hide it from my sight !’
 “ I took the dreary body up,
 And cast it in a stream—
 A sluggish water, black as ink,
 The depth was so extreme.
 My gentle boy, remember this
 Is nothing but a dream !
 “ Down went the corpse with a hol-
 low plunge,
 And vanish'd in the pool ;

Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

“Oh, heaven, to think of their white
souls,

And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd
'Mid holy cherubim!

“And peace went with them one and
all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red!

“All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

“All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime.

“One stern, tyrannic thought, that
made

All other thoughts its slaves;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

“Heavily I rose up—as soon
As light was in the sky—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul
in chase,
I took him up and ran—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began;
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of
leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

“And all that day I read in school
But my thought was other where!
As soon as the mid-day task was
done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the
leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

“Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep;
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

“So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones—
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

“Oh, God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again, again, with a dizzy brain
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging
hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

“And still no peace for the restless
 clay
 Will wave or mould allow :
 The horrid thing pursues my soul—
 It stands before me now!”
 The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
 Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
 The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
 Two stern-faced men set out from
 Lynn,
 Through the cold and heavy mist ;
 And Eugene Aram walk'd between
 With gyves upon his wrists.

36.—The Strange Contrarieties discoverable in Human Nature.

PASCAL.

[BLAISE PASCAL was characterised by Bayle as “one of the sublimest spirits in the world.” He was born in 1623 ; he died in 1662. His genius led him to the strictest inquiries of human reason ; his piety compelled him to the most complete submission of his reasoning faculty to the truths of revelation. Up to his twenty-fifth year he devoted himself to the pursuits of science ; thenceforward, to the time of his early death, his mind was dedicated to religious contemplation. His “*Pensées*” furnish a monument of the elevation and purity of his devotional feeling ; his “*Lettres à un Provincial*,” in which he assailed the morality of the Jesuits, with a power of logic and of wit which has never been surpassed, show how completely his religion could be separated from the enthusiasm of his temperament, and the ascetic practices of his life. It has been said of him that he knew exactly how to distinguish between the rights of faith and of reason. The passage which we select from his “*Pensées*” is thus noticed by Dr Arnold:—“The necessity of faith, arising from the absurdity of scepticism on the one hand, and of dogmatism on the other, is shown with great power and eloquence in the first article of the second part of Pascal's ‘*Pensées*,’ a book of which there is an English translation by no means difficult to meet with.”]

Nothing can be more astonishing in the nature of man than the contrarieties which we there observe with regard to all things. He is made for the knowledge of truth : this is what he most ardently desires, and most eagerly pursues ; yet when he endeavours to lay hold on it, he is so dazzled and confounded as never to be secure of actual possession. Hence the two sects of the Pyrrhonians and the dogmatists took their rise ; of which the one would utterly deprive men of all truth, the other would infallibly insure their inquiries after it ; but each with reasons so improbable, as only to

increase our confusion and perplexity, while we are guided by no other lights than those which we find in our own bosom.

The principal arguments of the Pyrrhonians, or sceptics, are as follow:—If we accept faith and revelation, we can have no other certainty to the truth of principles than that we naturally feel and perceive them within ourselves. But now this inward perception is no convictive evidence of their truth; because, since without faith we have no assurance whether we were made by a good God, or by some evil demon; nay, whether we have not existed from eternity, or been the offspring of chance. It may be doubted whether these principles within us are true or false, or uncertain in correspondence to our original. Indeed, it is by faith alone that we can distinguish whether we are asleep or awake;—because in our sleep we as strongly fancy ourselves to be waking as when we really are: so we imagine that we see space, figure, and motion: we perceive the time pass away, we measure it as it runs. In fine, we act, to all intents, as in our most wakeful hours. Since then, by our own confession, one-half of our life is spent in sleep, during which, whatever we may suppose, we have really no idea of truth, all that then passes within us being mere illusion, who can tell but that the other moiety of our life, in which we fancy ourselves to be awake, is no more than a second sleep, little differing from the former; and that we only rouse ourselves from our sleep by day when we enter into that at night; as it is usual with us to dream that we dream, by heaping one fantastic image upon another?

I wave the whole declamations of the sceptics, against the impressions of custom, education, manners, and climates, and the like prejudices; which they observe to govern the greatest part of mankind, who are wont to reason on no other than these false foundations.

The main forte of the dogmatists is this, that would we but speak honestly and sincerely, there is no man who can doubt of natural principles. We are capable of truth, say they, not only by reasoning, but by perception, and by a bright and lively act of immediate intelligence. It is by this latter way that we arrive at

the knowledge of first principles, which the forces of reason would attack in vain, having nothing to do with them. The sceptics, who labour to bring all things to their own standard, are under a continual disappointment. We may be very well assured of our being awake, though very unable to demonstrate it by reason. This inability shows indeed the feebleness of our rational powers, but not the general incertitude of our knowledge. We apprehend, with no less confidence, that there are such things in the world as space, time, motion, number, and matter, than the most regular and demonstrative conclusions. Nay, it is upon this certainty of perception and consciousness that reason ought to fix itself, and to found the whole method of its process. I perceive that there are three dimensions in space—viz., length, breadth, and thickness—and that number is infinite: hence my reason demonstrates that there are no two square numbers assignable, one of which shall exactly double the other. We apprehend principles, and we conclude propositions; and both with the like assurance, though by different ways. Nor is it less ridiculous for reason to demand of these perceptive and intellectual faculties a proof of their maxims before it consents to them, than it would be for the said faculties to demand of reason a clear perception and intuition of all the problems it demonstrates. This defect, therefore, may serve to the humbling of reason, which pretends to be the judge of all things, but not to invalidate our assurance, as if reason were alone able to inform our judgment. On the contrary, it were to be wished that we had less occasion for rational deductions, and that we knew all things by instinct and immediate view. But nature has denied us this favour, and allows us but few notices of so easy a kind, leaving us to work out the rest by laborious consequences, and a continued series of argument.

We see here a universal war proclaimed against mankind. We must of necessity list ourselves on one side or on the other; for he that pretends to stand neuter is most effectually of the sceptical party: this neutrality constitutes the very essence of scepticism; and he that is not against sceptics, must be in a superlative manner for them. What shall a man do under these circum-

stances? Shall he question everything? Shall he doubt whether he is awake—whether another pinches him, or burns him? Shall he doubt whether he doubts? Shall he doubt whether he exists? It seems impossible to come to this; and therefore, I believe, there never was a finished sceptic, a Pyrrhonian in perfection. There is a secret force in nature which sustains the weakness of reason, and hinders it from losing itself in such a degree of extravagance. Well, but shall a man join himself to the opposite faction? Shall he boast that he is in sure possession of truth, when, if we press him never so little, he can produce no title, and must be obliged to quit his hold?

Who shall extricate us from this dilemma? The sceptics we see are confounded by nature, and the dogmatists by reason. To what a distracting misery will that man, therefore, be reduced, who shall seek the knowledge of his own condition by the bare light and guidance of his own powers! it being alike impossible for him to avoid both these sects, for he cannot repose himself on either.

Such is the portrait of man with regard to truth. Let us now behold him in respect of felicity, which he prosecutes with so much warmth through his whole course of action; for all desire to be happy: this general rule is without exception. Whatever variety there may be in the means employed, there is but one end universally pursued. The reason why one man embraceth the hazard of war, and why another declines it, is but the same desire, attended in each with different views. This is the sole motive to every action of every person; and even of such as most unnaturally become their own executioners.

And yet, after the course of so many ages, no person without faith has ever arrived at this point, towards which all continually tend. The whole world is busy in complaining: princes and subjects, nobles and commons, old and young, the strong and the feeble, the learned and the ignorant, the healthy and the diseased, of all countries, all times, all ages, and all conditions.

So long, so constant, so regular, and uniform a proof ought fully to convince us of our utter inability to acquire happiness by

our own efforts. But example will not serve for our instruction in this case; because there being no resemblance so exact as not to admit some nicer difference, we are hence disposed to think that our expectation is not so liable to be deceived on one occasion as on another. Thus the present never satisfying us, the future decoys and allures us on, till, from one misfortune to another, it leads us into death, the sum and consummation of eternal misery.

This is next to a miracle, that there should not be any one thing in nature which has not been some time fixed as the last end and happiness of man; neither stars, nor elements, nor plants, nor animals, nor insects, nor diseases, nor war, nor vice, nor sin. Man being fallen from his natural estate, there is no object so extravagant as not to be capable of attracting his desire. Ever since he lost his real good, everything cheats him with the appearance of it; even his own destruction, though contrary as this seems both to reason and nature.

Some have sought after felicity in honour and authority, others in curiosity and knowledge, and a third tribe in the pleasures and enjoyments of sense. These three leading pursuits have constituted as many factions; and those whom we compliment with the name of philosophers, have really done nothing else but resigned themselves up to one of the three. Such amongst them as made the nearest approaches to truth and happiness, well considered that it was necessary the universal good which all desire, and in which each man ought to be allowed his portion, should not consist in any of the private blessings of this world, which can be properly enjoyed but by one alone, and which, if divided, do more grieve and afflict each possessor, for want of the part which he has not, than they oblige and gratify him with the part which he has. They rightly apprehend that the true good ought to be such as all may possess at once, without diminution, and without contention; and such as no man can be deprived of against his will. They apprehend this; but they were unable to attain and execute it; and instead of a solid, substantial happiness, took up at last with the empty shadow of visionary excellence.

Our instinct suggests to us that we ought to seek our happiness

within ourselves. Our passions hurry us abroad, even when there are no objects to engage and incite them. External objects are themselves our tempters, and charm and attract us, while we think not of them. Therefore, the wisest philosophers might weary themselves with crying, "Keep within yourselves, and your felicity is in your own gift and power." The generality never gave them credit, and those who were so easy as to believe them, became only the more unsatisfied and the more ridiculous. For is there anything so vain as the happiness of the Stoics, or so groundless as the reasons on which they build it?

They conclude, that what has been done once may be done always; and that, because the desire of glory has spurred on its votaries to great and worthy actions, all others may use it with the same success. But these are the motions of fever and frenzy, which sound health and judgment can never imitate.

The civil war between reason and passion has occasioned two opposite projects for the restoring of peace to mankind; the one, of those who were for renouncing their passions, and becoming gods; the other, of those who were for renouncing their reason, and becoming beasts. But neither the one nor the other could take effect. Reason ever continues to accuse the baseness and injustice of the passions, and to disturb the repose of those who abandon themselves to their dominion; and, on the contrary, the passions remain lively and vigorous in the hearts of those who talk the most of their extirpation.

This is the just account of human nature, and human strength, in respect of truth and happiness. We have an idea of truth not to be effaced by all the wiles of the sceptic; we have an incapacity of argument not to be rectified by all the power of the dogmatist. We wish for truth, and find nothing in ourselves but uncertainty. We seek after happiness, and are presented with nothing but misery. Our double aim is, in effect, a double torture; while we are alike unable to compass either, and to relinquish either. These desires seem to have been left in us, partly as a punishment of our fall, and partly as an indication and remembrance whence we are fallen.

If man was not made for God, why is God alone sufficient for human happiness? If man was made for God, why is the human will, in all things, repugnant to the divine?

Man is at a loss where to fix himself, and to recover his proper station in the world. He is unquestionably out of his way; he feels within himself the small remains of his once happy state, which he is now unable to retrieve. And yet this is what he daily courts and follows after, always with solicitude, and never with success; encompassed with darkness which he can neither escape nor penetrate.

Hence arose the contest amongst the philosophers; some of whom endeavoured to raise and exalt man by displaying his greatness; others to depress and debase him by representing his misery. And what seems more strange, is, that each party borrowed from the other the ground of their own opinion. For the misery of man may be inferred from his greatness, as his greatness is deducible from his misery. Thus the one sect, with more evidence, demonstrated his misery in that they derived it from his greatness; and the other more strongly concluded his greatness, because they founded it on his misery. Whatever was offered to establish his greatness, on one side, served only to evince his misery in behalf of the other; it being more miserable to have fallen from the greater height. And the same proportion holds *vice versâ*. So that in this endless circle of dispute, each helped to advance his adversary's cause; for it is certain, that the more degrees of light men enjoy, the more degrees they are able to discern of misery and of greatness. In a word, man knows himself to be miserable; he is therefore exceedingly miserable, because he knows that he is so; but he likewise appears to be eminently great, from this very act of knowing himself to be miserable.

What a chimera, then, is man! What a surprising novelty! What a confused chaos! What a subject of contradiction! A professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth; the great depository and guardian of truth, and yet a mere medley of uncertainty; the glory and the scandal of the universe! If he is too aspiring and lofty, we can lower and humble him; if too

mean and little, we can exalt him. To conclude, we can bait him with repugnances and contradictions, until, at length, he considers himself to be a monster even beyond conception.

37.—Account of the Great Fire of London.



LONDON DURING THE FIRE.

EVELYN.

[JOHN EVELYN, of Wotton, Surrey, was a younger son of an ancient family. During a long life in eventful times, he maintained a character for independence and honesty, without being a violent partisan; and in a profligate age he displayed the decorous virtues of an English gentleman. His "Memoirs" were found about thirty-five years ago, in a mutilated state, in the old mansion in which he lived and died—Wotton, near Dorking; and they offer some of the most curious pictures we possess of the events and manners of the 17th century. We subjoin his narrative of the Great Fire of London, in 1666. Mr Evelyn died in 1706, in his 86th year.]

1666. 2d Sept. This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish Street, in London.

3. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bank-side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street,

and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed.

The fire having continued all this night, (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner,) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill, (for it kindled back against the wind as well as forward,) Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracechurch Street, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light seen above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of

women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. London was, but is no more!

4. The burning still rages, and it has now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleet Street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like granados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.

5. It crossed towards Whitehall; oh, the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his majesty to command me among the rest to look after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across,) and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop, but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved nearly the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy

less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair. It also broke out again in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his majesty and published, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was looked on as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed, or board; who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruin was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

7. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, by St Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff,

which being built entirely about it, had they taken fire, and attacked the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church, St Paul's, now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, and projectures of massy Portland stone flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally melted; the ruins of the vaulted roof falling broke into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, ironwork, bells, plate, &c., melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercer's Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragoes of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy: to which was added the stench that came

from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, &c. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. I was not able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest, the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet insufferably surheated. The by-lanes and narrower streets were quite filled up with rubbish, nor could one have known where he was, but by the ruins of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His majesty and council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we are now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the city. There was in truth some days before great suspicion of these two nations joining; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they

were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his majesty's proclamation also invited them.

38.—The Red fisherman.

PRAED.

[WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED was the son of Mr Sergeant Praed. In 1820, while at Eton College, he prepared and brought out, with the aid of other young men, a periodical work, entitled "The Etonian," which went through four editions. He was, subsequently, while at Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the principal contributors to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." Mr Praed's university career was one of almost unequalled brilliancy. In 1831, having previously been called to the bar, he was returned to Parliament for a Cornish borough. His health was always somewhat feeble; and the promises of his youth were closed by his early death in 1839. Several editions of Mr Praed's poems had been published in the United States, which were a very imperfect approach to a complete collection of his brilliant effusions. In 1864, however, a very complete series of his poetical works appeared in two volumes, accompanied with a memoir by his friend the Rev. Derwent Coleridge.]

The Abbot arose, and closed his book,
 And donn'd his sandal shoon,
 And wander'd forth alone to look
 Upon the summer moon :
 A starlight sky was o'er his head,
 A quiet breeze around ;
 And the flowers a thrilling fragrance
 shed,
 And the waves a soothing
 sound :
 It was not an hour, nor a scene, for
 aught
 But love and calm delight ;
 Yet the holy man had a cloud of
 thought
 On his wrinkled brow that night.
 He gazed on the river that gurgled
 by,
 But he thought not of the reeds ;
 He clasp'd his gilded rosary,
 But he did not tell the beads :

If he look'd to the heaven, 'twas not
 to invoke
 The Spirit that dwelleth there ;
 If he open'd his lips, the words they
 spoke
 Had never the tone of prayer.
 A pious priest might the Abbot seem,
 He had sway'd the crosier well ;
 But what was the theme of the Abbot's
 dream
 The Abbot were loath to tell.
 Companionless, for a mile or more,
 He traced the windings of the shore.
 Oh, beauteous is that river still,
 As it winds by many a sloping hill,
 And many a dim o'er-arching grove,
 And many a flat and sunny cove,
 And terraced lawns, whose bright
 arcades
 The honeysuckle sweetly shades,

And rocks whose very crags seem
bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers.
But the Abbot was thinking of
scenery,

About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in
wrath
Grew dark above his head ;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread ;
And nearer he came, and still more
near

To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless ;
From the river stream it spread
away

The space of half a rood ;
The surface had the hue of clay,
And the scent of human blood ;
The trees and the herbs that round it
grew

Were venomous and foul ;
And the birds that through the
bushes flew

Were the vulture and the owl ;
The water was as dark and rank
As ever a company pump'd ;
And the perch that was netted and
laid on the bank,

Grew rotten while it jump'd :
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy ;
For the place was cursed with an
evil name,
And that name was " The Devil's
Decoy ! "

The Abbot was weary as Abbot
could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump
of a tree :

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When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
Was it a song, or was it a moan ?

" Oh, ho ! Oh, ho !

Above,—below !—

Lightly and brightly they glide and
go !

The hungry and keen to the top are
leaping,

The lazy and fat in the depths are
sleeping ;

Fishing is fine when the pool is
muddy,

Broiling is rich when the coals are
ruddy ! "

In a monstrous fright, by the murky
light,

He look'd to the left, and he look'd
to the right.

And what was the vision close before
him,

That flung such a sudden stupor o'er
him ?

'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run :

The startled Priest struck both his
thighs,

And the Abbey clock struck one !

All alone, by the side of the pool,

A tall man sate on a three-legg'd stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,

And putting in order his reel and rod.
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,

And a high red cap on his head he
bore ;

His arms and his legs were long and
bare ;

And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,

Like a tatter'd flag o'er a splitting
wreck.

It might be time, or it might be
trouble,

Had bent that stout back nearly
double ;

Sunk in their deep and hollow
sockets

That blazing couple of Congreve
rockets;

And shrunk and shrivell'd that tawny
skin

Till it hardly cover'd the bones within.

The line the Abbot saw him throw

Had been fashion'd and form'd long
ages ago:

And the hands that work'd his foreign
vest,

Long ages ago had gone to their rest:

You would have sworn, as you look'd
on them,

He had fish'd in the flood with Ham
and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creak-
ing of locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron
box.

Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—

It seem'd not such to the Abbot's eye:

Gaily it glitter'd with jewel and gem,

And its shape was the shape of a
diadem.

It was fasten'd a gleaming hook about,

By a chain within and a chain without;

The Fisherman gave it a kick and a
spin,

And the water fizz'd as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,

Strange and varied sounds had birth;

Now the battle's bursting peal,

Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;

Now an old man's hollow groan

Echo'd from the dungeon stone;

Now the weak and wailing cry

Of a stripling's agony!

Cold, by this, was the midnight air;

But the Abbot's blood ran colder,

When he saw a gasping knight lie
there

With a gash beneath his clotted hair,

And a hump upon his shoulder.

And the loyal churchman strove in vain

To mutter a Pater Noster:

For he who writhed in mortal pain,

Was camp'd that night on Bosworth
plain,—

The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creak-
ing of locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron
box.

It was a haunch of princely size,

Filling with fragrance earth and skies.

The corpulent Abbot knew full well

The swelling form and the steaming
smell;

Never a monk that wore a hood

Could better have guess'd the very
wood

Where the nob'e hart had stood at
bay,

Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee,

Of a revelling company;

Sprightly story, wicked jest,

Rated servant, greeted guest,

Flow of wine, and flight of cork,

Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:

But where'er the board was spread,

Grace, I ween, was never said!

Pulling and tugging the Fisherman
sate;

And the Priest was ready to vomit,
When he haul'd out a gentleman, fine

and fat,

With a belly as big as a brimming vat,

And a nose as red as a comet.

"A capital stew," the Fisherman said,

"With cinnamon and sherry!"

And the Abbot turn'd away his head,

For his brother was lying before him
dead,

The Mayor of St Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creak-
ing of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron
box.

It was a bundle of beautiful things,
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's
wings,

A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of
pearl,

And a packet of letters, from whose
sweet fold

Such a stream of delicate odours roll'd,
That the Abbot fell on his face, and
fainted,

And deem'd his spirit was half-way
sainted.

Sounds seem'd dropping from the
skies,

Stifled whispers, smother'd sighs,

And the breath of vernal gales,

And the voice of nightingales:

But the nightingales were mute,

Envious, when an unseen lute

Shaped the music of its chords

Into passion's thrilling words:

“Smile, lady, smile!—I will not set

Upon my brow the coronet,

Till thou wilt gather roses white,

To wear around its gems of light.

Smile, lady, smile!—I will not see

Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,

Till those bewitching lips of thine

Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.

Smile, lady, smile!—for who would
win

A loveless throne through guilt and
sin?

Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,

If woman's heart were rebel still?”

One jerk, and there a lady lay,

A lady wondrous fair;

But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and cold
as clay,

And torn was her raven hair.

“Ah, ha!” said the Fisher, in merry
guise,

“Her gallant was hook'd before;”

And the Abbot heaved some piteous
sighs,

For oft he had bless'd those deep blue
eyes,

The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creak-
ing of locks,

As he took forth a bait from his iron
box.

Many the cunning sportsman tried,

Many he flung with a frown aside;

A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,

A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,

Jewels of lustre, robes of price,

Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,

And golden cups of the brightest wine

That ever was press'd from the Bur-
gundy vine.

There was a perfume of sulphur and
nitre,

As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!

From top to toe the Abbot shook

As the Fisherman arm'd his golden
hook;

And awfully were his features wrought

By some dark dream, or waken'd
thought.

Look how the fearful felon gazes

On the scaffold his country's ven-
geance raises,

When the lips are crack'd, and the
jaws are dry,

With the thirst which only in death
shall die:

Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,

As the swaling wherry settles down,

When peril has numb'd the sense and will,

Though the hand and the foot may struggle still :

Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance :
Fix'd as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer ;

But he sign'd,—he knew not why or how,—

The sign of the cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,

As he stalk'd away with his iron box.
“ Oh ho ! Oh ho !

The cock doth crow ;

It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine ;

He hath gnaw'd in twain my choicest line ;

Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,—

The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth.”

The Abbot had preach'd for many years,

With as clear articulation

As ever was heard in the House of Peers

Against Emancipation :

His words had made battalions quake,

Had roused the zeal of martyrs ;

Had kept the Court an hour awake,
And the king himself three-quarters :

But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,

He stammer'd and he stutter'd

As if an axe went through his head,

With every word he utter'd.

He stutter'd o'er blessing, he stutter'd o'er ban,

He stutter'd, drunk or dry,

And none but he and the Fisherman
Could tell the reason why !

39.—Sir Roger de Coverley.—II.

The 113th number of the “Spectator” describes Sir Roger de Coverley falling in love with a beautiful widow. The paper is by Steele; and to a reader of the present day it may appear somewhat trite and mawkish. The good old knight looks back upon his unrequited youthful affection with a half-ludicrous solemnity. His mistress was a learned lady, who only gave him the encouragement of declaring that “Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country.” It is scarcely necessary to follow the disconsolate bachelor's relation of his disappointment. The following description, however, of the sheriff riding in state to the assizes will serve, with a little variation of costume, for a picture of the same scene in our own day: for who amongst our country readers has not heard the barbarous dissonance of the sheriff's trumpets, and smiled at the awkward pomp of his mighty javelin-men ?

“ I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have

inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, ride well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But, when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in the court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who beheld her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, "Make way for the defendant's witnesses." This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court, was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage."

In the 115th and 116th numbers of the "Spectator," Sir Roger figures as the lover of country sports—obsolete indeed, to a certain extent, and not such as a *fast* man of our own day would relish :—

"After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that, in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalise himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting-horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts. His tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

"Sir Roger being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles, and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such a manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could

I believe my friend had ever read Shakspeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream :—

‘My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.
Crook-kneed and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.’

“Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers or uncles.

“After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furzebrake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm, but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me and asked me if puss was gone that way. Upon my answering yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going on, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion, ‘that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying, Stole away.’

“This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but

I was pleased to find that, instead of running straight forwards, or, in hunter's language, 'flying the country,' as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired among them. If they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out without being taken notice of.

"The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged, because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they con-

tinued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms, which he soon after delivered up to one of his servants, with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard, where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

“The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter’s skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal, filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight’s own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them, that for distinction’s sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours’ riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life.”

At the time when Addison described the race of fortune-telling gipsies for the edification of the London public, there were few travellers for amusement, and fewer who left the din and smoke of the town to wander through commons and green lanes, the gipsies’ haunts. It is remarkable how little change is to be observed in the manners of the vagrant tribe. Addison’s description might have been written yesterday.

“As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon

the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the Justice of the Peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop: but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. 'If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge,' says Sir Roger, 'they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the field, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it: they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them, and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon, every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.'

"Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could

be made in it ; when one of them, who was older and more sun-burnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life : upon which the knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle baggage ; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding that he was not displeas'd in his heart, told him, after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night : my old friend cried Pish, and bid her go on. The gipsy told him he was a bachelor, but would not be so long ; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought : the knight still repeated, she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. Ah, master, says the gipsy, that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache : you have not that simper about the mouth for nothing. The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had cross'd her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

“As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things ; and for half an hour together appear'd more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was pick'd : that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.”

The “Spectator,” No. 122, is wholly by Addison. We give it entire, as it contains many touches of his delicate humour, as well as a quaint view of by-gone manners :—

“A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart ; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected ; but otherwise, there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is

thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

“My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

“‘The first of them,’ says he, ‘who has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a-year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

“‘The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking “the law” of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution; his father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast, and been cast so often, that he is now not worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow-tree.’

“As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will

told him that Mr Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow-traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr Such-a-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both upon a round trot; and after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that 'much might be said on both sides.' They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

"The court was set before Sir Roger came; but, notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the county, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance of solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

"Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country-people that Sir Roger 'was up.' The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the county.

"I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the county gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordi-

nary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage that he was not afraid to speak to the judge.

“ In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family; and to do honour to his old master, had, some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the knight's head hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and, when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke; but told him, at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation to the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story, had not the innkeeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honour's head was brought last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but, upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I com-

posed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, 'that much might be said on both sides.'

"These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels."

40.—Ballads.

GENTLE HERDSMAN.

[THIS beautiful old ballad, being "A Dialogue between a Pilgrim and a Herdsman," is printed in Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." It has evidently suggested Goldsmith's ballad of "Edwin and Angelina," and three of the stanzas of the modern poem are paraphrased from the Gentle Herdsman.]

Gentle herdsman, tell to me,
Of courtesy I thee pray,
Unto the town of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the town of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gone;
And very crookèd are those paths
For you to find out all alone."

Were the miles doubled thrice,
And the way never so ill,
It were not enough for mine offence;
It is so grievous and so ill.

"Thy years are young, thy face is fair,
Thy wits are weak, thy thoughts
are green;

Time hath not given thee leave as yet,
For to commit so great a sin."

Yes, herdsman, yes, so wouldst thou
say,

If thou knewest so much as I;
My wits, and thoughts, and all the
rest,

Have well deservèd for to die.

I am not what I seem to be,
My clothes and sex do differ far—

I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to grief and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my tears will not avail,
Most dearly I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere could be;
Of comely mien and shape he was,
And tenderly he loved me.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grew so proud his pain to see,
That I, who did not know myself,
Thought scorn of such a youth as he.

And grew so coy and nice to please,
As woman's looks are often so,
He might not kiss nor hand forsooth,
Unless I will'd him so to do.

Thus being wearied with delays
To see I pitied not his grief,
He got him to a secret place,
And there he died without relief.

And for his sake these weeds I wear,
And sacrifice my tender age;

And every day I'll beg my bread,
To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will do till I die ;
And get me to some secret place,
For so did he, and so will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,
But keep my secrets I thee pray ;

Unto the town of Walsingham
Show me the right and ready way.

“Now go thy ways, and God before !
For He must ever guide thee still :
Turn down that dale, the right hand
path.
And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well !”

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

[THIS is the Scottish ballad which Coleridge, in his “Dejection,” calls “the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.” This is also printed in Percy’s “Reliques.”]

The king sits in Dumferling toun,
Drinking the blude-reid wine :
O quhar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king’s richt kne :
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor
That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid letter,
And sign’d it wi’ his hand ;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he :
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me ,
To send me out this time o’ the yeir,
To sail upon the se ?

Mak hast, mak hast, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne.

O say na sae, my master deir,
For I fear a deadlie storme.

Late, late yestreen, I saw the new
moone

Wi’ the auld moone in hir arme ;
And I feir, I feir, my dear master,
That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles were richt laith
To weet their cork-heil’d schoone ;
But lang owre a’ the play were play’d,
Their hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang, may their ladies sit
Wi’ their fans into their hand,
Or eir they see Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand,
Wi’ their gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for their ain deir lords,
For they’ll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,
It’s fiftie fadom deep ;
And there lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi’ the Scots lords at his feit.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[THIS ballad, which, as Leigh Hunt has truly said, "must have suffused more eyes with tears of the first water than any other ballad that ever was written," is the production of Lady Anne Barnard, who died in 1825. In a letter to Sir Walter Scott this lady gives the following interesting and curious account of the circumstances under which she composed this most charming poem:—

"'Robin Gray,' so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond; —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's tune to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me:—"I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'" 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

"Meanwhile, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr Jerningham, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity."]

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, oh, they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work, my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said Na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For oh, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin!
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

41.—An Irish Village.

CARLETON.

[THE following is extracted from "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," published in 1830. In a subsequent edition of that work, the author, William Carleton, tells the story of his own life; and we thence learn how much of his peculiar felicity in delineating character and manners is derived from the experience of his early days. He was born in the parish of Clogher, Tyrone, in 1798. His father, a peasant, was wonderful as a story-teller; his mother, who possessed a voice of exquisite sweetness, was eminently skilled in her native music. Here was the real education of such a writer. Mr Carleton has published a Second Series of "Traits and Stories," and other Irish Tales.]

The village of Findamore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes enclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced on its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glaring of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the playground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river, which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or

watering ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water flags on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen*,* which led from the village to the main road, crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a greater appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw, sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows. The panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman, with watery eyes, and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came with a chubby urchin on one arm, and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your forefinger and thumb (for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand) closely, but not knowingly, applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking

* A little road.

curs and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice—if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation—in every sink as you pass along, a “slip of a pig” stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau-idéal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower, lying in indolent repose, with half a dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visage peeping by a short cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin, that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dirt of the road, lest “the gentleman’s horse might ride over it;” and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frieze, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two on yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gossoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door, you may observe a toil-worn man, without coat or waistcoat, his red, muscular, sunburnt shoulder peeping through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *lingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterise an Irishman when he labours *for himself*, lean-

ing upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described—far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farm-house, with ornamental thatching and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard, with five or six large stacks of corn, well trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weatherbeaten old hayrick, half cut,—not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheaten bread, which the good wife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, be an unpleasant object; truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearth-stone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trenchers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courtier.

As you leave the village, you have to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described; and to the right, a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains, peering directly into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park well wooded and stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town, which lies immediately behind that white church, with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and, having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling-house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a grave-yard, and beside it a snug public-house, well white-washed; then, to the

right, you observe a door, apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gossoon, with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as "the pass" of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an ink-horn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frieze jacket—his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink—his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear—his shins are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue—on each heel a kibe—his "leather crackers," *videlicet*, breeches, shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you—

"You a gintleman!—no, nor one of your breed never was, you procthorin' thief, you!"

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half a dozen of those seated next it notice you.

"Oh, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse!—master, sir, here's a gintleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that's looking in at us."

"Silence!" exclaims the master; "back from the door—boys, rehearse—every one of you rehearse, I say, you Boetians, till the gintleman goes past!"

"I want to go out, if you plase, sir."

"No, you don't, Phelim."

"I do, indeed, sir."

"What! is it ather contradictin' me you'd be? Don't you see the 'porter's' out, and you can't go."

"Well, 'tis Mat Meehan has it, sir; and he's out this half hour, sir; I can't stay in, sir."

“You want to be idling your time looking at the gentleman, Phelim.”

“No, indeed, sir.”

“Phelim, I know you of ould—go to your sate. I tell you, Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you’ll die promoting it.”

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a “half bend”—a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity—and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge-school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge-schoolmaster.

42.—The Rising of the Waters.

GALT.

[JOHN GALT, a man of decided genius, though very unequal in his efforts, was born in Ayrshire in 1779. He died in 1839. It was late in life before he discovered the proper direction of his talents—that of quiet fiction, founded upon a faithful observation of the domestic characteristics of the humbler classes of his own countrymen. “The Annals of the Parish,”—the work which at once established his reputation,—was published in 1821. “Lawrie Todd,” from which the following is an extract, appeared in 1830, after Mr Galt’s return from an official station in Canada. As a picture of the Scotchman in America, there is nothing superior in homely truth and quaint humour.]

About daybreak it began to rain, and continued to pour with increasing violence all the morning; no one thought of stirring abroad who could keep within shelter. My boys and I had for task only to keep the fire at the door of the shanty brisk and blazing, and to notice that the pools which began to form around us did not become too large; for sometimes, besides the accumulation of the rain, little streams would suddenly break out, and, rushing towards us, would have extinguished our fire, had we not been vigilant.

The site I had chosen for the shanty was near to a little brook, on the top of the main river’s bank. In fine weather, no situation could be more beautiful; the brook was clear as crystal, and fell

in a small cascade into the river, which, broad and deep, ran beneath the bank with a swift but smooth current.

The forest up the river had not been explored above a mile or two: all beyond was the unknown wilderness. Some vague rumours of small lakes and beaver dams were circulated in the village, but no importance was attached to the information: save but for the occasional little torrents with which the rain sometimes hastily threatened to extinguish our fires, we had no cause to dread inundation.

The rain still continued to fall incessantly: the pools it formed in the hollows of the ground began, towards noon, to overflow their banks, and to become united. By and by something like a slight current was observed passing from one to another; but, thinking only of preserving our fire, we no farther noticed this than by occasionally running out of the shanty into the shower, and scraping a channel to let the water run off into the brook or the river.

It was hoped that about noon the rain would slacken; but in this we were disappointed. It continued to increase, and the ground began to be so flooded, while the brook swelled to a river, that we thought it might become necessary to shift our tent to a higher part of the bank. To do this we were, however, reluctant; for it was impossible to encounter the deluge without being almost instantly soaked to the skin; and we had put the shanty up with more care and pains than usual, intending it should serve us for a home until our house was comfortably furnished.

About three o'clock the skies were dreadfully darkened and overcast. I had never seen such darkness while the sun was above the horizon, and still the rain continued to descend in cataraacts, but at fits and intervals. No man, who had not seen the like, would credit the description.

Suddenly a sudden flash of lightning, followed by an instantaneous thunder-peal, lightened up all the forest; and almost in the same moment the rain came lavishing along as if the windows of heaven were opened; anon another flash, and a louder peal burst upon us, as if the whole forest was rending over and around us.

I drew my helpless and trembling little boys under the skirts of my greatcoat.

Then there was another frantic flash, and the roar of the thunder was augmented by the riven trees that fell, cloven on all sides in a whirlwind of splinters. But though the lightning was more terrible than scimitars, and the thunder roared as if the vaults of heaven were shaken to pieces and tumbling in, the irresistible rain was still more appalling than either. I have said it was as if the windows of heaven were opened. About sunset the ground-floods were as if the fountains of the great deep were breaking up.

I pressed my shivering children to my bosom, but I could not speak. At the common shanty, where there had been for some time an affectation of mirth and ribaldry, there was now silence; at last, as if with one accord, all the inhabitants rushed from below their miserable shed, tore it into pieces, and ran with the fragments to a higher ground, crying wildly, "The river is rising!"

I had seen it swelling for some time, but our shanty stood so far above the stream, that I had no fear it would reach us. Scarcely, however, had the axemen escaped from theirs, and planted themselves on the crown of the rising ground nearer to us, where they were hastily constructing another shed, when a tremendous crash and roar was heard at some distance in the woods, higher up the stream. It was so awful, I had almost said so omnipotent, in the sound, that I started on my feet, and shook my treasures from me. For a moment the Niagara of the river seemed almost to pause—it was but for a moment—for, instantly after, the noise of the rending of weighty trees, the crashing and the tearing of the rooted forest, rose around. The waters of the river, troubled and raging, came hurling with the wreck of the woods, sweeping with inconceivable fury everything that stood within its scope; a lake had burst its banks.

The sudden rise of the waters soon, however, subsided; I saw it ebbing fast, and comforted my terrified boys. The rain also began to abate. Instead of those dreaded sheets of waves which fell upon us as if some vast ocean behind the forest was heaving over its spray, a thick continued small rain came on; and, about

an hour after sunset, streaks and breaks in the clouds gave some token that the worst was over; it was not however so, for about the same time a stream appeared in the hollow, between the rising ground to which the axemen had retired, and the little knoll on which our shanty stood; at the same time the waters in the river began to swell again. There was on this occasion no abrupt and bursting noise; but the night was fast closing upon us, and a hoarse muttering and angry sound of many waters grew louder and louder on all sides.

The darkness and increasing rage of the river, which there was just twilight enough to show was rising above the brim of the bank, smote me with inexpressible terror. I snatched my children by the hand, and rushed forward to join the axemen; but the torrent between us rolled so violently, that to pass was impossible, and the waters still continued to rise.

I called aloud to the axemen for assistance; and when they heard my desperate cries, they came out of the shed, some with burning brands, and others with their axes glittering in the flames; but they could render no help; at last, one man, a fearless backwoodsman, happened to observe, by the firelight, a tree on the bank of the torrent, which it in some degree overhung, and he called for others to join him in making a bridge. In the course of a few minutes the tree was laid across the stream, and we scrambled over, just as the river extinguished our fire and swept our shanty away.

This rescue was in itself so wonderful, and the scene had been so terrible, that it was some time after we were safe before I could rouse myself to believe that I was not in the fangs of the nightmare. My poor boys clung to me as if still not assured of their security, and I wept upon their necks in the ecstasy of an unspeakable passion of anguish and joy.

About this time the mizzling rain began to fall softer; the dawn of the morn appeared through the upper branches of the forest, and here and there the stars looked out from their windows in the clouds. The storm was gone, and the deluge assuaged; the floods all around us gradually ebbed away, and the insolent and unknown

waters which had so swelled the river shrunk within their banks, and, long before the morning, had retired from the scene.

Need I say that anthems of deliverance were heard in our camp that night? Oh, surely no! The woods answered to our psalms, and waved their mighty arms; the green leaves clapped their hands; and the blessed moon, lifting the veil from her forehead, and looking down upon us through the boughs, gladdened our solemn rejoicing.

43.—Religious Knowledge.

ROBERT HALL.

[THE following "Half-Hour" is from a Sermon entitled, "The Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes," preached (in recommendation of a school) at Leicester, by the Rev. Robert Hall, and published by him in 1810. Robert Hall was the son of a minister of the Baptist persuasion, and was himself educated for the same course of usefulness. He was born in 1764, and died in 1831. His various tracts and sermons were collected by Dr Olinthus Gregory, and published in 6 vols. They have recently been reprinted in a cheap form. Some of his works are of a polemical nature; but many of them recommend themselves to all Christians by their fervent piety and their flowing eloquence. He may be considered the most celebrated man, amongst the Dissenters, of modern times—a man fitted to adorn the ministry and elevate humanity by the holiness of his life, as well as by the splendour of his talents and the force of his character.]

Religion, on account of its intimate relation to a future state, is every man's proper business, and should be his chief care. Of knowledge in general, there are branches which it would be preposterous in the bulk of mankind to attempt to acquire, because they have no immediate connexion with their duties, and demand talents which nature has denied, or opportunities which Providence has withheld. But with respect to the primary truths of religion the case is different; they are of such daily use and necessity, that they form not the materials of mental luxury, so properly, as the food of the mind. In improving the character, the influence of general knowledge is often feeble, and always indirect; of religious knowledge the tendency to purify the heart is immediate, and

forms its professed scope and design. "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." To ascertain the character of the Supreme Author of all things, to know, as far as we are capable of comprehending such a subject, what is His moral disposition, what the situation we stand in towards Him, and the principles by which He conducts His administration, will be allowed by every considerate person to be of the highest consequence. Compared to this, all other speculations and inquiries sink into insignificance; because every event that can befall us is in His hands, and by His sentence our final condition must be fixed. To regard such an inquiry with indifference is the mark not of a noble but of an abject mind, which, immersed in sensuality or amused with trifles, "deems itself unworthy of eternal life." To be so absorbed in worldly pursuits as to neglect future prospects, is a conduct that can plead no excuse, until it is ascertained beyond all doubt or contradiction that there is no hereafter, and that nothing remains but that we "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Even in that case, to forego the hope of immortality without a sigh; to be gay and sportive on the brink of destruction, in the very moment of relinquishing prospects on which the wisest and best in every age have delighted to dwell, is the indication of a base and degenerate spirit. If existence be a good, the eternal loss of it must be a great evil; if it be an evil, reason suggests the propriety of inquiring why it is so, of investigating the maladies by which it is oppressed. Amidst the darkness and uncertainty which hang over our future condition, revelation, by bringing life and immortality to light, affords the only relief. In the Bible alone we learn the real character of the Supreme Being; His holiness, justice, mercy, and truth; the moral condition of man, considered in his relation to Him, is clearly pointed out; the doom of impenitent transgressors denounced; and the method of obtaining mercy, through the interposition of a Divine Mediator, plainly revealed. There are two considerations which may suffice to evince the indispensable necessity of scriptural knowledge:

1. The Scriptures contain an authentic discovery of the way

“of salvation.” They are the revelation of mercy to a lost world; a reply to that most interesting inquiry, What we must do to be saved. The distinguishing feature of the gospel system is the economy of redemption, or the gracious provision the Supreme Being has thought fit to make for reconciling the world to Himself, by the manifestation in human nature of His own Son. It is this which constitutes it the *gospel*, by way of eminence, or the glad tidings concerning our Saviour Jesus Christ, on the right reception of which, or its rejection, turns our everlasting weal or woe. It is not from the character of God, as our Creator, it should be remembered, that the hope of the guilty can arise; the fullest development of His essential perfections could afford no relief in this case, and therefore natural religion, were it capable of being carried to the utmost perfection, can never supersede the necessity of revealed. To inspire confidence an express communication from heaven is necessary; since the introduction of sin has produced a peculiarity in our situation, and a perplexity in our prospects, which nothing but an express assurance of mercy can remove.

In what manner the blessed and only Potentate may think fit to dispose of a race of apostates, is a question on which reason can suggest nothing satisfactory, nothing salutary; a question, in the solution of which, there being no data to proceed upon, wisdom and folly fail alike, and every order of intellect is reduced to a level; for “who hath known the mind of the Lord, or, being his counsellor, hath taught him?” It is a secret which, had He not been pleased to unfold it, must have for ever remained in the breast of the Deity. This secret, in infinite mercy, He has condescended to disclose; the silence, not that which John witnessed in the Apocalypse, of half an hour, but that of ages, is broken; the darkness is past, and we behold, in the gospel, the astonishing spectacle of “God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing to them their trespasses,” and sending forth His ambassadors to “entreat us in Christ’s stead to be reconciled to God.” To that strange insensibility with respect to the concerns of a future world, which is at once the indication and consequence of the fall, must we ascribe the languid attention with which this

communication is received: instead of producing, as it ought, transports of gratitude and joy in every breast.

This, however we may be disposed to regard it, is unquestionably the grand peculiarity of the gospel, the exclusive boast and treasure of the Scriptures, and most emphatically "the way of salvation," not only as it reveals the gracious intentions of God to a sinful world, but as it lays a solid foundation for the *supernatural* duties of faith and repentance. All the discoveries of the gospel bear a most intimate relation to the character and offices of the Saviour; from Him they emanate, in Him they centre; nor is anything we learn from the Old and the New Testament of saving tendency, further than as a part of the truth as it is "in Jesus." The neglect of considering revelation in this light is a fruitful source of infidelity. Viewing it in no higher character than a republication of the law of nature, men are first led to doubt the importance, and next the truth, of the discoveries it contains; an easy and natural transition, since the question of their importance is so complicated with that of their truth, in the Scriptures themselves, that the most refined ingenuity cannot long keep them separate. "It gives the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, through the tender mercy of our God, whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." While we contemplate it under this, its true character, we view it in its just dimensions, and feel no inclination to extenuate the force of those representations which are expressive of its pre-eminent dignity. There is nothing will be allowed to come into comparison with it, nothing we shall not be ready to sacrifice for a participation of its blessings, and the extension of its influence. The veneration we shall feel for the Bible, as the depository of *saving knowledge*, will be totally distinct, not only from what we attach to any other book, but from that admiration its other properties inspire; and the variety and antiquity of its history, the light it affords in various researches, its inimitable touches of nature, together with the sublimity and beauty so copiously poured over its pages, will be

deemed subsidiary ornaments, the embellishments of the casket which contains the "pearl of great price."

Scriptural knowledge is of inestimable value on account of its supplying an infallible *rule of life*. To the most untutored mind the information it affords on this subject is far more full and precise than the highest efforts of reason could attain. In the best moral precepts issuing from human wisdom, there is an incurable defect in that want of authority which robs them of their power over the conscience; they are obligatory no further than their reason is perceived: a deduction of proofs is necessary, more or less intricate and uncertain, and even when clearest it is still but the language of man to man, respectable as sage advice, but wanting the force and authority of law. In a well-attested revelation it is the judge speaking from the tribunal, the Supreme Legislator promulgating and interpreting His own laws. With what force and conviction do these apostles and prophets address us, whose miraculous powers attest them to be the servants of the Most High, the immediate organs of the Deity! As the morality of the gospel is more pure and comprehensive than was ever inculcated before, so the consideration of its Divine origination invests it with an energy of which every system not expressly founded upon it is entirely devoid. We turn at our peril from Him who speaketh to us from heaven.

Of an accountable creature duty is the concern of every moment, since he is every moment pleasing or displeasing God. It is a universal element, mingling with every action, and qualifying every disposition and pursuit. The moral quality of conduct, as it serves both to ascertain and to form the character, has consequences in a future world so certain and infallible, that it is represented in Scripture as a seed no part of which is lost, "for *whatsoever* a man soweth, that also shall he reap." That rectitude which the inspired writers usually denominate *holiness*, is the health and beauty of the soul, capable of bestowing dignity in the absence of every other accomplishment, while the want of it leaves the possessor of the richest intellectual endowments a painted sepulchre. Hence results the indispensable necessity to

every description of persons, of sound religious instruction, and of an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures as its genuine source.

It must be confessed, from melancholy experience, that a speculative acquaintance with the rules of duty is too compatible with the violation of its dictates, and that it is possible for the convictions of conscience to be habitually overpowered by the corrupt suggestions of appetite. To see distinctly the right way, and to pursue it, are not precisely the same thing. Still, nothing in the order of means promises so much success as the diligent inculcation of revealed truth. He who is acquainted with the *terrors of the Lord* cannot live in the neglect of God and religion with present, any more than with future, impunity; the path of disobedience is obstructed, if not rendered impassable; and wherever he turns his eyes he beholds the sword of divine justice stretched out to intercept his passage. Guilt will be appalled, conscience alarmed, and the fruits of unlawful gratification imbittered to his taste.

It is surely desirable to place as many obstacles as possible in the path of ruin: to take care that the image of death shall meet the offender at every turn; that he shall not be able to persist without treading upon briars and scorpions, without forcing his way through obstructions more formidable than he can expect to meet with in a contrary course. If you can enlist the nobler part of his nature under the banners of virtue, set him at war with himself, and subject him to the necessity, should he persevere, of stifling and overcoming whatever is most characteristic of a reasonable creature, you have done what will probably not be unproductive of advantage. If he be at the same time reminded, by his acquaintance with the Word of God, of a better state of mind being attainable, a better destiny reserved (provided they are willing and obedient) for the children of men, there is room to hope that, "wearied," to speak in the language of the prophet, "in the greatness of his way," he will bethink himself of the true refuge, and implore the Spirit of grace to aid his weakness, and subdue his corruptions. Sound religious instruction is a perpetual counterpoise to the force of depravity. "The law of the Lord is per-

fect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever; the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether."

While we insist on the absolute necessity of an acquaintance with the Word of God, we are equally convinced it is but an instrument which, like every other, requires a hand to wield it; and that, important as it is in the order of means, the Spirit of Christ only can make it effectual, which ought therefore to be earnestly and incessantly implored for that purpose. "Open mine eyes," saith the Psalmist, "and I shall behold wonderful things out of thy law." We trust it will be your care, who have the conduct of the school we are recommending to the patronage of this audience, to impress on these children a deep conviction of their radical corruption, and of the necessity of the agency of the Spirit to render the knowledge they acquire practical and experimental. "In the morning sow your seed, in the evening withhold not your hand; but remember that neither he that soweth, nor he that watereth, is anything; it is God that giveth the increase." Be not satisfied with making them read a lesson, or repeat a prayer. By everything tender and solemn in religion, by a due admixture of the awful considerations drawn from the prospects of death and judgment, with others of a more pleasing nature, aim to fix serious impressions on their hearts. Aim to produce a religious concern, carefully watch its progress, and endeavour to conduct it to a prosperous issue. Lead them to the footstool of the Saviour; teach them to rely, as guilty creatures, on His merits alone, and to commit their eternal interests entirely into His hands. Let the salvation of these children be the object to which every word of your instructions, every exertion of your authority, is directed. Despise the profane clamour which would deter you from attempting to render them serious, from an apprehension of its making them melancholy, not doubting for a moment that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and that the path to true happiness lies through purity, humility, and devotion. Meditate the worth of souls; meditate deeply the

lessons the Scriptures afford on their inconceivable value and eternal duration. While the philosopher wearies himself with endless speculations on their physical properties and nature, while the politician only contemplates the social arrangements of mankind and the shifting forms of policy, fix *your* attention on the individual importance of man as the creature of God, and a candidate for immortality. Let it be your highest ambition to train up these children for an unchanging condition of being. Spare no pains to recover them to the image of God; render familiar to their minds, in all its extent, the various branches of that "holiness" without which "none can see the Lord." Inculcate the obligation, and endeavour to inspire the love, of that rectitude, that eternal rectitude, which was with God before time began, was embodied in the person of His Son, and in its lower communications will survive every sublunary change, emerge in the dissolution of all things, and be impressed in refulgent characters on the new heavens, and the new earth, "in which dwelleth righteousness." Pray often with them, and for them, and remind them of the inconceivable advantages attached to that exercise. Accustom them to a punctual and reverential attendance at the house of God: insist on the sanctification of the Sabbath by such a disposal of time as is suitable to a day of rest and devotion. Survey them with a vigilant and tender eye, checking every appearance of an evil and depraved disposition the moment it springs up, and encouraging the dawn of piety and virtue. By thus "training them up in the way they should go," you may reasonably hope that "when old they will not depart from it."





HISTORY OUT OF OLD SONGS.

44.—Apophthegms.—II.

