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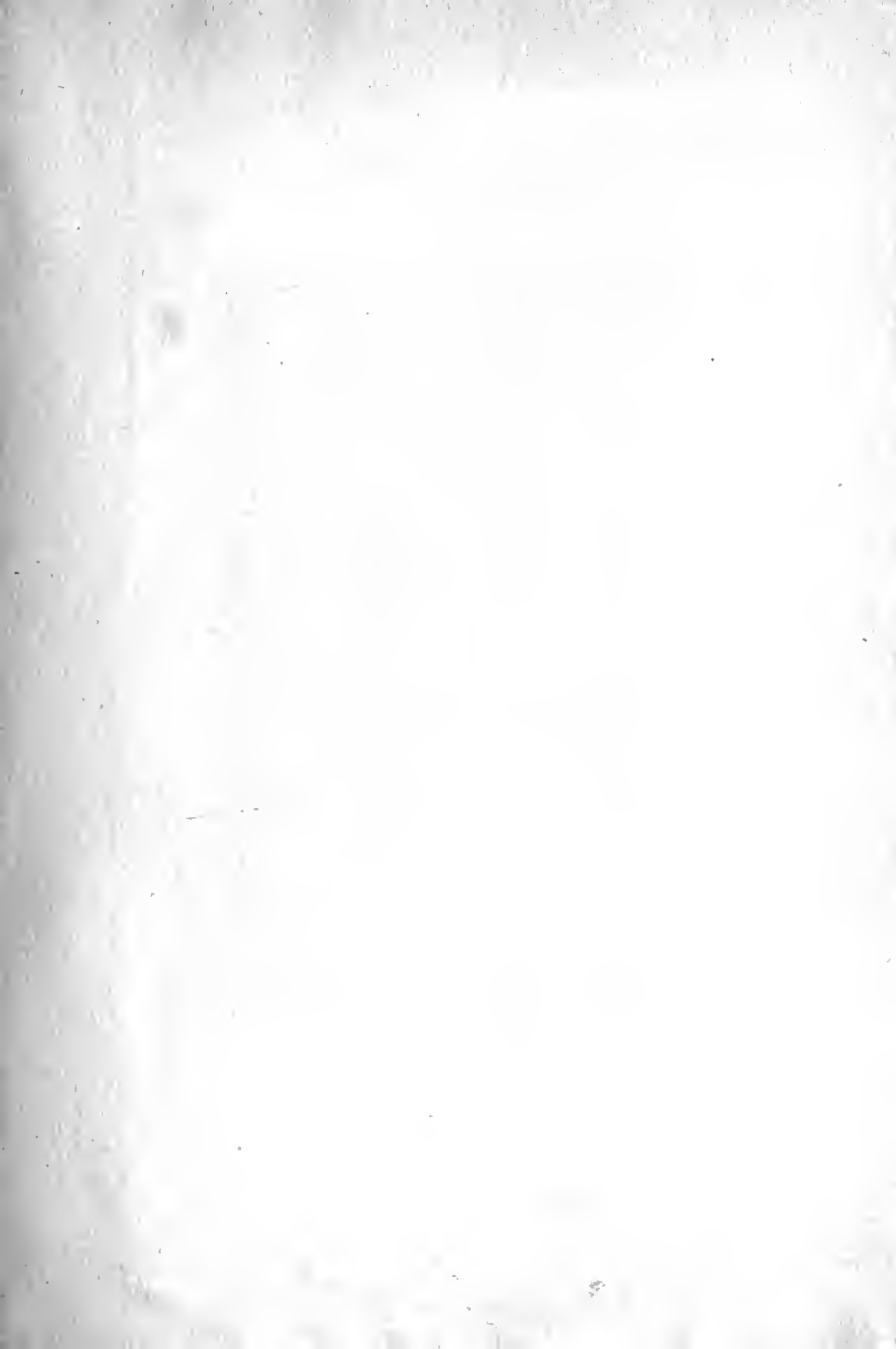


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A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIAEVAL AND MODERN,
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

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L'ESSAI CRITIQUE EN FRANCE

PAR PAUL BOURGET

IL semble bien qu'il y ait, entre ces véritables espèces intellectuelles que l'instinct de la vieille rhétorique a fort heureusement appelées les Genres Littéraires, une lutte pour la vie, de tous points analogue à celle que soutiennent entre elles les espèces animales. Certains de ces genres, après avoir occupé tout le champ de la pensée contemporaine et manifesté leur énergie par la création d'œuvres très nombreuses, s'anémient, s'appauvrissent, végètent, meurent. C'a été l'histoire du Poème épique, c'est aujourd'hui l'histoire de la Tragédie en France, du Drame en Angleterre. Au dix-septième siècle, et dans la première moitié du dix-huitième, Rotrou, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire coup sur coup, et autour d'eux une légion d'imitateurs inférieurs, attestent la vitalité d'un genre qui peut bien, au dix-neuvième siècle, produire encore, à intervalles éloignés, un spécimen remarquable, mais c'est là une exception presque archaïque. Comparez de même la production dramatique actuelle d'Outre-Manche à celle de la période Elisabéthéenne. Inversement, d'autres genres dont la force créatrice paraissait grêle, atténuée et pauvre, durant les époques précédentes, se développent dans la nôtre avec une vigueur, une richesse, une amplitude inconnues. Ainsi la Poésie Lyrique durant la première moitié du siècle; ainsi de nos jours encore le Roman; et ce que j'appellerai, faute d'un terme plus exact, l'Essai critique. Cette ressemblance entre l'évolution des espèces littéraires et des espèces animales paraît démontrer que la nature emploie les mêmes procédés dans l'univers moral et dans l'univers physique. C'est entre

parenthèses, une preuve de plus à l'appui du grand principe de l'unité de composition si fortement défendu par Goethe, et où se résume toute la philosophie naturelle d'aujourd'hui.

Je voudrais prendre prétexte d'une des formes littéraires que je viens de mentionner, l'Essai critique, et de son histoire en France depuis ces cent ans, pour dégager quelques-uns des caractères dont s'accompagne une évolution de cet ordre. Peut-être ces caractères sont-ils d'autant plus visibles ici que cette évolution a été plus rapide. Certes, entre un beau roman du dix-huitième siècle, tel que *Gil-Blas* ou *Manon Lescaut*, et un beau roman de notre époque, tel que *Madame Bovary* ou *L'Assommoir*, la distance est énorme. Elle est moindre pourtant que d'une page de La Harpe ou de Geoffroy, même de Villemain, à une page de Taine ou de M. Jules Lemaître. Dans le premier cas, vous constatez un simple développement. Dans le second, c'est le principe même du genre qui a changé. Pour les écrivains d'il y a cent ans, la critique consistait essentiellement, comme l'indique l'étymologie (*κρίνω*, je juge, je distingue) dans l'acte de *juger en discernant*. Ils admettaient qu'il existe un code absolu de l'œuvre littéraire, des règles strictes, un canon idéal. Critiquer, pour eux, c'était comparer cette œuvre littéraire à ce canon, marquer les points où elle s'était conformée à ces règles, ceux où elle les avait transgressées, et conclure, en vertu d'un code immuable, par un arrêt motivé. S'ils n'invoquaient plus, comme au moyen-âge, l'autorité sans appel d'Aristote, ils considéraient pourtant comme possible de formuler des lois fixes du Beau. Surtout, ils estimaient que les chefs-d'œuvre légués par les maîtres de l'antiquité et de l'âge classique représentaient des types achevés auxquels il convenait de rapporter toute création nouvelle pour en mesurer la valeur. Ils reconnaissaient,—et sur ce point leur observation était très exacte,—que l'habitude de tels rapprochements développe en nous un sens spécial, *le Goût*, et cette faculté de discerner le bon du mauvais était, à leurs yeux, le don critique par excellence. L'essai de l'Abbé Morellet sur l'*Atala* de Chateaubriand, qui se trouve reproduit d'habitude dans les éditions séparées de ce petit roman, peut être

regardé comme un exemplaire achevé de cette Critique qu'il ne faut pas mépriser. Elle était judicieuse, mesurée, souvent efficace. L'influence excellente de Boileau, un de ses représentants les plus convaincus, en est un témoignage.

La révolution de 1789 éclata, puis l'Empire. Les grandes guerres de ces vingt cinq années eurent cet effet inattendu de mêler singulièrement les nations les unes aux autres. Pour nous borner toujours à la France, ces bouleversements sociaux, en précipitant hors de leur pays un Chateaubriand, une Madame de Staël, un Paul-Louis-Courier, un Benjamin Constant, et combien d'autres, leur apprirent qu'il existait une Europe. Il ne se contentèrent pas de lire dans le texte Shakespeare, Dante et Goethe, comme aurait fait en 1780 un jeune Français curieux, qui aurait su les langues. Ils les lurent sur place, dans leurs pays d'origine, et ils sentirent l'intime lien qui rattachait ces chefs-d'œuvre de littérature aux mœurs, au ciel, à l'âme enfin de l'Angleterre, de l'Italie, de l'Allemagne. Ils démêlèrent, les uns confusément, les autres plus nettement, deux vérités que leurs prédécesseurs ne soupçonnaient pas : la première qu'il y a dans toute création d'art autre chose qu'un effort d'esthétique, qu'elle constitue une nécessaire et presque inconsciente manifestation de tous ces éléments dont est fait le génie national : qualités de la race, moment de l'histoire, influence du climat ;—la seconde qu'il existe beaucoup de types de beauté différents, sinon contradictoires, et que le goût n'a aucunement ce caractère fixe dont les Poétiques et les Rhétoriques de l'âge classique faisaient un dogme. De telles découvertes, ainsi résumées, paraissent très simples. Elles comportent un déplacement de point de vue qui, dans l'ordre intellectuel, équivaut à ce qu'est un changement total d'atmosphère dans l'ordre physique. Ce sont des modifications radicales de milieu auxquelles correspondent des modifications radicales pour les organismes placés dans ce milieu. On en saisit ici un exemple très net.

La conséquence immédiate de cet agrandissement de l'imagination française fut ce mouvement, confus jusqu'à l'incohérence, qui s'est appelé le Romantisme. Nous y reconnaissons aujourd'hui la mise en jeu de plusieurs forces très distinctes : par exemple, le sur-

saut d'éveil de la sensibilité plébéienne dans la démocratie commençante, la mélancolie passionnée et le désordre d'un âge de crise religieuse et politique, le déséquilibre produit par le prestige de la prodigieuse personnalité de Napoléon. Surtout,—et c'est assurément la plus inattendue des constatations, celle qui eût le plus étonné les Jeune-France en gilet rouge de la première d'*Hernani*,—nous y apercevons un premier effort de la Critique moderne pour se développer et pour grandir. Nous distinguons en effet parmi les hommes qui prirent part à ce mouvement révolutionnaire les deux écrivains qui représentent encore aujourd'hui l'esprit critique, tel que nous l'entendons d'une manière déjà presque complète : l'un est Stendhal, d'où est issu Taine ; l'autre Sainte-Beuve, dont nous sommes tous plus ou moins sortis,—Sainte-Beuve, qui reste avec Balzac la plus puissante influence intellectuelle et la plus féconde du dix-neuvième siècle français.

Stendhal est célèbre aujourd'hui par ses romans. Mais il suffit de consulter la bibliographie de ses ouvrages pour constater que le genre romanesque ne fut chez lui que l'aboutissement suprême de sa pensée, une application particulière d'une méthode et d'un tour d'esprit qui avaient commencé par multiplier les tentatives d'un autre ordre. Soldat de Napoléon à dix-huit ans, puis commissaire des guerres et traversant l'Europe avec la Grande Armée, enfin, après la chute de l'Empire, voyageur cosmopolite et tour à tour installé en Italie, à Paris, en Angleterre, il n'avait pas cessé, durant toute sa jeunesse et sa maturité, de poursuivre l'étude qu'il déclarait lui-même avoir été le suprême intérêt de sa vie : "l'analyse des passions du cœur humain et l'expression de ces passions par les arts et la littérature."—Ce sont les propres termes dont il se sert. Ils enveloppent cette conception nouvelle de la critique qui, plus tard, précisée par Taine, en a fait une branche de la psychologie. Mesurons la portée de cette formule. Si la principale qualité de l'artiste littéraire : poète, romancier, dramaturge, est de copier la nature humaine dans sa vérité, et, comme disait Stendhal, de "faire ressemblant," son œuvre ne peut plus être jugée d'après ce type unique, et à la mesure de ce canon idéal que proclamait l'ancienne critique. Entre la littérature du Nord et celle du Midi, par

exemple, il doit se rencontrer des différences,—irréductibles puisqu'elles se proposent de reproduire deux sortes de natures humaines irréductibles l'une à l'autre,—et légitimes, puisque ces natures humaines sont également légitimes aussi. La poésie de Shakespeare ne peut pas, ne *doit* pas être pareille à celle de Dante, car celui-ci copie une sensibilité Italienne et celui-là une sensibilité Anglaise. L'un écrit pour des Latins qui vivent sous un climat de claire lumière, l'autre pour des Saxons et des Normands, prisonniers d'un ciel de brumes et d'une île où le printemps même a des frissons d'hiver. Ce sont là deux formes d'art, contradictoires mais nécessaires, et, s'il en est ainsi, le rôle du Critique ne consiste pas à condamner l'une au nom de l'autre, ou toutes les deux au nom d'une troisième. Il consiste à les comprendre et non plus à les juger.

C'est l'idée-maitresse qui circule, appliquée à la littérature, à la musique, à la peinture, d'un bout à l'autre des nombreux ouvrages où la vive intelligence de Stendhal s'est dépensée et qui s'appellent : *Racine et Shakespeare, Histoire de la peinture en Italie, Mémoires d'un Touriste, les Promenades dans Rome, Vie de Rossini.*—Je cite au hasard.—Il se dégage de ces livres, même aujourd'hui, un pouvoir d'excitation intellectuelle très remarquable. Il ont gardé ce qui fut la magie de la causerie de leur auteur, ce don d'ébranler, de suggestionner la pensée. Ces livres, pourtant, ne sont encore que des ébauches. L'esprit critique tel que nous le définissons aujourd'hui, les soutient, les anime, sans arriver à cette forme qu'il a trouvée pour la première fois dans les *Portraits, le Port-Royal* et les *Lundis* de Sainte-Beuve. Cette insuffisance de Stendhal ne tient pas seulement à ce qu'il était un précurseur, un inventeur, et, à ce titre, condamné au tâtonnement. Elle tient surtout à ce qu'il était, à un degré supérieur, un imaginaire et un passionné plus encore qu'un analyste. Cette complexité de sa nature devait l'amener à se formuler plus complètement dans des œuvres comme *Le Rouge et le Noir* et comme *La Chartreuse de Parme*, romans d'un ordre unique, combinaison singulière de son merveilleux esprit critique et de ses autres facultés. Il peut être considéré, à ce point de vue, comme ayant donné un modèle saisissant du renouvellement d'un genre par l'application à ce genre des méthodes d'un autre

genre. Mais dans le domaine qui nous intéresse, il n'a laissé que des ébauches.

Chez Sainte-Beuve, l'imaginatif et le passionné existaient certes, et très vivaces. *Joseph Delorme*, les *Consolations* et *Volupté* en témoignent éloquemment. Mais la curiosité analytique dominait tout. Il était souverainement intelligent, et son plus grand plaisir était de comprendre, au lieu que pour Stendhal, emporté par l'ardeur de la personnalité la plus indomptable, le plus grand plaisir était de sentir. En outre Sainte-Beuve avait, tout jeune, fait des études de médecine. Il avait été physiologiste avant d'être poète et romancier, et les trois avant d'aborder définitivement l'Essai Critique. Non seulement il reconnut, avec ses amis du romantisme ce que j'indiquais tout à l'heure, cette variabilité légitime du type de l'œuvre d'art, suivant le pays, le moment de l'histoire, la différence du climat et de la race, mais il aperçut, avec un coup d'œil où se retrouve le médecin, ce qu'il faut bien appeler les racines animales de cette œuvre d'art. Tandis que l'ancienne critique considérait un livre comme une chose faite, à examiner en soi et pour soi, Sainte-Beuve se dit que pour comprendre un livre, il fallait le considérer comme une chose en train de se faire et l'examiner dans ses conditions de naissance et d'accomplissement. Derrière la page écrite, il voulut voir la main qui l'avait écrite, le corps auquel tenait cette main, l'âge et les habitudes de ce corps, l'homme en un mot, l'individu qui respirait, qui se mouvait, qui vivait et dont ce poème, ce drame, ce roman, demeurent des gestes fixés. Pour pénétrer de la sorte un individu, il faut se le représenter par le dedans et par le dehors, c'est à dire, reconstituer d'une part sa psychologie et sa physiologie, d'autre part son milieu social : sa famille, sa classe, les idées de son époque,—et voilà l'Essai Critique devenu une peinture de mœurs, et la plus riche, la plus significative. Là non plus, il n'y a guère de place pour le jugement. On a souvent reproché à Sainte-Beuve le caractère ondoyant de ses opinions. Lui-même n'a jamais eu aucune prétention dogmatique. Sur un même écrivain, il a des retouches de plume toutes voisines d'être des contradictions. S'expliquant sur ce point, il a défini sa manière d'entendre la critique : " une histoire naturelle des

esprits." L'esthéticien chez lui s'abîme de plus en plus dans le botaniste moral, et, du même coup l'Essai Critique prend une amplitude qui l'égale aux formes d'art les plus hautes. Dans les quarante volumes des *Lundis* vous trouverez traitées tour à tour, avec une opulence et une sûreté d'information qui tiennent du prodige, comme avec une souplesse d'intelligence à laquelle aucune curiosité ne reste étrangère, des problèmes de religion et de philosophie, des questions d'histoire militaire et d'histoire politique, de diplomatie et d'exégèse. A propos d'un volume de Thiers sur Napoléon, il vient de vous tracer un portrait lyrique du premier Consul législateur, et la *Fanny* de Feydeau lui sert de prétexte à une monographie de la jalousie. Tout à l'heure, il descendait avec Pascal et les solitaires de Port-Royal jusqu'au plus profond de la scrupuleuse âme Janséniste, le voici qui vous parle de Goethe et de son équilibre mental, de son ataraxie païenne, avec une complaisance admirative. Il vient de graver à l'eau-forte le dur profil de l'auteur des *Commentaires*, de l'héroïque et impitoyable Montluc, et il vous crayonne un délicieux pastel d'une amoureuse du dix-huitième siècle. C'est vraiment l'homme aux mille âmes, comme on a dit de Shakespeare, et, ainsi conçue, la critique tourne tout naturellement à l'évocation, à la vision,—osons le mot, à la poésie.

C'est bien ainsi que l'ont comprise les successeurs de Sainte-Beuve parmi lesquels,—car ils sont légion,—je citerai seulement comme les plus connus et aussi comme les plus distingués, M. Ernest Renan dans la génération précédente, et, dans la contemporaine, MM. Jules Lemaitre et Anatole France. Il ne faut pas s'y tromper, malgré des différences considérables d'éducation et de tempérament, de sujets d'étude et de manière, l'auteur de la *Vie de Jésus* relève en effet directement de l'auteur des *Lundis*. C'est d'abord et surtout un grand critique et pour qui le plaisir suprême est de se représenter des individualités très différentes de la sienne. Il a même fait de la souplesse intellectuelle une dialectique constante, une doctrine qu'il a pratiquée d'une façon systématique dans les moindres morceaux sortis de sa plume, aussi bien que dans le long ouvrage sur les *Origines du Christianisme* qui fut le monument de son âge mûr. Héritier d'une race religieuse et privé de la foi, ayant

gardé un appétit non satisfait d'émotion mystique, et souffrant d'une contradiction intime entre ce besoin et son intelligence, la critique, telle que l'avait enseignée Sainte-Beuve, lui servit de compromis entre les antithèses de sa nature. Appliquant sa faculté de comprendre aux périodes et aux personnes en qui l'ardeur de la foi avait été le plus complète, il s'efforça de vivre ces périodes par la pensée, d'être ces personnes par une sympathie à la fois enthousiaste et lucide, complaisante et désabusée. Vous trouverez dans les essais de M. Jules Lemaitre et de M. Anatole France le continuel usage d'une méthode analogue, employée à s'assimiler des imaginations et des sensibilités étrangères à la leur. Si nous prenons l'œuvre de ces deux derniers comme le terme d'une évolution dont le point de départ initial aurait été posé par Sainte-Beuve, dont l'étape intermédiaire serait marquée par M. Renan, nous pouvons suivre avec une extrême netteté la courbe de développement du genre lui-même. Avec Sainte-Beuve, l'Essai Critique a déjà cessé de juger, avec M. Renan il va jusqu'à cesser de conclure, avec MM. France et Lemaitre, il tend de plus en plus vers ce que celui-ci appelle lui-même "un impressionnisme." Pour ces deux perspicaces écrivains, critiquer un livre, c'est noter les idées que ce livre éveille en eux. Ce travail est, comme on voit, très voisin de celui de l'artiste devant la vie, et cette analogie explique pourquoi ceux qui s'y sont complu passent tout naturellement de leur besogne d'essayistes et avec un rare bonheur, à une besogne de dramaturges ou de romanciers. *L'Eau de Jouvence, le Prêtre de Nemi, Caliban*, ces tentatives des dernières années de M. Renan n'ont pas d'autre cause, non plus que les comédies et les contes de M. Lemaitre, que les romans et les fantaisies de M. France. A regarder de près toutes ces œuvres, vous verrez que leurs auteurs sont bien demeurés logiques dans ce qui paraît une volte-face de leur talent. C'en est simplement une application nouvelle. Il y a, dans leur art de conter ou de dialoguer, exactement le même tour d'intelligence que dans leurs essais, et leur exemple peut servir à vérifier d'une façon très évidente une des lois qui régissent le développement des genres. Lorsqu'une certaine espèce littéraire est en train de grandir, elle s'efforce de s'emparer des intelligences les meilleures d'une

époque, et, ce faisant, elle s'amplifie finalement jusqu'à presque se dénaturer, tant elle absorbe en elle d'éléments divers. C'est ainsi que le poème épique avec Dante s'enfle et se surcharge de théologie et de philosophie scolastique; que le drame avec Shakespeare se subtilise et se complique jusqu'à mettre en scène un Hamlet et un Prospero, un métaphysicien et un alchimiste, les deux héros les moins dramatiques qui aient jamais été; que le roman avec Balzac emporte et roule dans son intrigue des théories sur la politique (le *Curé de Village*), sur la Banque (*la Maison Nucingen*), sur la mystique (*Louis Lambert, Seraphita*), sur la musique (*Massimilla Doni*), sur la chimie (*la Recherche de l'absolu*). La Critique est en train de faire aujourd'hui de même, et c'est la preuve qu'elle est à l'heure présente une des formes d'art nécessaires, une des plus complètement adaptées à l'homme moderne et aux exigences de sa culture. Nous voulons comprendre, même en sentant, même en agissant, même en rêvant. Cela fait un roman, un théâtre, une poésie absolument neuves et que des critiques seuls peuvent exécuter.

Tandis que l'Essai Critique, avec ces trois beaux talents et d'autres de la même ligne allait se développant dans le sens de l'art, par un mouvement parallèle à celui qui aboutit en Angleterre aux pages d'un Ruskin, d'un Mathew Arnold, d'un Walter Pater, d'un Henry James,—un autre mouvement s'instituait, dont M. Taine fut le chef, qui essayait de donner à la critique toute la rigueur, toute la précision de la Science: Cette seconde école, je l'ai déjà dit, relève de Stendhal plus que de Sainte-Beuve. A maintes reprises, et notamment dans la préface de son *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, Taine s'est réclamé de cette filiation. Il a pris en effet à Stendhal quelques-unes de ses idées favorites, et aussi le goût de ce que Beyle appelait le trait, le détail concret et significatif, du petit fait indiscutable, de l'anecdote exacte et topique. Mais il y a ajouté ses dons personnels, et d'abord une puissance de construction logique comparable à celle d'un Hegel ou d'un Spinoza. Cette faculté de lier les idées comme un architecte lie les pierres d'un édifice, de telle manière qu'elles se soutiennent les unes les autres et qu'une imbrisable unité fasse de

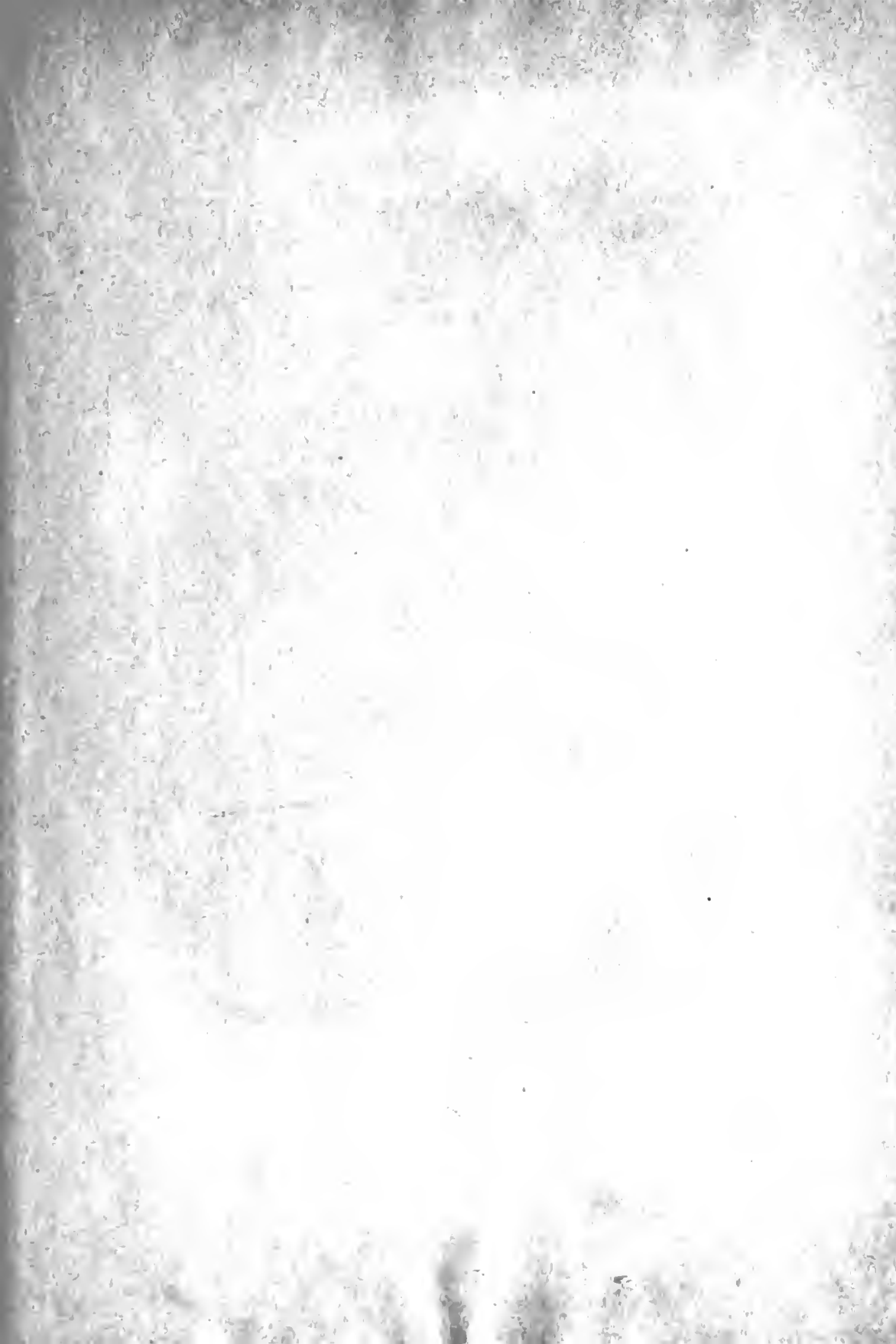
leur ensemble un miracle de cohésion—aucun de nos contemporains ne l'a possédée comme Taine. *La Littérature Anglaise* n'est qu'un théorème en cinq volumes, *les Origines de la France Contemporaine* un autre théorème en six volumes. Un tel procédé est évidemment très inférieur aux ondoyantes contradictions de Sainte-Beuve quand il s'agit de reproduire les sinuosités et les détours d'une physionomie vivante. Il est admirable pour dégager dans une époque, dans un homme, dans un ouvrage, les nécessités cachées, l'appareil des profondes causes génératrices sous le chatolement des phénomènes, enfin pour faire toucher au doigt la chaîne qui rattache l'accident,—ce livre, cette page, ce vers,—aux vastes influences de milieu, de moment, de race, antérieures à la fois et intérieures à l'écrivain. Ajoutez à cela que chez Taine l'érudition de côté était immense, qu'il avait étudié, avec une égale conscience, la métaphysique et les langues, l'histoire et les littératures, l'anatomie comparée et les mathématiques, la physique et l'esthétique, la géologie et la peinture. Toutes ces connaissances ont passé dans sa critique, qui s'est trouvée ainsi unir, à la hardiesse de la généralisation la plus large, la plus variée et la plus scrupuleuse des documentations. A t'il réussi, avec un outillage aussi exceptionnel, à réaliser ce qui fut l'ambition de sa haute intelligence, et à créer une psychologie artistique, scientifiquement rigoureuse et indiscutable? A coup sûr il a donné des analyses littéraires d'une pénétration et d'une portée que l'on ne soupçonnait pas avant lui. Il a eu, sur les conditions de naissance, d'efflorescence et de décadence de ces phénomènes mystérieux : le génie et le talent, des vues qui, aujourd'hui encore, nous dominent tous. Ses théories ont eu assez de vertu créatrice pour susciter des ouvrages d'imagination de la valeur de ceux de M. Emile Zola, à la base desquels elles se retrouvent tout entières. Elles l'ont suscité lui-même à des travaux d'un ordre plus large. De même que l'Essai critique tel que l'avait compris Sainte-Beuve devait s'agrandir jusqu'à se confondre avec la poésie, le roman et la théâtre, il devait, compris à la façon de Taine, déborder de la psychologie particulière dans la psychologie générale et dans la sociologie; et c'est ainsi que l'auteur de *La Littérature Anglaise* a

été conduit à composer d'une part un traité de *l'Intelligence*, de l'autre à écrire cette étude sur les *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, qui restera comme le plus grand livre de cette seconde moitié du dix-neuvième siècle. Encore ici, à force de se développer, le genre s'est agrandi jusqu'à presque se dénaturer par l'absorption d'autres genres qu'il a rajeunis en s'y confondant.

Ces courtes notes, n'ayant pas la prétention d'être complètes, ont dû omettre bien des noms. Il serait très injuste, par exemple, de ne pas rappeler à propos des rapports de la Critique avec l'Art les profondes études de M. de Vogüé sur l'Orient et la Russie ;—à propos des rapports de la Critique avec la Science les travaux de M. Brunetière sur l'évolution des genres ;—et à propos des rapports de la Critique avec la Sociologie les remarquables essais de M. Faguet. On devrait aussi, pour marquer la vitalité des conceptions nouvelles que se firent de la critique un Stendhal, un Sainte-Beuve, un Taine, montrer que même les partisans de l'ancienne critique ont peu à peu admis les principales théories de ces grands adversaires. On constaterait de la sorte que les portions valables d'un Gustave Planche, par exemple, sont celles où il a doublé son habituel dogmatisme de psychologie passionnelle,—ainsi le célèbre article sur *Adolphe* ;—que pareillement, les meilleurs morceaux d'un Nisard ou d'un Saint Marc Girardin sont ceux où l'analyse littéraire se transforme en analyse morale. Il faudrait indiquer comment l'Essai Critique s'est trouvé assez souple pour subir une opération inverse de celle que nous avons signalée, c'est à dire pour apparaître comme le moyen d'expression à des intelligences habituées à d'autres études et auxquelles ces études ne suffisaient plus. Tel fut le cas de cet incomplet, mais intéressant Edmond Schérer. Tel aussi le cas d'Alexandre Dumas dont les fameuses préfaces ne sont que des Essais de la plus originale saveur. Ces manières si diverses de comprendre et de traiter l'Essai Critique, fourniraient à l'histoire de la littérature Française une occasion de passer en revue tous les talents et tous les génies de ce siècle. Balzac n'a t'il pas lui aussi fait œuvre de critique dans sa *Revue Parisienne*, Lamartine dans son *Cours de Littérature*, Hugo dans son *William Shakespeare*,

M. Emile Zola dans ses éloquentes polémiques? Mentionner simplement cette multiplicité de productions, c'est achever de corroborer la vérité d'ordre général qui a servi de point de départ à ces brèves réflexions,—à savoir que, pour une espèce littéraire, se développer, c'est faire la conquête d'un très grand nombre d'esprits, s'enrichir de tout ce que perdent les formes en décadence, et devenir une des deux ou trois expressions nécessaires des plus profondes tendances de l'époque. C'a été le sort de l'Essai Critique en France depuis cent ans; et la fécondité créatrice de ce genre, regardé longtemps comme le contraire d'un genre créateur, prouve que la nature est en effet toujours pareille à elle-même, et que, dans l'ordre intellectuel comme dans l'ordre physique, partout où le besoin apparaît, l'organe suit.

Paul Bourget





Paul Bourget

THE CRITICAL ESSAY IN FRANCE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL BOURGET

AMONG the distinct forms of production which the old school of rhetoric felicitously described as "the literary genera," there seems to be a struggle for life quite analogous to the war between the various orders of animals. Certain of these literary forms, after having monopolised the field of contemporary thought, and shown their energy in the production of a great number of works, become anæmic and impoverished, vegetate and die. In France this has been the fate of epic poetry, and to-day it is the position, in France, of tragedy, and in England, of the drama as a whole. During the seventeenth century and the first half of the eighteenth, Rotrou, Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, time after time, and with them a legion of imitators, attest the vitality of a form of literature, which, even in the nineteenth century, produces, infrequently, remarkable specimens, so rarely, indeed, as to seem almost archaic. Compare, in the same way, the English drama of our day with that of the Elizabethan period. On the other hand, some literary forms, of which the creative power seemed slender and attenuated during earlier epochs, develop, in our time, a new vigour and richness. This was, during the first half of the century, the case with lyric poetry, and is to-day the case with the novel and with what I will call, for want of a more exact term, the Critical Essay. The resemblance between the evolution of literary species and that of animal species, seems to show that nature employs the same processes in the moral and in the physical world. It is also, by the way, a further proof of the grand principle of unity of com-

position so strongly defended by Goethe, in which is summarised the whole of our modern system of natural philosophy.