DAYS BEFORE BOOKS.—In the old ignorant times, before women were readers, history was handed down from mother to daughter, &c., and William of Malmesbury picked up his history, from the time of Venerable Bede to his time, out of old songs, for there was no writer in England from Bede to him. So my nurse had the history from the Conquest down to Charles I., in ballad. Before printing, old wives' tales were ingenious; and since printing came in fashion, till a little before the civil wars, the ordinary sort of people were not taught to read. Now-a-days, books are common, and most of the poor people understand letters; and the many good books and variety of turns of affairs, have put all the old fables out of doors. And the divine art of printing and gun-powder have frightened away Robin Goodfellow and the fairies.—**AUBREY.**

A LESSON FOR PRETENDERS.—I remember when I was in the Low Countries, and lived with Sir John Ogle, at Utrecht, the reply of that valiant gentleman, Colonel Edmunds, to a countryman of his newly come out of Scotland, went current; who, desiring entertainment of him, told him:—"My lord, his father, and such

knights and gentlemen, his cousins and kinsmen, were in good health." Quoth Colonel Edmunds, "Gentlemen," (to his friends by,) "believe not one word he says; my father is but a poor baker of Edinburgh, and works hard for his living, whom this knave would make a lord, to curry favour with me, and make ye believe I am a great man born."—PEACHAM. *Complete Gentleman*, 1627.

MR PITT.—On his "Additional Force Bill," in 1805, Mr Pitt had a meeting of country gentlemen—militia colonels, we think—to consider the measure. One of these gentlemen objected to a clause for calling out the force, which he insisted should not be done *except in case of actual invasion*. Pitt replied, "that would be too late;" but the gentleman still insisted on the case of *actual invasion*. By and by, they came to another clause, to render the force more disposable; the same gentleman objected again, and insisted very warmly that he never would consent to its being *sent out of England*—"except, I suppose," rejoined Pitt, "*in case of actual invasion*."—*Quarterly Review*.

TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.—Thomas Curson, born in Allhallows, Lombard Street, armourer, dwelt without Bishopsgate. It happened that a stage-player borrowed a rusty musket, which had lain long leger in his shop: now though his part were comical, he therewith acted an unexpected tragedy, killing one of the standers by, the gun casually going off on the stage, which he suspected not to be charged. Oh, the difference of divers men in the tenderness of their consciences! some are scarce touched with a wound, whilst others are wounded with a touch therein. This poor armourer was highly afflicted therewith, though done against his will, yea, without his knowledge, in his absence, by another, out of mere chance. Hereupon he resolved to give all his estate to pious uses: no sooner had he gotten a round sum, but presently he posted with it in his apron to the Court of Aldermen, and was in pain till by their direction he had settled it for the relief of the poor in his own and other parishes, and disposed of some hundreds of pounds accordingly, as I am credibly informed by the then churchwardens of the said parish. Thus as he conceived himself casually

(though at a great distance) to have occasioned the death of one, he was the immediate and direct cause of giving a comfortable living to many.—FULLER.

TRANSLATION.—Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in a deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and asked him why he was so melancholy. "No, faith, Ben (says he,) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I am resolved at last." "I pr'ythee, what?" says he. "I'faith, Ben, I'll e'en give him a dozen good Latten Spoons, and thou shalt translate them."—L'ESTRANGE. *Anecdotes and Traditions (a volume published by the Camden Society.)*

KEEP TO YOUR CALLING.—Bishop Grosteste of Lincoln told his brother, who asked him to make him a great man—"Brother," said he, "if your plough is broken, I'll pay the mending of it; or if an ox is dead, I'll pay for another; but a ploughman I found you, and a ploughman I'll leave you."—AUBREY.

CONSCIENCE.—A stranger came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was, indeed, terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he

could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this:—"My father," said he, "was at *Hamburgh* on business, and, whilst dining at a coffee-house, he observed a young man of a remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort from the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor, but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased, and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of *Rome*, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronised by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached *Hamburgh*. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him; he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace; at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately

drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could now no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown him."—COLERIDGE. *Table Talk*.

KING JAMES mounted his horse one time, who formerly used to be very sober and quiet, but then began to bound and prance. "The de'il o' my saul, sirrah," says he, "an you be not quiet I 'se send you to the five hundred kings in the lower House of Commons; they'll quickly tame you."—L'ESTRANGE.

THE SAFEST LENDERS.—The Lord Bacon was wont to commend the advice of the plain old man at Buxton, that sold besoms; a proud lazy young fellow came to him for a besom upon trust: to whom the old man said, "Friend, hast thou no money? borrow of thy back, and borrow of thy belly; they'll ne'er ask thee again—I shall be dunning thee every day."—BACON.

MEMORY.—Memory, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate and frail; it is the first of our faculties that age invades. Seneca, the father, the rhetorician, confesseth of himself, he had a miraculous one, not only to receive, but to hold. I myself could, in my youth, have repeated all that ever I had made, and so continued till I was past forty; since, it is much decayed in me. Yet I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me, but shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawned with it while I was young and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops; but what I trust to it now, or have done of later years, it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loses; so that I receive mine own (though frequently called for) as if it were new and borrowed.

Nor do I always find presently from it what I seek; but while I am doing another thing, that I laboured for will come: and what I sought with trouble, will offer itself when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they read or pen, they can say without book presently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such as have a swift style, for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into council for every word, must needs fix somewhat, and make it their own at last, though but through their own vexation.—BEN JONSON.

TREASON.—John Thelwall had something very good about him. We were once sitting in a beautiful recess in the Quantocks, when I said to him, "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!" "Nay, citizen Samuel," replied he, "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"—COLERIDGE. *Table-Talk*.

DANGER.—A notorious rogue being brought to the bar, and knowing his case to be desperate, instead of pleading, he took to himself the liberty of jesting, and thus said, "I charge you, in the king's name, to seize and take away that man (meaning the judge) in the red gown, for I go in danger because of him."—BACON.

BEGGING A FOOL.—[One of the abuses of old times was that the king, who had the custody of lunatics, intrusted the keeping of the rich unfortunates to avaricious courtiers, who thus acquired additional means of private extravagance.]

The Lord North begged old Bladwell for a fool, (though he could never prove him so,) and having him in his custody as a lunatic, he carried him to a gentleman's house one day that was a neighbour. The Lord North and the gentleman retired a while to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining-room, which was hung with a fair hanging. Bladwell walked up and down, and viewing the imagery spied a fool at last in the hanging, and without delay draws his knife, flies at the fool, cuts him clean out, and lays him on the floor. My lord and the gentleman coming in again, and finding the tapestry thus defaced, he asks Bladwell what he meant by such a rude, uncivil act; he answered, "Sir,

be content, I have rather done you a courtesy than a wrong, for if ever my Lord North had seen the fool there, he would have begged him, and so you might have lost your whole suit."

—L'ESTRANGE. *Anecdotes and Traditions.*

TOBACCO.—Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. In our part of North Wilts—Malmesbury hundred—it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. R., standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz's park at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done. Within these thirty-five years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now the customs of it are the greatest his Majesty hath.—AUBREY.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.—I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.—JOHNSON, *in Boswell.*

CANDOUR.—Marivaux, a celebrated French writer of romances,

who flourished in the first half of the last century, having one day met with a sturdy beggar, who asked charity of him, he replied, "My good friend, strong and stout as you are, it is a shame that you do not go to work." "Ah, master," said the beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am." "Well," replied Marivaux, "I see thou art an honest fellow, here is half-a-crown for you."—SEWARD'S *Anecdotes*.

AMBITION.—Cineas was an excellent orator and statesman, and principal friend and counsellor to Pyrrhus; and falling in inward talk with him, and discerning the king's endless ambition, Pyrrhus opened himself unto him, that he intended first a war upon Italy, and hoped to achieve it. Cineas asked him, "Sir, what will you do then?" "Then," said he, "we will attempt Sicily." Cineas said, "Well, sir, what then?" Said Pyrrhus, "If the gods favour us, we may conquer Africa and Carthage." "What then, sir?" said Cineas. "Nay, then," said Pyrrhus, "we may take our rest, and sacrifice and feast every day, and make merry with our friends." "Alas! sir," said Cineas, "may we not do so now, without all this ado?"—BACON.

OBSERVATION.—A dervise was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him: "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied. "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" said the dervise. "He was," replied the merchants. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" said the dervise. "He had," rejoined the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us unto him." "My friends," said the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervise. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence what-

ever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft. They then were about to proceed against him *as a sorcerer*, when the dervise with great calmness thus addressed the court:—“I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human foot-step on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other.”—COLTON. *Lacon.*

45.—The Koran.

G. CAMPBELL.

[THE following illustration of the inferiority in subject-matter and style of the Koran of Mohammed, as compared with the Bible, is not given as a paper for Sunday reading, but as a specimen of a book which contains a number of similar stories, in connexion, indeed, with many things that are in a higher spirit. The passage which we subjoin occurs in a note to Dr George Campbell's “Dissertation on Miracles.” This learned Scotch divine was Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. He was the author also of a valuable work, “The Philosophy of Rhetoric.” George Campbell was born in 1709, and died in 1796.]

I hardly think that we can have a more striking proof of the prejudices of modern infidels, than in their comparing this motley composition, the Koran, to the writings of the Old and the New Testament. Let the reader but take the trouble to peruse the history of Joseph by Mohammed, which is the subject of a very long

chapter, and to compare it with the account of that patriarch given by Moses, and if he doth not perceive at once the immense inferiority of the former, I shall never, for my part, undertake by argument to convince him of it. To me it appears even almost incredible, that the most beautiful and most affecting passages of Holy Writ should have been so wretchedly disfigured by a writer whose intention, we are certain, was not to burlesque them. But that every reader may be qualified to form some notion of this miracle of a book, I subjoin a specimen of it, from the chapter of *the Ant*: where we are informed particularly of the cause of the visit which the queen of Sheba (there called Saba) made to Solomon, and of the occasion of her conversion from idolatry. I have not selected this passage on account of any special futility to be found in it, for the like absurdities may be observed in every page of the performance; but I have selected it because it is short, and because it contains a distinct story, which bears some relation to a passage of Scripture. I use Mr Sale's version, which is the latest, and the most approved, omitting only, for the sake of brevity, such supplementary expressions as have been, without necessity, inserted by the translator:—

“Solomon was David's heir; and he said, ‘O men, we have been taught the speech of birds, and have had all things bestowed on us; this is manifest excellence.’ And his armies were gathered together to Solomon, consisting of genii, and men, and birds; and they were led in distinct bands, until they came to the valley of ants. An ant said, ‘O ants, enter ye into your habitations, lest Solomon and his army tread you under foot, and perceive it not.’ And he smiled, laughing at her words, and said, ‘O Lord, excite me, that I may be thankful for thy favour, wherewith thou hast favoured me and my parents, and that I may do that which is right and well pleasing to thee; and introduce me through thy mercy, among thy servants the righteous.’ And he viewed the birds, and said, ‘What is the reason that I see not the lapwing? Is she absent? Verily I will chastise her with a severe chastisement, or I will put her to death; unless she bring me a just excuse.’ And she tarried not long, and said, ‘I have viewed that which thou hast not viewed;

and I come to thee from Saba with a certain piece of news. I found a woman to reign over them, who is provided with everything, and hath a magnificent throne. I found her and her people to worship the sun, besides God; and Satan hath prepared their work for them, and hath turned them aside from the way, (wherefore they are not directed,) lest they should worship God, who bringeth to light that which is hidden in heaven and earth, and knowing whatever they conceal, and whatever they discover. God! there is no God but he; the lord of the magnificent throne.' He said, 'We shall see whether thou hast spoken the truth, or whether thou art a liar. Go with this my letter, and cast it down to them; Then turn aside from them, and wait for their answer.' The queen said, 'O nobles, verily an honourable letter hath been delivered to me; it is from Solomon, and this is the tenor thereof: *In the name of the most merciful God, rise not up against me: but come and surrender yourselves to me.*' She said, 'O nobles, advise me in my business. I will not resolve on anything, till you be witnesses hereof.' They answered, 'We are endued with strength, and endued with great prowess in war; but the command appertaineth to thee: see, therefore, what thou wilt command.' She said, 'Verily kings, when they enter a city, waste the same, and abase the most powerful of the inhabitants thereof; and so will these do. But I will send gifts to them, and will wait for what those who shall be sent shall bring back.' And when the ambassador came to Solomon, the prince said, 'Will ye present me with riches? Verily that which God hath given me is better than what he hath given you: but ye glory in your gifts. Return to your people. We will surely come to them with forces which they shall not be able to withstand; and we will drive them out humbled, and they shall be contemptible.' And Solomon said, 'O nobles, which of you will bring me her throne, before they come and surrender themselves to me?' A terrible genius answered, 'I will bring it thee before thou arise from thy place.' And one, with whom was the knowledge of the Scripture, said, 'I will bring it to thee in the twinkling of an eye.' And when Solomon saw it placed before him, he said, 'This is a favour of my Lord, that he may make

trial of me, whether I will be grateful, or whether I will be ungrateful; and he who is grateful, is grateful to his own advantage; but if any shall be ungrateful, verily my Lord is self-sufficient and munificent.' And he said, 'Alter her throne, that she may not know it, to the end we may see whether she be directed, or whether she be of those who are not directed.' And when she was come, it was said, 'Is thy throne like this?' She answered as though it were the same. And we have had knowledge bestowed on us before this, and have been resigned. But that which she worshipped besides God, had turned her aside, for she was of an unbelieving people. It was said to her, 'Enter the palace.' And when she saw it, she imagined it to be a great water, and she discovered her legs. Solomon said, 'Verily this is a palace, evenly floored with glass.' She said, 'O Lord, verily I have dealt unjustly with my own soul; and I resign myself, together with Solomon, to God, the Lord of all creatures.'"

Thus poverty of sentiment, monstrosity of invention, which always betokens a distempered, not a rich imagination, and, in respect of diction, the most turgid verbosity, so apt to be mistaken by persons of a vitiated taste for true sublimity, are the genuine characteristics of the book. They appear almost in every line. The very titles and epithets assigned to God are not exempt from them. The Lord of the daybreak, the Lord of the magnificent throne, the King of the day of judgment, &c. They are pompous and insignificant. If the language of the Koran, as the Mohammedans pretend, is indeed the language of God, the thoughts are but too evidently the thoughts of men. The reverse of this is the character of the Bible. When God speaks to men, it is reasonable to think that He addresses them in their own language. In the Bible you will see nothing inflated, nothing affected in the style. The words are human, but the sentiments are divine. Accordingly, there is perhaps no book in the world, as hath been often justly observed, which suffers less by a literal translation into any other language.

46.—Dr Johnson and his Times.

MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, born in 1800, was the son of Mr Zachary Macaulay, a leader amongst that distinguished band to whom we owe the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Mr T. B. Macaulay received his collegiate education at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he acquired a great reputation, and upon entering Parliament soon obtained a leading position amongst the orators of the most critical assembly in the world. He was subsequently appointed to a high legal office in India, and, after an absence from England of a few years, returned to take up a distinguished place as a parliamentary speaker in the House of Commons. In 1857 he was created a peer. Lord Macaulay's writings have a wide popularity. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" are amongst the most brilliant of modern poetical productions; his "Essays from the Edinburgh Review," collected in three volumes, from that influential journal, attained a success far higher than any other contributions to the periodical works of our day. Of his "History of England," the first and second volumes were published in 1849. The third and fourth volumes in 1855. The fifth volume was a posthumous fragment. This work had a popular reception almost unexampled. His style as a prose writer is distinguished from that of all his contemporaries by its epigrammatic point. It is always clear and uninvolved; every sentence *tells*. But style alone would not command the admiration which these writings excite, if they were not also full of matter. The resources of the most extensive reading are here displayed without ostentation, in the happiest illustrations and analogies. Lord Macaulay is certainly the most attractive of modern English essayists and historians. He died December 20, 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

Johnson grown old—Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune—is better known to us than any other man in history. Everything about him; his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates—old Mr Levett, and blind Mrs Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from child-

hood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him, not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. He was about twenty years older than Burke, Goldsmith, and Gerard Hamilton; about thirty years older than Gibbon, Beauclerk, and Langton; and about forty years older than Lord Stowell, Sir William Jones, and Windham. Boswell and Mrs Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by the Crown had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates, towards the close of his life, the only one, as far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David Garrick; and it does not appear that, during those years, David Garrick saw much of his fellow-townsmen.

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of patronage had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. The number of readers is at present so great, that a popular author may subsist in comfort and opulence on the profits of his works. In the reigns of William the Third, of Anne, and of George the First, even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement, by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was perhaps never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were

so splendid, at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided patronised literature with emulous munificence. Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. Smith, though his "Hippolytus and Phædra" failed, would have been consoled with three hundred a-year but for his own folly. Rowe was not only Poet-Laureate, but also Land Surveyor of the Customs in the Port of London, Clerk of the Council to the Prince of Wales, and Secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. Hughes was Secretary to the Commissioners of the Peace. Ambrose Philips was Judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. Locke was Commissioner of Appeals and of the Board of Trade. Newton was Master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk mercer, became a Secretary of Legation at five-and-twenty. It was to a poem on the Death of Charles the Second, and to the City and Country Mouse, that Montague owed his introduction into public life, his earldom, his garter, and his Auditorship of the Exchequer. Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the queen, would have been a bishop. Oxford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell, when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. Steele was a Commissioner of Stamps and a Member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a Commissioner of the Customs, and Auditor of the Imprest. Tickell was Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was Secretary of State.

This liberal patronage was brought into fashion, as it seems, by the magnificent Dorset, almost the only noble versifier in the court of Charles the Second who possessed talents for composition which were independent of the aid of a coronet. Montague owed his elevation to the favour of Dorset, and imitated, through the whole course of his life, the liberality to which he was himself so greatly indebted. The Tory leaders, Harley and Bolingbroke

in particular, vied with the chiefs of the Whig party in zeal for the encouragement of letters. But soon after the accession of the House of Hanover a change took place. The supreme power passed to a man who cared little for poetry or eloquence. The importance of the House of Commons was constantly on the increase. The government was under the necessity of bartering, for Parliamentary support, much of that patronage which had been employed in fostering literary merit; and Walpole was by no means inclined to devote any part of the fund of corruption to purposes which he considered as idle. He had eminent talents for government and for debate. But he had paid little attention to books, and felt little respect for authors. One of the coarse jokes of his friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, was far more pleasing to him than Thomson's "Seasons," or Richardson's "Pamela." He had observed that some of the distinguished writers whom the favour of Halifax had turned into statesmen had been mere incumbrances to their party, dawdlers in office, and mutes in Parliament. During the whole course of his administration, therefore, he scarcely befriended a single man of genius. The best writers of the age gave all their support to the opposition, and contributed to excite that discontent which, after plunging the nation into a foolish and unjust war, overthrew the minister to make room for men less able and equally immoral. The opposition could reward its eulogists with little more than promises and caresses. St James's would give nothing; Leicester House had nothing to give.

Thus, at the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be

summed up in the word poet. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench Prison, and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him : and they well might pity him ; for, if their condition was equally abject, their aspirations were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another,—from Grub Street to St George's Fields, and from St George's Fields to the alleys behind St Martin's Church ; to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December ; to die in an hospital and be buried in a parish vault,—was the fate of more than one writer who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-cat or Scriblerus club, would have sat in Parliament, and would have been intrusted with embassies to the High Allies—who, if he had lived in our time, would have found encouragement scarcely less munificent in Albemarle Street or in Paternoster Row.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults, vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night or well-received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while he was sleeping among the cinders and eating potatoes at the Irish ordi-

nary in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyce, and of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking champagne and tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste;—they knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gipsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilised communities. They were as untamable, as much wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken into the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality; and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, the poet was again pestering all his acquaintance for twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cook-shop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into bagnios and taverns. All order was destroyed; all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress, when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

A few eminent writers were more fortunate. Pope had been raised above poverty by the active patronage which, in his youth, both the great political parties had extended to his Homer. Young had received the only pension ever bestowed, to the best of

our recollection, by Sir Robert Walpole, as the reward of mere literary merit. One or two of the many poets who attached themselves to the Opposition, Thomson in particular, and Mallett, obtained, after much severe suffering, the means of subsistence from their political friends. Richardson, like a man of sense, kept his shop, and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done. But nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men, who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time till he was three or four and fifty, we have little information respecting him—little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cock-lofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came amongst them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labour had risen; and those rising men of letters with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Wartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill, were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger linea-

ments of that character which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. Almost all had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependants of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age, the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery, and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities appalling to the civilised beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours, the slovenliness of his person, his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness, his strange abstinence and his equally strange voracity, his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects; but, if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find that what we call his singularities of manner were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration

running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but, when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends, Savage and Boyce. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities, by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that, in the exercise of his power, he should be "*eo imitior, quia toleraverat*;" that, though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh world inflicts upon a delicate mind he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum: nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache, with Mrs Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and sorrow. Goldsmith, crying because the "Good-natured Man" had failed, inspired him

with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might weep, he said, for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh. He was not much moved even by the spectacle of Lady Tavistock dying of a broken heart for the loss of her lord. Such grief he considered as a luxury reserved for the idle and the wealthy. A washerwoman, left a widow with nine small children, would not have sobbed herself to death.

A person who troubled himself so little about small or sentimental grievances was not likely to be very attentive to the feelings of others in the ordinary intercourse of society. He could not understand how a sarcasm or a reprimand could make any man really unhappy. "My dear doctor," said he to Goldsmith, "what harm does it do to a man to call him Holofernes?" "Pooh, ma'am," he exclaimed to Mrs Carter, "who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?" Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live for fourpence-halfpenny a day.

47.—Imitation of Horace.

POPE.

[THERE was a controversy going on some twenty years ago whether Pope was a poet. He was not a poet in the sense in which we speak of Spenser, or Dante, or Milton; but, unless we narrow the realms of poetry somewhat strangely, the author of the most pointed and dazzling satire, conveyed in the most harmonious verse, must take his rank amongst the great masters. Are the portraits of Titian or Vandyke not works of art, because they have not the high imagination of the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel or the Cartoons? Alexander Pope was born in 1688; died in 1744.

What and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart;

(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine,)
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
 Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
 Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
 Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Here Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,
 But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.

Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
 Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or fish denied, (the river yet unthaw'd,)
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will choose a pheasant still before a hen;
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat,)
 Yet for small turbot's such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
 Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
 Cries, "Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!"
 Oh, blast it, south winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?
 When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor;
 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see;
 Thus much is left of old simplicity!
 The robin-redbreast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a martin's nest,

Till beccaficos sold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
 Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford Head;
 Or even to crack live crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
 About one vice, and fall into the other:
 Between excess and famine lies a mean—
 Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.

Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
 For him you call a dog, and her a bitch;)
 Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
 One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.
 But on some lucky day (as when they found
 A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd,)
 At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
 Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
 Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
 Swears like Albutius, a good cook away,
 Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass,
 The musty wine, foul cloth, and greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring;
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing:)
 First, Health: the stomach cramm'd, from every dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war,
 Remembers oft the schoolboy's simple fare,
 The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale, each worshipful and reverend guest
 Rise from a clergy or a city feast!
 What life in all that ample body, say?
 What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
 The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, even in sound divines.

On morning wings how active springs the mind
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
 How easy every labour it pursues!
 How coming to the poet every muse!
 Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
 Or tire in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
 Ill health some just indulgence may engage;
 And more the sickness of long life, old age;
 For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
 If our intemperate youth the vessel drains?

Our fathers praised rank ven'son. You suppose,
 Perhaps, young men, our fathers had no nose.
 Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
 And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
 More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,
 Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
 Why had not I in those good times my birth,
 Ere coxcomb pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
 That sweetest music to an honest ear;
 (For faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
 The world's good word is better than a song.)
 Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham pie
 Are no rewards for want and infamy!
 When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
 Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself:
 To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
 Think how posterity will treat thy name
 And buy a rope, that future times may tell
 Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

“Right,” cries his lordship, “for a rogue in need
To have a taste is insolence indeed:
In me ’tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.”
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh, impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar’st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M——o’s was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff’d prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And, as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-Sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now excised;
In forests planted by a father’s hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On broccoli and mutton, round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
’Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounslow Heath I point, and Banstead Down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall;
And grapes, long lingering on my only wall;

And figs from standard and espalier join ;
 The devil is in you if you cannot dine :
 Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place ;)
 And, what 's more rare, a poet shall say grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boast :
 Though double tax'd, how little have I lost !
 My life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before and after standing armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ;
 I'll hire another's ? is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends ! through whose free opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)
 " Pray Heaven it last !" cries Swift, " as you go on ;
 I wish to God this house had been your own :
 Pity ! to build, without a son or wife ;
 Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
 What's property ? dear Swift ! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to Peter Walter ;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share ;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ;
 Or, in pure equity, (the case not clear,)
 The Chancery takes your rent for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
 Who cries, " My father 's damn'd, and all 's my own."
 Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
 Become the portion of a booby lord ;
 And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
 Slides to a scrivener or a city knight.
 Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
 Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

48.—*Criticism on Don Quixote.*

HALLAM.

[HENRY HALLAM was born about 1778. He died in 1859. During a long literary career he was looked up to as one of our most distinguished living authors. His "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," and his "Constitutional History of England," have established his eminent rank as an historian. Of his merits as a scholar and a critic, we have only to open his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," and see the extensive range of his information and the soundness of his judgment.]

The first part of *Don Quixote* was published in 1605. We have no reason, I believe, to suppose it was written long before. It became immediately popular; and the admiration of the world raised up envious competitors, one of whom, Avellanada, published a continuation in a strain of invective against the author. Cervantes, who cannot be imagined to have ever designed the leaving his romance in so unfinished a state, took time about the second part, which did not appear till 1615.

Don Quixote is the only book in the Spanish language which can now be said to possess much of a European reputation. It has, however, enjoyed enough to compensate for the neglect of all the rest. It is to Europe in general, what Ariosto is to Italy, and Shakspeare to England; the one book to which the slightest allusions may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit. Numerous translations and countless editions of them, in every language, bespeak its adaptation to mankind; no critic has been paradoxical enough to withhold his admiration, no reader has ventured to confess a want of relish for that in which the young and old, in every climate, have, age after age, taken delight. They have, doubtless, believed that they understood the author's meaning: and, in giving the reins to the gaiety that his fertile invention and comic humour inspired, never thought of any deeper meaning than he announces, or delayed their enjoyment for any metaphysical investigation of his plan.

A new school of criticism, however, has of late years arisen in Germany, acute, ingenious, and sometimes eminently successful in philosophical, or, as they denominate it, æsthetic analysis of works

of taste, but gliding too much into refinement and conjectural hypothesis, and with a tendency to mislead men of inferior capacities for this kind of investigation into mere paradox and absurdity. An instance is supplied, in my opinion, by some remarks of Bouterwek, still more explicitly developed by Sismondi, on the design of Cervantes in Don Quixote, and which have been repeated in other publications. According to these writers, the primary idea is that of a "man of elevated character, excited by heroic and enthusiastic feelings to the extravagant pitch of wishing to restore the age of chivalry: nor is it possible to form a more mistaken notion of this work, than by considering it merely as a satire, intended by the author to ridicule the absurd passion for reading old romances." "The fundamental idea of Don Quixote," says Sismondi, "is the eternal contrast between the spirit of poetry and that of prose. Men of an elevated soul propose to themselves, as the object of life, to be the defenders of the weak, the support of the oppressed, the champions of justice and innocence. Like Don Quixote, they find on every side the image of the virtues they worship; they believe that disinterestedness, nobleness, courage, in short, knight-errantry, are still prevalent; and, with no calculation of their own powers, they expose themselves for an ungrateful world, they offer themselves as a sacrifice to the laws and rules of an imaginary state of society."

If this were a true representation of the scheme of Don Quixote, we cannot wonder that some persons should, as M. Sismondi tells they do, consider it as the most melancholy book that has ever been written. They consider it also, no doubt, one of the most immoral, as chilling and pernicious in its influence on the social converse of mankind, as the "Prince" of Machiavel is on their political intercourse. "Cervantes," he proceeds, "has shown us, in some measure, the vanity of greatness of soul, and the delusion of heroism. He has drawn in Don Quixote a perfect man, (*un homme accompli*), who is nevertheless the constant object of ridicule. Brave beyond the fabled knights he imitates, disinterested, honourable, generous, the most faithful and respectful of lovers, the best of masters, the most accomplished and well educated of gentle-

men, all his enterprises end in discomfiture to himself, and in mischief to others." M. Sismondi descants on the perfections of the Knight of La Mancha with a gravity which is not quite easy for his readers to preserve.

It might be answered by a phlegmatic observer, that a mere enthusiasm for doing good, if excited by vanity, and not accompanied by common sense, will seldom be very serviceable to ourselves or to others; that men who, in their heroism and care for the oppressed, would throw open the cages of lions, and set galley-slaves at liberty, not forgetting to break the limbs of harmless persons whom they mistake for wrong-doers, are a class of whom Don Quixote is the real type; and that the world being much the worse for such heroes, it might not be immoral, notwithstanding their benevolent enthusiasm, to put them out of countenance by a little ridicule. This, however, is not, as I conceive, the primary aim of Cervantes; nor do I think that the exhibition of one great truth, as the predominant, but concealed moral of a long work, is in the spirit of his age. He possessed a very thoughtful mind and a profound knowledge of humanity; yet the generalisation which the hypothesis of Bouterwek and Sismondi requires for the leading conceptions of Don Quixote, besides its being a little inconsistent with the valorous and romantic character of its author, belongs to a more advanced period of philosophy than his own. It will, at all events, I presume, be admitted that we cannot reason about Don Quixote except from the book, and I think it may be shown in a few words that these ingenious writers have been chiefly misled by some want of consistency which circumstances produced in the author's delineation of his hero.

In the first chapter of this romance, Cervantes, with a few strokes of a great master, sets before us the pauper gentleman, an early riser and keen sportsman, who, "when he was idle, which was most part of the year," gave himself up to reading books of chivalry till he lost his wits. The events that follow are in every one's recollection; his lunacy consists, no doubt, only in one idea; but this is so absorbing that it perverts the evidence of his

senses, and predominates in all his language. It is to be observed, therefore, in relation to the nobleness of soul ascribed to Don Quixote, that every sentiment he utters is borrowed with a punctilious rigour from the romances of his library: he resorts to them on every occasion for precedents. If he is intrepidly brave, it is because his madness and vanity have made him believe himself unconquerable; if he bestows kingdoms, it is because Amadis would have done the same; if he is honourable, courteous, a redresser of wrongs, it is in pursuance of these prototypes, from whom, except that he seems rather more scrupulous in chastity, it is his only boast not to diverge. Those who talk of the exalted character of Don Quixote, seem really to forget that, on these subjects, he has no character at all: he is the echo of romance; and to praise him is merely to say, that the tone of chivalry, which these productions studied to keep up, and, in the hands of inferior artists, foolishly exaggerated, was full of moral dignity, and has, in a subdued degree of force, modelled the character of a man of honour in the present day. But throughout the first two volumes of Don Quixote, though in a few unimportant passages he talks rationally, I cannot find more than two in which he displays any other knowledge or strength of mind than the original delineation of the character would lead us to expect.

The case is much altered in the last two volumes. Cervantes had acquired an immense popularity, and perceived the opportunity, of which he had already availed himself, that this romance gave for displaying his own mind. He had become attached to a hero who had made him illustrious, and suffered himself to lose sight of the clear outline he had once traced for Quixote's personality. Hence we find in all this second part, that, although the lunacy as to knights-errant remains unabated, he is, on all other subjects, not only rational in the low sense of the word, but clear, acute, profound, sarcastic, cool-headed. His philosophy is elevated, but not enthusiastic: his imagination is poetical, but it is restrained by strong sense. There are, in fact, two Don Quixotes; one, whom Cervantes first designed to draw, the foolish gentleman of La Mancha, whose foolishness had made him frantic; the other

a highly gifted, accomplished model of the best chivalry, trained in all the court, the camp, or the college could impart, but scathed in one portion of his mind by an inexplicable visitation of monomania. One is inclined to ask why this Don Quixote, who is Cervantes, should have been more likely to lose his intellects by reading romances, than Cervantes himself. As a matter of bodily disease, such an event is doubtless possible; but nothing can be conceived more improper for fiction, nothing more incapable of affording a moral lesson, than the insanity which arises wholly from disease. Insanity is, in no point of view, a theme for ridicule; and this is an inherent fault of the romance, (for those who have imagined that Cervantes has not rendered Quixote ridiculous, have a strange notion of the word;) but the thoughtlessness of mankind, rather than their insensibility, for they do not connect madness with misery, furnishes some apology for the first two volumes. In proportion as we perceive, below the veil of mental delusion, a noble intellect, we feel a painful sympathy with its humiliation; the character becomes more complicated and interesting, but has less truth and naturalness; an objection which might also be made, comparatively speaking, to the incidents in the latter volumes, wherein I do not find the admirable probability that reigns through the former. . . . But this contrast of wisdom and virtue with insanity in the same subject, would have been repulsive in the primary delineation, as I think any one may judge by supposing Cervantes had, in the first chapter, drawn such a picture of Quixote as Bouterwek and Sismondi have drawn for him.

I must, therefore, venture to think as, I believe, the world has generally thought for two centuries, that Cervantes had no more profound aim than he proposes to the reader. If the fashion of reading bad romances of chivalry perverted the taste of his contemporaries, and rendered their language ridiculous, it was natural that a zealous lover of good literature should expose this folly to the world, by exaggerating its effects on a fictitious personage. It has been said by some modern writer, though I cannot remember by whom, that there was a *prose side* in the mind of Cervantes.

There was indeed a side of calm strong sense, which some take for unpoetical. He thought the tone of those romances extravagant. It might naturally occur how absurd any one must appear who should attempt to realise in actual life the adventures of Amadis. Already a novelist, he perceived the opportunities this idea suggested. It was a necessary consequence that the hero must be represented as literally insane, since his conduct would have been extravagant beyond the probability of fiction on any other hypothesis; and from this happy conception germinated, in a very prolific mind, the whole history of Don Quixote. Its simplicity is perfect; no limit could be found save the author's discretion, or sense, that he had drawn sufficiently on his imagination; but the death of Quixote, which Cervantes has been said to have determined upon, lest some one else should a second time presume to continue the story, is in fact the only possible termination that could be given, after he had elevated the character to that pitch of mental dignity which we find in the last two volumes.

Few books of moral philosophy display as deep an insight into the mechanism of the mind as Don Quixote. And when we look also at the fertility of invention, the general probability of events, and the great simplicity of the story, wherein no artifices are practised to create suspense, or complicate the action, we shall think Cervantes fully deserving of the glory that attends this monument of his genius. It is not merely that he is superior to all his predecessors and contemporaries. This, though it might account for the European fame of his romance, would be an inadequate testimony to its desert. Cervantes stands on an eminence below which we must place the best of his successors. We have only to compare him with Le Sage or Fielding to judge of his vast superiority. To Scott, indeed, he must yield in the variety of his power; but, in the line of comic romance, we should hardly think Scott his equal.

49.—Character of James Watt.

JEFFREY.

[THE following "Notice and Character," from the pen of one of the most accomplished critics and writers of the last half century, appeared in the "Scotsman," Edinburgh newspaper, in 1819. Francis Jeffrey, whose death, at the beginning of 1850, left a blank which will not easily be filled up, was born in 1773. He was one of the eminent young men who established the "Edinburgh Review," and for many years was its Editor. In 1834 he was appointed one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland; and in that capacity his judicial skill and integrity were as admirable as his earlier merits as an advocate.]

Mr James Watt, the great improver of the steam-engine, died on the 25th of August 1819, at his seat of Heathfield, near Birmingham, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

This name fortunately needs no commemoration of ours; for he that bore it survived to see it crowned with undisputed and unenvied honours; and many generations will probably pass away before it shall have gathered "all its fame." We have said that Mr Watt was the great *improver* of the steam-engine; but, in truth, as to all that is admirable in its structure, or vast in its utility, he should rather be described as its *inventor*. It was by his inventions that its action was so regulated as to make it capable of being applied to the finest and most delicate manufactures, and its power so increased as to set weight and solidity at defiance. By his admirable contrivance, it has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which that power can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors—cut steel into ribands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the benefits which

these inventions have conferred upon this country. There is no branch of industry that has not been indebted to them; and, in all the most material, they have not only widened most magnificently the field of its exertions, but multiplied a thousand-fold the amount of its productions. It was our improved steam-engine, in short, that fought the battles of Europe, and exalted and sustained, through the late tremendous contest, the political greatness of our land. It is the same great power which now enables us to pay the interest of our debt, and to maintain the arduous struggle in which we are still engaged [1819] with the skill and capital of countries less oppressed with taxation. But these are poor and narrow views of its importance. It has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible, all over the world, the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned; completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter; and laid a sure foundation for all those future miracles of mechanic power which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations. It is to the genius of one man, too, that all this is mainly owing. And certainly no man ever bestowed such a gift on his kind. The blessing is not only universal, but unbounded; and the fabled inventors of the plough and the loom, who were deified by the erring gratitude of their rude contemporaries, conferred less important benefits on mankind than the inventor of our present steam-engine.

This will be the fame of Watt with future generations: and it is sufficient for his race and his country. But to those to whom he more immediately belonged, who lived in his society and enjoyed his conversation, it is not, perhaps, the character in which he will be most frequently recalled—most deeply lamented—or even most highly admired. Independently of his great attainments in mechanics, Mr Watt was an extraordinary, and in many respects a wonderful man. Perhaps no individual in his age possessed so much and such varied and exact information—had read so much, or remembered what he had read so accurately and well. He had

infinite quickness of apprehension, a prodigious memory, and a certain rectifying and methodising power of understanding, which extracted something precious out of all that was presented to it. His stores of miscellaneous knowledge were immense—and yet less astonishing than the command he had at all times over them. It seemed as if every subject that was casually started in conversation with him, had been that which he had been last occupied in studying and exhausting—such was the copiousness, the precision, and the admirable clearness of the information which he poured out upon it, without effect or hesitation. Nor was this promptitude and compass of knowledge confined in any degree to the studies connected with his ordinary pursuits. That he should have been minutely and extensively skilled in chemistry and the arts, and in most of the branches of physical science, might perhaps have been conjectured. But it could not have been inferred from his casual occupations, and probably is not generally known, that he was curiously learned in many branches of antiquity, metaphysics, medicine, and etymology, and perfectly at home in all the details of architecture, music, and law. He was well acquainted, too, with most of the modern languages—and familiar with their most recent literature. Nor was it at all extraordinary to hear the great mechanic and engineer detailing and expounding, for hours together, the metaphysical theories of the German logicians, or criticising the measures or the matter of German poetry.

His astonishing memory was aided, no doubt, in a great measure, by a still higher and rarer faculty—by his power of digesting and arranging in its proper place, all the information he received, and of casting aside and rejecting, as it were instinctively, whatever was worthless or immaterial. Every conception that was suggested to his mind seemed instantly to take its proper place among its other rich furniture; and to be condensed into the smallest and most convenient form. He never appeared, therefore, to be at all encumbered or perplexed with the *verbiage* of the dull books he perused, or the idle talk to which he listened; but to have at once extracted, by a kind of intellectual alchemy, all that was worthy of attention, and to have reduced it, for his own use, to its true value

and to its simplest form. And thus it often happened, that a great deal more was learned from his brief and vigorous account of the theories and arguments of tedious writers, than an ordinary student could ever have derived from the most painful study of the originals—and that errors and absurdities became manifest from the mere clearness and plainness of his statement of them, which might have deluded and perplexed most of his hearers without that invaluable assistance.

It is needless to say, that, with these vast resources, his conversation was at all times rich and instructive in no ordinary degree; but it was, if possible, still more pleasing than wise, and had all the charms of familiarity with all the substantial treasures of knowledge. No man could be more social in his spirit, less assuming or fastidious in his manners, or more kind and indulgent towards all who approached him. He rather liked to talk—at least in his latter years: but though he took a considerable share of the conversation, he rarely suggested the topics on which it was to turn, but readily and quietly took up whatever was presented by those around him; and astonished the idle and barren propounders of an ordinary theme, by the treasures which he drew from the mine they had unconsciously opened. He generally seemed, indeed, to have no choice or predilection for one subject of discourse rather than another; but allowed his mind, like a great cyclopædia, to be opened at any letter his associates might choose to turn up, and only endeavoured to select, from his inexhaustible stores, what might be best adapted to the taste of his present hearers. As to their capacity he gave himself no trouble; and, indeed, such was his singular talent for making all things plain, clear, and intelligible, that scarcely any one could be aware of such a deficiency in his presence. His talk, too, though overflowing with information, had no resemblance to lecturing or solemn discoursing, but, on the contrary, was full of colloquial spirit and pleasantry. He had a certain quiet and grave humour, which ran through most of his conversation, and a vein of temperate jocularities, which gave infinite zest and effect to the condensed and inexhaustible information which formed its main

staple and characteristic. There was a little air of affected testiness, too, and a tone of pretended rebuke and contradiction, with which he used to address his younger friends, that was always felt by them as an endearing mark of his kindness and familiarity,—and prized accordingly, far beyond all the solemn compliments that ever proceeded from the lips of authority. His voice was deep and powerful—though he commonly spoke in a low and somewhat monotonous tone, which harmonized admirably with the weight and brevity of his observations; and set off to the greatest advantage the pleasant anecdotes which he delivered with the same grave brow and the same calm smile playing soberly on his lips. There was nothing of effort, indeed, or impatience, any more than of pride or levity, in his demeanour: and there was a finer expression of reposing strength, and mild self-possession in his manner, than we ever recollect to have met with in any other person. He had in his character the utmost abhorrence for all sorts of forwardness, parade, and pretensions; and, indeed, never failed to put all such impostures out of countenance, by the manly plainness and honest intrepidity of his language and deportment.

In his temper and dispositions, he was not only kind and affectionate, but generous, and considerate of the feelings of all around him; and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed any indications of talent, or applied to him for patronage or advice. His health, which was delicate from his youth upwards, seemed to become firmer as he advanced in years; and he preserved, up almost to the last moment of his existence, not only the full command of his extraordinary intellect, but all the alacrity of spirit and the social gaiety which had illumined his happiest days. His friends in this part of the country never saw him more full of intellectual vigour and colloquial animation—never more delightful or more instructive—than in his last visit to Scotland in the autumn of 1817. Indeed, it was after that time that he applied himself, with all the ardour of early life, to the invention of a machine for mechanically copying all sorts of sculpture and statuary;—and distributed among his friends

some of its earliest performances, as the productions of "a young artist, just entering on his eighty-third year!"

This happy and useful life came, at last, to a gentle close. He had suffered some inconvenience through the summer, but was not seriously indisposed till within a few weeks from his death. He then became perfectly aware of the event which was approaching; and with his usual tranquillity and benevolence of nature, seemed only anxious to point out to his friends around him the many sources of consolation which were afforded by the circumstances under which it was about to take place. He expressed his sincere gratitude to Providence for the length of days with which he had been blessed, and his exemption from most of the infirmities of age; as well as for the calm and cheerful evening of life that he had been permitted to enjoy, after the honourable labours of the day had been concluded. And thus, full of years and honours, in all calmness and tranquillity, he yielded up his soul, without pang or struggle, and passed from the bosom of his family to that of his God.

50.—Upon the Government of the Tongue.

BUTLER.

[JOSEPH BUTLER, Bishop of Durham, was born in 1692, and died in 1752. He was the son of a shopkeeper at Wantage, in Berkshire, who was a dissenter of the Presbyterian denomination. Joseph Butler was brought up in a dissenting academy at Tewkesbury. In 1714 he conformed to the Established Church, having been led to this determination by the result of his own anxious inquiries. He accordingly entered Oriel College, Oxford, and subsequently was admitted into holy orders. The most remarkable of his writings is "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature"—a work of somewhat abstruse reasoning, requiring a diligent study, but admirably calculated to fix the religion of an inquiring mind upon the most solid foundation. His "Sermons," fifteen in number, were preached at the Rolls Chapel, in London, and were first published in 1726. The following is an extract from his sermon on the text from James i. 26—"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridled not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."]

The due and proper use of any natural faculty or power, is to be judged of by the end and design for which it was given us. The chief purpose for which the faculty of speech was given to man, is plainly that we might communicate our thoughts to each other, in order to carry on the affairs of the world ; for business, and for our improvement in knowledge and learning. But the good Author of our nature designed us not only necessaries, but likewise enjoyment and satisfaction, in that being He hath graciously given, and in that condition of life He hath placed us in. There are secondary uses of our faculties which administer to delight, as the primary administer to necessity : and as they are equally adapted to both, there is no doubt but he intended them for our gratification, as well as for the support and continuance of our being. The secondary use of speech is to please and be entertaining to each other in conversation. This is in every respect allowable and right ; it unites men closer in alliances and friendships ; gives us a fellow feeling of the prosperity and unhappiness of each other ; and is in several respects serviceable to virtue, and to promote good behaviour in the world. And provided there be not too much time spent in it, if it were considered only in the way of gratification and delight, men must have strange notions of God and of religion, to think that He can be offended with it, or that it is any way inconsistent with the strictest virtue. But the truth is, such sort of conversation, though it has no particular good tendency, yet it has a general good one ; it is social and friendly, and tends to promote humanity, good nature, and civility. Therefore as the end and use, so likewise the abuse of speech, relates to the one or other of these ; either to business or to conversation. As to the former, deceit in the management of business and affairs does not properly belong to the subject now before us ; though one may just mention that multitude, that endless number of words, with which business is perplexed, when a much fewer would, as it should seem, better serve the purpose ; but this must be left to those who understand the matter. The government of the tongue, considered as a subject of itself, relates chiefly to conversation, to that kind of discourse which

usually fills up the time spent in friendly meetings and visits of civility : and the danger is, lest persons entertain themselves and others at the expense of their wisdom and their virtue, and to the injury or offence of their neighbour. If they will take heed and keep clear of these, they may be as free, and easy, and unreserved, as they can desire. The cautions to be given for avoiding them, and to render conversation innocent and agreeable, fall under the following particulars :—Silence ; talking of indifferent things ; and, which makes up too great a part of conversation, giving of characters, speaking well or evil of others.

The wise man observes, that “ there is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence.” One meets with people in the world who seem never to have made the last of these observations. And yet these great talkers do not at all speak from their having anything to say, as every sentence shows, but only from their inclination to be talking. Their conversation is merely an exercise of the tongue ; no other human faculty has any share in it. It is strange these persons can help reflecting, that, unless they have in truth a superior capacity, and are in an extraordinary manner furnished for conversation, if they are entertaining, it is at their own expense. Is it possible that it should never come into people’s thoughts to suspect, whether or no it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves ? “ O that ye would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom,” (Job xiii. 5.) Remember likewise there are persons who love fewer words, an inoffensive sort of people, and who deserve some regard, though of too still and composed tempers for you. Of this number was the son of Sirach : for he plainly speaks from experience, when he says, “ As hills of sand are to the steps of the aged, so is one of many words to a quiet man.” But one would think it should be obvious to every one, that when they are in company with their superiors of any kind, in years, knowledge, and experience, when proper and useful subjects are discoursed of which they cannot bear a part in, that these are times for silence, when they should learn to hear and be attentive ; at least in their turn. It is indeed a very unhappy way these people are in ; they in a man-

ner cut themselves out from all advantage of conversation, except that of being entertained with their own talk ; their business in coming into company not being at all to be informed—to hear, to learn—but to display themselves, or rather to exert their faculty and talk without any design at all. And if we consider conversation as an entertainment—as somewhat to unbend the mind—as a diversion from the cares, the business, and the sorrows of life, it is of the very nature of it, that the discourse be mutual. This, I say, is implied in the very notion of what we distinguish by conversation, or being in company. Attention to the continued discourse of one alone grows more painful often than the cares and business we came to be diverted from. He, therefore, who imposes this upon us, is guilty of a double offence ; by arbitrarily enjoining silence upon all the rest, and likewise by obliging them to this painful attention. I am sensible these things are apt to be passed over, as too little to come into a serious discourse ; but in reality men are obliged, even in point of morality and virtue, to observe all the decencies of behaviour. The greatest evils in life have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to. And as to the matter we are now upon, it is absolutely necessary to be considered : for if people will not maintain a due government over themselves, in regarding proper times and seasons for silence, but *will* be talking ; they certainly, whether they design it or not at first, will go on to scandal, and evil speaking, and divulging secrets. If it were needful to say anything further to persuade men to learn this lesson of silence, one might put them in mind how insignificant they render themselves by this excessive talkativeness ; insomuch that if they do chance to say anything which deserves to be attended to and regarded, it is lost in the variety and abundance which they utter of another sort. The occasions of silence then are obvious, and one would think should be easily distinguished by everybody ; namely, when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid : better, either in regard to the particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to conversation itself, or to conversation of a more agreeable kind ; or better,

lastly, with regard to himself. I will end this particular with two reflections of the wise man ; one of which in the strongest manner exposes the ridiculous part of this licentiousness of the tongue ; and the other, the great danger and viciousness of it. "When he that is a fool walketh by the wayside, his wisdom faileth him, and he saith to every one that he is a fool," (Eccl. x. 3.) The other is, "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin," (Prov. x. 19.)

As to the government of the tongue in respect to talking upon indifferent subjects, after what has been said concerning the due government of it in respect to the occasions and times for silence, there is little more necessary than only to caution men to be fully satisfied that the subjects are indeed of an indifferent nature ; and not to spend too much time in conversation of this kind. But persons must be sure to take heed that the subject of their discourse be at least of an indifferent nature ; that it be no way offensive to virtue, religion, or good manners ; that it be not of a licentious dissolute sort, this leaving always ill impressions upon the mind ; that it be no way injurious or vexatious to others ; and that too much time be not spent this way, to the neglect of those duties and offices of life which belong to their station and condition in the world. But though there is not any necessity that men should aim at being important and weighty in every sentence they speak, yet since useful subjects, at least of some kinds, are as entertaining as others, a wise man, even when he desires to unbend his mind from business, would choose that the conversation might turn upon somewhat instructive.

The last thing is, the government of the tongue as relating to discourse of the affairs of others, and giving of characters. These are, in a manner, the same ; and one can scarce call it an indifferent subject, because discourse upon it almost perpetually runs into somewhat criminal. And first of all, it were very much to be wished that this did not take up so great a part of conversation ; because it is indeed a subject of a dangerous nature. Let any one consider the various interests, competitions, and little misunderstandings which arise amongst men, and he will soon see

that he is not unprejudiced and impartial; that he is not, as I may speak, neutral enough, to trust himself with talking of the character and concerns of his neighbour, in a free, careless, and unreserved manner. There is perpetually, and often it is not attended to, a rivalry amongst people of one kind or another, in respect of wit, beauty, learning, or fortune, and that one thing will insensibly influence them to speak to the disadvantage of others, even where there is no formed malice or ill design. Since, therefore, it is so hard to enter into this subject without offending, the first thing to be observed is, that people should learn to decline it, to get over that strong inclination most have to be talking of the concerns and behaviour of their neighbour. But since it is impossible that this subject should be wholly excluded conversation, and since it is necessary that the characters of men should be known; the next thing is, that it is a matter of importance what is said, and, therefore, that we should be religiously scrupulous and exact to say nothing, either good or bad, but what is true.

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Upon the whole matter, if people would observe the obvious occasions of silence, if they would subdue the inclination to tale-bearing, and that eager desire to engage attention, which is an original disease in some minds, they would be in little danger of offending with their tongue, and would in a moral and religious sense have due government over it. I will conclude with some precepts and reflections of the son of Sirach upon this subject: "Be swift to hear, and if thou hast understanding, answer thy neighbour; if not, lay thy hand upon thy mouth. Honour and shame is in talk. A man of an ill tongue is dangerous in his city, and he that is rash in his talk shall be hated. A wise man will hold his tongue till he see opportunity; but a babbler and a fool will regard no time. A backbiting tongue hath disquieted many; strong cities hath it pulled down, and overthrown the houses of great men. The tongue of a man is his fall; but if thou love to hear, thou shalt receive understanding."



GIFFORD AT BRIXHAM.

51.—Gifford's Account of his Early Days.

[THE history of men who have overleaped "poverty's unconquerable bar" is always interesting. It is most interesting when they are their own historians. William Gifford, a friendless orphan, a shoemaker's ill-used apprentice, who came to be looked up to by the learned and the great as a scholar and a critic, has told his own tale with a manly frankness that does the highest honour to his character. Perhaps this little piece of autobiography, which was prefixed to his translation of Juvenal in 1802, will be the most enduring thing he has written. He was a decided political partisan, and as the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was too apt to forget that there are higher and better things than the power of satirising and defaming writers of opposite politics. Mr Gifford was born in 1757; died in 1826.]

I was not quite thirteen when this happened [the death of his widowed mother]; my little brother was hardly two, and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Everything that was left was seized by a person of the name of Carlile, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims; and, as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the almshouse, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection;

and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town (which, whether correct or not, was that he had amply repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me; but these golden days were over in less than three months. Carlile sickened at the expense; and as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him; but I left it with the resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises adhered to my determination. In this I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backwards and drawn it after me: its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow, of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question; and as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cipher, (as the phrase is,) Carlile next thought of sending me to Newfoundland to assist in a storehouse. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr Holdsworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr Holdsworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed, with a look of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not, however, choose to take me back himself, but sent me in a passage-boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped almost by a miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist anything. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing-boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate

against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured man, at least, not to me; and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness, moved, perhaps, by my weakness and tender years. In return I did what I could to requite her, and my good-will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c., it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself; when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth, for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the *Two Brothers*) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and I here got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a "ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet, if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the "Coasting Pilot."

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I, therefore, frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropped into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing, and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) entangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface, till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, re-

membering nothing but the horror I felt when I first found myself unable to call out for assistance.

This was not my only escape, but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas Day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton, and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holidays there, and he therefore made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connexion with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother, who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude or kind remembrance. I lived, therefore, in a sort of sullen independence of all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me, without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale, often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had brought me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town this would have had but little effect; but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to encounter; he therefore determined to recall me, which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and was not yet bound.

All this I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments and fairer views.

After the holidays, I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic:

my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that, by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows my ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year when I built these castles; a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt, and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty, (so, indeed, he had;) he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence that I did not remonstrate, but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound, till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master was the strangest creature. He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and, being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph; he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most

singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the simple term, and, as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and, indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period I had read nothing but a black-letter romance, called "Parismus and Parimenus," and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. With the Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her had impressed it strongly on my mind: these, then, with the "Imitation of Thomas à Kempis," which I used to read to my mother on her deathbed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it, and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sank by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign my hope of one day succeeding to Mr Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study at every interval of leisure.

These intervals were not very frequent; and, when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on algebra, given me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased "Fenning's Introduction:" this was precisely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights suc-

cessively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not so much as dreamed of poetry—indeed, I scarcely knew it by name; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never “lisped in numbers.” I recollect the occasion of my first attempt: it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house; it was to have been a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse: I liked it; but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I made the experiment, and, by the unanimous suffrage of my shopmates, was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject; and thus I went on till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly, nothing on earth was ever so deplorable; such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them even out of it. I never committed a line to paper, for two reasons; first, because I had no paper; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going further—but in truth I was afraid, as my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial: little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine: I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c., and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast: my master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, and my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly: it was followed by another, severer still—a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr Hugh Smerdon, on succeeding whom I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back on that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom and savage unsociability: by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent, unfriended and unpitied, indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my "Wolfius" in my pocket, she usually came

to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me: it revived at the first encouraging word; and the gratitude I felt for it was the first pleasing sensation which I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me: I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this I was not unsuccessful; I recovered their good-will, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favourite.

My master still murmured, for the business of the shop went on no better than before: I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams which perhaps would never have been realised, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town men of science are not the most liberally rewarded: he had, besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence; that little,

however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to support the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing: he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that, amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and, when he learned that I had made it in circumstances of peculiar discouragement, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome: I had eighteen months yet to serve; my handwriting was bad, and my language very incorrect: but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man: he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and, when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart; it ran thus, "A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-sixpence: enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, it was found that my progress (for I will speak the truth in modesty) had been more considerable than my patrons expected: I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and to continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew

anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr Smerdon fit for the university. The plan of opening a writing-school had been abandoned almost from the first; and Mr Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq., of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Biblical Lecturer at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least till I had taken a degree.

52.—The Story of Richard Plantagenet.

BRETT.

[THERE is an old tradition that Richard III. had a natural son, whom he caused to be carefully educated, and to whom he discovered himself on the night before the battle which lost him his life and his crown. The story was first made known in a letter, printed in Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa," from Dr Thomas Brett to Dr William Warren, which letter was written in 1733.]

. . . . Now for the story of Richard Plantagenet. In the year 1720 (I have forgot the particular day, only remember it was about Michaelmas) I waited on the late Lord Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, at Eastwell House, and found him sitting, with the register of the parish of Eastwell lying open before him. He told me, that he had been looking there to see who of his own family were mentioned in it. But, says he, I have a curiosity here to show you, and then showed me, and I immediately transcribed it into my almanac, "Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22d day of December, anno ut supra. Ex Registro de Eastwell, sub anno 1550." This is all the register mentions of him; so that we cannot say

whether he was buried in the church or churchyard; nor is there now any other memorial of him except the tradition in the family, and some little marks where his house stood. The story my lord told me was this:—

When Sir Thomas Moyle built that house, (Eastwell Place,) he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read, but was some time before he could discover it, he still putting the book up if any one came towards him. However, at last, Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him, and, looking into it, found it to be Latin. Hereupon he examined him, and finding he pretty well understood that language, inquired how he came by his learning: hereupon the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed to any one. He then informed him, that he was boarded with a Latin schoolmaster, without knowing who his parents were, till he was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentleman (who took occasion to acquaint him he was no relation of his) came once a quarter, and paid for his board, and took care to see that he wanted nothing. And one day this gentleman took him, and carried him to a fine great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him stay there.

Then a man, finely dressed, with a star and garter, came to him, asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money. Then the fore-mentioned gentleman returned, and conducted him back to his school.

Some time after, the same gentleman came to him again, with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told him he must take a journey with him into the country. They went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth field; and he was carried to King Richard III.'s tent. The king embraced him, and told him he was his son. "But, child," says he, "to-morrow I must fight for my crown. And, assure yourself, if I lose that, I will lose my life too: but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place, (directing him to a particular place,) where you may see the battle,

out of danger. And when I have gained the victory, come to me; I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father; for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me." Then the king gave him a purse of gold, and dismissed him.

He followed the king's directions; and, when he saw the battle was lost, and the king killed, he hasted to London, sold his horse and fine clothes, and, the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that he might have means to live by his honest labour, he put himself apprentice to a brick-layer. But, having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, he was unwilling to lose it; and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself.

Sir Thomas said, "You are now old, and almost past your labour; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live." He answered, "Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired; give me leave to build a house of one room for myself, in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die." Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued to his death.

I suppose (though my lord did not mention it) that he went to eat in the family, and then retired to his hut. My lord said that there was no park at that time; but when the park was made, that house was taken into it, and continued standing till his (my lord's) father pulled it down. "But," said my lord, "I would as soon have pulled down this house;" meaning Eastwell Place.

I have been computing the age of this Richard Plantagenet when he died, and find it to be about 81. For Richard III. was killed August 23, 1485, which, subtracted from 1550, there remains 65, to which add 16, (for the age of Richard Plantagenet at that time,) and it makes 81. But, though he lived to that age, he could scarcely enjoy his retirement in his little house above two

or three years, or a little more. For I find by Philpot, that Sir Thomas Moyle did not purchase the estate of Eastwell till about the year 1543 or 1544. We may, therefore, reasonably suppose that, upon his building a new house on his purchase, he could not come to live in it till 1546, but that his workmen were continued to build the walls about his gardens, and other conveniences off from the house. And till he came to live in the house he could not well have an opportunity of observing how Richard Plantagenet retired with his book. So that it was probably towards the latter end of the year 1546 when Richard and Sir Thomas had the fore-mentioned dialogue together. Consequently, Richard could not build his house, and have it dry enough for him to live in, till the year 1547. So that he must be 77 or 78 years of age before he had his writ of ease.

53.—*The Old and the Young Courtier.*

ANONYMOUS.

[THE whole of the sixteenth century was marked by important changes of every kind—political, religious, and social. The wars with France, and the internal contests of the Roses, were over, and the energy of the nation was directed to new objects. Trade and commerce were extended; fresh sources of wealth were developed; and new classes of society sprung up into importance, whose riches enabled them to outvie the old landed gentry, but who had few of their hereditary tastes and habits. Hence the innovation of old customs, and the decay of ancient manners, to which the gentry themselves were compelled to conform. The following song, which is printed in the “Percy Reliques,” from an ancient black-letter copy in the “Pepys Collection,” is a lament over the changes which had taken place in the early part of the seventeenth century, as compared with the days of Queen Elizabeth.]

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
 Like an old courtier of the queen's,
 And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages,
That every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks.
With an old buttery hatch, worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half-a-dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat to cover his worship's trunk hose;
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak and a man dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawk'd nor hunted but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,

And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping, or care;
Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good;
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon no victuals ne'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study stuff full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook to devise fine kickshaws and toys;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
And a new journey to London straight we all must be gone,
And leave none to keep house but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete;
With a new coachman, footman, and pages to carry up the meat;
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants *not* eat,
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour, bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold,
Among our young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

54.—The Modern Dramatic Poets.—I.

[IN subsequent "Half-Hours," we shall give scenes from some of the great dramatic writers who were contemporary with Shakspeare—from Webster Ben Jonson, Dekker, Beaumont and Fletcher, and others, as we have already given scenes from Massinger. The golden age of the English Drama did not last for more than sixty years. After an interval in which the stage, in common with many other of the graces and refinements of life, was proscribed by a misdirected though sincere zeal, the Restoration gave us a degenerate and corrupt drama—false in its principles of art, debasing in its gross licentiousness. The Augustan age, as it used to be called, brought its brilliant comedy, in which Wit went hand in hand with Profligacy—meretricious sisters—and its feeble Tragedy, which rested its claims upon its dissimilarity to Shakspeare. From "Cato" to "Irene" we had no serious drama that was not essentially based upon French models—declamation taking the place of passion, and monotonous correctness substituted for poetical fervour. In more recent times, the imitation of the old drama, or, to speak more correctly, the knowledge of the principles upon which the old dramatists worked, has given us a far higher dramatic literature than that which preceded it.

DE MONTFORT.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

[MISS BAILLIE'S "Series of Plays to Delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind," was the first great attempt to cast off the frigid conventionalities that had long encumbered all modern dramatic poetry. Here was a woman of genius working upon a bold theory. The notion of making the conduct of a drama wholly rest upon the development of one intense master passion appears to us a mistake. Passions, as they exist in actual life, and as they are portrayed by the greatest poetical revealers of man's nature, are complicated and modified by the antagonism of motives and circumstances. Othello is not simply jealous—Macbeth not merely ambitious. It is to this cause that we may perhaps attribute the circumstance that one only, we believe, of Joanna Baillie's plays has been acted, although they were written for the stage, as every drama must be that has a dramatic vitality. But, whatever may be the defects of their scenic construction, they are, in many respects, models of strong and earnest dialogue, which rejects all cumbrous ornament, and is really poetical through its unaffected simplicity. This was a revolution in dramatic composition. It was at the beginning of the present century that these "Plays on the Passions" were published. Their authoress lived to see many changes in literary reputation; but none in which she was not recognised with the honours which very few can permanently win and wear. She died on February 23, 1851, aged 89.]

“De Monfort,” from which the following scene is extracted, is founded upon the passion of hatred. De Monfort has fostered, from early years, a hatred of Rezenvelt—a hatred which he feels to be unjust and at variance with his own better nature. His noble sister, Jane de Monfort, thus struggles to expel the demon which torments and finally destroys him:—

De Mon. No more, my sister, urge me not again;
My secret troubles cannot be reveal'd.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils: I pray thee be contented.

Jane. What! must I, like a distant humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye, and gait disturb'd,
In timid silence, whilst, with yearning heart,
I turn aside to weep? Oh, no, De Monfort!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.

De Mon. Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot e'en to thee.

Jane. Then fie upon it! fie upon it, Monfort!
There was a time when e'en with murder stain'd,
Had it been possible that such dire deed
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou wouldst have told it me.

De Mon. So would I now—but ask of this no more.
All other troubles but the one I feel
I had disclosed to thee. I pray thee spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.

Jane. Then secret let it be; I urge no further.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphan'd, side by side we stood,
Like two young trees, whose boughs, in early strength,
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,
And brave the storm together—
I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remain'd,
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Monfort;
A humbler station will I take by thee;

The close attendant of thy wand'ring steps;
 The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought;
 The soother of those griefs I must not know.
 This is mine office now: I ask no more.

De Mon. Oh, Jane! thou dost constrain me with thy love.
 Would I could tell it thee!

Jane. Thou shalt not tell me! Nay, I'll stop mine ears,
 Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
 What shrinks from utt'rance. Let it pass, my brother.
 I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
 Pursue with thee the study of some art,
 Or nobler science, that compels the mind
 To steady thought progressive, driving forth
 All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies;
 Till thou, with brow unclouded, smilest again;
 Like one who, from dark visions of the night,
 When th' active soul within its lifeless cell
 Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy press'd
 Of some dire, terrible, or murd'rous deed,
 Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses heaven.

De Mon. It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me still.

Jane. Ah! say not so; for I will haunt thee too,
 And be to it so close an adversary,
 That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
 I shall o'ercome it.

De Mon. Thou most gen'rous woman!
 Why do I treat thee thus? I should not be—
 And yet I cannot—Oh that cursed villain!
 He will not let me be the man I would.

Jane. What say'st thou Monfort? Oh! what words are these?
 They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
 I do beseech thee speak!
 By the affection thou didst ever bear me;
 By the dear memory of our infant days;
 By kindred living ties; ay, and by those
 Who sleep i' the tomb, and cannot call to thee,

I do conjure thee speak!

Ha! wilt thou not?

Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er gen'rous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown and sceptre give,
I do command thee.

De Monfort, do not thus resist my love.

Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.

Alas! my brother!

COUNT JULIAN.

LANDOR.

[IN the collected edition of his works Mr Landor says, "None of these poems of a dramatic form were offered to the stage, being no better than imaginary conversations in metre." An author knows best what he can accomplish; but there are few modern productions in which the real dramatic spirit is more developed than in "Count Julian." There are exuberances of language—lingerings in the primrose paths of verse when the business of the scene should go right onward. But the whole conception of Julian's character is magnificent—the lover of his country, who has laid it at the feet of an invader in the hour of passionate revenge. The agony of his remorse, which no ingratitude of the Moorish conqueror can add to, and no kindness can assuage, has been rarely surpassed.]

Muza. Away with him!

Julian.

Slaves! not before I lift

My voice to Heaven and man. Though enemies
Surround me, and none else; yet other men
And other times shall hear: the agony
Of an opprest and of a bursting heart
No violence can silence; at its voice
The trumpet is o'erpower'd, and glory mute,
And peace and war hide all their charms alike.
Surely the guests and ministers of Heaven
Scatter it forth through all the elements,
So suddenly, so widely it extends,
So fearfully men breathe it, shuddering
To ask or fancy how it first arose.

Muza. Yes, they shall shudder; but will that, henceforth,
Molest my privacy, or shake my power?

Julian. Guilt hath pavilions, but no privacy.
The very engine of his hatred checks
The torturer in his transport of revenge,
Which, while it swells his bosom, shakes his power,
And raises friends to his worst enemy.

Muza. Where now are thine? Will they not curse the day
That gave thee birth, and hiss thy funeral?
Thou hast left none who could have pitied thee.

Julian. Many, nor those alone of tenderer mould,
For me will weep; many, alas! through me!
Already I behold my funeral;
The turbid cities wave and swell with it,
And wrongs are lost in that day's pageantry:
Opprest and desolate, the countryman
Receives it like a gift; he hastens home,
Shows where the hoof of Moorish horse laid waste
His narrow croft and winter garden plot,
Sweetens with fallen pride his children's lore,
And points their hatred, but applauds their tears.
Justice, who came not up to us through life,
Loves to survey our likeness on our tombs,
When rivalry, malevolence, and wrath,
And every passion that once storm'd around,
Is calm, alike without them as within.
Our very chains make the whole world our own,
Bind those to us who else had pass'd us by,
Those at whose call, brought down to us, the light
Of future ages lives upon our name.

Muza. I may accelerate that meteor's fall,
And quench that idle ineffectual light
Without the knowledge of thy distant world.

Julian. My world and thine are not that distant one.
Is age less wise, less merciful, than grief,
To keep this secret from thee, poor old man?

Thou canst not lessen, canst not aggravate
My sufferings, canst not shorten or extend
Half a sword's length between my God and me.
I thank thee for that better thought than fame,
Which none, however, who deserve, despise,
Nor lose from view till all things else are lost.

Abdalazis. Julian, respect his age, regard his power.
Many, who fear'd not death, have dragg'd along
A piteous life in darkness and in chains.
Never was man so full of wretchedness,
But something may be suffer'd after all;
Perhaps in what clings round his breast and helps
To keep the ruin up, which he, amid
His agony and frenzy, overlooks;
But droops upon at last, and clasps, and dies.

Julian. Although a Muza send far underground,
Into the quarry whence the palace rose,
His mangled prey, climes alien and remote
Mark and record the pang. While, overhead,
Perhaps he passes on his favourite steed,
Less heedful of the misery he inflicts
Than of the expiring sparkle from a stone;
Yet we, alive or dead, have fellow-men,
If ever we have served them, who collect
From prisons and from dungeons our remains,
And bear them in their bosoms to their sons.
Man's only relics are his benefits;
These, be there ages, be there worlds, between,
Retain him in communion with his kind:
Hence is our solace, our security,
Our sustenance, till heavenly truth descends,
Covering with brightness and beatitude
The frail foundations of these humbler hopes,
And, like an angel guiding us, at once
Leaves the loose chain and iron gate behind.

REMORSE.

COLERIDGE.

[THE "Remorse" of one of the greatest of modern poets was acted with some success in 1813. It has many of the elements of the most attractive dramatic composition. Alvar is supposed to have been murdered by his brother Ordonio; but he is saved. The guilty man again seeks Alvar's life, but without knowing him. The following scene, in a dungeon, opens the fifth act. We scarcely need point out the exquisite beauty of the soliloquy.]

Alvar. And this place my forefathers made for man!
 This is the process of our love and wisdom
 To each poor brother who offends against us—
 Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
 Is this the only cure? Merciful God!
 Each pore and natural outlet shrivell'd up
 By ignorance and parching poverty,
 His energies roll back upon his heart,
 And stagnate and corrupt, till, changed to poison,
 They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot!
 Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks;
 And this is their best cure! Uncomforted
 And friendless solitude, groaning, and tears
 And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
 Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
 By the lamp's dismal twilight! So he lies,
 Circed with evil, till his very soul
 Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
 By sights of evermore deformity!
 With other ministrations thou, O Nature!
 Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child:
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!
 Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and dissonant thing
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,

His angry spirit heal'd and harmonised
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary! Yon rude bench of stone,
In that dark angle, the sole resting-place!
But the self-approving mind is its own light,
And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

[Retires out of sight.

[A noise at the dungeon-door. It opens, and ORDONIO enters, with a goblet in his hand.

Ordonio. Hail, potent wizard! in my gayer mood
I pour'd forth a libation to old Pluto,
And, as I brimm'd the bowl, I thought on thee.
Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast trick'd me foully; yet I hate thee not.
Why should I hate thee? This same world of ours,
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the air-bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
The weaker needs must break.

Alv. I see thy heart!
There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly tortured man,
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling.

Ord. Feeling! feeling!
The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold, and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.

[ORDONIO proffers the goblet.

Alv. Yon insect on the wall,
Which moves this way and that its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing!
But it has life, Ordonio! life, enjoyment!
And, by the power of its miraculous will,
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends!
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim,
I would remove it with an anxious pity!

Ord. What meanest thou?

Alv. There's poison in the wine.

Ord. Thou hast guess'd right; there's poison in the wine.
There's poison in 't—which of us two shall drink it?
For one of us must die!

Alv. Whom dost thou think me?

Ord. The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

Alv. I know him not.

And yet methinks I have heard the name but lately.
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman?
Isidore! Isidore!

Ord. Good! good! That lie! by Heaven it has restored me.
Now I am thy master! Villain! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.

Alv. What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?

[ALVAR takes the goblet, and throws it to the ground.]

My master!

Ord. Thou mountebank!

Alv. Mountebank and villain!

What, then, art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a wither'd arm?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction!

Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,
 Thy faith in universal villainy,
 Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
 For all thy human brethren—out upon them!
 What have they done for thee? Have they given thee peace?
 Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
 The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight?
 Art happy when alone? Canst walk by thyself
 With even step and quiet cheerfulness?
 Yet, yet, thou mayst be saved——

Ord.

Saved? saved?

Alv.

One pang!

Could I call up one pang of true remorse!

55.—Hogarth.

CHARLES LAMB.

IT is the fashion with those who cry up the great historical school in this country, at the head of which Sir Joshua Reynolds is placed, to exclude Hogarth from that school, as an artist of an inferior and vulgar class. Those persons seem to me to confound the painting of subjects in common or vulgar life with the being a vulgar artist. The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture would alone *unvulgarise* every subject which he might choose. Let us take the lowest of his subjects, the print called *Gin Lane*. Here is plenty of poverty and low stuff to disgust upon a superficial view, and accordingly a cold spectator feels himself immediately disgusted and repelled. I have seen many turn away from it, not being able to bear it. The same persons would, perhaps, have looked with great complacency upon Poussin's celebrated picture of the *Plague at Athens*. Disease and death and bewildering terror, in *Athenian Garments*, are endurable, and come, as the delicate critics express it, within the "limits of pleasurable sensation." But the scenes of their own *St Giles's*, delineated by their own countryman, are too shocking to think of.

Yet if we could abstract our minds from the fascinating colours of the picture, and forget the coarse execution (in some respects) of the print, intended as it was to be a cheap plate, accessible to the poorer sort of people, for whose instruction it was done, I think we could have no hesitation in conferring the palm of superior genius upon Hogarth, comparing this work of his with Poussin's picture. There is more of imagination in it—that power which draws all things to one—which makes things animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects and their accessories, take one colour, and serve to one effect. Everything in the print, to use a vulgar expression, *tells*. Every part is full of “strange images of death.” It is perfectly amazing and astounding to look at. Not only the two prominent figures—the woman and the half-dead man—which are as terrible as anything which Michael Angelo ever drew, but everything else in the print contributes to bewilder and stupify,—the very houses, as I heard a friend of mine express it, tumbling all about in various directions, seem drunk—seem absolutely reeling from the effect of that diabolical spirit of frenzy which goes forth over the whole composition. To show the poetical and almost prophetic conception in the artist, one little circumstance may serve. Not content with the dying and dead figures which he has strewed in profusion over the proper scene of the action, he shows you what (of a kindred nature) is passing beyond it. Close by the shell in which, by the direction of the parish beadle, a man is depositing his wife, is an old wall, which, partaking of the universal decay around it, is tumbling to pieces. Through a gap in this wall are seen three figures, which appear to make a part in some funeral procession which is passing by on the other side of the wall, out of the sphere of the composition. This extending of the interest beyond the bounds of the subject could only have been conceived by a great genius. Shakspeare, in his description of the painting of the Trojan War, in his “Tarquin and Lucrece,” has introduced a similar device, where the painter made a part stand for the whole :—

“For much imaginary work was there,
Conceits deceitful, so compact, so kind,

That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armèd hand; himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imaginèd."

This he well calls *imaginary work*, where the spectator must meet the artist in his conceptions half-way; and it is peculiar to the confidence of high genius alone to trust so much to spectators or readers. Lesser artists show everything distinct and full, as they require an object to be made out to themselves before they can comprehend it.

When I think of the power displayed in this (I will not hesitate to say) sublime print, it seems to me the extreme narrowness of system alone, and of that rage for classification, by which, in matters of taste at least, we are perpetually perplexing instead of arranging our ideas, that would make us concede to the work of Poussin above mentioned, and deny to this of Hogarth, the name of a grand serious composition.

We are for ever deceiving ourselves with names and theories. We call one man a great historical painter, because he has taken for his subjects kings or great men, or transactions over which time has thrown a grandeur. We term another the painter of common life, and set him down in our minds for an artist of an inferior class, without reflecting whether the quantity of thought shown by the latter may not much more than level the distinction which their mere choice of subjects may seem to place between them; or whether, in fact, from that very common life a great artist may not extract as deep an interest as another man from that which we are pleased to call history.

I entertain the highest respect for the talents and virtues of Reynolds, but I do not like that his reputation should overshadow and stifle the merits of such a man as Hogarth, nor that to mere names and classifications we should be content to sacrifice one of the greatest ornaments of England.

I would ask the most enthusiastic admirer of Reynolds, whether in the countenances of his staring and grinning Despair, which he

has given us for the faces of Ugolino and dying Beaufort, there be anything comparable to the expression which Hogarth has put into the face of his broken-down Rake, in the last plate but one of the "Rake's Progress," where a letter from the manager is brought to him to say that his play "will not do!" Here all is easy, natural, undistorted; but withal, what a mass of woe is here accumulated!—the long history of a mis-spent life is compressed into the countenance as plainly as the series of plates before had told it; here is no attempt at Gorgonian looks, which are to freeze the beholder, no grinning at the antique bed-posts, no face-making, or consciousness of the presence of spectators in or out of the picture, but grief kept to a man's self—a face retiring from notice with the shame which great anguish sometimes brings with it—a final leave taken of hope—the coming on of vacancy and stupefaction—a beginning alienation of mind looking like tranquillity. Here is matter for the mind of the beholder to feed on for the hour together—matter to feed and fertilise the mind. It is too real to admit one thought about the power of the artist who did it. When we compare the expression in subjects which so fairly admit of comparison, and find the superiority so clearly to remain with Hogarth, shall the mere contemptible difference of the scene of it being laid, in the one case in our Fleet or King's Bench Prison, and in the other in the State Prison of Pisa, or the bedroom of a cardinal—or that the subject of the one has never been authenticated, and the other is matter of history—so weigh down the real points of the comparison, as to induce us to rank the artist who has chosen the one scene or subject (though confessedly inferior in that which constitutes the soul of his art) in a class from which we exclude the better genius (who has happened to make choice of the other) with something like disgrace?

56.—Of the Inconvenience of Greatness.

MONTAIGNE.

[THE Essays of Michel, the Lord of Montaigne, offer a signal example of the power of genius to convert what belongs to the individual into matters of universal and lasting interest. It is nearly three hundred years ago that these Essays were written. This author was a gentleman living in the retirement of a remote province of France, while the violent feuds of Catholic and Protestant were going on all around him. Letters were little cultivated; the language was scarcely formed. Yet he produced a book which can never be antiquated, because it reflects, not the conventional opinions of his own semi-barbarous times, but the frank and genuine thoughts of his own mind upon large questions which affect humanity in every country and every age. There are things in Montaigne's writings that a good man would rather not read; but their general tendency is to cherish a sound practical philosophy, and to cultivate benevolent feelings. There is a capital English translation of Montaigne by Cotton, the friend of Isaac Walton; and an earlier one by Florio, an Italian, who lived in England at the end of the sixteenth century. Montaigne was born in 1533, and died in 1592.]

Since we cannot attain unto it, let us revenge ourselves by railing at it; and yet it is not absolutely railing against anything to proclaim its defects, because they are in all things to be found, how beautiful or how much to be coveted soever. It has in general this manifest advantage, that it can grow less when it pleases, and has very near the absolute choice of both the one and the other condition. For a man does not fall from all heights; there are several from which one may descend without falling down. It does indeed appear to me that we value it at too high a rate, and also over-value the resolution of those whom we have either seen or heard have contemned it, or displaced themselves of their own accord. Its essence is not evidently so commodious, that a man may not without a miracle refuse it: I find it a very hard thing to undergo misfortunes; but to be content with a competent measure of fortune, and to avoid greatness, I think a very easy matter. 'Tis, methinks, a virtue to which I, who am none of the wisest, could, without any great endeavour, arrive. What, then, is to be expected from them that would yet put into consideration the glory attending this refusal, wherein there may lurk worse ambi-

tion than even in the desire itself and fruition of greatness? . Forasmuch as ambition never comports itself better according to itself than when it proceeds by obscure and unfrequented ways, I incite my courage to patience, but I rein it as much as I can towards desire. I have as much to wish for as another, and allow my wishes as much liberty and indiscretion: but yet it never befell me to wish for either empire or royalty, for the eminency of those high and commanding fortunes. I do not aim that way; I love myself too well. When I think to grow greater, 'tis but very moderately, and by a compelled and timorous advancement, such as is proper for me; in resolution, in prudence, in health, in beauty, and even in riches too. But this supreme reputation, and this mighty authority, oppress my imagination; and, quite contrary to some others, I should, peradventure, rather choose to be the second or third in Perigourd, than the first at Paris—at least, without lying, the third than the first at Paris. I would neither dispute, a miserable unknown, with a nobleman's porter, nor make crowds open in adoration as I pass. I am trained up to a moderate condition, as well by my choice as fortune; and have made it appear in the whole conduct of my life and enterprises, that I have rather avoided, than otherwise, the climbing above the degree of fortune wherein God has placed me by my birth; all natural constitution is equally just and easy. My soul is so sneaking and mean, that I measure not good fortune by the height, but by the facility. But, if my heart be not great enough, 'tis open enough to make amends at any one's request freely to lay open its weakness. Should any one put me upon comparing the life of L. Thorius Balbus, a brave man, handsome, learned, healthful, understanding, and abounding in all sorts of conveniences and pleasures, leading a quiet life, and all his own; his mind well prepared against death, superstition, pains, and other incumbrances of human necessity; dying at last in battle with his sword in his hand, for the defence of his country, on the one part; and on the other part, the life of M. Regulus, so great and as high as is known to every one, and his end admirable; the one without name and without dignity, the other exemplary and glorious to a wonder: I

should doubtless say as Cicero did, could I speak as well as he. But if I was to touch it in my own phrase, I should then also say, that the first is as much according to my capacity and desire, which I conform to my capacity, as the second is far beyond it; that I could not approach the last but with veneration, the other I would willingly attain by custom. But let us return to our temporal greatness, from which we have digressed. I disrelish all dominion, whether active or passive. Otanes, one of the seven who had right to pretend to the kingdom of Persia, did as I should willingly have done; which was, that he gave up to his concurrents his right of being promoted to it, either by election or by lot, provided that he and his might live in the empire out of all authority and subjection, those of the ancient laws excepted, and might enjoy all liberty that was not prejudicial to them, as impatient of commanding as of being commanded. The most painful and difficult employment in the world, in my opinion, is worthily to discharge the office of a king. I excuse more of their mistakes than men commonly do, in consideration of the intolerable weight of their function, which does astonish me. 'Tis hard to keep measure in so immeasurable a power. Yet so it is, that it is, to those who are not the best-natured men, a singular incitement to virtue to be seated in a place where you cannot do the least good that shall not be put upon record; and where the least benefit redounds to so many men; and where your talent of administration, like that of preachers, does principally address itself to the people, no very exact judge, easy to deceive, and easily content. There are few things wherein we can give a sincere judgment, by reason that there are few wherein we have not in some sort a particular interest. Superiority and inferiority, dominion and subjection, are bound to a natural envy and contest, and must necessarily perpetually intrench upon one another. I neither believe the one nor the other touching the rights of the adverse party; let reason, therefore, which is inflexible and without passion, determine. 'Tis not above a month ago that I read over two Scotch authors contending upon this subject; of which, he who stands for the people makes kings to be in a worse condition than a carter; and

he who writes for monarchy places him some degrees above God Almighty in power and sovereignty. Now the inconveniency of greatness, that I have made choice of to consider in this place, upon some occasion that has lately put it into my head, is this: there is not peradventure anything more pleasant in the commerce of men than the trials that we make against one another, out of emulation of honour and valour, whether in the exercises of the body or in those of the mind; wherein the sovereign greatness can have no true part. And in earnest I have often thought, that out of force of respect men have used princes disdainfully and injuriously in that particular. For the thing I was infinitely offended at in my childhood, that they who exercised with me forbore to do their best because they found me unworthy of their utmost endeavour, is what we see happen to them every day, every one finding himself unworthy to contend with them. If we discover that they have the least passion to have the better, there is no one who will not make it his business to give it them, and who will not rather betray his own glory than offend theirs; and will therein employ so much force only as is necessary to advance their honour. What share have they, then, in the engagement wherein every one is on their side? Methinks I see those paladins of ancient times presenting themselves to jousts, with enchanted arms and bodies; Crisson, running against Alexander, purposely missed his blow, and made a fault in his career; Alexander chid him for it, but he ought to have had him whipped. Upon this consideration, Carneades said, that the sons of princes learned nothing right but to ride the great horse; by reason that in all their exercises every one bends and yields to them: but a horse, that is neither a flatterer nor a courtier, throws the son of a king with no more remorse than he would do that of a porter. Homer was compelled to consent that Venus, so sweet and delicate as she was, should be wounded at the battle of Troy, thereby to ascribe courage and boldness to her; qualities that cannot possibly be in those who are exempt from danger. The gods are made to be angry, to fear, to run away, to be jealous, to grieve, and to be transported with passions, to honour them with the virtues

that amongst us are built upon these imperfections. Who does not participate in the hazard and difficulty, can pretend no interest in the honour and pleasure that are the consequents of hazardous actions. 'Tis a pity a man should be so potent that all things must give way to him. Fortune therein sets you too remote from society, and places you in too great a solitude. The easiness and mean facility of making all things bow under you, is an enemy to all sorts of pleasure. This is to slide, not to go; this is to sleep, and not to live. Conceive man accompanied with omnipotency, you throw him into an abyss: he must beg disturbance and opposition as an alms. His being and his good is indigence. Their good qualities are dead and lost; for they are not to be perceived, but by comparison, and we put them out of it: they have little knowledge of the true praise, having their ears deafed with so continual and uniform an approbation. Have they to do with the meanest of all their subjects? they have no means to take any advantage of him, if he say, 'tis because he is my king, he thinks he has said enough to express that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This quality stifles and consumes the other true and essential qualities. They are involved in the royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themselves withal, but actions that directly concern themselves, and that merely respect the function of their place. 'Tis so much to be a king, that he only is so by being so; the strange lustre that environs him, conceals and shrouds him from us: our sight is there repelled and dissipated, being stopped and filled by this prevailing light. The senate awarded the prize of eloquence to Tiberius: he refused it, supposing that, though it had been just, he could derive no advantage from a judgment so partial, and that was so little free to judge. As we give them all advantages of honour, so do we soothe and authorise all their vices and defects, not only by approbation, but by imitation also. Every one of Alexander's followers carried their heads on one side, as he did; and the flatterers of Dionysius run against one another in his presence, stumbled at, and overturned whatever was under foot, to show that they were as purblind as he. Natural imperfections have sometimes also served

to recommend a man to favour. I have seen deafness affected: and, because the master hated his wife, Plutarch has seen his courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved: and, which is yet more, uncleanness and all manner of dissoluteness has been in fashion; as also disloyalty, blasphemies, cruelty, heresy, superstition, irreligion, effeminacy, and worse if worse there be. And by an example yet more dangerous than that of Mithridates' flatterers, who, by how much their master pretended to the honour of a good physician, came to him to have incision and cauteries made in their limbs; for these others suffered the soul, a more delicate and noble part, to be cauterised. But to end where I begun: the Emperor Adrian, disputing with the philosopher Favorinus about the interpretation of some word, Favorinus soon yielded him the victory; for which his friends rebuking him,—“You talk simply,” said he; “would you not have him wiser than I, who commands thirty legions?” Augustus wrote verses against Asinius Pollio, and I, said Pollio, say nothing, for it is not prudence to write in contest with him who has power to proscribe: and he had reason: for Dionysius, because he could not equal Philoxenus in poesy, and Plato in discourse, condemned one to the Quarries, and sent the other to be sold for a slave into the island of Ægina.

57.—The Faithful Minister.

THOMAS FULLER.

[THOMAS FULLER—the quaint, shrewd, imaginative, and witty Thomas Fuller—was born in 1608; he died in 1661. His writings are exceedingly numerous; although he was a man of action in times which made violent partisans. An adherent to the Royalist cause, he was deprived of all preferment, and his little property in books and manuscripts seized upon, in the early part of the contest between the King and Parliament. But he subsequently held various livings, and was tolerated even by those to whom he was politically opposed. The following is extracted from his “Holy State.”]

We suppose him not brought up by hand only in his own country studies, but that he hath sucked of his mother University, and thoroughly learnt the arts; not as St Rumball, who is said to

have spoken as soon as he was born, doth he preach as soon as he is matriculated. Conceive him now a graduate in arts, and entered into orders, according to the solemn form of the Church of England, and presented by some patron to a pastoral charge, or place equivalent; and then let us see how well he dischargeth his office.

MAXIMS.

I. *He endeavours to get the general love and good-will of his parish.*—This he doth, not so much to make a benefit of them, as a benefit for them, that his ministry may be more effectual; otherwise he may preach his own heart out, before he preacheth anything into theirs. The good conceit of the physician is half a cure; and his practice will scarce be happy where his person is hated. Yet he humours them not in his doctrine, to get their love; for such a spaniel is worse than a dumb dog. He shall sooner get their good-will by walking uprightly, than by crouching and creeping. If pious living, and painful labouring in his calling, will not win their affections, he counts it gain to lose them. As for those who causelessly hate him, he pities and prays for them: and such there will be. I should suspect his preaching had no salt in it, if no galled horse did wince.

II. *He is strict in ordering his conversation.*—As for those who cleanse blurs with blotted fingers, they make it the worse. It was said of one who preached very well, and lived very ill, “that when he was out of the pulpit, it was pity he should ever go into it; and when he was in the pulpit, it was pity he should ever come out of it.” But our minister *lives* sermons. And yet I deny not, but dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen, who open a gate on the wrong side, may, by the virtue of their office, open heaven for others, and shut themselves out.

III. *His behaviour towards his people is grave and courteous.*—Not too austere and retired; which is laid to the charge of good Mr Hooper the martyr, that his rigidness frightened the people from consulting with him. “Let your light,” saith Christ, “shine before men;” whereas over-reservedness makes the brightest virtue burn dim. Especially he detesteth affected gravity (which is rather *on*

men than *in* them,) whereby some belie their register-book, antedate their age to seem far older than they are, and plait and set their brows in an affected sadness. Whereas St Anthony the monk might have been known among hundreds of his order by his cheerful face, he having ever (though a most mortified man) a merry countenance.

IV. *He doth not clash God's ordinances together about precedency.*—Not making odious comparisons betwixt prayer and preaching, preaching and catechising, public prayer and private, premeditate prayer and *ex tempore*. When, at the taking of New Carthage in Spain, two soldiers contended about the mural crown, due to him who first climbed the walls, so that the whole army was thereupon in danger of division; Scipio the general said he knew that they both got up the wall together, and so gave the scaling crown to them both. Thus our minister compounds all controversies betwixt God's ordinances, by praising them all, practising them all, and thanking God for them all. He counts the reading of Common Prayers to prepare him the better for preaching; and, as one said, if he did first toll the bell on one side, it made it afterwards ring out the better in his sermons.

V. *He carefully catechiseth his people in the elements of religion.*—Except he hath (a rare thing!) a flock without lambs, of all old sheep; and yet even Luther did not scorn to profess himself *discipulum catechismi*—"a scholar of the catechism." By this catechising the gospel first got ground of Popery: and let not our religion, now grown rich, be ashamed of that which first gave it credit and set it up, lest the Jesuits beat us at our own weapon. Through the want of this catechising, many, who are well skilled in some dark out-corners of divinity, have lost themselves in the beaten road thereof.

VI. *He will not offer to God of that which costs him nothing*—but takes pains aforehand for his sermons. Demosthenes never made any oration on the sudden; yea, being called upon, he never rose up to speak except he had well studied the matter: and he was wont to say, "that he showed how he honoured and revered the people of Athens, because he was careful what he

spake unto them." Indeed, if our minister be surprised with a sudden occasion, he counts himself rather to be excused than commended, if, premeditating only the bones of his sermon, he clothes it with flesh *ex tempore*. As for those whose long custom hath made preaching their nature, [so] that they can discourse sermons without study, he accounts their examples rather to be admired than imitated.

VII. *Having brought his sermon into his head, he labours to bring it into his heart, before he preaches it to his people.*—Surely, that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. Some have questioned *ventriloquy* (when men strangely speak out of their bellies) whether it can be done lawfully or no: might I coin the word *cordiloquy*, when men draw the doctrines out of their hearts, sure, all would count this lawful and commendable.

VIII. *He chiefly reproveth the reigning sins of the time and place he lives in.*—We may observe that our Saviour never inveighed against idolatry, usury, Sabbath-breaking, amongst the Jews. Not that these were not sins, but they were not practised so much in that age, wherein wickedness was spun with a finer thread; and therefore Christ principally bent the drift of His preaching against spiritual pride, hypocrisy, and traditions, then predominant amongst the people. Also our minister confuteth no old heresies which time hath confuted; nor troubles his auditory with such strange hideous cases of conscience, that it is more hard to find the case than the resolution. In public reproveth of sin, he ever whips the vice, and spares the person.

IX. *He doth not only move the bread of life, and toss it up and down in all generalities, but also breaks it into particular directions.*—Drawing it down to cases of conscience, that a man may be warranted in his particular actions, whether they be lawful or not. And he teacheth people their lawful liberty, as well as their restraints and prohibitions; for amongst men, it is as ill taken to turn back favours, as to disobey commands.

X. *The places of Scripture he quotes are pregnant and pertinent.*—As for heaping up of many quotations, it smacks of a vain ostentation of memory. Besides, it is as impossible that the hearer

should profitably retain them all, as that the preacher hath seriously perused them all; yea, whilst the auditors stop their attention, and stoop down to gather an impertinent quotation, the sermon runs on, and they lose more substantial matter.

XI. *His similes and illustrations are always familiar, never contemptible.*—Indeed, reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon; but similitudes are the windows which give the best lights. He avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go farther than his antidote.

XII. *He provideth not only wholesome but plentiful food for his people.*—Almost incredible was the painfulness of Baronius, the compiler of the voluminous “Annals of the Church,” who, for thirty years together, preached three or four times a week to the people. As for our minister, he preferreth rather to entertain his people with wholesome cold meat which was on the table before, than with that which is hot from the spit, raw and half-roasted. Yet, in repetition of the same sermon, every edition hath a new addition, if not of new matter, of new affections. “Of whom,” saith St Paul, “we have told you OFTEN, and NOW tell you weeping,” (Phil. iii. 18.)

XIII. *He makes not that wearisome which should ever be welcome.*—Wherefore his sermons are of an ordinary length, except on an extraordinary occasion. What a gift had John Halsebach, Professor at Vienna, in tediousness! who, being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not.

XIV. *He counts the success of his ministry the greatest preferment.*—Yet herein God hath humbled many painful pastors, in making them to be clouds, to rain, not over Arabia the Happy, but over the Stony, or Desert: so that they may complain with the herdsman in the poet:—

“*Heu mihi, quam pingui macer est mihi taurus in arvo!*”

“My starveling bull,

Ah woe is me!

In pasture full,
How lean is he!"

Yet such pastors may comfort themselves, that great is their reward with God in heaven, who measures it, not by their success, but endeavours. Besides, though they see not, their people may feel benefit by their ministry. Yea, the preaching of the word in some places is like the planting of woods, where, though no profit is received for twenty years together, it comes afterwards. And grant that God honours thee not to build His temple in thy parish, yet thou mayest, with David, provide metal and materials for Solomon thy successor to build it with.

XV. *To sick folks he comes sometimes before he is sent for*—As counting his vocation a sufficient calling. None of his flock shall want the extreme unction of prayer and counsel. Against the communion, especially, he endeavours that Janus's temple be shut in the whole parish, and that all be made friends.

XVI. *He is never plaintiff in any suit but to be right's defendant.*—If his dues be detained from him, he grieves more for his parishioners' bad conscience than his own damage. He had rather suffer ten times in his profit than once in his title, where not only his person, but posterity, is wronged; and then he proceeds fairly and speedily to a trial, that he may not vex and weary others, but right himself. During his suit he neither breaks off nor slacks offices of courtesy to his adversary; yea, though he loseth his suit, he will not also lose his charity. Chiefly he is respectful to his patron; that as he presented him freely to his living, so he constantly presents his patron in his prayers to God.

XVII. *He is moderate in his tenets and opinions.*—Not that he gilds over lukewarmness in matters of moment with the title of "discretion;" but, withal, he is careful not to entitle violence, in indifferent and inconcerning matters, to be zeal. Indeed, men of extraordinary tallness, though otherwise little deserving, are made porters to lords; and those of unusual littleness are made ladies' dwarfs: whilst men of moderate stature may want masters. Thus many, notorious for extremities, may find favourers to prefer them; whilst moderate men in the middle truth may want any to ad-

vance them. But what saith the apostle?—"If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable," (1 Cor. xv. 19.)

XVIII. *He is sociable and willing to do any courtesy for his neighbour-ministers.*—He willingly communicates his knowledge unto them. Surely, the gifts and graces of Christians lay in common, till base envy made the first enclosure. He neither slighteth his inferiors, nor repineth at those who in parts and credit are above him. He loveth the company of his neighbour-ministers. Sure, as ambergris is nothing so sweet in itself, as when it is compounded with other things; so both godly and learned men are gainers by communicating themselves to their neighbours.

XIX. *He is careful in the discreet ordering of his own family.*—A good minister, and a good father, may well agree together. When a certain Frenchman came to visit Melancthon, he found him in his stove, with one hand dandling his child in the swaddling clouts, and in the other hand holding a book and reading it. Our minister also is as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two, by his cheerful giving it. He loveth also to live in a well-repaired house, that he may serve God therein more cheerfully. A clergyman who built his house from the ground, wrote in it this counsel to his successor:—

"If thou dost find
A house built to thy mind
Without thy cost,
Serve thou the more
God and the poor;
My labour is not lost."

XX. *Lying on his death-bed he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy.*—And they, in requital, erect every one a monument for him in their hearts. He is so far from that base jealousy that his memory should be outshined by a brighter successor, and from that wicked desire that his people may find his worth by the worthlessness of him that succeeds, that he doth heartily pray to God to provide them a better pastor after his decease. As for outward estate, he commonly lives in too bare pasture to die fat. It is well if he hath gathered any flesh, being more in blessing than bulk.



“ O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted, thou lett’st fall
From Dis’s waggon !”

58.—Flowers.

It has been objected to Milton that in his “ Lycidas ” he enumerates among “ vernal flowers ” many of those which are the offspring of Midsummer, and of a still more advanced season. The passage to which the objection applies is the following :—

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell’d eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crowtoe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak’d with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

A little consideration will show that Milton could distinguish between the flowers of Spring and the flowers of Summer. The "Sicilian Muse" is to "call the vales, and bid them hither cast their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues." There were not only to be cast the "quaint enamell'd eyes" of "vernal flowers," but "every flower that sad embroidery wears;" or, in the still clearer language of the original manuscript of the poem, "every bud that sorrow's livery wears." The "vernal flowers" were to indicate the youth of Lycidas; the flowers of "sorrow's livery" were emblems of his untimely death. The intention of Milton is distinctly to be traced in his first conception of the passage. After the "rathe [early] primrose," we have,

And that *sad* flower that strove
To write his own woes on the vermeil grain.

This is the hyacinth, the same as "the tufted crowtoe." He proceeds with more of sorrow's livery—

Next add Narcissus, that still weeps in vain.

Then come "the woodbine," and "the pansy freak'd with jet." In the original passage, "the musk-rose" is not found at all. Milton's strewments for the bier of Lycidas, we hold are not confined to vernal flowers, and therefore it is unnecessary to elevate Shakspeare at the expense of Milton. "While Milton and the other poets had strung together in their descriptions the blossoms of Spring and the flowers of Summer, Shakspeare has placed in one group those only which may be found in bloom at the same time."* The writer alludes to the celebrated passage in the "Winter's Tale," where Perdita, at the summer sheep-shearing, bestows the "flowers of middle summer" upon her guests "of middle age," and wishes for "some flowers o' the Spring" that might become the "time of day" of her fairest virgin friends:—

O Proserpina,
For the flowers, now, that, frighted, thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! Oh! these I lack
To make you garlands of.

SHAKSPEARE.

* Patterson on the Insects mentioned by Shakspeare.

This is indeed poetry founded upon the most accurate observation—the perfect combination of elegance and truth.

The exquisite simplicity of our first great poet's account of his love for the daisy may well follow Shakspeare's Spring-garland. Rarely could he move from his books; no game could attract him; but when the flowers began to spring,

Farewell my book and my devotion.

Above all the flowers in the mead he loved most

These flowrés white and red,
Such that men callen Daisies in our town;
To them have I so great affection,
As I said erst, when comen is the May,
That in my bed there daweth me no day
That I n'am up and walking in the mead
To see this flower against the sunné spread,
When it upriseth early by the morrow;
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow;
So glad am I when that I have presénce
Of it, to doen it all réverence.

Chaucer welcomes the "eye of the day" when "the month of May is comen." Another true poet has immortalised that solitary mountain daisy that he turned down with his plough on a cold April morning:—

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neiboor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to
 greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun
 shield;

But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard
And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has
striven,

By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,

Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's
fate,

That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,

Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's
weight

Shall be thy doom!

BURNS.

ROBERT HERRICK is, in his quaint way, a master of his art :—

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;

As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run

But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;

As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything:

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,

Like to the summer's rain
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

Flowers and love are naturally associated :—

Sweet violets, Love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couch'd bear
Within your palie faces,

Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind,
That plays amidst the plain,

If by the favour of propitious stars you gain
Such grace as in my ladie's bosom place to find,
Be proud to touch those places!

And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,

Your honours of the flowrie meads I pray,
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,
With mild and sweetly breathing straight display

My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone! RALEIGH.

Another of "the banished minds" has a love smile for the small flower
bursting its "frosty prison :"—

All as the hungry winter-starved earth,
Where she by nature labours towards her birth,

Still as the day upon the dark world creeps,
 One blossom forth after another peeps,
 Till the small flower, whose root is now unbound,
 Get from the frosty prison of the ground,
 Spreading the leaves unto the powerful noon,
 Deck'd in fresh colours, smiles upon the sun.
 Never unquiet care lodge in that breast
 Where but one thought of Rosamond did rest. DRAYTON.

But there are loftier feelings associated with flowers. Love, in some poetical minds, rises into devotion to the great Source of all beauty and joy. Never were spring-flowers the parents of holier thoughts that are found in this poem of HERBERT:—

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are Thy returns ! even as the flowers in spring ;
 To which, besides their own demean,
 The late past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away like snow in May ;
 As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
 Could have recover'd greenness ? It was gone
 Quite under ground, as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown
 Where they, together, all the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power !
 Killing, and quick'ning, bringing down to hell,
 And up to heaven, in an hour ;
 Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amiss, " This, or that, is ;"
 Thy word is all ; if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were,
 Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,
 Off'ring at heaven, growing and groaning thither ;
 Nor doth my flower want a spring shower ;
 My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line
 Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
 Thy anger comes, and I decline.
 What frost to that ? What pole is not the zone
 Where all things burn, when Thou dost turn,
 And the least frown of Thine is shown ?

And now in age I bud again :
 After so many deaths I live and write :
 I once more smell the dew and rain ;
 And relish versing. O my only Light !
 It cannot be that I am he
 On whom Thy tempests fell all night !

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love !
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
 Which when we once can find and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us where to bide ;
 Who would be more, swelling through store,
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

HERBERT.

By the side of our old poet of the English Church may we worthily place the devotional poem on Flowers of a Transatlantic bard :—

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he call'd the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
 As astrologers and seers of eld ;
 Yet not so wrapp'd about with awful mystery,
 Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in those stars above ;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation
 Written all over this great world of ours ;
 Making evident our own creation,
 In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
 Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
 Of the selfsame, universal being,
 Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining ;
 Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
 Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
 Buds that open only to decay.