I propose to make this mention of the Critical Essay, and of its history in France for the past hundred years, the pretext for indicating some of the characteristics which mark an evolution of the sort described; characteristics which are perhaps all the more perceptible because the evolution has in this case been so rapid. The distance which separates an eighteenth-century novel, such as *Gil-Blas* or *Manon Lescaut*, from a novel of our time, like *Madame Bovary* or *L'Assommoir*, is, no doubt, enormous. Yet it is less than the disparity between a page of La Harpe or of Geoffrey, of Villemain even, and a page of Taine or of M. Jules Lemaitre. In the former apposition you detect no more than a development. But in the latter, the underlying principle of the literary form has itself changed. For the writers of a hundred years ago, criticism consisted essentially of the act of judging with discernment (as the derivation indicates: *κρίνειν*—to separate, to judge). They held that there was an absolute code of literature, a body of strict rules, an infallible canon. To criticise was, they thought, to compare a literary work with this canon, to observe in what respects the work conformed to the canon, and in what respects it transgressed, and then to conclude, in virtue of an immutable code, by a pronouncement setting forth the grounds for their decision. If they no longer invoked, as in the Middle Ages, the final authority of Aristotle, they at any rate believed that it was possible to formulate a fixed law of the Beautiful. Above all, they were sure that the masterpieces of antiquity and of the classic age represented finished types, by comparison with which the value of all new work was to be judged. They perceived, too—and here they were in the right—that the habit of such comparisons develops a special sense, a literary taste; and this faculty of discriminating between good work and bad was, in their belief, the highest form of critical power. The Abbé Morellet's essay on Chateaubriand's *Atala* (to be found in most of the editions in which the little romance is separately printed), may be regarded as a finished example of this sort of criticism—a sort not to be despised. It was judicious,

deliberate, and often efficacious. The influence of Boileau, one of the most earnest critics of this type, is an evidence of the merit of the school.

The revolution of 1789 broke out, and then came the Empire. The great wars of these twenty-five years had the unexpected effect of bringing the nations into closer contact one with another. Limiting our observations to France, the social upheavals of this period cast forth from their country Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, Paul-Louis-Courier, Benjamin Constant, and many others, teaching them all that there was a Europe beyond the frontiers of France. They did not merely read Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe in the originals, as a young Frenchman of inquiring mind, who was familiar with the three languages, might have done in 1780. They did more, for they read these authors in the countries, as well as in the languages, to which their varied product belonged; and they became sensible of the intimate connection between these masterpieces and the customs, the skies, the national spirit, of England, of Italy, and of Germany. They apprehended, some more, and some less, clearly, two truths which their predecessors had not approached: first, that there is in every work of art something more than an æsthetic effort, that each creation is inevitably and almost unconsciously a manifestation of all the elements which make the national character; the specific moment of history, the specific racial and climatic condition; and second, that there are many types of the Beautiful, diverse, if not indeed contradictory, and that taste has none of the fixity which the poets and rhetoricians of the classic period had made their dogma. Such discoveries as these, summarised in this fashion, seem obvious enough. Yet they entailed a shifting of the point of view which, in the domain of intellect, is equivalent to a complete change of atmosphere in the physical world. They are radical modifications of the element in which organisms live, involving radical changes in the organisms themselves. The transition just described is a case in point.

The immediate consequence of this enlargement of the French imagination was the movement, so confused as to be almost

incoherent, which is called Romanticism. We recognise in it, to-day, the play of several distinct forces; for example, the sudden awakening of plebeian sensibility in the new democracy, the passionate melancholy and the moral disorder of a period of religious and political crises, the disequilibrium produced by the power of Napoleon's prodigious personality; more than all (and this is certainly the most surprising conclusion to which this train of thought leads us, the conclusion which would most have astounded the men of the "Young France," who displayed their red waistcoats at the first night of *Hernani*) we find, in these turbulent conditions, a first effort—the earliest effort—of modern criticism toward a higher development and a broader point of view. We find among the men who took part in the revolutionary movement the two writers who are, even now, to our modern appreciation the loftiest exemplars of the critical art: Stendhal, to whose influence we owe Taine, and Sainte-Beuve, to whom we are all more or less directly indebted; Sainte-Beuve, who shares with Balzac the primacy of influence upon the French nineteenth century.

Stendhal is known to-day by his novels. Yet one has only to glance at the catalogue of his works in order to perceive that fiction was only the final blossom of his intellectual antithesis, one particular application of a method of study, a turn of thought, which had at an earlier stage of his florescence, invited him to quite dissimilar paths. A soldier under Napoleon when he was only eighteen years old, then a war commissioner, marching across Europe with the *Grande Armée*, and, after the fall of the Empire, a cosmopolitan traveller, living in Italy, in Paris, in England; he pursued, throughout his youth and his maturity, the study which he himself declared to have been the supreme interest of his life; "the analysis of the human passions and the expression of these passions in art and literature." This is his own summary of his life; and it embodies the new conception of criticism which, afterwards formulated by Taine, became a branch of psychology. This formula implies the negation of the old theory of criticism, for if the chief function of the writer, whether he be poet, novelist, or

dramatist, is to give us a true picture of human nature, to make a portrait (as Stendhal said), his work can no longer be judged by comparing it with any one type of excellence, in accordance with the abstract canon of the older criticism. Between the literature of the north and that of the south, for instance, there ought to be lasting differences, since the two are concerned with the representation of two different sorts of human nature, two types refractory to connotation. Both methods are justifiable, because both types of humanity possess the right to exist. The poetry of Shakespeare cannot, and should not, resemble the poetry of Dante, for the one depicts Italian emotion the other English emotion. The one writes for a Latin race, brilliantly insolated, the other for Saxons and Normans, pent by thick mists, shivering even in the spring-time. The two forms of art are contradictory, yet both are necessary; and it is not the critic's duty to condemn the one because it differs from the other, or both because they differ from a third. His function is to comprehend, and not to judge, the two methods.

It is this conception of criticism that permeates Stendhal's generous and admirable product; *Racine et Shakespeare*, *Histoire de la peinture en Italie*, *Mémoires d'un Touriste*, *les Promenades dans Rome*, *Vie de Rossini*,—I cite these titles at hazard; and all these books retain, to-day, their extraordinary stimulus; they have not lost the magic quality of Stendhal's conversation, the power to arouse the mind, to suggest new thoughts. Yet all these works are sketches, at most. The spirit of modern criticism informs and animates them, but it is not shown in the form which Sainte-Beuve first gave to it in the *Portraits*, the *Port Royal*, and the *Lundis*. This insufficiency of Stendhal's is not altogether due to the fact that he was a precursor, an inventor, and, in that quality, condemned to feel his way. It springs, rather, from the circumstance that his power of analysis was subordinate to his imagination and his ardour. It was because of this complexity of his nature that he gave himself more clearly to his readers in such works as *Le Rouge et le Noir*, and *La Chartreuse de Parme*, revealing the remarkable combination of his critical faculty and his other gifts.

From this point of view, he may be said to have given one of the most astounding examples of the reanimation of one branch of art by infusion of the methods of another branch. And yet, considered as critical essays, his studies are no more than sketches.

In the case of Sainte-Beuve, ardour and imagination are certainly not lacking. *Joseph Delorme*, the *Consolations*, and *Volupté*, eloquently attest their presence. But the spirit of the analytical inquiry is always dominant. Sainte-Beuve was, above all, intelligent, and his greatest pleasure was to comprehend; while Stendhal, carried away by the ardour of his indomitable personality, enjoyed nothing so much as his emotions. Apart from this, Sainte-Beuve had, in his youth, studied medicine. He had been a physiologist before he became a poet or a novelist, and had been all three before he devoted himself to the Critical Essay. He not only recognised, as did his friends of the Romantic School, the legitimate variability of the type of literary art, its relation to a specific country, a specific moment of history, a specific climatic and racial condition; but he also saw, with the physician's eye, the physiological foundations of art. The old school of criticism regarded a book as a completed product, to be judged as it stood, but Sainte-Beuve perceived that in order to understand a book, its processes of creation must be studied, its origin and its development. It was his aim to see, through the printed page, the hand that had the pen, the body to which that hand belonged, the age and the habits of that body, the man himself, in a word, as he breathed and moved, and lived, the man whose action is arrested and depicted in this particular poem, or novel, or drama. In order thus to penetrate the inner being of a man, one must be cognisant of his interior individuality, as well as of his physical and moral individuality, and portray, too, his social environment, his family, the class to which he belongs, the views of life which he obtained in his epoch—and when all this is done, the Critical Essay has become the richest and most significant picture of manners and customs. Here, again, the judicial attitude is excluded. It has often been urged against Sainte-Beuve that his opinions were elastic, and he himself never tried to dogmatise. He would enrich his obser-

vations upon a writer by the addition of other observations of an almost directly contradictory character.

By way of explaining this diversity, he gave us his definition of criticism as "the natural history of minds." The aesthete in his composition becomes more and more completely absorbed in the moral botanist, and, coincidentally, the Critical Essay expands to the proportions of the loftiest forms of art. In the forty volumes of the *Lundis*, religious and philosophical problems, questions of military and political history, of diplomacy and of exegesis are treated, one after another, with a suppleness of intellection which leaves no field of inquiry unsearched. In the course of discussing Thiers's *Napoleon*, Sainte-Beuve gives us his own striking portrait of the First Consul, and Feydeau's *Fanny* is his pretext for a monograph on the passion of jealousy. At one moment he plunges with Pascal and the solitaries of Port-Royal to the last profundities of the Jansenist doctrine, and an instant later we find him dwelling with pleasure upon Goethe's mental equilibrium and pagan art-raxy. No sooner has he put the final touches to an etching of the heroic and pitiless Montluc, the author of the *Commentaires*, than he takes up his chalks to give us a delicious pastel of an eighteenth-century Phryne. He may, in short, be called, as Shakespeare has been called, one man with a thousand souls, and in such hands as his, criticism inevitably becomes evocation, visions become apparent to the critic, and the treatise becomes a poem.

It is in this fashion that the critic's function was apprehended by Sainte-Beuve's successors, among whom—their names are legion—I will cite only the best known and the most distinguished, M. Ernest Renan in the last generation, and in our own time M. Jules Lemaitre and M. Anatole France. One must not forget that, notwithstanding very broad disparities of training and of temperament, the author of the *Vie de Jésus* is the direct offspring of the author of the *Lundis*. M. Renan is, first and foremost, a great critic who delights in depicting personalities quite unlike his own. It is his theory of art that the utmost flexibility of mind should find sufficient expression in the simplest phraseology, and he has shown us how this is to be accomplished, not only in his voluminous

Origines du Christianisme, but also in the most fragmentary of his writings. Born of a religious race, yet himself naked of faith, he felt always the unsatisfied need for mystic emotions; he suffered always the irreconcilable strife between this craving and his keenness of intellect; and the practice of the critical art, in accordance with the example of Sainte-Beuve, served as a compromise between the antithetic aspects of his temperament. Applying his facility of comprehension to periods, and to persons pre-eminently dominated by the ardour of belief, he compelled himself to live, for the moment, in these periods, to be for the moment these persons, and he was at once fervent and lucid, sympathetic and undeceived. The essays of M. Jules Lemaitre and of M. Anatole France evinced the continued application of an analogous method, an unceasing assimilation of thoughts and passions quite foreign to their own. If we regard the work of these two writers as the terminal of a process of evolution initiated by Sainte-Beuve, and treat M. Renan's work as an intermediate phase, we are enabled to trace with exactitude the whole line of development. With Sainte-Beuve the critical essay ceased to be dogmatic, with Renan it ceased to be concludent, with M. France and M. Lemaitre it tended more and more to impressionism. These two perspicacious writers hold that to criticise a book is to note the ideas to which the book gives rise in their minds. This attitude closely resembles the attitude of the artist who depicts life itself, and it is because of this resemblance that those who take this point of view pass so simply, so naturally, and so successfully from the essayist's function to that of the dramatist or the novelist. *L'Eau de Jouvence*, the *Prêtre de Nemi*, the *Caliban*, the works of M. Renan's latter years, have no other origin than this, and the same is to be said of the comedies and the tales of M. Lemaitre, as well as of the romances and the novels of M. France. When one scrutinises these works, one sees that their authors have been quite logical when they gave to their talents so antipodean a new direction. It was no more than a new application of the same art. The art with which they construct a story, and the dexterity of their dialogue, display precisely the same bent of mind that we find revealed in their essays, and this

fact is conclusive evidence of the truth of one of the laws which regulate the development of literary genera. As any one form of literary activity thrives and enlists the services of the finest minds of an age, its flood obliterates its banks for the very reason that it has absorbed so many tributaries. It is in the course of such an exudation that Dante's epic verse impinges upon the fields of theology and scholastic philosophy; that Shakespeare's plays become so complex and so subtle, that we find upon his stage a Hamlet and a Prospero, the metaphysician and the alchemist, two heroes less dramatic than had ever before confronted an audience; that Balzac's fiction seizes and makes part of its argument a theory of politics (in the *Curé de Village*), of finance (the *Maison Nucingen*), of mysticism (*Louis Lambert Seraphita*), of music (*Massimilla Doni*), of chemistry (the *Recherche de l'absolu*). Criticism is to-day expanding in the same way, and this shows that it is at the present moment a necessary form of art, fully adapted to the modern man and the exigencies of his culture. We desire, nowadays, to understand; even while we feel and act, even while we dream, and this makes an altogether new scheme of fiction of drama and of poetry which only critics can undertake.

While the Critical Essay, enriched by these three rich talents and by others not less important, became more and more an art, by a transition, which in England made possible the work of Ruskin and Matthew Arnold, and Walter Pater and Henry James, another movement began, at the head of which we find M. Taine, who tried to impart to criticism all the vigour and precision of a science. This second school, as I have already said, was influenced by Stendhal rather than Sainte-Beuve. Time after time, and notably, for instance, in the preface to his *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, Taine laid claim to this paternity. He took from Stendhal some of his favourite ideas, and from him, too, the love of what Beyle called the "trait," the specific and significant detail, the minute but indisputable fact, the anecdote which is in itself an exact and characteristic document. He added, however, his own personal gifts, and the first of these was a constructive power as great as Hegel's or Spinoza's. This faculty of super-

imposing ideas, as a builder superimposes the stones of his edifice, the one supporting the other until their resistant unity makes the whole a miracle of cohesion—no one of our contemporaries possesses this as fully as did Taine. The *Littérature Anglaise* is in fact a theorem in five volumes, his *Origines de la France Contemporaine* another in six. Such a method is evidently inferior to the undulating contradictions of Sainte-Beuve when the sinuous contours of a living character are to be reproduced. It is, however, admirable, when the writer desires to extract from an epoch, from a man, from a book, the secret of the concealed necessities, the mechanism of antecedent causatives, which underlie the glistening fabric, desires, in short, to put his finger on the link which unites the particular event—the book, the page, the line—to the vast influences of the environment, of the moment, of the race: influences at work both within and without the writer's mind. It must be considered, too, that Taine's erudition was immense, that he had studied, with equal thoroughness, metaphysics and linguistics, history and the various literatures, comparative anatomy and mathematics, physics and æsthetics, geology and painting. All these varieties of learning entered into his critical work, and it was because they were present that he could combine the boldest generalisation with the most scrupulous accuracy of detail. Did he succeed, with so exceptional a wealth of implements at hand, in reaching the good of his lofty ambition, in creating a system of psychology at once artistic and scientific, precise and incontrovertible? He certainly left us literary analyses more penetrating and farther reaching than had been attempted before his day. We are all dominated, to-day, by his views upon the conditions which govern the birth, the efflorescence, and the decay of these mysterious phenomena which we call genius and talent. His theories had enough creative force to evoke novels as valuable as those of M. Emile Zola, at the very base of whose method these theories manifest themselves in their entirety. They reacted upon Taine himself, calling him to larger fields of labour. Just as the Critical Essay, treated from Sainte-Beuve's point of view, extended itself until it was indistinguishable from poetry and fiction and

the drama, Taine's conception of the same literary form induced its expansion from the field of individual psychology to that of psychology at large and sociology; and it is thus that the author of the *Littérature Anglaise* was led to write the treatise on the *Intelligence* on the one hand, and on the other to write the study of the *Origines de la France Contemporaine*, which will perhaps prove to have been the greatest book of the second half of the nineteenth century. In this case, again, a literary form has been enlarged, almost to the point of losing its individuality, by the absorption of other forms to which it has given new life in the process of incorporation.

These brief notes, incomplete as they are, necessarily leave many names unmentioned. It would be unjust, for example, not to recall, in discussing the relations of criticism to art, the prodigious studies of M. de Vogüé in regard to the Orient and Russia; unjust to overlook, in discussing the relations of criticism to science, the labours of M. Brunetière on the evolution of genera, and unjust to forget, in discussing the relations of criticism to sociology, the remarkable studies of M. Faguet. One ought, also, to dwell upon the vitality of the new conceptions of criticism which originated with Stendhal, Sainte-Beuve, and Taine, and show how even the partisans of the old school of criticism have gradually accepted the chief theories of their great antagonists. It becomes evident, from this point of view, that the best of Gustave Planche's works are those in which he has added the psychology of the passions to his habitual dogmatism—as in the celebrated article on *Adolphe*, and that, in the same way, the finest writings of Nisard and Saint Marc Girardin are those in which literary analysis transforms itself into moral analysis. One ought to show how the Critical Essay has been flexible enough to undergo a change inverse to that which we have indicated, and has become a vehicle for minds habituated to other occupations, and to which these other occupations had ceased to be sufficient. This was the case of Edmond Schérer—whose talent was at once interesting and incomplete. It was the case of Alexandre Dumas, whose famous prefaces are Essays of the most original quality. These diverse

ways of comprehending and of producing the Critical Essay will give future historians of French literature an opportunity to pass in review all the men of genius, and all the men of talent who have appeared during the past century. Has not Balzac given himself to criticism in his *Revue Parisienne*, Lamartine in his *Cours de Littérature*, Hugo in his *William Shakespeare*, M. Emile Zola in his eloquent polemics? The mere mention of these productions clenches the general proposition upon which these brief reflections originated; the proposition that the development of any one literary form means that it must attract a great number of minds, enrich itself with all that the decadent forms are losing, and become one of the two or three expressions of the most profound tendencies of the epoch. Such has been the lot of the Critical Essay in France during the last hundred years, and the creative fertility of this form, so long regarded as directly opposed to creative work, shows that nature is always herself, and that in the intellectual as in the physical world, an organ is developed as soon as it is needed.

Paul Bourget

FUNERAL ORATION ON HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

By BOSSUET.

[JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET, French prelate, pulpit orator, and theologian, was born at Dijon, September 27, 1627. After studying at the Jesuits' college there and at the College of Navarre in Paris, he took priest's orders and became canon of Metz. His fame as a pulpit orator procured him the honor of preaching before Louis XIV., and in 1669 he was ordained Bishop of Condom. He resigned the see on being appointed preceptor to the Dauphin, for whom he is said to have written the "Discourse on Universal History." In 1681 he was raised to the bishopric of Meaux, and passed the remainder of his life in his diocese. He died at Paris, April 12, 1704. Bossuet was one of the ablest defenders of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, but took up a strong attitude in favor of the independence of the Gallican Church. In his old age he opposed Quietism and became involved in a controversy with Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. In addition to his main work he published, "Funeral Orations," those on the Duchess of Orleans and the great Condé being masterpieces of eloquence; "History of the Variations of the Protestant Churches"; "Exposition of the Catholic Doctrine."]

PART THE FIRST.

AM I then called upon once more to pay the last honors to the dead? is she whom (a few months past) I beheld so attentive while I was discharging this mournful duty to the Queen, her mother, is she become the melancholy theme of this day's solemnity? Oh, vanity! oh, airy nothing! Little did she imagine, while the filial tear was stealing down her cheek, that in so short a space of time the same company should be assembled, to perform the same mournful honors to her own memory. Lamented princess! must England not only deplore thy absence, but also lament thy death? And has France no other pomp, no other triumph, no other trophies than these to celebrate thy return? — Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity! These are the only

thoughts that occur, this the only reflection that clings to my soul in the present unforeseen and sudden calamity. This text, which comes home to every bosom, which regards every state, and accompanies all the events and vicissitudes of life, acquires a particular illustration from the object of our present concern. For never were the vanities of this world so strongly displayed, and so conspicuously degraded. The scene that now arrests and terrifies our attention, urges me to declare that health is but an empty name, life a troubled dream, and celebrity a fugitive meteor. Is then man (made after God's own image) a despicable being? is man, whom the Savior of the world, without debasement, redeemed with his precious blood; is man, thus honored, a mere shadow? This mournful exhibition of human vanity, this untimely death, which chills the public hope, misled my judgment. Man must not be allowed to entertain an unqualified idea of self-degradation. Solomon, who begins his divine work with the words of my text, concludes with revealing to man his dignity: "Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man: for God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil!" So everything is vain and unimportant that relates to man, when we advert to the transitory course of his mortality: everything becomes dignified when we look to the goal to which he is hastening. Let us then, in the presence of that altar and of that tomb, meditate upon that passage of Ecclesiastes, where the first part discovers the nothingness of man, and the second establishes his greatness. Let yonder tomb convince us of our wretchedness, while yon altar (from whence our prayers ascend) informs us of our dignity. You are now apprised of the truths which I wish this day to inculcate, which are not unworthy of the notice of the great personage, and of the illustrious assembly, before whom I am now speaking.

As a stream glides rapidly along, thus flows the course of our existence, which, after having traversed, with more or less noise, a greater or less extent of country, disembogues at length into a dark gulf! where honors, distinctions, and worldly prerogatives are unacknowledged and unknown; like rivers which lose their name and their celebrity when they mingle with the ocean.

If human nature could receive any partial exaltation, if a small portion of the dust of which we are all formed could admit

of any solid and durable distinction, who had a greater title to such preëminence? Does not the person who now awfully enforces the vanity of human greatness, does not she trace her origin to the remotest antiquity? Wherever I cast my view I am surrounded and dazzled with the splendor which streams from the crowns of England and of Scotland.

The Princess Henrietta, born, as it were, on a throne, possessed a mind superior to her illustrious birth, a mind which the misfortunes of her family could not subdue. How frequently have we said that Providence had snatched her from the enemies of her august father to make a present of her to France? Precious and inestimable gift! if enduring possession had accompanied a present of such value. This melancholy recollection intrudes itself everywhere. No sooner do we cast our eyes on this illustrious personage, than the specter Death rushes on our thoughts. Let me, however, recall to your mind, how she grew up amidst the wishes, the applause, and affection of a whole kingdom: every year added to her personal attractions, and brought with it an accession of mental accomplishments. Her judgment in works of literature was clear and unerring; authors, when they met with her approbation, felicitated themselves on having attained that point of perfection to which they aspired. History, to which her attention was particularly directed, she used to call the counselor of kings. In the historic page the greatest monarchs assume no other rank than what they are entitled to by their virtues: degraded by the hand of Death, they enter, unattended by flatterers, this severe court of justice, to receive the awful judgment of posterity. Here the gaudy coloring, which the harlot pencil of sycophancy had applied, languishes and fades away. In this school our young disciple studied the duties of those persons whose life forms the groundwork of history. This knowledge matured her youthful mind, and fenced it with a circumspective prudence. "He that has no rule over his own spirit," says the Wise Man, "is like a city that is broken down and without walls." The object of our present admiration was exalted above this weakness; nor interest, nor vanity, nor the enchantment of flattery, nor the persuasive voice of friendship, could allure the confided secret from her bosom. This characteristic feature entitled her to a confidence of the highest nature. Without presuming to enter upon a subject which does not

belong to this place, I may be allowed to say that, by the mediation of the sister, some controverted points which lately existed between two great monarchs were happily adjusted. No sooner had she erected this monument to her fame, than she was swept to the grave. Have I ventured amidst this triumph of death to pronounce again the word "fame"? Let me hence forbear all pomp and splendor of expression with which human arrogance dazzles and blinds herself for the purpose of not beholding her own nothingness! Let me rather entreat you to attend to the reflection of a profound reasoner, not to the words of a philosopher in the porch, or a monk in his cloister. I wish to humble the great by one whom the great revere; by one who was well acquainted with the vanity of greatness, and who uttered his observations from a throne. "Oh, God," says the Psalmist, "thou hast numbered my days!" Now, whatever is numbered is finite, and whatever is born to end cannot be said to be emancipated from that nothing to which it is destined so soon to return. While the hand of nature chains us to the ground, how can we hope to be exalted? Survey the various distinctions that elevate man, you will discover none so conspicuous, so effective, so glittering, as the glory which encircles the laurels of a conqueror; and yet this conqueror must, in his turn, fall beneath the stroke of Death. Then will the conquered invite the triumphant hero to their society; then from the tomb a voice will come to blast all human grandeur: "Art thou become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?"

Perhaps, as a supplement to the deficiency of power and fortune, the mental accomplishments, expansive thought, invention pregnant with great designs, may suffice to raise the possessor to eminence. Ah, trust not to this flattering suggestion: the thoughts which have not God for their object belong to the domain of Death. Solomon comprises amidst the illusions by which the human race are misled, even wisdom! because, inclosed within the pale of human wishes, she buries herself in the dust along with those perishable objects.

Have we not seen the great and exalted of this world fall frequent sacrifices at the altar of God's vengeance for our instruction? And surely, if we stand in need of the impressions of surprise and terror to disenchant us from our attachment to the world, the calamity with which we are now subdued is sufficiently awful! Oh ever-memorable, oh disastrous, oh terrific night! when consternation reigned throughout the palace!

when, like a burst of thunder, a desolating voice cried out, Henrietta is expiring, Henrietta is no more! The usual march of Death is by perceptible but slow advances; in the present instance it was rapid as it was alarming. Did we not behold her in the morning attired with every grace, embellished with every attraction, and in the evening did we not behold her as a faded flower! Let us then survey her as Death presents her to our view: yet even these mournful honors, with which she is now encircled, will soon disappear, she will be despoiled of this melancholy decoration, and be conveyed into the dread receptacle, the last sombrous habitation, to sleep in the dust with annihilated kings; among whom it will be difficult to place her, so closely do the ranks press upon each other! so prompt, so indefatigable, is death in crowding this dreary vault with departed greatness. Yet even here our imagination deludes us; for this form, destitute of life, which still retains the human resemblance! the faint similitude which still lingers on the countenance, must undergo a change, and be turned into a terrific something, for which no language has a name; so true it is that everything dies belonging to man; even (as Tertullian observes) those funereal expressions which designate his remains. On a life which inevitably ends in such a catastrophe, what splendid project can the fondest hope erect? Is then despair the lot of man? Amidst this universal wreck is there no plank to lay hold of? Here I behold another order of things arise; the cloud breaks, the gloom of death disappears, a new scene bursts upon me, to which I beg leave to direct your attention.

PART THE SECOND.

Let us gratefully remember that God infuses into our perishable frame a spiritual power, which can acknowledge the truth of his existence, adore the redundant plenitude of his perfections, rely on his goodness, fear his justice, and aspire to his immortality. By the principle of analogy, as our material form shall return to its mother earth, so our spiritual part shall return unto its Creator. This, indeed, is a proud distinction which brings into contact and alliance the spiritual part of man with the supreme and primitive greatness, God! Let then the wise man speak with derision of every state and condition of life, since, wherever we cast our view, we behold the

funereal gloom of death hovering over our brightest hours. Let the wise man equalize the fool and the sage ; let him even confound the lord of the earth with the beast of the field : for if we look at man, but through the medium of a coarse corporeal eye, what do we behold in his fugitive existence but folly, solicitude, and disappointment ? and what do we behold in his death but an expiring vapor, or a machine whose springs are deranged, and which lose the power of action ? Do ye wish to save anything from this total ruin ? cast your affection as an anchor on God ! This our Christian heroine eminently manifested during the period that immediately preceded her dissolution. She beheld the approaches of Death with an undaunted eye. He came to demand of her youth, the residue of its years ! of her beauty, the resignation of its charms ! of her high rank, the dispossession of its advantages ! of her richly cultivated mind, the spoliation of its acquirements ! To all which she meekly submitted without a murmur. Far other reflections now possess her soul. She calls for the same crucifix which the Queen, her mother, in her last moments bathed with her tears. She calls for the same crucifix, as if she fondly hoped still to find upon it the effusion of her mother's piety : she applied this signal of our salvation to her expiring lips : then did I hear her utter these affecting words, " Oh my God, why did I not always place my confidence in thee ? " Ah ! let the proud conqueror no longer engross our admiration ; our heroine illustrates the truth of these words, " He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city. " With a tranquillity almost amounting to satisfaction, she resigned herself to an unforeseen and untimely death. What an attention did she pay to the prayers that are offered up for the dying ! which frequently (by some spiritual magic) suspend the agonizing pains, and, what I have been often a witness to, charm away the terrors of death.

Have we not lamented that the opening flower was suddenly blasted ? that the picture whose first warm touches excited such expectation was suddenly effaced ? But I will no longer speak this language ; I will rather say that Death has put an end to those perils to which she was in this life eminently exposed. What dazzling attractions, what seductive flattery, would have assailed so elevated a situation ? Would not success have pampered her expectations, and adulation outrun her desire ? And, to use the forcible expression of an ancient his-

torian, "she would have been precipitated into the gulf of human grandeur."—*In ipsam gloriam præceps agebatur.* (Tacitus, "Vita Agricolaë.")

Let us draw some salutary reflection from the scene that is now before us. Shall we wait till the dead arise, before we open our bosom to one serious thought? What this day descends into the grave should be sufficient to awaken and alarm our lethargy. Could the Divine Providence bring nearer to our view, or more forcibly display, the vanity and emptiness of human greatness? How incurable must be our blindness, if, as every day we approach nearer and nearer to the grave (and rather dying than living), we wait till the last moment before we admit that serious and important reflection which ought to have accompanied us through the whole course of our lives! If persuasion hung upon my lips, how earnestly would I entreat you to begin from this hour to despise the smiles of fortune, and the favors of this transitory world! And whenever you shall enter those august habitations, those sumptuous palaces which received an additional luster from the personage we now lament; when you shall cast your eyes around those splendid apartments, and find their better wanting! then remember that the exalted station she held, that the accomplishments and attractions she was known to possess, augmented the dangers to which she was exposed in this world, and now form the subject of a rigorous investigation in the other.



LOVE.

By SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

[1639-1701. Dramatist, poet, and wit of the Restoration, of unsavory life and works. His daughter Catherine was mistress of James II.]

LOVE still has something of the sea,
 From whence his Mother rose;
 No time his slaves from love can free,
 Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
 And in rough weather tost;

SONG — DORINDA.

They wither under cold delays,
 Or are in tempests lost.
 One while they seem to touch the port,
 Then straight into the main
 Some angry wind in cruel sport
 Their vessel drives again.
 At first disdain and pride they fear;
 Which if they chance to 'scape,
 Rivals and falsehood soon appear
 In a more dreadful shape.
 By such degrees to joy they come,
 And are so long withstood,
 So slowly they receive the sum,
 It hardly does them good.
 'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
 And to defer a bliss,
 Believe me, gentle Hermione,
 No less inhuman is.
 An hundred thousand oaths your fears
 Perhaps would not remove,
 And if I gazed a thousand years,
 I could no deeper love.
 'Tis fitter much for you to guess
 Than for me to explain;
 But grant, oh! grant that happiness
 Which only does remain.



SONG — DORINDA.

By CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET.

[1637-1706.]

DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes
 United cast too fierce a light,
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
 Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.
 Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace:
 Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
 That runs his link full in your face.

ZEGRI AND ABENCERRAGE.

By DRYDEN.

(From "The Conquest of Granada by the Spaniards.")

[JOHN DRYDEN, the great poet, was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, in 1631; educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan clergyman, and himself a Parliamentarian, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on Cromwell at the latter's death; but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. In 1667 he wrote "Annus Mirabilis," and in 1668 was made poet laureate. The Popish Plot brought out his famous satire "Absalom and Achitophel" (1681-1682), the "Og" of which (his rival Shadwell) was further castigated in "MacFlecknoe" (1682). After James' accession he became a Catholic (1686), and in 1687 wrote "The Hind and the Panther" to glorify his new religion. "Alexander's Feast," the finest of English odes, appeared in 1697. His powerful translations of Lucretius and Juvenal are also classics; those of Virgil are strong but less in keeping with the matter. He was a very voluminous playwright also, but has left nothing which lives; perhaps the burlesque of the "Rehearsal," indeed, chiefly preserves the memory that he was one at all. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," however, is excellent. He died in 1700.]

SCENE: *Granada, and the Christian Camp besieging it. Present: BOABDELIN, ABENAMAR, ABDELMELECH, and Guards.*

Boabdalin —

The alarm-bell rings from our Alhambra walls,
And from the streets sound drums and atabals.

[*Within, a bell, drums, and trumpets.*

Enter a Messenger.

How now? from whence proceed these new alarms?

Messenger —

The two fierce factions are again in arms;
And changing into blood the day's delight,
The Zegrys with the Abencerrages fight;
On each side their allies and friends appear;
The Macas here, the Alabezes there;
The Gazuls with the Bencerrages join,
And, with the Zegrys, all great Gomel's line.

Boabdalin —

Draw up behind the Vivarambla place;
Double my guards, — these factions I will face;
And try if all the fury they can bring
Be proof against the presence of their king.

[*Exit BOABDELIN.*

The Factions appear: At the head of the Abencerrages, OZMYN; at the head of the Zegrys, ZULEMA, HAMET, GOMEL, and SELIN; ABEN-AMAR and ABDELMELECH join with the Abencerrages.

Zulema —

The faint Abencerrages quit their ground:
Press them; put home your thrusts to every wound.

Abdelmelech —

Zegry, on manly force our line relies;
Thine poorly takes the advantage of surprise:
Unarmed and much outnumbered we retreat;
You gain no fame, when basely you defeat.
If thou art brave, seek nobler victory;
Save Moorish blood; and, while our bands stand by,
Let two and two an equal combat try.

Hamet —

'Tis not for fear the combat we refuse,
But we our gained advantage will not lose.

Zulema —

In combating, but two of you will fall;
And we resolve we will despatch you all.

Ozymyn —

We'll double yet the exchange before we die,
And each of ours two lives of yours shall buy.

ALMANZOR enters betwixt them, as they stand ready to engage.

Almanzor —

I cannot stay to ask which cause is best:
But this is so to me, because opprest.

[*Goes to the Abencerrages.*]

To them BOABDELIN and his Guards, going betwixt them.