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
 Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming,
 Workings are they of the selfsame powers,
 Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
 Seeth in himself, and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
 Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
 Others, their blue eyes with tear o'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
 And in Summer's green-emblazon'd field,
 But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
 In the centre of his brazen shield :

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
 On the mountain-top, and by the brink
 Of sequester'd pools in woodland valleys,
 Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
 Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
 But on old cathedrals, high and hoary,
 On the tomb of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
 In ancestral house, whose crumbling towers,
 Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
 Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand ;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

Go, then, into the fields, when the snow melts and the earth is unbound.
 Pry into the hedges for the first primrose: see if there be a daisy nestling in
 the short grass ; look for the little Celandine :—

Ere a leaf is on the bush ;
 In the time before the thrush
 Has a thought about its nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless prodigal ;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or none.

WORDSWORTH.

The most imaginative and harmonious of poets has grouped the most charming of flowers around his "Sensitive Plant :"

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
 And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
 And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of night.
 And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
 And the Spirit of Love fell everywhere ;
 And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
 Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.
 But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
 In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
 Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
 As the companionless Sensitive Plant.
 The snowdrop, and then the violet,
 Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
 And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour sent
 From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.
 Then the pied windflowers and tulip tall,
 And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness.
 And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
 Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
 That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
 Through their pavilions of tender green ;
 And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
 Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
 Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
 It was felt like an odour within the sense ;
 And the rose like a nymph to the bath address,
 Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
 Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
 The soul of her beauty and love lay bare ;
 And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
 As a Mœnad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
 Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
 Gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky ;
 And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
 The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
 And all rare blossoms from every clime
 Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

The "Field Flowers" of the poet of "Hope" beautifully contrast with the "Garden Flowers of Shelley :"—

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
 Yet, wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
 And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
 Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,
 And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
 While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,
 Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :
 Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
 When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes ;
 What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
 Can the wild water lily restore ;
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
 In the vetches that tangled the shore ?

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear
 Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
 Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
 Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
 With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
 And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.

We conclude with one of the most graceful poems of an age from which a taste for the highest poetry was fast vanishing :—

Go, lovely rose!	In deserts, where no men abide,
Tell her that wastes her time and me,	Thou must have uncommended
That now she knows	died.
When I resemble her to thee,	
How sweet and fair she seems to be.	Small is the worth

Tell her that 's young,	Of beauty from the light retired :
And shuns to have her graces spied,	Bid her come forth,
That hadst thou sprung	Suffer herself to be desired,
	And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

WALLER.

59.—Instinct.

GREEN.

[JOSEPH HENRY GREEN was one of the most distinguished surgeons and anatomists of our own times. In a course of Lectures delivered by him at the Royal College of Surgeons, and published in his work entitled "Vital Dynamics," he has grappled with the difficult subject of Instinct in a manner at once original and conclusive. This passage of the Lecture is reprinted in the Appendix to Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." Mr Green, born in 1791, was the son of a London merchant. He was a pupil of the famous Cline, and gradually made his way to the highest honours of his profession, having been twice president to the College of Surgeons. For seventeen years he was the intimate friend of Coleridge. Mr John Simon has written a most interesting memoir of the life of Mr Green, from which we may collect how high were those qualities which led Coleridge to make him trustee for his children, and to describe him in his will as "the man most intimate with their father's intellectual labours and aspirations." Mr Green died in December 1863.]

What is instinct? As I am not quite of Bonnet's opinion, "that philosophers will in vain torment themselves to define instinct until they have spent some time in the head of the animal without actually being that animal," I shall endeavour to explain the use of the term. I shall not think it necessary to controvert the opinions which have been offered on this subject—whether the ancient doctrine of Descartes, who supposed that animals were mere machines; or the modern one of Lamarck, who attributes instincts to habits impressed upon the organs of animals by the constant efflux of the nervous fluid to these organs, to which it has been determined in their efforts to perform certain actions to which their necessities have given birth. And it will be here premature to offer any refutation of the opinions of those who contend for the identity of this faculty with reason, and maintain that all the actions of animals are the result of invention and experience;—

an opinion maintained with considerable plausibility by Dr Darwin.

Perhaps the most ready and certain mode of coming to a conclusion in this intricate inquiry will be by the apparently circuitous route of determining first what we do not mean by the word. Now we certainly do not mean, in the use of the term, any act of the vital power in the production or maintenance of an organ: nobody thinks of saying that the teeth grow by instinct, or that when the muscles are increased in vigour and size in consequence of exercise, it is from such a cause or principle. Neither do we attribute instinct to the direct functions of the organs in providing for the continuance and sustentation of the whole co-organised body. No one talks of the liver secreting bile, or the heart acting for the propulsion of the blood, by instinct. Some, indeed, have maintained that breathing, even voiding the excrement and urine, are instinctive operations; but surely these, as well as the former, are automatic, or at least are the necessary results of the organisation of the parts in and by which the actions are produced. These instances seem to be, if I may so say, below instinct. But, again, we do not attribute instinct to any actions preceded by a will conscious of its whole purpose, calculating its effects, and predetermining its consequences: nor to any exercise of the intellectual powers of which the whole scope, aim, and end are intellectual. In other terms, no man who values his words will talk of the instinct of a Howard, or of the instinctive operations of a Newton or Leibnitz, in those sublime efforts which ennoble and cast a lustre, not less on the individuals than on the whole human race.

To what kind or mode of action shall we then look for the legitimate application of the term? In answer to this query we may, I think, without fear of consequence, put the following cases, as exemplifying and justifying the use of the term instinct in an appropriate sense. First, when there appears an action, not included either in the mere functions of life, acting within the sphere of its own organismus; nor yet an action attributable to the intelligent will or reason, yet at the same time not referable to any

particular organ ; we then declare the presence of an instinct. We might illustrate this in the instance of a bull-calf butting before he has horns, in which the action can have no reference to its internal economy, to the presence of a particular organ, or to an intelligent will. Secondly, likewise (if it be not included in the first) we attribute instinct where the organ is present, if only the act is equally anterior to all possible experience on the part of the individual agent ; as, for instance, when the beaver employs its tail for the construction of its dwelling ; the tailor-bird its bill for the formation of its pensile habitation ; the spider its spinning organ for fabricating its artfully-woven nets ; or the viper its poison fang for its defence. And lastly, generally where there is an act of the whole body as one animal, not referable to a will conscious of its purpose, nor to its mechanism, nor to a habit derived from experience, nor previous frequent use. Here with most satisfaction, and without doubt of the propriety of the word, we declare an instinct ; as examples of which, we may adduce the migratory habits of birds ; the social instincts of the bees, the construction of their habitations, composed of cells formed with geometrical precision, adapted in capacity to different orders of the society, and forming storehouses for containing a supply of provisions ; not to mention similar instances in wasps, ants, termites, and the endless contrivances for protecting the future progeny.

But if it be admitted that we have rightly stated the application of the term, what, we may ask, is contained in the examples adduced, or what inferences are we to make as to the nature of instinct itself, as a source and principle of action ? We shall, perhaps, best aid ourselves in the inquiry by an example ; and let us take a very familiar one, of a caterpillar taking its food. The caterpillar seeks at once the plant which furnishes the appropriate aliment, and this even as soon as it creeps from the ovum ; and the food being taken into the stomach, the nutritious part is separated from the innutritious, and is disposed of for the support of the animal. The question then is, what is contained in this instance of instinct ? In the first place, what does the vital power in the stomach do, if we generalise the account of the process, or

express it in its most general terms? Manifestly it selects and applies appropriate means to an immediate end, prescribed by the constitution, first of the particular organ, and then of the whole body or organismus. This we have admitted is not instinct. But what does the caterpillar do? Does it not also select and apply appropriate means to an immediate end prescribed by its particular organisation and constitution? But there is something more; it does this according to circumstances; and this we call instinct. But may there not be still something more involved? What shall we say of Huber's humble-bees? A dozen of these were put under a bell-glass along with a comb of about ten silken cocoons, so unequal in height as not to be capable of standing steadily; to remedy this, two or three of the humble-bees got upon the comb, stretched themselves over its edge, and with their heads downwards fixed their forefeet on the table on which the comb stood, and so with their hind feet kept the comb from falling: when these were weary others took their places. In this constrained and painful posture, fresh bees relieving their comrades at intervals, and each working in its turn, did these affectionate little insects support the comb for nearly three days, at the end of which time they had prepared sufficient wax to build pillars with it. And what is still further curious, the first pillars having got displaced, the bees had again recourse to the same manœuvre. What then is involved in this case? Evidently the same selection and appropriation of means to an immediate end as before, but observe! according to varying circumstances.

And here we are puzzled; for this becomes understanding. At least no naturalist, however predetermined to contrast and oppose instinct to understanding, but ends at last in facts in which he himself can make out no difference. But are we hence to conclude that the instinct is the same, and identical with the human understanding? Certainly not; though the difference is not in the essentials of the definition, but in an addition to, or modification of, that which is essentially the same in both. In such cases, namely, as that which we have last adduced, in which instinct assumes the semblance of understanding, the act indicative of

instinct is not clearly prescribed by the constitution or laws of the animal's peculiar organisation, but arises out of the constitution and previous circumstances of the animal, and those habits, wants, and that predetermined sphere of action and operation which belong to the race, and beyond the limits of which it does not pass. If this be the case, I may venture to assert that I have determined an appropriate sense for instinct: namely, that it is a power of selecting and applying appropriate means to an immediate end, according to circumstances and the changes of circumstances, these being variable and varying, but yet so as to be referable to the general habits arising out of the constitution and previous circumstances of the animal, considered not as an individual but as a race.

We may here, perhaps, most fitly explain the error of those who contend for the identity of reason and instinct, and believe that the actions of animals are the result of invention and experience. They have, no doubt, been deceived in their investigation of instinct by an efficient cause simulating a final cause, and the defect in their reasoning has arisen in consequence of observing in the instinctive operations of animals the adaptation of means to a relative end, from the assumption of a deliberate purpose. To this freedom or choice in action and purpose, instinct, in any appropriate sense of the word, cannot apply; and to justify and explain its introduction, we must have recourse to other and higher faculties than any manifested in the operations of instinct. It is evident, namely, in turning our attention to the distinguishing character of human actions, that there is, as in the inferior animals, a selection and appropriation of means to ends, but it is (not only according to circumstances, not only according to varying circumstances, but it is) according to varying purposes. But this is an attribute of the intelligent will, and no longer even mere understanding.

And here let me observe, that the difficulty and delicacy of this investigation are greatly increased by our not considering the understanding (even our own) in itself, and as it would be were it not accompanied with and modified by the co-operation of the

will, the moral feeling, and that faculty, perhaps best distinguished by the name of reason, of determining that which is universal and necessary, of fixing laws and principles, whether speculative or practical, and of contemplating a final purpose or end. This intelligent will—having a self-conscious purpose, under the guidance and light of the reason, by which its acts are made to bear as a whole upon some end in and for itself, and to which the understanding is subservient as an organ, or the faculty of selecting and appropriating the means—seems best to account for the progressiveness of the human race which so evidently marks an insurmountable distinction and impassable barrier between man and the inferior animals; but which would be inexplicable, were there no other difference than in the degree of their intellectual faculties.

Man, doubtless, has his instincts, even in common with the inferior animals, and many of these are the germs of some of the best feelings of his nature. What, amongst many, might I present as a better illustration, or more beautiful instance, than the *storge* or maternal instinct? But man's instincts are elevated and ennobled by the moral ends and purposes of his being. He is not destined to be the slave of blind impulses, a vessel purposeless, unmeant. He is constituted by his moral and intelligent will to be the first freed being, the master-work and the end of nature; but this freedom and high office can only co-exist with fealty and devotion to the service of truth and virtue. And though we may even be permitted to use the term instinct, in order to designate those high impulses which, in the minority of man's rational being, shape his acts unconsciously to ultimate ends, and which in constituting the very character and impress of the humanity reveal the guidance of Providence; yet the convenience of the phrase, and the want of any other distinctive appellation for the influence *de supra*, working unconsciously in and on the whole human race, should not induce us to forget that the term instinct is only strictly applicable to the adaptive power, as the faculty, even in its highest proper form, of selecting and adapting appropriate means to proximate ends according to vary-

ing circumstances—a faculty which, however, only differs from human understanding in consequence of the latter being enlightened by reason, and that the principles which actuate man as ultimate ends, and are designed for his conscious possession and guidance, are best and most properly named ideas.

60.—Death of Cæsar.

PLUTARCH.

[PLUTARCHUS, “the only writer of antiquity who has established a lasting reputation in the department of biography,” was a native of Cheronæa, in Bœotia, and was a youth in the time of the Roman emperor Nero. His Lives are equally the delight of boys and men, of the cursory reader and the philosopher. He had a distinct object in view—to exhibit character, and thence deduce or suggest moral lessons. The old English translation by Sir Thomas North, from the French of Amyot, is the best complete version of this most interesting writer. That of Langhorne is feeble and unidiomatic. Mr George Long has translated those Lives which illustrate the civil wars of Rome; and his accomplished scholarship and profound historical knowledge leave us nothing to desire. The following narrative of the death of Cæsar is from Mr Long’s version.]

The most manifest and deadly hatred towards him was produced by his desire of kingly power, which to the many was the first, and to those who had long nourished a secret hatred of him the most specious cause. And indeed those who were contriving this honour for Cæsar spread about a certain report among the people, that, according to the Sibylline writings, it appeared that Parthia could be conquered by the Romans if they advanced against it with a king, but otherwise could not be assailed. And as Cæsar was going down from Alba to the city, they ventured to salute him as king, but, as the people showed their dissatisfaction, Cæsar was disturbed, and said that he was not called king, but Cæsar; and, as hereupon there was a general silence, he passed along with no great cheerfulness nor good humour on his countenance. When some extravagant honours had been decreed to him in the Senate, it happened that he was sitting above the rostra, and when the consuls and prætors approached with all the

Senate behind them, without rising from his seat, but just as if he were transacting business with private persons, he answered that the honours required rather to be contracted than enlarged. This annoyed, not the Senate only, but the people also, who considered that the state was insulted in the persons of the Senate; and those who were not obliged to stay went away forthwith with countenance greatly downcast, so that Cæsar perceiving it forthwith went home, and as he threw his cloak from his shoulders he called out to his friends, that he was ready to offer his throat to any one who wished to kill him; but afterwards he alleged his disease as an excuse for his behaviour, saying that persons who are so affected cannot usually keep their senses steady when they address a multitude standing, but that the senses being speedily convulsed and whirling about bring on giddiness and are overpowered. However, the fact was not so, for it is said that he was very desirous to rise up when the Senate came, but was checked by one of his friends, or rather one of his flatterers, Cornelius Balbus, who said, "Will you not remember that you are Cæsar, and will you not allow yourself to be honoured as a superior?"

There was added to these causes of offence the insult offered to the tribunes. It was the festival of the Lupercalia, about which many writers say that it was originally a festival of the shepherds, and had also some relationship to the Arcadian Lycæa. On this occasion many of the young nobles and magistrates run through the city without their toga, and for sport and to make laughter strike those whom they meet with stripes of hide that have the hair on; many women of rank also purposely put themselves in the way, and present their hands to be struck like children at school, being persuaded that this is favourable to easy parturition for those who are pregnant, and to conception for those who are barren. Cæsar was a spectator, being seated at the rostra on a golden chair in a triumphal robe; and Antonius was one of those who ran in the sacred race, for he was consul. Accordingly, when he entered the Forum, and the crowd made way for him, he presented to Cæsar a diadem which he carried surrounded with a crown of bay; and there was a clapping of hands, not loud, but slight,

which had been already concerted. When Cæsar put away the diadem from him, all the people clapped their hands, and when Antonius presented it again only a few clapped; but when Cæsar declined to receive it again, all the people applauded. The experiment having thus failed, Cæsar rose, and ordered the crown to be carried to the Capitol. But as Cæsar's statues were seen crowned with royal diadems, two of the tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went up to them and pulled off the diadems, and, having discovered those who had been the first to salute Cæsar as king, they led them off to prison. The people followed, clapping their hands and calling the tribunes *Bruti*, because it was Brutus who put down the kingly power and placed the sovereignty in the Senate and people, instead of its being in the hands of one man. Cæsar, being irritated at this, deprived Flavius and Marullus of their office, and while rating them he also insulted the people by frequently calling the tribunes *Bruti* and *Cumæi*.

In this state of affairs the many turned to Marcus Brutus, who on his father's side was considered to be a descendant of the ancient Brutus, and on his mother's side belonged to the *Servilii*, another distinguished house, and he was the son-in-law and nephew of Cato. The honours and favours which Brutus had received from Cæsar dulled him towards attempting, of his own proper motion, the overthrow of the monarchical power; for not only was his life saved at the battle of Pharsalus after the rout of Pompeius, and many of his friends also at his entreaty; but besides this he had great credit with Cæsar. He had also received among those who then held the prætorship the chief office, and he was to be consul in the fourth year from that time, having been preferred to Cassius, who was a rival candidate. For it is said that Cæsar observed that Cassius urged better grounds of preference, but that he could not pass over Brutus. And on one occasion, when some persons were calumniating Brutus to him, at a time when the conspiracy was really forming, he would not listen to them, but, touching his body with his hand, he said to the accusers, "*Brutus waits for this dry skin,*" by which he intended to signify that Brutus was worthy of the power for his merits, but

for the sake of the power would not be ungrateful and a villain. Now those who were eager for the change, and who looked up to him alone, or him as the chief person, did not venture to speak with him on the subject, but by night they used to fill the tribunal and the seat on which he sat, when discharging his functions as prætor, with writings, most of which were to this purport:—"You are asleep, Brutus," and "You are not Brutus." By which Cassius, perceiving that his ambition was somewhat stirred, urged him more than he had done before, and pricked him on; and Cassius himself had also a private grudge against Cæsar for the reasons which I have mentioned in the *Life of Brutus*. Indeed Cæsar suspected Cassius, and he once said to his friends, "What think ye is Cassius aiming at? for my part, I like him not over-much, for he is over pale." On the other hand, it is said that when a rumour reached him that Antonius and Dolabella were plotting, he said, "I am not much afraid of these well-fed, long-haired fellows, but I rather fear those others, the pale and thin," meaning Cassius and Brutus.

But it appears that destiny is not so much a thing that gives no warning as a thing that cannot be avoided; for they say that wondrous signs and appearances presented themselves. Now, as to lights in the skies and sounds by night moving in various directions, and solitary birds descending into the Forum, it is perhaps not worth while recording these with reference to so important an event; but Strabo, the philosopher, relates that many men, all of fire, were seen contending against one another, and that a soldier's slave emitted a great flame from his hand, and appeared to the spectators to be burning, but when the flame went out the man had sustained no harm; and while Cæsar himself was sacrificing, the heart of the victim could not be found; and this was considered a bad omen, for naturally an animal without a heart cannot exist. The following stories also are told by many:—That a certain seer warned him to be on his guard against great danger on that day of the month of March which the Romans call the Ides; and when the day had arrived, as Cæsar was going to the Senate-house, he saluted the seer, and

jeered him, saying, "Well, the Ides of March are come;" but the seer mildly replied, "Yes, they are come, but they are not yet over." The day before, when Marcus Lepidus was entertaining him, he chanced to be signing some letters, according to his habit, while he was reclining at table; and the conversation having turned on what kind of death was the best, before any one could give an opinion he called out, "That which is unexpected." After this, while he was sleeping, as he was accustomed to do, by the side of his wife, all the doors and windows in the house flew open at once, and, being startled by the noise and brightness of the moon which was shining down upon him, he observed that Calpurnia was in a deep slumber, but was uttering indistinct words and inarticulate groans in the midst of her sleep; and indeed she was dreaming that she held her murdered husband in her arms, and was weeping over him. Others say this was not the vision that Calpurnia had, but the following:—There was attached to Cæsar's house, by way of ornament and distinction, pursuant to a vote of the Senate, an acroterium, as Livius says, and Calpurnia, in her dream seeing this tumbling down, lamented and wept. When day came accordingly she entreated Cæsar, if it was possible, not to go out, and to put off the meeting of the Senate: but, if he paid no regard to her dreams, she urged him to inquire by other modes of divination and by sacrifices about the future. Cæsar also, as it seems, had some suspicion and fear; for he had never before detected in Calpurnia any womanish superstition, and now he saw that she was much disturbed; and when the seers also, after sacrificing many victims, reported to him that the omens were unfavourable, he determined to send Antonius to dismiss the Senate.

In the meantime, Decimus Brutus, surnamed Albinus, who was in such favour with Cæsar that he was made in his will his second heir, but was engaged in the conspiracy with the other Brutus and Cassius, being afraid that if Cæsar escaped that day, the affair might become known, ridiculed the seers, and chided Cæsar for giving cause for blame and censure to the Senate, who would consider themselves insulted: he said, "that the Senate had met at

his bidding, and that they were all ready to pass a decree that he should be proclaimed king of the provinces out of Italy, and should wear a diadem whenever he visited the rest of the earth and sea; but if any one shall tell them, when they are taking their seats, to be gone now and to come again when Calpurnia shall have had better dreams, what may we not expect to be said by those who envy you? or who will listen to your friends when they say that this is not slavery and tyranny? But if," he continued, "you are fully resolved to consider the day inauspicious, it is better for you to go yourself and address the Senate, and then to adjourn the business." As he said this, Brutus took Cæsar by the hand and began to lead him forth: and he had gone but a little way from the door, when a slave belonging to another person, who was eager to get at Cæsar, but was prevented by the press and numbers about him, rushing into the house, delivered himself up to Calpurnia, and told her to keep him till Cæsar returned, for he had important things to communicate to him.

Artemidorus, a Cnidian by birth, and a professor of Greek philosophy, which had brought him into the familiarity of some of those who belonged to the party of Brutus, so that he knew the greater part of what was going on, came and brought in a small roll the information which he intended to communicate; but, observing that Cæsar gave each roll as he received it to the attendants about him, he came very near, and said, "This you alone should read, Cæsar, and read it soon; for it is about weighty matters which concern you." Accordingly, Cæsar received the roll, but he was prevented from reading it by the number of people who came in his way, though he made several attempts, and he entered the Senate holding that roll in his hand, and retaining that alone among all that had been presented to him. Some say that it was another person who gave him this roll, and that Artemidorus did not even approach him, but was kept from him all the way by the pressure of the crowd.

Now these things perchance may be brought about by mere spontaneity; but the spot that was the scene of that murder and struggle, wherein the Senate was then assembled, which contained

the statue of Pompeius, and was a dedication by Pompeius, and one of the ornaments that he added to his theatre, completely proved that it was the work of some demon to guide and call the execution of the deed to that place. It is said also that Cassius looked towards the statue of Pompeius before the deed was begun and silently invoked it, though he was not averse to the philosophy of Epicurus; but the critical moment for the bold attempt, which was now come, probably produced in him enthusiasm and feeling in place of his former principles. Now Antonius, who was faithful to Cæsar, and a robust man, was kept on the outside by Brutus Albinus, who purposely engaged him in a long conversation. When Cæsar entered, the Senate rose to do him honour, and some of the party of Brutus stood around his chair at the back, and others presented themselves before him, as if their purpose was to support the prayer of Tillius Cimber on behalf of his exiled brother, and they all joined in entreaty, following Cæsar as far as his seat. When he had taken his seat, and was rejecting their entreaties, and as they urged them still more strongly, began to show displeasure towards them individually, Tillius taking hold of his toga with both his hands, pulled it downwards from the neck, which was the signal for the attack. Casca was the first to strike him on the neck with his sword a blow, neither mortal nor severe, for as was natural at the beginning of so bold a deed, he was confused; and Cæsar, turning round, seized the dagger and held it fast. And it happened, that, at the same moment, he who was struck cried out, in the Roman language, "You villain, Casca, what are you doing?" And he who had given the blow cried out to his brother, in Greek, "Brother, help." Such being the beginning, those who were not privy to the conspiracy were prevented, by consternation and horror at what was going on, either from flying or going to aid; and they did not even venture to utter a word. And now each of the conspirators bared his sword, and Cæsar being hemmed in all round, in whatever direction he turned meeting blows and swords aimed against his eyes and face, driven about like a wild beast, was caught in the hands of his enemies, for it was arranged that all of them should take a part in, and

taste of, the deed of blood. Accordingly, Brutus also gave him one blow in the groin. It is said by some authorities, that he defended himself against the rest, moving about his body hither and thither, and calling out, till he saw that Brutus had drawn his sword, when he pulled his toga over his face, and offered no further resistance, having been driven either by chance or by the conspirators to the base on which the statue of Pompeius stood. And the base was drenched with blood, as if Pompeius was directing the vengeance upon his enemy, who was stretched beneath his feet, and writhing under his many wounds : for he is said to have received three and twenty wounds. Many of the conspirators were wounded by one another, while they were aiming so many blows against one body.

After Cæsar was killed, though Brutus came forward as if he was going to say something about the deed, the Senators, without waiting to listen, rushed through the door, and making their escape filled the people with confusion and indescribable alarm, so that some closed their houses, and others left their tables and places of business, and while some ran to the place to see what had happened, others who had seen it ran away. But Antonius and Lepidus, who were the chief friends of Cæsar, stole away and fled for refuge to the houses of other persons. The partisans of Brutus, just as they were, warm from the slaughter, and showing their bare swords, all in a body advanced from the Senate-house to the Capitol, not like men who were flying, but exulting and confident, calling the people to liberty, and joined by the nobles who met them. Some even went up to the Capitol with them, and mingled with them as if they had participated in the deed, and claimed the credit of it, among whom were Caius Octavius and Lentulus Spinther. But they afterwards paid the penalty of their vanity, for they were put to death by Antonius and the young Cæsar, without having enjoyed even the reputation of that for which they lost their lives, for nobody believed that they had a share in the deed. For neither did those who put them to death, punish them for what they did, but for what they wished to do. On the next day Brutus came down and addressed the people, who listened without

expressing disapprobation or approbation of what had been done, but they indicated by their deep silence that they pitied Cæsar and respected Brutus. The Senate, with a view of making an amnesty and conciliating all parties, decreed that Cæsar should be honoured as a god, and that not the smallest thing should be disturbed which he had settled while he was in power; and they distributed among the partisans of Brutus provinces and suitable honours, so that all people supposed that affairs were quieted and had been settled in the best way.

But when the will of Cæsar was opened, and it was discovered that he had given to every Roman a handsome present, and they saw the body, as it was carried through the Forum, disfigured with wounds, the multitude no longer kept within the bounds of propriety and order, but heaping about the corpse benches, lattices and tables, taken from the Forum, they set fire to it on the spot and burnt it; then taking the flaming pieces of wood, they ran to the houses of the conspirators to fire them, and others ran about the city in all directions, seeking for the men, to seize and tear them in pieces. But none of the conspirators came in their way, and they were all well protected. One Cinna, however, a friend of Cæsar, happened, as it is said, to have had a strange dream the night before; for he dreamed that he was invited by Cæsar to sup with him, and when he excused himself, he was dragged along by Cæsar by the hand, against his will, and making resistance the while. Now when he heard that the body of Cæsar was burning in the Forum, he got up and went there, out of respect, though he was somewhat alarmed at his dream, and had a fever on him. One of the multitude who saw Cinna, told his name to another who was inquiring of him, and he again told it to a third, and immediately it spread through the crowd that this man was one of those who had killed Cæsar; and indeed there was one of the conspirators who was named Cinna; and taking this man to be him, the people forthwith rushed upon him and tore him in pieces on the spot. It was principally through alarm at this that the partisans of Brutus and Cassius after a few days left the city.

61.—The Young Geologist.

HUGH MILLER.

[THE following is an extract from a book, at once scientific and amusing—"The Old Red Sandstone." The author, in the passage which we give, describes the circumstances which led him to the study of Geology. The volume before us is dedicated to Sir Roderick Murchison; and it is pleasing to learn from this dedication, that the hard-working mason, when prosecuting his researches in obscurity and solitude, had encouragement and assistance from one of such eminent acquirements. The respect which the once humble labourer had earned for himself as a scientific observer, was not less than the more extended fame which he won as a most interesting writer. His geological contributions to various journals are very numerous, whilst his separate works, such as the "Footprints of the Creator, or the Asterolepis of Stromness," and the "Geology of the Bass," were at once philosophical and popular. On his return from a visit to England, he published "First Impressions of England and its People," in which his scientific knowledge was associated with shrewd observation and picturesque description. But the charm of autobiographical reminiscence which we find in the following "Half-Hour" was never more instructively developed than in those records of his own life, entitled "Schools and Schoolmasters." Hugh Miller was born in Cromarty, in the north of Scotland, on the 12th of October 1802. He died by his own hand on the 24th of November 1856. At the time of his death he was engaged in a work called "The Testimony of the Rocks." This labour, superadded to his ordinary editorial occupations, is supposed to have produced an excitement of the brain which led to the paroxysm that terminated his valuable life.]

My advice to young working men desirous of bettering their circumstances, and adding to the amount of their enjoyment, is a very simple one. Do not seek happiness in what is misnamed pleasure; seek it rather in what is termed study. Keep your consciences clear, your curiosity fresh, and embrace every opportunity of cultivating your minds. You will gain nothing by attending Chartist meetings. The fellows who speak nonsense with fluency at these assemblies, and deem their nonsense eloquence, are totally unable to help either you or themselves; or, if they do succeed in helping themselves, it will be all at your expense. Leave them to harangue unheeded, and set yourselves to occupy your leisure hours in making yourselves wiser men. Learn to make a right use of your eyes: the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals.

Read good books, not forgetting the best of all : there is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every sceptic that ever wrote ; and we would be all miserable creatures without it, and none more miserable than you. You are jealous of the upper classes ; and perhaps it is too true that, with some good, you have received much evil at their hands. It must be confessed they have hitherto been doing comparatively little for you, and a great deal for themselves. But upper and lower classes there must be, so long as the world lasts ; and there is only one way in which your jealousy of them can be well directed. Do not let them get ahead of you in intelligence. It would be alike unwise and unjust to attempt casting them down to your own level, and no class would suffer more in the attempt than yourselves, for you would only be clearing the way, at an immense expense of blood, and under a tremendous pressure of misery, for another and perhaps worse aristocracy, with some second Cromwell or Napoleon at their head. Society, however, is in a state of continual flux : some in the upper classes are from time to time going down, and some of you from time to time mounting up to take their places—always the more steady and intelligent among you, remember ; and if all your minds were cultivated, not merely intellectually, but morally also, you would find yourselves, as a body, in the possession of a power which every charter in the world could not confer upon you, and which all the tyranny or injustice of the world could not withstand.

I intended, however, to speak rather of the pleasure to be derived, by even the humblest, in the pursuit of knowledge, than of the power with which knowledge in the masses is invariably accompanied. For it is surely of greater importance that men should receive accessions to their own happiness, than to the influence which they exert over other men. There is none of the intellectual, and none of the moral faculties, the exercise of which does not lead to enjoyment ; nay, it is chiefly in the active employment of these that all enjoyment consists : and hence it is that happiness bears so little reference to station. It is a truth which has been often told, but very little heeded, or little calcu-

lated upon, that though one nobleman may be happier than another, and one labourer happier than another, yet it cannot be at all premised of their respective orders, that the one is in any degree happier than the other. Simple as the fact may seem, if universally recognised, it would save a great deal of useless discontent, and a great deal of envy. Will my humbler readers permit me at once to illustrate this subject, and to introduce the chapters which follow, by a piece of simple narrative? I wish to show them how possible it is to enjoy much happiness in very mean employments. Cowper tells us that labour, though the primal curse, "has been softened into mercy;" and I think that, even had he not done so, I would have found out the fact for myself.

It was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a thin, loose-jointed boy at the time—fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woful change! I was now going to work at what Burns had instanced in his "Twa Dogs," as one of the most disagreeable of all employments—to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods—a reader of curious books when I could get them—a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil!

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the old red sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather,

by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away. The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard, and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers, were applied by my brother workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one: it had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boating or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots: the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermilion, and its wings inlaid with the gold to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light blue and a grayish yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing

among the rocks ; but I had wrought, and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted by a rare transmutation, into the delicious "blink of rest" which Burns so truthfully describes, was all my own. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother-workmen. There had been a smart frost during the night, and the rime lay white on the grass as we passed onwards through the fields ; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed, as it advanced, into one of those delightful days of early spring, which give so pleasing an earnest of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour, alone, on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. From a wooded promontory that stretched half-way across the frith there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose straight as the line of a plummet for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree. Ben Wyvis rose to the west white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere, as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills ; all above was white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty French story, in which an old artist is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law, by giving him as a subject for his pencil a flower-piece composed of only white flowers, of which the one-half were to bear their proper colour, the other half a deep purple hue, and yet all be perfectly natural ; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress, by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the hedge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one,

and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labours, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge of the corresponding phenomena ; for the resemblance was no half resemblance—it was the thing itself; and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times, when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock, or of what element had they been composed ; I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of the man's foot on the sand. The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool, recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another ; and, what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn, as if they had been tossed about in the sea, or the bed of a river, for hundreds of years. There could not, surely, be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half-worn ! And if not the bank, why then the sandstone underneath ? I was lost in conjecture, and found I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labour.

The immense masses of diluvium which we had to clear away rendered the working of the quarry laborious and expensive, and

all the party quitted it in a few days to make trial of another that seemed to promise better. The one we left is situated, as I have said, on the southern shore of an inland bay—the Bay of Cromarty; the one to which we removed has been opened in a lofty wall of cliffs that overhangs the northern shore of the Moray Frith. I soon found I was to be no loser by the change. Not the united labours of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this range of cliffs. It may be regarded as a sort of chance dissection on the earth's crust. We see in one place the primary rock, with its veins of granite and quartz, its dizzy precipices of gneiss, and its huge masses of hornblende; we find the secondary rock in another, with its beds of sandstone and shale, its spars, its clays, and its nodular limestones. We discover the still little known, but highly interesting fossils of the old red sandstone in one deposition; we find the beautifully preserved shells and lignites of the lias in another. There are the remains of two several creations at once before us. The shore, too, is heaped with rolled fragments of almost every variety of rock,—basalts, ironstones, hyperstenes, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaceous schists. In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly choose for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet travelled so far north: and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grop my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gatherings of years.

In the course of the first day's employment, I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully-finished piece of sculpture—one of the volutes, apparently of an Ionic capital; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could have surprised me more. Was there another such curiosity in the whole world? I broke open a few other nodules of similar

appearance—for they lay pretty thickly on the shore—and found that there might be. In one of these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impressions of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the centre of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all nature's riddles these seemed to me to be at once the most interesting, and the most difficult to expound. I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them, that there was a part of the shore about two miles farther to the west, where curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding-pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's days the country people called them thunderbolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle. Our employer, on quitting the quarry for the building on which we were to be engaged, gave all the workmen a half-holiday. I employed it in visiting the place where the thunderbolts had fallen so thickly, and found it a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied in even my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low-lying skerries, wholly different in form and colour from the sandstone cliffs above, or the primary rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odour. The layers into which the beds readily separate are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of the various fossils peculiar to the lias. We may turn over these wonderful leaves one after one, like the leaves of a herbarium, and find the pictorial records of a former creation in every page. Scallops, and gryphites, and ammonites, of almost every variety peculiar to the formation, and at least some eight or ten varieties of belemnite; twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes; and, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting

volume are of a deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness. I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and found my very imagination paralysed by an assemblage of wonders, that seemed to outrival, in the fantastic and the extravagant, even its wildest conceptions. I passed on from ledge to ledge, like the traveller of the tale through the city of statues, and at length found one of the supposed *aërolites* I had come in quest of, firmly imbedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. A very near relative, who had been a sailor in his time, on almost every ocean, and had visited almost every quarter of the globe, had brought home one of these meteoric stones with him from the coast of Java. It was of a cylindrical shape and vitreous texture, and it seemed to have parted in the middle, when in a half molten state, and to have united again, somewhat awry, ere it had cooled enough to have lost the adhesive quality. But there was nothing organic in its structure, whereas the stone I had now found was organised very curiously indeed. It was of a conical form and filamentary texture, the filaments radiating in straight lines from the centre to the circumference. Finely marked veins like white threads ran transversely through these in its upper half to the point, while the space below was occupied by an internal cone, formed of plates that lay parallel to the base, and which, like watch-glasses, were concave on the under side, and convex on the upper. I learned in time to call this stone a *belemnite*, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttle-fish, long since extinct.

My first year of labour came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased in more than the ratio of former seasons; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connexion between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness; and when I have found good men anticipating a better and a happier time than either the present or the past, the

conviction that in every period of the world's history the great bulk of mankind must pass their days in labour, has not in the least inclined me to scepticism.

62.—The Schoolmaster.

[VERPLANCK.]

[MR VERPLANCK is an American writer, who, like many of the most distinguished authors and scholars of the United States, has filled situations of political responsibility.]

It has been to me a source of pleasure, though a melancholy one, that in rendering this public tribute to the worth of our departed friend, the respectable members of two bodies, one of them the most devoted and efficient in its scientific inquiries, the other comprising so many names eminent for philanthropy and learning, have met to do honour to the memory of a schoolmaster.

There are prouder themes for the eulogist than this. The praise of the statesman, the warrior, or the orator, furnish more splendid topics for ambitious eloquence; but no theme can be more rich in desert, or more fruitful in public advantage.

The enlightened liberality of many of our state governments (amongst which we may claim a proud distinction for our own) by extending the common school system over their whole population, has brought elementary education to the door of every family. In this State, it appears from the annual reports of the Secretary of the State, there are, besides the fifty incorporated academies and numerous private schools, about nine thousand school districts, in each of which instruction is regularly given. These contain at present half a million of children taught in the single State of New York. To these may be added nine or ten thousand more youth in the higher seminaries of learning, exclusive of the colleges.

Of what incalculable influence, then, for good or for evil, upon the dearest interests of society, must be the estimate entertained

for the character of this great body of teachers, and the consequent respectability of the individuals who compose it!

At the recent general election in this State, the votes of above three hundred thousand persons were taken. In thirty years the great majority of these will have passed away; their rights will be exercised, and their duties assumed, by those very children whose minds are now open to receive their earliest and most durable impressions from the ten thousand schoolmasters of this State.

What else is there in the whole of our social system of such extensive and powerful operation on the national character? There is one other influence more powerful, and but one. It is that of the MOTHER. The forms of a free government, the provisions of wise legislation, the schemes of the statesman, the sacrifices of the patriot, are as nothing compared with these. If the future citizens of our republic are to be worthy of their rich inheritance, they must be made so principally through the virtue and intelligence of their mothers. It is in the school of maternal tenderness that the kind affections must be first roused and made habitual—the early sentiment of piety awakened and rightly directed—the sense of duty and moral responsibility unfolded and enlightened. But next in rank and in efficacy to that pure and holy source of moral influence is that of the schoolmaster. It is powerful already. What would it be if in every one of those school districts which we now count by annually increasing thousands, there were to be found one teacher well-informed without pedantry, religious without bigotry or fanaticism, proud and fond of his profession, and honoured in the discharge of his duties! How wide would be the intellectual, the moral influence of such a body of men! Many such we have already amongst us—men humbly wise and obscurely useful, whom poverty cannot depress, nor neglect degrade. But to raise up a body of such men, as numerous as the wants and the dignity of the country demand, their labours must be fitly remunerated, and themselves and their calling cherished and honoured.

The schoolmaster's occupation is laborious and ungrateful; its rewards are scanty and precarious. He may indeed be, and he

ought to be, animated by the consciousness of doing good, that best of all consolations, that noblest of all motives. But that, too, must be often clouded by doubt and uncertainty. Obscure and inglorious as his daily occupation may appear to learned pride or worldly ambition, yet to be truly successful and happy, he must be animated by the spirit of the same great principles which inspired the most illustrious benefactors of mankind. If he bring to his task high talent and rich acquirements, he must be content to look into distant years for the proof that his labours have not been wasted—that the good seed which he daily scatters abroad does not fall on stony ground and wither away, or among thorns, to be choked by the cares, the delusions, or the vices of the world. He must solace his toils with the same prophetic faith that enabled the greatest of modern philosophers, amidst the neglect or contempt of his own times, to regard himself as sowing the seeds of truth for posterity and the care of Heaven. He must arm himself against disappointment and mortification, with a portion of that same noble confidence which soothed the greatest of modern poets when weighed down by care and danger, by poverty, old age, and blindness—still

“ In prophetic dream he saw
The youth unborn, with pious awe,
Imbibe each virtue from his sacred page.”

He must know, and he must love to teach his pupils, not the meagre elements of knowledge, but the secret and the use of their own intellectual strength, exciting and enabling them hereafter to raise for themselves the veil which covers the majestic form of Truth. He must feel deeply the reverence due to the youthful mind fraught with mighty though undeveloped energies and affections, and mysterious and eternal destinies. Thence he must have learnt to reverence himself and his profession, and to look upon its otherwise ill-requited toils as their own exceeding great reward.

If such are the difficulties and the discouragements—such the duties, the motives, and the consolations of teachers who are worthy of that name and trust, how imperious then the obligation

upon every enlightened citizen who knows and feels the value of such men to aid them, to cheer them, and to honour them!

But let us not be content with barren honour to buried merit. Let us prove our gratitude to the dead by faithfully endeavouring to elevate the station, to enlarge the usefulness, and to raise the character of the schoolmaster amongst us. Thus shall we best testify our gratitude to the teachers and guides of our own youth, thus best serve our country, and thus, most effectually, diffuse over our land light, and truth, and virtue.

63.—Apophthegms—III.

REAL COURAGE.—I have read of a bird, which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself. Such is in some sort the condition of Sir Edward Harwood. This accident, that he had killed one in a private quarrel, put a period to his carnal mirth, and was a covering to his eyes all the days of his life. No possible provocations could afterwards tempt him to a duel; and no wonder that one's conscience loathed that whereof he had surfeited. He refused all challenges with more honour than others accepted them; it being well known that he would set his foot as far in the face of his enemy as any man alive.—FULLER. *Worthies.*—*Article, Lincolnshire.*

PRECOCIOUS INTELLIGENCE.—Four merchants were sharers in a sum of a thousand pieces of gold, which they had mixed together, and put into one purse, and they went with it to purchase merchandise, and, finding in their way a beautiful garden, they entered it, and left the purse with a woman who was the keeper of that garden. Having entered, they diverted themselves in a tract of the garden, and ate and drank, and were happy; and one of them said, "I have with me some perfume. Come, let us wash our heads with this running water, and perfume ourselves." Another said, "We want a comb." And another said, "We

will ask the keeper; perhaps she hath with her a comb." And upon this, one of them rose and went to the keeper, and said to her, "Give me the purse." She replied, "When ye all present yourselves, or thy companions order me to give it thee." Now his companions were in a place where the keeper could see them, and she could hear their words. And the man said to his companions, "She is not willing to give me aught." So they said to her, "Give him." And when she heard their words, she gave him the purse; and he went forth fleeing from them. Therefore, when he had wearied them by the length of his absence, they came to the keeper, and said to her, "Wherefore didst thou not give him the comb?" And she replied, "He demanded of me nothing but the purse, and I gave it not to him save with your permission, and he hath departed hence and gone his way." And when they heard the words of the keeper, they slapped their faces, and seized her with their hands, saying to her, "We gave thee not permission save to give the comb." She replied, "He did not mention to me a comb." And they seized her and took her up to the Kádee, and when they presented themselves before him, they stated to him the case; whereupon he bound the keeper to restore the purse, and bound a number of her debtors to be answerable for her.

So she went forth perplexed, not knowing her way; and there met her a boy, whose age was five years; and when the boy saw her so perplexed, he said to her, "What is the matter, O my mother?" But she returned him not an answer, despising him on account of the smallness of his age. And he repeated his question to her a first, a second, and a third time. So at length she told him what had happened to her. And the boy said unto her, "Give me a piece of silver that I may buy some sweetmeats with it, and I will tell thee something by which thine acquittance may be effected." The keeper therefore gave him a piece of silver, asking him, "What hast thou to say?" And the boy answered her, "Return to the Kádee, and say to him, it was agreed between me and them, that I should not give them the purse save in the presence of all the four." So the keeper returned to the

Kádee, and said to him as the boy had told her ; upon which the Kádee said to the three men, " Was it thus agreed between you and her ? " They answered, " Yes. " And the Kádee said to them, " Bring to me your companion and take the purse. " Thus the keeper went forth free, no injury befalling her, and she went her way.—LANE. *Notes to Arabian Nights.*

DR KETTLE.—Mr ——, one of the fellows, (in Mr Francis Potter's time,) was wont to say that Dr Kettle's brain was like a hasty-pudding, where there were memory, judgment, and fancy, all stirred together. He had all these faculties in great measure, but they were also jumbled together. If you had to do with him, taking him for a fool, you would have found in him great subtilty and reach : *à contra*, if you treated with him as a wise man, you would have mistaken him for a fool. A neighbour of mine told me he heard him preach once in St Mary's Church, at Oxon. He began thus :—" It being my turn to preach in this place, I went into my study to prepare myself for my sermon, and I took down a book that had blue strings, and looked in it, and 'twas sweet St Bernard. I chanced to read such a part of it, on such a subject, which hath made me to choose this text ——." I know not whether this was the only time or no, that he used this following way of conclusion :—" But now I see it is time for me to shut up my book, for I see the doctor's men come in wiping of their beards from the ale-house."

As they were reading and circumscribing figures, said he, " I will show you how to inscribe a triangle in a quadrangle. Bring a pig into the quadrangle, and I will set the college dog at him, and he will take the pig by the ear ; then come I and take the dog by the tail, and the hog by the tail, and so there you have a triangle in a quadrangle."—AUBREY.

YOUTH.—Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people ; because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last ; and then, sir, young men have more virtue than old men ; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age, they have more wit and humour

and knowledge of life than we had ; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early days I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good ; but I had all the facts. I remember very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, “ Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge ; for when years come unto you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task.”—JOHNSON, *in Boswell*.

64.—The Imitation of Christ.

BISHOP BEVERIDGE

[WILLIAM BEVERIDGE was born in 1638, at Barrow, in Leicestershire. He was educated at St John's College, Cambridge ; received various ecclesiastical preferments ; and became Bishop of St Asaph in 1704. In 1708 he died. He was a divine of profound learning, of exemplary holiness, and of unwearied industry in the discharge of his pastoral duties. He was called, in his own time, “ the great restorer and reviver of primitive piety.” The following extract is from his admirable “ Private Thoughts upon Religion and a Christian Life.”]

Hoping that all who profess themselves to be the friends and disciples of Jesus Christ desire to manifest themselves to be so by following both His precepts and example, I shall give the reader a short narrative of His life and actions, wherein we may all see what true piety is, and what real Christianity requires of us ; and may not content ourselves, as many do, with being professors, and adhering to parties or factions amongst us, but strive to be thorough Christians, and to carry ourselves as such, by walking as Christ himself walked ; which, that we may know at least how to do, looking upon Christ as a mere man, I shall show how He did, and by consequence how we ought to carry ourselves both to God and man, and what graces and virtues He exercised all along for our example and imitation.

Now for our more clear and methodical proceeding in a matter of such consequence as this is, I shall begin with His behaviour towards men, from His childhood to His death.

Just, therefore, when He was a child of twelve years of age, it is particularly recorded of Him, that He was subject or obedient to his parents, His real mother and reputed father.* It is true, He knew at that time that God himself was His Father, for, said He, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"† And knowing God to be His Father, He could not but know likewise that He was infinitely above His mother; yea, that she could never have born Him, had not Himself first made and supported her. Yet, howsoever, though as God He was Father to her, yet as man she was mother to Him, and, therefore, He honoured and obeyed both her and him to whom she was espoused. Neither did He only respect His mother whilst He was here, but He took care of her, too, when He was going hence. Yea, all the pains He suffered upon the cross could not make Him forget His duty to her that bore Him; but seeing her standing by the cross, as Himself hung on it, He committed her to the care of His beloved disciple, who "took her to His own home."‡ Now, as our Saviour did, so are we bound to carry ourselves to our earthly parents, whatsoever their temper or condition be in this world. Though God hath blessed some of us perhaps with greater estates than ever He blessed them, yet we must not think ourselves above them, nor be at all the less respectful to them. Christ, we see, was infinitely above His mother: yet, as she was His mother, He was both subject and respectful to her. He was not ashamed to own her as she stood by the cross; but, in the view and hearing of all there present, gave His disciples a charge to take care of her, leaving us an example, that such amongst us as have parents provide for them, if they need it, as for our children, both while we live, and when we come to die.

And as He was to His natural, so was He, too, to His civil parents, the magistrates under which He lived, submissive and faithful: for though, as He was God, He was infinitely above them in heaven, yet, as He was man, He was below them on earth, having committed all civil power into their hands, without reserving any at all for Himself. So that though they received

* Luke ii. 51.

† Luke ii. 49.

‡ John xix. 27.

their commission from Him, yet now Himself could not act without receiving a commission from them. And, therefore, having no commission from them to do it, He would not intrench so much upon their privilege and power as to determine the controversy betwixt the two brethren contending about their inheritance. "Man," saith He, "who made me a judge or a divider over you?"* And to show His submission to the civil magistrates as highly as possibly He could, rather than offend them, He wrought a miracle to pay the tax which they had charged upon Him.† And when the officers were sent to take Him, though He had more than twelve legions of angels at His service, to have fought for Him if He had pleased, yet He would not employ them, nor suffer His own disciples to make any resistance.‡ And though some of late days, who call themselves Christians, have acted quite contrary to our blessed Saviour in this particular, I hope better things of my readers, even that they will behave themselves more like Christ, who, though He was supreme governor of the world, yet would not resist, but submitted to the civil power which Himself had intrusted men withal.

Moreover, although whilst He was here He was really not only the best but greatest man upon earth, yet He carried Himself to others with that meekness, humility, and respect, as if He had been the least: as He never admired any man for his riches, so neither did He despise any man for his poverty: poor men and rich were all alike to Him. He was as lowly and respectful to the lowest, as He was to the highest that He conversed with: He affected no titles of honour, nor gaped after popular air, but submitted Himself to the meanest services that He could, for the good of others, even to the washing His own disciples' feet, and all to teach us that we can never think too lowly of ourselves, nor do anything that is beneath us; propounding Himself as our example, especially in this particular: "Learn of me," saith He, "for I am meek and lowly in heart."§

His humility also was the more remarkable, in that His bounty

* Luke xii. 14.

‡ Matt. xxvi. 52, 53.

† Matt. xvii. 27.

§ Matt. xi. 29.

and goodness to others was so great, for "He went about doing good."* Wheresoever you read He was, you read still of some good work or other He did there. Whatsoever company He conversed with, they still went better from Him than they came unto Him, if they came out of a good end. By Him, as Himself said, "the blind received their sight, and the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed, and the deaf heard, the dead were raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them."† Yea, it is observable, that we never read of any person whatsoever that came to Him, desiring any kindness or favour of Him, but He still received it, and that whether He was friend or foe. For, indeed, though He had many inveterate and implacable enemies in the world, yet He bore no grudge or malice against them, but expressed as much love and favour for them as to His greatest friends. Insomuch, that when they had gotten Him upon the cross, and fastened His hands and feet unto it, in the midst of all that pain and torment which they put Him to, He still prayed for them.‡

Oh! how happy, how blessed a people should we be, could we but follow our blessed Saviour in this particular! How well would it be with us, could we but be thus loving to one another, as Christ was to all, even His most bitter enemies! We may assure ourselves it is not only our misery, but our sin too, unless we be so. And our sin will be the greater, now we know our Master's pleasure, unless we do it. And therefore, let all such amongst us as desire to carry ourselves as Christ himself did, and as becometh His disciples in the world, begin here.

Be submissive and obedient both to our parents and governors, humble in our own sight, despise none, but be charitable, loving, and good to all; by this shall all men know that we are Christ's disciples indeed.