Boabdelin —

On your allegiance, I command you stay;
Who passes here, through me must make his way;
My life's the Isthmus; through this narrow line
You first must cut, before those seas can join.
What fury, Zegrys, has possessed your minds?
What rage the brave Abencerrages blinds?
If of your courage you new proofs would show,
Without much travel you may find a foe.
Those foes are neither so remote nor few
That you should need each other to pursue.
Lean times and foreign wars should minds unite:

When poor men mutter, but they seldom fight.
 O holy Allah! that I live to see
 Thy Granadines assist their enemy!
 You fight the Christians' battles; every life
 You lavish thus, in this intestine strife,
 Does from our weak foundations take one prop,
 Which helped to hold our sinking country up.

Ozmyn —

'Tis fit our private enmity should cease;
 Though injured first, yet I will first seek peace.

Zulema —

No, murderer, no; I never will be won
 To peace with him, whose hand has slain my son.

Ozmyn —

Our prophet's curse
 On me and all the Abencerrages light,
 If unprovoked I with your son did fight.

Abdelmelech —

A band of Zegrays ran within the place,
 Matched with a troop of thirty of our race.
 Your son and Ozmyn the first squadrons led,
 Which, ten by ten, like Parthians, charged and fled,
 The ground was strowed with canes where we did meet,
 Which crackled underneath our coursers' feet:
 When Tarifa (I saw him ride apart)
 Changed his blunt cane for a steel-pointed dart,
 And, meeting Ozmyn next, —
 Who wanted time for treason to provide, —
 He basely threw it at him, undefied.

Ozmyn [*showing his arms*] —

Witness this blood — which when by treason sought,
 That followed, sir, which to myself I ought.

Zulema —

His hate to thee was grounded on a grudge,
 Which all our generous Zegrays just did judge:
 Thy villain-blood thou openly didst place
 Above the purple of our kingly race.

Boabdelin —

From equal stems their blood both houses draw,
 They from Morocco, you from Cordova.

Hamet —

Their mongrel race is mixed with Christian breed;
 Hence 'tis that they those dogs in prisons feed.

Abdelmelech —

Our holy prophet wills, that charity

Should even to birds and beasts extended be :
 None knows what fate is for himself designed ;
 The thought of human chance should make us kind.

Gomel —

We waste that time we to revenge should give :
 Fall on ; let no Abencerrage live.

Advances before the rest of his party. ALMANZOR advances on the other side, and describes a line with his sword.

Almanzor —

Upon thy life pass not this middle space ;
 Sure death stands guarding the forbidden place.

Gomel —

To dare that death, I will approach yet nigher ;
 Thus, — wert thou compassed in with circling fire.

[*They fight.*

Boabdelin —

Disarm them both ; if they resist you, kill.

ALMANZOR, in the midst of the guards, kills GOMEL, and then is disarmed.

Almanzor —

Now you have but the leavings of my will.

Boabdelin —

Kill him ! this insolent unknown shall fall,
 And be the victim to atone you all.

Ozmyn —

If he must die, not one of us will live :
 That life he gave for us, for him we give.

Boabdelin —

It was a traitor's voice that spoke those words ;
 So are you all, who do not sheathe your swords.

Zulema —

Outrage unpunished, when a prince is by,
 Forfeits to scorn the rights of majesty :
 No subject his protection can expect,
 Who what he owes himself does first neglect.

Abenamar —

This stranger, sir, is he,
 Who lately in the Vivarambla place
 Did, with so loud applause, your triumphs grace.

Boabdelin —

The word which I have given, I'll not revoke ;
 If he be brave, he's ready for the stroke.

Almanzor —

No man has more contempt than I of breath,

But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
 Obeyed as sovereign by thy subjects be,
 But know, that I alone am king of me.
 I am as free as nature first made man,
 Ere the base laws of servitude began,
 When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Boabdelin —

Since, then, no power above your own you know,
 Mankind should use you like a common foe;
 You should be hunted like a beast of prey:
 By your own law I take your life away.

Almanzor —

My laws are made but only for my sake;
 No king against himself a law can make.
 If thou pretend'st to be a prince like me,
 Blame not an act which should thy pattern be.
 I saw the oppressed, and thought it did belong
 To a king's office to redress the wrong:
 I brought that succor which thou ought'st to bring,
 And so, in nature, am thy subjects' king.

Boabdelin —

I do not want your counsel to direct,
 Or aid to help me punish or protect.

Almanzor —

Thou want'st them both, or better thou wouldst know,
 Than to let factions in thy kingdoms grow.
 Divided interests, while thou think'st to sway,
 Draw, like two brooks, thy middle stream away:
 For though they band and jar, yet both combine
 To make their greatness by the fall of thine.
 Thus, like a buckler, thou art held in sight,
 While they behind thee with each other fight.

Boabdelin —

Away, and execute him instantly! [*To his Guards.*]

Almanzor —

Stand off; I have not leisure yet to die.

To them, enter ABDALLA hastily.

Abdalla —

Hold, sir! for heaven's sake hold!
 Defer this noble stranger's punishment,
 Or your rash orders you will soon repent.

Boabdelin —

Brother, you know not yet his insolence.

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Abdalla —

Upon yourself you punish his offense :
 If we treat gallant strangers in this sort,
 Mankind will shun the inhospitable court ;
 And who, henceforth, to our defense will come,
 If death must be the brave Almanzor's doom ?
 From Africa I drew him to your aid,
 And for his succor have his life betrayed.

Boabdelin —

Is this the Almanzor whom at Fez you knew,
 When first their swords the Xeriff brothers drew ?

Abdalla —

This, sir, is he, who for the elder fought,
 And to the juster cause the conquest brought ;
 Till the proud Santo, seated on the throne,
 Disdained the service he had done to own :
 Then to the vanquished part his fate he led ;
 The vanquished triumphed, and the victor fled.
 Vast is his courage, boundless is his mind,
 Rough as a storm, and humorous [capricious] as wind :
 Honor's the only idol of his eyes ;
 The charms of beauty like a pest he flies ;
 And, raised by valor from a birth unknown,
 Acknowledges no power above his own.

Boabdelin [*coming to Almanzor*] —

Impute your danger to our ignorance ;
 The bravest men are subject most to chance :
 Granada much does to your kindness owe ;
 But towns, expecting sieges, cannot show
 More honor than to invite you to a foe.

Almanzor —

I do not doubt but I have been to blame :
 But, to pursue the end for which I came,
 Unite your subjects first ; then let us go,
 And pour their common rage upon the foe.

Boabdelin [*to the factions*] —

Lay down your arms, and let me beg you cease
 Your enmities.

Zulema —

We will not hear of peace,
 Till we by force have first revenged our slain.

Abdelmelech —

The action we have done we will maintain.

Selin —

Then let the king depart, and we will try
 Our cause by arms.

Zulema — For us and victory.

Boabdelin — A king entreats you.

Almanzor —

What subjects will precarious [imploring] kings regard?
A beggar speaks too softly to be heard:
Lay down your arms! 'tis I command you now.
Do it — or, by our prophet's soul I vow,
My hands shall right your king on him I seize.
Now let me see whose look but disobeys.

All —

Long live king Mahomet Boabdelin!

Almanzor —

No more; but hushed as midnight silence go:
He will not have your acclamations now.
Hence, you unthinking crowd! —

[*The Common People go off in both parties.*

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,
When such as these make or unmake a king!



THE REHEARSAL.

[**THIS famous burlesque** is attributed to George Villiers, second duke of Buckingham (son of Charles I.'s minister), the Zimri of "Absalom and Achitophel," which see; though his ability to produce such a gem of wit, criticism, and parody has been questioned, and he certainly had much help. He was born in 1627, nineteen months before his father was murdered; educated at Cambridge; took the "grand tour"; on the outbreak of the Civil War came back and joined the king, was badly defeated and barely escaped from England, and his estates were confiscated. Returning with Charles II., he shared in the rout at Worcester, and again fled; returned once more and secretly married a daughter of Fairfax; was imprisoned in the Tower by Cromwell, and after the Restoration became disastrously influential with Charles II., being without principle or judgment, and a town-talk as a weathercock. He was a leading agent in Clarendon's overthrow and the robbery of the goldsmiths by the Exchequer, and was one of the "Cabal"; then coquetted with the democrats; tiring of politics, withdrew to private life and died in 1688. He dabbled in alchemy and music, and wrote verses and farces, all forgotten but this. "Bayes" ("the bays") of course implies the poet laureate, Dryden, and his rhyming plays, with their repeated double kinglyships, are parodied; but so are many others, and Bayes' own talk is made up largely of the genuine sillinesses of Lord Edward Howard.]

BAYES — OH, DEVIL! I can toil like a horse; only so sometimes it makes me melancholy; and then, I vow to Gad, for a whole day together I am not able to say you one good thing, if it were to save my life.

Smith — That do we verily believe, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes — And that's the only thing, 'egad, which mads me in my amours; for I'll tell you, as a friend, Mr. Johnson, my acquaintance, I hear, begin to give out that I am dull — Now I am the farthest from it in the whole world, 'egad; but only, forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johnson — Phoo, pox! that's ill-naturedly done of them.

Bayes — Aye, 'gad, there's no trusting of these rogues — But — a — come, let's sit down. Look you, sirs, the chief hinge of this play, upon which the whole plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the things in nature that make up the grand refinement of a play, is, that I suppose two kings of the same place! as, for example, at Brentford: for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to them both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that, are divided amongst themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between them. These kings differing sometimes in particular, though in the main they agree — I know not whether I make myself well understood.

Johnson — I did not observe you, sir. Pray, say that again.

Bayes — Why look you, sir; nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this (or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing): the people being embarrassed by their equal ties to both, and the sovereigns concerned in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest as the good of the people, they make a certain kind of a — you understand me — Upon which, there do arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that — In fine, you'll understand it better when you see it. [*Exit to call the players.*]

Smith — I find the author will be very much obliged to the players, if they can make any sense out of this.

Bayes [*reëntering*] — Now, gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing: I have made a prologue and an epilogue, which may both serve for either, that is, the prologue for the epilogue, or the epilogue for the prologue; (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, 'egad, for any other play as well as this.

Smith — Very well; that's indeed artificial.

Bayes — And I would fain ask your judgments, now, which of them would do best for the prologue. For, you must know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language,

and all that, to — a — in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censoring persons, as cannot otherways, 'egad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues; to which end, my first prologue is, that I come out in a long black veil, and a great huge hangman behind me, with a furred cap, and his sword drawn; and there tell them plainly, that if, out of good nature, they will not like my play, 'egad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all fall a clapping — a —

Smith — Aye, but suppose they don't.

Bayes — Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please; I have nothing to do with your suppose, sir; nor am at all mortified at it; not at all, sir; 'egad, not one jot, sir. Suppose, quoth-a! — ha, ha, ha! [Walks away.]

Johnson — Phoo! pr'ythee, Bayes, don't mind what he says; he's a fellow newly come out of the country; he knows nothing of what's the relish here, of the town.

Bayes — If I writ, sir, to please the country, I should have followed the old plain way; but I write for some persons of quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what flame and power in writing is; and they do me right, sir, to approve of what I do.

Johnson — Aye, aye, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes — I am sure the design is good; that cannot be denied. And then for language, 'egad, I defy them all in nature to mend it. Besides, sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of paper, to insinuate the plot into the boxes; and withal have appointed two or three dozen of my friends to be ready in the pit, who I'm sure will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then, pray, sir, what becomes of your suppose? Ha, ha, ha!

Johnson — Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes — I think so, sir; and therefore would chuse this to be the prologue. For if I could engage them to clap before they see the play, you know it would be so much the better, because then they were engaged; for let a man write ever so well, there are, nowadays, a sort of persons they call critics, that, 'egad, have no more wit in them than so many hobby-horses;

but they'll laugh at you, sir, and find fault, and censure things that, 'egad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their fame by calumniating of persons that, 'egad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that as — a — In fine, I'll say no more of them.

Johnson — Nay, you have said enough of them, in all conscience ; I'm sure more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes — Why, I'll tell you, sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*, were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see them all hanged, 'egad, before I would e'er set pen to paper, but let them live in ignorance, like ingrates.

Johnson — Aye, marry, that there were a way to be revenged of them indeed ; and if I were in your place now, I would do so.

Bayes — No, sir ; there are certain ties upon me, that I cannot be disengaged from, otherwise I would.

* * * * *

Bayes — Now, sir, because I'll do nothing here that was ever done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, I begin this play with a whisper.

Smith — Umph ! very new indeed.

Bayes — Come, take your seats. Begin, sirs.

GENTLEMAN-USHER *and* PHYSICIAN *enter*.

Physician — Sir, by your habit, I should guess you to be the gentleman-usher of this sumptuous palace.

Usher — And by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble kings, under the notion [title] of physician.

Physician — You hit my function right.

Usher — And you mine.

Physician — Then let's embrace.

Usher — Come.

Physician — Come.

Johnson — Pray, sir, who are those so very civil persons ?

Bayes — Why, sir, the gentleman-usher and physician of the two kings of Brentford.

Johnson — But, pray, then, how comes it to pass that they know one another no better?

Bayes — Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the plot.

Johnson — Very well.

Physician — Sir, to conclude —

Smith — What, before he begins?

Bayes — No, sir, you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith — Where? In the tiring room?

Bayes — Why, ay, sir — He's so dull! — Come, speak again.

Physician — Sir, to conclude, the place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and all these threatening storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

Bayes — Pray, mark that allegory! Is not that good?

Johnson — Yes, that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Physician — But yet some rumors great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false (which none but the great gods can tell), you then, perhaps, would find that — [*Whispers.*

Bayes — Now he whispers.

Usher — Alone, do you say?

Physician — No; attended with the noble — [*Whispers*

Bayes — Again.

Usher — Who, he in gray?

Physician — Yes; and at the head of — [*Whisper.*

Bayes — Pray, mark.

Usher —

Then, sir, most certain 'twill in time appear,
These are the reasons that have moved him to 't:
First, he —

Bayes — Now the other whispers.

Usher — Secondly, they — [*Whispers.*

Bayes — At it still.

Usher — Thirdly, and lastly, both he and they — [*Whispers.*

Bayes — Now they both whisper. [*Exeunt whispering.*
Now, gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a play?

Johnson — In troth, I think it is, sir. But why two kings of the same place?

Bayes — Why, because 'tis new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your Jonson and Beaumont, that borrowed all they writ from nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancy, I.

Smith — But what think you of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes — By Gad, I'm a better poet than he.

Smith — Well, sir; but, pray, why all this whispering?

Bayes — Why, sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are supposed to be politicians; and matters of state ought not to be divulged.

Smith — But then, sir, why —

Bayes — Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompensed. [Goes to the door.]

* * * * *

The Two Kings enter, hand in hand.

Bayes — Oh, these now are the two Kings of Brentford; take notice of their style; 'twas never yet upon the stage; but if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to show you a whole play writ all just so.

1st King — Did you observe their whispers, brother King?

2d King — I did, and heard, besides, a grave bird sing
That they intend, sweetheart, to play us pranks.

Bayes — This is now familiar; because they are both persons of the same quality.

Smith — 'Sdeath! this would make a man spew.

1st King — If that design appears,
I'll lug them by the ears,
 Until I make them crack.

2d King — And so will I, i' fack,

1st King — You must begin, *ma foy*.

2d King — Sweet sir, *pardonnez moy*.

Bayes — Mark that; I make them both speak French, to show their breeding.

Johnson — Oh, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2d King —

Then, spite of fate, we'll thus combinèd stand,
And, like two brothers, walk still hand in hand.

[*Exeunt Reges.*]

Johnson — This is a majestic scene, indeed.

Bayes — Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your rogue-critics, 'egad; I would fain see the proudest of them all but dare to nibble at this; 'egad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for them, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole play just in this very same style; it was never acted yet.

Johnson — How so?

Bayes — 'Egad, I can hardly tell you for laughing; ha, ha, ha! it is so pleasant a story; ha, ha, ha!

Smith — What is it?

Bayes — 'Egad, the players refused to act it; ha, ha, ha!

Smith — That's impossible!

Bayes — 'Egad, they did it, sir; point blank refused it, 'egad. Ha, ha, ha!

Johnson — Fie, that was rude!

Bayes — Rude! aye, 'egad, they are the rudest, uncivilest persons, and all that, in the world, 'egad. 'Egad, there's no living with them. I have written, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole cartload of things every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to Gad, these insolent rascals have turned them all back upon my hands again.

Johnson — Strange fellows indeed!

Smith — But pray, Mr. Bayes, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper? For, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes — No; but that's the actors' fault, and not mine; for these two Kings should (a pox take them!) have popped both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

Smith — That, indeed, would have done it.

Bayes — Done it! aye, 'egad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. . . . So, now Prince Prettyman comes in, and falls asleep making love to his mistress; which, you know, was a grand intrigue in a late play, written by a very honest gentleman, a knight.

PRINCE PRETTYMAN *enters.**Prettyman* —

How strange a captive am I grown of late!
 Shall I accuse my love, or blame my fate?
 My love I cannot; that is too divine:
 And against fate what mortal dares repine?

CHLORIS *enters.*

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing comet! is it not? [*Lies down.*]

Bayes — Blazing comet! Mark that; 'egad, very fine.

Prettyman — But I am so surprised with sleep, I cannot speak the rest. [*Sleeps.*]

Bayes — Does not that, now, surprise you, to fall asleep in the nick? His spirits exhale with the heat of his passion, and all that, and, swop, he falls asleep, as you see. Now, here she must make a simile.

Smith — Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes — Because she's surprised. That's a general rule; you must ever make a simile when you are surprised: 'tis the new way of writing.

Chloris —

As some tall pine, which we on Ætna find
 T' have stood the rage of many a boist'rous wind,
 Feeling without that flames within do play,
 Which would consume his root and sap away;
 He spreads his worsted arms unto the skies,
 Silently grieves, all pale, repines, and dies:
 So, shrouded up, your bright eye disappears.
 Break forth, bright scorching sun, and dry my tears. [*Exit.*]

Johnson — Mr. Bayes, methinks this simile wants a little application, too.

Bayes — No, faith; for it alludes to passion, to consuming, to dying, and all that, which, you know, are the natural effects of an amour. But I'm afraid this scene has made you sad; for, I must confess, when I writ it, I wept myself.

Smith — No, truly, sir, my spirits are almost exhaled too, and I'm likelier to fall asleep.

PRINCE PRETTYMAN *starts up, and says, —*

Prettyman [*starting up*] — It is resolved ! [*Exit.*

Bayes — That's all.

Smith — Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you one question, now, and you not be angry ?

Bayes — Oh, Lord, sir, you may ask me anything ! what you please ; I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of honor : you do not know me if you say that, sir.

Smith — Then, pray, what is it that this prince here has resolved in his sleep ?

Bayes — Why, I must confess, that question is well enough asked for one that is not acquainted with this new way of writing. But you must know, sir, that's to outdo all my fellow writers ; whereas they keep their intrigo secret till the very last scene before the dance, I now, sir, (do you mark me ?) — a —

Smith — Begin the play and end it, without ever opening the plot at all.

Bayes — I do so, that's the very plain truth on't, ha, ha, ha ! I do, 'egad.

* * * * *

Four SOLDIERS enter at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1st Soldier — Stand. Who goes there ?

2d Soldier — A friend.

1st Soldier — What friend ?

2d Soldier — A friend to the house.

1st Soldier — Fall on. [*They all kill one another.*

[*Music strikes.*

Bayes [*to the music*] — Hold, hold ! [*It ceases.*] — Now here's an odd surprise ; all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain note that I have made in effaut flat, and fall a dancing. Do you hear, dead men ? Remember your note in effaut flat. [*To the music.*] Play on. Now, now, now ! [*The music plays his note, and the dead men rise, but cannot get in order.*] Oh, Lord ! Oh, Lord ! Out, out, out ! Did ever men spoil a good thing so ? No figure, no ear, no time, nothing ! Udzookers, you dance worse than the angels in "Harry the Eighth," or fat spirits in the "Tempést," 'egad.

1st Soldier — Why, sir, 'tis impossible to do anything in time to this tune.

Bayes — Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Impossible! Why, gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole nights in composing this air, and adapting it for the business: for if you observe, there are two several designs in this tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time and time; you shall see me do't. Look you here; here I am dead. [*Lies down flat on his face.*] Now mark my note effaut flat. Strike up, music. Now! [*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*] Ah, gadzookers, I have broke my nose!

Johnson — By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate note of yours, in effaut.

Bayes — A plague of this damned stage! with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a gentleman can't come to teach you to act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the devil and all. Pray, sir, can you help me to a piece of wet brown paper?

Smith — No, indeed, sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2d Soldier — I'll go get you some within, presently.

Bayes — Go, go, then, I'll follow you. Pray, dance out the dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember and dance like horsemen. [*Exit.*]

Smith — Like horsemen! What a plague can that be?

[*They dance the dance, but can make nothing of it.*]

1st Soldier — A devil! let's try this no longer; play my dance, that Mr. Bayes found fault with so.

[*Dance, and exeunt.*]

Smith — What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

Johnson — Pr'ythee, let's go and see. [*Exeunt.*]

BAYES enters, with a paper on his nose; and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes — Now, sirs, this I do, because my fancy, in this play, is to end every act with a dance.

Smith — Faith, that fancy is very good; but I should hardly have broke my nose for it, though.

Bayes — Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no man's heels, but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. Now, here comes in a scene of sheer wit, without any mixture in the whole world, 'egad, between Prince Prettyman and his tailor: it might properly enough be called a prize of wit; for

you shall see them come in one upon another, snip-snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him, slap with a repartee, then he at him again, dash with a new conceit; and so eternally, eternally, 'egad, till they go quite off the stage. [Goes to call the players.]

Smith — What a plague does this fop mean by his snip-snap, hit for hit, and dash?

Johnson — Mean! why, he never meant anything in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

Bayes [*reëntering*] — Why don't you come in?

Enter PRINCE PRETTYMAN and TOM THIMBLE.

This scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted, for it is full of drollery as ever it can hold. 'Tis like an orange stuffed with cloves, as for conceit.

Prettyman — But, pr'ythee, Tom Thimble, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine tailors make but one man, and one woman cannot be satisfied with nine men; what work art thou cutting out here for thyself, trow!

Bayes — Good.

Thimble — Why, an't please your highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want journeymen enow to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes — Good again.

Prettyman — I am afraid thy journeymen, though, Tom, won't work by the day, but by the night.

Bayes — Good still.

Thimble — However, if my wife sits but cross-legged, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, sir, for your coronation-suit.

Bayes — Very good, i' faith.

Prettyman — Why, the times then lived upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a tailor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

Bayes — Right.

Thimble — I am sure, sir, I made your clothes in the court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes — There's a bob for the court.

Prettyman — Why, Tom, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see. Thou payest me now, methinks.

Bayes — There's pay upon pay? As good as ever was written, 'egad.

Thimble — Aye, sir, in your own coin : you give me nothing but words.

Bayes — Admirable, before Gad !

Prettyman — Well, Tom, I hope shortly I shall have another coin for thee ; for now the wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a man of metal.

Bayes — Oh, you did not do that half enough.

Johnson — Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes — Aye, pretty well ; but he does not hit me in't : he does not top his part.

Thimble — That's the way to be stamped yourself, sir. I shall see you come home, like an angel for the king's evil, with a hole bored through you. [*Exeunt.*

Bayes — Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, 'egad ! How do you like it now, gentlemen ? Is not this pure wit ?

Smith — 'Tis snip-snap, sir, as you say : but, methinks, not pleasant, nor to the purpose ; for the play does not go on.

Bayes — Play does not go on ! I don't know what you mean : why, is not this part of the play !

Smith — Yes ; but the plot stands still.

Bayes — Plot stand still ! Why, what a devil is a plot good for, but to bring in fine things ?

Smith — Oh, I did not know that before.

Bayes — No, I think you did not, nor many things more, that I am master of. Now, sir, 'egad, this is the bane of all us writers : let us soar but ever so little above the common pitch, 'egad, all's spoiled, for the vulgar never understand it ; they can never conceive you, sir, the excellency of these things.

Johnson — 'Tis a sad fate, I must confess ; but you write on still for all that.

Bayes — Write on ! Aye, 'egad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me : if they catch me at that lock, I'll give them leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I what they say ? What, are they gone, without singing my last new song ? 'Sbud, would it were in their bellies ! I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any skill in these matters, I vow to Gad, this song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written ; you must know it was made by Tom Thimble's first wife, after she was dead.

Smith — How, sir ! after she was dead ?

Bayes — Aye, sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that ?

Johnson — Say ! why, nothing : he were a devil that had anything to say to that.

Bayes — Right.

Smith — How did she come to die, pray, sir ?

Bayes — Phoo ! that's no matter : by a fall. But here's the conceit, that upon his knowing she was killed by an accident, he supposes, with a sigh, that she died for love of him.

Johnson — Aye, aye, that's well enough, let's hear it, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes — 'Tis to the tune of "Farewell, Fair Armida" ; on seas, and in battles, in bullets, and all that.

SONG.

"In swords, pikes, and bullets, 'tis safer to be,
 Than in a strong castle remoted from thee:
 My death's bruise pray think you gave me, though a fall
 Did give it me more from the top of a wall:
 For then if the moat on her mud would first lay,
 And after, before you my body convey ;
 The blue on my breast when you happen to see,
 You'll say, with a sigh, there's a true blue for me." . . .

Smith — But, Mr. Bayes, how comes this song in here ? f methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes — Alack, sir, you know nothing : you must ever interlard your plays with songs, ghosts, and dances, if you mean to — a —

Johnson — Pit, box, and gallery, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes — 'Egad, and you have nicked it. Hark you, Mr. Johnson, you know I don't flatter, 'egad you have a great deal of wit.

Johnson — Oh, Lord, sir, you do me too much honor.

Bayes — Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. Johnson, i' faith this must not be said amongst us that have it. I know you have wit, by the judgment you make of this play, for that's the measure I go by ; my play is a touch-stone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts, Is he so ? says I ; what do I do but bring him presently to see this play : if he likes it, I know what to think of him ; if not, your most humble servant, sir ; I'll no more of him, upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, 'egad. Now here we go to our business.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ'S LETTERS.

[MARIE DE RAUTIN-CHANTAL, MARQUISE DE SÉVIGNÉ, French epistolary writer, was the daughter of the Baron de Chantal, representative of an ancient Burgundian family, and was born at Paris, February 6, 1626. She lost her parents in early childhood, and was brought up by her mother's brother, the Abbé de Coulanges. At eighteen she married the dissolute Marquis Henri de Sévigné, who was killed in a duel occasioned by one of his amours. The marquise for a time devoted herself to the education of her son and daughter, and then removed to Paris. Here she became a leader in the brilliant society of the French capital, and numbered among her admirers Prince Conti, Turenne, and Fouquet. In 1669 her daughter, to whom she was greatly attached, married the Comte de Grignan, governor of Provence, and the consequent separation occasioned the famous correspondence which still ranks as one of the finest monuments in the French language. The "Letters" cover a period of twenty-five years, and are a valuable source of information for the history and social condition of the time. Madame de Sévigné died at Grignan, April 18, 1696.]

THE DRAMA OF M. DE LAUZUN.

I.

TO HER COUSIN, M. DE COULANGES, MAÎTRE DES REQUÊTES.

PARIS, *Monday, Dec. 15, 1670.*

I AM going to tell you a thing the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvelous, the most miraculous, the most magnificent, the most confounding, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable, — in short, a thing of which there is but one example in past ages, and that not an exact one neither ; a thing that we cannot believe at Paris, how then will it gain credit at Lyons ? a thing which makes everybody cry, "Lord have mercy upon us !" a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive [because they married beneath their rank] ; a thing, in fine, which is to happen on Sunday next, when those who are present will doubt the evidence of their senses ; a thing which, though it is to be done on Sunday, yet perhaps will be unfinished on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it you : guess what it is. I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog ? Well, then, I find I must tell you. M. de Lauzun is to

be married next Sunday at the Louvre to,—pray guess to whom! I give you four times to do it in, I give you six, I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges, "It is really very hard to guess; perhaps it is Madame de La Vallière."

Indeed, Madame, it is not.

"It is Mademoiselle de Retz, then."

No, nor she either; you are extremely provincial.

"Lord bless me," say you, "what stupid wretches we are! it is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while."

Nay, now you are still farther from the mark.

"Why, then, it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Créqui."

You have it not yet. Well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's leave, to Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de—Mademoiselle—guess, pray guess her name; he is to be married to MADMOISELLE, the great Mademoiselle; Mademoiselle, daughter to the late Monsieur [Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIII.]; Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henry IV.; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, mademoiselle, the king's cousin-german, mademoiselle, destined to the throne, mademoiselle, the only match in France that was worthy of Monsieur [Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIV., and one of Mademoiselle's rejected suitors]. What glorious matter for talk! If you should burst forth like a bedlamite, say we have told you a lie, that it is false, that we are making a jest of you, and that a pretty jest it is without wit or invention,—in short, if you abuse us we shall think you quite in the right, for we have done just the same things ourselves. Farewell; you will find by the letters you receive this post whether we tell you truth or not.

II.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, *Friday, Dec. 19, 1670.*

What is called falling from the clouds happened last night at the Tuileries; but I must go farther back. You have already shared in the joy, the transport, the ecstasies, of the princess and her happy lover. It was just as I told you; the affair was made public on Monday. Tuesday was passed in

talking, astonishment, and compliments. Wednesday Mademoiselle made a deed of gift to M. de Lauzun, investing him with certain titles, names, and dignities necessary to be inserted in the marriage contract, which was drawn up that day. She gave him then, till she could give him something better, four duchies: the first was the county of Eu, which entitles him to rank as the first peer of France; the duchy of Montpensier, which title he bore all that day; the duchy of Saint Fargeau, and the duchy of Châtellerault, — the whole valued at twenty-two millions of livres. The contract was then drawn up, and he took the name of Montpensier. Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle was in expectation of the king's signing the contract, as he had said he would do; but about seven o'clock in the evening the queen, Monsieur, and several old dotards that were about him had so persuaded his Majesty that his reputation would suffer in the affair, that, sending for Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, he announced to them before the prince, that he forbade them to think any further of this marriage. M. de Lauzun received the prohibition with all the respect, submission, firmness, and, at the same time, despair that could be expected in so great a reverse of fortune. As for Mademoiselle, she gave loose to her feelings and burst into tears, cries, lamentations, and the most violent expressions of grief; she keeps her bed all day long and takes nothing within her lips but a little broth. What a fine dream is here! what a glorious subject for a tragedy or romance, but especially for talking and reasoning eternally! This is what we do day and night, morning and evening, without end and without intermission; we hope you will do likewise, *E fra tanto vi bacio le mani* ("and with this I kiss your hands").

III.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, *Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1670.*

You are now perfectly acquainted with the romantic story of Mademoiselle and of M. de Lauzun. It is a story well adapted for a tragedy, and in all the rules of the theater; we laid out the acts and scenes the other day. We took four days instead of four and twenty hours, and the piece was complete. Never was such a change seen in so short a time; never was

there known so general an emotion. You certainly never received so extraordinary a piece of intelligence before. M. de Lauzun behaved admirably; he supported his misfortune with such courage and intrepidity, and at the same time showed so deep a sorrow, mixed with such profound respect, that he has gained the admiration of everybody. His loss is doubtless great, but then the king's favor, which he has by this means preserved, is likewise great, so that upon the whole his condition does not seem so very deplorable. Mademoiselle too has behaved extremely well on her side. She has wept much and bitterly; but yesterday, for the first time, she returned to pay her duty at the Louvre, after having received the visits of every one there. So the affair is all over. Adieu.

IV.

TO M. DE COULANGES.

PARIS, *Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1670.*

I have received your answers to my letters. I can easily conceive the astonishment you were in at what passed between the 15th and 20th of this month; the subject called for it all. I admire likewise your penetration and judgment in imagining so great a machine could never support itself from Monday to Sunday. Modesty prevents my launching out in your praise on this head, because I said and thought exactly as you did. I told my daughter on Monday, "This will never go on as it should do till Sunday; I will wager, notwithstanding this wedding seems to be sure, that it will never come to a conclusion." In effect, the sky was overcast on Thursday morning, and about ten o'clock, as I told you, the cloud burst. That very day I went about nine in the morning to pay my respects to Mademoiselle, having been informed that she was to go out of town to be married, and that the Coadjutor of Rheims was to perform the ceremony. These were the resolves on Wednesday night, but matters had been determined otherwise at the Louvre ever since Tuesday. Mademoiselle was writing; she had me shown in, finished her letter, and then, as she was in bed, made me place myself on my knees at her bedside; she told me to whom she was writing, and upon what subject, and also of the fine presents she had made the night before, and the titles she had conferred, and as there was no match in any of the courts of

Europe for her, she was resolved, she said, to provide for herself. She related to me, word for word, a conversation she had had with the king, and appeared overcome with joy to think how happy she should make a man of merit. She mentioned with a great deal of tenderness the worth and gratitude of M. de Lauzun. To all which I made her this answer, "Upon my word, Mademoiselle, you seem quite happy! but why was not this affair finished at once last Monday? Do you not perceive that the delay will give time and opportunity to the whole kingdom to talk, and that it is absolutely tempting God and the king, to protract an affair of so extraordinary a nature as this is to so distant a period?" She allowed me to be in the right, but was so sure of success that what I said made little or no impression on her at the time. She repeated the many amiable qualities of M. de Lauzun, and the noble house he was descended from. To which I replied in these lines of Sévère in "Polyeucte," —

Blame on her choice at least, I may not fling:
Polyeucte can match, in name and blood, a king.

Upon which she embraced me tenderly. Our conversation lasted above an hour. It is impossible to repeat all that passed between us, but I may without vanity say that my company was agreeable to her, for her heart was so full that she was glad of any one to unburden it to. At ten o'clock she gave herself to the rest of France, who crowded to pay their compliments to her. She waited all the morning for news from court, but none came. All the afternoon she amused herself with putting M. de Montpensier's apartment in order. You know what happened at night. The next morning, which was Friday, I waited upon her, and found her in bed. Her grief redoubled at seeing me; she called me to her, embraced me, and whelmed me with her tears. "Ah!" said she, "you remember what you said to me yesterday. What foresight! what cruel foresight!" In short she made me weep, to see her weep so violently. I have seen her twice since; she still continues in great affliction but behaves to me as to a person that sympathized with her in her distress; in which she is not mistaken, for I really feel sentiments for her that are seldom felt for persons of such superior rank. This, however, between us two and Madame de Coulanges; for you are sensible that this chit-chat would appear ridiculous to others.

THE FIRE AT M. GUITAUD'S.

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

FRIDAY, *Feb. 20, 1671.*

I cannot express how desirous I am to hear from you. Consider, my dear, I have not had a letter since that from La Palisse ; I know nothing of the rest of your journey to Lyons, nor of your route to Provence. I am very certain that there are letters coming ; but I await them, and I have them not. I have nothing left to comfort and amuse me but writing to you.

You must know that Wednesday night last, after I came from M. de Coulanges', where we had been making up our packets for the post, I began to think of going to bed. "That is nothing very extraordinary," you will say ; but what follows is so. About three o'clock in the morning I was wakened with a cry of "Thieves ! fire !" and it seemed so near, and grew so loud, that I had not the least doubt of its being in the house ; I even fancied I heard them talking of my little granddaughter. I imagined she was burned to death, and in that apprehension got up without a light, trembling in such a manner that I could scarcely stand. I ran directly to her room, which is the room that was yours, and found everything quiet ; but I saw Guitaud's house all in flames, and the fire spreading to Madame de Vauvieux's. The flames cast a light over our courtyard, and that of Guitaud, that made them look shocking. All was outcry, hurry, and confusion, and the beams and joists falling down made a dreadful noise. I immediately ordered our doors to be opened, and my people to give assistance. M. de Guitaud sent me a casket of valuables, which I secured in my cabinet, and then went into the street to gape like the rest. There I found Monsieur and Madame de Guitaud, Madame de Vauvieux, the Venetian ambassador, and all his people, with little Vauvieux, whom they were carrying fast asleep to the ambassador's house, with a great quantity of movables and plate. Madame de Vauvieux had removed all her goods. I knew our house was as safe as if it had been in an island, but I was greatly concerned for my poor neighbors. Madame Guêton and her brother gave some excellent directions, but we were all in consternation ; the fire was so fierce that there was no ap-

proaching it, and no one supposed it would cease till it had burned poor Guitaud's house entirely down.

Guitaud himself was a melancholy object. He was for flying to save his mother, who was in the midst of the flames, as he supposed, in the upper part of the house; but his wife clung about him, and held him as tightly as she could. He was in the greatest distress. . . .

At last he begged me to lay hold of her, which I did, and he went in search of his mother, who, he found, had passed through the flames and was safe. He then endeavored to save some papers, but found it impossible to get near the place where they were. At length he came back to the spot where he had left us, and where I had prevailed on his wife to sit down. Some charitable Capuchins worked so well and so skilfully that they cut off the communication of the fire. Water was thrown upon the rest that was burning, and at last the battle ceased for want of combatants, but not till several of the best apartments were entirely consumed. It was looked upon as fortunate that any part of the house was saved, though as it is poor Guitaud will lose at least ten thousand crowns; for it is proposed to rebuild the room that was painted and gilded. There were lost several fine pictures of M. le Blanc's (whose house it was), besides tables, looking-glasses, tapestry, and other valuable pieces of furniture. They are greatly concerned about some letters, which I imagine to be those of the prince. By this it was near five o'clock in the morning, and time to think of getting Madame de Guitaud to rest. I offered her my bed; but Madame Guêton put her into hers, as she had several apartments in her house unoccupied. . . . She is still at Madame Guêton's, where everybody goes to see her.

You will naturally ask how the fire happened; but that no one can tell. There was not a spark in the room where it first broke out. Could any one have thought of diverting himself at so melancholy a time, what pictures might he not have drawn of us in the situation we were then in! Guitaud was naked, except his shirt and drawers; his wife was without stockings, and had lost one of her slippers; Madame de Vauvineux was in a short under petticoat, without a dressing gown; all the footmen and neighbors were in their nightcaps. The ambassador, in his dressing gown and long peruke, maintained very well the importance of a *serenissimo*; but his secretary was a most admirable figure. . . . So much for the melancholy news of our

quarter. Let me beg of Deville that he will go his rounds every night after the family is in bed, to see that the fire is out everywhere, for we cannot be too careful to prevent accidents of this kind.

I hope the water was favorable to you in your passage; in a word, I wish you every happiness, and implore the God of heaven to preserve you from every evil. . . .

VATEL'S SUICIDE.

I.

TO HER DAUGHTER, MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

FRIDAY EVENING, *April 24, 1671.*

(From M. de La Rochefoucauld's.)

Here, then, I make up my packet. I had intended to tell you that the king arrived yesterday evening at Chantilly. He hunted a stag by moonlight; the lamps did wonders; the fireworks were a little eclipsed by the brightness of our serene friend, the moon; but the evening, the supper, and the entertainment went off admirably well. The weather we had yesterday gave us hopes of an end worthy of so fine a beginning. But what do you think I learned when I came here? I am not yet recovered and hardly know what I write. Vatel, the great Vatel, late *maître-d'hôtel* to M. Fouquet, and in that capacity with the prince [de Condé], a man so eminently distinguished for taste, and whose abilities were equal to the government of a State, — this man whom I knew so well, finding, at eight o'clock this morning, that the fish he had sent for did not come at the time he expected it, and unable to bear the disgrace that he thought would inevitably attach to him, ran himself through with his own sword. Guess what confusion so shocking an accident must have occasioned. Think too that perhaps the fish might come in just as he was expiring. I know no more of the affair at present; and I suppose you think this enough. I make no doubt the consternation was general; it must be very disagreeable to have so fatal an event break in upon an entertainment that cost fifty thousand crowns.

M. de Menars is to be married to Mademoiselle de La Grange-Neuville; but I do not know how I can have the heart to speak to you about anything but Vatel.

II.

TO MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

PARIS, *Sunday, April 26, 1671.*

This is Sunday, April 26, and this letter will not go out till Wednesday ; but it is not so much a letter as a narrative that I have just learned from Moreuil of what passed at Chantilly with regard to poor Vatel. I wrote to you last Friday that he had stabbed himself. These are the particulars of the affair : The king arrived there on Thursday night ; the walk and the collation, which was served in a place set apart for the purpose, and strewed with jonquilles, were just as they should be. Supper was served, but there was no roast meat at one or two of the tables on account of Vatel's having been obliged to provide several dinners more than were expected. This affected his spirits, and he was heard to say several times, —

“I have lost my fame ! I cannot bear this disgrace !”
 “My head is quite bewildered,” said he to Gourville. “I have not had a wink of sleep these twelve nights ; I wish you would assist me in giving orders.”

Gourville did all he could to comfort and assist him ; but the failure of the roast meat (which, however, did not happen at the king's table, but at some of the other twenty-five) was always uppermost with him. Gourville mentioned it to the prince [Condé], who went directly to Vatel's room and said to him, “Everything is extremely well conducted, Vatel ; nothing could be more admirable than his Majesty's supper.” “Your Highness's goodness,” replied he, “overwhelms me ; I am aware that there was a deficiency of roast meat at two tables.”

“Not at all,” said the prince ; “do not worry yourself, and all will go well.”

Midnight came ; the fireworks did not succeed, they were covered with a thick cloud ; they cost sixteen thousand francs. At four o'clock in the morning Vatel went round, and found everybody asleep ; he met one of the under purveyors, who had just come in with only two loads of fish.

“What !” said he, “is that all ?”

“Yes, sir,” said the man, not knowing that Vatel had dispatched other people to all the seaports round. Vatel waited for some time ; the other purveyors did not arrive ; his head

grew distracted ; he thought there was no more fish to be had ; he flew to Gourville ; " Sir," said he, " I cannot outlive this disgrace."

Gourville laughed at him. Vatel went up to his room, set the hilt of his sword against the door, and, after two ineffectual attempts, succeeded in the third in forcing the sword through his heart : he fell dead. At that instant the carriers arrived with the fish ; Vatel was inquired after to distribute it. People went to his room, knocked at the door, broke it open, and found him weltering in his blood. They ran to acquaint the prince, who was in despair. The duke wept, for his Burgundy journey depended upon Vatel. The prince related the whole affair to his Majesty with an expression of great concern. It was considered as the consequence of too nice a sense of honor ; some blamed, others praised him for his courage. The king said he had put off this excursion for more than five years, because he was aware that it would be attended with infinite trouble, and told the prince that he ought to have had but two tables, and not have been at the expense of so many, and declared he would never suffer him to do so again ; but all this was too late for poor Vatel.

However, Gourville endeavored to supply the loss of Vatel, which he did in great measure. The dinner was elegant, the collation was the same. They supped, they walked, they hunted ; all was perfumed with jonquilles, all was enchantment.

Yesterday, which was Saturday, the entertainments were renewed, and in the evening the king set out for Liancourt, where he had ordered a *media-noche* [a hearty meal of meat, eaten just after the stroke of midnight, when a feast day succeeds a fast day] ; he is to stay there three days. This is what Moreuil has told me, hoping I should acquaint you with it. I wash my hands of the rest, for I know nothing about it. M. d'Hacqueville, who was present at the scene, will no doubt give you a faithful account of all that passed ; but because his handwriting is not quite so legible as mine, I write too. If I am circumstantial, it is because on such an occasion I should like circumstantiality myself.

THE ART OF POETRY.

BY BOILEAU.

[NICHOLAS BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX, French critic and poet, was born at Paris, November 1, 1636. He studied law and theology at Beauvais, but appears to have devoted himself entirely to authorship, among his friends being Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine. His first works were a series of seven satires (1660-1665, collected 1666); some twenty editions were issued in two years, and revolutionized French canons of literary art. To the attack on them he replied in two others (1669). In 1674 he published a volume containing "The Art of Poetry" (*L'Art Poétique*), "The Lectern" (*Le Lutrin*), a mock-heroic poem, and "Epistles," which placed him in the foremost rank of French writers. In 1677 he received a pension of two thousand livres and an appointment as joint historiographer, with Racine, to Louis XIV.; and in 1684 entered the French Academy at the expressed desire of the king. He published also a collection of epigrams. His last years were passed in retirement at Auteuil, where he died March 13, 1711.]

CANTO I.

RASH author, 'tis a vain presumptuous crime
 To undertake the sacred art of rime;
 If at thy birth the stars that ruled thy sense
 Shone not with a poetic influence,
 In thy strait genius thou wilt still be bound,
 Find Phœbus deaf, and Pegasus unsound.
 You, then, that burn with a desire to try
 The dangerous course of charming poetry,
 Forbear in fruitless verse to lose your time,
 Or take for genius the desire of rime;
 Fear the allurements of a specious bait,
 And well consider your own force and weight.
 Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
 And for each author can a talent find;
 But authors, that themselves too much esteem,
 Lose their own genius, and mistake their theme:
 Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime,
 Always let sense accompany your rime;
 Falsely they seem each other to oppose,—
 Rime must be made with reason's laws to close;
 And when to conquer her you bend your force,
 The mind will triumph in the noble course;
 To reason's yoke she quickly will incline,
 Which, far from hurting, renders her divine;
 But if neglected, will as easily stray,
 And master reason, which she should obey.

Most writers mounted on a resty muse,
 Extravagant and senseless objects choose;
 They think they err, if in their verse they fall
 On any thought that's plain or natural.
 Fly this excess; and let Italians be
 Vain authors of false glittering poetry.
 All ought to aim at sense: but most in vain
 Strive the hard pass and slippery path to gain;
 You drown, if to the right or left you stray;
 Reason to go has often but one way.

Sometimes an author, fond of his own thought,
 Pursues its object till it's overwrought:
 If he describes a house, he shows the face,
 And after walks you round from place to place;
 Here is a vista, there the doors unfold,
 Balconies here are balustered with gold;
 Then counts the rounds and ovals in the halls,
 "The festoons, friezes, and the astragals."
 Tired with his tedious pomp, away I run,
 And skip o'er twenty pages, to be gone.
 Of such descriptions the vain folly see,
 And shun their barren superfluity.
 All that is needless carefully avoid;
 The mind once satisfied is quickly cloyed.
 He cannot write who knows not to give o'er,
 To mend one fault he makes a hundred more:
 A verse was weak, you turn it much too strong,
 And grow obscure for fear you should be long;
 Some are not gaudy, but are flat and dry;
 Not to be low, another soars too high.

Would you of every one deserve the praise?
 In writing vary your discourse and phrase;
 A frozen style, that neither ebbs nor flows,
 Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
 Those tedious authors are esteemed by none,
 Who tire us, humming the same heavy tone.

Happy who in his verse can gently steer
 From grave to light, from pleasant to severe!
 His works will be admired wherever found,
 And oft with buyers will be compassed round.

In all you write be neither low nor vile;
 The meanest theme may have a proper style.
 The dull burlesque appeared with impudence,
 And pleased by novelty in spite of sense;
 All, except trivial points, grew out of date;

Parnassus spoke the cant of Billingsgate;
 Boundless and mad, disordered rime was seen;
 Disguised Apollo changed to Harlequin.
 This plague, which first in country towns began,
 Cities and kingdoms quickly overran;
 The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
 And the Mock Tempest was awhile renowned.
 But this low stuff the town at last despised,
 And scorned the folly that they once had prized,
 Distinguished dull from natural and plain,
 And left the villages to Flecknoe's reign.
 Let not so mean a style your muse debase,
 But learn from Butler the buffooning grace,
 And let burlesque in ballads be employed.

Yet noisy bombast carefully avoid,
 Nor think to raise, though on Pharsalia's plain,
 "Millions of mourning mountains of the slain."
 Nor, with Dubartas, "bridle up the floods,
 And periwig with wool the baldpate woods."
 Choose a just style. Be grave without constraint,
 Great without pride, and lovely without paint.

Write what your reader may be pleased to hear,
 And for the measure have a careful ear;
 On easy numbers fix your happy choice;
 Of jarring sounds avoid the odious noise;
 The fullest verse, and the most labored sense,
 Displease us if the ear once take offense.

Our ancient verse, as homely as the times,
 Was rude, unmeasured, only tagged with rimes;
 Number and cadence, that have since been shown,
 To those unpolished writers were unknown.
 Fairfax was he, who, in that darker age,
 By his just rules restrained poetic rage;
 Spenser did next in pastorals excel,
 And taught the noble art of writing well,
 To stricter rules the stanza did restrain,
 And found for poetry a richer vein.
 Then Davenant came, who, with a new-found art,
 Changed all, spoiled all, and had his way apart;
 His haughty muse all others did despise,
 And thought in triumph to bear off the prize,
 Till the sharp-sighted critics of the times
 In their Mock Gondibert exposed his rimes,
 The laurels he pretended did refuse,
 And dashed the hopes of his aspiring muse.

This headstrong writer, falling from on high,
Made following authors take less liberty.

Waller came last, but was the first whose art
Just weight and measure did to verse impart,
That of a well-placed word could teach the force,
And showed for poetry a nobler course.
His happy genius did our tongue refine,
And easy words with pleasing numbers join;
His verses to good method did apply,
And changed hard discord to soft harmony.
All owned his laws; which, long approved and tried,
To present authors now may be a guide;
Tread boldly in his steps, secure from fear,
And be, like him, in your expressions clear.
If in your verse you drag, and sense delay,
My patience tires, my fancy goes astray,
And from your vain discourse I turn my mind,
Nor search an author troublesome to find.

There is a kind of writer pleased with sound,
Whose fustian head with clouds is compassed round—
No reason can disperse them with its light;
Learn then to think ere you pretend to write.
As your idea's clear, or else obscure,
The expression follows, perfect or impure;
What we conceive with ease we can express;
Words to the notions flow with readiness.

Observe the language well in all you write,
And swerve not from it in your loftiest flight.
The smoothest verse and the exactest sense
Displease us, if ill English give offense;
A barbarous phrase no reader can approve,
Nor bombast, noise, or affectation love.
In short, without pure language, what you write
Can never yield us profit or delight.

Take time for thinking; never work in haste;
And value not yourself for writing fast;
A rapid poem, with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.
More pleased we are to see a river lead
His gentle streams along a flowery mead,
Than from high banks to hear loud torrents roar,
With foamy waters, on a muddy shore.
Gently make haste, of labor not afraid;
A hundred times consider what you've said;
Polish, repolish, every color lay,

And sometimes add, but oftener take away.

'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,
That here and there are scattered sparks of wit;
Each object must be fixed in the due place,
And differing parts have corresponding grace;
Till, by a curious art disposed, we find
One perfect whole of all the pieces joined.
Keep to your subject close in all you say,
Nor for a sounding sentence ever stray.

The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.
Fantastic wits their darling follies love;
But find you faithful friends that will reprove,
That on your works may look with careful eyes,
And of your faults be zealous enemies.
Lay by an author's pride and vanity,
And from a friend a flatterer descry,
Who seems to like but means not what he says;
Embrace true counsel, but suspect false praise.

A sycophant will everything admire;
Each verse, each sentence, sets his soul on fire;
All is divine! there's not a word amiss!
He shakes with joy, and weeps with tenderness;
He overpowers you with his mighty praise.
Truth never moves in those impetuous ways.

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
And freely will your heedless errors blame;
He cannot pardon a neglected line,
But verse to rule and order will confine,
Reprove of words the too-affected sound, —
"Here the sense flags, and your expression's round,
Your fancy tires, and your discourse grows vain,
Your terms improper; make it just and plain."
Thus 'tis a faithful friend will freedom use.

But authors partial to their darling muse
Think to protect it they have just pretense,
And at your friendly counsel take offense.
"Said you of this, that the expression's flat?
Your servant, sir, you must excuse me that,"
He answers you. — "This word has here no grace,
Pray leave it out." — "That, sir, 's the properest place." —
"This turn I like not." — "'Tis approved by all."
Thus, resolute not from one fault to fall,
If there's a symbol of which you doubt,
'Tis a sure reason not to blot it out.

Yet still he says you may his faults confute,
 And over him your power is absolute.
 But of his feigned humility take heed,
 'Tis a bait laid to make you hear him read;
 And, when he leaves you, happy in his Muse,
 Restless he runs some other to abuse,
 And often finds; for in our scribbling times
 No fool can want a sot to praise his rimes;
 The flattest work has ever in the court
 Met with some zealous ass for its support;
 And in all times a forward scribbling fop
 Has found some greater fool to cry him up.

CANTO II.

As a fair nymph, when rising from her bed,
 With sparkling diamonds dresses not her head,
 But without gold, or pearl, or costly scents,
 Gathers from neighboring fields her ornaments;
 Such, lovely in its dress, but plain withal,
 Ought to appear a perfect Pastoral.

Its humble method nothing has of fierce,
 But hates the rattling of a lofty verse;
 There native beauty pleases and excites,
 And never with harsh sounds the ear affrights.

But in this style a poet often spent,
 In rage throws by his rural instrument,
 And vainly, when disordered thoughts abound,
 Amidst the eclogue makes the trumpet sound;
 Pan flies alarmed into the neighboring woods,
 And frightened nymphs dive down into the floods.

Opposed to this, another, low in style,
 Makes shepherds speak a language low and vile;
 His writings flat and heavy, without sound,
 Kissing the earth and creeping on the ground;
 You'd swear that Randal, in his rustic strains,
 Again was quavering to the country swains,
 And changing, without care of sound or dress,
 Strephon and Phyllis into Tom and Bess.

'Twixt these extremes 'tis hard to keep the right;
 For guides take Virgil and read Theocrite;
 Be their just writings, by the gods inspired,
 Your constant pattern, practiced and admired.
 By them alone you'll easily comprehend
 How poets without shame may condescend
 To sing of gardens, fields, of flowers and fruit,

To stir up shepherds and to tune the flute;
 Of love's rewards to tell the happy hour,
 Daphne a tree, Narcissus make a flower,
 And by what means the eclogue yet has power
 To make the woods worthy a conqueror;
 This of their writings is the grace and flight;
 Their risings lofty, yet not out of sight.

The Elegy, that loves a mournful style,
 With unbound hair weeps at a funeral pile;
 It paints the lover's torments and delights,
 A mistress flatters, threatens, and invites;
 But well these raptures if you'll make us see,
 You must know love as well as poetry.

I hate those lukewarm authors, whose forced fire
 In a cold style describes a hot desire;
 That sigh by rule, and, raging in cold blood,
 Their sluggish muse whip to an amorous mood.
 Their feigned transports appear but flat and vain;
 They always sigh, and always hug their chain,
 Adore their prisons and their sufferings bless,
 Make sense and reason quarrel as they please.
 'Twas not of old in this affected tone
 That smooth Tibullus made his amorous moan.
 Nor Ovid, when, instructed from above,
 By nature's rule he taught the art of love.
 The heart in elegies forms the discourse.

The Ode is bolder and has greater force;
 Mounting to heaven in her ambitious flight,
 Amongst the gods and heroes takes delight;
 Of Pisa's wrestlers tells the sinewy force,
 And sings the dusty conqueror's glorious course;
 To Simois' streams does fierce Achilles bring,
 And makes the Ganges bow to Britain's king.
 Sometimes she flies like an industrious bee,
 And robs the flowers by nature's chemistry,
 Describes the shepherd's dances, feasts, and bliss,
 And boasts from Phyllis to surprise a kiss,
 "When gently she resists with feigned remorse,
 That what she grants may seem to be by force."
 Her generous style at random oft will part,
 And by a brave disorder shows her art.

Unlike those fearful poets whose cold rime
 In all their raptures keeps exactest time;
 That sing the illustrious hero's mighty praise—
 Lean writers! — by the terms of weeks and days,

And dare not from least circumstances part,
 But take all towns by strictest rules of art.
 Apollo drives those fops from his abode;
 And some have said that once the humorous god,
 Resolving all such scribblers to confound,
 For the short Sonnet ordered this strict bound,
 Set rules for the just measure and the time,
 The easy running and alternate rime;
 But, above all, those licenses denied
 Which in these writings the lame sense supplied,
 Forbade a useless line should find a place,
 Or a repeated word appear with grace.
 A faultless sonnet, finished thus, would be
 Worth tedious volumes of loose poetry.
 A hundred scribbling authors, without ground,
 Believe they have this only phenix found,
 When yet the exactest scarce have two or three,
 Among whole tomes, from faults and censure free;
 The rest, but little read, regarded less,
 Are shoveled to the pastry from the press.
 Closing the sense within the measured time,
 'Tis hard to fit the reason to the rime.

The Epigram, with little art composed,
 Is one good sentence in a distich closed.
 These points that by Italians first were prized,
 Our ancient authors knew not, or despised;
 The vulgar, dazzled with their glaring light,
 To their false pleasures quickly they invite;
 But public favor so increased their pride,
 They overwhelmed Parnassus with their tide.
 The Madrigal at first was overcome,
 And the proud Sonnet fell by the same doom;
 With these grave Tragedy adorned her flights,
 And mournful Elegy her funeral rites;
 A hero never failed them on the stage,
 Without his point a lover durst not rage;
 The amorous shepherds took more care to prove
 True to his point, than faithful to their love.
 Each word, like Janus, had a double face,
 And prose, as well as verse, allowed it place;
 The lawyer with conceits adorned his speech,
 The parson without quibbling could not preach.

At last affronted reason looked about,
 And from all serious matters shut them out,
 Declared that none should use them without shame,

Except a scattering in the epigram —
 Provided that by art, and in due time,
 They turned upon the thought, and not the rime.
 Thus in all parts disorders did abate;
 Yet quibblers in the court had leave to prate,
 Inspid jesters and unpleasant fools,
 A corporation of dull punning drolls.
 'Tis not but that sometimes a dextrous muse
 May with advantage a turned sense abuse,
 And on a word may trifle with address;
 But above all avoid the fond excess,
 And think not, when your verse and sense are lame,
 With a dull point to tag your epigram.



THE COUNTRY WIFE.

By WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

[WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, the most characteristic of the Restoration dramatists, was born near Shrewsbury, about 1640. Fashionably educated in France (fifteen to twenty), he turned Catholic, Protestant again at Oxford on being placed there after returning, and Catholic again when James II. paid his debts and patronized him. He played at learning law, but made the stage and a bad life about town his real business; and in 1672 produced "Love in a Wood," a play so clever and so noisome that the Duchess of Cleveland took him up and made him her paramour. "The Gentleman Dancing Master" (1673) followed; then, in 1675 and 1677, his masterpieces, "The Country Wife," and "The Plain Dealer." On their and the Duchess's account, Charles II. was about to make him tutor to the little Duke of Richmond, when Wycherley lost the royal favor for good by a concealed marriage with the Countess of Drogheda which Charles discovered. The marriage was unhappy, and her death left him only a lawsuit so costly that he was seven years in prison for debt, whence James II. released him. At seventy-five he married a young girl, and died eleven days after, in December, 1715. Pope corrected a volume of bad verses for him.]

SCENE: *A Room in PINCHWIFE'S House, London.*

Mrs. MARGERY PINCHWIFE (*a young bride lately brought from the country*) and ALITHEA. PINCHWIFE *peeping behind at the door.*

Mrs. Pinchwife — Pray, sister, where are the best fields and woods to walk in, in London?

Alithea — [*Aside.*] A pretty question! — [*Aloud.*] Why, sister, Mulberry Garden and St. James's Park; and for close walks, the New Exchange.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Pray, sister, tell me why my husband looks so grum here in town, and keeps me up so close, and will not let me go a-walking, nor let me wear my best gown yesterday.

Alithea — O, he's jealous, sister.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Jealous! what's that?

Alithea — He's afraid you should love another man.

Mrs. Pinchwife — How should he be afraid of my loving another man, when he will not let me see any but himself?

Alithea — Did he not carry you yesterday to a play?

Mrs. Pinchwife — Aye; but we sat amongst ugly people. He would not let me come near the gentry, who sat under us, so that I could not see 'em. He told me, none but naughty women sat there, whom they toused and moused. But I would have ventured, for all that.

Alithea — But how did you like the play?

Mrs. Pinchwife — Indeed I was weary of the play; but I liked hugely the actors. They are the goodliest, properest men, sister!

Alithea — O, but you must not like the actors, sister.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Aye, how should I help it, sister? Pray, sister, when my husband comes in, will you ask leave for me to go a-walking?

Alithea — A-walking! ha, ha! Lord, a country-gentlewoman's pleasure is the drudgery of a footpost; and she requires as much airing as her husband's horses. — [*Aside.*] But here comes your husband: I'll ask, though I'm sure he'll not grant it.

Enter PINCHWIFE.

Mrs. Pinchwife — O my dear, dear bud, welcome home! Why dost thou look so fropish? who has nangered thee?

Pinchwife — You're a fool.

[*Mrs. PINCHWIFE goes aside, and cries.*

Alithea — Faith, so she is, for crying for no fault, poor tender creature!

Pinchwife — What, you would have her as impudent as yourself, as arrant a jilfirt, a gadder, a magpie; and to say all, a mere notorious town-woman?

Alithea — Brother, you are my only censurer; and the honor of your family will sooner suffer in your wife there than in me, though I take the innocent liberty of the town.

Pinchwife — Hark you, mistress, do not talk so before my wife. — The innocent liberty of the town!

Alithea — Why, pray, who boasts of any intrigue with me? what lampoon has made my name notorious? what ill women frequent my lodgings? I keep no company with any women of scandalous reputations.

Pinchwife — No, you keep the men of scandalous reputations company.

Alithea — Where? would you not have me civil? answer 'em in a box at the plays, in the drawing-room at Whitehall, in St. James's Park, Mulberry Garden, or —

Pinchwife — Hold, hold! Do not teach my wife where the men are to be found: I believe she's the worse for your town-documents already. I bid you keep her in ignorance, as I do.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Indeed, be not angry with her, bud, she will tell me nothing of the town, though I ask her a thousand times a day.

Pinchwife — Then you are very inquisitive to know, I find?

Mrs. Pinchwife — Not I indeed, dear: I hate London. Our place-house in the country is worth a thousand of't: would I were there again!

Pinchwife — So you shall, I warrant. But were you not talking of plays and players when I came in? — [*To ALITHEA.*] You are her encourager in such discourses.

Mrs. Pinchwife — No, indeed, dear; she chid me just now for liking the playermen.

Pinchwife — [*Aside.*] Nay, if she be so innocent as to own to me her liking them, there is no hurt in't. — [*Aloud.*] Come, my poor rogue, but thou likest none better than me?

Mrs. Pinchwife — Yes, indeed, but I do. The playermen are finer folks.

Pinchwife — But you love none better than me?

Mrs. Pinchwife — You are my own dear bud, and I know you. I hate a stranger.

Pinchwife — Aye, my dear, you must love me only: and not be like the naughty town-women, who only hate their husbands, and love every man else; love plays, visits, fine coaches, fine clothes, fiddles, balls, treats, and so lead a wicked town-life.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Nay, if to enjoy all these things be a town-life, London is not so bad a place, dear.

Pinchwife — How! if you love me, you must hate London.

Alithea — The fool has forbid me discovering to her the pleasures of the town, and he is now setting her agog upon them himself. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Pinchwife — But, husband, do the town-women love the playermen too?

Pinchwife — Yes, I warrant you.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Aye, I warrant you.

Pinchwife — Why, you do not, I hope?

Mrs. Pinchwife — No, no, bud. But why have we no playermen in the country?

Pinchwife — Ha! — Mrs. Minx, ask me no more to go to a play.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Nay, why, love? I did not care for going: but when you forbid me, you make me, as 'twere, desire it.

Alithea — So 'twill be in other things, I warrant. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Pinchwife — Pray let me go to a play, dear.

Pinchwife — Hold your peace, I wo' not.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Why, love?

Pinchwife — Why, I'll tell you.

Alithea — Nay, if he tell her, she'll give him more cause to forbid her that place. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Pinchwife — Pray why, dear?

Pinchwife — First, you like the actors; and the gallants may like you.

Mrs. Pinchwife — What, a homely country girl! No, bud, nobody will like me.

Pinchwife — I tell you yes, they may.

Mrs. Pinchwife — No, no, you jest — I won't believe you: I will go.

Pinchwife — I tell you then, that one of the lewdest fellows in town, who saw you there, told me he was in love with you.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Indeed! who, who, pray who was't?

Pinchwife — I've gone too far, and slipped before I was aware; how overjoyed she is! [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Pinchwife — Was it any Hampshire gallant, any of our neighbors? I promise you I am beholden to him.

Pinchwife — I promise you, you lie; for he would but ruin you, as he has done hundreds. He has no other love for women but that; such as he look upon women, like basilisks, but to destroy 'em.

Mrs. Pinchwife — Aye, but if he loves me, why should he ruin me? answer me to that. Methinks he should not, I would do him no harm.

Alithea — Ha! ha! ha!

Pinchwife — 'Tis very well; but I'll keep him from doing you any harm, or me either. But here comes company; get you in, get you in.

Mrs. Pinchwife — But pray, husband, is he a pretty gentleman that loves me?

Pinchwife — In, baggage, in.

[*Thrusts her in, and shuts the door.*]

Enter SPARKISH and HARCOURT.

What, all the lewd libertines of the town brought to my lodging by this easy coxcomb! 'sdeath, I'll not suffer it.

Sparkish — Here, Harcourt, do you approve my choice? — [To ALITHEA.] Dear little rogue, I told you I'd bring you acquainted with all my friends, the wits and —

[HARCOURT salutes her.]

Pinchwife — Ay, they shall know her, as well as yourself will, I warrant you.

Sparkish — This is one of those, my pretty rogue, that are to dance at your wedding to-morrow; and him you must bid welcome ever, to what you and I have.

Pinchwife — Mönstrous! [Aside.]

Sparkish — Harcourt, how dost thou like her, faith? Nay, dear, do not look down; I should hate to have a wife of mine out of countenance at anything.

Pinchwife — Wonderful! [Aside.]

Sparkish — Tell me, I say, Harcourt, how dost thou like her? Thou hast stared upon her enough, to resolve me.

Harcourt — So infinitely well, that I could wish I had a mistress too, that might differ from her in nothing but her love and engagement to you.

Alithea — Sir, Master Sparkish has often told me that his acquaintance were all wits and raillieurs, and now I find it.

Sparkish — No, by the universe, madam, he does not rally now; you may believe him. I do assure you, he is the honestest, worthiest, true-hearted gentleman — a man of such perfect honor he would say nothing to a lady he does not mean.

Pinchwife — Praising another man to his mistress! [*Aside.*

Harcourt — Sir, you are so beyond expectation obliging, that —

Sparkish — Nay, egad, I am sure you do admire her extremely; I see't in your eyes. — He does admire you, madam. — By the world, don't you?

Harcourt — Yes, above the world, or the most glorious part of it, her whole sex; and till now I never thought I should have envied you, or any man about to marry, but you have the best excuse for marriage I ever knew.

Alithea — Nay, now, sir, I'm satisfied you are of the society of the wits and raillieurs, since you cannot spare your friend, even when he is but too civil to you; but the surest sign is, since you are an enemy to marriage, — for that I hear you hate as much as business or bad wine.

Harcourt — Truly, madam, I was never an enemy to marriage till now, because marriage was never an enemy to me before.

Alithea — But why, sir, is marriage an enemy to you now? because it robs you of your friend here? for you to look upon a friend married as one gone into a monastery, that is, dead to the world.

Harcourt — 'Tis indeed, because you marry him; I see, madam, you can guess my meaning. I do confess heartily and openly, I wish it were in my power to break the match; by Heavens I would.

Sparkish — Poor Frank!

Alithea — Would you be so unkind to me?

Harcourt — No, no, 'tis not because I would be unkind to you.

Sparkish — Poor Frank! no, 'gad, 'tis only his kindness to me.

Pinchwife — Great kindness to you indeed! Insensible fop, let a man make love to his wife to his face! [*Aside.*

Sparkish — Come, dear Frank, for all my wife there, that shall be, thou shalt enjoy me sometimes, dear rogue. By my honor, we men of wit condole for our deceased brother in marriage, as much as for one dead in earnest: I think that was prettily said of me, ha, *Harcourt*? — But come, Frank, be not melancholy for me.

Harcourt — No, I assure you, I am not melancholy for you.

Sparkish — Prithee, Frank, dost think my wife that shall be there, a fine person?

Harcourt — I could gaze upon her till I became as blind as you are.

Sparkish — How as I am? how?

Harcourt — Because you are a lover, and true lovers are blind, stock blind.

Sparkish — True, true; but, by the world, she has wit too, as well as beauty: go, go with her into a corner, and try if she has wit; talk to her anything, she's bashful before me.

Harcourt — Indeed, if a woman wants wit in a corner, she has it nowhere.

Alithea — Sir, you dispose of me a little before your time —
[*Aside to SPARKISH.*]

Sparkish — Nay, nay, madam, let me have an earnest of your obedience, or — go, go, madam —

[*HARCOURT courts ALITHEA aside.*]

Pinchwife — How, sir! if you are not concerned for the honor of a wife, I am for that of a sister: he shall not debauch her. Be a pander to your own wife! bring men to her! let 'em make love before your face! thrust 'em into a corner together, then leave 'em in private! is this your town wit and conduct?

Sparkish — Ha! ha! ha! a silly wise rogue would make one laugh more than a stark fool, ha! ha! I shall burst. Nay, you shall not disturb 'em; I'll vex thee, by the world.