Having thus seen our Saviour's carriage towards men, we shall now consider His piety and devotion towards God: not as if it was possible for me to express the excellency and perfection of those religious acts which He performed continually within His soul to God, every one of His faculties being as entire in itself,

* Acts x. 38.

† Matt. xi. 5.

‡ Luke xxiii. 34.

and as perfect in its acts, as it was first made or designed to be. There was no darkness, nor so much as gloominess in His mind, no error nor mistake in His judgment, no bribery nor corruption in His conscience, no obstinacy nor perverseness in His will, no irregularity nor disorder in His affections, no spot, no blot, no blemish, not the least imperfection or infirmity in His whole soul. And, therefore, even whilst His body was on earth, His head and heart were still in heaven. For He never troubled His head, nor so much as concerned Himself about anything here below, any further than to do all the good He could, His thoughts being wholly taken up with considering how to advance God's glory and man's eternal happiness. And as for His heart, that was the altar on which the sacred fire of Divine love was always burning, the flames whereof continually ascended up to heaven, being accompanied with the most ardent and fervent desires of, and delight in, the chiefest good.

But it must not be expected that I should give an exact description of that eminent and most perfect holiness which our blessed Saviour was inwardly adorned with and continually employed in; which I am as unable to express as desirous to imitate. But howsoever, I shall endeavour to mind the reader in general of such acts of piety and devotion, which are particularly recorded, on purpose for our imitation.

First, therefore, it is observed of our Saviour, that "from a child he increased in wisdom as he did in stature."* Where by wisdom we are to understand the knowledge of God and divine things. For our Saviour having taken our nature into His person, with all its frailties and infirmities as it is a created being, He did not in that nature presently know all things which were to be known. It is true, as God, He then knew all things as well as He had from all eternity; but we are now speaking of Him as man, like one of us in all things except sin. But we continue some considerable time after we are born before we know anything, or come to the use of our reason; the rational soul not being able to exert or manifest itself until the natural phlegm and radical moisture of the body,

* Luke ii. 52.

which in infants is predominant, be so digested that the body be rightly qualified, and its organs fitted for the soul to work upon and to make use of. And though our Saviour came to the use of His reason, as man, far sooner than we are wont to do, yet we must not think that He knew all things as soon as He was born; for that the nature He assumed was not capable of; neither could He then be said, as He is, to increase in wisdom, for where there is perfection there can be no increase.

But here, before we proceed further, it will be necessary to answer an objection which some may make against this. For, if our Saviour as man knew not all things, then He was not perfect, not absolutely free from sin, ignorance itself being a sin.

To this I have these things to answer: first, it is no sin for a creature to be ignorant of some things, because it is impossible for a creature to know all things; for to be omniscient is God's prerogative; neither is a creature capable of it, because he is but finite; whereas, the knowledge of all things, or omniscience, is itself an infinite act, and therefore to be performed only by an infinite being. Hence it is that no creature in the world ever was or ever could be made omniscient; but there are many things which Adam in his integrity and the very angels themselves are ignorant of; as our Saviour, speaking of the day of judgment, saith, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."* But the angels are nevertheless perfect, because they know not this. Nay, it is observable that the Son himself, as man, knew it not: neither, saith He, "the Son, but the Father:" and if He knew it not then, much less was it necessary for Him to know it when a child.

Secondly, as to be ignorant of some things is no sin, so neither is any ignorance at all sin but that whereby a man is ignorant of what he is bound to know: "For all sin is the transgression of the law." And, therefore, if there be no law obliging me to know such or such things, I do not sin by being ignorant of them, for I transgress no law. Now, though all men are bound by the law of God to know Him, and their duty to Him; yet infants, so long as

* Mark xiii. 32.

infants, are not, neither can be obnoxious or subject to that law, they being in a natural incapacity, yea, impossibility to perform it; but as they become by degrees capable of knowing anything, they are obliged questionless to know Him first from whom they receive their knowledge.

And thus it was that our blessed Saviour perfectly fulfilled the law of God; in that, although He might still continue ignorant of many things, yet, howsoever, He all along knew all that He was bound to know, and as He grew by degrees more and more capable of knowing anything, so did He increase still more in true wisdom, in the knowledge of God: so that by the time He was twelve years old, He was able to dispute with the great doctors and learned rabbies among the Jews; and after that, as He grew in stature, so did He grow in wisdom too, and in favour both with God and man.

And, verily, although we did not follow our blessed Saviour in this particular when we were children, we ought, howsoever, to endeavour it now we are men and women, even to grow in wisdom, and every day add something to our spiritual stature, so as to let never a day pass over our heads without being better acquainted with God's goodness to us, or our duty to Him. And by this example of our Saviour's growing in wisdom when a child, we should also learn to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and not to strive so much to make them rich, as to use all means to make them wise and good, that they may do as their Saviour did, even grow in wisdom and in stature, and in favour both of God and man.

And as our Saviour grew in wisdom when a child, so did He use and manifest it when He came to be a man, by devoting Himself wholly unto the service of the living God, and to the exercise of all true grace and virtue; wherein His blessed soul was so much taken up that He had neither time nor heart to mind those toys and trifles which silly mortals upon earth are so much apt to dote on. It is true, all the world was His, but He had given it all away to others, not reserving for Himself so much as a house to put His head in.* And what money He had hoarded up you may gather

* Matt. viii. 20.

from His working a miracle to pay His tribute or poll money, which came not to much above a shilling. Indeed, He came into the world, and went out again, without ever taking any notice of any pleasures, honours, or riches in it, as if there had been no such thing there, as really there was not or ever will be ; all the pomp and glory of this deceitful world having no other being in existence but only in our distempered fancies and imaginations : and therefore our Saviour, whose fancy was sound, and His imagination untainted, looked upon all the world and the glory of it as not worthy to be looked upon, seeing nothing in it wherefore it should be desired. And therefore, instead of spending His time in the childish pursuit of clouds and shadows, He made the service of God not only His business, but His recreation too, His food as well as work. "It is my meat," saith He, "to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work."* This was all the riches, honour, and pleasures, which He sought for in the world, even to do the will of Him that sent Him thither, to finish the work which He came about ; and so He did before He went away : "Father, I have glorified thee on earth ; I have finished the work which thou sentest me to do."† If, therefore, we would be Christ's disciples, so as to follow Him, we see what we must do, and how we must behave and carry ourselves whilst we are here below ; we must not spend our time nor throw away our precious and short-lived days upon the trifles and imperinences of this transient world, as if we came hither for nothing else but to take and scrape up a little dust and dirt together, or to wallow ourselves like swine in the mire of carnal pleasures and delights. No, we may assure ourselves we have greater things to do, and far more noble designs to carry on, whilst we continue in this vale of tears, even "to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, and to make our calling and election sure," and to serve God here so as to enjoy Him for ever. This is the work we came about, and which we must not only do, but do it too with pleasure and delight, and never leave until we have accomplished it ; we must make it our only pleasure to please God, account it our only honour to honour Him, and esteem His love and favour to be the

* John iv. 34.

† John xvii. 4.

only wealth and riches which we can enjoy: we must think ourselves no further happy than we find ourselves to be truly holy, and therefore devote our lives wholly to Him, in whom we live. This is to live as Christ lived, and by consequence as Christians ought to do.

65.—Sir Roger de Coverley—III.



CHRISTMAS AT SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S.

ADDISON, after a long interval in the production of his papers on the worthy knight whom he had adopted for his own, brings him to London. His character will now be brought out under new aspects. The following passages are from the "Spectator," No. 269.

"I was this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy

friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn walks. As I was wondering with myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

“I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

“I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn walks, but I heard my friend hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air, (to make use of his own phrase,) and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

“I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who, before he saw me, was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

“Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Dr Barrow. ‘I have left,’ says he, ‘all my affairs in his hands; and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.’

“He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob, and presented me, in his name, with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentle-

man in the county who has good principles and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel-sticks out of one of his hedges.

“Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead, and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. ‘But for my own part,’ says Sir Roger, ‘I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.’

“He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas.

“I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season; that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbours, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs’ puddings, with a pack of cards, to every poor family in the parish. ‘I have often thought,’ says Sir Roger, ‘it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small-beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions. . . .

“Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight’s reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squires’s. As I love the old man, I take delight in com-

plying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the *Supplement*, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, in-somuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea until the knight had got all his conveniences about him."

When Addison has got Sir Roger fairly in London, he will not trust him to inferior hands. The "Spectator," No. 329, is a genuine morsel of quiet humour. The idea of the good old country squire displaying his historical knowledge, upon the strength of Baker's "Chronicle," is highly amusing. Nothing can be happier than his wonder that he did not find the history of the wax-work maid of honour in the State Annals of Queen Elizabeth.

"My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not imagine at first how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been busy all last summer upon Baker's "Chronicle," which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey. . . . As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man.' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to himself, if I had not been a blockhead: a very great man!'

“We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian’s elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco’s head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter’s telling us that she was maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, ‘I wonder,’ says he, ‘that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his “Chronicle.”’

“We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone under the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob’s pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t’other of them.

“Sir Roger in the next place laid his hand upon Edward III.’s sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince, concluding that in Sir Richard Baker’s opinion Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

“We were then shown Edward the Confessor’s tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil: and afterward Henry IV.’s, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

“Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head ; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since—‘ Some Whig, I’ll warrant you,’ says Sir Roger : ‘ you ought to lock up your kings better ; they will carry off the body too, if you don’t take care.’

“The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

“For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

“I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man, for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.”

66.—*Work.*

CARLYLE.

[THOMAS CARLYLE, one of the most remarkable writers of our own times, is a native of Scotland. His mind has been chiefly formed in the German school of literature and philosophy ; but he rises far above the character of a mere imitator. His style is entirely his own—at first repulsive,—but when familiar to the reader, highly exciting. Perhaps this style may occasionally gild over common thoughts ; but Mr Carlyle’s thoughts are, for the most part, of a solid metal that requires no plating. In graphic power of description, whether of scenes or of characters, he has not a living equal. There are passages in his “ French Revolution, a History,” which can never be forgotten by any reader of imagination. His “ Cromwell’s Letters and Speeches” is a most valuable contribution to English history. His “ History of Frederick the Great,” recently completed in five volumes, exhibits an amount of patient labour rarely equalled. This great work has necessarily been less popular than many of Mr Carlyle’s previous writings, although the intrinsic importance of the subject, in illustration of the modern history of Europe, cannot be undervalued even by those who shrink from minute details of the rise of the House of Brandenburg. The following extract is from “ Past and Present :”—]

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it. "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written "an endless significance lies in work;" as man perfects himself by writing. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but as he bends himself with free valour against his task, all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring afar off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame?

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel, one of the venerablest objects; old as the prophet Ezekiel, and far older?

Rude lumps of clay; how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel, reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch, a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as the free flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows; draining off the sour festering water gradually from the root of the remotest grass blade; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labour is life; from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence, breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness, to all knowledge, "self-knowledge," and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge! the knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working; the rest is yet all an hypothesis of knowledge: a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic vortices, till we try it and fix it. "Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone."

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there,

and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined stoneheaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, red-tape Officials, idle Nell Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell Gwyn Defenders, to blustering red-tape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there, not for Christopher's sake and his cathedrals; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these, if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her—Nature herself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munificence of England lies far scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, "I am here;"—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, vanquish and compel all these, and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's edifice: thy monument for certain centuries, the stamp "Great Man" impressed very legibly in Portland stone there!

Yes, all manner of work, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity, inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon, thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether, under the wide arch of Heaven, there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind

Immensities, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature: work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. "All work of man is as the swimmer's:" a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalest Sea-king of all! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told) are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward:—and the huge Winds that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle skiff of thine! Thou art not among articulate speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence the while; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage; thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep; a Silence unsoundable; known to God only. Thou shalt be a great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the world Marine-Service—thou

wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is: thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

Religion, I said; for, properly speaking, all true Work is Religion; and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old Monks, "*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship."

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, for-ever-enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work;—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject, not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite in the name of God! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee: still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with His unspoken voice, fuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn Ages; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it, now all dry—

do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep Death-kingdoms, the stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms—up to that "Agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return *home*, in honour to thy far-distant Home, in honour; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

67.—Scenes from "The Alchemist."

BEN JONSON.

["O RARE BEN JONSON!"—the inscription on his tomb-stone in Westminster Abbey, which a mason cut for eighteenpence, to please a looker on when the grave was covering—is a familiar phrase to many who have not even opened

the works of this celebrated man. Jonson was born in 1574, and died in 1637. He was a ripe scholar—a most vigorous thinker. There are passages and delineations of character in his plays, which are matchless of their kind;—but he is the dramatist of peculiarities, then called “humours;”—he is the converse of what he described Shakspere to be—he *is* “for an age,” and *not* “for all time.”]

Lovewit, a housekeeper in London, has fled to the country during a season when the plague was raging. His servant, Face, abusing his opportunities, admits an impostor, Subtle, and his female confederate, Dol, into the house; and there the three worthies carry on a profitable trade by pretending to tell fortunes, and transmute metals into gold. The first scene exhibits the Alchemist and the servant in high quarrel. We pass over this scene, and proceed to others which exhibit some of the more remarkable personifications of Jonson's times:—

SCENE I.

A principal figure in “The Alchemist” is Abel Drugger, a tobacco dealer, who wants to learn a quick way to be rich:—

Sub. What is your name, say you—Abel Drugger?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. A seller of tobacco?

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. Umph.

Free of the grocers?

Drug. Ay, an't please you.

Sub. Well—

Your business, Abel?

Drug. This, an't please your worship;
I am a young beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, and, like your worship, just
At corner of a street:—Here's the plot on't—
And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,
And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir:
And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,
One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.

Sub. I do,
If I do see them.

Re-enter FACE.

Face. What! My honest Abel?
Thou art well met here.

Drug. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just as your worship came here, of your worship:
I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

Face. He shall do anything. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,
Nor buries it in gravel under ground,
But keeps it in fine lily-pots, that, open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper:
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

Sub. He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.

Face. Already sir, have you found it? Lo thee, Abel!

Sub. And in right way toward riches—

Face. Sir!

Sub. This summer
He will be of the clothing of his company,
And next spring call'd to the scarlet; spend what he can.

Face. What! and so little beard?

Sub. Sir, you must think,
He may have a receipt to make hair come:
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't;
His fortune looks for him another way.

Face. 'Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amused at that!

Sub. By a rule, captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by:
A certain star in the forehead, which you see not.

Your chestnut or your olive-colour'd face
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew 't, by certain spots, too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

Face. Which finger's that?

Sub. His little finger.

You were born upon a Wednesday?

Drug. Yes, indeed, sir.

Sub. The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;
The fore-finger, to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;
The ring, to Sol; the least, to Mercury;
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,
His house of life being Libra; which foreshow'd,
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

Face. Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?

Sub. There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs—This is the west, this the south?

[*Pointing to the plan.*]

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And those are your two sides?

Drug. Ay, sir.

Sub. Make me your door, then, south; your broadside west;
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those mercurial spirits
That do fright flies from boxes.

Drug. Yes, sir.

Sub. And

Beneath your threshold bury me a loadstone
To draw in gallants that wear spurs! the rest
They'll seem to follow.

Face. That's a secret, Nab!

Why, how now, Abel! Is this true?

Drug. Good captain,

What must I give?

[*Aside to FACE.*]

Face. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.

Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what thou canst)
Thou 'rt like to come to.

Drug. I would gi' him a crown.

Face. A crown! And toward such a fortune? Heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

Drug. Yes, I have a Portague, I have kept this half-year.

Face. Out on thee, Nab! 'Slight, there was such an offer.
Shalt keep 't no longer, I'll giv't him for thee. Doctor,
Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.

Drug. I would entreat
Another favour of his worship.

Face. What is 't, Nab?

Drug. But to look over, sir, my almanac,
And cross out my ill days, that I may neither
Bargain nor trust upon them.

Face. That he shall, Nab.

Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

Sub. And a direction for his shelves.

Face. Now, Nab,
Art thou well pleased, Nab?

Drug. 'Thank, sir, both your worships.

Face. Away.—

[*Exit DRUGGER.*]

Why, now, you smoky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see that something's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive waters,
Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must have stuff brought home to you, to work on:
And yet you think I am at no expense
In searching out these veins, then following them,
Then trying them out.

Sub. You are pleasant, sir.

Dol. I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon—

Sub. Where ?

Dol. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one that's with him.

Sub. Face, go you and shift.

[*Exit* FACE.

Dol. you must presently make ready, too.

Dol. Why, what's the matter ?

Sub. Oh, I did look for him

With the sun's rising: marvel he could sleep.
This is the day I am to perfect for him
The magisterium, our great work, the stone;
And yield it, made, into his hands: of which
He has, this month, talk'd as he were possess'd,
And how he's dealing pieces on't away.
I see no end of his labours. He will make
Nature ashamed of her long sleep: when art,
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,
In her best love to mankind, ever could:
If his dream last, he'll turn the age to gold.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The following exhibition of the character of a covetous sensualist is, perhaps, unequalled in the whole range of the drama. We cannot, however, show how thoroughly Jonson has worked up the idea: his coarseness is unbounded:—

Entry SIR EPICURE MAMMON, and SURLY.

Mam. Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
In Novo Orbe; here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! he was sailing to't
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months:
This is the day wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, *Be rich*:
Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!

Face (within.) Sir, he'll come to you by and by.

Mam. That is his fire-drake,

His Lungs, his Zephyrus—he that puffs his coals
Till he firk nature up in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night, I 'll change
All that is metal in my house to gold:
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury
For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that too?

Mam. Yes, and I 'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?

Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see th' effects of the great medicine,
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*:
You will believe me.

Sur. Yes, when I see 't, I will.

Mam. Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but, by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life;
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I 'll make an old man of fourscore a child!

Sur. No doubt; he 's that already.

Enter FACE, as a servant.

How now?

Do we succeed? Is our day come? And holds it?

Face. The evening will set red upon you, sir!
You have colour for it, crimson; the red ferment
Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.

Mam. Pertinax, my Surly,
 Again I say to thee aloud, Be rich.
 This day thou shalt have ingots; and to-morrow
 Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
 Blushes the bolt's head?
 My only care is,
 Where to get stuff enough now, to project on;
 This town will not half serve me.

Face. No, sir? buy
 The covering off o' churches.

Mam. That's true.

Face. Yes.
 Let them stand bare, as do their auditory;
 Or cap them, new, with shingles.

Mam. No, good thatch:
 Thatch will be light upon the rafters, Lungs.
 Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
 I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,
 Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
 Hurt with the fume o' the metals.

Face. I have blown, sir,
 Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
 When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just
 To keep your heat still even; these blear'd eyes
 Have waked to read your several colours, sir,
 Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
 The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

Mam. And, lastly,
 Thou hast descried the flower, the sanguis agni?

Face. Yes, sir.

Mam. We will be brave, Puff, now we have the med'cine.
 My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded
 With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
 The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels
 Boil'd in the spirit of Sol, and dissolved pearl,

Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy:
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
 Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
 Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
 The beards of barbels served, instead of sallads;
 Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
 Drest with an exquisite, and poignant sauce;
 For which, I'll say unto my cook, *There's gold,*
Go forth, and be a knight.

Face. Sir, I'll go look
 A little how it heightens.

Mam. Do. My shirts
 I'll have of taffeta—sarsnet, soft and light
 As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment,
 It shall be such as might provoke a Persian,
 Were he to teach the world riot anew.
 My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins, perfumed
 With gums of paradise, and eastern air—

CONCLUSION.

The master suddenly returns, and the whole imposture is at length discovered. The impudence of the Alchemist, and the lamentations of his dupes, are inimitably painted.

68.—The Fall of the Marquis of Montrose.

CLARENDON.

[EDWARD HYDE, Earl of Clarendon, was the third son of Henry Hyde, a gentleman of good fortune, of Dinton, in Wiltshire. He was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford; became a student of the Middle Temple; and was returned to Parliament in 1640. Thenceforward his political career forms a considerable part of the history of his country. He was perhaps one of the most honest of the counsellors of Charles I., and the most virtuous in the profligate court of his son. After the Restoration, he rose to the highest offices in the State; but his faithful services were eventually rewarded by disgrace and

banishment. His "History of the Great Rebellion" is one of those few books that are "for all time." The following extract has been justly called "one of the finest passages in Lord Clarendon's History:"]—

His design had always been to land in the Highlands of Scotland, before the winter season should be over, both for the safety of his embarkation, and that he might have time to draw those people together who, he knew, would be willing to repair to him, before it should be known at Edinburgh that he was landed in the kingdom. He had, by frequent messages, kept a constant correspondence with those principal heads of the clans who were most powerful in the Highlands, and were of known or unsuspected affection to the king, and advertised them of all his motions and designs. And by them acquainted those of the Lowlands of all his resolutions, who had promised, upon the first notice of his arrival, to resort with all their friends and followers to him.

Whether these men did really believe that their own strength would be sufficient to subdue their enemies, who were grown generally odious, or thought the bringing over troops of foreigners would lessen the numbers and affections of the natives, they did write very earnestly to the marquis, "to hasten his coming over with officers, arms, and ammunition; for which he should find hands enough:" and gave him notice, "that the committee of estates at Edinburgh had sent again to the king to come over to them; and that the people were so impatient for his presence, that Argyle was compelled to consent to the invitation." It is very probable that this made the greatest impression upon him. He knew very well how few persons there were about the king [Charles II.] who were like to continue firm in those principles, which could only confirm his majesty in his former resolutions against the persuasions and importunities of many others, who knew how to represent to him the desperateness of his condition any other way, than by repairing into Scotland upon any conditions. Montrose knew, that of the two factions there, which were not like to be reconciled, each of them were equally his implacable enemies; so that, whichever prevailed, he should be still in the

same state, the whole kirk, of what temper soever, being alike malicious to him; and hearing likewise of the successive misfortunes in Ireland, he concluded, the king would not trust himself there. Therefore, upon the whole, and concluding that all his hopes from Germany and those northern princes would not increase the strength he had already, he caused, in the depth of the winter, those soldiers he had drawn together, which did not amount to above five hundred, to be embarked, and sent officers with them who knew the country, with directions that they should land in such a place in the Highlands, and remain there, as they might well do, till he came to them or sent them orders. And then in another vessel, manned by people well known to him, and commanded by a captain very faithful to the king, and who was well acquainted with that coast, he embarked himself, and near one hundred officers, and landed in another creek, not far from the other place, whither his soldiers were directed. And both the one and the other party were set safely on shore in the places they designed; from whence the marquis himself, with some servants and officers, repaired presently to the house of a gentleman of quality, with whom he had corresponded, who expected him; by whom he was well received, and thought himself to be in security till he might put his affairs in some method; and therefore ordered his other small troops to contain themselves in those uncouth quarters, in which they were, and where he thought they were not likely to be disturbed by the visitation of an enemy.

After he had stayed there a short time, it being in March, about the end of the year 1649, he quickly possessed himself of an old castle; which, in respect of the situation in a country so impossible for any army to march in, he thought strong enough for his purpose: thither he conveyed the arms, ammunition and troops, which he had brought with him. And then he published his declaration, "that he came with the king's commission, to assist those his good subjects, and to preserve them from oppression: that he did not intend to give any interruption to the treaty that he heard was entered into with his majesty; but, on the contrary, hoped that his being at the head of an army, how small soever, that was faith-

ful to the king, might advance the same. However, he had given sufficient proof in his former actions, that if any agreement were made with the king, upon the first order from his majesty, he should lay down his arms, and dispose himself according to his majesty's good pleasure." These declarations he sent to his friends to be scattered by them, and dispersed amongst the people, as they could be able. He writ likewise to those of the nobility, and the heads of the several clans, "to draw such forces together, as they thought necessary to join with him;" and he received answers from many of them by which they desired him, "to advance more into the land," (for he was yet in the remotest parts of Caithness,) and assured him, "that they would meet him with good numbers:" and they did prepare so to do, some really; and others, with a purpose to betray him.

In this state stood the affair in the end of the year 1649: but because the unfortunate tragedy of that noble person succeeded so soon after, without the intervention of any notable circumstances to interrupt it, we will rather continue the relation of it in this place, than defer it to be resumed in the proper season: which quickly ensued, in the beginning of the next year. The Marquis of Argyle was vigilant enough to observe the motion of an enemy that was so formidable to him; and had present information of his arrival in the Highlands, and of the small forces which he had brought with him. The Parliament was then sitting at Edinburgh, their messenger being returned to them from Jersey, with an account, "that the king would treat with their commissioners at Breda;" for whom they were preparing their instructions.

The alarm of Montrose's being landed startled them all, and gave them no leisure to think of anything else than of sending forces to hinder the recourse of others to join with him. They immediately sent Colonel Straghan, a diligent and active officer, with a choice party of the best horse they had, to make all possible haste towards him, and to prevent the insurrections, which they feared would be in several parts of the Highlands. And within few days after, David Lesley followed with a stronger party of horse and foot. The encouragement the Marquis of Montrose

received from his friends, and the unpleasantness of the quarters in which he was, prevailed with him to march, with these few troops, more into the land. And the Highlanders flocking to him from all quarters, though ill armed, and worse disciplined, made him undervalue any enemy who, he thought, was yet like to encounter him. Straghan made such haste, that the Earl of Sutherland, who at least pretended to have gathered together a body of fifteen hundred men to meet Montrose, chose rather to join with Straghan: others did the like, who had made the same promises, or stayed at home to expect the event of the first encounter. The marquis was without any body of horse to discover the motion of an enemy, but depended upon all necessary intelligence from the affection of the people; which he believed to be the same as it was when he left them. But they were much degenerated; the tyranny of Argyle, and his having caused very many to be barbarously murdered, without any form of law or justice, who had been in arms with Montrose, notwithstanding all acts of pardon and indemnity, had so broken their hearts, that they were ready to do all offices that might gratify and oblige him. So that Straghan was within a small distance of him, before he heard of his approach; and those Highlanders, who had seemed to come with much zeal to him, whether terrified or corrupted, left him on a sudden, or threw down their arms; so that he had none left, but a company of good officers, and five or six hundred foreigners, Dutch and Germans, who had been acquainted with their officers. With these, he betook himself to a place of some advantage by the inequality of the ground, and the bushes and small shrubs which filled it: and there they made a defence for some time with notable courage.

But the enemy being so much superior in number, the common soldiers, being all foreigners, after about a hundred of them were killed upon the place, threw down their arms; and the marquis seeing all lost, threw away his ribbon and George, (for he was a knight of the garter,) and found means to change his clothes with a fellow of the country, and so after having gone on foot two or three miles, he got into a house of a gentleman, where he re-

mained concealed about two days: most of the other officers were shortly after taken prisoners, all the country desiring to merit from Argyle by betraying all those into his hands which they believed to be his enemies. And, thus, whether by the owner of the house, or any other way, the marquis himself became their prisoner. The strangers who were taken were set at liberty, and transported themselves into their own countries; and the castle in which there was a little garrison, presently rendered itself; so that there was no fear of an enemy in those parts.

The Marquis of Montrose, and the rest of the prisoners, were the next day, or soon after, delivered to David Lesley; who was come up with his forces, and had now nothing left to do but to carry them in triumph to Edinburgh; whither notice was quickly sent of their great victory, which was received there with wonderful joy and acclamation. David Lesley treated the marquis with great insolence, and for some days carried him in the same clothes and habit in which he was taken; but at last permitted him to buy better. His behaviour was, in the whole time, such as became a great man; his countenance serene and cheerful, as one that was superior to all those reproaches, which they had prepared the people to pour out upon him in all the places through which he was to pass.

When he came to one of the gates of Edinburgh, he was met by some of the magistrates, to whom he was delivered, and by them presently put into a new cart, purposely made, in which there was a high chair, or bench, upon which he sat, that the people might have a full view of him, being bound with a cord drawn over his breast and shoulders, and fastened through holes made in the cart. When he was in this posture, the hangman took off his hat, and rode himself before the cart in his livery, and with his bonnet on; the other officers, who were taken prisoners with him, walking two and two before the cart; the streets and windows being full of people to behold the triumph over a person whose name had made them tremble some few years before, and into whose hands the magistrates of that place had, upon their knees, delivered the keys of that city. In this manner he was carried to the common

jail, where he was received and treated as a common malefactor. Within two days after, he was brought before the Parliament, where the Earl of Louden, the chancellor, made a very bitter and virulent declamation against him: told him "he had broken all the covenants by which that whole nation stood obliged; and had impiously rebelled against God, the king, and the kingdom: that he had committed many horrible murders, treasons, and impieties, for all which he was now brought to suffer condign punishment;" with all those insolent reproaches upon his person and his actions which the liberty of that place gave him leave to use.

Permission was then given him to speak; and without the least trouble in his countenance, or disorder upon all the indignities he had suffered, he told them, "since the king had owned them so far as to treat with them, he had appeared before them with reverence, and bareheaded, which otherwise he would not willingly have done: that he had done nothing of which he was ashamed, or had cause to repent; that the first covenant he had taken and complied with it and with them who took it, as long as the ends for which it was ordained were observed; but when he discovered, which was now evident to all the world, that private and particular men designed to satisfy their own ambition and interest, instead of considering the public benefit; and that, under the pretence of reforming some errors in religion, they resolved to abridge and take away the king's just power and lawful authority, he had withdrawn himself from that engagement: that for the league and covenant, he had never taken it, and therefore could not break it: and it was now too apparent to the whole Christian world, what monstrous mischiefs it had produced: that when, under colour of it, an army from Scotland had invaded England in assistance of the rebellion that was then against their lawful king, he had, by his majesty's command, received a commission from him to raise forces in Scotland, that he might thereby divert them from the other odious persecution: that he had executed that commission with the obedience and duty he owed to the king; and in all the circumstances of it, had proceeded like a gentleman; and had never suffered any blood to be shed but in the heat of the battle; and

that he saw many persons there whose lives he had saved: that when the king commanded him, he laid down his arms, and withdrew out of the kingdom; which they could not have compelled him to have done." He said, "he was now again entered into the kingdom by his majesty's command, and with his authority: and what success soever it might have pleased God to have given him, he would have always obeyed any commands he should have received from him." He advised them "to consider well of the consequence before they proceeded against him, and that all his actions might be examined, and judged by the laws of the land, or those of nations."

As soon as he had ended his discourse, he was ordered to withdraw; and, after a short space, was again brought in; and told by the chancellor, "that he was, on the morrow, being the one and twentieth of May 1560, to be carried to Edinburgh Cross, and to be hanged upon a gallows thirty feet high, for the space of three hours, and then to be taken down, and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and hanged on Edinburgh Tolbooth; his legs and arms to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was to be executed, except the kirk should take off his excommunication; and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial." He desired, "that he might say somewhat to them;" but was not suffered, and so was carried back to the prison.

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came presently to insult over him with all the reproaches imaginable; pronounced his damnation; and assured him, "that the judgment he was the next day to suffer was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterwards." After many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the kirk upon his repentance, and to pray with him; but he too well understood the form of their common prayer, in those cases, to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations upon the persons of those they prayed against, ("Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud, incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person,

who refuses to hearken to the voice of Thy kirk," and the like charitable expressions,) and therefore he desired them "to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions." He told them, "that they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people; and would shortly bring that poor nation under the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to." He told them, "he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be than he could have been to have had his picture hang in the king's bedchamber: that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged in four cities of the kingdom, that he heartily wished that he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered."

The next day, they executed every part and circumstance of that barbarous sentence, with all the inhumanity imaginable; and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. He magnified the virtue, courage, and religion of the last king, exceedingly commended the justice, and goodness, and understanding of the present king; and prayed, "that they might not betray him as they had done his father." When he had ended all he meant to say, and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their tyranny. The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions, whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck. The marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it; and said, "he was pleased that it should be there; and was prouder of wearing it than ever he had been of the garter;" and so renewing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner.

Thus died the gallant Marquis of Montrose, after he had given as great a testimony of loyalty and courage, as a subject can do, and performed as wonderful actions in several battles, upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms, and other preparations for war, as have been performed in this age. He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction,

many of whose ancestors had exercised the highest charges under the king in that kingdom, and had been allied to the crown itself. He was of very good parts, which were improved by a good education: he had always a great emulation, or rather a great contempt of the Marquis of Argyle, (as he was too apt to contemn those he did not love,) who wanted nothing but honesty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a very great degree. Montrose was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself above other men, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him, (towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity,) than with his superiors or equals. He was naturally jealous, and suspected those who did not concur with him in the way, not to mean so well as he. He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved, and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived.

69.—Bunyan.

T. B. MACAULAY.

THE characteristic peculiarity of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the "Pilgrim's Progress." But the pleasure which is produced by the "Vision of Thirza," the "Vision of Theodore," the "Genealogy of Wit," or the "Contest between Rest and Labour," is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's odes, or from a

canto of "Hudibras." It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spenser himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the "Faery Queen." We become sick of cardinal virtues and deadly sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the "Blatant Beast." If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

It is not so with the "Pilgrim's Progress." That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the "Pilgrim's Progress." That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a greater favourite than "Jack the Giant-Killer." Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the

city of Destruction, the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it, the interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant arbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful, by the way-side, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own streets. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right

onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favoured ones and shining ones, the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money, the black man in the bright vesture, Mr Worldly Wiseman and my Lord Hategood, Mr Talkative, and Mrs Timorous, all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeannie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy; not a traitor, but perfidy; not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said

more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

70.—The Duel.

DICKENS.

[IN a work which professes to be a selection from "The Best Authors," the omission of the name of Charles Dickens might be compared with that Roman procession, in which the bust of the most popular citizen was not found amongst a long array of the busts of other men, and that citizen was therefore held to be the most distinguished. We cannot risk this mode of explanation; and he, therefore, who came to fill up the void which Scott had left, must supply us with one extract, even though every reader should be as familiarly acquainted with it as with a scene from Shakespeare or the *Waverley Novels*. Those, and they must be few indeed, to whom this writer is not fully known, will form no adequate judgment of him from any extract. One passage may exhibit his almost unequalled power of delineating the external aspects of society with perfect fidelity, and yet dealing with the vulgarest things without a particle of vulgarity. Another may show his success in seizing upon the minutest details of the manners of the uneducated, going, as it would seem, into the wildest regions of Farce, and yet preserving a truth which retains such scenes within the province of the highest Comedy. A third may display his command over the pathetic,—not derived from an unreal sentimentality, but from an insight into the depths of the feelings that are common to all human beings, because they are founded upon that principle of love to some other being which even the hardest cherish, and which the great mass of mankind turn to as naturally as the plant seeks the light. Dickens, however, as well as every other writer of enduring fiction, must be judged by his power of producing a complete work of Art, in which all the parts have a mutual relation. Tested by this severe principle, some of his creations may be held imperfect,—written for periodical issue and not published entire,—hurried occasionally, and wanting in proportion. But from the "*Pickwick*" of 1837 to "*Our Mutual Friend*" of 1865, there has been no failing of interest and effect; his characters are "familiar in our mouths as household words." In the "*Copperfield*" it is not difficult to trace the maturing power of experience, which points to the highest aims, and rejects those adventitious sources of attraction which are so

tempting in the early career of genius. The passage which we subjoin is from "Nicholas Nickleby."]

The little race-course at Hampton was in the full tide and height of its gaiety, the day as dazzling as day could be, the sun high in the cloudless sky, and shining in its fullest splendour. Every gaudy colour that fluttered in the air from carriage seat and garish tent top, shone out in its gaudiest hues. Old dingy flags grew new again, faded gilding was re-burnished, stained rotten canvas looked a snowy white ; the very beggars' rags were freshened up, and sentiment quite forgot its charity in its fervent admiration of poverty so picturesque.

It was one of those scenes of life and animation, caught in its very brightest and freshest moments, which can scarcely fail to please ; for if the eye be tired of show and glare, or the ear be weary with a ceaseless round of noise, the one may repose, turn almost where it will, on eager, happy, and expectant faces, and the other deaden all consciousness of more annoying sounds in those of mirth and exhilaration. Even the sun-burnt faces of gipsy children, half naked though they be, suggest a drop of comfort. It is a pleasant thing to see that the sun has been there, to know that the air and light are on them every day, to feel that they *are* children and lead children's lives ; that if their pillows be damp, it is with the dews of heaven, and not with tears ; that the limbs of their girls are free, and that they are not crippled by distortions, imposing an unnatural and horrible penance upon their sex ; that their lives are spent from day to day at least among the waving trees, and not in the midst of dreadful engines that make young children old before they know what childhood is, and give them the exhaustion and infirmity of age, without, like age, the privilege to die. God send that old nursery tales were true, and that gipsies stole such children by the score !

The great race of the day had just been run ; and the close lines of the people on either side of the course suddenly breaking up and pouring into it, imparted a new liveliness to the scene, which was again all busy movement. Some hurried eagerly to catch a glimpse of the winning horse, others darted to and fro searching

no less eagerly for the carriages they had left in quest of better stations. Here a little knot gathered round a pea and thimble table to watch the plucking of some unhappy greenhorn, and there another proprietor with his confederates in various disguises—one man in spectacles, another with an eye-glass and a stylish hat, a third dressed as a farmer well to do in the world, with his top coat over his arm and his flash notes in a large leathern pocket-book, and all with heavy-handled whips to represent some innocent country fellows who had trotted there on horseback—sought, by loud and noisy talk and pretended play, to entrap some unwary customer, while the gentlemen confederates (of more villainous aspect still, in clean linen and good clothes) betrayed their close interest in the concern by the anxious furtive glances they cast on all new-comers. These would be hanging on the outskirts of a wide circle of people assembled round some itinerant juggler, opposed in his turn by a noisy band of music, or the classic game of “Ring the Bull,” whilst ventriloquists holding dialogues with wooden dolls, and fortune-telling women smothering the cries of real babies, divided with them, and many more, the general attention of the company. Drinking-tents were full, glasses began to clink in carriages, hampers to be unpacked, tempting provisions to be set forth, knives and forks to rattle, champagne-corks to fly, eyes to brighten that were not dull before, and pickpockets to count their gains during the last heat. The attention so recently strained on one object of interest was now divided among a hundred; and look where you would, was a motley assemblage of feasting, laughing, talking, begging, gambling, and mummery.

Of the gambling-booths there was a plentiful show, flourishing in all the splendour of carpeted ground, striped hangings, crimson cloth, pinnacled roofs, geranium pots, and livery servants. There were the Stranger’s club-house, the Athenæum club-house, the Hampton club-house, the St James’s club-house, and half a mile of club-houses to play *in*; and there was *rouge-et-noir*, French hazard, and *La Merville*, to play *at*. It is into one of these booths that our story takes its way.

Fitted up with three tables for the purpose of play, and crowded

with players and lookers on, it was—although the largest place of the kind upon the course—intensely hot, notwithstanding that a portion of the canvas roof was rolled back to admit more air, and there were two doors for a free passage in and out. Excepting one or two men who—each with a long roll of half-crowns, chequered with a few stray sovereigns, in his left hand—staked their money at every roll of the ball with a business-like sedateness which showed that they were used to it, and had been playing all day, and most probably all the day before, there was no very distinctive character about the players, who were chiefly young men apparently attracted by curiosity, or staking small sums as part of the amusement of the day, with no very great interest in winning or losing. There were two persons present, however, who, as peculiarly good specimens of a class, deserve a passing notice.

Of these, one was a man of six or eight and fifty, who sat on a chair near one of the entrances of the booth, with his hands folded on the top of his stick, and his chin appearing above them. He was a tall, fat, long-bodied man, buttoned up to the throat in a light green coat, which made his body look still longer than it was, and wore besides drab breeches and gaiters, a white neckerchief, and a broad brimmed white hat. Amid all the buzzing noise of the games and the perpetual passing in and out of people, he seemed perfectly calm and abstracted, without the smallest particle of excitement in his composition. He exhibited no indication of weariness, nor, to a casual observer, of interest either. There he sat, quite still and collected. Sometimes, but very rarely, he nodded to some passing face, or beckoned to a waiter to obey a call from one of the tables. The next instant he subsided into his old state. He might have been some profoundly deaf old gentleman, who had come in to take a rest, or he might have been patiently waiting for a friend without the least consciousness of anybody's presence, or fixed in a trance, or under the influence of opium. People turned round and looked at him; he made no gesture, caught nobody's eye,—let them pass away, and others come on and be succeeded by others, and took no notice. When he did move, it seemed wonderful how he could

have seen anything to occasion it. And so, in truth, it was. But there was not a face passed in and out this man failed to see, not a gesture at any one of the three tables that was lost upon him, not a word spoken by the bankers but reached his ear, not a winner or loser he could not have marked ; and he was the proprietor of the place.

The other presided over the *rouge-et-noir* table. He was probably some ten years younger, and was a plump, paunchy, sturdy-looking fellow ; with his under lip a little pursed, from a habit of counting money inwardly, as he paid it, but with no decidedly bad expression in his face, which was rather an honest and jolly one than otherwise. He wore no coat, the weather being hot, and stood behind the table with a huge mound of crowns and half-crowns before him, and a cash-box for notes. This game was constantly playing. Perhaps twenty people would be staking at the same time. This man had to roll the ball, to watch the stakes as they were laid down, to gather them off the colour which lost, to pay those who won, to do it all with the utmost despatch, to roll the ball again, and to keep this game perfectly alive. He did it all with a rapidity absolutely marvellous ; never hesitating, never making a mistake, never stopping and never ceasing to repeat such unconnected phrases as the following, which, partly from habit, and partly to have something appropriate and business-like to say, he constantly poured out with the same monotonous emphasis, and in nearly the same order, all day long:—

“Rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen, make your game and back your own opinions—any time while the ball rolls—rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen, it’s a French game, gentlemen, I brought it over myself, I did indeed !—rooge-a-nore from Paris—black wins—black—stop a minute, sir, and I’ll pay you directly—two there, half a pound there,—three there,—and one there—gentlemen, the ball’s a rolling—any time, sir, while the ball rolls—the beauty of this game is, that you can double your stakes or put down your money, gentlemen, any time while the ball rolls—black again—black wins—I never saw such a thing—I never did in all my life, upon my word I never did : if any gentleman had been backing the black in the last five minutes he must have won

five-and-forty pound in four rolls of the ball, he must indeed. Gentlemen, we 've port, sherry, cigars, and most excellent champagne. Here, waiter, bring a bottle of champagne, and let's have a dozen or fifteen cigars here—and let's be comfortable, gentlemen—and bring some clean glasses, any time while the ball rolls. I lost one hundred and thirty-seven pound yesterday, gentlemen, at one roll of the ball : I did indeed ! how do you do, sir?" (recognising some knowing gentleman without any halt or change of voice, and giving a wink so slight that it seems an accident,) "will you take a glass of sherry, sir?—here, waiter, bring a clean glass, and hand the sherry to this gentleman—and hand it round, will you, waiter—this is the rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen—any time while the ball rolls—gentlemen, make your game, and back your own opinions—it's the rooge-a-nore from Paris, quite a new game. I brought it over myself, I did indeed—gentlemen, the ball's a rolling!"

This officer was busily plying his vocation when half-a-dozen persons sauntered through the booth, to whom—but without stopping either in his speech or work—he bowed respectfully, at the same time directing by a look the attention of a man beside him to the tallest figure in the group, in recognition of whom the proprietor pulled off his hat. This was Sir Mulberry Hawk, with whom were his friend and pupil, and a small train of gentlemanly dressed men, of characters more doubtful than obscure.

They dined together sumptuously. The wine flowed freely, as, indeed, it had done all day. Sir Mulberry drank to recompense himself for his recent abstinence, the young lord, to drown his indignation, and the remainder of the party, because the wine was of the best, and they had nothing to pay. It was nearly midnight when they rushed out, wild, burning with wine, their blood boiling, and their brains on fire, to the gaming table.

Here they encountered another party, and like themselves. The excitement of play, hot rooms, and glaring lights, was not calculated to alay the fever of the time. In that giddy whirl of noise and confusion the men were delirious. Who thought of money, ruin, or the morrow, in the savage intoxication of the

moment? More wine was called for, glass after glass was drained, their parched and scalding mouths were cracked with thirst. Down poured the wine like oil on blazing fire. And still the riot went on—the debauchery gained its height, glasses were dashed upon the floor by hands that could not carry them to lips, oaths were shouted out by lips which could hardly form the words to vent them in; drunken losers cursed and roared; some mounted on the tables, waving bottles above their heads and bidding defiance to the rest; some danced, some sang, some tore the cards and raved. Tumult and frenzy reigned supreme; when a noise arose that drowned all others, and two men, seizing each other by the throat, struggled into the middle of the room.

A dozen voices, until now unheard, called aloud to part them. Those who had kept themselves cool to win, and who earned their living in such scenes, threw themselves upon the combatants, and forcing them asunder, dragged them some space apart.

“Let me go!” cried Sir Mulberry, in a thick hoarse voice. “he struck me! Do you hear? I say, he struck me. Have I a friend here? Who is this? Westwood. Do you hear me say he struck me?”

“I hear, I hear,” replied one of those who held him. “Come away for to-night.”

“I will not, by G—,” he replied, fiercely. “A dozen men about us saw the blow.”

“To-morrow will be ample time,” said the friend.

“It will not be ample time!” cried Sir Mulberry, gnashing his teeth. “To-night—at once—here!” His passion was so great that he could not articulate, but stood clenching his fist, tearing his hair, and stamping upon the ground.

“What is this, my lord?” said one of those who surrounded him. “Have blows passed?”

“One blow has,” was the panting reply. “I struck him—I proclaim it to all here. I struck him, and he well knows why. I say with him, let the quarrel be adjusted now. Captain Adams,” said the young lord, looking hurriedly about him, and addressing one of those who had interposed, “Let me speak with you, I beg.”

The person addressed stepped forward, and taking the young man's arm, they retired together, followed shortly afterwards by Sir Mulberry and his friend.

It was a profligate haunt of the worst repute, and not a place in which such an affair was likely to awaken any sympathy for either party, or to call forth any further remonstrance or interposition. Elsewhere its further progress would have been instantly prevented, and time allowed for sober and cool reflection; but not there. Disturbed in their orgies, the party broke up; some reeled away with looks of tipsy gravity, others withdrew noisily discussing what had just occurred; the gentlemen of honour, who lived upon their winnings, remarked to each other as they went out that Hawk was a good shot: and those who had been most noisy fell fast asleep upon the sofas, and thought no more about it.

Meanwhile the two seconds, as they may be called now, after a long conference, each with his principal, met together in another room. Both utterly heartless, both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply in debt, both fallen from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name, and plead its most depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of the most unblemished honour themselves, and of great nicety concerning the honour of other people.

These two gentlemen were unusually cheerful just now, for the affair was pretty certain to make some noise, and could scarcely fail to enhance their reputations considerably.

"This is an awkward affair, Adams," said Mr Westwood, drawing himself up.

"Very," returned the captain; "a blow has been struck, and there is but one course, *of course*."

"No apology, I suppose?" said Mr Westwood.

"Not a syllable, sir, from my man, if we talk till doomsday," returned the captain. "The original cause of the dispute, I understand, was some girl or other, to whom your principal applied some terms, which Lord Frederick, defending the girl, repelled. But this led to a long recrimination upon a great many sore subjects, charges, and countercharges. Sir Mulberry was sarcastic;

Lord Frederick was excited, and struck him in the heat of provocation, and under circumstances of great aggravation. That blow, unless there is a full retraction on the part of Sir Mulberry, Lord Frederick is ready to justify."

"There is no more to be said," returned the other, "but to settle the hour and the place of meeting. It's a responsibility; but there is a strong feeling to have it over: do you object to say at sunrise?"

"Sharp work," replied the captain, referring to his watch; "however, as this seems to have been a long time brooding, and negotiation is only a waste of words—no."

"Something may possibly be said out of doors, after what passed in the other room, which renders it desirable that we should be off without delay, and quite clear of town," said Mr Westwood. "What do you say to one of the meadows opposite Twickenham, by the river-side?"

The captain saw no objection.

"Shall we join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House, and settle the exact spot when we arrive there?" said Mr Westwood.

To this the captain also assented. After a few other preliminaries, equally brief, and having settled the road each party should take to avoid suspicion, they separated.

"We shall just have comfortable time, my lord," said the captain, when he had communicated the arrangements, "to call at my rooms for a case of pistols, and then jog coolly down. If you will allow me to dismiss your servant, we'll take my cab, for yours, perhaps, might be recognised."

What a contrast, when they reached the street, to the scene they had just left! It was already daybreak. For the flaring yellow light within, was substituted the clear, bright, glorious morning; for a hot close atmosphere, tainted with the smell of expiring lamps, and reeking with the steams of riot and dissipation, the free, fresh, wholesome air. But to the fevered head on which that cool air blew, it seemed to come laden with remorse for time misspent, and countless opportunities neglected. With throbbing veins and burning skin, eyes wild and heavy, thoughts

hurried and disordered, he felt as though the light were a reproach, and shrunk involuntarily from the day, as if he were some foul and hideous thing.

“Shivering?” said the captain. “You are cold.”

“Rather.”

“It does strike cold, coming out of those hot rooms. Wrap that cloak about you. So, so; now we’re off.”

They rattled through the quiet streets, made their call at the captain’s lodgings, cleared the town, and emerged upon the open road, without hindrance or molestation.

Fields, trees, gardens, hedges, everything looked very beautiful; the young man scarcely seemed to have noticed them before, though he had passed the same objects a thousand times. There was a peace and serenity upon them all strangely at variance with the bewilderment and confusion of his own half-sobered thoughts, and yet impressive and welcome. He had no fear upon his mind; but as he looked about him he had less anger; and though all old delusions, relative to his worthless late companion, were now cleared away, he rather wished he had never known him, than thought of its having come to this.

The past night, the day before, and many other days and nights besides, all mingled themselves up in one unintelligible and senseless whirl; he could not separate the transactions of one time from those of another. Last night seemed a week ago, and months ago were as last night. Now the noise of the wheels resolved itself into some wild tune, in which he could recognise scraps of airs he knew, and now there was nothing in his ears but a stunning and bewildering sound like rushing water. But his companion rallied him on being so silent, and they talked and laughed boisterously. When they stopped he was a little surprised to find himself in the act of smoking, but on reflection he remembered when and where he had taken the cigar.

They stopped at the avenue gate and alighted, leaving the carriage to the care of the servant, who was a smart fellow, and nearly as well accustomed to such proceedings as his master. Sir Mulberry and his friend were already there, and all four walked in profound silence up the aisle of stately elm-trees, which, meeting far above

their heads, formed a long green perspective of Gothic arches, terminating like some old ruin, in the open sky.

After a pause, and a brief conference between the seconds, they at length turned to the right, and taking a track across a little meadow, passed Ham House, and came into some fields beyond. In one of these they stopped. The ground was measured, some usual forms gone through, the two principals were placed front to front at the distance agreed upon, and Sir Mulberry turned his face towards his young adversary for the first time. He was very pale—his eyes were blood-shot, his dress disordered, and his hair dishevelled—all, most probably, the consequences of the previous day and night. For the face, it expressed nothing but violent and evil passions. He shaded his eyes with his hand, gazed at his opponent steadfastly for a few moments, and then, taking the weapon which was tendered to him, bent his eyes upon that, and looked up no more until the word was given, when he instantly fired.

The two shots were fired as nearly as possible at the same instant. At that instant the young lord turned his head sharply round, fixed upon his adversary a ghastly stare, and, without a groan or stagger, fell down dead.

“He’s gone,” cried Westwood, who, with the other second, had run up to the body, and fallen on one knee beside it.

“His blood on his own head,” said Sir Mulberry. “He brought this upon himself, and forced it upon me.”

“Captain Adams,” cried Westwood, hastily, “I call you to witness that this was fairly done. Hawk, we have not a moment to lose. We must leave this place immediately, push for Brighton, and cross to France with all speed. This has been a bad business, and may be worse if we delay a moment. Adams, consult your own safety, and don’t remain here; the living before the dead—good-bye.”