[*Struggles with PINCHWIFE to keep him from HARCOURT and ALITHEA.*]

Alithea — The writings are drawn, sir, settlements made; 'tis too late, sir, and past all revocation.

Harcourt — Then so is my death.

Alithea — I would not be unjust to him.

Harcourt — Then why to me so?

Alithea — I have no obligation to you.

Harcourt — My love.

Alithea — I had his before.

Harcourt — You never had it; he wants, you see, jealousy, the only infallible sign of it.

Alithea — Love proceeds from esteem; he cannot distrust my virtue: besides, he loves me, or he would not marry me.

Harcourt — Marrying you is no more sign of his love, than bribing your woman that he may marry you is a sign of his

generosity. Marriage is rather a sign of interest than love; and he that marries a fortune covets a mistress, not loves her. But if you take marriage for a sign of love, take it from me immediately.

Alithea — No, now you have put a scruple in my head; but in short, sir, to end our dispute, I must marry him, my reputation would suffer in the world else.

Harcourt — No; if you do marry him, with your pardon, madam, your reputation suffers in the world, and you would be thought in necessity for a cloak.

Alithea — Nay, now you are rude, sir. — Mr. Sparkish, pray come hither, your friend here is very troublesome, and very loving.

Harcourt — Hold! hold! — [Aside to ALITHEA.]

Pinchwife — D'ye hear that?

Harcourt — Madam, you would not have been so little generous as to have told him.

Alithea — Yes, since you could be so little generous as to wrong him.

Harcourt — Wrong him! no man can do't; he's beneath an injury: a bubble, a coward, a senseless idiot, a wretch so contemptible to all the world but you, that —

Alithea — Hold, do not rail at him, for since he is like to be my husband, I am resolved to like him: nay, I think I am obliged to tell him you are not his friend. — Master Sparkish, Master Sparkish!

Sparkish — What, what? — [To HARCOURT.] Now, dear rogue, has not she wit?

Harcourt — Not so much as I thought and hoped she had.

[Speaks surlily.]

Alithea — Mr. Sparkish, do you bring people to rail at you?

Harcourt — Madam —

Sparkish — How! no; but if he does rail at me, 'tis but in jest, I warrant: what we wits do for one another, and never take any notice of it.

Alithea — He spoke so scurrilously of you, I had no patience to hear him; besides, he has been making love to me.

Harcourt — True, damned tell-tale woman! [Aside.]

Sparkish — Pshaw! to show his parts — we wits rail and make love often, but to show our parts; as we have no affections, so we have no malice, we —

Alithea — He said you were a wretch below an injury —

Sparkish — Pshaw!

Harcourt — Damned, senseless, impudent, virtuous jade! Well, since she won't let me have her, she'll do as good, she'll make me hate her. [*Aside.*

Alithea — A common bubble —

Sparkish — Pshaw!

Alithea — A coward —

Sparkish — Pshaw, pshaw!

Alithea — A senseless, driveling idiot —

Sparkish — How! did he disparage my parts? Nay, then, my honor's concerned, I can't put up that, sir, by the world — brother, help me to kill him — [*Aside.*] I may draw now, since we have the odds of him: — 'tis a good occasion, too, before my mistress — [*Offers to draw.*

Alithea — Hold, hold!

Sparkish — What, what?

Alithea — [*Aside.*] I must not let 'em kill the gentleman, neither, for his kindness to me: I am so far from hating him, that I wish my gallant had his person and understanding. Nay, if my honor —

Sparkish — I'll be thy death.

Alithea — Hold, hold! Indeed, to tell the truth, the gentleman said after all, that what he spoke was but out of friendship to you.

Sparkish — How! say I am a fool, that is, no wit, out of friendship to me?

Alithea — Yes; to try whether I was concerned enough for you; and made love to me only to be satisfied of my virtue, for your sake.

Harcourt — Kind, however. [*Aside.*

Sparkish — Nay, if it were so, my dear rogue, I ask thee pardon; but why would you not tell me so, faith?

Harcourt — Because I did not think on't, faith.

Sparkish — Come, Horner does not come; Harcourt, let's be gone to the new play. — Come, madam.

Alithea — I will not go, if you intend to leave me alone in the box, and run into the pit, as you use to do.

Sparkish — Pshaw, I'll leave Harcourt with you in the box to entertain you, and that's as good.

PENELOPE GOES TO COURT.¹

By MAUDE WILDER GOODWIN.

(From "White Aprons.")

[MAUD WILDER GOODWIN: An American historical novelist; born in New York state in 1856. She has published: "Open Sesame" (3 vols., 1890-1893), edited, with Blanche Wilder Bellamy; "The Colonial Cavalier" (1894), "The Head of a Hundred" (1895), "White Aprons, a Romance of Bacon's Rebellion" (1896), "Dolly Madison," a biography (1896), and "Fort Amsterdam in the Days of the Dutch" (1897).]

"I AM to go to Court, and 'tis come about in the strangest fashion. One would scarce credit it an it were set forth in a play. Folk would say, 'Why doth ye playwright trifle with us thus, and think to trick us into a belief in so unlikely a happening?' Yet all this hath verily come to pass, and in real life too."

Yes, it was indeed, as Penelope wrote in her journal, a strange happening. Just when she and her uncle were worn out with waiting for news from the Duke of Buckingham, and when Mr. Pepys was actually writing to beg the intervention of the Duke of York with the King, his brother, in burst Godfrey Kneller, one morning, bubbling over with joy and well-nigh breathless with excitement.

He had been at Whitehall, so his story ran, for a sitting of Queen Catherine, — the last before the finishing of her portrait, — and having with him the sketch of Penelope, had shown it to the Queen as a fancy piece, to be called "Spring"; and she, being mightily taken therewith, had called His Majesty, and bade him say if ever he had seen a face so fair at once and so sad. "'Tis 'Spring' indeed," quoth she, "and a very pretty conceit, with the sun on the hair and the dew in the eyes and April in the showery smiling o' the lips."

But His Majesty took the picture to the window, and, after studying it close, looked up and said to the artist, while he twirled his mustachios: —

"Kneller, this is no fancy piece. 'Tis a portrait, and a close study at that. This eye, with its tiny mole on the under lid, hath the very trick of life in't, and that ripple of red brown hair was never imagined save by him who had seen it. Out

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with it, man, — what name bears thy ‘Spring’ when she steps forth from this canvas?”

“Thus commanded by royalty,” said the painter, “I dared not dissemble, but told him straight ’twas the niece of Samuel Pepys, — one Mistress Penelope Payne, but lately come to London from the colony of Virginia.

“‘Pepys?’ quoth the King; ‘Pepys of the Navy Office, I trow. He hath besieged me with letters of late, since he hath been in disgrace, begging to come kiss my hand. Well, perchance his banishment hath lasted long enough, — how say you, Kate, shall we have this Mistress Spring and her uncle to our mask next week?’

“The Queen, who, methought, was but too happy at hearing herself thus kindly spoke to by His Majesty, smiled right graciously, and declared she would give much to see the beautiful young stranger; whereupon the Chamberlain, in my hearing, was bidden to dispatch a card.” . . .

On a February morning a great card arrived at the door of the small house in Seething Lane, — a card with gilt lettering, bidding Mr. Pepys and his niece to a mask at Whitehall a week from that night. Penelope wavered between the heights of hope and the depths of despair; but her uncle was all delight, and talked of costumes till his niece was nearly distracted. She strove to gain his permission to go as a nun, in a black domino; but he would hear no such word.

“If you would catch the King’s ear,” said Master Worldly-Wise-Man, “ye must first catch his eye,” so he talked now of a shepherdess, that the turn of the foot might show to advantage; then of Diana with a bow and arrows, leaving the arm bare; then of the part of St. Cecilia, which, as he said, need cost but little, as his cousin Roger would lend the harp, only that would prevent moving about, and Penelope’s walk was the most seizing thing about her.

At last, wearied out, poor Penelope cried: “If in very truth I must trick out a sad heart in such like mummeries, I will go as *Virginia*.”

“Ay, and so thou shalt,” answered her uncle. “’Tis an extraordinary good idea and do please me mightily. For myself, I will be a Spanish cardinal, for I love a scarlet robe, and considering the silver cup I have promised to the clothworkers, methinks I should get the making on’t for nothing.” And so the matter was settled.

It was scarcely two o'clock on the afternoon of the ball when Betty and Dolly came to Penelope's chamber bearing the dress which her uncle had provided. It was indeed a marvel of ingenuity, and did credit to his taste and imagination. The petticoat was of white satin, wrought richly about the edge with a design of tobacco leaves worked in golden thread. The bodice was finished with a fall of soft yellow lace, and the girde fell to meet the hem in tassels like the tassels of the Indian corn. About her neck Penelope wore her mother's string of pearls; and on her head they set a crown made in the form of five golden bands, one above the other, and on the upper was writ in brilliants, —

“*Virginia adds a fifth crown.*”

When Penelope looked into her bit of mirror, her heart gave a sudden leap, in spite of all her trouble, at the loveliness which smiled back at her, though she could scarcely connect that radiant vision in any fashion with herself; but when she went downstairs, she read in her uncle's eyes a repetition of the flattering story her glass had told her above. It was indeed a tribute that none could fail to pay who saw her as she was that night, — beautiful, exceedingly, with a loveliness far above and beyond that of mere sense; a flame blazing out through her great dark eyes, and burning on her red lips, and breathing from her heaving bosom. She was indeed the soul of love incarnate.

“Child!” cried Master Pepys, “thy cause is as good as won. If the King set eyes on thee as thou art, he can refuse thee naught. Prithee, Pen, what think ye of *my* looks?”

With this, the tailor in him much delighted with his trappings, he strutted thrice up and down the room in his red cap and gown, with the church lace in front hanging clear to his knees, and with such a solemn air as gave his niece great trouble to keep a grave face. In the midst of his showing off his finery, Betty came running up to say that it was past seven, and the chairs were at the door. . . .

Dolly felt herself a fine lady in a chair of her own. The linkboys went before and behind; yet so bad were the streets that, despite their lights, the bearer of Penelope's chair stumbled twice, and the jerk went nigh to throw poor *Virginia* into the mud, and so shook her crown that she feared it could never be set straight, and she fell to crying secretly, which was very weak and foolish.

At the last, when they were come within sight of the palace, her heart quite failed her, and she would have gone back; but she knew her uncle would not hear of it: and I would rather believe that she herself would not in the end have shown herself such a coward. Up the marble steps they went, and, having shown their card, Penelope entered into the disrobing room and there, after what seemed an eternity, her uncle came for her, and together they passed down the corridor and entered the great ballroom, where was much twanging of fiddles, and tightening of strings, and rosinning of bows.

The room was so large that, though many were gathered, they seemed scarcely a handful therein; and as they walked about, so highly polished was the floor, they seemed like two companies walking with their feet together. A subdued buzz of talk was going round, with much laughter and merrymaking; but as they entered, Mr. Pepys and his niece, with turbaned Dolly holding up the young lady's train, the talk died away, and but for the protection of her mask Penelope thought she would have died of fright.

In truth the sight itself might well have frightened a maid, for here was such a crew as never gathered save round the lady in "Comus." Satyrs with goatskin legs jostled devils with horns and hoofs and wicked eyes gleaming through their red masks. Nymphs there were in plenty, and rustic maids, whose bare necks and arms put Penelope to the blush, and made her wonder if the ladies of the Court fancied that country people went thus half clad. It made Penelope smile, though her heart was in her throat, to fancy such costumes at Middle Plantation.

After the hush which had greeted her entrance, the talk began again, livelier than ever, and Penelope caught some comments which she felt sure concerned herself.

"Who is she?"

"I know not, but know I will ere the evening ends."

"Be not too bold. By the carriage of her head, I could swear she is meet company for thy betters."

"Look at that strange blackamoor who bears her train. Is she really black, or a maid of honor, disguised like the Jennings and her mischievous friend, when they scandalized the Court by playing at orange girl before the theater doors?"

So vexed and wrought up, half with wrath and half with terror, was Penelope at all this bold talk, that she would even now have run away; but it was too late. A blare of trumpets

and a crash of all the instruments together announced the coming of the King's party, and the Lord Chamberlain with a wave of his white wand crowded every one back against either wall to make room for the royal entry.

Oh, how Penelope's heart beat as she turned her eyes to the door! In they came. First the King and Queen, together and unmasked; then a bevy of ladies, who, as it seemed to the little provincial maiden, must wear their masks to hide their shame at the bareness of their bosoms; and after them, again, a crowd of gallants in every sort of fantastic costume.

As the King and Queen passed close before Penelope, she had opportunity to study them both. The Queen was short and dumpy of figure, but full of a comely graciousness which lent beauty to a face otherwise ill-favored, with large protruding teeth which pushed out her lips like a negro's. The King, Penelope thought, with his tall figure and rich dress, was all a king should be, though the deep furrows of brow and cheek belied his title of "The Merry Monarch." Even to Penelope's untutored eye that saturnine face spoke a melancholy which strove in vain to find mirth in excess.

Their Majesties moved slowly down the hall, pausing now to note and smile at some costume stranger, if possible, than the rest, where all were strange; now to comment on some extraordinarily rich and striking dress. When they had reached the head of the room, His Majesty with great courtliness handed the Queen to her seat upon a gilded chair covered in velvet with an embroidered canopy above it; but instead of taking the chair which stood beside it, he returned to the other end of the room, and summoned to his side one who played the rôle of soothsayer, — a tall figure in Oriental garb, with long white beard, and flowing robes over which hung chains and rich jewelry, which, had they been real, must have exhausted the treasure-houses of the East.

"Come, good Master Soothsayer!" cried the King, "draw near and I will have you test your powers. We will have up the ladies of the Court one by one, and I will try if that keen eye of yours can see through a mask, and that wagging beard let slip a true prophecy."

At these words, all who could decently leave the Queen circled close about the group at the lower end of the hall, and one after another the ladies drew near; and by the peals of laughter which followed the soothsayer's words Penelope

judged that they must have struck home. Absorbed in looking and listening as she was, she had wholly forgotten herself, when of a sudden, to her infinite alarm, the usher of the white rod plucked her softly by the sleeve, saying: "Lady, the soothsayer wishes to tell your fortune, and the King bids you come forward."

Poor Penelope shrank back in terror very unsuited to her part, and would have begged to be excused; but her uncle frowned upon her, which frightened her more than aught else, and at the same time his arm seized and fairly pushed her forward, till she found herself the center of the brilliant, laughing circle which had gathered about the King and the sorcerer.

Here Penelope's natural grace and courtesy untaught of courts came to her aid, and made her a fit center for even such a circle. Kneeling, as she had observed the rest do, she bent her head and kissed the King's hand, and then, rising, bowed after a more stately fashion to the soothsayer.

"Are you prepared, young woman, to listen to your fate?" asked the sham sorcerer, with a solemnity which would have befitted the cardinal saying mass at St. Peter's.

"Let it be a kind one," murmured Penelope, with fast-beating heart.

"Hearken, then; I say it, and even as I say it so shall it be. Ye shall have many strange experiences; but all shall end well,—at least for yourself. Honor and fortune await you, if you have the wit and the courage to grasp them. It is your destiny to live to a good old age here in England, loaded with riches, and never more to return to that wilderness whence you came hither and where all the land is divided 'twixt savages and rebels."

What with amazement that the soothsayer had guessed so much of her history, and a superstitious feeling which she could not shake off that there was something of omen in the words, Penelope was quite overcome. She gave a great gasp, swayed to and fro, and would have fallen but for the outstretched hand of the King, which caught her.

"Enough of this folly," cried His Majesty's voice. "Chamberlain, bid every one unmask!"

The diversion which these words made gave Penelope time to recover herself, so that when she too withdrew her mask, her color and her self-command had both come back. But when on looking up she recognized in the unmasked soothsayer the

man who had stood in her uncle's dining room only a fortnight since, she was nearly overcome once more.

"Your Majesty," said Buckingham, returning Penelope's gaze of surprise with a look of amusement, "here is the young Virginia damsel for whom I craved a card to your mask to-night."

"By Heaven! and 'tis the original of Kneller's 'Spring' also. Those bright eyes have won two knights at once. Well done, Villiers!" cried the King, who seemed to Penelope quite transformed by the smile which lighted up his face; "ye had always good taste in women, — far better, to our thinking, than in men."

At this Buckingham looked suddenly abashed, though Penelope knew not why.

"Young lady," continued the King, graciously turning to Penelope, "be ye 'Spring' or 'Virginia,' or some fair unknown visitor from our provinces oversea, ye are welcome to your mother country! And is your father with you?"

"Nay, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, hardly able from fright to utter a word, "my mother was too ill to permit his leaving her."

"Ah, then, 'tis your brother, perchance, who hath been your guardian?"

"Alas, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, "I have no brother."

"Neither father nor brother!" exclaimed the King. "It must be pressing business indeed that brings a young maid three thousand miles alone. To whose charge prithee did you come, for I suppose ye dwell not alone in London?"

"I am come to the care of mine uncle, who is come hither with me to-night, and who stands near the wall yonder."

"Ah, yes, yes, I do recall now," began His Majesty, when a lady who stood near him, very handsome, but bold of eye and bare of bosom, said, addressing Penelope with scant courtesy of tone or manner, "How dare ye come across the ocean, and to the very door of the Court, with no better guardian?"

"Pray, Madam," answered Penelope, lifting her clear eyes full upon the speaker, "what harm could befall me at Court? Is not the *King* here?"

Penelope was at a loss to comprehend the effect of her words; but she feared there was something sadly out of the way in them, for she saw the ladies hide their faces behind

their fans, and the gentlemen bite their mustachios and stare hard at the toes of their boots, while the Duke of Buckingham shook with laughter, and whispered to his next neighbor, "The Duchess hath caught it fair from the little savage, — she'd best not meddle with her again. Besides, my Lady hath need to mark her words carefully, for she can no longer take such liberties with the King as when she was the Countess of Castlemaine."

Only His Majesty kept the gravity of his face unmoved, and replied still more kindly to Penelope, "Ay, ye have said aright, — the King is here and ye have naught to fear. Now gentlemen," he added, turning to those around, "choose your partners for the brantle. Buckingham, bid the musicians strike a tune!"

With this there was much moving to and fro. Very noble the procession was, and a great pleasure to see; but there were two in that hall who gave it little heed, those left thus for an instant alone together, — the man who ruled it all, and the little rustic who looked on it for the first-time: yet somehow Penelope feared the King least of all.

"Tell me," he said in a voice which of itself gave her courage, so kind was it, "is it some sorrow that hath driven you thus overseas, my child? Your face is too sad for one so young, and surely you have ne'er made such a journey without grave occasion."

"The time and place, Your Majesty," answered Penelope, "scarce befit my sad story, else would I crave the boon of laying it before you."

The maid choked and could say no more. "You say truly," said the King, "that this is neither the time nor the place; but we will set a time and find a place for the hearing. Mr. Pepys," he added, turning to that gentleman, who, courtier like, stood just near enough to catch what was going forward without appearing to hear, "ye have twice written asking permission to come kiss our hand. Your petition is granted; we will arrange an audience both for you and your niece. Let it be to-morrow — stay — to-morrow is mortgaged to the ambassadors of Spain and Sweden. We will say Friday — no, Friday is unlucky; and on Saturday I go a hunting at Windsor. Well, ye shall hear of the time later."

Pepys would fain have burst out with a florid speech of gratitude, but the King cut him short and bade him make

ready to take his niece in to supper, whither he shortly led the way with a lady whose beauty was so dazzling that it fairly took away Penelope's breath. She was dressed as Britannia, with a burnished helmet from which rose a great cluster of white ostrich plumes, whose whiteness could not surpass the brow beneath, or the neck, bare save for a shower of raven-black curls which fell over it. Her breastplate was of beaten gold, with a group of pearls in the center worth a man's ransom, and her mantle was caught at the shoulder with a brooch of rubies, and the sheer lawn of the sleeve was bound above the elbow with a band of gems which flashed in Penelope's eyes as the radiant vision passed.

"Who is she? O uncle, who is she, — that lovely lady, queenlier than the queen, whose beauty strikes me breathless?"

"Ay, mark her," quoth Pepys, as he carefully gathered his robe over his arm and prepared to follow the procession. "Ye'll ne'er see anything to match her. Did ever ye set eyes on such an excellent *taille* or such a complexion (all her own too); and then that sweet eye and little Roman nose, — oh, there is none like *La Belle* Stuart in the whole of England! And yet, child, I heard three gentlemen say that you were the fairer of the two, and that there was none could match you for grace and stateliness."

As the procession moved into the Banqueting Hall with much mirth and laughter, Penelope fell to wondering how the son of the martyred king could find heart to make merry on the spot where his father had suffered, — ay, and gone forth to his death beneath that very window now hung gayly with lanterns. As she gazed around upon the panels blazoned with heraldry, and upon the great oaken beams which supported the open-timbered roof, her mind was carried strangely back to the rude rafters and bare boards of the rough Courthouse at Middle Plantation. Yes, she could see once more the grim faces of the fierce old Governor and his counselors; and the crowd of figures that thronged around her as she sat on that Courthouse bench seemed far more substantial than the liveried lackeys who stood before her now, waiting to bring her portions of the pheasants which lay in state on their platters of gold, or of the great peacock, which, with his tail outspread, decorated one end of the long board beneath the twinkling candles.

Penelope raised her hand to her brow as if to brush away

the fog which clung around her mind. "Which," she wondered, "is the true Penelope,—the maiden in the prisoner's dock, hand clasping hand with a convicted felon, or this princess with golden crown and sweeping draperies at the King's levee?" A conviction flashed upon her, as it does on all of us at certain crises, that she was but a puppet, made to dance and laugh and sing, or to kneel and weep and pray, according as the hand behind the scenes pulled the strings. Thus she sat silent and cast down, and could touch no morsel of the feast spread before her; but her uncle had no such sentimental scruples.

"'Tis a fine supper," quoth he, "a prodigious fine supper; but the venison pasty is very palpable beef; which is not handsome."



MAXIMS OF ROCHEFOUCAULD.

[FRANÇOIS, DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, Prince de Marillac, a distinguished French courtier and man of letters, was born at Paris, September 15, 1613. At sixteen he entered the army, and for a time at court aided Anne of Austria in her intrigues against Richelieu. Disappointed at receiving no advancement, he subsequently joined the Fronde; fought with conspicuous bravery in the siege of Paris; and at the battle of the Faubourg Saint Antoine (1652) was severely wounded in the head. In consequence of his participation in the Fronde he was banished to his estates at Verteuil, and was not permitted to return to court until 1659. He died at Paris, March 17, 1680. His literary fame rests upon his "Reflections, or Moral Sentences and Maxims" (first edition 1665, last in his lifetime 1878), and "Memoirs of the Regency of Anne of Austria" (first genuine edition 1817, after many spurious ones for a century and a half).]

THE desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so.

Some weak people are so sensible of their weakness as to be able to make a good use of it.

Few men are able to know all the ill they do.

It is a common fault to be never satisfied with our fortune, nor dissatisfied with our understanding.

The mind, between idleness and conservatism, fixes on what is easy and agreeable to it. This habit always sets bounds to our inquiries. No man was ever at the trouble to stretch his genius as far as it would go.

We should often be ashamed of our best actions, if the world were witness to the motives which produce them.

There is nearly as much ability requisite to know how to make use of good advice, as to know how to act for one's self.

We may give advice ; but we cannot give conduct.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have, as by those we affect to have.

Whatever we may pretend, interest and vanity are the usual sources of our afflictions.

There are in affliction several kinds of hypocrisy : we weep, to acquire the reputation of being tender ; we weep, in order to be pitied ; we weep, that we may be wept over ; we even weep, to avoid the scandal of not weeping.

We arrive novices at the different ages of life ; and want experience, though we have had many years to gain it.

Age does not necessarily confer experience ; nor does even precept ; nor anything but an intercourse and acquaintance with things. And we frequently see those who have wanted opportunities to indulge their juvenile passions in youth, go preposterous lengths in old age, with all the symptoms of youth except ability.

We judge so superficially of things, that common words and actions, spoken and done in an agreeable manner, with some knowledge of what passes in the world, often succeed beyond the greatest ability.

When great men suffer themselves to be subdued by the length of their misfortunes, they discover that the strength of their ambition, not of their understanding, was that which supported them. They discover too, that, allowing for a little vanity, heroes are just like other men.

Those who apply themselves too much to little things commonly become incapable of great ones.

Few things are impracticable in themselves ; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

In every profession, every individual affects to appear what

he would willingly be esteemed; so that we may say, the world is composed of nothing but appearances.

We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

Everybody takes pleasure in returning small obligations; many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones; but there is hardly any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude.

A man often imagines he acts, when he is acted upon; and while his mind aims at one thing, his heart insensibly gravitates towards another.

In love there are two sorts of constancy: one arises from our continually finding in the favorite object fresh motives to love: the other from our making it a point of honor to be constant.

In misfortunes we often mistake dejection for constancy; we bear them without daring to look on them, as cowards suffer themselves to be killed without resistance.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

We are always afraid of appearing before the person we love, when we have been coquetting elsewhere.

We easily forget crimes that are known only to ourselves.

Cunning and treachery proceed from want of capacity.

It is as easy to deceive ourselves without *our* perceiving it, as it is difficult to deceive others without *their* perceiving it.

In love, deceit almost always outstrips distrust.

We are sometimes less unhappy in being deceived than in being undeceived by those we love.

Before we passionately wish for anything, we should examine into the happiness of its possessor.

Were we perfectly acquainted with any object, we should never passionately desire it.

Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought, as we do to disguise what we are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

We are so used to disguise ourselves to others, that at last we become disguised even to ourselves.

Whatever distrust we may have of the sincerity of other people, we always believe that they are more ingenuous with ourselves than with anybody else.

A man who finds not satisfaction in himself, seeks for it in vain elsewhere.

It is easier to appear worthy of the employments we are not possessed of, than of those we are.

Those who endeavor to imitate us we like much better than those who endeavor to equal us. Imitation is a sign of esteem, but competition of envy.

We often glory in the most criminal passions; but the passion of envy is so shameful that we never dare to own it.

Jealousy is, in some sort, rational and just — it aims at the preservation of a good which belongs, or which at least we think belongs, to us; whereas envy is a frenzy that cannot bear the good of others.

Envy is destroyed by true friendship, and coquetry by true love.

Our envy always outlives the felicity of its object.

Nothing is so contagious as example: never is any considerable good or ill done that does not produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation; and bad ones through a malignity in our nature, which shame concealed, and example sets at liberty.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than through our good qualities.

The greatest faults are those of great men.

We are not bold enough to say in general that we have no faults, and that our enemies have no good qualities; but in particulars we seem to think so.

We boast of faults that are the opposites to those we really have; thus, if we are irresolute, we glory in being thought obstinate.

We easily excuse in our friends those faults that do not affect us.

Few cowards know the extent of their fears.

We should have but little pleasure were we never to flatter ourselves.

He who lives without folly is not so wise as he imagines.

As we grow old, we grow more foolish and more wise.

Whatever difference may appear in men's fortunes, there is nevertheless a certain compensation of good and ill, that makes all equal.

Fortune breaks us of many faults which reason cannot.

Fortune is ever deemed blind by those on whom she bestows no favors.

We should manage our fortune like our constitution; enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

The reason we are so changeable in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the heart, and easy to know those of the head.

It is more dishonorable to distrust a friend than to be deceived by him.

None deserve the name of good, who have not spirit enough, at least, to be bad.

A fool has not stuff enough to make a good man.

A good grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

The reason of the misreckoning in expected returns of gratitude is, that the pride of the giver and receiver can never agree about the value of the obligation.

None are either so happy or so unhappy as they imagine.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even beneath those we hate.

Everybody speaks well of his heart, but no one dares to speak well of his head.

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

The head cannot long act the part of the heart.

Fancy sets the value on the gifts of fortune.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue.

It is a mistake to imagine that the violent passions only, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness, languid as it is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

Idleness, timidity, and shame often keep us within the bounds of duty; whilst virtue seems to run away with the honor.

In jealousy there is less love than self-love.

Jealousy is the greatest of evils, and the least pitied by those who occasion it.

A readiness to believe ill without examination is the effect of pride and laziness. We are willing to find people guilty, and unwilling to be at the trouble of examining into the accusation.

Weakness often gets the better of those ills which reason could not.

Women in love more easily forgive great indiscretions than small infidelities.

We find it more difficult to overlook the least infidelity to ourselves than the greatest to others.

Interest puts in motion all the virtues and vices.

Every one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.

No disguise can long *conceal* love where it is, nor *feign* it where it is not.

To judge of love by most of its effects, one would think it more like hatred than kindness.

Love lends his name to many a correspondence wherein he is no more concerned than the doge in what is done at Venice.

The pleasure of loving is, to love; and we are much happier in the passion we feel, than in that we excite.

To fall in love is much easier than to get rid of it.

We forgive as long as we love.

In love, we often doubt of what we most believe.

Love, all agreeable as he is, pleases yet more by the manner in which he shows himself.

A man of sense may love like a madman, but never like a fool.

Why have we memory sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us; and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same person?

It is a sign of an extraordinary merit, when those who most envy it are forced to praise it.

Merit has its season, as well as fruit.

Censorious as the world is, it oftener does favor to false merit than injustice to true.

Old age is a tyrant, which forbids the pleasures of youth on pain of death.

Opportunities make us known to ourselves and others.

The duration of our passions is no more in our power than the duration of our lives.

The passions are the only orators that always succeed. They are, as it were, Nature's art of eloquence, fraught with infallible rules. Simplicity, with the aid of the passions, persuades more than the utmost eloquence without it.

In the heart of man there is a perpetual succession of the passions; so that the destruction of one is almost always the production of another.

Passions often beget their opposites; avarice produces prodigality, and prodigality avarice: men are often constant through weakness, and bold through fear.

So much injustice and self-interest enter into the composition of the passions, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates; and we ought to be on our guard against them even when they seem most reasonable.

Absence destroys small passions and increases great ones, as the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires.

We are by no means aware how much we are influenced by our passions.

While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, it is more susceptible of a new one than when entirely at rest.

Penetration has an air of divination: it pleases our vanity more than any other quality of the mind.

He who is pleased with nobody is much more unhappy than he with whom nobody is pleased.

Pride always indemnifies itself; and takes care to be no loser, even when it renounces vanity.

Pride is equal in all men; and differs but in the means and manner of showing itself.

It seems as if nature, who has so wisely adapted the organs of our bodies to our happiness, had with the same view given us pride, to spare us the pain of knowing our imperfections.

Pride will not owe, and self-love will not pay.

Our pride is often increased by what we retrench from our other faults.

We promise according to our hopes, and perform according to our fears.

Prudence and love are inconsistent; in proportion as the latter increases, the other decreases.

The shame that arises from praise which we do not deserve, often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted.

There are reproaches that praise, and praises that reproach.

Ambition to merit praise fortifies our virtue. Praise bestowed on wit, valor, and beauty contributes to their augmentation.

It is with some good qualities as with the senses: they are incomprehensible and inconceivable to such as are deprived of them.

We want strength to act up to our reason.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

Whatever ignominy we may have incurred, it is almost always in our power to reëstablish our reputation.

How can we expect that another should keep our secret, when it is more than we can do ourselves?

We are so prepossessed in our own favor, that we often mistake for virtues those vices that have some resemblance to them, and which are artfully disguised by self-love.

Nothing is so capable of diminishing our self-love as the observation that we disapprove at one time of what we approve at another.

Self-love never reigns so absolutely as in the passion of love : we are always ready to sacrifice the peace of those we adore, rather than lose the least part of our own.

The self-love of some people is such, that, when in love, they are more taken up with their passion than its object.

A desire to talk of ourselves, and to set our faults in whatever light we choose, makes the main of our sincerity.

We commonly slander more through vanity than malice.

The health of the soul is as precarious as that of the body ; for when we seem secure from passions, we are no less in danger of their infection than we are of falling ill, when we appear to be well.

There are relapses in the distempers of the soul, as well as in those of the body ; thus we often mistake for a cure what is no more than an intermission, or a change of disease.

The flaws of the soul resemble the wounds of the body ; the scar always appears, and they are in danger of breaking open again.

The excessive pleasure we find in talking of ourselves ought to make us apprehensive that it gives but little to our auditors.

We had rather speak ill of ourselves than not speak at all.

We give up our interest sooner than our taste.

Our self-love bears with less patience the condemnation of our taste than of our opinion.

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer the truth than we do ourselves.

Perfect valor and perfect cowardice are extremes men seldom

arrive at. The intermediate space is prodigious, and contains all the different species of courage, which are as various as men's faces and humors. There are those who expose themselves boldly at the beginning of an action ; and who slacken and are disheartened at its duration. There are others who aim only at preserving their honor, and do little more. Some are not equally exempt from fear at all times alike. Others give occasionally into a general panic ; others advance to the charge because they dare not stay in their posts. There are men whom habitual small dangers encourage, and fit for greater. Some are brave with the sword, and fear bullets ; others defy bullets, and dread a sword. All these different kinds of valor agree in this, that night, as it augments fear, so it conceals good or bad actions, and gives every one the opportunity of sparing himself. There is also another more general discretion : for we find those who do most, would do more still, were they sure of coming off safe : so that it is very plain that the fear of death gives a damp to courage.

Perfect valor consists in doing without witnesses all we should be capable of doing before the whole world.

Most men sufficiently expose themselves in war to save their honor, but few so much as is necessary even to succeed in the design for which they thus expose themselves.

No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger.

A wise man had rather avoid an engagement than conquer.

It is our own vanity that makes others' vanity intolerable.

If vanity really overturns not the virtues, it certainly makes them totter.

The most violent passions have their intermissions : vanity alone gives us no respite.

The reason why the pangs of shame and jealousy are so sharp, is this : vanity gives us no assistance in supporting them.

Vanity makes us do more things against inclination than reason.

When our vices have left us, we flatter ourselves that we have left them.

Most women yield more through weakness than passion; whence it happens that enterprising, rather than lovable, men commonly succeed best with them.

In their first desires women love the lover, afterwards the passion.



THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

[JOHN BUNYAN, the celebrated English writer, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. He was brought up to his father's trade of tinker, and spent his youth in the practice of that craft. After a short term of service in the Parliamentary army, he joined a nonconformist body at Bedford and began to preach throughout the midland counties. In 1660 he fell a victim to the persecution then carried on against dissenters, was thrown into Bedford county jail, and during a twelve years' imprisonment wrote "Profitable Meditations," "The Holy City," and "Grace Abounding." After the issuing of James II.'s declaration for liberty of conscience, he again settled at Bedford, and ministered to the congregation in Mill Lane until his death, in London, of fever, August, 1688. Bunyan suffered a second imprisonment (1675), but only for six months, during which time he wrote the first part of "Pilgrim's Progress" (1678; second part issued in 1684). It circulated at first among the poor, but soon became more widely known, and in ten years one hundred thousand copies had been sold. With the exception of the Bible and "The Imitation of Christ," no book has been translated into so many languages and dialects (over eighty in all). Other works include: "The Holy War" and "Life and Death of Mr. Badman."]