With these words, he seized Sir Mulberry by the arm, and hurried him away. Captain Adams, only pausing to convince himself beyond all question of the fatal result, sped off in the same direction, to concert measures with his servant for removing the body, and securing his own safety likewise.

So died Lord Frederick Verisopht, by the hand which he had loaded with gifts and clasped a thousand times; by the act of him but for whom, and others like him, he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed.

The sun came proudly up in all his majesty, the noble river ran its winding course, the leaves quivered and rustled in the air, the birds poured their cheerful songs from every tree, the short-lived butterfly fluttered its little wings; all the light and life of day came on, and, amidst it all, and pressing down the grass, whose every blade bore twenty tiny lives, lay the dead man, with his stark and rigid face turned upwards to the sky.

71.—The Sermon of the Plough.

LATIMER.

[HUGH LATIMER, one of the great martyrs of the Reformation, was born about 1472. In one of his sermons, he says, "My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by the year at the uttermost. . . . He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now." At the time when he thus preached, he was Bishop of Worcester. Of the boldness of his preaching during the reign of Edward VI., his Sermons furnish ample evidence; and from one of the most remarkable we select the following striking passages. Upon the accession of Queen Mary, the resolute old man became one of the victims of persecution; and he was led to the stake at Oxford, with Ridley as his companion in death, on the 16th of October 1555.]

"All things which are written, are written for our erudition and knowledge. All things that are written in God's book, in the Bible book, in the book of the Holy Scripture, are written to be our doctrine." I told you in my first sermon, honourable audience, that I proposed to declare unto you two things. The one, what seed should be sown in God's field, in God's plough-land; and the other, who should be the sowers.

That is to say, what doctrine is to be taught in Christ's Church and congregation, and what men should be the teachers and preachers of it. The first part I have told you in the three ser-

mons past, in which I have essayed to set forth my plough, to prove what I could do. And now I shall tell you who be the ploughers; for God's word is a seed to be sown in God's field—that is, the faithful congregation—and the preacher is the sower. And it is in the gospel, "He that soweth, the husbandman, the ploughman, went forth to sow his seed." So that a preacher is resembled to a ploughman, as it is in another place:—"No man that putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back, is apt for the kingdom of God," (Luke ix.) That is to say, let no preacher be negligent in doing his office.

For preaching of the gospel is one of God's plough-works, and the preacher is one of God's ploughmen. Ye may not be offended with my similitude, in that I compare preaching to the labour and work of ploughing, and the preacher to a ploughman. Ye may not be offended with this my similitude, for I have been slandered of some persons for such things. But as preachers must be wary and circumspect, that they give not any just occasion to be slandered and ill-spoken of by the hearers, so must not the auditors be offended without cause. For heaven is in the gospel likened to a mustard-seed: it is compared also to a piece of leaven; and as Christ saith, that at the last day He will come like a thief; and what dishonour is this to God? Or what derogation is this to heaven? Ye may not, then, I say, be offended with my similitude, for because I liken preaching to a ploughman's labour, and a prelate to a ploughman. But now you will ask me whom I call a prelate? A prelate is that man, whatever he be, that hath a flock to be taught of him; whosoever hath any spiritual charge in the faithful congregation, and whosoever he be that hath cure of souls. And well may the preacher and the ploughman be likened together: First, for their labour of all seasons of the year; for there is no time of the year in which the ploughman hath not some special work to do. As in my country, in Leicestershire, the ploughman hath a time to set forth, and to assay his plough, and other times for other necessary works to be done. And then they also may be likened together for the diversity of works and variety of offices that they have to do. For as the ploughman first

setteth forth his plough, and then tilleth his land, and breaketh it in furrows, and sometime ridgeth it up again; and at another time narroweth it and clotteth it, and sometime dungeth it and hedgeth it, diggeth it and weedeth it, purgeth it and maketh it clean; so the prelate, the preacher, hath many diverse offices to do. He hath first a busy work to bring his parishioners to a right faith, as Paul calleth it; and not a swerving faith, but to a faith that embraceth Christ, and trusteth to His merits; a lively faith, a justifying faith; a faith that maketh a man righteous without respect of works; as ye have it very well declared and set forth in the homily. He hath then a busy work, I say, to bring his flock to a right faith, and then to confirm them in the same faith. Now casting them down with the law, and with threatenings of God for sin; now ridging them up again with the gospel, and with the promises of God's favour. Now weeding them, by telling them their faults, and making them forsake sin; now clotting them, by breaking their stony hearts, and by making them supple-hearted, and making them to have hearts of flesh—that is, soft hearts, and apt for doctrine to enter in. Now teaching to know God rightly, and to know their duty to God and their neighbours. Now exhorting them when they know their duty, that they do it, and be diligent in it; so that they have a continual work to do. Great is their business, and, therefore, great should be their hire. They have great labours, and, therefore, they ought to have good livings, that they may commodiously feed their flock for the preaching of the word of God unto the people is called meat: Scripture calleth it meat: not strawberries,* that come but once a year, and tarry not long, but are soon gone; but it is meat, it is no dainties. The people must have meat that must be familiar and continual, and daily given unto them to feed upon. Many make a strawberry of it, ministering it but once a year; but such do not the office of good prelates. For Christ saith, “Who think you is a wise and faithful servant? He that giveth meat in due time.” So that he must at all times convenient preach diligently: therefore saith He,

* This expression, which Latimer made use of to designate the non-residents of his day, who only visited their cures once a year, became proverbial.

“Who trow ye is a faithful servant?” He speaketh it as though it were a rare thing to find such a one, and as though He should say, there be but few of them to find in the world. And how few of them there be throughout this world that give meat to their flock as they should do, the visitors can best tell. Too few, too few, the more is the pity, and never so few as now.

By this, then, it appeareth that a prelate, or any that hath cure of souls, must diligently and substantially work and labour. Therefore saith Paul to Timothy, “He that desireth to have the office of a bishop, or a prelate, that man desireth a good work.” Then if it be a good work, it is work; ye can make but a work of it. It is God’s work, God’s plough, and that plough God would have still going. Such then as loiter and live idly, are not good prelates or ministers. And of such as do not preach and teach, and do their duties, God saith by His prophet Jeremy, “Cursed be the man that doeth the work of God fraudulently, guilefully, or deceitfully;” some books have it *negligenter*, negligently, or slackly. How many such prelates, how many such bishops, Lord, for Thy mercy, are there now in England? And what shall we in this case do? Shall we company with them? O Lord, for Thy mercy! shall we not company with them? O Lord, whither shall we flee from them? But “cursed be he that doth the work of God negligently or guilefully.” A sore word for them that are negligent in discharging their office, or have done it fraudulently; for that is the thing that maketh the people ill.

But now for the fault of unpreaching prelates, methink I could guess what might be said for excusing of them. They are so troubled with lordly living, they be so placed in palaces, couched in courts, ruffling in their rents, dancing in their dominions, burdened with ambassages, pampering of their paunches, like a monk that maketh his jubilee: munching in their mangers, and moiling in their gay manors and mansions, and so troubled with loitering in their lordships, that they cannot attend it. They are otherwise occupied, some in the king’s matters, some are ambassadors, some of the privy council, some to furnish the court, some are lords of the parliament, some are presidents, and some comptrollers of mints.

Well, well, is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have ministers of the Church to be comptrollers of the mints? Is this a meet office for a priest that hath cure of souls? Is this his charge? I would here ask one question: I would fain know who controlleth the devil at home in his parish, while he controlleth the mint? If the apostles might not leave the office of preaching to the deacons, shall one leave it for minting? I cannot tell you; but the saying is, that since priests have been minters, money hath been worse than it was before. And they say that the evilness of money hath made all things dearer, and in this behalf I must speak to England. "Hear, my country, England," as Paul saith in his first epistle to the Corinthians, the sixth chapter; for Paul was no sitting bishop, but a walking and preaching bishop. But when he went from them, he left there behind him the plough going still; for he wrote unto them, and rebuked them for going to law, and pleading their causes before heathen judges. "Is there," saith he, "utterly among you no wise man, to be an arbitrator in matters of judgment? What, not one of all that can judge between brother and brother; but one brother goeth to law with another, and that under heathen judges? Appoint them judges that are most abject and vile in the congregation." Which he speaketh in rebuking them; "for," saith he, "I speak it to your shame." So, England, I speak it to thy shame. Is there never a nobleman to be a lord president, but it must be a prelate? Is there never a wise man in the realm to be a comptroller of the mint? I speak it to your shame. If there be never a wise man, make a water-bearer, a tinker, a cobbler, a slave, a page, comptroller of the mint; make a mean gentleman, a groom, a yeoman, or a poor beggar, lord president!

Thus I speak, not that I would have it so; but to your shame, if there be never a gentleman meet nor able to be lord president. For why are not the noblemen and young gentlemen of England so brought up in knowledge of God, and in learning, that they may be able to execute offices in the commonweal? The king hath a great many of wards, and I trow there is a court of wards; why is there not a school for the wards, as well as there is a court for

their lands? Why are they not set in schools where they may learn? Or why are they not sent to the universities, that they may be able to serve the king when they come to age? If the wards and young gentlemen were well brought up in learning, and in the knowledge of God, they would not when they come to age, so much give themselves to other vanities. And if the nobility be well trained in godly learning, the people would follow the same train. For, truly, such as the noblemen be, such will the people be. And now, the only cause why noblemen be not made lord presidents is, because they have not been brought up in learning.

And now I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the others, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you: it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm: he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him, he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-day. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry; censuring, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing: as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than

God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him, the popish purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and His most holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as—*Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris*: "Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and unto ashes shalt thou return:" which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash Wednesday, but it must be spoken in Latin. God's Word may in no wise be translated into English.

Oh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel!

72.—Authors of a Century Ago.

SMOLLETT



DINNER OF AUTHORS AT SMOLLETT'S HOUSE

[TOBIAS SMOLLETT, whose novels will continue to be read in spite of their defects as works of art and their habitual coarseness, was the descendant of an

old Scottish family, and was born at Cardross, in 1721. He was apprenticed to a surgeon at Glasgow, and served as a surgeon's mate in a ship of the line. Many of his early adventures are supposed to be told in his "Roderick Random." He came to London in 1746, and entered upon a career of authorship which he pursued till his death in 1771. Inferior to Fielding in knowledge of character, he is equal to him in describing scenes of real life; but the poetical power, without which no work of fiction can be perfect, is wholly wanting in his writings. He had amongst his literary brethren a turmoil of controversy; and his position as the editor of the "Critical Review," gave him the opportunity which some anonymous critics know how to exercise, of gratifying his vanity and love of power with slight regard to truth and justice. He is, however, represented as a generous man, and exhibited much kindness to the needy writers by whom he was surrounded. The state of letters at that period is admirably described in a paper on Johnson, by Macaulay, which we have quoted. Smollett has painted a literary scene at his own house, in his "Humphrey Clinker," which is, perhaps, not a greatly exaggerated picture of the class of men who lived by the pen, when "the age of patronage had passed away, and the age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived."

In my last I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. "A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper," said he, "and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed that those who shine most in private company are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius. A small stock of ideas is more easily managed and sooner displayed, than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason I fancy that an assembly of grubs must be very diverting."

My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last. He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town, and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, pork, punch, and Calvert's entire butt-beer. He has

fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received, in a plain yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship, either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

At two in the afternoon I found myself one of ten messmates seated at table; and I question if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped, though, as Ivy told me, the first was noted for having a seaman's eye when a bailiff was in the wind, and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because once in his life he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden; and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting: yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction; when spoken to, he always answered from the purpose; sometimes he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath—sometimes he burst out a laughing—then he folded his arms and sighed—and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

At first I really thought he was mad, and, as he sat near me,

began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me aloud that I had nothing to fear.—“The gentleman,” said he, “is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified—if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad. His spirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy.”—“’Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-ever,” observed a person in a tarnished laced coat; “aff-affected m-madness w-will p-pass for w-wit, w-with nine-nine-téen out of t-twenty.”—“And affected stuttering for humour,” replied our landlord; “though, God knows, there is no affinity between them.” It seems this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expense of genius; and that imperfection which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual that he could not lay it aside.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S——, because he looked and talked, and eat and drank, like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice:—Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S——, at last gave him to understand by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person; that, if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to the press; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S—— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil’s panegyric as, in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil, having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S—— by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity

in S——'s conduct on this occasion that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend, Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand that most of them were, or had been, under-strappers or journeymen to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialogues were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel.

We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for, as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, that there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miscarry. Some droll repartees passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, had made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but in the mean time he has been presented to the grand-jury as a public nuisance, for having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of My Lord Potato. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or

pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of *your lordship* with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garreteer as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the Cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance but the bare title of *my lord*, and the upper part of the table at the potato ordinary in Shoe Lane.

Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, entitled "The Balance of the English Poets," a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegances of the English language. The sage who laboured under the *ἀγροφοβία*, or *horror of green fields*, had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though in fact he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice pudding he had ever ate.

The stutterer had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term time, with a tipstaff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

After dinner we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr S—— gave a short separate audience to every individual, in a small remote filbert walk, from whence most of them dropped off one after another, without further ceremony; but they were replaced by fresh recruits of the same class, who came to make an afternoon's visit; and, among others, a spruce bookseller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots, with massy spurs of plate. It was not without reason that this midwife of the muses used to exercise on horseback, for he was too fat to walk afoot, and he underwent some sarcasms from Tim Cropdale, on his unwieldy size and inaptitude for motion. Birkin, who took umbrage at this poor author's petulance, in presuming to joke upon a man so much richer than himself, told him he was not so unwieldy but that he could move the Marshalsea court for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very speedily come and settle accounts with him respecting the expense of publishing his last Ode to the King of Prussia, of which he had sold but three, and one of them was to Whitefield the Methodist. Tim affected to receive this intimation with good humour, saying he expected in a post or two, from Potsdam, a poem of thanks from his Prussian majesty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin; but, in the meantime, he proposed that Mr Birkin and he should run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drunk at Ashley's in the evening, and he would run boots against stockings. The bookseller, who valued himself upon his mettle, was persuaded to accept the challenge, and he forthwith resigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad representation of Captain Pistol in the play.

Everything being adjusted, they started together with great impetuosity, and, in the second round, Birkin had clearly the advantage, *larding the lean earth as he puffed along*. Cropdale had no mind to contest the victory further, but in a twinkling disappeared through the back door of the garden, which opened into a private lane that had communication with the high road. The spectators immediately began to halloo, "Stole away!" and

Birkin set off in pursuit of him with great eagerness; but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lane, when a thorn, running into his foot, sent him hopping back again into the garden roaring with pain, and swearing with vexation. When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to surgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming, "Sure, the fellow won't be such a rogue as to run clear away with my boots!" Our landlord, having reconnoitred the shoes he had left, which indeed hardly deserved that name, "Pray," said he, "Mr Birkin, wasn't your boots made of calf skin?" "Calf skin or cow skin," replied the other, "I'll find a slip of sheep skin that will do his business. I lost twenty pounds by his farce, which you persuaded me to buy. I am out of pocket five pounds by his d—d ode; and now this pair of boots, bran new, cost me thirty shillings as per receipt. But this affair of the boots is felony—transportation. I'll have the dog indicted at the Old Bailey—I will, Mr S——. I will be revenged, even though I should lose my debt in consequence of his conviction."

Mr S—— said nothing at present, but accommodated him with a pair of shoes, then ordered his servant to rub him down, and comfort him with a glass of rum punch, which seemed in a great measure to cool the rage of his indignation. "After all," said our landlord, "this is no more than a humbug in the way of wit, though it deserves a more respectable epithet when considered as an effort of invention. Tim being, I suppose, out of credit with the cordwainer, fell upon this ingenious expedient to supply the want of shoes, knowing that Mr Birkin, who loves humour, would himself relish the joke upon a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his wit, which he has exercised upon all his friends in their turns. He once borrowed my pony for five or six days to go to Salisbury, and sold him in Smithfield at his return. This was a joke of such a serious nature, that, in the first transports of my passion, I had some thoughts of prosecuting him for horse-stealing; and even when my resentment had, in some measure subsided, as he industriously avoided me, I vowed I would take satisfaction on his ribs with the first opportunity. One day, seeing

him at some distance in the street, coming towards me, I began to prepare my cane for action, and walked in the shadow of a porter, that he might not perceive me soon enough to make his escape; but, in the very instant I had lifted up the instrument of correction, I found Tim Cropdale metamorphosed into a miserable blind wretch, feeling his way with a long stick from post to post, and rolling about two bald unlighted orbs, instead of eyes. I was exceedingly shocked at having so narrowly escaped the concern and disgrace that would have attended such a misapplication of vengeance; but next day Tim prevailed upon a friend of mine to come and solicit my forgiveness, and offer his note, payable in six weeks, for the price of the pony. This gentleman gave me to understand, that the blind man was no other than Cropdale, who, having seen me advancing, and, guessing my intent, had immediately converted himself into the object aforesaid. I was so diverted at the ingenuity of the evasion, that I agreed to pardon the offence, refusing his note, however, that I might keep a prosecution for felony hanging over his head, as a security for his future good behaviour; but Timothy would by no means trust himself in my hands till the note was accepted. Then he made his appearance at my door as a blind beggar, and imposed in such a manner upon my man, who had been his old acquaintance and pot-companion, that the fellow threw the door in his face, and even threatened to give him the bastinado. Hearing a noise in the hall, I went thither, and, immediately recollecting the figure I had passed in the street, accosted him by his own name, to the unspeakable astonishment of the footman.

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well as another; but asked if any of the company could tell where Mr Cropdale lodged, that he might send him a proposal about restitution, before the boots should be made away with. "I would willingly give him a pair of new shoes," said he, "and half-a-guinea into the bargain, for the boots, which fitted me like a glove, and I shan't be able to get the fellows of them till the good weather for riding is over." The stuttering wit declared, that the only secret which Cropdale ever kept was the place of his lodgings; but he believed that, during

the heats of summer, he commonly took his repose upon a bulk. "Confound him!" cried the bookseller, "he might as well have taken my whip and spurs: in that case, he might have been tempted to steal another horse, and then he would have rid to the devil of course."

After coffee, I took my leave of Mr S——, with proper acknowledgments of his civility, and was extremely well pleased with the entertainment of the day, though not yet satisfied with respect to the nature of this connexion betwixt a man of character in the literary world and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head, I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who answered me to this effect:—"One would imagine S—— had some view to his own interest, in giving countenance and assistance to those people whom he knows to be bad men as well as bad writers; but, if he has any such view, he will find himself disappointed, for, if he is so vain as to imagine he can make them subservient to his schemes of profit or ambition, they are cunning enough to make him their property in the meantime. There is not one of the company you have seen to-day (myself excepted) who does not owe him particular obligations. One of them he bailed out of a spunging-house, and afterwards paid the debt; another he translated into his family and clothed, when he was turned out half naked from jail, in consequence of an act for the relief of insolvent debtors; a third, who was reduced to a woollen nightcap, and lived upon sheep's trotters, up three pair of stairs backward, in Butcher Row, he took into present pay and free quarters, and enabled him to appear as a gentleman, without having the fear of sheriff's officers before his eyes. Those who are in distress he supplies with money when he has it, and with his credit when he is out of cash. When they want business, he either finds employment for them in his own service, or recommends them to booksellers, to execute some project he has formed for their subsistence. They are always welcome to his table, (which, though plain, is plentiful,) and to his good offices as far as they will go; and, when they see occasion, they make use of

his name with the most petulant familiarity; nay, they do not even scruple to arrogate to themselves the merit of some of his performances, and have been known to sell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain. The Scotchman you saw at dinner once personated him at an alehouse in West Smithfield, and, in the character of S——, had his head broke by a cow-keeper, for having spoken disrespectfully of the Christian religion; but he took the law of him in his own person, and the assailant was fair to give him ten pounds to withdraw his action."

I have dwelt so long upon authors, that you will perhaps suspect I intend to enrol myself among the fraternity; but, if I were actually qualified for the profession, it is at best but a desperate resource against starving, as it affords no provision for old age and infirmity. Salmon, at the age of fourscore, is now in a garret, compiling matter at a guinea a sheet for a modern historian, who, in point of age, might be his grandchild; and Psalmanazar, after having drudged half a century in the literary world, in all the simplicity and abstinence of an Asiatic, subsists upon the charity of a few booksellers, just sufficient to keep him from the parish. I think Guy, who was himself a bookseller, ought to have appropriated one wing or ward of his hospital to the use of decayed authors; though, indeed, there is neither hospital, college, nor workhouse, within the bills of mortality, large enough to contain the poor of this society, composed, as it is, of the refuse of every other profession.

73.—Birds.

THE cuckoo—the “plain-song cuckoo” of Bottom the weaver—the “blithe new-comer,” the “darling of the spring,” the “blessed bird” of Wordsworth, the “beauteous stranger of the grove,” the “messenger of spring” of Logan, the cuckoo coming hither from distant lands to insinuate its egg into the sparrow’s nest, and to fly away again with its fledged ones after their cheating nursing-time is over, little knows what a favourite is her note with school-boys and poets. Wordsworth’s lines to the cuckoo—

“O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice”—

are familiar to all. The charming little poem of Logan, which preceded Wordsworth's, is not so well known :—

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove ;
 Thou messenger of spring !
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
 Thy certain voice we hear ;
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
 Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
 I hail the time of flowers,
 And hear the sound of music sweet
 From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wand'ring through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts the new voice of spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
 Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear !
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

LOGAN.

The swallow has been another favourite of the poets, even from the days of the Greek Anacreon :—

Once in each revolving year,
 Gentle bird ! we find thee here ;
 When nature wears her summer vest,
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest ;
 But when the chilling winter lowers,
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
 Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
 Where sunny hours of verdure smile.

And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
 Alas! unlike the plumed loves
 That linger in this helpless breast,
 And never, never change their nest!

ANACREON, translated by MOORE.

But "the bird of all birds" is the nightingale. Drummond of Hawthorn-den, though he never heard the "jug-jug" in his northern clime, has left a beautiful tribute to this noblest of songsters:—

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
 Of winters past or coming, void of care,
 Well pleased with delights which present are,
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee He did not spare :
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers,
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
 (Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
 Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven,
 Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
 To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays. DRUMMOND.

Milton came after Drummond, with his sonnet to the nightingale:—

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May!

In the "Il Penseroso," the poet, *dramatically* speaking, addresses the nightingale:—

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly
 Most musical, most melancholy!

The *general* propriety of the epithet has been controverted in one of the most delightful pieces of blank verse in our language:—

No cloud, no relic of the sunken day
 Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
 Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
 Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge.
 You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
 But hear no murmuring : it flows silently
 O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still :
 A balmy night ! and though the stars be dim,
 Yet let us think upon the vernal showers

That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
 A pleasure in the dimness of the stars,
 And hark! the nightingale begins its songs,
 "Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
 A melancholy bird! Oh, idle thought!
 In nature there is nothing melancholy.
 But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
 With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
 Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
 (And so, poor wretch! fill'd all things with himself,
 And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
 Of his own sorrow)—he, and such as he,
 First named these notes a melancholy strain,
 And many a poet echoes the conceit;
 Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
 When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
 Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
 By sun or moon light, to the influxes
 Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements
 Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
 And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
 Should share in Nature's immortality,
 A venerable thing! and so his song
 Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
 Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
 And youths and maidens most poetical,
 Who lose the deepening twilights of the spring
 In ballrooms and hot theatres, they still,
 Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
 O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou, our sister! we have learnt
 A different lore: we may not thus profane
 Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
 And joyance! 'Tis the merry nightingale
 That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
 With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
 As he were fearful that an April night
 Would be too short for him to utter forth
 His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
 Of all its music!

And I know a grove
 Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
 Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
 This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
 And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,

Thin grass, and king-cups, grow within the paths.
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many nightingales; and far and near,
 In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
 They answer and provoke each other's songs
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug,
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
 Stirring the air with such a harmony,
 That should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,
 Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
 You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
 Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
 Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
 Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,
 Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
 Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
 (Even like a lady vow'd and dedicate
 To something more than Nature in the grove)
 Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes
 That gentle maid! and oft a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence, till the moon,
 Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
 With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
 Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
 As if some sudden gale had swept at once
 A hundred airy harps! And she hath watch'd
 Many a nightingale perch'd giddily
 On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
 And to that motion tune his wanton song
 Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

COLERIDGE.

But the *chorus* of birds, the full harmony of the grove, is the great charm of a sunny spring-time. Old Drayton has made his rough verse musical with the ever-varied songs of the leafy Arden:—

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
 No sooner does the earth her flowery bosom brave,
 At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
 But "hunt's up" to the morn the feathered sylvans sing:
 And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole

Those quiristers are perch'd, with many a speckled breast.
 Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring East
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the numerous night
 Bespangled had with pearl to please the morning's sight:
 On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
 That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
 Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
 The throstle, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
 T' awake the lustless sun; or chiding that so long
 He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill
 The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;
 As nature him had mark'd of purpose to let see
 That from all other birds his tunes should different be,
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May:
 Upon this dulcet pipe the merle doth only play!
 When, in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw;
 And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
 They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night.
 (The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
 As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
 To Philomel, the next the linnet we prefer;
 And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark, place we then
 The reed-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the wren.
 The yellow-pate, which, though she hurt the blooming tree,
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
 And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
 That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
 The tydy from her notes as delicate as they,
 The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay;
 The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
 Thus sing away the morn, until the mountain sun
 Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
 And through the twisted-tops of our close covert creeps,
 To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.—DRAYTON.

Wordsworth holds, and with a deep philosophy, that the language of birds
 is the expression of pleasure. Let those whose hearts are attuned to peace, in
 listening to this language, not forget the poet's moral:—

I heard a thousand blended notes,
 While in a grove I sat reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
 The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ;
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd—
 Their thoughts I cannot measure—
 But the least motion which they made,
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man ?

WORDSWORTH.

We may fitly conclude this selection with Shelley's exquisite ode to the
 "Skylark:"

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated
 art.

Higher still and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring
 ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,

O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
 Thou dost float and run :
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is
 just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight,
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy
 shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,

Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is
 there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and
 heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain
 of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it
 heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which over-
 flows her bower.

Like a glowworm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering un beholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which
 screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these
 heavy-wing'd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass;
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music
 doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so
 divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Match'd with thine would be all
 But as empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some
 hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what
 ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad
 satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream.
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a
 crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught:
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell
 of saddest thought.

<p>Yet if we could scorn Hate, and pride, and fear— If we were things born Not to shed a tear, I know not how thy joys we ever should come near. Better than all measures Of delightful sound, Better than all treasures</p>	<p>That in books are found, Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! Teach me half the gladness That thy brain must know, Such harmonious madness From my lips would flow, The world should listen then, as I am listening now.</p>
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SHELLEY.

74.—Poor Richard.

DR FRANKLIN.

[WE give a paper by the celebrated Dr Franklin, which has been perhaps as much read as anything ever written, but which may be new to many of our younger readers. It has been often printed under the name of "The Way to Wealth;" but we scarcely know at the present time where to find it, except in the large collection of the author's works. "Poor Richard" was the title of an almanac which Franklin published for twenty-five years, when he was a printer in America, and the sayings in the following paper are extracted from those almanacs. His subsequent career as a man of science and a statesman exhibits what may be accomplished by unwearied industry and a vigilant exercise of the reasoning powers. The great characteristics of Franklin were perseverance, temperance, and common sense. There have been many higher minds, but few more formed for practical utility. Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston in 1706; he died in 1790.]

Courteous Reader,

I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If

you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; 'for a word to the wise is enough,' as poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy; and, if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more: sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright,' as poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,' as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep; forgetting that 'the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as poor Richard says.

"'If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,' as poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose, so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy, and he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as poor Richard says.

“So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. ‘Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands for I have no lands,’ or if I have, they are smartly taxed. ‘He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour,’ as poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for ‘at the working man’s house Hunger looks in but dares not enter.’ Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for ‘industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.’ What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left a legacy, ‘Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.’ Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. ‘One to-day is worth two to-morrows,’ as poor Richard says; and farther, ‘Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.’ If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. ‘Handle your tools without mittens;’ remember that ‘the cat in gloves catches no mice,’ as poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for ‘Constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.’

“Methinks I hear some of you say, ‘Must a man afford himself no leisure?’ I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard says: ‘Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.’ Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, ‘A life of leisure

and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift: and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow.'

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others, for, as poor Richard says—

'I never saw an oft removed tree,
Nor yet an oft removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.'

"And again, 'Three removes are as bad as a fire;' and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go; if not, send;' and again—

'He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

And again, 'The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands;' and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;' and again, 'Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, 'In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;' but a man's own care is profitable, for 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost,' being overtaken and slain by the enemy: all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, 'keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;' and—

‘Many estates are spent in the getting,
 Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
 And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.’

‘If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her out-goes are greater than her in-comes.’

‘Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for—

‘Women and wine, game and deceit,
 Make the wealth small, and the want great.’

And farther, ‘What maintains one vice, would bring up two children.’ You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, ‘Many a little makes a mickle.’ Beware of little expenses; ‘A small leak will sink a great ship,’ as poor Richard says; and again, ‘Who dainties love, shall beggars prove; and, moreover, ‘Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.’ Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard says, ‘Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.’ And again, ‘At a great pennyworth pause a while;’ he means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, ‘Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.’ Again, ‘It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;’ and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families; ‘Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,’ as poor Richard says. These

are not the necessaries of life ; they can scarcely be called the conveniences ; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them ! By these and other extravagances, the greatest are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing ; in which case it appears plainly, that ‘ A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,’ as poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of ; they think, ‘ It is day, and will never be night ;’ that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding ; but ‘ Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,’ as poor Richard says ; and then ‘ When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.’ But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. ‘ If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some ; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,’ as Poor Richard says ; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

‘ Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse ;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.’

And again, ‘ Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.’ When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece ; but poor Dick says, ‘ It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.’ And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

‘ Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.’

It is, however, a folly soon punished ; for, as poor Richard says, ‘ Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt ; Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.’ And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered ? It cannot promote health,

nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

“But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months’ credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying; for ‘The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,’ as Poor Richard says: and again, to the same purpose, ‘Lying rides upon debt’s back;’ whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. ‘It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.’ What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, ‘Creditors have better memories than debtors: creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of days and times.’ The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. ‘Those have a short Lent, who owe money to

be paid at Easter.' At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

'For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says: so, 'Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.'

'Get what you can, and what you get hold,
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And, when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this, 'They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped:' and further, that, 'If you will not hear reason, she will surely wrap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanack, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any

one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine,—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

75.—Of Great Place.

BACON.

MEN in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state; servants of fame; and servants of business. So as they have no freedom, neither in their persons; nor in their actions; nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power, and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious; and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base: and by indignities, men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing: *Cum non sis, qui fueris, non esse, cur velis vivere?** Nay, retire men cannot when they would; neither will they when it were reason: but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow; like old townsmen that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn. Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it; but if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would fain be as they are, then they are happy, as it were by report, when perhaps they find the contrary within. For they are the first that

* Since you are no longer what you were, there is no reason why you should desire to live as a nonentity.

find their own griefs ; though they be the last that find their own faults. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves ; and while they are in the push of business, they have no time to tend their health, either of body or mind. *Illi mors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.** In place, there is licence to do good and evil ; whereof the latter is a curse ; for in evil the best condition is not to will ; the second, not to care. But power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts, (though God accept them,) yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act, and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. Merit and good works is the end of man's motion ; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. *Et conversus Deus, ut aspiceret opera, quæ fecerunt manus suæ, vidit quod omnia essent bond nimis ;†* and then the Sabbath. In the discharge of thy place set before thee the best examples ; for imitation is a globe of precepts. And after a time set before thee thine own example ; and examine thyself strictly whether thou didst not best at first. Neglect not also the examples of those that have carried themselves ill in the same place ; not to set off thyself by taxing their memory, but to direct thyself what to avoid. Reform, therefore, without bravery or scandal of former times and persons ; but yet, set it down to thyself as well to create good precedents, as to follow them. Reduce things to the first institution, and observe wherein and how they have degenerate, but yet ask counsel of both times ; of the ancient time what is best ; and of the latter time what is fittest. Seek to make thy course regular, that men may know beforehand what they may expect ; but be not too positive and peremptory ; and express thyself well when thou digressest from thy rule. Preserve the right of thy place, but stir

* Death is a severe infliction on him who dies well-known to others, and unknown to himself.

† And when God turned to behold all the works which His hand had made, He saw that they were very good.

not questions of jurisdiction. And rather assume thy right in silence, and *de facto*, than voice it with claims and challenges. Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honour to direct in chief, than to be busy in all. Embrace and invite helps and advices touching the execution of thy place, and do not drive away such as bring thee information, as meddlers, but accept of them in good part. The vices of authority are chiefly four: delays, corruption, roughness, and facility. For delays; give easy access, keep times appointed, go through with that which is in hand, and interlace not business but of necessity. For corruption; do not only bind thine own hands, as thy servants' hands, from taking, but bind the hands of suitors also from offering. For integrity used doth the one; but integrity professed, and with a manifest detestation of bribery, doth the other. And avoid not only the fault, but the suspicion. Whosoever is found variable, and changeth manifestly without manifest cause, giveth suspicion of corruption. Therefore, always, when thou changest thine opinion or course, profess it plainly, and declare it, together with the reasons that move thee to change, and do not think to steal it. A servant or a favourite if he be inward, and no other apparent cause of esteem, is commonly thought but a by-way to close corruption. For roughness; it is a needless cause of discontent; severity breedeth fear, but roughness breedeth hate. Even reproofs from authority ought to be grave, and not taunting. As for facility; it is worse than bribery. For bribes come but now and then, but if importunity or idle respects lead a man, he shall never be without. As Solomon saith, "To respect persons is not good, for such a man will transgress for a piece of bread." It is most true that was anciently spoken; a place showeth the man; and it showeth some to the better, and some to the worse. "*Omnium consensu capax Imperii, nisi imperasset,*"* saith Tacitus of Galba; but of Vespasian he saith, "*Solus Imperantium Vespasianus mutatus in melius;*"† though the one was meant of

* He would have been universally deemed fit for empire if he had never reigned.

† Vespasian was the only emperor who was changed for the better by his accession.

sufficiency, the other of manners and affection. It is an assured sign of a worthy and generous spirit whom honour amends. For honour is, or should be, the place of virtue. And as in nature things move violently to their places, and calmly in their place; so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self, whilst he is in the rising; and to balance himself, when he is placed. Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly and tenderly; for if thou dost not, it is a debt will sure be paid when thou art gone. If thou have colleagues, respect them, and rather call them, when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible, or too remembering of thy place, in conversation, and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, when he sits in place, he is another man.

76.—Civilisation.

GUIZOT.

[WE have translated the following broad view of Civilisation from M. Guizot's "Histoire Générale de la Civilisation en Europe." Of that remarkable volume there is a very good translation—as also of the "History of Civilisation in France"—by Mr W. Hazlitt, the son of the eminent critic. M. Guizot was born at Nismes in 1787; was a journalist in the time of Napoleon, and was wholly devoted to literature till 1816. He then became distinguished as a politician; and was Prime Minister of France when the Revolution of 1848 hurled Louis Philippe from the throne. He is once more a private man—happier perhaps, and as useful.]

The term *civilisation* has been used for a long period of time, and in many countries: ideas more or less limited, more or less comprehensive, are attached to it, but still it is adopted and understood. It is the sense of this word, the general, human, and popular sense, that we must study. There is almost always more truth in the usual acceptation of general terms, than in the apparently more precise and hard definitions of science. Common

sense has given to words their ordinary signification, and common sense is the genius of mankind. The ordinary signification of a word is formed step by step in connexion with facts; as a fact occurs, which appears to come within the sense of a known term, it is received as such, so to speak, naturally; the sense of the term becomes enlarged and extended, and by degrees the different facts, and different ideas which in virtue of the nature of the things themselves, men ought to class under this word, become in fact so classed. When the sense of a word, on the other hand, is determined by science, this determination, the work of one individual, or of a small number of persons, originates under the influence of some particular fact which has struck upon their minds. Therefore scientific definitions are generally much more limited, and from that alone, much less true in the main than the popular sense of terms. In studying as a fact the meaning of the word *civilisation*, in seeking out all the ideas that are comprehended within the term, according to the common sense of man, we shall make more advances in the knowledge of the fact itself than if we ourselves attempted to give to it a scientific definition, though that definition might at first appear more precise and clear.

To begin this investigation, I shall endeavour to place before you some hypotheses; I shall describe a certain number of states of society, and then we will see if common instinct can point out the civilised state of society, the state which exemplifies the meaning that mankind naturally attaches to the term *civilisation*.

Suppose a people whose external life is pleasant and easy; they pay few taxes, they have no hardships; justice is well administered in all private relations; in a word, material existence, taken as a whole, is well and happily regulated. But at the same time the intellectual and moral existence of this people is carefully kept in a state of torpor and sluggishness—I do not say, of oppression, because that feeling does not exist among them, but of compression. This state of things is not without example. There have been a great number of small aristocratic republics where the people have been thus treated like flocks, well attended and cor-

poreally happy, but without intellectual and moral activity. Is this civilisation? Is this a people civilising itself?

Here is another hypothesis. Suppose a people whose material existence is less easy, less agreeable, but endurable nevertheless. In compensation, their moral and intellectual wants have not been neglected; a certain amount of mental food is distributed to them; pure and elevated sentiments are cultivated among this people; their moral and religious opinions have attained a certain degree of development; but great care is taken to extinguish the principle of liberty; satisfaction is given to intellectual and moral wants, as elsewhere to material wants; to each is given his portion of truth, no one is permitted to seek it by himself. Immobility is the character of the moral life; this is the state into which the greater part of the populations of Asia have fallen, where theocratical dominion holds back humanity: this is the condition of the Hindoos, for example. I ask the same question as about the preceding people: is this a people civilising itself?

I will now completely change the nature of the hypothesis. Imagine a people among whom there is a great display of some individual liberties, but among whom disorder and inequality are excessive: strength and chance have the dominion; every one, if he is not strong, is oppressed, suffers, and perishes; violence is the ruling character of the social state. Everybody is aware that Europe has passed through this state. Is it a civilised state? It may doubtless contain the principles of civilisation which will develop themselves by degrees, but the acting principle of such a society is not, unquestionably, what the judgment of men calls civilisation.

I take a fourth and last hypothesis. The liberty of each individual is very great; inequality between them is rare, or, at least, very transient. Every one does nearly what he likes, and in power differs little from his neighbour; but there are very few general interests, very few public ideas, in a word, very little sociability: the faculties and existence of each individual come forth and flow on in isolation, without one influencing the other, and without leaving any trace behind; successive generations leave

society at the same point at which they found it. This is the condition of savage tribes; liberty and equality exist, and yet, most certainly, civilisation does not.

I could multiply these hypotheses; but I think I have brought forward sufficient to elucidate the popular and natural meaning of the word *civilisation*.

It is clear that neither of the conditions I have just sketched answers, according to the natural and right understanding of men, to this term. Why not? It appears to me that the first fact which is comprehended in the word *civilisation* (and this is the result of the various examples I have placed before you) is the fact of progress, of development; it immediately gives the idea of a people, going on, not to change its place, but to change its condition; of a people whose condition becomes extended and ameliorated.³ The idea of progression, of development, seems to me to be the fundamental idea contained in the word *civilisation*.

What is this progression? What is this development? Here lies the greatest difficulty we have to encounter.

The etymology of the word seems to answer in a clear and satisfactory manner, it tells us that it means the perfecting of civil life, the development of society properly so called, of the relations of men among themselves.

Such is in fact the first idea that offers itself to the minds of men, when they utter the word *civilisation*: they directly think of the extension, the greatest activity, and the best organisation of all social relations; on one hand, an increasing production of means of power and prosperity in society; on the other, a more equal distribution, among individuals, of the power and prosperity produced.

Is this all? Have we exhausted the natural and common meaning of the word *civilisation*? Does it contain nothing more?

This is almost as if we asked: is the human species after all merely an ant-hill, a society where it is merely a question of order and prosperity, where the greater the amount of work done, and

the more equitable the division of the fruits of that work, the more the aim is attained, and the progress accomplished?

The instinct of men repels so limited a definition of human destiny. It appears, at the first view, that the word *civilisation* comprehends something more extended, more complex, superior to the mere perfection of social relations, of social power, and prosperity.

Facts, public opinion, the generally received meaning of the term, agree with this instinct.

Take Rome in the prosperous time of the Republic, after the second Punic war, at the moment of her greatest power, when she was marching to the conquest of the world, when her social state was evidently progressing. Then take Rome under Augustus, at the time when her fall commenced, at least when the progressive movement of society was arrested, when evil principles were on the point of prevailing. Yet there is no one who does not think and does not say that the Rome of Augustus was more civilised than the Rome of Fabricius or of Cincinnatus.

Let us go elsewhere; let us take the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries: it is evident, in a social point of view, that as to the amount and distribution of prosperity among individuals, the France of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was inferior to some other countries of Europe, to Holland, and to England, for example. I think that in Holland and in England social activity was greater, was increasing more rapidly, and distributing its fruits better than in France. Yet, consult the judgment of men; that will tell you that France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was the civilised country of Europe. Europe has not hesitated in answering this question. We find traces of this public opinion respecting France in all the monuments of European literature.

We could point out many other states where prosperity is greater, increases more rapidly, and is better divided among individuals than elsewhere, and yet where, by spontaneous instinct, in the judgment of men, the civilisation is considered inferior to

that of other countries whose purely social relations are not so well regulated.

What is to be said? What do these countries possess, what gives them this privileged right to the name of civilised, which compensates so largely, in the opinion of men, for what they want in other respects?

Another development, besides that of social life, is in them strikingly manifested; the development of individual life, of internal life, the development of man himself, of his faculties, of his sentiments, of his ideas. If society is more imperfect than elsewhere, humanity appears with more grandeur and power. There remain many social conquests to make, but immense intellectual and moral conquests are accomplished; many men stand in need of many benefits and many rights; but many great men live and shine before the world. Literature, science, and the arts display all their splendour. Wherever mankind sees these great types, these glorified images of human nature shining, wherever he sees this treasury of sublime enjoyments progressing, then he recognises it as, and calls it, civilisation.

Two facts, then, are comprised in this great fact: it subsists on two conditions, and shows itself by two symptoms; the development of social activity, and of individual activity, the progress of society, and the progress of humanity. Wherever the external condition is extended, vivified, and ameliorated, wherever the internal nature of man displays itself with brilliancy and grandeur; by these two signs, and often in spite of the profound imperfection of the social state, mankind applauds and proclaims civilisation.

Such is, if I am not mistaken, the result of the simple, purely rational examination of the general opinion of men. If we consult history, properly so called, if we examine the nature of the grand crises of civilisation, of those facts which, as acknowledged by all, have caused a great step in civilisation, we always recognise one or other of the two elements I have just described. It has always been crises of individual or social development; always facts which have changed the internal man, his faith, his manners, or his external condition, his situation

in his relations with his fellows. Christianity, for example—I do not say merely at the time of its first appearance, but in the earlier centuries of its existence—Christianity did not in any way influence the social state; it openly announced that it would not interfere with that; it ordered the slave to obey his master: it attacked none of the great evils, the great injustices of the society of that period. Notwithstanding this, who will deny that Christianity has been since then a great crisis of civilisation? Why? Because it has changed the internal man, his creeds and sentiments, because it has regenerated the moral and intellectual man.

77.—The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

BROWNING.

[THE author of the following "Child's Story," as he calls it, is one of the most original poets of our time. He has a wonderful power of versification,—and qualities even higher. But his depth of thought often goes into the obscure;—and as his poetry is mainly suggestive, and consequently makes large demands on the imagination of the reader, Mr Browning can scarcely be called popular, though he has, most deservedly, a large body of admirers. The story of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin" did not spring from the poet's invention, but, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was a legend firmly believed throughout Germany. It is thus told by James Howell, in one of his interesting letters bearing the date of 1643:—"The town of Hamelin was annoyed with rats and mice; and it chanced that a pied-coated piper came thither, who covenanted with the chief burghers for such a reward, if he could free them quite from the said vermin, nor would he demand it till a twelvemonth and a day after. The agreement being made, he began to play on his pipes, and all the rats and the mice followed him to a great sough hard by, where they all perished, so the town was infested no more. At the end of the year, the pied piper returned for his reward, the burghers put him off with slights and neglect, offering him some small matter, which he, refusing, and staying some days in the town, on Sunday morning at high mass, when most people were at church, he fell to play on his pipes, and all the children up and down, followed him out of the town, to a great hill not far off, which rent in two and opened, and let him and the children in, and so closed up again. This happened a matter of two hundred and fifty years since, and in that town they date their bills and bonds and other instruments in law, to this day from the year of the going out of their children. Besides there is a great pillar of stone at the foot of the said hill, whereon this story is engraven."]

I.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.
Rats !

II.

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the town hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking

To find the remedy we 're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sate in council,
 At length the Mayor broke silence :
 " For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
 I wish I were a mile hence !
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !"
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
 " Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what 's that ?"
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat ;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous,)
 " Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !"

V.

" Come in !" the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
 And in did come the strangest figure.
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire :
Quoth one : “ It ’s as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone.”

VI.

He advanced to the council-table :
And, “ Please your honours,” said he, “ I ’m able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same check ;
And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
“ Yet,” said he, “ poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats :
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ?”

“One? fifty thousand!”—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, “ At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe :
 And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;
 And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery,
 Is breathed) called out, O rats, rejoice !

The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
 To munch or crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon !
 And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, come, bore me !
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rock'd the steeple ;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles !
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes !
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats !"—when suddenly up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market place,
 With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders !"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For Council dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something to drink,
 And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
 I've promised to visit by dinner-time
 Bagdad, and accept the prime
 Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
 With him I proved no bargain-driver—
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser roll'd its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,

And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.

“ He never can cross that mighty top!

He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop !”

When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.

Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say—

“ It's dull in our town since my playmates left ;

I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me ;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,

And everything was strange and new ;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,

And honey-bees had lost their stings ;

And horses were born with eagle's wings ;

And just as I became assured

My lame foot would be speedily cured,

The music stopped and I stood still,

And found myself outside the Hill,

Left alone against my will,

To go now limping as before,

And never hear of that country more !”

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south
To offer the Piper by word or mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
 And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

 78.—To all Readers.

BISHOP HALL.

I grant brevity, where it is neither obscure nor defective, is very pleasing, even to the daintiest judgments. No marvel, therefore, if most men desire much good counsel in a narrow room; as some affect to have great personages drawn in little tablets, or as we see worlds of countries described in the compass of small maps. Neither do I unwillingly yield to follow them; for both the powers of good advice are the stronger when they are thus united, and brevity makes counsel more portable for memory and readier for use. Take these therefore for more; which as I would fain practise, so am I willing to commend. Let us begin with Him who is the first and last; inform yourself aright concerning God; without whom, in vain do we know all things: be acquainted with that Saviour of yours, which paid so much for you on earth, and now sues for you in heaven; without whom we have nothing to do with God, nor He with us. Adore Him

in your thoughts, trust Him with yourself: renew your sight of Him every day, and His of you. Overlook these earthly things; and, when you do at any time cast your eyes upon heaven, think there dwells my Saviour, there I shall be. Call yourself to often reckonings; cast up your debts, payments, graces, wants, expenses, employments; yield not to think your set devotions troublesome; take not easy denials from yourself; yea, give peremptory denials to yourself: he can never be any good that flatters himself: hold nature to her allowance; and let your will stand at courtesy: happy is that man which hath obtained to be the master of his own heart. Think all God's outward favours and provisions the best for you: your own ability and actions the meanest. Suffer not your mind to be either a drudge or a wanton; exercise it ever, but overlay it not: in all your businesses, look, through the world, at God; whatsoever is your level, let Him be your scope: every day take a view of your last: and think either it is this or may be: offer not yourself either to honour or labour, let them both seek you: care you only to be worthy, and you cannot hide you from your God. So frame yourself to the time and company, that you may neither serve it nor sullenly neglect it; and yield so far as you may neither betray goodness nor countenance evil. Let your words be few and digested; it is a shame for the tongue to cry the heart mercy, much more to cast itself upon the uncertain pardon of others' ears. There are but two things which a Christian is charged to buy, and not to sell, Time and Truth; both so precious, that we must purchase them at any rate. So use your friends, as those which should be perpetual, may be changeable. While you are within yourself, there is no danger: but thoughts once uttered must stand to hazard. Do not hear from yourself what you would be loath to hear from others. In all good things, give the eye and ear the full scope, for they let into the mind: restrain the tongue, for it is a spender. Few men have repented them of silence. In all serious matters take counsel of days, and nights, and friends; and let leisure ripen your purposes: neither hope to gain aught by suddenness. The first thoughts may be confident, the second are wiser. Serve

honesty ever, though without apparent wages: she will pay sure, if slow. As in apparel, so in actions, know not what is good, but what becomes you. How many warrantable acts have misshapen the authors! Excuse not your own ill, aggravate not others': and if you love peace, avoid censures, comparisons, contradictions. Out of good men choose acquaintance; of acquaintance, friends; of friends, familiars; after probation admit them; and after admittance, change them not. Age commendeth friendship. Do not always your best: it is neither wise nor safe for a man ever to stand upon the top of his strength. If you would be above the expectation of others, be ever below yourself. Expend after your purse, not after your mind: take not where you may deny, except upon conscience of desert, or hope to requite. Either frequent suits or complaints are wearisome to a friend. Rather smother your griefs and wants as you may, than be either querulous or importunate. Let not your face belie your heart, nor always tell tales out of it: he is fit to live amongst friends or enemies that can ingeniously be close. Give freely, sell thriftly: change seldom your place, never your state: either amend inconveniences or swallow them, rather than you should run from yourself to avoid them.

In all your reckonings for the world cast up some crosses that appear not; either those will come or may. Let your suspicions be charitable; your trust fearful: your censures sure. Give way to the anger of the great. The thunder and cannon will abide no fence. As in throngs we are afraid of loss, so, while the world comes upon you, look well to your soul; there is more danger in good than in evil.

79.—Sir Dudley North.

ROGER NORTH.

[ONE of the most entertaining books in our language is "The Life of the Lord Keeper Guilford," by the Hon. Roger North. The same biographer also wrote the lives of the Lord Keeper's brothers, Sir Dudley North, and Dr John North. These biographies of three eminent men, by their relation

and contemporary, were not published till the middle of the last century. Sir Dudley North was a merchant, who had long resided in Turkey, and returned to England in the time of Charles II. He was a man of great ability; and his notions on matters of commerce were far in advance of his age.]

But now we have our merchant, sheriff, alderman, commissioner, &c., at home with us, a private person, divested of all his mantlings; and we may converse freely with him in his family, and by himself, without clashing at all against any concern of the public. And possibly, in this capacity, I may show the best side of his character; and, for the advantage of that design, shall here recount his retired ways of entertaining himself from his first coming from Constantinople to England. He delighted much in natural observations, and what tended to explain mechanic powers; and particularly that wherein his own concern lay, beams and scales, the place of the centres, the form of the centre-pins, what share the fulcrum, and what the force, or the weight, bore with respect to each other; and, that he might not be deceived, had made proofs by himself of all the forms of scales that he could imagine could be put in practice for deceiving.