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now, this valley is a very solitary place. The prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought, and of the Shadow of Death, a land that no man" (but a Christian) "passeth through, and where no man dwelt." (Jer. 2: 6.)

Now here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon, as by the sequel you shall see.

I saw then in my dream, that when Christian was got to the borders of the Shadow of Death, there met him two men, chil-

dren of them that brought up an evil report of the good land (Num. 13:32), making haste to go back; to whom Christian spake as follows:—

Christian — Whither are you going?

Men — They said, Back, back; and we would have you do so too, if either life or peace is prized by you.

Christian — Why, what's the matter? said Christian.

Men — Matter! said they; we were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back; for had we gone a little farther, we had not been here to bring the news to thee.

Christian — But what have you met with? said Christian.

Men — Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but that by good hap we looked before us, and saw the danger before we came to it. (Psa. 44:19; 107:19.)

Christian — But what have you seen? said Christian.

Men — Seen? why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch: we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit: we heard also in that valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons: and over that valley hang the discouraging clouds of confusion: Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order. (Job 3:5; 10:22.)

Christian — Then, said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven. (Psa. 44:18, 19; Jer. 2:6.)

Men — Be it thy way; we will not choose it for ours.

So they parted, and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold, on the left hand there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on; into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out. (Psa. 69:14.)

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to

tip over into the mire on the other ; also, when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly ; for besides the danger mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that oftentimes when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now, thought Christian, what shall I do ? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before), that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer (Eph. 6 : 18) ; so he cried, in my hearing, O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. (Psa. 116 : 4.) Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him ; also he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together ; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back ; then again he thought he might be halfway through the valley. He remembered also, how he had already vanquished many a danger ; and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward. So he resolved to go on ; yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer. But when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, I will walk in the strength of the Lord God. So they gave back, and came no farther.

One thing I would not let slip. I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded that he did not know his own voice ; and thus I perceived, just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he loved so

much before. Yet if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion either to stop his ears, or to know from whence these blasphemies came.

When Christian had traveled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. (Psa. 23: 4.)

Then was he glad, and that for these reasons:—

First, Because he gathered from thence, that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself.

Secondly, For that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state. And why not, thought he, with me, though by reason of the impediment that attends this place, I cannot perceive it. (Job 9: 11.)

Thirdly, For that he hoped (could he overtake them) to have company by and by. So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke: then said Christian, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning." (Amos 5: 8.)

Now morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark. So he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the quag that was on the other; also, how narrow the way was which led betwixt them both. Also, now he saw the hobgoblins, and satyrs, and dragons of the pit, but all afar off; for after break of day they came not nigh; yet they were discovered to him, according to that which is written, "He discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death." (Job 12: 22.)

Now was Christian much affected with this deliverance from all the dangers of his solitary way; which dangers, though he feared them much before, yet he saw them more clearly now, because the light of the day made them conspicuous to him. And about this time the sun was rising, and this was another mercy to Christian; for you must note that, though the first part of the Valley of the Shadow of Death was dangerous, yet this second part, which he was yet to go, was, if possible, far more dangerous; for, from the place where he now stood, even to the end of the valley, the way was all

along set so full of snares, traps, gins, and nets here, and so full of pits, pitfalls, deep holes, and shelvings-down there, that had it now been dark, as it was when he came the first part of the way, had he had a thousand souls, they had in reason been cast away; but, as I said, just now the sun was rising. Then said he, "His candle shineth on my head, and by his light I go through darkness." (Job 29: 3.)

In this light, therefore, he came to the end of the valley. Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of the valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.

So I saw that Christian went on his way; yet at the sight of the old man that sat at the mouth of the cave, he could not tell what to think, especially because he spoke to him, though he could not go after him, saying, You will never mend till more of you be burned. But he held his peace, and set a good face on it; and so went by, and caught no hurt. Then sang Christian:—

Oh, world of wonders (I can say no less),
 That I should be preserved in that distress
 That I have met with here! Oh, blessed be
 That hand that from it hath delivered me!
 Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,
 Did compass me, while I this vale was in;
 Yea, snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie
 My path about, that worthless, silly I
 Might have been caught, entangled, and cast down;
 But since I live, let Jesus wear the crown.

VANITY FAIR.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long. It beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity (Psa. 62: 9); and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity; as is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity." (Eccl. 11: 8; see also 1: 2-14; 2: 11-17; Isa. 40: 17.)

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing. I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long. Therefore, at this fair are all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as harlots, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen, too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And, as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here, likewise, you have the proper places, rows, streets (namely, countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found. Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But, as in other fairs, some one commodity is the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I have said, the way to the Celestial City lies just

through this town where this lusty fair is kept, and he that would go to the city, and yet not go through this town, "must needs go out of the world." (1 Cor. 4 : 10.) The Prince of princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair day, too ; yea, and, as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities, yea, would have made him lord of the fair would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might, if possible, allure that blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities : but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. (Matt. 4 : 8, 9 ; Luke 4 : 5-7.) This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now, these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did ; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved ; and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons : for,

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people, therefore, of the fair made a great gazing upon them : some said they were fools (1 Cor. 4 : 9, 10) ; some, they were bedlams ; and some, they were outlandish men.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech ; for few could understand what they said. They naturally spoke the language of Canaan ; but they that kept the fair were the men of this world : so that from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other. (1 Cor. 2 : 7, 8.)

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares. They cared not so much as to look upon them ; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (Psa. 119 : 37), and look upward, signifying that their trade or traffic was in heaven. (Phil. 3 : 20, 21.)

One chanced, mockingly, beholding the carriage of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy ?" But they, looking gravely upon him, said, "We buy the truth." (Prov. 23 : 23.)

At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last, things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair, who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem (Heb. 11 : 13-16); and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge,—the great one of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and “not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing,” and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair, that were more observing and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men. They, therefore, in an angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied that, for aught they could see, the men were quiet and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell

to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and were charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened that neither cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here, also, they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best of it: therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment. But committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood; their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form; the contents whereof was this: "That they were enemies to, and disturbers of, the trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer that he had only set himself against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And, said he, as for disturbance, I

make none, being myself a man of peace: the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels.

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear, and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their lord the king against him. Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: My lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath, before this honorable bench, that he is ——

Judge — Hold; give him his oath.

So they sware him. Then he said, My lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country; he neither regarded prince nor people, law nor custom, but doeth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm, that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them.

Then did the judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?

Envy — My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will dispatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. So he was bid to stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked, what he could say for their lord the king against him. Then they sware him; so he began.

Superstition — My lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him. However, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that I had with him the other day, in this town; for then, talking with him, I heard him say, that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which saying of his, my lord, your lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to

wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned ; and this is that which I have to say.

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say what he knew in the behalf of their lord the king against the prisoner at the bar.

Pickthank — My lord, and you gentlemen all, this fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoken ; for he hath railed on our noble prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are, the Lord Oldman, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility : and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town. Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such-like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town.

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, Thou renegade, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee ?

Faithful — May I speak a few words in my own defense ?

Judge — Sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place ; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile renegade, hast to say.

Faithful — 1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith ; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God. Therefore, whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by a human faith ; which faith will not be profitable to eternal life.

3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding

terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like), that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement, his attendants, by this gentleman named, are more fit for a being in hell than in this town and country. And so the Lord have mercy upon me.

Then the judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by to hear and observe), Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also, you have heard his reply and confession: it lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you in our law.

There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that, lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. (Exod. 1: 22.) There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image should be thrown into a fiery furnace. (Dan. 3: 6.) There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso for some time called upon any god but him should be cast into the lion's den. (Dan. 6: 7.) Now, the substance of these laws this rebel hath broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed; which must, therefore, needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason that he hath already confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were Mr. Blindman, Mr. Nogood, Mr. Malice, Mr. Lovelust, Mr. Liveloose, Mr. Heady, Mr. Highmind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hatelight, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blindman, the foreman said, I see clearly that this man is a heretic. Then said Mr. Nogood, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Aye, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Lovelust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Liveloose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-

mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Liar. Hanging him is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death.

And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that, they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw, that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who (as soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison: so he remained there for a space. But He who overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

And as he went, he sang, saying: —

Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully profest
 Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest,
 When Faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
 Are crying out under their hellish plights:
 Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
 For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

GIANT DESPAIR.

Now I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels; so the souls of the pilgrims were

much discouraged because of the way. (Num. 21:4.) Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called Bypath meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let's go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see; and behold, a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christian; here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

Hopeful—But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal, they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence: so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look, said Christian, did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he went before them. But behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-Confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made, by the prince of those grounds, to catch vainglorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall. (Isa. 9:16.)

Now, Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way: and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, Oh, that I had kept on my way!

Christian—Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hopeful—I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Christian—Good brother, be not offended: I am sorry I

have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me ; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hopeful — Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee ; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Christian — I am glad I have with me a merciful brother : but we must not stand here ; let us try to go back again.

Hopeful — But, good brother, let me go before.

Christian — No, if you please, let me go first, that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hopeful — No, said Hopeful, you shall not go first, for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. Then for their encouragement they heard the voice of one saying, "Let thine heart be toward the highway, even the way that thou wentest : turn again." (Jer. 31 : 21.) But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back ; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake ; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping ; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They had also but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night without

one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. (Psa. 88 : 18.) Now, in this place, Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence : so, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her, also, what he had best do further with them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound ; and he told her. Then she counseled him, that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress : so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison ; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands ; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no ; and thus they began to discourse.

Christian — Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know

not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. (Job 7:15.) Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hopeful — Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide; but yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, “Thou shalt do no murder,” no, not to another man’s person; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go? for “no murderer hath eternal life,” etc. And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before. But, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words *Hopeful* at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together in the dark that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But, when he came there he found them alive; and, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that *Christian* fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they

renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply, as followeth:—

Hopeful — My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through; and art thou now nothing but fears? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art. Also, this giant hath wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But, let us exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore, let us (at least to avoid the shame that it becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel: to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again. And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence, and her husband the giant, was got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the

means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant. I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went desperately hard, yet the key did open it. They then thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows:—

Out of the way we went, and then we found
 What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground:
 And let them that come after have a care,
 Lest heedlessness makes them as we to fare;
 Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are,
 Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

They went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of that hill of which we have spoken before. So they went up to the mountains to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water; where also they drank and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now, there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway side. The pilgrims, therefore, went to them, and leaning upon their staffs (as is common with weary pilgrims when they stand to talk with any by the way), they asked, Whose Delectable Mountains are these; and whose be the sheep that feed upon them?

Shepherds — These mountains are Emmanuel's land, and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them. (John 10 : 11, 15.)

Christian — Is this the way to the Celestial City?

Shepherds — You are just in your way.

Christian — How far is it thither?

Shepherds — Too far for any but those who shall get thither, indeed.

Christian — Is the way safe or dangerous?

Shepherds — Safe for those for whom it is to be safe; but transgressors shall fall therein. (Hos. 14 : 9.)

Christian — Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?

Shepherds — The Lord of these mountains hath given us a charge not to be forgetful to entertain strangers (Heb. 13 : 2); therefore the good of the place is before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the shepherds perceived that they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them (to which they made answer as in other places), as, Whence came you? and, How got you into the way? and, By what means have you so persevered therein? for but few of them that begin to come hither, do show their face on these mountains. But when the shepherds heard their answers, being pleased therewith, they looked very lovingly upon them, and said, Welcome to the Delectable Mountains.

THE MUNDANE EGG.

By THOMAS BURNET.

[THOMAS BURNET was born in Yorkshire in 1635, and became a Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, afterward removing to Christ's College. He was made Master of the Charterhouse in 1685; after the Revolution was chaplain and clerk of the closet to William III. He died in 1715. His Latin writings were highly esteemed, and his theory of the earth's formation (set forth below), given in "Telluris Theoria Sacra," excited much attention.]

INTRODUCTION.

SINCE I was first inclin'd to the Contemplation of Nature, and took pleasure to trace out the Causes of Effects, and the Dependence of one thing upon another in the visible Creation, I had always, methought, a particular Curiosity to look back into the Sources and Original of Things, and to view in my mind, so far as I was able, the Beginning and Progress of a Rising World.

And after some Essays of this Nature, and as I thought, not unsuccessful, I carried on my Enquiries further, to try whether this Rising World, when form'd and finish'd, would continue always the same; in the same Form, Structure, and Consistency; or what Changes it would successively undergo, by the continued Action of the same causes that first produc'd it; and, lastly, what would be its final Period and Consummation. This whole Series and Compass of Things taken together, I call'd a Course of Nature, or, a System of Natural Providence; and thought there was nothing belonging to the external World more fit, or more worthy our Study and Meditation, nor any thing that would conduce more to discover the Ways of Divine Providence, and to shew us the Grounds of all true knowledge concerning Nature. And therefore, to clear up the several Parts of this Theory, I was willing to lay aside a great many other Speculations, and all those dry Subtilties with which the Schools and the Books of Philosophers are usually fill'd.

But when we speak of a Rising World, and the contemplation of it, we do not mean this of the Great Universe; for who can describe the Original of that vast Frame? But we speak of the Sublunary World, this Earth, and its Dependencies, which rose out of a Chaos about Six Thousand Years ago. And seeing it hath fallen to our Lot to act upon this Stage,

to have our present Home and Residence here, it seems most reasonable, and the Place design'd by Providence, where we should first employ our Thoughts, to understand the Works of God and Nature. We have accordingly, therefore, design'd in this Work to give an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of all the great and general Changes that it hath already undergone, or is henceforwards to undergo, till the Consummation of all things. For if from those Principles we have here taken, and that Theory we have begun in these two first Books, we can deduce with Success and Clearness the Origin of the Earth, and those States of it that are already past; following the same Thread, and by the Conduct of the same Theory, we will pursue its Fate and History thro' future Ages, and mark all the great Changes and Conversions that attend it while Day and Night shall last; that is, so long as it continues an Earth.

By the States of the Earth that are already past, we understand chiefly Paradise and the Deluge; Names well known, and as little known in their Nature. By the future States we understand the Conflagration, and what new Order of Nature may follow upon that, till the whole circle of Time and Providence be completed. As to the first and past States of the Earth, we shall have little help from the Ancients or from any of the Philosophers, for the Discovery or Description of them: We must often tread unbeaten Paths, and make a Way where we do not find one; but it shall be always with a Light in our Hand, that we may see our Steps, and that those that follow us may not follow us blindly. There is no Sect of Philosophers that I know of that ever gave an Account of the Universal Deluge, or discover'd, from the Contemplation of the Earth, that there had been such a Thing already in Nature. 'Tis true, they often talk of an Alternation of Deluges and Conflagrations in this Earth, but they speak of them as Things to come; at least, they give no Proof or Argument of any that hath already destroyed the World. As to Paradise, it seems to be represented to us by the Golden Age; whereof the Ancients tell many Stories, sometimes very luxuriant, and sometimes very defective: For they did not so well understand the Difference betwixt the new-made Earth and the present, as to see what were the just Grounds of the Golden Age, or of Paradise; though they had many broken Notions concerning those Things, as to the Conflagration in particular. This hath always been

reckon'd one amongst the Opinions, or Dogmata of the Stoicks, That the World was to be destroyed by Fire, and their Books are full of this Notion ; but yet they do not tell us the Causes of the Conflagration, nor what Preparations there are in Nature, or will be, towards that great Change. And we may generally observe this of the Ancients, that their Learning or Philosophy consisted more in Conclusions, than in Demonstrations ; they had many Truths among them, whereof they did not know themselves the Premises or the Proofs : which is an Argument to me, that the Knowledge they had was not a Thing of their own Invention, or which they came to by fair Reasoning and Observations upon Nature, but was delivered to them from others by Tradition and ancient Fame, sometimes more Publick, sometimes more secret: These conclusions they kept in mind, and communicated to those of their School, or Sect, or Posterity, without knowing, for the most part, the just Grounds and Reasons of them.

'Tis the sacred Writings of Scripture that are the best Monuments of Antiquity, and to those we are chiefly beholden for the History of the first Ages, whether Natural History or Civil. 'Tis true the Poets, who were the most ancient Writers among the Greeks, and serv'd them both for Historians, Divines, and Philosophers, have deliver'd some Things concerning the first Ages of the World, that have a fair Resemblance of Truth, and some Affinity with those Accounts that are given of the same Things by Sacred Authors, and these may be of Use in due Time and Place ; but yet, lest any thing fabulous should be mixed with them, as commonly there is, we will never depend wholly upon their Credit, nor assert any Thing upon the Authority of the Ancients which is not first prov'd by natural Reason, or warranted by Scripture.

It seems to me very reasonable to believe that besides the Precepts of Religion, which are the principal Subject and Design of the Books of Holy Scripture, there may be providentially conserved in them the memory of Things and Times so remote as could not be retrieved, either by History or by the Light of Nature ; and yet were of great Importance to be known, both for their own Excellency and also to rectify the Knowledge of Men in other Things consequential to them: Such Points may be Our great Epocha, or the Age of the Earth ; The Origination of Mankind ; The First and Paradisiacal State ; The Destruction of the old World by an Universal Deluge ; The

Longevity of its Inhabitants ; The Manner of their Preservation, and of their Peopling the second Earth ; and lastly, The Fate and Changes it is to undergo. These I always look'd upon as the Seeds of great Knowledge, or Heads of Theories fix'd on Purpose to give us Aim and Direction how to pursue the rest that depend upon them. But these Heads, you see, are of a mix'd order, and we propose to ourselves in this Work only such as belong to the natural World, upon which I believe the Trains of Providence are generally laid ; and we must first consider how God hath ordered Nature, and then, how the Economy of the Intellectual World is adapted to it ; for of these two Parts consist the full System of Providence. In the mean Time, what Subject can be more worthy the Thoughts of any serious Person, than to view and consider the Rise and Fall, and all the Revolutions, not of a Monarchy or an Empire, of the Grecian or Roman State, but of an entire World ?

The Obscurity of these Things, and their Remoteness from common Knowledge, will be made an Argument by some, why we should not undertake them ; and by others, it may be, the very same Thing will be made an Argument why we should. For my Part I think There is nothing so secret that shall not be brought to Light, within the Compass of our World : for we are not to understand that of the whole Universe, nor of all Eternity, — our Capacities do not extend so far ; but whatsoever concerns this Sublunary World in the whole Extent of its Duration, from the Chaos to the last Period, this I believe Providence hath made us capable to understand, and will in its due Time make it known. All I say, betwixt the first Chaos and the last Completion of Time and all Things temporary, this was given to the Disquisitions of Men : On either Hand is Eternity, before the World and after, which is without our reach : But that little Spot of Ground that lies betwixt those two Oceans, this we are to cultivate, this we are the Masters of, herein we are to exercise our Thoughts, to understand and lay open the Treasures of Divine Wisdom and Goodness hid in this part of Nature and of Providence.

As for the Difficulty or Obscurity of an Argument, that does but add to the Pleasure of contesting with it when there are Hopes of Victory ; and Success does more than recompense all the Pains. For there is no sort of Joy more grateful to the Mind of Man than that which ariseth from the Invention of Truth, especially when 'tis hard to come by. Every Man hath

a Delight suited to his Genius, and as there is Pleasure in the right Exercise of any Faculty, so especially in that of Right Reasoning, which is still the greater, by how much the consequences are more clear, and the Chains of them more long : There is no Chace so pleasant, methinks, as to drive a Thought, by good Conduct, from one end of the World to the other ; and never to lose Sight of it till it fall into Eternity, where all things are lost, as to our Knowledge.

This Theory being chiefly Philosophical, Reason is to be our first Guide ; and where that falls short, or any other just Occasion offers itself, we may receive further Light and Confirmation from the Sacred Writings. Both these are to be look'd upon as of Divine Original, God is the Author of both ; he that made the Scripture made also our Faculties, and 'twere a Reflection upon the Divine Veracity for the one or the other to be false when rightly used. We must therefore be careful and tender of opposing these to one another, because that is, in effect, to oppose God to himself.

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THE THEORY.

Advancing one Step farther in our Theory, we lay down this second Proposition: That the Face of the Earth before the Deluge was smooth, regular, and uniform ; without Mountains, and without a Sea. This is a bold Step, and carries us into another World, which we have never seen, nor ever yet heard any Relation of ; and a World, it seems, of very different Scenes and Prospects from ours, or from any thing we have yet known. An Earth without a Sea, and plain as the Elysian Fields ; if you travel it all over, you will not meet a Mountain or a Rock, yet well provided of all requisite things for an habitable World : and the same indeed with the Earth we still inhabit, only under another Form. And this is the great Paradox which we offer to be examined, and which we affirm: That the Earth, in its first Rise and Formation from a Chaos, was of the Form here described, and so continued for many hundreds of Years. . . .

Let us now reflect a little upon the internal Form of it, which consists of several Regions, involving one another like Orbs about the same Center, or of the several Elements cast circularly about each other ; as it appears in the fourth and fifth Figure. And as we have noted the external Form of this primæval Earth, to have

been mark'd and celebrated in the Sacred Writings ; so likewise in the Philosophy and Learning of the Ancients, there are several Remains and Indications of this internal Form and Composition of it. For 'tis observable that the Ancients, in treating of the Chaos, and in raising the World out of it, rang'd it into several Regions or Masses, as we have done ; and in that order successively, rising one from another, as if it was a Pedigree or Genealogy. And those Parts and Regions of Nature, into which the Chaos was by degrees divided, they signified commonly by dark and obscure Names ; as the Night, Tartarus, Oceanus, and such like, which we have expressed in their plain and proper Terms. And whereas the Chaos, when it was first set on Work, ran all into Divisions and Separations of one Element from another, which afterwards were all in some Measure united and associated in this primogential Earth ; and the Ancients accordingly made Contention the Principle that reign'd in the Chaos at first, and then Love : The one to express the Divisions, and the other the Union of all the Parties in this middle and common Bond. . . .

There is another Thing in Antiquity, relating to the Form and Construction of the Earth which is very remarkable, and hath obtain'd throughout all learned Nations and Ages. And that is the Comparison or Resemblance of the Earth to an Egg. And this is not so much for the external Figure, tho' that be true too, as for the inward Composition of it ; consisting of several Orbs, one including another, and in that Order, as to answer the several Elementary Regions of which the new made Earth was constituted. For if we admit for the Yolk a Central Fire (which tho' very reasonable, we had no occasion to take notice of in our Theory of the Chaos) and suppose the Figure of the Earth Oval, and a little extended towards the Poles (as probably it was, seeing the Vortex that contains it is so), those two Bodies do very naturally represent one another. . . .

Considering that this Notion of the Mundane Egg, or that the World was Oviform, hath been the Sense and Language of all Antiquity, Latins, Greeks, Persians, Ægyptians, and others, I thought it worthy our Notice in this Place, seeing it receives such a clear and easy Explication from that Origin and Fabrick we have given to the first Earth, and also reflects Light upon the Theory itself, and confirms it to be no Fiction: This Notion, which is a kind of Epitome, or Image of it, having been conserv'd in the most Ancient Learning. . . .

Give me leave only, before we proceed any further, to annex here a short Advertisement, concerning the Causes of this wonderful Structure of the first Earth. 'Tis true, we have propos'd the natural causes of it, and I do not know wherein our Explanation is false or defective; but in Things of this kind we may easily be too credulous. And this structure is so marvelous that it ought rather to be consider'd as a particular Effect of the Divine Art than as the Work of Nature. The whole Globe of the Water vaulted over, and the exterior Earth hanging above the Deep, sustain'd by nothing but its own Measures and Manner of Construction: A Building without Foundation or Corner-Stone. This seems to be a Piece of Divine Geometry or Architecture; and to this, I think, is to be referr'd that magnificent Challenge which God Almighty made to Job, Job xxxviii, 4, 5, 6, 7 &c. "Where wast thou when I laid the Foundations of the Earth? Declare if thou hast Understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who stretched the Line upon it? Whereupon are the Foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the Corner-stone thereof? when the Morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for Joy." Moses also, when he had describ'd the Chaos, saith, "The Spirit of God mov'd upon, or sat brooding upon, the Face of the Waters;" without all doubt to produce some Effects there. And St. Peter, when he speaks of the Form of the antediluvian Earth, how it stood in reference to the Waters, adds, "By the Word of God," *Τῷ λόγῳ τοῦ Θεοῦ*, or by the Wisdom of God it was made so. And this same Wisdom of God, in the Proverbs, as we observed before, takes Notice of this very piece of Work in the Formation of the Earth. "When he set an Orb over the face of the Deep, I was there." And lastly, the ancient Philosophers, or at least the best of them, to give them their due, always brought in *Mens* or *Amor*, *Λόγος* & *Epos*, as a Supernatural Principle to unite and consociate the parts of the Chaos; which was first done in the Composition of this wonderful Arch of the Earth. Wherefore to the great Architect, who made the boundless Universe out of nothing, and form'd the Earth out of Chaos, let the Praise of the whole Work, and particularly of this Masterpiece, for ever with all Honour be given. . . .

In this smooth Earth, were the first Scenes of the World and the first Generations of Mankind; it had the Beauty of Youth and blooming Nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a

Wrinkle, Scar, or Fracture in all its Body; no Rocks nor Mountains, no hollow Caves, no gaping Channels, but even and uniform all over. And the Smoothness of the Earth made the Face of Heaven so too; the Air was calm and serene; none of those tumultuary Motions and Conflicts of Vapours, which the Mountains and Winds cause in ours: 'Twas suited to a golden Age, and to the first Innocency of Nature.

All this you'll say is well, we are got into a pleasant World indeed, but what's this to the Purpose? What Appearance of a Deluge here, where there is not so much as a Sea, nor half so much Water as we have in this Earth? Or what appearance of Mountains or Caverns, or other Irregularities of the Earth, where all is level and united; So that instead of loosing the Knot, this ties it the harder. You pretend to shew us how the Deluge was made, and you lock up all the Waters within the Womb of the Earth, and set Bars and Doors, and a Wall of Impenetrable Strength and Thickness to keep them there, and you pretend to shew us the Original of Rocks and Mountains, and Caverns of the Earth, and bring us to a wide and endless Plain, smooth as a calm Sea.

This is all true, and yet we are not so far from the Sight and Discovery of those Things as you imagine; draw but the Curtain, and these Scenes will appear, or something very like 'em. We must remember that St. Peter told us, that the antediluvian Earth perished, or was demolished; and Moses saith, the great Abyss was broken open at the Deluge. Let us then suppose, that at a Time appointed by Divine Providence, and from Causes made ready to do that great Execution upon a sinful World, that this Abyss was open'd, or that the Frame of the Earth broke and fell down into the great Abyss. At this one stroke all Nature would be chang'd, and this single action would have two great and visible Effects: The one Transient, and the other Permanent. First, an Universal Deluge would overflow all the Parts and Regions of the broken Earth during the great Commotion and Agitation of the Abyss, by the violent Fall of the Earth into it. This would be the first and unquestionable Effect of this Dissolution, and all that World would be destroy'd. Then when the Agitation of the Abyss was asswag'd, and the Waters by degrees were retir'd into their Channels, and the dry Land appear'd, you would see the true Image of the present Earth in the Ruins of the first. The Surface of the Globe would be divided into Land and Sea,

the Land would consist of Plains and Valleys and Mountains according as the Pieces of this Ruin were plac'd and dispos'd : Upon the Banks of the Sea would stand the Rocks, and near the Shore would be Islands, or lesser Fragments of Earth compass'd round by Water. Then as to subterraneous Waters, and all subterraneous Caverns and Hollownesses, upon this Supposition those things could not be otherwise ; for the Parts would fall hollow in many Places in this, as in all other Ruins : And seeing the Earth fell into this Abyss, the Waters at a certain Height would flow into all those hollow Places and Cavities ; and would also sink and insinuate into many Parts of the solid Earth. And though these subterraneous Vaults or Holes, whether dry or full of Water, would be more or less in all Places, where the Parts fell hollow ; yet they would be found especially about the Roots of the Mountains, and the higher Parts of the Earth ; for there the Sides bearing up one against the other, they could not lie so close at the Bottoms, but many Vacuities would be intercepted. Nor are there any other Inequalities or Irregularities observable in the present Form of the Earth ; whether in the Surface of it, or interior Construction, whereof this Hypothesis doth give a ready, fair, and intelligible Account ; and doth at one View represent them all to us, with their Causes, as in a Glass : And whether that Glass be true, and the Image answer to the Original, if you doubt it, we will hereafter examine them Piece by Piece. But in the first Place we must consider the general Deluge, how easily and truly this Supposition represents and explains it, and answers all the Properties and Conditions of it.

I think it will be easily allowed, that such a Dissolution of the Earth as we have proposed, and Fall of it into the Abyss, would certainly make an Universal Deluge ; and effectively destroy the old World, which perished in it. But we have not yet particularly proved this Dissolution, and in what manner the Deluge followed upon it : And to assert things in gross never makes that firm Impression upon our Understandings, and upon our Belief, as to see them deduced with their Causes and Circumstances ; and therefore we must endeavour to shew what Preparations there were in Nature for this great Dissolution, and after what manner it came to pass, and the Deluge in Consequence of it.

We have noted before, that Moses imputed the Deluge to the Disruption of the Abyss ; and St. Peter, to the particular

Constitution of the Earth, which made it obnoxious to be absorp't in Water, so that our Explication so far is justified. But it was below the Dignity of those Sacred Pen-men, or the Spirits of God that directed them, to shew us the Causes of this Disruption, or of this Absorption; this is left to the Enquiries of Men. For it was never the Design of Providence, to give such particular Explications of natural Things, as should make us idle, or the Use of Reason unnecessary; but on the contrary, by delivering great Conclusions to us to excite our Curiosity and Inquisitiveness after the Methods by which such things were brought to pass: and it may be there is no greater Trial or Instance of natural Wisdom, than to find out the Channel in which these great Resolutions of Nature, which we treat on, flow and succeed one another.

Let us therefore resume that System of the antediluvian Earth, which we have deduced from the Chaos, and which we find to answer St. Peter's Description and Moses's Account of the Deluge. This Earth could not be obnoxious to a Deluge, as the Apostle supposeth it to have been, but by a Dissolution; for the Abyss was enclosed within its Bowels. And Moses doth in effect tell us, there was such a Dissolution; when he saith, The Fountains of the great Abyss were broken open. For Fountains are broken open no otherwise than by breaking up the Ground that covers them. We must therefore enquire in what Order, and from what Causes the Frame of this exterior Earth was dissolved, and then we shall soon see how, upon that Dissolution, the Deluge immediately prevailed and overflowed all the Parts of it.

I do not think it in the power of human Wit to determine how long this Frame would stand, how many Years, or how many Ages; but one would soon imagine, that this kind of Structure would not be perpetual, nor last indeed many thousands of Years, if one consider the Effect that the Heat of the Sun would have upon it, and the Waters under it; drying and parching the one, and rarefying the other into Vapours. For we must consider, that the Course of the Sun at that Time, or the Posture of the Earth to the Sun, was such, that there was no Diversity or Alteration of Seasons in the Year, as there is now; by reason of which Alteration, our Earth is kept in an Equality of Temper, the contrary Seasons balancing one another; so as what Moisture the Heat of Summer sucks out of the Earth, 'tis repaid in the Rains of the

next Winter ; and what Chaps were made in it, are filled up again, and the Earth reduced to its former Constitution. But if we should imagine a continual Summer, the Earth would proceed in Dryness still more and more, and the Cracks would be wider, and pierce deeper into the Substance of it. And such a continual Summer there was, at least an Equality of Seasons in the antediluvian Earth, as shall be proved in the following Book, concerning Paradise. In the meantime, this being supposed, let us consider what Effect it would have upon this Arch of the exterior Earth, and the Waters under it.

We cannot believe, but that the Heat of the Sun, within the Space of some hundreds of Years, would have reduced this Earth to a considerable Degree of Dryness in certain Parts ; and also have much rarefied and exhal'd the Waters beneath it : And considering the Structure of that Globe, the exterior Crust and the Waters lying round under it, both exposed to the Sun, we may fitly compare it to an *Æolipile*, or an hollow Sphere with Water in it, which the Heat of the Fire rarefies and turns into Vapours and Wind. The Sun here is as the Fire, and the exterior Earth is as the Shell of the *Æolipile*, and the Abyss as the Water within it ; now when the Heat of the Sun had pierced thro' the Shell and reached the Waters, it began to rarefy them, and raise them into Vapours, which Rarefaction made them require more Space and Room than they needed before, while they lay close and quiet. And finding themselves pent in by the exterior Earth, they pressed with Violence against that Arch, to make it yield and give way to their Dilatation and Eruption. So we see all Vapours and Exhalations inclosed within the Earth, and agitated there, strive to break out, and often shake the Ground with their Attempts to get loose. And in the Comparison we used of an *Æolipile*, if the Mouth of it be stop'd that gives the Vent, the Water rarefied will burst the Vessel with its Force : And the Resemblance of the Earth to an Egg, which we used before, holds also in this Respect ; for when it heats before the Fire, the Moisture and Air within being rarefied, makes it often burst the Shell. And I do the more willingly mention this last Comparison, because I observe that some of the Ancients, when they speak of the Doctrine of the Mundane Egg, say, that after a certain Period of Time it was broken.

But there is yet another Thing to be considered in this Case ; for as the Heat of the Sun gave Force to these Vapours

more and more, and made them more strong and violent ; so on the other Hand, it also weakened more and more the Arch of the Earth, that was to resist them ; sucking out the Moisture that was the Cement of its Parts, drying it immoderately, and chapping it in sundry Places. And there being no Winter then to close up and unite its Parts, and restore the Earth to its former Strength and Compactness, yet grew more and more disposed to a Dissolution. And at length, these Preparations in Nature being made on either side, the Force of the Vapours increased, and the Walls weakened which should have kept them in, when the appointed time was come, that All-wise Providence had designed for the Punishment of a sinful World, the whole Fabrick brake, and the Frame of the Earth was torn in Pieces, as by an Earthquake ; and those great Portions or Fragments, into which it was divided, fell down into the Abyss, some in one Posture, and some in another.

This is a short and general Account how we may conceive the Dissolution of the first Earth, and an Universal Deluge arising upon it. And this manner of Dissolution hath so many Examples in Nature every Age, that we need not insist farther upon the Explication of it. The generality of Earthquakes arise from like Causes, and often end in a like Effect, a partial Deluge or Inundation of the Place or Country where they happen ; and of these we have seen some Instances even in our own Times : But whensoever it so happens that the Vapours and Exhalations shut up in the Caverns of the Earth by Rarefaction or Compression come to be straitened, they strive every way to set themselves at Liberty, and often break their Prison, or the Cover of the Earth that kept them in ; which Earth upon that Disruption falls into the subterraneous Caverns that lie under it : And if it so happens that those Caverns are full of Water, as generally they are, if they be great or deep, that City or Tract of Land is drown'd. And also the Fall of such a Mass of Earth, with its Weight and Bulk, doth often force out the Water so impetuously, as to throw it upon all the Country round about. There are innumerable Examples in History (whereof we shall mention some hereafter) of Cities and Countries thus swallowed up, or overflow'd, by an Earthquake, and an Inundation arising upon it. And according to the manner of their Fall or Ruin, they either remain'd wholly under Water, and perpetually drown'd as Sodom and Gomorrah, Plato's Atlantis, Bura and Helice, and other Cities and

Regions in Greece and Asia ; or they partly emerg'd, and became dry Land again ; when (their Situation being pretty high) the Waters, after their violent Agitation was abated, retir'd into the lower Places, and into their Channels.

Now if we compare these Partial Dissolutions of the Earth with an Universal Dissolution, we may as easily conceive an Universal Deluge from an Universal Dissolution, as a Partial Deluge from a Partial. If we can conceive a City, a Country, an Island, a Continent thus absorb'd and overflown ; if we do but enlarge our Thought and Imagination a little, we may conceive it as well of the whole Earth. And it seems strange to me, that none of the Ancients should hit upon this way of explaining the Universal Deluge.



THE CLOCK CASE.

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES
THE SECOND.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship ; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833 ; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

I HELD a lieutenant's commission in his Majesty's army and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The Treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

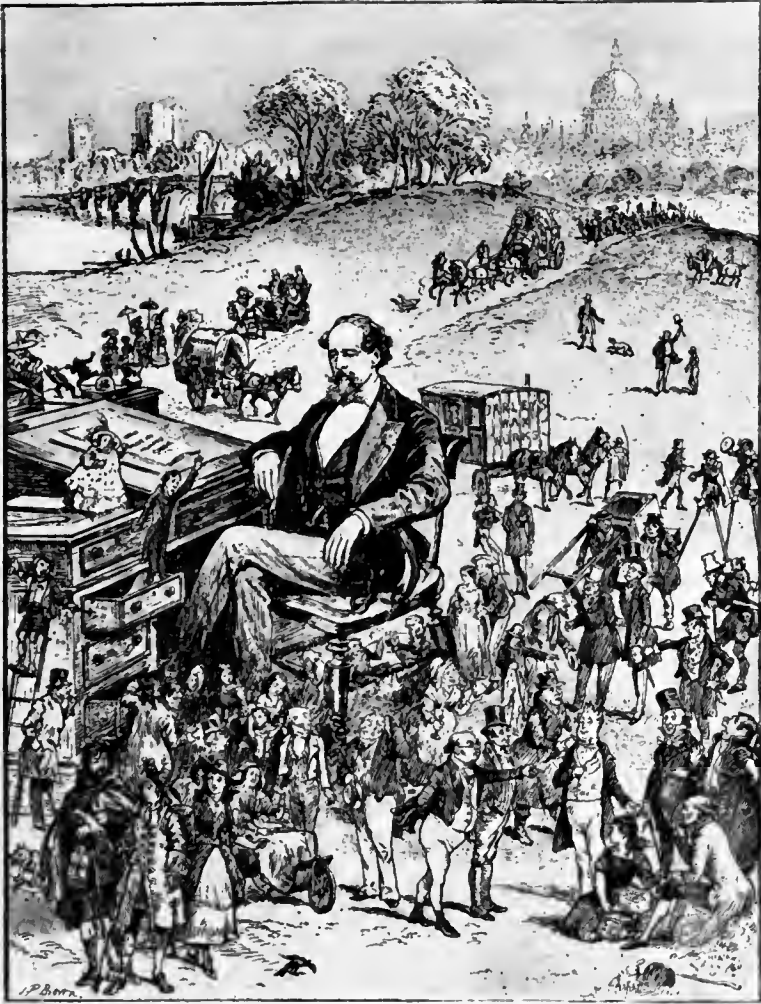
This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the

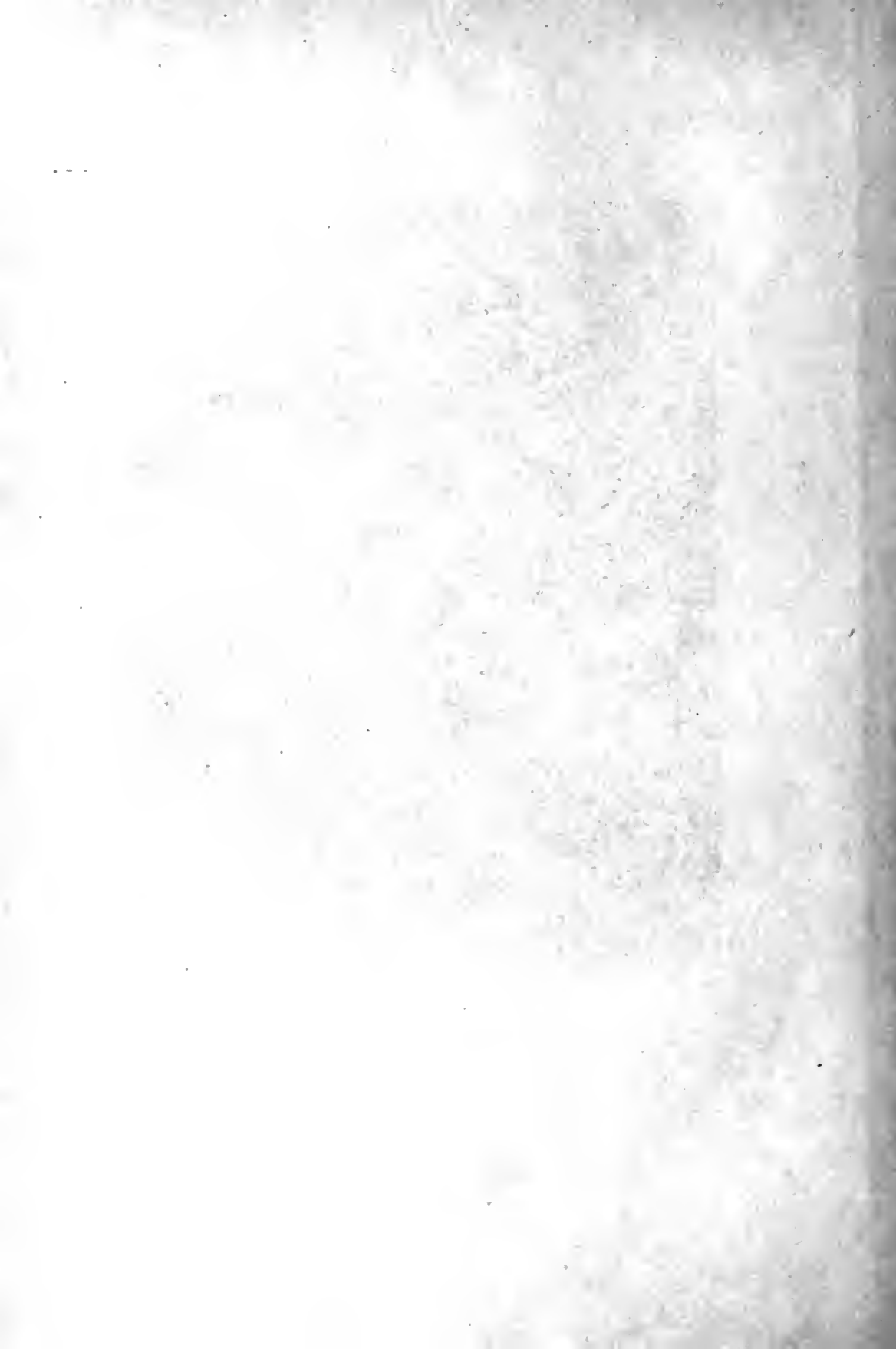
1872

1873

Dickens Surrounded by His Characters

Photogravure from the drawing by J. R. Brown





naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world; for while I write this, my grave is digging, and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return to England, my only brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home because they were friends of his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal; for I knew what comparisons they must draw between us; and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present, but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them on the ground or looked another way but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarreled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her; she haunted me; her fixed and steady look comes back upon me now like the memory of a dark dream, and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child—a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was past, he called my wife to his bedside and confided this orphan, a child of four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of his child's death it should pass to my wife, as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me, deploring our long separation; and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children ; and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of a mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her ; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit and always mistrusted me.

I can scarcely fix the date when the feeling first came upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought but I marked him looking at me : not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose and meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so ; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze—as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door—he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead ; but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the Last Day ; then drawing nearer and nearer, and losing something of its horror and improbability ; then coming to be part and parcel—nay, nearly the whole sum and substance—of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety ; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal upstairs and watch him as he slept ; but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks ; and there, as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer at him for hours together from behind a tree, starting like the guilty wretch I was at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket knife a rough model of a boat, which I finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind, and he singing — God have mercy upon me! — singing a merry ballad — who could hardly lisp the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong full-grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud; it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me — not that he did — and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead — dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep — in the same attitude too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him — very gently now that he was dead — in a thicket. My wife was from home that day, and would not return until the next. Our bedroom window, the only sleeping room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lie waste

since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together in the one absorbing necessity of hiding what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glowworm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast: an eye of fire looking up to Heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hope that the child would soon be found. All this I did — with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bedroom window all day long and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account as the trace of my spade was less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the turf with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept — not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass, through which now a hand, and now a foot, and now the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window to make sure that it was not really so. That done, I crept to bed again; and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again — which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought the child was alive and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes from the place, which, although it was covered by the

grass, was as plain to me — its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all — as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in; when he had passed, I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to me it whispered murder. There was not a sight or a sound — how ordinary, mean, or unimportant soever — but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bade my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down *with my chair upon the grave*, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well — that she was not obliged to keep her chamber — that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the child? The officer whom I did not know was a down-looking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me! I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked him hurriedly if he supposed that — and stopped. “That the child has been murdered?” said he, looking mildly at me: “Oh no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?” I could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, no one better: but I held my peace and shivered as with an ague.

Mistaking my emotion, they were endeavoring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found — great cheer that was for me! — when we heard a low deep howl, and presently there sprang over the wall two great dogs, who bounding into the garden repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

“Bloodhounds!” cried my visitors.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper."

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who with their noses to the ground moved restlessly about, running to and fro, and up and down and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again lifting their heads and repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again and tracking earnestly here and there. They now began to snuff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked, in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name, move!" said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces."

"Let them tear me limb from limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces."

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. "In King Charles' name, assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me and forced me away, though I fought and bit and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle, they got me quietly between them; and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees, and with chattering teeth confessed the truth, and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied, and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily

lost for the time those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!



SHAFTESBURY AND HALIFAX.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY: An English historian and essayist; born October 25, 1800; son of a noted philanthropist and a Quaker lady; died at London, December 28, 1859. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and called to the bar, but took to writing for the periodicals and to politics; became famous for historical essays, was a warm advocate of Parliamentary Reform, and was elected to Parliament in 1830. In 1834 he was made a member of the Supreme Legislative Council for India, residing there till 1838, and making the working draft of the present Indian Penal Code. He was Secretary of War in 1839. The first two volumes of his "History of England" were published in December, 1848. His fame rests even more on his historical essays, his unsurpassed speeches, and his "Lays of Ancient Rome."]

IT WAS a favorite exercise among the Greek sophists to write panegyrics on characters proverbial for depravity. One professor of rhetoric sent to Isocrates a panegyric on Busiris; and Isocrates himself wrote another which has come down to us. It is, we presume, from an ambition of the same kind that some writers have lately shown a disposition to eulogize Shaftesbury. But the attempt is vain. The charges against him rest on evidence not to be invalidated by any arguments which human wit can devise, or by any information which may be found in old trunks and escritaires.

It is certain that just before the Restoration he declared to the Regicides that he would be damned, body and soul, rather than suffer a hair of their heads to be hurt, and that just after the Restoration, he was one of the judges who sentenced them to death. It is certain that he was a principal member of the most profligate Administration ever known, and that he was afterwards a principal member of the most profligate Opposition ever known. It is certain that in power, he did not scruple to violate the great fundamental principle of the Constitution in order to exalt the Catholics, and that out of power, he did not scruple to violate every principle of justice in order to destroy them. There were in that age some honest men, such as

William Penn, who valued toleration so highly that they would willingly have seen it established even by an illegal exertion of the prerogative. There were many honest men who dreaded arbitrary power so much that, on account of the alliance between Popery and arbitrary power, they were disposed to grant no toleration to Papists. On both those classes we look with indulgence, though we think both in the wrong. But Shaftesbury belonged to neither class. He united all that was worst in both. From the misguided friends of toleration he borrowed their contempt for the Constitution, and from the misguided friends of civil liberty their contempt for the rights of conscience. We never can admit that his conduct as a member of the Cabal was redeemed by his conduct as a leader of Opposition. On the contrary, his life was such that every part of it, as if by a skillful contrivance, reflects infamy on every other. We should never have known how abandoned a prostitute he was in place, if we had not known how desperate an incendiary he was out of it. To judge of him fairly, we must bear in mind that the Shaftesbury who, in office, was the chief author of the Declaration of Indulgence, was the same Shaftesbury who, out of office, excited and kept up the savage hatred of the rabble of London against the very class to whom that Declaration of Indulgence was intended to give illegal relief.

It is amusing to see the excuses that are made for him. We will give two specimens. It is acknowledged that he was one of the Ministry which made the alliance with France against Holland, and that this alliance was most pernicious. What, then, is the defense? Even this, that he betrayed his master's counsels to the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, and tried to rouse all the Protestant powers of Germany to defend the States. Again, it is acknowledged that he was deeply concerned in the Declaration of Indulgence, and that his conduct on this occasion was not only unconstitutional, but quite inconsistent with the course which he afterwards took respecting the professors of the Catholic faith. What, then, is the defense? Even this, that he meant only to allure concealed Papists to avow themselves, and thus to become open marks for the vengeance of the public. As often as he is charged with one treason, his advocates vindicate him by confessing two. They had better leave him where they find him. For him there is no escape upwards. Every outlet by which he can creep out of his present position is one which lets him down

into a still lower and fouler depth of infamy. To whitewash an Ethiopian is a proverbially hopeless attempt; but to whitewash an Ethiopian by giving him a new coat of blacking is an enterprise more extraordinary still. That in the course of Shaftesbury's dishonest and revengeful opposition to the Court he rendered one or two most useful services to his country, we admit. And he is, we think, fairly entitled, if that be any glory, to have his name eternally associated with the Habeas Corpus Act in the same way in which the name of Henry the Eighth is associated with the reformation of the Church, and that of Jack Wilkes with the most sacred rights of electors.

While Shaftesbury was still living, his character was elaborately drawn by two of the greatest writers of the age, by Butler, with characteristic brilliancy of wit, by Dryden, with even more than characteristic energy and loftiness, by both with all the inspiration of hatred. The sparkling illustrations of Butler have been thrown into the shade by the brighter glory of that gorgeous satiric Muse, who comes sweeping by in sceptered pall, borrowed from her most august sisters. But the descriptions well deserve to be compared. The reader will at once perceive a considerable difference between Butler's

politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision,

and the Achitophel of Dryden. Butler dwells on Shaftesbury's unprincipled versatility; on his wonderful and almost instinctive skill in discerning the approach of a change of fortune; and on the dexterity with which he extricated himself from the snares in which he left his associates to perish.

Our state artificer foresaw
Which way the world began to draw.
For as old sinners have all points
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,
Can by their pangs and aches find
All turns and changes of the wind,
And better than by Napier's bones
Feel in their own the age of moons:
So guilty sinners in a state
Can by their crimes prognosticate,
And in their consciences feel pain
Some days before a shower of rain.

He, therefore, wisely cast about
All ways he could to insure his throat.

In Dryden's great portrait, on the contrary, violent passion, implacable revenge, boldness amounting to temerity, are the most striking features. Achitophel is one of the "great wits to madness near allied." And again—

A daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

The dates of the two poems will, we think, explain this discrepancy. The third part of "Hudibras" appeared in 1678, when the character of Shaftesbury had as yet but imperfectly developed itself. He had, indeed, been a traitor to every party in the State; but his treasons had hitherto prospered. Whether it were accident or sagacity, he had timed his desertions in such a manner that fortune seemed to go to and fro with him from side to side. The extent of his perfidy was known; but it was not till the Popish Plot furnished him with a machinery which seemed sufficiently powerful for all his purposes, that the audacity of his spirit, and the fierceness of his malevolent passions, became fully manifest. His subsequent conduct showed undoubtedly great ability, but not ability of the sort for which he had formerly been so eminent. He was now headstrong, sanguine, full of impetuous confidence in his own wisdom and his own good luck. He, whose fame as a political tactician had hitherto rested chiefly on his skillful retreats, now set himself to break down all the bridges behind him. His plans were castles in the air: his talk was rodomontade. He took no thought for the morrow: he treated the Court as if the King were already a prisoner in his hands: he built on the favor of the multitude, as if that favor were not proverbially inconstant. The signs of the coming reaction were discerned by men of far less sagacity than his, and scared from his side men more consistent than he had ever pretended to be. But on him they were lost. The counsel of Ahithophel, that counsel which was as if a man had inquired of the oracle of God, was turned into foolishness. He who had become a byword, for the certainty with which he foresaw and the suppleness with which he evaded danger, now, when beset on every side with snares and death,

seemed to be smitten with a blindness as strange as his former clear-sightedness, and, turning neither to the right nor to the left, strode straight on with desperate hardihood to his doom. Therefore, after having early acquired and long preserved the reputation of infallible wisdom and invariable success, he lived to see a mighty ruin wrought by his own ungovernable passions, to see the great party which he had led vanquished, and scattered, and trampled down, to see all his own devilish enginery of lying witnesses, partial sheriffs, packed juries, unjust judges, bloodthirsty mobs, ready to be employed against himself and his most devoted followers, to fly from that proud city whose favor had almost raised him to be Mayor of the Palace, to hide himself in squalid retreats, to cover his gray head with ignominious disguises; and he died in hopeless exile, sheltered by the generosity of a State which he had cruelly injured and insulted, from the vengeance of a master whose favor he had purchased by one series of crimes, and forfeited by another.

Halifax had, in common with Shaftesbury, and with almost all the politicians of that age, a very loose morality where the public was concerned; but in Halifax the prevailing infection was modified by a very peculiar constitution both of heart and head, by a temper singularly free from gall, and by a refining and skeptical understanding. He changed his course as often as Shaftesbury; but he did not change it to the same extent, or in the same direction. Shaftesbury was the very reverse of a trimmer. His disposition led him generally to do his utmost to exalt the side which was up, and to depress the side which was down. His transitions were from extreme to extreme. While he stayed with a party he went all lengths for it: when he quitted it he went all lengths against it. Halifax was emphatically a trimmer,—a trimmer both by intellect and by constitution. The name was fixed on him by his contemporaries; and he was so far from being ashamed of it that he assumed it as a badge of honor. He passed from faction to faction. But instead of adopting and inflaming the passions of those whom he joined, he tried to diffuse among them something of the spirit of those whom he had just left. While he acted with the Opposition he was suspected of being a spy of the Court; and when he had joined the Court all the Tories were dismayed by his Republican doctrines.

He wanted neither arguments nor eloquence to exhibit what was commonly regarded as his wavering policy in the fairest

light. He trimmed, he said, as the temperate zone trims between intolerable heat and intolerable cold, as a good government trims between despotism and anarchy, as a pure church trims between the errors of the Papist and those of the Anabaptist. Nor was this defense by any means without weight; for though there is abundant proof that his integrity was not of strength to withstand the temptations by which his cupidity and vanity were sometimes assailed, yet his dislike of extremes, and a forgiving and compassionate temper which seems to have been natural to him, preserved him from all participation in the worst crimes of his time. If both parties accused him of deserting them, both were compelled to admit that they had great obligations to his humanity, and that, though an uncertain friend, he was a placable enemy. He voted in favor of Lord Stafford, the victim of the Whigs; he did his utmost to save Lord Russell, the victim of the Tories; and, on the whole, we are inclined to think that his public life, though far indeed from faultless, has as few great stains as that of any politician who took an active part in affairs during the troubled and disastrous period of ten years which elapsed between the fall of Lord Danby and the Revolution.

His mind was much less turned to particular observations, and much more to general speculations, than that of Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury knew the King, the Council, the Parliament, the city, better than Halifax; but Halifax would have written a far better treatise on political science than Shaftesbury. Shaftesbury shone more in consultation, and Halifax in controversy: Shaftesbury was more fertile in expedients, and Halifax in arguments. Nothing that remains from the pen of Shaftesbury will bear a comparison with the political tracts of Halifax. Indeed, very little of the prose of that age is so well worth reading as the "Character of a Trimmer" and the "Anatomy of an Equivalent." What particularly strikes us in those works is the writer's passion for generalization. He was treating of the most exciting subjects in the most agitated times: he was himself placed in the very thick of the civil conflict; yet there is no acrimony, nothing inflammatory, nothing personal. He preserves an air of cold superiority, a certain philosophical serenity, which is perfectly marvelous. He treats every question as an abstract question, begins with the widest propositions, argues those propositions on general grounds, and often, when he has brought out his theorem, leaves the reader to make

the application, without adding an allusion to particular men or to passing events. This speculative turn of mind rendered him a bad adviser in cases which required celerity. He brought forward, with wonderful readiness and copiousness, arguments, replies to those arguments, rejoinders to those replies, general maxims of policy, and analogous cases from history. But Shaftesbury was the man for a prompt decision. Of the parliamentary eloquence of these celebrated rivals, we can judge only by report; and, so judging, we should be inclined to think that, though Shaftesbury was a distinguished speaker, the superiority belonged to Halifax. Indeed, the readiness of Halifax in debate, the extent of his knowledge, the ingenuity of his reasoning, the liveliness of his expression, and the silver clearness and sweetness of his voice seem to have made the strongest impression on his contemporaries. By Dryden he is described as

Of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature and by learning taught
To move assemblies.

His oratory is utterly and irretrievably lost to us, like that of Somers, of Bolingbroke, of Charles Townshend, of many others who were accustomed to rise amidst the breathless expectation of senates, and to sit down amidst reiterated bursts of applause. But old men who lived to admire the eloquence of Pulteney in its meridian, and that of Pitt in its splendid dawn, still murmured that they had heard nothing like the great speeches of Lord Halifax on the Exclusion Bill. The power of Shaftesbury over large masses was unrivaled. Halifax was disqualified by his whole character, moral and intellectual, for the part of a demagogue. It was in small circles, and, above all, in the House of Lords, that his ascendancy was felt.

Shaftesbury seems to have troubled himself very little about theories of government. Halifax was, in speculation, a strong republican, and did not conceal it. He often made hereditary monarchy and aristocracy the subjects of his keen pleasantry, while he was fighting the battles of the Court, and obtaining for himself step after step in the peerage. In this way, he tried to gratify at once his intellectual vanity and his more vulgar ambition. He shaped his life according to the opinion of the multitude, and indemnified himself by talking according to his own. His colloquial powers were great; his perception

of the ridiculous exquisitely fine; and he seems to have had the rare art of preserving the reputation of good breeding and good nature, while habitually indulging a strong propensity to mockery.



POLITICIANS OF THE POPISSH-PLOT TIME.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

(From "Absalom and Achitophel," Part I.)

[JOHN DRYDEN: An English poet; born August 9, 1631; educated under Dr. Busby at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. The son of a Puritan, he wrote eulogistic stanzas on the death of Cromwell; but his versatile intellect could assume any phase of feeling, and he wrote equally glowing ones on the Restoration of 1660. His "Annus Mirabilis" appeared in 1667, and in 1668 he was made poet laureate. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" is excellent; but as a dramatist, though voluminous, he has left nothing which lives. His satire "Absalom and Achitophel" is famous; and his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" is considered the finest in the language.]

SHAFTESBURY.

THIS plot, which failed for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence;
 For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
 And every hostile humor, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er;
 So several factions from this first ferment,
 Work up to foam, and threat the government.
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought wise
 Opposed the power to which they could not rise.
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown from thence
 Like fiends were hardened in impenitence.
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardoned rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were raised in power and public office high;
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
 Of these the false Achitophel was first;
 A name to all succeeding ages cursed:
 For close designs, and crooked counsel fit;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
 In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pygmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity ;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms ; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
Punish a body which he could not please ;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son ;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try ;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate ;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke ;
The pillars of the public safety shook ;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke :
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will,
Where crowds can wink, and no offense be known.
Since in another's guilt they find their own !
Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress ;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown ;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed ;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,

Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

SLINGSBY BETHEL.

Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath, but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray:
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.

His hand a vane of justice did uphold;
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office treason was no crime;
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet loved his wicked neighbor as himself.
 When two or three were gathered to declaim
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them:
 And if they cursed the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He packed a jury of dissenting Jews;
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
 For laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from power,
 (Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
 His business was by writing to persuade
 That kings were useless and a clog to trade:
 And, that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shunned the fumes of wine.
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
 The grossness of a city feast abhorred:
 His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
 For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
 With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel;
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the mount.

HALIFAX.

Jotham, of piercing wit and pregnant thought,
 Endued by nature and by learning taught
 To move assemblies, who but only tried
 The worse a while, then chose the better side;
 Nor chose alone, but turned the balance too,
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.

SETTLE AND SHADWELL.

BY DRYDEN.

(From "Absalom and Achitophel," Part II.)

DOGE, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blundering kind of melody;
 Spurred boldly on, and dashed through thick and thin,
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And, in one word, heroically mad,
 He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But faggoted his notions as they fell,
 And, if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
 For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature;
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.
 If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot;
 The words for friend and foe alike were made,
 To fetter them in verse is all his trade. . . .
 Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
 This animal's below committing treason;
 Shall he be hanged who never could rebel?
 That's a preferment for Achitophel.
 Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him,
 Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
 For to write verse with him is to *transprose*;
 'Twere pity treason at his door to lay
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key,
 Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
 Have four and twenty letters to abuse,
 Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
 Indict him of a capital offense.
 Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
 Og from a treason-tavern rolling home.
 Round as a globe, and liquored every chink,
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link.
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue:

A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spewed to make the batter.
 When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before cursed him;
 And if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for heaven knew
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell
 That even on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But though Heaven made him poor, with reverence speaking,
 He never was a poet of God's making:
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing — *Be thou dull*;
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write.
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity — but for the pen;
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou mayest live, avoiding pen and ink.
 I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
 For treason, blotched in rhyme, will be thy bane;
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck.
 Why should thy meter good King David blast?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
 How darest thou in verse to meet thy foes,
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foiled in prose?
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
 O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
 For writing treason and for writing dull;
 To die for faction is a common evil,
 But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.
 Hadst thou the glories of thy King exprest,
 Thy praises had been satires at the best;
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlicked, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed:
 I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
 But of King David's foes be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom;
 And for my foes may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg and to write like thee.

THE BETRAYAL.

By THOMAS OTWAY.

(From " Venice Preserved.")

[THOMAS OTWAY, English dramatist, was born in Sussex, March 3, 1651. He was educated at Winchester, and at Christ Church, Oxford; attempted to become an actor; became a playwright and dissolute bohemian; and died April 14, 1685. His one remembered play is " Venice Preserved" (1682); but he wrote also " The Orphan," " The Soldier's Fortune," its sequel " The Atheist," etc.]

Scene: The Senate House.

The Duke of VENICE, PRIULI, ANTONIO, and eight other Senators
discovered in session.

Duke —

Antony, Priuli, senators of Venice,
Speak; why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honor, or its safety?

Priuli —

Could words express the story I've to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep; tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.
Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
Ere Venice be no more!

All the Senators —

How!

Priuli —

Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.
Within this city's formed a dark conspiracy
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fixed;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn even this moment
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning: but, if we are men,
Let's not be tamely butchered, but do something
That may inform the world in after ages
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were.

Voices [*without*] —

Room, room, make room for some prisoners!

Second Senator —

Let's raise the city.

Enter Officer and Guard.

Priuli —

Speak there, what disturbance?

Officer —

Two prisoners have the guard seized in the streets,
Who say they come to inform this reverend Senate
About the present danger.

All —

Give them entrance. —

Enter JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.

Well; who are you?

Jaffier —

A villain.

Antonio —

Short and pithy.
The man speaks well.

Jaffier —

Would every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title!

Duke —

'Tis rumored that a plot has been contrived
Against this state; that you've a share in't too.
If you're a villain, to redeem your honor,
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

Jaffier —

Think not that I, to save my life, come hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,
The sworn and covenanted foe of Venice;
But use me as my dealings may deserve,
And I may prove a friend.

Duke —

The slave capitulates [*proposes conditions*]
Give him the tortures.

Jaffier —

That you dare not do;

Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
 To hear a story which you dread the truth of,—
 Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
 Cowards are scared with threatenings; boys are whipped
 Into confessions: but a steady mind
 Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
 Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
 Again, by Heaven, I'll shut these lips forever;
 Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels
 Shall force a groan away that you may guess at.

Antonio — A bloody-minded fellow, I'll warrant; a damned
 bloody-minded fellow.

Duke —

Name your conditions.

Jaffier —

For myself full pardon,
 Besides the lives of two and twenty friends [*Delivers a list.*
 Whose names are here enrolled: nay, let their crimes
 Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
 And sacred promise of this reverend council,
 That in a full assembly of the Senate
 The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
 And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

All —

We'll swear.

Duke —

Propose the oath.

Jaffier —

By all the hopes
 Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
 Swear.

All —

We all swear.

Jaffier —

To grant me what I've asked,
 Ye swear?

All —

We swear.

Jaffier —

And as ye keep the oath,
 May you and your posterity be blessed,
 Or cursed forever!

All —

Else be cursed forever!

Jaffier —

Then here's the list, and with it the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. Now, fate, thou'st caught me.

[*Delivers another paper.*]

Antonio — Why, what a dreadful catalogue of cutthroats is here!
I'll warrant you, not one of these fellows but has a face like a lion.
I dare not so much as read their names over.

Duke —

Give order that all diligent search be made
To seize these men; their characters are public:
The paper intimates their rendezvous
To be at the house of a famed Grecian courtesan,
Called Aquilina; see that place secured.

Antonio —

What, my Nicky Nacky, hurry durry, Nicky
Nacky in the plot? — I'll make a speech. —
Most noble senators,
What headlong apprehension drives you on,
Right noble, wise, and truly solid senators,
To violate the laws and right of nations?
The lady is a lady of renown.
'Tis true, she holds a house of fair reception,
And though I say it myself, as many more
Can say as well as I —

Second Senator —

My lord, long speeches
Are frivolous here, when dangers are so near us.
We all well know your interest in that lady;
The world talks loud on't.

Antonio —

Verily, I have done,
I say no more.

Duke —

But, since he has declared
Himself concerned, pray, captain, take great caution
To treat the fair one as becomes her character,
And let her bedchamber be searched with decency.
You, Jaffier, must with patience bear till morning
To be our prisoner.

Jaffier —

Would the chains of death
Had bound me fast ere I had known this minute!
I've done a deed will make my story hereafter
Quoted in competition with all ill ones:
The history of my wickedness shall run

Down through the low traditions of the vulgar,
And boys be taught to tell the tale of Jaffier.

Duke —

Captain, withdraw your prisoner.

Jaffier —

Sir, if possible,
Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
Forget myself, and this day's guilt and falsehood.
Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee!

[*Exeunt JAFFIER and BELVIDERA, guarded.*]

Voices [without] —

More traitors; room, room, make room there.

Duke —

How's this! Guards!
Where are our guards? Shut up the gates; the treason's
Already at our doors.

Enter Officer.

Officer —

My lords, more traitors;
Seized in the very act of consultation;
Furnished with arms and instruments of mischief. —
Bring in the prisoners.

*Enter PIERRE, RENAULT, THEODORE, ELIOT, REVILLIDO, and other
Conspirators, in fetters, guarded.*

Pierre —

You, my lords and fathers
(As you are pleased to call yourselves) of Venice,
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often labored in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumphs ye bestow
On those that bring you conquests home, and honors?

Duke —

Go on; you shall be heard, sir.

Antonio —

And be hanged, too, I hope.

Pierre —

Are these the trophies I've deserved for fighting
Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspired to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbors;
When you, great Duke, shrunk trembling in your palace,
And saw your wife, the Adriatic, plowed,
Like a lewd whore, by bolder prows than yours,

Stepped not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
 The task of honor, and the way to greatness;
 Raised you from your capitulating fears,
 To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
 And this my recompense? If I'm a traitor,
 Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's base enough
 And brave enough to tell me I'm a traitor.

Duke —

Know you one Jaffier? [All the Conspirators murmur.

Pierre —

Yes, and know his virtue.
 His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
 From a hard father taught me first to love him.

Duke —

See him brought forth.

Reënter JAFFIER, guarded.

Pierre —

My friend too bound! nay, then,
 Our fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
 Why droops the man whose welfare's so much mine,
 They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
 Call us all traitors: art thou one, my brother?

Jaffier —

To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave
 That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
 And gave up honor to be sure of ruin.
 All our fair hopes, which morning was to have crowned,
 Has this cursed tongue o'erthrown.

Pierre —

So, then, all's over:
 Venice has lost her freedom; I my life.
 No more; farewell.

Duke —

Say, will you make confession
 Of your vile deeds, and trust the Senate's mercy?

Pierre —

Cursed be your Senate; cursed your constitution;
 The curse of growing factions and division
 Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
 And make the robes of government you wear,
 Hateful to you, as these base chains to me!

Duke —

Pardon, or Death?

Pierre —

Death, honorable death !

Renault —

Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.

All Conspirators —

No shameful bonds, but honorable death.

Duke —

Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners.

Jaffier, you're free, but these must wait for judgment.

[*Exeunt all the Senators.*]

Pierre —

Come, where's my dungeon ? lead me to my straw :

It will not be the first time I've lodged hard

To do your Senate service.

Jaffier —

Hold one moment.

Pierre —

Who's he disputes the judgment of the Senate ?

Presumptuous rebel — on ——— [Strikes JAFFIER.]

Jaffier —

By Heaven, you stir not !