When he came first to England, all things were new to him, and he had an infinite pleasure in going about to see the considerable places and buildings about town. I, like an old dame with a young damsel, by conducting him, had the pleasure of seeing them over again myself. And an incomparable pleasure it was; for, at all remarkables, he had ingenious turns of wit and morality, as well as natural observations. But once I was very well pleased to see the power of habit, even in his mind, and apprehension of things. I carried him to Bridewell, where, in the hemp-house, there was a fair lady, well habited, at a block. We got in and surveyed her: but the cur that let us in at the door put on his touchy airs, expecting his sop at our going out, and spoke hoarse and loud. My gentleman could not for his life but be afraid of that fellow, and was not easy when we went in, nor while we stayed; for he confessed himself that the rascal was so like a Turkish

chiaus, he could not bear him, and wondered at me for making so slight of him and his authority, and really fancied we should not get clear of him without some mischief or other. Such was indeed a necessary prudence at Constantinople: and not only in this, but in the cases of other merchants, who had lived in Turkey, I have observed, that if there were a crowd, or a clatter in the



NORTH VISITING BRIDEWELL. (Page 489.)

street, to which most people go to see what is the matter, they always draw back for fear of being singled out to be beaten. In a cathedral church I could scarce get my merchant to take a place with me; but he would pull and correct me as being too forward, and for fear of some inconvenience. Here is a consequence of living under absolute and rigorous lords. Whereas, amongst us, there is scarce any regard at all had to superior powers; if I may term such, that cannot punish but in mood and figure, and by due course of law.

He took pleasure in surveying the Monument, and comparing it with mosque towers, and what of that kind he had seen abroad. We mounted up to the top, and, one after another, crept up the hollow iron frame that carries the copper head and

flames above. We went out at a rising plate of iron that hinged, and there found convenient irons to hold by. We made use of them, and raised our bodies entirely above the flames, having only our legs, to the knees, within; and there we stood till we were satisfied with the prospects from thence. I cannot describe how hard it was to persuade ourselves we stood safe; so likely did our weight seem to throw down the whole fabric. But the adventure at Bow Church was more extraordinary. For, being come to the upper row of columns, next under the dragon, I could go round between the columns and the newel; but his corpulence would not permit him to do that; wherefore he took the column in his arm, and swung his body about on the outside; and so he did quite round. Fancy, that in such a case would have destroyed many, had little power over his reason, that told him there was no difficulty nor danger in what he did.

He was so great a lover of building, that St Paul's, then well advanced, was his ordinary walk: there was scarce a course of stones laid, while we lived together, over which we did not walk. And he would always climb to the uppermost heights. Much time have we spent there in talking of the work, engines, tackle, &c. He showed me the power of friction in engines; for, when a capstan was at work, he did but gripe the ropes, between the weight and the fulcrum, in his hand, and all was fast; and double the number of men at the capstan could not have prevailed against the impediment, to have raised the stone, till he let go.

We usually went there on Saturdays, which were Sir Christopher Wren's days, who was the surveyor; and we commonly got a snatch of discourse with him, who, like a true philosopher, was always obliging and communicative, and, in every matter we inquired about, gave short, but satisfactory answers. When we were upon Bow Steeple, the merchant had a speculation not unlike that of a ship, in the Bay of Smyrna, seen from the mountains. Here the streets appeared like small trenches, in which the coaches glided along without any unevenness, as we could observe. "Now this," said he, "is like the world. Who would not be pleased in passing so equably from place to place? It is so

when we look upon great men, who, in their courses, at our distance, seem to glide no less smoothly on; and we do not perceive the many rude jolts, tossings, and wallowings they feel; as whoever rides in that coach feels enough to make his bones ache, of which, to our notice, there is no discovery. And further," said he, "let not the difficulties, that will occur in the way of most transactions, however reasonable, deter men from going on; for here is a coach not for a moment free from one obstruction or other; and yet it goes on, and arrives, at last, as was designed at first."

He loved travelling, but hated a coach, because it made him a prisoner, and hindered his looking about to survey the country, in which he took a great pleasure; and, for that reason, he loved a horse. I had a grave pad that fitted him, and he always desired the use of that sage animal, that was very sure and easy, but slow. While his wife's mother, the Lady Cann, lived at Bristol, he made annually a visit to her: and, when I had the honour to serve as recorder there, I accompanied him. We joined equipages, and sometimes returned across the country to Wroxton, the residence of the late Lord Guilford. We had the care of affairs there, as trustees for the young Lord Guilford, who was sent abroad to travel; and we thought it no disservice to our trust to reside upon the spot some time in summer; which we did, and had therein our own convenience, and charged ourselves in the accounts to the full value of ourselves, and the diet for our horses. But, our way of living there being somewhat extraordinary, I think it reasonable to give an account of it. In the first place, the lady had a standing quarrel with us; for we had such a constant employ that she could have none of her husband's company; and when she came to call him to dinner she found him as black as a tinker.

There was an old building, which was formerly hawks' mews. There we instituted a laboratory. One apartment was for wood works, and the other for iron. His business was hewing and framing, and, being permitted to sit, he would labour very hard; and, in that manner, he hewed the frames for our necessary

tables. He put them together only with laps and pins; but so, as served the occasion very well. We got up a table and a bench; but the great difficulty was to get bellows and a forge. He hewed such stones as lay about, and built a hearth with a back, and, by means of water, and an old iron which he knocked right down, he perforated that stone for the wind to come in at the fire. What common tools we wanted we sent and bought, and also a leather skin, with which he made a pair of bellows that wrought overhead, and the wind was conveyed by elder-guns let into one another, and so it got to the fire. Upon finding a piece of an old anvil, we went to work, and wrought all the iron that was used in our manufactory. He delighted most in hewing. He allowed me, being a lawyer, as he said, to be the best forger. We followed this trade so constantly and close, and he coming out sometimes with a red short waistcoat, red cap, and black face, the country people began to talk as if we used some unlawful trades there, clipping at least; and it might be, coining of money. Upon this we were forced to call in the blacksmith, and some of the neighbours, that it might be known there was neither damage or danger to the state by our operations. This was morning's work before dressing; to which duty we were usually summoned by the lady full of admiration what creatures she had in her family. In the afternoons, too, we had employment which was somewhat more refined; and that was turning and planing; for which use we sequestered a low closet. We had our engines from London, and many round implements were made.

In our laboratories, it was not a little strange to see with what earnestness and pains we worked, sweating most immoderately, and scarce allowing ourselves time to eat. At the lighter works, in the afternoon, he hath sat, perhaps, scraping a stick, or turning a piece of wood, and this for many afternoons together, all the while singing like a cobbler, incomparably better pleased than he had been in all the stages of his life before. And it is a mortifying speculation, that of the different characters of this man's enjoyments, separated one from the other, and exposed to

an indifferent choice, there is scarce any one, but this I have here described, really worth taking up. And yet the slavery of our nature is such, that this must be despised, and all the rest, with the attendant evils of vexation, disappointments, dangers, loss of health, disgraces, envy, and what not of torment, be admitted. It was well said of the philosopher to Pyrrhus: "What follows after all your victories? To sit down and make merry. And cannot you do so now?"

80.—Adventure in a Forest.

SMOLLETT.

HE departed from the village that same afternoon, under the auspices of his conductor, and found himself benighted in the midst of a forest, far from the habitations of men. The darkness of the night, the silence and solitude of the place, the indistinct images of the trees that appeared on every side, "stretching their extravagant arms athwart the gloom," conspired, with the dejection of spirits occasioned by his loss, to disturb his fancy, and raise strange phantoms in his imagination. Although he was not naturally superstitious, his mind began to be invaded with an awful horror, that gradually prevailed over all the consolations of reason and philosophy; nor was his heart free from the terrors of assassination. In order to dissipate these disagreeable reveries, he had recourse to the conversation of his guide, by whom he was entertained with the history of divers travellers who had been robbed and murdered by ruffians, whose retreat was in the recesses of that very wood.

In the midst of this communication, which did not at all tend to the elevation of our hero's spirits, the conductor made an excuse for dropping behind, while our traveller jogged on in expectation of being joined again by him in a few minutes. He was, however, disappointed in that hope; the sound of the other horse's feet by degrees grew more and more faint, and at last altogether died away. Alarmed at this circumstance, Fathom halted in the middle of the road, and listened with the most fearful atten-

tion ; but his sense of hearing was saluted with nought but the dismal sighings of the trees, that seemed to foretell an approaching storm. Accordingly, the heavens contracted a more dreary aspect, the lightning began to gleam, the thunder to roll, and the tempest, raising its voice to a tremendous roar, descended in a torrent of rain.

In this emergency, the fortitude of our hero was almost quite overcome. So many concurring circumstances of danger and distress might have appalled the most undaunted breast ; what impression, then, must they have made upon the mind of Ferdinand, who was by no means a man to set fear at defiance ! Indeed, he had well-nigh lost the use of his reflection, and was actually invaded to the skin, before he could recollect himself so far as to quit the road, and seek for shelter among the thickets that surrounded him. Having rode some furlongs into the forest, he took his station under a tuft of tall trees that screened him from the storm, and in that situation called a council within himself, to deliberate upon his next excursion. He persuaded himself that his guide had deserted him for the present, in order to give intelligence of a traveller to some gang of robbers with whom he was connected ; and that he must of necessity fall a prey to those banditti, unless he should have the good fortune to elude their search, and disentangle himself from the mazes of the wood.

Harrowed with these apprehensions, he resolved to commit himself to the mercy of the hurricane, as of two evils the least, and penetrate straight forward through some devious opening, until he should be delivered from the forest. For this purpose he turned his horse's head in a line quite contrary to the direction of the high road which he had left, on the supposition that the robbers would pursue that track in quest of him, and that they would never dream of his deserting the highway, to traverse an unknown forest, amidst the darkness of such a boisterous night. After he had continued in this progress through a succession of groves, and bogs, and thorns, and brakes, by which not only his clothes, but also his skin, suffered in a grievous manner, while

every nerve quivered with eagerness and dismay, he at length reached an open plain, and pursuing his course, in full hope of arriving at some village where his life would be safe, he descried a rushlight at a distance, which he looked upon as the star of his good fortune, and, riding towards it at full speed, arrived at the door of a lone cottage, into which he was admitted by an old woman, who, understanding he was a bewildered traveller, received him with great hospitality.

When he learned from his hostess that there was not another house within three leagues, that she could accommodate him with a tolerable bed, and his horse with lodging and oats, he thanked Heaven for his good fortune, in stumbling upon this homely habitation, and determined to pass the night under the protection of the old cottager, who gave him to understand that her husband, who was a faggot-maker, had gone to the next town to dispose of his merchandise; and that, in all probability, he would not return till next morning, on account of the tempestuous night. Ferdinand sounded the beldame with a thousand artful interrogations, and she answered with such appearance of truth and simplicity, that he concluded his person was quite secure, and, after having been regaled with a dish of eggs and bacon, desired she would conduct him into the chamber where she proposed he should take his repose. He was accordingly ushered up by a sort of ladder into an apartment furnished with a standing bed, and almost half filled with trusses of straw. He seemed extremely well pleased with his lodging, which in reality exceeded his expectation: and his kind landlady, cautioning him against letting the candle approach the combustibles, took her leave, and locked the door on the outside.

Fathom, whose own principles taught him to be suspicious, and ever upon his guard against the treachery of his fellow-creatures, could have dispensed with this instance of her care, in confining her guest to her chamber, and began to be seized with strange fancies, when he observed that there was no bolt on the inside of the door, by which he might secure himself from intrusion. In consequence of these suggestions, he proposed to take an accu-

rate survey of every object in the apartment, and in the course of his inquiry, had the mortification to find the dead body of a man, still warm, who had been lately stabbed, and concealed beneath several bundles of straw.

Such a discovery could not fail to fill the breast of our hero with unspeakable horror; for he concluded that he himself would undergo the same fate before morning, without the interposition of a miracle in his favour. In the first transports of his dread, he ran to the window, with a view to escape by that outlet, and found his flight effectually obstructed by divers strong bars of iron. Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, and his knees to totter; his thoughts teemed with passages of death and destruction; his conscience rose up in judgment against him, and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction. His spirits were agitated into a state of fermentation, that produced a species of resolution akin to that which is inspired by brandy or other strong liquors, and, by an impulse that seemed supernatural, he was immediately hurried into measures for his own preservation.

What upon a less interesting occasion his imagination durst not propose, he now executed without scruple or remorse. He undressed the corpse that lay bleeding among the straw, and, conveying it to the bed in his arms, deposited it in the attitude of a person who sleeps at his ease; then he extinguished the light, took possession of the place from whence the body had been removed, and, holding a pistol ready cocked in each hand, waited for the sequel with that determined purpose which is often the immediate production of despair. About midnight he heard the sound of feet ascending the ladder; the door was softly opened; he saw the shadow of two men stalking towards the bed, a dark lanthorn being unshrouded, directed their aim to the supposed sleeper, and he that held it thrust a poniard to his heart; the force of the blow made a compression on the chest, and a sort of groan issued from the windpipe of the defunct; the stroke was repeated, without producing a repetition of the note, so that the assassins concluded the work was effectually done, and retired for

the present with a design to return and rifle the deceased at their leisure.

Never had our hero spent a moment in such agony as he felt during this operation; the whole surface of his body was covered with a cold sweat, and his nerves were relaxed with a universal palsy. In short, he remained in a trance that, in all probability, contributed to his safety; for, had he retained the use of his senses, he might have been discovered by the transports of his fear. The first use he made of his retrieved recollection was to perceive that the assassins had left the door open in their retreat, and he would have instantly availed himself of this their neglect, by sallying out upon them at the hazard of his life, had he not been restrained by a conversation he overheard in the room below, importing that the ruffians were going to set out upon another expedition, in hopes of finding more prey. They accordingly departed, after having laid strong injunctions upon the old woman to keep the door fast locked during their absence; and Ferdinand took his resolution without further delay. So soon as, by his conjecture, the robbers were at a sufficient distance from the house, he rose from his lurking-place, moved softly towards the bed, and rummaging the pockets of the deceased, found a purse well stored with ducats, of which, together with a silver watch and a diamond ring, he immediately possessed himself without scruple; then, descending with great care and circumspection into the lower apartment, stood before the old beldame, before she had the least intimation of his approach.

Accustomed as she was to the trade of blood, the hoary hag did not behold this apparition without giving signs of infinite terror and astonishment, believing it was no other than the spirit of her second guest, who had been murdered; she fell upon her knees, and began to recommend herself to the protection of the saints, crossing herself with as much devotion as if she had been entitled to the particular care and attention of Heaven. Nor did her anxiety abate, when she was undeceived in this her supposition, and understood it was no phantom, but the real substance of the stranger, who, without staying to upbraid her with the

enormity of her crimes, commanded her, on pain of immediate death, to produce his horse, to which being conducted, he set her upon the saddle without delay, and, mounting behind, invested her with the management of the regns, swearing, in a most peremptory tone, that the only chance she had for her life was in directing him safely to the next town; and that, so soon as she should give him the least cause to doubt her fidelity in the performance of that task, he would on the instant act the part of her executioner.

This declaration had its effects upon the withered Hecate, who, with many supplications for mercy and forgiveness, promised to guide him in safety to a certain village at the distance of two leagues, where he might lodge in security, and be provided with a fresh horse, or other convenience, for pursuing his intended route. On these conditions he told her she might deserve his clemency; and they accordingly took their departure together, she being placed astride upon the saddle, holding the bridle in one hand, and a switch in the other, and our adventurer sitting on the crupper, superintending her conduct, and keeping the muzzle of a pistol close at her ear. In this equipage they travelled across part of the same wood in which his guide had forsaken him; and it is not to be supposed that he passed his time in the most agreeable reverie, while he found himself involved in the labyrinth of those shades, which he considered as the haunts of robbery and assassination.

Common fear was a comfortable sensation to what he felt in this excursion. The first steps he had taken for his preservation were the effects of mere instinct, while his faculties were extinguished or suppressed by despair: but now, as his reflection began to recur, he was haunted by the most intolerable apprehensions. Every whisper of the wind through the thickets was swelled into the hoarse menaces of murder, the shaking of the boughs was construed into the brandishing of poniards, and every shadow of a tree became the apparition of a ruffian eager for blood. In short, at each of these occurrences he felt what was infinitely more tormenting than the stab of a real dagger; and, at every fresh

fillip of his fear, he acted as a remembrancer to his conductress, in a new volley of imprecations, importing that her life was absolutely connected with his opinion of his own safety.

Human nature could not longer subsist under such complicated terror. At last he found himself clear of the forest, and was blessed with the distant view of an inhabited place. He then began to exercise his thoughts upon a new subject. He debated with himself, whether he should make a parade of his intrepidity and public spirit, by disclosing his achievement, and surrendering his guide to the penalty of the law ; or leave the old hag and her accomplices to the remorse of their own consciences, and proceed quietly on his journey to Paris in undisturbed possession of the prize he had already obtained. This last step he determined to take, upon recollecting that, in the course of his information, the story of the murdered stranger would infallibly attract the attention of justice, and in that case, the effects he had borrowed from the defunct must be refunded for the benefit of those who had a right to the succession. This was an argument which our adventurer could not resist ; he foresaw that he should be stripped of his acquisition, which he looked upon as the fair fruits of his valour and sagacity ; and, moreover, be detained as an evidence against the robbers, to the manifest detriment of his affairs. Perhaps, too, he had motives of conscience, that dissuaded him from bearing witness against a set of people whose principles did not much differ from his own.

Influenced by such considerations, he yielded to the first importunity of the beldame, whom he dismissed at a very small distance from the village, after he had earnestly exhorted her to quit such an atrocious course of life, and atone for her past crimes, by sacrificing her associates to the demands of justice. She did not fail to vow a perfect reformation, and to prostrate herself before him for the favour she had found ; then she betook herself to her habitation, with full purpose of advising her fellow murderers to repair with all despatch to the village, and impeach our hero, who, wisely distrusting her professions, stayed no longer in the place than to hire a guide for the next stage, which brought him to the city of Chalons-sur-Marne.

81.—Scene from *Old Fortunatus*.

DEKKER.

[THOMAS DEKKER, or DECKER, was one of the numerous band of dramatists that belong to the Shakespearian era. The exact time of his birth and death is not known. Between Dekker and Ben Jonson there was a fearful feud, and they each satirised the other on the public stage. There is much vigour and dramatic force, with, occasionally, very beautiful poetry, in many of Dekker's plays. Like several of his contemporary dramatists he wrote many plays in union with other writers. The drama of "Old Fortunatus" is founded upon the story of Fortunatus's purse;—it is very extravagant in parts; but the opening scene is a favourable specimen of the author's power. It commences with the entrance of a Gardener, a Smith, a Monk, a Shepherd, all crowned; a Nymph, with a Globe, another with Fortune's Wheel, then Fortune: after her four Kings with broken Crowns and Sceptres, chained in Silver Gyves, and led by her. The first four come out singing; the four Kings lie down at the feet of Fortune, who treads on their Bodies as she ascends her Chair. After the Kings have uttered laments of her cruelty, and the others have celebrated her might, she selects Fortunatus as the object of her capricious bounty.]

For. Thou shalt be one of Fortune's minions;

.

Six gifts I spend upon mortality,
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches;
Out of my bounty, one of these is thine,
Choose, then, which likes thee best.

Fort. Oh, most divine!

Give me but leave to borrow wonder's eye,
To look, amazed, at thy bright majesty.
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches?

For. Before thy soul (at this deep lottery)
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny;
Know that here 's no recanting a first choice;
Choose then discreetly (for the laws of Fate
Being graven in steel, must stand inviolate.)

Fort. Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd Night,
Most righteous Parcæ, guide my genius right!
Wisdom, strength, health, beauty, long life, and riches?

For. Stay, Fortunatus, once more hear me speak ;
 If thou kiss wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
 She 'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
 And thou, like Phœbus, shalt speak oracle ;
 Thy heaven-inspired soul, on wisdom's wings,
 Shall fly up to the parliament of Jove,
 And read the statutes of eternity,
 And see what's past, and learn what is to come :
 If thou lay claim to strength, armies shall quake
 To see thee frown ; as kings at mine do lie,
 So shall thy feet trample on empery :
 Make health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof,
 'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting ;
 Be ever merry, ever revelling :
 Wish but for beauty, and within thine eyes
 Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
 And on thy cheeks I 'll mix such white and red,
 That Jove shall turn away young Ganymede,
 And with immortal hands shall circle thee :
 Are thy desires long life ? thy vital thread
 Shall be stretch'd out ; thou shalt behold the change
 Of monarchies ; and see those children die
 Whose great-great grandsires now in cradles lie :
 If through gold's sacred * hunger thou dost pine ;
 Those gilded wantons, which in swarms do run
 To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
 Shall stand for number of those golden piles,
 Which in rich piles shall swell before thy feet ;
 As those are, so shall these be infinite.
 Awaken then thy soul's best faculties,
 And gladly kiss this bounteous hand of Fate,
 Which strives to bless thy name of Fortunate.

Kings. Old man, take heed ! her smiles will murder thee.

The others. Old man, she 'll crown thee with felicity.

Fort. Oh, whither am I wrapt beyond myself ?

* Sacra is used in the sense of the "*Auri sacra fames*" of Virgil.

More violent conflicts fight in every thought,
 Than his, whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.
 Shall I contract myself to wisdom's love?
 Then I lose riches; and a wise man, poor,
 Is like a sacred book that's never read,
 To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
 This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
 Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's school.
 I will be strong: then I refuse long life;
 And though mine arm shall conquer twenty worlds,
 There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors:
 The greatest strength expires with loss of breath,
 The mightiest (in one minute) stoop to death.
 Then take long life, or health; should I do so,
 I might grow ugly; and that tedious scroll
 Of months and years much misery may inroll;
 Therefore I'll beg for beauty; yet I will not:
 The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
 Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
 The wisdom of this world is idiotism;
 Strength a weak reed; health sickness' enemy,
 (And it at length will have the victory;)
 Beauty is but a painting; and long life
 Is a long journey in December gone,
 Tedious, and full of tribulation,
 Therefore, dread sacred empress, make me rich;

[*Kneels down.*]

My choice is store of gold; the rich are wise:
 He that upon his back rich garments wears
 Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears:
 Gold is the strength, the sinews of the world;
 The health, the soul, the beauty most divine;
 A mask of gold hides all deformities:
 Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative;
 Oh, therefore make me rich! not as the wretch
 That only serves lean banquets to his eye,

Has gold, yet starves ; is famished in his store ;
No, let me ever spend, be never poor.

For. Thy latest words confine thy destiny ;
Thou shalt spend ever, and be never poor :

For proof receive this purse ; with it this virtue ;
Still when thou thrust'st thy hand into the same,
Thou shalt draw forth ten pieces of bright gold,
Current in any realm where then thou breathest ;
If thou canst dribble out the sea by drops,
Then shalt thou want ; but that can ne'er be done,
Nor this grow empty.

Fort. Thanks, great deity !

For. The virtue ends when thou and thy sons end.
This path leads thee to Cyprus, get thee hence :
Farewell, vain covetous fool, thou wilt repent
That for the love of dross thou hast despised
Wisdom's divine embrace ; she would have borne thee
On the rich wings of immortality ;
But now go dwell with cares, and quickly die.

82.—The Best English People.

THACKERAY.

[It is remarkable how, within the last quarter of a century, the novel has been the principal reflector of manners—how the players have, to a great extent, foregone their function of being “the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time.” It was not so when Fielding and Smollett held “the mirror up to nature” in the modern form of fiction, whilst Goldsmith and Sheridan took the more ancient dramatic method of dealing with humours and fashions. The stage has still its sparkling writers—England is perhaps richer in the laughing satire and fun of journalism than at any period ; but the novel, especially in that cheap issue which finds its entrance to thousands of households, furnishes the chief material from which the future philosophical historian will learn what were our modes of thought and of living—our vices and our follies—our pretensions and our realities—in the middle of the nineteenth century. The fashionable novel, as it was called, has had its day ; writers have found out that they must deal with “mankind,” and not with coteries. Amongst

the most successful of all those who have come after Mr Dickens—not as an imitator, but in a truly original vein—is William Makepeace Thackeray. His “Vanity Fair,” from which we extract a somewhat isolated portion, is a masterly production—the work of an acute observer—sound in principle, manly in its contempt of the miserable conventionalities that make our social life such a cold and barren thing for too many. Never was the absurd desire for display, which is the bane of so much real happiness, better exposed than in the writings of Mr Thackeray. He is the very antagonism of that heartless pretence to exclusiveness and gentility which acquired for its advocates and its expositors the name of “the silver-fork school.” Such authors as this produce incalculable benefit, and will do much to bring us back to that old English simplicity—the parent of real taste and refinement—which sees nothing truly to be ashamed of but profligacy and meanness. Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. He died Dec. 24, 1863.

His serial, “The History of Pendennis,” was begun in 1848. “The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.,” written by himself, was published in 1852. “The Newcomes” in 1855. “The Virginians” was finished in 1859. His “Adventures of Philip on His Way Through the World” was his last great novel. At the time of his death he was proceeding with another in the “Cornhill Magazine,” which promised to have a new interest in its sketches of the smuggling traffic that was carried on in the days of high duties and protection.]

Before long, Beckey received not only “the best” foreigners, (as the phrase is in our noble and admirable society slang,) but some of the best English people too. I don’t mean the most virtuous, or indeed the least virtuous, or the cleverest, or the stupidest, or the richest, or the best born, but “the best,”—in a word, people about whom there is no question,—such as the great Lady Fitz-Willis, that patron saint of Almack’s, the great Lady Slowbore, the great Lady Grizzel Macbeth, (she was Lady G. Glowry, daughter of Lord Grey of Glowry,) and the like. When the Countess of Fitz-Willis (her ladyship is of the King Street family, see Debrett and Burke) takes up a person, he or she is safe. There is no question about them any more. Not that my Lady Fitz-Willis is any better than anybody else, being, on the contrary, a faded person, fifty-seven years of age, and neither handsome, nor wealthy, nor entertaining; but it is agreed on all sides that she is of the “best people.” Those who go to her are of the best; and from an old grudge, probably to Lady Steyne, (for whose coronet her ladyship, then the youthful Georgina

Frederica, daughter of the Prince of Wales's favourite, the Earl of Portansherry, had once tried,) this great and famous leader of the fashion chose to acknowledge Mrs Rawdon Crawley: made her a most marked curtsey at the assembly over which she presided, and not only encouraged her son, St Kitts, (his lordship got his place through Lord Steyne's interest,) to frequent Mr Crawley's house, but asked her to her own mansion, and spoke to her twice in the most public and condescending manner during dinner. The important fact was known all over London that night. People who had been crying fie about Mrs Crawley were silent. Wenham, the wit and lawyer, Lord Steyne's right-hand man, went about everywhere praising her: some, who had hesitated, came forward at once and welcomed her. Little Tom Toady, who had warned Southdown about visiting such an abandoned woman, now besought to be introduced to her. In a word, she was admitted to be among the "best" people. Ah, my beloved readers and brethren, do not envy poor Beckey prematurely—glory like this is said to be fugitive. It is currently reported that even in the very inmost circles they are no happier than the poor wanderers outside the zone; and Beckey, who penetrated into the very centre of fashion, and saw the great George IV. face to face, has owned since that there too was vanity.

We must be brief in descanting upon this part of her career. As I cannot describe the mysteries of freemasonry, although I have a shrewd idea that it is a humbug; so an uninitiated man cannot take upon himself to portray the great world accurately, and had best keep his opinions to himself, whatever they are.

Beckey has often spoken in subsequent years of this season of her life, when she moved among the very greatest circles of the London fashion. Her success excited, elated, and then bored her. At first no occupation was more pleasant than to invent and procure, (the latter a work of no small trouble and ingenuity, by the way, in a person of Mrs Rawdon Crawley's very narrow means)—to procure, we say, the prettiest new dresses and ornaments; to drive to fine dinner parties, where she was welcomed by great people; and from the fine dinner parties to fine assem-

blies, whither the same people came with whom she had been dining, whom she had met the night before, and would see on the morrow—the young men faultlessly appointed, handsomely cravatted, with the neatest glossy boots and white gloves—the elders portly, brass buttoned, noble-looking, polite, and prosy—the young ladies blonde, timid, and in pink—the mothers grand, beautiful, sumptuous, solemn, and in diamonds. They talked in English, not in bad French, as they do in the novels. They talked about each other's houses, and characters, and families, just as the Joneses do about the Smiths. Beckey's former acquaintances hated and envied her: the poor woman herself was yawning in spirit. "I wish I were out of it," she said to herself. "I would rather be a parson's wife, and teach a Sunday school, than this; or a sergeant's lady, and ride in the regimental waggon; or, oh, how much gayer it would be to wear spangles and trousers, and dance before a booth at a fair."

"You would do it very well," said Lord Steyne, laughing. She used to tell the great man her ennui and perplexities in her artless way—they amused him.

"Rawdon would make a very good Ecuyer—master of the ceremonies—what do you call him—the man in the large boots and the uniform, who goes round the ring cracking the whip? He is large, heavy, and of a military figure. I recollect," Beckey continued, pensively, "my father took me to see a show at Brook Green Fair, when I was a child, and when we came home I made myself a pair of stilts, and danced in the studio, to the wonder of all the pupils."

"I should have liked to see it," said Lord Steyne.

"I should like to do it now," Beckey continued. "How Lady Blinkey would open her eyes, and Lady Grizzel Macbeth would stare! Hush, silence! there is Pasta beginning to sing." Beckey always made a point of being conspicuously polite to the professional ladies and gentlemen who attended at these aristocratic parties—of following them into the corners, where they sat in silence, and shaking hands with them, and smiling in the view of all persons. She was an artist herself, as she said very truly.

There was a frankness and humility in the manner in which she acknowledged her origin, which provoked, or disarmed, or amused lookers-on, as the case might be. "How cool that woman is," said one; "what airs of independence she assumes, where she ought to sit still, and be thankful if anybody speaks to her." "What an honest and good-natured soul she is," said another. "What an artful little minx," said a third. They were all right, very likely; but Beckey went her own way, and so fascinated the professional personages, that they would leave off their sore throats in order to sing at her parties, and give her lessons for nothing.

Yes, she gave parties in the little house in Curzon Street. Many scores of carriages, with blazing lamps, blocked up the street, to the disgust of No. 100, who could not rest for the thunder of the knocking, and of 102, who could not sleep for envy. The gigantic footmen who accompanied the vehicles were too big to be contained in Beckey's little hall, and were billeted off in the neighbouring public-houses, whence, when they were wanted, call-boys summoned them from their beer. Some of the great dandies of London squeezed and trod on each other on the little stairs, laughing to find themselves there; and many spotless and severe ladies of *ton* were seated in a little drawing-room, listening to the professional singers, who were singing according to their wont, and as if they wished to blow the windows down. And the day after there appeared, among the fashionable reunions in the "Morning Post," a paragraph to the following effect:—

"Yesterday, Colonel and Mrs Crawley entertained a select party at dinner at their house in May Fair. Their Excellences the Prince and Princess of Peterwarachin, H.E., Papoosh Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador, (attended by Kibob Bey, dragoman of the mission,) the Marquess of Steyne, Earl of Southdown, Mr Pitt, and Lady Jane Crawley, Mr Wag, &c. After dinner Mrs Crawley had an assembly, which was attended by the Duchess (Dowager) of Stilton, Duc de la Gruyère, Marchioness of Cheshire, Marchese Alessandro Strachino, Comte de Brie, Baron

Schpazuger, Chevalier Tasti, Countess of Slingstone, and Lady F. Macadam, Major-General and Lady G. Macbeth, and (2) Misses Macbeth, Viscount Paddington, Sir Horace Fogey, Hon. Sands Bedwin, Bobbacy Bahawder," and an &c., which the reader may fill at his pleasure through a dozen close lines of small type.

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How the Crawleys got the money which was spent upon the entertainments with which they treated the polite world was a mystery which gave rise to some conversation at the time, and probably added zest to these little festivities. Some persons averred that Sir Pitt Crawley gave his brother a handsome allowance; if he did, Beckey's power over the baronet must have been extraordinary indeed, and his character greatly changed in his advanced age. Other parties hinted that it was Beckey's habit to levy contributions on all her husband's friends: going to this one in tears with an account that there was an execution in the house; falling on her knees to that one, and declaring that the whole family must go to gaol, or commit suicide, unless such and such a bill could be paid. Lord Southdown, it was said, had been induced to give many hundreds through these pathetic representations. Young Feltham, of the —th Dragoons, (and son of the firm of Tiler and Feltham, hatters and army accoutrement makers,) and whom the Crawleys introduced into fashionable life, was also cited as one of Beckey's victims in the pecuniary way. People declared that she got money from various simply disposed persons, under pretence of getting them confidential appointments under Government. Who knows what stories were or were not told of our dear and innocent friend? Certain it is, that if she had had all the money which she was said to have begged or borrowed, or stolen, she might have capitalised, and been honest for life, whereas—but this is advancing matters.

The truth is, that by economy and good management—by a sparing use of ready money, and by paying scarcely anybody—people can manage, for a time at least, to make a great show with very little means: and it is our belief that Beckey's much-talked-

of parties, which were not, after all was said, very numerous, cost this lady very little more than the wax candles which lighted the walls. Stillbrook and Queen's Crawley supplied her with game and fruit in abundance. Lord Steyne's cellars were at her disposal, and that excellent nobleman's famous cook presided over her little kitchen, or sent by my lord's order the rarest delicacies from their own. I protest it is quite shameful in the world to abuse a simple creature, as people of her time abuse Beckey, and I warn the public against believing one-tenth of the stories against her. If every person is to be banished from society who runs into debt and cannot pay—if we are to be peering into everybody's private life, speculating upon their income, and cutting them if we don't approve of their expenditure—why, what a howling wilderness and intolerable dwelling Vanity Fair would be. Every man's hand would be against his neighbour in this case, my dear sir, and the benefits of civilisation would be done away with. We should be quarrelling, abusing, avoiding one another. Our houses would become caverns: and we should go in rags because we cared for nobody. Rents would go down. Parties wouldn't be given any more. All the tradesmen of the town would be bankrupt. Wine, wax-lights, comestibles, rouge, crinoline-petticoats, diamonds, wigs, Louis-quatorze gimcracks, and old china, park hacks, and splendid high-stepping carriage horses—all the delights of life, I say, would go to the deuce, if people did but act upon their silly principles, and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse. Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance, things are made to go on pleasantly enough: we may abuse a man as much as we like, and call him the greatest rascal unhung—but do we wish to hang him therefore? No; we shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good, we forgive him, and go and dine with him; and we expect he will do the same by us. Thus trade flourishes—civilisation advances; peace is kept; new dresses are wanted for new assemblies every week; and the last year's vintage of Lafitte will remunerate the honest proprietor who reared it.

83.—*Death of Cardinal Wolsey.*

CAVENDISH.

[AMONGST the earliest memoirs on English History, and certainly far exceeding most memoirs in interest and importance, is “The Life of Wolsey, by George Cavendish, his Gentleman Usher.” It was long a question who wrote this remarkable book; but the doubt was satisfactorily cleared up by Mr Hunter, who found that it was written by the brother of Sir William Cavendish, a faithful follower of the great Cardinal. There are ten MSS. in existence of this ancient work; but it has been very carefully edited by Mr Singer. We confine our extracts to those striking passages which relate to the death of the great Cardinal.]

Wolsey had been dismissed from court, and had retired to his palace at Cawood, previous to his installation at York as Archbishop. He was suddenly arrested on a charge of high treason, by the Earl of Northumberland, and was forced to set out for the metropolis. Very soon the Cardinal fell ill; and it is evident, from the cautions observed, that those about him suspected that he intended to poison himself. Ill as he was, the Earl of Shrewsbury put the fallen man under the charge of Sir William Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, whom the king had sent for the Cardinal, with twenty-four of his guard; and with this escort he departed on his last journey. “And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes. Whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times, by the way, as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one, and sometime with another; at night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury’s, called Hardwick Hall,* very evil at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day he rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule, and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where at his coming in at the gates, the Abbot of the place, with all his

* Not the Hardwick of Derbyshire, but of Nottinghamshire.

convent, met him with the light of many torches; and whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;' whom they brought on his mule to the stairs' foot of his chamber, and there alighted, and Master Kingston then took him by the arm, and led him up the stairs; who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber, he went incontinent to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday at night; and there he continued sicker and sicker.

"Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him; as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there: 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I; 'How do you?' quoth he to me: 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your grace well:' 'What is it of the clock?' said he to me: 'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock?' quoth he: 'that cannot be;' rehearsing divers times 'Eight of the clock, eight of the clock. Nay, nay,' quoth he at last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock: for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master; for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.'"

The rapacity of the king is strikingly exhibited in the following passage: "And after dinner, Master Kingston called for me (Cavendish) into his chamber, and at my being there, said to me, 'So it is that the king hath sent me letters by this gentleman, Master Vincent, one of your old companions, who hath been of late in trouble in the Tower of London for money that my lord should have at his last departing from him, which now cannot be found. Wherefore the king, at this gentleman's request, for the declaration of his truth, hath sent him hither with his grace's letters directed unto me, commanding me by virtue thereof to examine my lord in that behalf, and to have your council herein, how it may be done, that he may take it well and in good part. This is the chief cause of my sending for you; therefore I pray

you what is your best counsel to use in this matter for the true acquittal of this gentleman?' 'Sir,' quoth I, 'as touching that matter, my simple advice shall be this, that your own person shall resort unto him and visit him, and in communication break the matter unto him; and if he will not tell the truth, there be that can satisfy the king's pleasure therein; and in any wise speak nothing of my fellow Vincent. And I would not advise you to tract the time with him: for he is very sick, and I fear me he will not live past to-morrow in the morning.' Then went Master Kingston unto him, and asked first how he did, and so proceeded in communication, wherein Master Kingston demanded of him the said money, saying, 'That my lord of Northumberland hath found a book at Cawood that reporteth how ye had but fifteen hundred pounds in ready money, and one penny thereof will not be found, who hath made the king privy by his letters thereof. Wherefore the king hath written unto me, to demand of you if you know where it is become; for it were pity that it should be embezzled from you both. Therefore, I shall require you, in the king's name, to tell me the truth herein, to the intent that I may make just report unto his majesty what answer ye make therein.' With that my lord paused awhile, and said, 'Ah, good lord! how much doth it grieve me that the king should think in me such deceit, wherein I should deceive him of any one penny that I have. Rather than I would, Master Kingston, embezzle or deceive him of a mite, I would it were moult, and put in my mouth;' which words he spake twice or thrice very vehemently. 'I have nothing, ne never had, (God being my judge,) that I esteemed, or had in it any such delight or pleasure, but that I took it for the king's goods, having but the bare use of the same during my life, and after my death to leave it to the king; wherein he hath but prevented my intent and purpose. And for this money that ye demand of me, I assure you it is none of mine; for I borrowed it of divers of my friends to bury me, and to bestow among my servants, who have taken great pains about me, like true and faithful men. Notwithstanding, if it be his pleasure to take this money from me, I must hold me therewith content. Yet I would

most humbly beseech his majesty to see them satisfied, of whom I borrowed the same for the discharge of my conscience.' . . . 'Sir,' quoth Master Kingston, 'there is no doubt in the king; ye need not to mistrust that, but when the king shall be advertised thereof, to whom I shall make report of your request, that his grace will do as shall become him. But, sir, I pray you, where is this money?' 'Master Kingston,' quoth he, 'I will not conceal it from the king; I will declare it to you (ere) I die, by the grace of God. Take a little patience with me, I pray you.' 'Well, sir, then will I trouble you no more at this time, trusting that ye will show me to-morrow.'

"Howbeit my lord waxed very sick, most likeliest to die that night, and often swooned, and, as me thought, drew fast toward his end, until it was four of the clock in the morning, at which time, I asked him how he did: 'Well,' quoth he, 'if I had any meat; I pray you give me some.' 'Sir, there is none ready,' said I. 'I wis,' quoth he, 'ye be the more to blame, for you should have always some meat for me in a readiness, to eat when my stomach serveth me; therefore I pray you get me some; for I intend this day, God willing, to make me strong, to the intent I may occupy myself in confession, and make me ready to God.' The dying man ate a spoonful or two. Then was he in confession the space of an hour. And when he had ended his confession, Master Kingston bade him good-morrow, (for it was seven of the clock in the morning,) and asked him how he did. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the will and pleasure of God, to render unto Him my simple soul into His divine hands.' 'Not yet so, sir,' quoth Master Kingston, 'with the grace of God, ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheer.' 'Master Kingston, my disease is such, that I cannot live; I have had some experience in my disease, and thus it is: I have a flux, with a continual fever; the nature whereof is this: that if there be no alteration with me of the same within eight days, then must either ensue excoriation of the entrails, or frenzy, or else present death; and the best thereof is death. And as I suppose, this is the eighth day; and if ye see in me no alteration, then is there no remedy, (although I may live

a day or twain,) but death which is the best remedy of the three.' 'Nay, sir, in good faith,' quoth Master Kingston, 'you be in such dolor and pensiveness, doubting that thing that indeed ye need not to fear, which maketh you much worse than ye should be.' 'Well, well, Master Kingston,' quoth he, 'I see the matter against me how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs. Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I may have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. Wherefore I pray you, with all my heart, to have me most humbly commended unto his royal majesty; beseeching him in my behalf to call to his most gracious remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me, from the beginning of the world unto this day, and the progress of the same: and most chiefly in the weighty matter yet depending, (meaning the matter newly began between him and the good Queen Katherine,) then shall his conscience declare whether I have offended him or no. He is sure a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put the loss of one-half of his realm in danger. For I assure you, I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, if it chance hereafter you to be one of his privy council, as for your wisdom and other qualities ye are meet to be, I warn you to be well advised and assured what matter ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out again.'"

The narrative then goes on to exhibit a long speech of the Cardinal's against "this new pernicious sect of Lutherans." At last Wolsey said: "'Master Kingston, farewell; I can no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal: for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words much better.' And even with

these words he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail; his eyes being set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then we began to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to anneal him, who came with all speed and ministered unto him all the service to the same belonging: and caused also the guard to stand by, both to hear him talk before his death, and also to witness of the same; and incontinent the clock struck eight, at which time he gave up the ghost, and thus departed he this present life. And calling to our remembrance his words the day before, how he said that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, one of us looking upon another, supposing that he prophesied of his departure.

“Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogance of such men, exalted by fortune to honours and high dignities; for I assure you, in his time of authority and glory, he was then the haughtiest man in all his proceedings that then lived, having more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession; wherein should be all meekness, humility, and charity; the process whereof I leave to them that be learned and seen in divine laws.”

84.—What is Poetry?

LEIGH HUNT.

[LEIGH HUNT, one of the most original and fascinating of English prose writers—one, also, who has won an enduring station amongst English poets, was the son of a West Indian who came to England and took orders in the Church. He was born in 1784, and was educated at Christ's Hospital. As early as 1805 he was a writer of theatrical criticism in his brother's paper, “The News;”—in 1808 the brothers established “The Examiner”—a weekly paper which surpassed all its then contemporaries in ability and taste. In those days it was almost impossible for a public writer to speak out; and Leigh Hunt had to expiate a sarcasm upon the Prince Regent by two years' imprisonment. Mr Hunt's subsequent connexion with Lord Byron was not a fortunate one; and we are inclined to think that in future literary history most honest sympathies will be with the plebeian asserting his independence as a brother in letters, instead of with the patrician,—heartless and insolent,—a declaimer for liberty but in practice a tyrant. Leigh Hunt died August 28, 1859. The

following extract is from a delightful volume, published in 1847, entitled "Selections from the English Poets—Imagination and Fancy."]

If a young reader should ask, after all, What is the best way of knowing bad poets from good, the best poets from the next best, and so on? the answer is, the only and twofold way; first, the perusal of the best poets with the greatest attention; and second, the cultivation of that love of truth and beauty which made them what they are. Every true reader of poetry partakes a more than ordinary portion of the poetic nature; and no one can be completely such, who does not love, or take an interest in everything that interests the poet, from the firmament to the daisy—from the highest heart of man, to the most pitiable of the low. It is a good practice to read with pen in hand, marking what is liked or doubted. It rivets the attention, realises the greatest amount of enjoyment, and facilitates reference. It enables the reader also, from time to time, to see what progress he makes with his own mind, and how it grows up to the stature of its exalter.

If the same person should ask, What class of poetry is the highest? I should say, undoubtedly, the Epic; for it includes the drama, with narration besides; or the speaking and action of the characters, with the speaking of the poet himself, whose utmost address is taxed to relate all well for so long a time, particularly in the passages least sustained by enthusiasm. Whether this class has included the greatest poet, is another question still under trial; for Shakspeare perplexes all such verdicts, even when the claimant is Homer; though if a judgment may be drawn from his early narratives, ("Venus and Adonis," and the "Rape of Lucrece,") it is to be doubted whether even Shakspeare could have told a story like Homer, owing to that incessant activity and superfoetation of thought, a little less of which might be occasionally desired even in his plays;—if it were possible, once possessing anything of his, to wish it away. Next to Homer and Shakspeare come such narrators as the less universal but intenser *Dante*; Milton, with his dignified imagination; the universal profoundly simple Chaucer; and luxuriant remote Spenser—immortal child

in poetry's most poetic solitudes: then the great second-rate dramatists; unless those who are better acquainted with Greek tragedy than I am, demand a place for them before Chaucer: then the airy yet robust universality of Ariosto; the hearty out-of-door nature of Theocritus, also a universalist; the finest lyrical poets, (who only take short flights, compared with the narrators;) the purely contemplative poets who have more thought than feeling; the descriptive, satirical, didactic, epigrammatic. It is to be borne in mind, however, that the first poet of an inferior class may be superior to followers in the train of a higher one, though the superiority is by no means to be taken for granted; otherwise Pope would be superior to Fletcher, and Butler to Pope. Imagination, teeming with action and character, makes the greatest poets; feeling and thought the next; fancy (by itself) the next; wit the last. Thought by itself makes no poet at all; for the mere conclusions of the understanding can at best be only so many intellectual matters of fact. Feeling, even destitute of conscious thought, stands a far better poetical chance; feeling being a sort of thought without the process of thinking—a grasper of the truth without seeing it. And what is very remarkable, feeling seldom makes the blunders that thought does. An idle distinction has been made between taste and judgment. Taste is the very maker of judgment. Put an artificial fruit in your mouth, or only handle it, and you will soon perceive the difference between judging from taste or tact, and judging from the abstract figment called judgment. The latter does but throw you into guesses and doubts. Hence the conceits that astonish us in the gravest and even subtlest thinkers, whose taste is not proportionate to their mental perceptions; men like Donne, for instance; who, apart from accidental personal impressions, seem to look at nothing as it really is, but only as to what may be thought of it. Hence, on the other hand, the delightfulness of those poets who never violate truth of feeling, whether in things real or imaginary; who are always consistent with their object and its requirements; and who run the great round of nature, not to perplex and be perplexed, but to make themselves and us happy. And, luckily,

delightfulness is not incompatible with greatness, willing soever as men may be in their present imperfect state to set the power to subjugate above the power to please. Truth, of any kind whatsoever, makes great writing. This is the reason why such poets as Ariosto, though not writing with a constant detail of thought and feeling like Dante, are justly considered great as well as delightful. Their greatness proves itself by the same truth of nature, and sustained power, though in a different way. Their action is not so crowded and weighty; their sphere has more territories less fertile; but it has enchantments of its own which excess of thought would spoil—luxuries, laughing graces, animal spirits; and not to recognise the beauty and greatness of these, treated as they treat them, is simply to be defective in sympathy. Every planet is not Mars or Saturn. There is also Venus and Mercury. There is one genius of the south, and another of the north, and others uniting both. The reader who is too thoughtless or too sensitive to like intensity of any sort, and he who is too thoughtful or too dull to like anything but the greatest possible stimulus of reflection or passion, are equally wanting in complexional fitness for a thorough enjoyment of books. Ariosto occasionally says as fine things as Dante, and Spenser as Shakspeare; but the business of both is to enjoy; and in order to partake their enjoyment to its full extent, you must feel what poetry is in the general as well as the particular, must be aware that there are different songs of the spheres, some fuller of notes, and others of a sustained delight; and as the former keep you perpetually alive to thought or passion, so from the latter you receive a constant harmonious sense of truth and beauty, more agreeable perhaps on the whole, though less exciting. Ariosto, for instance, does not *tell a story* with the brevity and concentrated passion of Dante; every sentence is not so full of matter, nor the style so removed from the indifference of prose; yet you are charmed with a truth of another sort, equally characteristic of the writer, equally drawn from nature, and substituting a healthy sense of enjoyment for intenser emotion. Exclusiveness of liking for this or that mode of truth, only shows, either that the reader's perceptions are limited, or that he would sacrifice truth

itself to his favourite form of it. Sir Walter Raleigh, who was as trenchant with his pen as his sword, hailed the "Faerie Queene" of his friend Spenser in verses in which he said that "Petrarch" was henceforward to be no more heard of; and that in all English poetry, there was nothing he counted "of any price" but the effusions of the new author. Yet Petrarch is still living; Chaucer was not abolished by Sir Walter; and Shakspeare is thought somewhat valuable. A botanist might as well have said that myrtles and oaks were to disappear because acacias had come up. It is with the Poet's creations as with Nature's, great or small. Wherever truth and beauty, whatever their amount, can be shaped into verse, and answer to some demand for it in our hearts, there poetry is to be found; whether in productions grand and beautiful as some great event, or some mighty, leafy solitude, or no bigger and more pretending than a sweet face or a bunch of violets; whether in Homer's epic or Gray's "Elegy" in the enchanted gardens of Ariosto and Spenser, or the very pot-herbs of the "Schoolmistress" of Shenstone, the balms of the simplicity of a cottage. Not to know and feel this, is to be deficient in the universality of Nature herself, who is a poetess on the smallest as well as the largest scale, and who calls upon us to admire all her productions; not indeed with the same degree of admiration, but with no refusal of it, except to defect.

I cannot draw this essay towards its conclusion better than with three memorable words of Milton; who has said, that poetry, in comparison with science, is "simple, sensuous, and passionate." By simple, he means imperplexed and self-evident; by sensuous, genial and full of imagery; by passionate, excited and enthusiastic. I am aware that different constructions have been put on some of these words; but the context seems to me to necessitate those before us. I quote, however, not from the original, but from an extract in the "Remarks on Paradise Lost" by Richardson.

What the poet has to cultivate above all things is love and truth;—what he has to avoid, like poison, is the fleeting and the false. He will get no good by proposing to be "in earnest at the moment." His earnestness must be innate and habitual; born

with him, and felt to be his most precious inheritance. "I expect neither profit nor general fame by my writings," says Coleridge, in the Preface to his Poems; "and I consider myself as having been amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me its *own exceeding great reward*; it has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."—*Pickering's edition*, p. 10.

"Poetry," says Shelley, "lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar. It reproduces all that it represents; and the impersonations clothed in its Elysian light stand thenceforward in the minds of those who have once contemplated them, as memorials of that gentle and exalted content which extends itself over all thoughts and actions with which it co-exists. The great secret of morals is love, or a going out of our own nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another, and of many others: the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause."—*Essays and Letters*, vol. i. p. 16.

I would not willingly say anything after perorations like these; but as treatises on poetry may chance to have auditors who think themselves called upon to vindicate the superiority of what is termed useful knowledge, it may be as well to add, that if the poet may be allowed to pique himself on any one thing more than another, compared with those who undervalue him, it is on that power of undervaluing nobody, and no attainments different from his own, which is given him by the very faculty of imagination they despise. The greater includes the less. They do not see that their inability to comprehend him argues the smaller capacity. No man recognises the worth of utility more than the poet: he only desires that the meaning of the term may not come

short of its greatness, and exclude the noblest necessities of his fellow-creatures. He is quite as much pleased, for instance, with the facilities for rapid conveyance afforded him by the railroad, as the dullest confiner of its advantages to that single idea, or as the greatest two-idea'd man who varies that single idea with hugging himself on his "buttons" or his good dinner. But he sees also the beauty of the country through which he passes, of the towns, of the heavens, of the steam-engine itself, thundering and fuming along like a magic horse; of the affections that are carrying, perhaps, half the passengers on their journey, nay, of those of the great two-idea'd man; and, beyond all this, he discerns the incalculable amount of good, and knowledge, and refinement, and mutual consideration, which this wonderful invention is fitted to circulate over the globe, perhaps to the displacement of war itself, and certainly to the diffusion of millions of enjoyments.

"And a button-maker, after all, invented it!" cries our friend.

Pardon me—it was a nobleman. A button-maker may be a very excellent, and a very poetical man too, and yet not have been the first man visited by a sense of the gigantic powers of the combination of water and fire. It was a nobleman who first thought of this most poetical bit of science. It was a nobleman who first thought of it—a captain who first tried it—and a button-maker who perfected it. And he who put the nobleman on such thoughts was the great philosopher, Bacon, who said that poetry had "something divine in it," and was necessary to the satisfaction of the human mind.

85.—The Industry of a Gentleman.

BARROW.

[ISAAC BARROW, a great mathematician, a learned divine, a man of the most exemplary private life, was born in 1630, and died at the early age of forty-seven. It is stated that he was a negligent boy, and more than commonly addicted to fighting with his schoolfellows. His negligence was probably the result of the quickness of his capacity; at any rate it very readily gave place to the most unwearied industry: his pugnacious habits were soon

transformed into an energy that enabled him to accomplish the many great things which distinguished his short life. His disinterestedness was amongst the most remarkable of his characteristics. He resigned his Lucasian professorship at Cambridge to make way for his pupil, Isaac Newton; he resigned his small living, and a prebend of Salisbury Cathedral, when he was appointed Master of Trinity College. In this position his most earnest labours were devoted to the formation of the library of that noble institution. The great object of his life—and it was an object that had the highest reward—was to benefit his fellow-creatures. Barrow's sermons furnish abundant evidence of the comprehensiveness and vigour of his mind.]

“*Not slothful in business.*”—JAMES i. 26.

I have largely treated on the duty recommended in this precept, and urged the observance of it in general, at a distance: I now intend more particularly and closely to apply it in reference to those persons who seem more especially obliged to it, and whose observing it may prove of greatest consequence to public good; the which application may also be most suitable and profitable to this audience. Those persons are of two sorts; the one gentlemen, the other scholars.

I. The first place, as civility demandeth, we assign to gentlemen, or persons of eminent rank in the world, well allied, graced with honour, and furnished with wealth: the which sort of persons I conceive in a high degree obliged to exercise industry in business.

This, at first hearing, may seem a little paradoxical and strange; for who have less business than gentlemen? who do need less industry than they? He that hath a fair estate, and can live on his means, what hath he to do, what labour or trouble can be exacted of him, what hath he to think on, or trouble his head with, but how to invent recreations and pastimes to divert himself, and spend his waste leisure pleasantly? Why should not he be allowed to enjoy himself, and the benefits which nature or fortune have freely dispensed to him, as he thinketh best, without offence? Why may he not say with the rich man in the gospel, “Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry?” Is it not often said by the wise man, that there is “nothing better under the sun, than that a man should make

his soul to enjoy good" in a cheerful and comfortable fruition of his estate? According to the passable notion and definition, "What is a gentleman but his pleasure?"

If this be true, if a gentleman be nothing else but this, then truly he is a sad piece, the most inconsiderable, the most despicable, the most pitiful and wretched creature in the world: if it is his privilege to do nothing, it is his privilege to be most unhappy; and to be so will be his fate if he will according to it; for he that is of no worth or use, who produceth no beneficial fruit, who performeth no service to God or to the world, what title can he have to happiness? What capacity thereof? What reward can he claim? What comfort can he feel? To what temptations is he exposed? What guilts will he incur?

But, in truth, it is far otherwise; to suppose that a gentleman is loose from business is a great mistake; for, indeed, no man hath more to do, no man lieth under greater engagements to industry than he.

He is deeply obliged to be continually busy in more ways than other men, who have but one simple calling or occupation allotted to them; and that on a triple account; in respect to God, to the world, and to himself.

1. He is first obliged to continual employment in respect to God.

He, out of a grateful regard to Divine bounty for the eminency of his station, adorned with dignity and repute, for the plentiful accommodations and comforts of his life, for his exemption from those pinching wants, those meaner cares, those sordid entertainments, and those toilsome drudgeries, to which other men are subject, is bound to be more diligent in God's service, employing all the advantages of his state to the glory of his munificent Benefactor, to whose good providence alone he doth owe them; for "who maketh him to differ" from another? And what hath he that he did not receive from God's free bounty?

In proportion to the bulk of his fortune, his heart should be enlarged with a thankful sense of God's goodness to him; his mouth should ever be filled with acknowledgments and praise; he

should always be ready to express his grateful resentment* of so great and peculiar obligations.

He should dedicate larger portions of that free leisure which God hath granted to him, in waiting on God, and constant performances of devotion.

He, in frequently reflecting on the particular ample favours of God to him should imitate the holy Psalmist, that illustrious pattern of great and fortunate men; saying after him, with his spirit and disposition of soul, "Thou hast brought me to great honour, and comforted me on every side; therefore will I praise thee and thy faithfulness, O God." "Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong:" "Thou hast set my feet in a large room:" "Thou preparest a table before me:" "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over:" "To the end that my glory may sing praise unto thee, and not be silent." "The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup; thou maintainest my lot. The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage;" therefore "I will bless the Lord."

In conceiving such meditations, his head and his heart should constantly be employed; as also in contriving ways of declaring and discharging real gratitude; asking himself, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" What shall I render to him, not only as a man, for all the gifts of nature; as a Christian, for all the blessings of grace; but as a gentleman also, for the many advantages of this my condition, beyond so many of my brethren, by special Providence indulged to me?

He hath all the common duties of piety, of charity, of sobriety, to discharge with fidelity; for being a gentleman doth not exempt him from being a Christian, but rather more strictly doth engage him to be such in a higher degree than others; it is an obligation peculiarly incumbent on him, in return for God's peculiar favour, to pay God all due obedience, and to exercise himself in all good works; disobedience being a more heinous crime

* *Resentment* is used by old writers in the sense of *strong feeling* in general. Its limitation to *angry feeling* is a modern use of the word.

in him, than in others who have not such encouragements to serve God.

His obedience may be inculcated by those arguments which Joshua and Samuel did use in pressing it on the Israelites: "Only," said Samuel, "fear the Lord, and serve him in truth: for consider how great things God hath done for you." And, "I have given you," saith God by Joshua, "a land for which ye did not labour, and cities which ye built not; and ye dwell in them: of the vineyards and oliveyards which ye planted not, do ye eat. Now, therefore, fear the Lord, and serve him in sincerity and in truth."

His disobedience may be aggravated, as Nehemiah did that of the Israelites: "They took strong cities and a fat land, and possessed houses full of all goods, wells digged, vineyards and oliveyards, and fruit trees in abundance; so they did eat, and were filled, and became fat; and delighted themselves in thy great goodness: nevertheless they were disobedient, and rebelled against thee, and cast thy law behind their backs." "They have not served thee in their kingdom, and in thy great goodness, which thou gavest them; neither turned they from their wicked works."

He particularly is God's steward, intrusted with God's substance for the sustenance and supply of God's family; to relieve his fellow-servants in their need, on seasonable occasions, by hospitality, mercy, and charitable beneficence; according to that intimation of our Lord, "Who is that faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord shall make ruler of his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season?" And according to those apostolical precepts, "As every one hath received a gift, (or special favour,) even to minister the same to one another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God:" and "Charge the rich in this world, that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."

And he that is obliged to purvey for so many, and so to abound in good works, how can he want business? How can he

pretend to a writ of ease? Surely that gentleman is very blind, and very barren of invention, who is to seek for work fit for him, or cannot easily discern many employments belonging to him, of great concern and consequence.

It is easy to prompt and show him many businesses, indispensably belonging to him, as such.

It is his business to administer relief to his poor neighbours, in their want and distresses, by his wealth. It is his business to direct and advise the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to reclaim the wicked, and encourage the good, by his wisdom. It is his business to protect the weak, to rescue the oppressed, to ease those who groan under heavy burdens, by his power; to be such a gentleman and so employed as Job was; who "did not eat his morsel alone, so that the fatherless did not eat thereof;" who "did not withhold the poor from their desire, or cause the eyes of the widow to fail;" who "did not see any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering;" who "delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him."

It is his business to be hospitable; kind and helpful to strangers; following those noble gentlemen, Abraham and Lot, who were so ready to invite and entertain strangers with bountiful courtesy.

It is his business to maintain peace, and appease dissensions among his neighbours, interposing his counsel and authority in order thereto: whereto he hath that brave gentleman, Moses, recommended for his pattern.

It is his business to promote the welfare and prosperity of his country with his best endeavours, and by all his interest; in which practice the Sacred History doth propound divers gallant gentlemen (Joseph, Moses, Samuel, Nehemiah, Daniel, Mordecai, and all such renowned patriots) to guide him.

It is his business to govern his family well; to educate his children in piety and virtue; to keep his servants in good order.

It is his business to look to his estate, and to keep it from wasting; that he may sustain the repute of his person and quality

with decency ; that he may be furnished with ability to do good, may provide well for his family, may be hospitable, may have wherewith to help his brethren ; for if, according to St Paul's injunction, a man should "work with his own hands, that he may have somewhat to impart to him that needeth ;" then must he that hath an estate be careful to preserve it, for the same good purpose.

It is his business to cultivate his mind with knowledge, with generous dispositions, with all worthy accomplishments befitting his condition, and qualifying him for honourable action ; so that he may excel, and bear himself above the vulgar level, no less in real inward worth, than in exterior garb ; that he be not a gentleman merely in name or show.

It is his business (and that no slight or easy business) to eschew the vices, to check the passions, to withstand the temptations, to which his condition is liable ; taking heed that his wealth, honour, and power do not betray him unto pride, insolence, or contempt of his poorer brethren ; unto injustice or oppression ; unto luxury and riotous excess ; unto sloth, stupidity, forgetfulness of God, and irreligious profaneness.

It is a business especially incumbent on him to be careful of his ways, that they may have good influence on others, who are apt to look on him as their guide and pattern.

He should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof ; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation ; encouraging them by his countenance and authority ; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favour ; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world.

Such particular affairs hath every person of quality, credit, wealth, and interest, allotted to him by God, and laid on him as duties ; the which to discharge faithfully will enough employ a man, and doth require industry, much care, much pains ; excluding sloth and negligence : so that it is impossible for a sluggard to be a worthy gentleman, virtuously disposed, a charitable neighbour, a

good patriot, a good husband of his estate ; anything of that, to which God, by setting him in such a station, doth call him.

Thus is a gentleman obliged to industry in respect of God, who justly doth exact those labours of piety, charity, and all virtue from him. Further,

2. He hath also obligations to mankind, demanding industry from him, on accounts of common humanity, equity, and ingenuity ; for,

How can he fairly subsist on the common industry of mankind, without bearing a share thereof ? How can he well satisfy himself to dwell stately, to feed daintily, to be finely clad, to maintain a pompous retinue, merely on the sweat and toil of others, without himself rendering a compensation, or making some competent returns of care and pain redounding to the good of his neighbour ?

How can he justly claim or reasonably expect from the world the respect agreeable to his rank, if he doth not by worthy performances conduce to the benefit of it ? Can men be obliged to regard those from whom they receive no good ?

If no gentleman be tied to serve the public, or to yield help in sustaining the common burdens, and supplying the needs of mankind, then is the whole order merely a burden, and an offence to the world ; a race of drones, a pack of ciphers in the commonwealth, standing for nothing, deserving no consideration or regard : and if any are bound, then all are ; for why should the whole burden lie on some, while others are exempted ?

It is indeed supposed that all are bound thereto, seeing that all have recompenses publicly allowed to them on such considerations ; divers respects and privileges peculiar to the order, grounded on supposition, that they deserve such advantages by conferring notable benefit on the public, the which indeed it were an arrogance to seek and an iniquity to accept for doing nothing.

It is an insufferable pride for any man to pretend or conceit himself to differ so much from his brethren, that he may be allowed to live in ease and sloth, while the rest of mankind are subject to continual toil and trouble. Moreover,

3. A gentleman is bound to be industrious for his own sake ; it

is a duty which he oweth to himself, to his honour, to his interest, to his welfare. He cannot without industry continue like himself, or maintain the honour and repute becoming his quality and state, or secure himself from contempt and disgrace; for to be honourable and slothful are things inconsistent, seeing honour does not grow, nor can subsist without undertaking worthy designs, constantly pursuing them, and happily achieving them; it is the fruit and reward of such actions which are not performed with ease.

4. Thus, on various accounts, a gentleman is engaged to business, and concerned to exercise industry therein; we may add, that indeed the very nature of gentility, or the true notion of a gentleman, doth imply so much.

For what, I pray, is a gentleman, what properties hath he, what qualities are characteristical or peculiar to him, whereby he is distinguished from others, or raised above the vulgar? Are they not especially two, courage and courtesy? which he that wanteth is not otherwise than equivocally a gentleman, as an image or a carcase is a man; without which, gentility in a conspicuous degree is no more than a vain show, or an empty name: and these plainly do involve industry, do exclude slothfulness; for courage doth prompt boldly to undertake, and resolutely to despatch great enterprises and employments of difficulty; it is not seen in a flaunting garb, or strutting deportment; not in hectorily ruffian-like swaggering or huffing; not in high looks or big words; but in stout and gallant deeds, employing vigour of mind and heart to achieve them: how can a man otherwise approve himself courageous, than by signalling himself in such a way? And for courtesy, how otherwise can it be well displayed than in sedulous activity for the good of men?

5. The work indeed of gentlemen is not so gross, but it may be as smart and painful as any other. For all hard work is not manual; there are other instruments of action beside the plough, the spade, the hammer, the shuttle: nor doth every work produce sweat and tiring of body; the head may work hard in contrivance of good designs; the tongue may be very active in dispensing advice, persuasion, comfort, and edification in virtue: a man may

bestir himself in "going about to do good;" these are works employing the cleanly industry of a gentleman.

6. In such works it was that the truest and greatest pattern of gentility that ever was did employ Himself. Who was that? Even our Lord himself; for He had no particular trade or profession: no man can be more loose from any engagement to the world than He was; no man had less need of business or painstaking than He, for He had a vast estate, being "heir of all things," all the world being at His disposal; yea, infinitely more, it being in His power with a word to create whatever He would to serve His need or satisfy His pleasure; omnipotency being His treasure and supply; He had a retinue of angels to wait on Him, and minister to Him; whatever sufficiency any man can fancy to himself to dispense with his taking pains, that had He in a far higher degree: yet did He find work for Himself, and continually was employed in performing service to God, and imparting benefits to men; nor was ever industry exercised on earth comparable to His.

Gentlemen, therefore, would do well to make Him the pattern of their life, to whose industry they must be beholden for their salvation; in order whereto we recommend them to His grace.

86.—*The Progress of the Great Plague of London.*

PEPYS.

[SAMUEL PEPYS, Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., left behind him one of the most curious records of the 17th century—a "Diary," which was first published in 1825, and has been recently reprinted, with large additions. Pepys was an able man of business, and a tolerably honest public officer in a corrupt age; but we should perhaps care little for him now, in common with many better and wiser whose good actions have been written in water, had he not left us, in this Diary, the most amusing exhibition of garrulous egotism that the world has seen. But he had a right to be egotistic. How could he know that a hundred and fifty years after he was gone he was to be "a good jest for ever?" His narrative of the Great Plague, which we pick out from his Diary here and there, is almost as interesting as Defoe's artistical but imaginary history.]

April 30th. Great fears of the sickness here in the city, it being

said that two or three houses are already shut up. God preserve us all!

May 7th. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us," writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that to my remembrance I ever saw.

July 12th. A solemn fast-day for the plague growing upon us.

13th. Above 700 died of the plague this week.

18th. I was much troubled this day to hear at Westminster how



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the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle-fields, pretending want of room elsewhere!

20th. Walked to Redriffe, where I hear the sickness is, and indeed is scattered almost everywhere. There dying 1089 of the plague this week. My Lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of plague-water home with me.

21st. Late in my chamber, setting some papers in order; the plague growing very raging, and my apprehensions of it great.

26th. The king having dined, he came down, and I went in the barge with him, I sitting at the door. Down to Woolwich

(and there I just saw, and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious; and away again to the king) and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And, God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though (blessed be God!) they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits. The Duke of Monmouth is the most skittish, leaping gallant that ever I saw, always in action, vaulting or leaping, or clambering. Sad news of the deaths of so many in the parish of the plague, forty last night. The bell always going. This day poor Robin Shaw at Backewell's died, and Backewell himself now in Flanders. The king himself asked about Shaw, and being told he was dead, said he was very sorry for it. The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got, indeed, everywhere; so that I begin to think of setting things in order, which I pray God enable me to put both as to soul and body.

28th. Set out with my Lady Sandwich all alone with her with six horses to Dagenhams, going by water to the Ferry. And a pleasant going, and a good discourse; and when there, very merry, and the young couple now well acquainted. But, Lord! to see in what fear all the people here do live. How they are afraid of us that come to them, insomuch that I am troubled at it, and wish myself away. But some cause they have; for the chaplain, with whom but a week or two ago we were here mighty high disputing, is since fallen into a fever and dead, being gone hence to a friend's a good way off. A sober and healthful man. These considerations make us all hasten the marriage, and resolve it upon Monday next.

30th. It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think five or six times.

31st. Thus I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honour, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money: and at last live

to see the business ended with great content on all sides. Thus we end this month, as I said, after the greatest glut of content that ever I had; only under some difficulty because of the plague, which grows mightily upon us, the last week being about 1700 or 1800 of the plague.

August 3d. To Dagenhams. All the way people, citizens, walking to and fro, inquire how the plague is in the city this week by the bill; which by chance, at Greenwich, I had heard was 2020 of the plague, and 3000 and odd of all diseases. By and by, met my Lord Crewe returning; Mr Marr telling me by the way how a maid-servant of Mr John Wright's (who lives thereabouts) falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an out-house, and a nurse appointed to look to her; who, being once absent, the maid got out of the house at the window, and ran away. The nurse coming a knocking, and having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr Wright so; who and his lady were in great strait what to do to get her buried. At last resolved to go to Brentwood hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not; so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did; and they got one of the pest coaches and put her into it to carry her to a pest-house. And passing in a narrow lane Sir Anthony Browne, with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody look very ill, and in a sick dress, and stunk mightily; which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they come up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr Wright's, carried away sick of the plague; which put the young gentleman into a fright, had almost cost him his life, but is now well again.

8th. To my office a little, and then to the Duke of Albemarle's

about some business. The streets empty all the way, now even in London, which is a sad sight. And to Westminster Hall, where talking, hearing very sad stories from Mrs Mumford; among others, of Mr Michell's sons' family. And poor Will, that used to sell us ale at the Hall door, his wife and three children died, all I think in a day. So home through the city again, wishing I may have taken no ill in going; but I will go, I think, no more thither.

10th. By and by to the office, where we sat all the morning; in great trouble to see the bill this week rise so high, to above 4000 in all, and of them about 3000 of the plague. Home to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to despatch to-morrow night; the town growing so unhealthy, that a man cannot depend upon living two days.

12th. The people die so, that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by daylight, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for air.

13th. It was dark before I could get home, and so land at Churchyard stairs, where to my great trouble, I met a dead corpse of the plague, in the narrow alley just bringing down a little pair of stairs. But I thank God I was not much disturbed at it. However, I shall beware of being late abroad again.

16th. To the Exchange, where I have not been a great while. But, Lord! how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change. Jealous of every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the plague; and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up.

20th. To Brainford; and there at the inn that goes down to the waterside, I light and paid off my post-horses, and so slipped on my shoes, and laid my things by, the tide not serving, and to church, where a dull sermon, and many Londoners.

After church to my room, and eat and drank, and so about seven o'clock by water, and got between nine and ten to Queen-hive, very dark. And I could not get my waterman to go else-

where for fear of the plague. Thence with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting dead corpses, carrying to be buried ; but (blessed be God !) met none, but did see now and then a link (which is the mark of them) at a distance.

22d. I went away and walked to Greenwich, in my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belonging to Coome Farm, which was carried out last night, and the parish have not appointed anybody to bury it, but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence ; this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs.

30th. Abroad and met with Hadley, our clerk, who, upon my asking how the plague goes, told me it increases much, and much in our parish.

31st. Up, and after putting several things in order to my removal to Woolwich, the plague having a great increase this week, beyond all expectation, of almost 2000, making the general bill 7000, odd 100 ; and the plague above 6000. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the public, through the greatness of the plague everywhere through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its increase. In the city died this week 7496, and of them 6102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000 ; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others, that will not have any bell ring for them.

September 3d, (Lord's Day.) Up, and put on my coloured silk suit, very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it ; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague. My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I, up to the vestry, at the desire of the justices of the peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing ; but, Lord ! to consider the madness of people of

the town, who will (because they are forbid) come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the town for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and wife now being shut up, and in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child; and so prevailed to have it received stark naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it (having put it into new clothes) to Greenwich; where, upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be received and kept in the town.

20th. To Lambeth. But, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river, and grass grows all up and down White Hall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets! and, which is worst of all, the duke showed us the number of the plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor; that it is increased about 600 more than the last, which is quite contrary to our hopes and expectations, from the coldness of the late season. For the whole general number is 8297, and of them the plague 7165; which is more in the whole by above 50 than the biggest bill yet: which is very grievous on us all.

October 16th. I walked to the Tower; but, Lord! how empty the streets are and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, everybody talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician, and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week: God send it!

29th. In the streets did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them; I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing.

November 27th. I into London, it being dark night, by a hackney-coach ; the first I have durst to go in many a day, and with great pain now for fear. But it being unsafe to go by water in the dark and frosty cold, and unable, being weary with my morning walk, to go on foot, this was my only way. Few people yet in the streets, nor shops open, here and there twenty in a place almost ; though not above five or six o'clock at night.

30th. Great joy we have this week in the weekly bill, it being come to 544 in all, and but 333 of the plague, so that we are encouraged to get to London as soon as we can.

January 5th. I with my Lord Brouncker and Mrs Williams, by coach with four horses to London, to my lord's house in Covent Garden. But, Lord ! what staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town ; and porters everywhere bow to us ; and such begging of beggars ! And delightful it is to see the town full of people again ; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut ; but yet the town is full, compared with what it used to be ; I mean the city end ; for Covent Garden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no court nor gentry being there.

13th. Home with his lordship to Mrs Williams's in Covent Garden, to dinner, (the first time I ever was there,) and there met Captain Coke ; and pretty merry, though not perfectly so because of the fear that there is of a great increase again of the plague this week.

22d. The first meeting of Gresham College since the plague. Dr Goddard did fill us with talk, in defence of his and his fellow-physicians going out of town in the plague time ; saying, that their particular patients were most gone out of town, and they left at liberty ; and a great deal more, &c.

30th. This is the first time that I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frighted me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards, where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.

February 4th, (Lord's Day.) And my wife and I the first time together at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon, expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till all are come home: but he made a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost, and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so as I was the less afraid for going through.

87.—The May Queen.

TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, of Trinity College, Cambridge, published his first volume of Poems in 1830. His proper rank in his country's literature was soon established. The office of poet-laureate was conferred upon Tennyson in 1850 on the death of Wordsworth. What an influence the poems of Tennyson have had upon the tastes of the present age can scarcely be appreciated except by a contrast with the fiery stimulus of the feast which Byron prepared half a century ago. There must be pauses in the excitement of these days—in which "onward," the motto of one of the railway companies, may apply to all the movements of social life—when the most busy and the most pleasure-seeking may relish a poet who, with a perfect mastery of harmonious numbers, fills the mind with tranquil images and natural thoughts, drawn out of his intimate acquaintance with the human heart.]

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
 To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year;
 Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
 the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as
 mine;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
 But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
 the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break :
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be :
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me ?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hol-
lows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother, dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad new year :
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother, dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year.
It is the last new year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind,
And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry day ;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May,
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane ;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again :
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high :
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,

And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You 'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You 'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you 'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid,
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you 'll forgive me now ;
You 'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow ;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I 'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
Though you 'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face,
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often often with you when you think I 'm far away.

Good night, good night, when I have said good night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :
She 'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She 'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor :
Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden more :
But tell her, when I 'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlour window and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet mother : call me before the day is born,
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;

But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year,
So, if you 're waking, call me, call me early, mother, dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet 's here.

Oh sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done !
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

Oh blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair !
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there !
Oh blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He show'd me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin.
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in ;
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet :
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call ;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear ;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said ;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, " It 's not for them ; it 's mine !"
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to heaven, and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.

But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am pass'd away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret ;
There 's many a worthier than I would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife ;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

Oh look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

Oh sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan ? why make we such ado ?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—

And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

88.—The Old English Admiral.

E. H. LOCKER.

[THE following graphic picture of “a true old English officer” was published in 1823, in “The Plain Englishman,”—a little periodical work which was amongst the first to recognise the necessity of meeting the growing ability of the people to read, by improving and innoxious reading. The editor and publisher of “Half-Hours” was associated in this endeavour with one of the worthiest of men, Mr Edward Hawke Locker, who was then resident at Windsor, but subsequently filled the responsible and honourable posts, first of Secretary of Greenwich Hospital, and afterwards of Commissioner. Mr Locker, some few years ago, retired from his official duties, under the pressure of severe illness, through which calamity his fine faculties and his energetic benevolence ceased to be useful to his fellow-creatures ; and he died in 1849.]

Hamlet. My father—methinks I see my father !

Horatio. Oh where, my lord ?

Hamlet. In my mind’s eye, Horatio . . .

He was a man, take him all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Act I. Scene 2.

Two-and-twenty years have this day expired since the decease of my much-honoured father. The retrospect presents to me the lively image of this excellent man, and carries me back to a distant period, when I was a daily witness of his benevolence. It is natural that I should dwell with affection upon this portrait, and I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of thinking that it may interest my readers also. The earliest of my impressions represents him as coming to see my little sister and me, when we were but five or six years old, residing in an obscure village, under the care of a maiden aunt. Nor should I, perhaps, have remembered the occasion, but for my taking a violent fancy to a rude sketch of a stag which he drew to amuse us on the fragment of one of our playthings. So whimsical are the records of our childish days ! Only a few years before, he had the grievous misfortune to lose my mother in child-birth in the flower of her age, leaving him with an infant family, almost heart-broken under this severe privation. I have often heard him say that, but for our sakes, he would gladly have been then released ; and, indeed, he had every pro-

spect of soon following her. He had recently returned in ill health from Jamaica, and the violence of his grief so much augmented his malady, that the physicians at one time despaired of his recovery. A firm reliance upon the goodness of Providence, and the strength of a powerful constitution, carried him through all his sufferings. He was by nature of a cheerful disposition; but though his spirits recovered with his health, the remembrance of his beloved wife, however mellowed by time, was indelibly expressed by the fondest affection. He never mentioned her name without a sigh, or handled any trifle which had once been hers, without betraying the yearnings of a wounded heart. He attached a sanctity to every thing allied to her memory. Her ornaments, her portrait, her letters, her sentiments, were objects of his constant regard. When he spoke of her, his tremulous voice proved the unabated interest with which he remembered their happy union. When alone, her image was continually present to his thoughts. In his walks he delighted to hum the airs she was accustomed to play; and I remember the vibration of an old guitar, which had been preserved as one of her reliques, immediately drew tears from his eyes, while he described to us the skill with which she accompanied her own melody.

From all I have heard of her, she must have been a woman of very superior merit. With many personal charms, she was accomplished in a degree which rendered her society highly attractive. She had accompanied her father to the West Indies, where he held the chief command, and, during that period, she had abundant occasions of showing the sweetness of her disposition, and the steadiness of her resolution. Her father was an admiral of the old *régime*; and I believe it sometimes required all her discretion to steer her light bark amidst the stormy seas she had to navigate.

My father was no ordinary character. One of the most remarkable features of his mind was simplicity. He was the most natural person I ever knew, and this gave a very agreeable tone to all he said and did. I verily believe he hated nothing but *hypocrisy*. He was blessed moreover with a sound understanding,

an intrepid spirit, a benevolent heart. From his father, who was a man of distinguished learning, and from his mother, who (as a *Stillingfleet*) inherited much of the same spirit, he derived a taste for literature, which, though thwarted by the rough duties of a sea life, was never quenched, and afterwards broke forth amidst the leisure of more gentle associations on shore. He had been taken from a public school too early to secure a classical education; but such was the diligence with which he repaired this defect, that few men of his profession could be found so well acquainted with books and their authors. In the retirement of his later years, he was enabled to cultivate this taste with every advantage, and numbered among his familiar friends some of the most eminent persons of his own time. Saturday was devoted to receiving men of literature and science at his table. On these occasions we were always permitted to be present, and looked forward with delight to this weekly festival, which contributed essentially to our improvement as well as to our amusement. He lost no opportunity of affording us instruction. All departments of literature had attractions for him; and, without the science of a proficient, he had a genuine love of knowledge wherever it was to be found. He was a great reader. I think *Shakespeare* was his favourite amusement; and he read his plays with a native eloquence and feeling, which sometimes drew tears from our eyes, and still oftener from his own.

He always considered himself a fortunate man in his naval career, although he persevered through a long and arduous course of service before he attained the honours of his profession. Having greatly distinguished himself in boarding a French man-of-war, his conduct at length attracted the notice of Sir Edward Hawke, to whom he ascribed all his subsequent success. My father often said that it was that great officer who first weaned him from the vulgar habits of a cockpit; and he considered him as the founder of the more gentlemanly spirit which has gradually been gaining ground in the navy. At the period when he first went to sea, a man-of-war was characterised by the coarseness so graphically described in the novels of *Smollett*. Tobacco

and a checked shirt were associated with lace and a cockade; and the manners of a British admiral partook of the language and demeanour of a boatswain's mate. My father accompanied his distinguished patron to the Mediterranean in the year 1757, when he was despatched to relieve the unfortunate Admiral Byng in the command, with orders to send him a close prisoner to England. I stop to relate a curious anecdote regarding that affair, which I have often heard from my father's lips.

When Sir Edward reached Gibraltar, he found Byng, with his fleet, lying at anchor in the bay. On communicating the nature of his instructions, he forbore to place the admiral in arrest, and conducted the affair with so much delicacy, that none else suspected the serious nature of his orders. The two admirals met at the table of Lord Tyrawley, then governor of Gibraltar, who, after dinner, withdrew with Byng to another apartment, where he assured him that, by private letters just then received, he was convinced the ministry meant to sacrifice him to the popular fury, advising him to take this opportunity of escaping to Spain, as the only chance of saving his life. Byng, in reply, confided to his lordship the generous conduct of Hawke, declaring that no personal consideration could induce him to betray that honourable man; adding, that he was determined to meet his fate, whatever might be the consequence of his return to England. This transaction, which does equal honour to both admirals, shows the generous nature of Hawke, who found in my father a kindred spirit, worthy of his future friendship and protection. Under the auspices of this patron, he shared in the glory of the fight with the French fleet, under Marshal Conflans, off Quiberon, in 1759, and, being preferred after the action to the post of first lieutenant of the *Royal George*, bearing Sir Edward's flag, he advanced him through the successive stages of his subsequent promotion—their mutual attachment only ceasing with the life of that illustrious commander.

A reputation so well earned was rewarded, not only with preferment, but by the esteem and affection both of officers and men. The sailors respected him for his gallantry, and loved him for his

humanity—virtues in which he emulated the brilliant example of his patron. In the selection of his earliest naval friends he had shown great discernment; for they subsequently became the most distinguished officers in the service. When, in his turn, he became a patron, his example as a commander, aided by the high integrity of his character, and the native benevolence of his disposition, drew around him a number of young officers, whose brilliant career richly repaid the obligations they received from him. Several of them, who rose to distinction, afterwards presented him with their portraits. These were hung round his room, and he took an honest pride in showing to his visitors these memorials of his “youngsters,” relating some honourable trait of each of them in succession. Among these was Horatio Nelson, who, to the last hour of his life, regarded him with the affection of a son, and with the respect of a pupil. The following extract from a letter written many years after, amidst the anxieties of his exalted station, shows the unabated attachment with which he regarded the guide of his youth:—

“PALERMO, *Feb.* 9, 1799.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I well know your own goodness of heart will make all due allowance for my present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive at the moment. But you, my old friend, after twenty-seven years’ acquaintance, know that nothing can alter my attachment and gratitude to you. I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me to board a French man-of-war by your conduct when in the *Experiment*. It is you who always said, ‘Lay a Frenchman close, and you will beat him;’ and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. Our friendship will never end but with my life; but you have always been too partial to me. The Vesuvian republic being fixed, I have now to look out for Sicily; but revolutionary principles are so prevalent in the world that no monarchical government is safe, or sure of lasting ten years.—Believe me ever your faithful and affectionate friend,

“NELSON.”

While Nelson was yet a private captain, and his merits unknown beyond the limits of his own immediate friends, my father always spoke of him with a prophetic anticipation of his future greatness, such was the sagacity with which he penetrated the character of that extraordinary man. When at length Nelson returned to England, his old friend was rapidly sinking into the grave; yet the desire to behold once more the hero whom he still regarded with the affection of a parent, occupied his thoughts during the last days of his life. But this wish was not gratified—he never saw him again. Nelson, when informed of his death, hastened to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains; and though on that occasion I was deeply engaged with my own sorrows, I could not be insensible to the unequivocal proofs of grateful attachment which he then showed to his early patron.

The principles of my father's character are, perhaps, better understood by viewing him in the retirement of domestic life, than in his professional relations; for it is only in private that the more delicate traits of disposition are to be observed. There is a certain exterior worn by most men in their intercourse with the world, which produces a general resemblance; but this is thrown aside upon their return home, and the nicer peculiarities of character, hidden from the public eye, are disclosed without reserve in the bosom of their own families. Thus it was with my father. The playfulness of his disposition never appeared to such advantage as at his own fireside;—and though the warmth of his benevolence, which beamed on his venerable countenance, diffused itself wherever he came, it glowed with peculiar ardour towards those more closely connected with him. He was no party man. Though cordially attached to his Church and king, he was neither a bigot in religion nor in politics. He had great reluctance to controversy, and enjoyed the friendship of men of worth of all parties. His father, indeed, was a stanch Jacobite, and he thus inherited Tory principles. He used to relate that, when a boy, he was often sent with presents to relieve the poor Highlanders confined in the Tower, after the rebellion of 1745. One of these poor fellows (who deserved a better fate) gave him his leathern belt as a keep-

sake a few days before his execution ; and in treasuring up this simple relic, he fostered the political opinions with which it was associated. With all this partiality, he reprobated the heartless ingratitude of Prince Charles ; and among the honourable distinctions of his late sovereign's character, he most of all admired his tenderness to the last of the Stuarts.

The remembrance of any considerable act of kindness became a part of my father's constitution. It cost him no effort to retain it in his memory. He never seemed to feel the *burden* of an obligation, and it arose to his mind whenever he had an opportunity to requite it. The child, the friend, nay, even the dog of any one to whom he was obliged, was sure to receive some acknowledgment. I shall never forget a visit to the tomb of his naval patron, in the little village of Swatheling, which called up all his gratitude at the distance of twenty years. A rough old admiral who accompanied us struggled hard to hide his emotion, but my father gave free course to his feelings, while the tears stole down their rugged cheeks in sympathy.

Good breeding is said to be the daughter of good nature. There was an unaffected cordiality in my father's hospitality, a frank familiarity towards an old friend, a respect and tenderness to women of all ranks and ages, and complexions, which marked the generous spirit of an English gentleman of the old school. Towards young persons he had none of the chilliness and austerity of age. He treated them on equal terms ; and they learned many a valuable lesson from his conversation, while they fancied themselves only amused. He had an excellent library, which, before his death, was nearly exhausted in presents to his youthful friends. Of this I had some years ago a very gratifying proof, on visiting a Spanish gentleman in the island of Majorca, who unexpectedly to me opened a little cabinet filled with the best English authors, which my father had given him when a student in London.

The fireside, on a winter evening, was a scene highly picturesque, and worthy of the pencil of Wilkie. The veteran sat in his easy-chair, surrounded by his children. A few gray hairs peeped

from beneath his hat, worn somewhat awry, which gave an arch turn to the head, which it seldom quitted. The anchor button, and scarlet waistcoat trimmed with gold, marked the fashion of former times. Before him lay his book, and at his side a glass prepared by the careful hand of a daughter, who devoted herself to him with a tenderness peculiarly delightful to the infirmities of age. The benevolent features of the old man were slightly obscured by the incense of a "cigárre" (the last remnant of a cock-pit education) which spread its fragrance in long wreaths of smoke around himself and the whole apartment. A footstool supported his wounded leg, beneath which lay the old and faithful Newfoundland dog stretched on the hearth. Portraits of King Charles the First and Van Tromp (indicating the characteristic turn of his mind) appeared above the chimney-piece; and a multitude of prints of British heroes covered the rest of the wainscot. A knot of antique swords and Indian weapons garnished the old-fashioned pediment of the door; a green curtain was extended across the room, to fence off the cold air, to which an old sailor's constitution is particularly sensitive. Such was the picture.

The servants, who revered his peculiarities, served him with earnest affection. Even his horse confided in his benevolence as much as the rest of the household; for when he was of opinion that the morning ride was sufficiently extended, he commonly faced about, and as my father generally rode in gambadoes, (not the most convenient armour for a conflict with a self-willed steed,) he generally yielded to the caprice of his horse. The chief personage in his confidence was old Boswell, the self-invested minister of the extraordinaries of the family, who looked upon the footman as a jackanapes, and on the female servants as incapable of "understanding his honour." Boswell had been in his time a smart young seaman, and formerly rowed the stroke-oar in the captain's barge. After many a hard gale and long separation, the association was renewed in old age, and to a bystander had more of the familiarity of ancient friendship than of the relation of master and servant. "Has your honour any further commands?" said Boswell, as he used to enter the parlour in the evening,

while, throwing his body into an angle, he made his reverence, and shut the door with his opposite extremity at the same time. "No, Boswell, I think not, unless indeed you are disposed for a glass of grog before you go." "As your honour pleases," was the established reply. A word from my father soon produced the beverage, at the approach of which the old sailor was seen to slide a quid into his cuff, and prepare for action. "Does your honour remember when we were up the Mississippi, in the *Nautilus* sloop of war?" "Ay, my old friend, I shall never forget it, 'twas a happy trip, the poor Indians won all our hearts." "Ah, but your honour, there was worse company than they in the woods there. Mayhap you recollect the great black snake that clung about the sergeant of marines, and had well-nigh throttled him?" "I do, I do, and the poor fellow was obliged to beat its head to pieces against his own thigh. I remember it as though it was but yesterday." "And the rattlesnake too, that your honour killed with your cane, five and forty feet." "Avast, Boswell!" cried my father, "mind your reckoning there, 'twas but twelve, you rogue, and that's long enough in all conscience." The scenes were highly amusing to our occasional visitors, and are still remembered with delight by those of his familiar friends who yet survive him.

If benevolence was the striking feature of his disposition, religion was the guide of his conduct, the anchor of his hope, the stay of all his confidence. There was an habitual energy in his private devotions, which proved the firm hold which Christianity had obtained over his mind. Whether in reading or in conversation, at the name of God he instantly uncovered his head, by a spontaneous movement of religious feeling. Nothing but illness ever kept him from church. His example there was a silent reproof to the idle and indifferent. I see him still in imagination, kneeling, unconscious of all around him, absorbed in earnest prayer; and though his features were concealed, the agitation of his venerable head indicated the fervour of his supplications. The recollection has often quickened my own indolence.

Such was the man whose memory was endeared to all who

knew his worth, affording us a beautiful example of a true old English officer.

Dec. 26, 1822.

89.—The Nut-Brown Maid.

[In a singular book—first printed about 1502, called “Arnold’s Chronicle,” the strangest medley of the most prosaic things—appears, for the first time, as far as we know, the ballad of “The Nut-Brown Maid.” Upon this ballad Prior founded his poem of “Henry and Emma.” Thomas Warton, in his “History of English Poetry,” truly says that Prior “paraphrased the poem without improving its native beauties;” and he adds, “there is hardly an obsolete word, or that requires explanation, in the whole piece.” Prior spoilt the story, enfeebled the characters, and utterly obliterated the simplicity of his original. The reader will bear in mind that the poem, after the first sixteen lines, is conducted in dialogue. We distinguish the beginning and end of each speech by inverted commas.]

Be it right or wrong, these men among, on women do complain,
 Affirming this, how that it is a labour spent in vain
 To love them well, for never a deal they love a man again;
 For let a man do what he can their favour to attain,
 Yet if a new do them pursue, their first true lover than *
 Laboureth for nought, for from her thought he is a banish’d man.

I say not nay, but that all day it is both writ and said,
 That woman’s faith is, as who saith, all utterly decay’d;
 But, nevertheless, right good witness in this case might be laid,
 That they love true, and continue; record the Nut-Brown Maid;
 Which from her love, when her to prove, he came to make his
 moan,

Would not depart, for in her heart she loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss, what was all the manere †
 Between them two; we will also tell all the pain and fear
 That she was in. Now I begin, so that ye me answer.
 Wherefore all ye that present be, I pray you give an ear:
 “I am the knight, I come by night, as secret as I can,
 Saying—Alas, thus standeth the case, I am a banished man!”

* Then.

† Manner.

“And I your will for to fulfil, in this will not refuse ;
 Trusting to show, in wordes few, that men have an ill use,
 To their own shame, women to blame, and causeless them accuse ;
 Therefore to you I answer now, all women to excuse ;
 Mine own heart dear, with you what cheer? I pray you tell
 anon,
 For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone.”

“It standeth so ; a deed is do wherefore much harm shall grow,
 My destiny is for to die a shameful death I trow,
 Or else to flee ; the one must be ; none other way I know
 But to withdraw, as an outlaw, and take me to my bow ;
 Wherefore adieu, my own heart true, none other rede * I can,
 For I must to the green wood go, alone, a banish'd man.”

“O Lord, what is the worldē's bliss, that changeth as the moon,
 My summer's day, in lusty May, is dark'd before the noon :
 I hear you say farewell ; nay, nay, we depart † not so soon ;
 Why say ye so ? whither will ye go ? alas, what have ye done ?
 All my welfare to sorrow and care should change if ye were gone,
 For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone.”

“I can believe it shall you grieve, and somewhat you distraint ;
 But afterward, your painēs hard within a day or twain
 Shall soon aslake, and ye shall take comfort to you again.
 Why should ye nought ? for to make thought your labour were in
 vain,
 And thus I do, and pray you lo, ‡ as heartily as I can,
 For I must to the green wood go, alone, a banish'd man.”

“Now sith that ye have show'd to me the secret of your mind,
 I shall be plain to you again, like as ye shall me find ;
 Sith it is so, that ye will go, I will not leave behind,
 Shall never be said, the Nut-Brown Maid was to her love unkind ;
 Make you ready, for so am I, although it were anon,
 For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone.”

* Counsel.

† Part.

‡ Mark.

“Yet I you rede to take good heed what men will think and say,
Of young and old, it shall be told, that ye be gone away,
Your wanton will for to fulfil, in green wood you to play,
And that ye might, from your delight, no longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus for me be call'd an ill woman,
Yet would I to the green wood go, alone, a banish'd man.”

“Though it be sung of old and young that I should be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speak so large in hurting of my name;
For I will prove that faithful love, it is devoid of shame;
In your distress and heaviness, to part with you the same;
And sure all tho'* that do not so, true lovers are they none;
But, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone.”

“I counsel you, remember how it is no maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt, but to run out to wood with an outlaw:
For ye must there in your hand bear a bow ready to draw,
And as a thief thus must ye live, ever in dread and awe,
By which to you great harm might grow, yet had I liefer then
That I had to the green wood go, alone, a banish'd man.”

“I think not nay, but as ye say, it is no maiden's law,
But love may make me for your sake, as I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot to get us meat in store,
For so that I your company may have, I ask no more;
From which to part, it maketh mine heart as cold as any stone,
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone.”

“For an outlaw this is the law, that men him take and bind
Without pity, hang'd to be, and waver with the wind.
If I had need, as God forbid, what rescues could ye find?
Forsooth I trow, you and your bow for fear would draw behind;
And no marvel, for little avail were in your counsel than†
Wherefore I to the wood will go, alone, a banish'd man.”

“Full well know ye that women be full feeble for to fight,
No womanhede‡ it is indeed to be bold as a knight;

* Those.

† Then.

‡ Womanhood.

Yet in such fear if that ye were, with enemies day or night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand, to grieve them as I might,
And you to save, as women have, from death many one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"Yet take good heed for ever I drede* that ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys, the snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat; for dry or wete† we must lodge on the plain;
And as above none other rofe‡ but a brake bush or twain;
Which soon should grieve you, I believe, and ye would gladly than,
That I had to the green wood go, alone, a banish'd man."

"Sith I have here been partynere§ with you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your woe endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of one pleasure; and, shortly, it is this,
That where ye be me seemeth, perdie, I could not fare amiss;
Without more speech, I you beseech, that we were soon agone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"If ye go thider,|| ye must consider, when ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for you get, nor drink, beer, ale nor wine,
Nor sheetes clean to lie between, maden of thread and twine;
None other house, but leaves and boughs, to cover your head and
mine:

Lo, mine heart sweet, this ill diet should make you pale and wan,
Wherefore I to the wood will go, alone, a banish'd man."

"Among the wild deer, such an archere, as men say that ye be,
Ne may not fail of good victaile, where is so great plenty,
And water clear, of the rivere, shall be full sweet to me,
With which in hele,¶ I shall righte wele endure, as ye shall see;
And, ere we go, a bed or two I can provide anon,
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"Lo yet before, ye must do more, if ye will go with me,
As cut your hair up by your ear, your kirtle by your knee;

* Dread.

† Wet.

‡ Roof.

§ Partner.

|| Thither.

¶ Health.

With bow in hand, for to withstand your enemies, if need be;
And this same night, before daylight, to wood ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfil, do it shortly as ye can,
Else will I to the green wood go, alone, a banish'd man."

"I shall as now, do more for you than 'longeth to womanhede,
To short my hair, a bow to bear, to shoot in time of need.
Oh, my sweet mother, before all other, for you have I most drede;
But now adieu! I must ensue where fortune doth me lead;
All this make ye; now let us flee, the day comes fast upon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"Nay, nay, not so, ye shall not go, and I shall tell you why:
Your appetite is to be light of love, I well espy;
For like as ye have said to me, in like wise hardely,
Ye would answer who so ever it were, in way of company.
It is said of old, soon hot soon cold, and so is a woman.
Wherefore I to the wood will go, alone, a banish'd man."

"If ye take heed, it is no need such words to say by me,
For oft ye pray'd, and long essay'd, or I you loved, perdie;
And though that I of ancestry a baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved, a squire of low degree,
And ever shall, whatso befall, to die therefore anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"A baron's child to be beguiled, it were a cursèd deed;
To be fellow with an outlaw, Almighty God forbid:
Yet better were, the poor squier alone to forest yede,*
Than ye shall say, another day, that by my wicked deed
Ye were betray'd; wherefore, good maid, the best rede that I can
Is that I to the greenwood go, alone, a banish'd man."

"Whatever befall, I never shall of this thing you upbraid,
But if ye go, and leave me so, then have ye me betray'd;
Remember you well, how that ye deal, for if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind, to leave behind your love, the Nut-Brown Maid,

* Went.

Trust me truly that I die soon after ye be gone,
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"If that ye went ye should repent, for in the forest now
I have purvey'd me of a maid, whom I love more than you.
Another fairer than ever ye were, I dare it well avow ;
And of you both, each should be wroth with other, as I trow
It were mine ease to live in peace ; so will I if I can ;
Wherefore I to the wood will go, alone, a banish'd man."

"Though in the wood I understood ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your ;
And she shall find me soft and kind, and courteous every hour,
Glad to fulfil all that she will command me to my power,
For had ye loo* an hundred mo, yet would I be that one ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"Mine own dear love, I see the proof that ye be kind and true :
Of maid and wife, in all my life, the best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad, be no more sad, the case is changed new ;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth, ye should have cause to rue,
Be not dismay'd, whatsoever I said to you when I began,
I will not to the greenwood go, I am no banish'd man."

"These tidings be more glad to me than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they should endure : but it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak the wordes on the
spleen :

Ye shape some wile, me to beguile, and steal from me, I ween ;
Then were the case worse than it was, and I more woe-begone ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone."

"Ye shall not need further to drede, I will not disparage
You, God defend, sith you descend of so great a lineage :
Now understand ; to Westmoreland, which is my heritage,
I will you bring, and with a ring, by way of marriage,
I will ye take, and lady make, as shortly as I can :
Thus have ye won an earle's son, and not a banish'd man."

* Loved.

Here may ye see, that women be, in love, meek, kind, and stable,
 Let never man reprove them then, or call them variable ;
 But rather pray God that we may to them be comfortable,
 Which sometime proveth such as loveth, if they be charitable :
 For sith men would that women should be meek to them each one,
 Much more ought they to God obey, and serve but Him alone.

90.—Sir Roger de Coverley.—4.

ADDISON.

WE give the "Spectator," No. 335, without abridgment. It is by Addison.

"My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy ('The Distressed Mother') with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said Sir Roger, 'was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was ; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night ; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know,' continued the knight with a smile, 'I fancied they had a mind to hunt me ; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design ; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned

and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger added, that 'if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out,' says he, 'at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However,' says the knight, 'if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.'

"The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared very much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as

much for Hermione ; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

“When Sir Roger saw Andromache’s obstinate refusal to her lover’s importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him ; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, ‘You can’t imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.’ Upon Pyrrhus’s threatening to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, ‘Ay, do if you can.’ This part dwelt so much upon my friend’s imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking on something else, he whispered me in my ear, ‘These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,’ says he, ‘you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.

“The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. ‘Well,’ says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, ‘I suppose we are now to see Hector’s ghost.’ He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom, at his first entering, he took for Astyanax ; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione’s going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, ‘On my word, a notable young baggage.’

“As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterward applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a

second time : 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags, who sat near us lean with an attentive ear toward Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralise (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

"As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it, being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse, being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man."

The following is from the "Spectator," No. 383, by Addison :—

"As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next 'Spectator,' I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door ; and, upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered, very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden (Vauxhall) in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below until I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend ; and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating

gossip, engaged in a conference with him ; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy on the head, and bidding him to be a good child and mind his book.

“We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, ‘You must know,’ says Sir Roger, ‘I never make use of anybody to row me that has not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen’s service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.’

“My old friend, after having seated himself, and triumped the boat with his coachman, who being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg ; and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation ; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen ; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet ; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe ; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world ; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

“After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. ‘A most heathenish sight!’ says Sir Roger : ‘there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect ; but church work is slow, church work is slow.’

“I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned in Sir Roger’s character his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a Good-morrow or a Good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity; though, at the same time, it renders him so popular among his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but, to the knight’s great surprise, as he gave the Good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first; but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that, if he were a Middlesex justice he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty’s subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

“We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrance of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales.

“‘You must understand,’ says the knight, ‘there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!’

“We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be

saucy ; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look."

We now conclude this series of papers. The account of the death of Sir Roger is in Addison's best style. It is said that he killed his good knight to prevent others misrepresenting his actions and character. It certainly was not easy to preserve the true balance between our amusement at the eccentricities of his hero and our love for his goodness, as Addison alone has preserved it. Steele vulgarised Sir Roger.

"We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead ! He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him that the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my readers a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"HONOURED SIR,—Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman ; for you know, Sir, my good master was always

the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom ; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the last forty years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him ; and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tene-ment with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge ; and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church ; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits ; the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken posses-

sion of the Hall-house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never enjoyed himself since ; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from, honoured Sir, your most sorrowful servant,

“ ‘EDWARD BISCUIT.

“ ‘*P.S.*—My master desired some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.’

“ This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger, the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight had left rings and mourning for every one in the club.”

END OF VOL. I.





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