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak.

Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow :

Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice ?

But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries ;

Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,

With pity and with charity behold me ;

Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance,

But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,

Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pierre —

What whining monk art thou ? what holy cheat,

That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,

And cant'st thus vilely ? Hence ! I know thee not.

Dissemble and be nasty : leave me, hypocrite.

Jaffier —

Not know me, Pierre ?

Pierre —

No, know thee not : what art thou ?

Jaffier —

Jaffier, thy friend, thy once loved, valued friend,

Though now deservedly scorned, and used most hardly.

Pierre —

Thou Jaffier ! thou my once loved, valued friend ?

By Heavens, thou liest! The man so called, my friend,
 Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
 Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
 Dear to my eyes and tender to my heart:
 But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
 Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
 All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
 Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
 Like something baueful, that my nature's chilled &c.

Jaffier —

I have not wronged thee, by these tears I have not,
 But still am honest, true, and hope, too, valiant;
 My mind still full of thee: therefore still noble.
 Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
 Detest me utterly: oh, look upon me,
 Look back and see my sad, sincere submission!
 How my heart swells, as even 'twould burst my bosom,
 Fond of its goal, and laboring to be at thee!
 What shall I do — what say to make thee hear me?

Pierre —

Hast thou not wronged me? dar'st thou call thyself
 Jaffier, that once loved, valued friend of mine,
 And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
 Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
 Whence this dishonor, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaffier —

All's true, yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pierre —

What's that?

Jaffier —

To take thy life on such conditions
 The Council have proposed: thou and thy friends
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pierre —

Life! ask my life? confess! record myself
 A villain, for the privilege to breathe,
 And carry up and down this cursèd city
 A discontented and repining spirit,
 Burthensome to itself, a few years longer,
 To lose it, maybe, at last in a lewd quarrel
 For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
 No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
 And cannot part on better terms than now,
 When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaffier —

By all that's just —

Pierre —

Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaffier —

Then, by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself, at least, thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.

Pierre —

Not leave me!

Jaffier —

No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty:
Lie at thy feet and kiss them, though they spurn me,
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pierre —

Art thou not ——

Jaffier —

What?

Pierre —

A traitor?

Jaffier —

Yes.

Pierre —

A villain?

Jaffier —

Granted.

Pierre —

A coward, a most scandalous coward,
Spiritless, void of honor, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?

Jaffier —

All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberless.

Pierre —

And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false ——

Jaffier —

No; 'tis to me that's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pierre —

I scorn it more, because preserved by thee:

And as when first my foolish heart took pity
 On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
 Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from thy state
 Of wretchedness in which thy fate had plunged thee,
 To rank thee in my list of noble friends,
 All I received in surety for thy truth
 Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
 Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen,
 So I restore it back to thee again ;
 Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
 Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
 Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
 Were to exceed those limited the world.
 Take it — farewell! — for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaffier —

Say thou wilt live then.

Pierre —

For my life, dispose it
 Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired with.

Jaffier —

O Pierre!

Pierre —

No more.

Jaffier —

My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
 But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pierre —

Leave me! — Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me,
 And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee!

[*Exeunt PIERRE and Conspirators, guarded.*]



EPITAPH ON CHARLES II.

By LORD ROCHESTER.

[1647-1680.]

HERE lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
 Whose word no man relies on ;
 Who never said a foolish thing,
 Nor ever did a wise one.

[Charles retorted that this was quite natural, as his words were his own and his acts were his ministers'.]

A CHARACTER OF KING CHARLES II.

By LORD HALIFAX.

[GEORGE SAVILE, Marquis of Halifax, a leading English statesman of the later seventeenth century, and one of the ablest pamphleteers of any age, was born about 1630, of two powerful families, Savile and Coventry. For his part in the Restoration he was raised from baronet to viscount; and, though soon alienating the king by his independence, was admitted to the Privy Council because the government dared not leave so formidable a master of debate and of ridicule outside. Though taking part in weighty business and embassies, he was not trusted with the scandalous secrets of the now Catholic government, and was ousted by Danby in 1676; but in 1679 was made an earl, and again admitted after Danby's fall. He was always a moderate, — a "Trimmer," as the name went, — opposed the Test Bill of 1675, and in 1679 the Exclusion Bill to bar out Catholics from the succession, aimed at James II., and alone secured its rejection by a narrow majority. This cost him the good-will of the great middle class, without gaining that of James, whose hands his restrictive measures would tie as king. On James's accession he was first given a powerless office; then, on refusing to vote for the repeal of the Test and Habeas Corpus Acts, dismissed from the Council. He nevertheless disfavoured William's invasion, and tried to stop it by securing concessions from James; failing, and James fleeing, he joined in placing William on the throne. The ruling orders and High Church class wished a regency, but Halifax voted against it, and thereby alienated the other half of the country, though he did so because William absolutely refused anything short of a complete kingship. He was made a marquis and Lord Privy Seal by William; but the whole nation now distrusted him, his political usefulness was at an end, and he shortly resigned. He died in 1695. His most famous pamphlets were "A Letter to a Dissenter," to keep the Nonconformists from accepting James's offer of joint relief for them and the Catholics; "The Anatomy of an Equivalent" (*i.e.*, for letting the king dispense with the test laws by his own prerogative); and the "Character of a Trimmer." His "Advice to his Daughter" and other papers are also of high quality.]

I. OF HIS RELIGION.

A CHARACTER differeth from a picture only in this; every part of it must be like, but it is not necessary that every feature should be comprehended in it as in a picture, only some of the most remarkable.

This prince at his first entrance into the world had adversity for his introducer; which is generally thought to be no ill one, but in his case it proved so, and laid the foundation of most of those misfortunes or errors that were the causes of the great objections made to him.

The first effect it had was in relation to his religion.

The ill-bred familiarity of the Scotch divines had given him a distaste of that part of the Protestant religion. He was left,

then, to the little remnant of the Church of England on the Fauxbourg St. Germain, which made such a kind of figure as might easily be turned in such a manner as to make him lose his veneration for it. In a refined country, where religion appeared in pomp and splendor, the outward appearance of such unfashionable men was made an argument against their religion, and a young prince not averse to raillery was the more susceptible of a contempt for it.

The company he kept, the men in his pleasures, and the arguments of state that he should not appear too much a Protestant whilst he expected assistance from a Popish prince; all these, together with a habit encouraged by an application to his pleasures, did so loosen and untie him from his first impressions, that I take it for granted after the first year or two he was no more a Protestant. If you ask me what he was, my answer must be that he was of the religion of a young prince in his warm blood, whose inquiries were more applied to find arguments against believing than to lay any settled foundations for acknowledging Providence, mysteries, etc. A general creed, and no very long one, may be presumed to be the utmost religion of one whose age and inclination could not well spare any thoughts that did not tend to his pleasures.

In this kind of indifference or unthinkingness, which is too natural in the beginnings of life to be heavily censured, I will suppose he might pass some considerable part of his youth. I must presume, too, that no occasions were lost during that time to insinuate everything to bend him towards Popery. Great art without intermission against youth and easiness, which are seldom upon their guard, must have its effect. A man is to be admired if he resisteth, and therefore cannot reasonably be blamed if he yieldeth to them. When the critical minute was I'll not undertake to determine, but certainly the inward conviction doth generally precede the outward declarations, at what distances dependeth upon men's several complexions and circumstances; no stated period can be fixed.

It will be said that he had not religion enough to have conviction; that is a vulgar error. Conviction, indeed, is not a proper word but where a man is convinced by reason; but in the common acceptation it is applied to those who cannot tell why they are so. If men can be at least as positive in a mistake as when they are in the right, they may be as clearly convinced when they do not know why as when they do.

I must presume that no man of the King's age and his methods of life could possibly give a good reason for changing the religion in which he was born, let it be what it will. But our passions are much oftener convinced than our reason. He had but little reading, and that tending to his pleasures more than to his instruction. In the library of a young prince the solemn folios are not much rumbled; books of a lighter digestion have the dog's ears.

Some pretend to be very precise in the time of his reconciling — the Cardinal de Retz, etc. I will not enter into it minutely, but whenever it was, it is observable that the government of France did not think it advisable to discover it openly, upon which such obvious reflections may be made that I will not mention them.

Such a secret can never be put into a place which is so closely stopped that there shall be no chinks. Whispers went about; particular men had intimations; Cromwell had his advertisements in other things, and this was as well worth his paying for. There was enough said of it to startle a great many, though not universally diffused; so much, that if the Government here had not crumbled of itself, his right alone, with that and other clogs upon it, would hardly have thrown it down. I conclude that when he came into England he was as certainly a Roman Catholic as that he was a man of pleasure, both very consistent by visible experience.

It is impertinent to give reasons for men's changing their religion. None can give them but themselves, as every man has quite a different way of arguing — a thing which may be very well accounted for. They are different kinds of wit, to be quick to find a fault and to be capable to find out a truth. There must be industry in the last; the first requires only a lively heat that catcheth hold of the weak side of anything, but to choose the strong one is another talent. The reason why men of wit are often the laziest in their inquiries, is that their heat carrieth their thoughts so fast that they are apt to be tired, and they faint in the drudgery of a continued application. Have not men of great wit in all times permitted their understandings to give way to their first impressions? It taketh off from the diminution when a man doth not mind a thing, and the King had then other business. The inferior part of the man was then in possession, and the faculties of the brain, as to serious and painful inquiries, were laid asleep at least, though not

extinguished. Careless men are most subject to superstition. Those who do not study reason enough to make it their guide have more unevenness; as they have neglects, so they have starts and frights; dreams will serve the turn; omens and sicknesses have violent and sudden effects upon them. Nor is the strength of an argument so effectual from the intrinsic force as by its being well suited to the temper of the party.

The genteel part of the Catholic religion might tempt a prince that had more of the fine gentleman than his governing capacity required, and the exercise of indulgence to sinners being more frequent in it than of inflicting penance, might be some recommendation. Mistresses of that faith are stronger specifics in this case than any that are in physic.

The Roman Catholics complained of his breach of promise to them very early. There were broad peepings out, glimpses so often repeated, that to discerning eyes it was flaring; in the very first year there were such suspicions as produced melancholy shakings of the head, which were very significant. His unwillingness to marry a Protestant was remarkable, though both the Catholic and the Christian crown would have adopted her. Very early in his youth, when any German princess was proposed, he put off the discourse with raillery. A thousand little circumstances were a kind of accumulative evidence, which in these cases may be admitted.

Men that were earnest Protestants were under the sharpness of his displeasure, expressed by raillery as well as by other ways. Men near him have made discoveries from sudden breakings out in discourse, etc., which showed there was a root. It was not the least skillful part of his concealing himself to make the world think he leaned towards an indifference in religion.

He had sicknesses before his death, in which he did not trouble any Protestant divines; those who saw him upon his death-bed saw a great deal.

As to his writing those papers,¹ he might do it. Though neither his temper nor education made him very fit to be an author, yet in this case (a known topic, so very often repeated) he might write it all himself, and yet not one word of it his own. That Church's argument doth so agree with men unwilling to take pains, the temptation of putting an end to all the

¹ Two papers in defense of the Roman Catholic religion found in this King's strong box, in his own hand, and published by King James II. afterwards. Ormond believed he had only copied them. Burnet did not think they were his.

trouble of inquiring is so great that it must be very strong reason that can resist. The King had only his mere natural faculties, without any acquisitions to improve them, so that it is no wonder if an argument which gave such ease and relief to his mind made such an impression, that with thinking often of it (as men are apt to do of everything they like) he might, by the effect chiefly of his memory, put together a few lines with his own hand without any help at the time; in which there was nothing extraordinary, but that one so little inclined to write at all should prevail with himself to do it with the solemnity of a casuist.

II. HIS DISSIMULATION.

One great objection made to him was the concealing himself and disguising his thoughts. In this there ought a latitude to be given: it is a defect not to have it at all, and a fault to have it too much. Human nature will not allow the mean: like all other things, as soon as ever men get to do them well, they cannot easily hold from doing them too much. 'Tis the case even in the least things, as singing, etc.

In France he was to dissemble injuries and neglects from one reason; in England he was to dissemble, too, though for other causes. A king upon the throne hath as great temptations (though of another kind) to dissemble, as a king in exile. The King of France might have his times of dissembling as much with him as he could have to do it with the King of France; so he was in school.

No king can be so little inclined to dissemble but he must needs learn it from his subjects, who every day give him such lessons of it. Dissimulation is like most other qualities: it hath two sides; it is necessary, and yet it is dangerous, too. To have none at all layeth a man open to contempt; to have too much exposeth him to suspicion, which is only the less dishonorable inconvenience. If a man doth not take very great precautions, he is never so much showed as when he endeavoreth to hide himself. One man cannot take more pains to hide himself than another will do to see into him, especially in the case of kings.

It is none of the exalted faculties of the mind, since there are chambermaids will do it better than any prince in Christendom. Men given to dissembling are like rooks at play — they

will cheat for shillings, they are so used to it. The vulgar definition of dissembling is downright lying; that kind of it which is less ill-bred cometh pretty near it. Only princes and persons of honor must have gentler words given to their faults than the nature of them may in themselves deserve.

Princes dissemble with too many not to have it discovered; no wonder, then, that he carried it so far that it was discovered. Men compared notes and got evidence, so that those whose morality would give them leave, took it for an excuse for serving him ill. Those who knew his face fixed their eyes there, and thought it of more importance to see than to hear what he said. His face was as little a blab as most men's, yet, though it could not be called a prattling face, it would sometimes tell tales to a good observer. When he thought fit to be angry he had a very peevish memory; there was hardly a blot that escaped him. At the same time that this showed the strength of his dissimulation, it gave warning, too; it fitted his present purpose, but it made a discovery that put men more upon their guard against him. Only self-flattery furnisheth perpetual arguments to trust again; the comfortable opinion men have of themselves keepeth up human society, which would be more than half destroyed without it.

III. HIS AMOURS, MISTRESSES, ETC.

It may be said that his inclinations to love were the effects of health and a good constitution, with as little mixture of the seraphic part as ever man had, and though from that foundation men often raise their passions, I am apt to think his stayed as much as any man's ever did in the lower region. This made him like easy mistresses — they were generally resigned to him while he was abroad, with an implied bargain. Heroic, refined lovers place a good deal of their pleasure in the difficulty, both for the vanity of conquest and as a better earnest of their kindness.

After he was restored, mistresses were recommended to him; which is no small matter in a court, and not unworthy the thought even of a party. A mistress either dexterous in herself or well-instructed by those that are so, may be very useful to her friends, not only in the immediate hours of her ministry, but by her influences and insinuations at other times. It was resolved generally by others whom he should have in

his arms, as well as whom he should have in his councils. Of a man who was so capable of choosing, he chose as seldom as any man that ever lived.

He had more properly, at least in the beginning of his time, a good stomach to his mistresses, than any great passion for them. His taking them from others was never learnt in a romance ; and indeed fitter for a philosopher than a knight-errant. His patience for their frailties showed him no exact-[ing] lover. It is heresy, according to a true lover's creed, ever to forgive an infidelity, or the appearance of it. Love of ease will not do it where the heart is much engaged ; but where mere nature is the motive, it is possible for a man to think righter than the common opinion, and to argue that a rival taketh away nothing but the heart, and leaveth all the rest.

In his latter times he had no love, but insensible engagements that made it harder than most might apprehend to untie them. The politics might have their part ; a secret, a commission, a confidence in critical things, though it doth not give a lease for a precise term of years, yet there may be difficulties in dismissing them ; there may be no love all the while ; perhaps the contrary.

He was said to be as little constant as they were thought to be. Though he had no love, he must have some appetite, or else he could not keep them for mere ease, or for the love of sauntering. Mistresses are frequently apt to be uneasy ; they are in all respects craving creatures : so that though the taste of those joys might be flattened ; yet a man who loved pleasure so as to be very unwilling to part with it, might (with the assistance of his fancy, which doth not grow old so fast) reserve some supplemental entertainments that might make their personal service be still of use to him. The definition of pleasure is, what pleaseth ; and if that which grave men may call a corrupted fancy shall administer any remedies for putting off mourning for the loss of youth, who shall blame it ?

The young men seldom apply their censure to these matters ; and the elder have an interest to be gentle towards a mistake, that seemeth to make some kind of amends for their decays.

He had wit enough to suspect, and he had wit enough, too, not to care : the ladies got a great deal more than would have been allowed to be an equal bargain in Chancery, for what they did for it, but neither the manner nor the measure of pleasure is to be judged by others.

Little inducements at first grew into strong reasons by degrees. Men do not consider circumstances, but judge at a distance, by a general way of arguing ; conclude if a mistress in some cases is not immediately turned off, it must needs be that the gallant is incurably subjected. This will by no means hold in private men, much less in princes, who are under more entanglements, from which they cannot so easily loosen themselves.

His mistresses were as different in their humors as they were in their looks. They gave matter of very different reflections. The last especially [Duchess of Portland] was quite out of the definition of an ordinary mistress ; the causes and the manner of her being first introduced were very different. A very peculiar distinction was spoken of, some extraordinary solemnities that might dignify, though not sanctify, her function. Her chamber was the true Cabinet Council. The King did always by his councils, as he did sometimes by his meals : he sat down out of form with the Queen, but he supped below stairs. To have the secrets of a king, who happens to have too many, is to have a king in chains : he must not only not part with her, but he must in his own defense dissemble his dislike ; the less kindness he hath, the more he must show. There is great difference between being muffled, and being tied : he was the first, not the last. If he had quarreled at some times, besides other advantages, this mistress had a powerful second (one may suppose a kind of guarantee) ; this to a man that loved his ease, though his age had not helped, was sufficient.

The thing called sauntering is a stronger temptation to princes than it is to others. They being called with importunities, pursued from one room to another with asking faces ; the dismal sound of unreasonable complaints and ill-grounded pretenses ; the deformity of fraud ill disguised — all these would make any man run away from them ; and I used to think it was the motive for making him walk so fast. So it was more properly taking sanctuary. To get into a room, where all business was to stay at the door, excepting such as he was disposed to admit, might be very acceptable to a younger man than he was, and less given to his ease. He slumbered after dinner, had the noise of the company to divert him, without their solicitations to importune him. In these hours where he was more unguarded, no doubt the cunning men of the court took their times to make their observations, and there is as little

doubt but he made his upon them, too : where men had chinks he would see through them as soon as any man about him. There was much more real business done there in his politic than there was in his personal capacity, *stans pede in uno* ; and there was the French part of the Government, which was not the least.

In short, without endeavoring to find more arguments, he was used to it. Men do not care to put off a habit, nor do often succeed when they go about it. His was not an unthinkingness : but he did not perhaps think so much of his subjects as they might wish ; but he was far from being wanting to think of himself.

IV. HIS CONDUCT TO HIS MINISTERS.

He lived with his ministers as he did with his mistresses ; he used them, but he was not in love with them. He showed his judgment in this, that he cannot properly be said ever to have had a favorite, though some might look so at a distance. The present use he might have of them made him throw favors upon them, which might lead the lookers-on into that mistake ; but he tied himself no more to them than they did to him, which implied a sufficient liberty on either side.

Perhaps he made dear purchases : if he seldom gave profusely but where he expected some unreasonable thing, great rewards were material evidences against those who received them.

He was free of access to them, which was a very gaining quality. He had at least as good a memory for the faults of his ministers as for their services : and whenever they fell, the whole inventory came out ; there was not a slip omitted.

That some of his ministers seemed to have a superiority did not spring from his resignation to them, but to his ease. He chose rather to be eclipsed than to be troubled.

His brother was a minister, and he had his jealousies of him. At the same time that he raised him, he was not displeased to have him lessened. The cunning observers found this out, and at the same time that he reigned in the Cabinet he was very familiarly used at the private supper.

A minister turned off is like a lady's waiting-woman, that knoweth all her washes, and hath a shrewd guess at her straying : so there is danger in turning them off, as well as in keeping them.

He had back stairs to convey informations to him, as well as for other uses ; and though such informations are sometimes dangerous (especially to a prince that will not take the pains necessary to digest them), yet in the main, that humor of hearing everybody against anybody kept those about him in more awe than they would have been without it. I do not believe that he ever trusted any man, or any set of men, so entirely as not to have some secrets in which they had no share : as this might make him less well served, so in some degree it might make him the less imposed upon.

You may reckon under this article his female ministry ; for though he had ministers of the council, ministers of the cabinet, and ministers of the ruelle, the ruelle was often the last appeal. Those who were not well there, were used because they were necessary at the time, not because they were liked ; so that their tenure was a little uncertain. His ministers were to administer business to him as doctors do physic — wrap it up in something to make it less unpleasant ; some skillful digressions were so far from being impertinent, that they could not many times fix him to a fair audience without them. His aversion to formality made him dislike a serious discourse, if very long, except it was mixed with something to entertain him. Some (even of the graver sort, too) used to carry this very far, and, rather than fail, use the coarsest kind of youthful talk.

In general, he was on pretty even terms with his ministers, and could [as] easily bear their being hanged as some of them could his being abused.

V. OF HIS WIT AND CONVERSATION.

His wit consisted chiefly in the quickness of his apprehension. His apprehension made him find faults, and that led him to short sayings upon them, not always equal, but often very good.

By his being abroad, he contracted a habit of conversing familiarly, which, added to his natural genius, made him very apt to talk ; perhaps more than a very nice judgment would approve.

He was apter to make broad allusions upon anything that gave the least occasion than was altogether suitable with the very good breeding he showed in most other things. The company he kept whilst abroad had so used him to that sort of

dialect that he was so far from thinking it a fault or an indecency that he made it a matter of raillery upon those who could not prevail upon themselves to join in it. As a man who hath a good stomach loveth generally to talk of meat, so, in the vigor of his age, he began that style, which by degrees grew so natural to him, that after he ceased to do it out of pleasure, he continued to do it out of custom. The hypocrisy of former times inclined men to think they could not show too great an aversion to it, and that helped to encourage this unbounded liberty of talking, without the restraints of decency which were before observed. In his more familiar conversation with the ladies, even they must be passive, if they would not enter into it. How far sounds as well as objects may have their effects to raise inclination, might be an argument to him to use that style; or whether using liberty at its full stretch was not the general inducement without any particular motives to it.

The manner of that time of telling stories, had drawn him into it; being commended at first for the faculty of telling a tale well, he might insensibly be betrayed to exercise it too often. Stories are dangerous in this, that the best expose a man most, by being oftenest repeated. It might pass for an evidence for the moderns against¹ the ancients, that it is now wholly left off by all that have any pretense to be distinguished by their good sense.

He had the improvements of wine, etc., which made him pleasant and easy in company, where he bore his part, and was acceptable even to those who had no other design than to be merry with him.

The thing called wit, a prince may taste, but it is dangerous for him to take too much of it; it hath allurements which, by refining his thoughts, take off from their dignity, in applying them less to the governing part. There is a charm in wit, which a prince must resist: and that to him was no easy matter; it was contesting with nature upon terms of disadvantage.

His wit was not so ill-natured as to put men out of countenance. In the case of a king especially, it is allowable to speak more sharply of them than to them.

His wit was not acquired by reading; that which he had above his original stock by nature, was from company, in which he was very capable to observe. He could not so properly be

¹ See Macaulay on Sir William Temple, page 270.

said to have a wit very much raised, as a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit.

But of all men that ever liked those who had wit, he could the best endure those who had none. This leaneth more towards a satire than a compliment, in this respect, that he could not only suffer impertinence, but at some times seemed to be pleased with it.

He encouraged some to talk a good deal more with him than one would have expected from a man of so good a taste. He should rather have ordered his attorney-general to prosecute them for a misdemeanor in using common-sense so scurvily in his presence. However, if this was a fault, it is arrogant for any of his subjects to object to it, since it would look like defying such a piece of indulgence. He must, in some degree, loosen the strength of his wit by his condescension to talk with men so very unequal to him. Wit must be used to some equality, which may give it exercise, or else it is apt either to languish, or to grow a little vulgar, by reigning amongst men of a lower size, where there is no awe to keep a man upon his guard.

It fell out rather by accident than by choice that his mistresses were such as did not care that wit of the best kind should have the precedence in their apartments. Sharp and strong wit will not always be so held in by good manners, as not to be a little troublesome in a *ruelle* [bedchamber reception]. But wherever impertinence [folly] hath wit enough left to be thankful for being well used, it will not only be admitted, but kindly received; such charms everything hath that setteth us off by comparison.

His affability was a part, and perhaps not the least, of his wit.

It is a quality that must [may] not always spring from the heart; men's pride, as well as their weakness, maketh them ready to be deceived by it. They are more ready to believe it a homage paid to their merit, than a bait thrown out to deceive them. Princes have a particular advantage.

There was at first as much of art as nature in his affability, but by habit it became natural. It is an error of the better hand, but the universality taketh away a good deal of the force of it. A man that hath had a kind look seconded with engaging words, whilst he is chewing the pleasure, if another in his sight should be just received [? received just] as kindly,

that equality would presently alter the relish. The pride of mankind will have distinction, till at last it cometh to smile for smile, meaning nothing of either side; without any kind of effect; mere drawing-room compliments; the bow alone would be better without them. He was under some disadvantages of this kind, that grew still in proportion as it came by time to be more known that there was less signification in those things than at first was thought.

The familiarity of his wit must needs have the effect of lessening the distance fit to be kept to him. The freedom used to him whilst abroad was retained by those who used it longer than either they ought to have kept it or he have suffered it, and others by their example learned to use the same. A King of Spain that will say nothing but *Tiendro Cuidado*,¹ will, to the generality, preserve more respect; an engine that will speak but sometimes, at the same time that it will draw the raillery of the few who judge well, it will create respect in the ill-judging generality. Formality is sufficiently revenged upon the world for being so unreasonably laughed at; it is destroyed, it is true, but it hath the spiteful satisfaction of seeing everything destroyed with it.

His fine-gentlemanship did him no good, encouraged in it by being too much applauded.

His wit was better suited to his condition before he was restored than afterwards. The wit of a gentleman, and that of a crowned head, ought to be different things. As there is a Crown Law, there is a Crown wit too. To use it with reserve is very good, and very rare. There is a dignity in doing things seldom, even without any other circumstance. Where wit will run continually, the spring is apt to fail; so that it groweth vulgar, and the more it is practiced, the more it is debased.

He was so good at finding out other men's weak sides, that it made him less intent to cure his own: that generally happeneth. It may be called a treacherous talent, for it betrayeth a man to forget to judge himself, by being so eager to censure others. This doth so misguide men the first part of their lives, that the habit of it is not easily recovered when the greater ripeness of their judgment inclineth them to look more into themselves than into other men.

Men love to see themselves in the false looking-glass of

¹ Query, *Tendre cuidado*, "I will take care."

other men's failings. It maketh a man think well of himself at the time, and by sending his thoughts abroad to get food for laughing, they are less at leisure to see faults at home. Men choose rather to make the war in another country than to keep all well at home.

VI. HIS TALENTS, TEMPER, HABITS, ETC.

He had a mechanical head, which appeared in his inclination to shipping and fortification, etc. This would make one conclude that his thoughts would naturally have been more fixed to business if his pleasures had not drawn them away from it.

He had a very good memory, though he would not always make equal good use of it. So that if he had accustomed himself to direct his faculties to his business, I see no reason why he might not have been a good master of it. His chain of memory was longer than his chain of thought: the first could bear any burden, the other was tired by being carried on too long; it was fit to ride a heat, but it had not wind enough for a long course.

A very great memory often forgetteth how much time is lost by repeating things of no use. It was one reason of his talking so much; since a great memory will always have something to say, and will be discharging itself, whether in or out of season, if a good judgment doth not go along with it to make it stop and turn. One might say of his memory that it was a *Beauté journalière* [handsome scrub-woman]. Sometimes he would make shrewd applications, etc., at others he would bring things out of it that never deserved to be laid in it.

He grew by age into a pretty exact distribution of his hours, both for his business, pleasures, and the exercise for his health, of which he took as much care as could possibly consist with some liberties he was resolved to indulge in himself. He walked by his watch, and when he pulled it out to look upon it, skillful men would make haste with what they had to say to him.

He was often retained in his personal against his politic[al] capacity. He would speak upon those occasions most dexterously against himself. Charles Stuart would be bribed against the King, and in the distinction, he leaned more to his natural self than his character [political functions] would allow. He would not suffer himself to be so much fettered by

his character as was convenient; he was still starting out of it; the power of nature was too strong for the dignity of his calling, which generally yielded as often as there was a contest.

It was not the best use he made of his back stairs to admit men to bribe him against himself, to procure a defalcation, help a lame accountant to get off, or side with the farmers against the improvement of the revenue. The King was made the instrument to defraud the Crown, which is somewhat extraordinary.

That which might tempt him to it probably was his finding that those about him so often took money upon those occasions; so that he thought he might do well at least to be a partner. He did not take the money to hoard it: there were those at court who watched those times, as the Spaniards do for the coming in of the Plate Fleet. The beggars of both sexes helped to empty his cabinet, and to leave room in them for a new lading upon the next occasion. These negotiators played double with him too, when it was for their purpose to do so. He knew it, and went on still: so he gained his present end at the time, he was less solicitous to inquire into the consequences.

He could not properly be said to be either covetous or liberal: his desire to get was not with an intention to be rich; and his spending was rather an easiness in letting money go than any premeditated thought for the distribution of it. He would do as much to throw off the burden of a present importunity as he would to relieve a want.

When once the aversion to bear uneasiness taketh place in a man's mind, it doth so check all the passions that they are damped into a kind of indifference; they grow faint and languishing, and come to be subordinate to that fundamental maxim of not purchasing anything at the price of a difficulty. This made that he had as little eagerness to oblige as he had to hurt men; the motive of his giving bounties was rather to make men less uneasy to him than more easy to themselves; and yet no ill-nature all this while. He would slide from an asking face, and could guess very well. It [the act of giving] was throwing a man off from his shoulder that leaned upon them with his whole weight; so that the party was not gladder to receive than he was to give. It was a kind of implied bargain; though men seldom kept it, being so apt to forget the advantage they had received that they would presume the King would as

little remember the good he had done them, so as to make it an argument against their next request.

This principle of making the love of ease exercise an entire sovereignty in his thoughts, would have been less censured in a private man than might be in a prince. The consequence of it to the public changeth the nature of that quality; or else a philosopher in his private capacity might say a great deal to justify it. The truth is, a king is to be such a distinct creature from a man that their thoughts are to be put in quite a differing shape, and it is such a disquieting task to reconcile them, that princes might rather expect to be lamented than to be envied, for being in a station that exposeth them, if they do not do more to answer men's expectations than human nature will allow.

That men have the less ease for their loving it so much, is so far from a wonder, that it is a natural consequence, especially in the case of a prince. Ease is seldom got without some pains, but it is yet seldomer kept without them. He thought giving would make men more easy to him, whereas he might have known it would make them more troublesome.

When men receive benefits from princes, they attribute less to his generosity than to their own deserts; so that [as] in their own opinion their merit cannot be bounded, by that mistaken rule, it can as little be satisfied. They would take it for a diminution to have it circumscribed. Merit hath a thirst upon it that can never be quenched by golden showers. It is not only still ready, but greedy to receive more. This King Charles found in as many instances as any prince that ever reigned, because the easiness of access introducing the good success of their first request, they were the more encouraged to repeat those importunities, which had been more effectually stopped in the beginning by a short and resolute denial. But his nature did not dispose him to that method; it directed him rather to put off the troublesome minute for the time, and that being his inclination, he did not care to struggle with it.

I am of an opinion, in which I am every day more confirmed by observation, that gratitude is one of those things that cannot be bought. It must be born with men, or else all the obligations in the world will not create it. An outward show may be made to satisfy decency, and to prevent reproach; but a real sense of a kind thing is a gift of nature, and never was, nor can be, acquired.

The love of ease is an opiate; it is pleasing for the time, quieteth the spirits; but it hath its effects that seldom fail to be most fatal. The immoderate love of ease maketh a man's mind pay a passive obedience to anything that happeneth. It reduceth the thoughts from having desire to be content.

It must be allowed that he had a little over-balance on the well-natured side, not vigor enough to be earnest to do a kind thing, much less to do a harsh one; but if a hard thing was done to another man, he did not eat his supper the worse for it. It was rather a deadness than severity of nature, whether it proceeded from dissipation of spirits, or by the habit of living in which he was engaged.

If a king should be born with more tenderness than might suit with his office, he would in time be hardened. The faults of his subjects make severity so necessary that, by the frequent occasions given to use it, it comes to be habitual, and by degrees the resistance that nature made at first groweth fainter, till at last it is in a manner quite extinguished.

In short, this prince might more properly be said to have gifts than virtues, as affability, easiness of living, inclinations to give, and to forgive: qualities that flowed from his nature rather than from his virtue.

He had not more application to anything than to the preservation of his health; it had an entire preference to anything else in his thoughts, and he might be said (without aggravation) to study that with as little intermission as any man in the world. He understood it very well, only in this he failed, that he thought it was more reconcilable with his pleasures than it really was. It is natural to have such a mind to reconcile these, that 'tis the easier for any man that goeth about it to be guilty of that mistake.

This made him overdo in point of nourishment, the better to furnish to those entertainments; and then he thought by great exercise to make amends, and to prevent the ill effects of his blood being too much raised. The success he had in this method, whilst he had youth and vigor to support him in it, encouraged him to continue it longer than nature allowed. Age stealeth so insensibly upon us, that we do not think of suiting our way of reasoning to the several stages of life; so insensibly that, not being able to pitch upon any precise time when we cease to be young, we either flatter ourselves that we always continue to be so, or at least forget how much we are mistaken in it.

VII. CONCLUSION.

After all this, when some rough strokes of the pencil have made several parts of the picture a little hard, it is a justice that would be due to every man, much more to a prince, to make some amends, and to reconcile men as much as may be to it by the last finishing.

He had as good a claim to a kind interpretation as most men. First as a prince — living and dead, generous and well-bred men will be gentle to them; next as an unfortunate prince in the beginning of his time, and a gentle one in the rest.

A prince neither sharpened [sour]ed] by his misfortunes whilst abroad, nor by his power when restored, is such a shining character that it is a reproach not to be so dazzled with it as not to be able to see it a fault in its full light. It would be a scandal in this case to have an exact memory. And if all who are akin to his vices should mourn for him, never prince would be better attended to his grave. He is under the protection of common frailty, that must engage men for their own sakes not to be too severe where they themselves have so much to answer.

What therefore an angry philosopher would call lewdness, let frailer men call a warmth and sweetness of the blood, that would not be confined in the communicating itself; an overflowing of good nature, of which he had such a stream that it would not be restrained within the banks of a crabbed and unsociable virtue.

If he had sometimes less firmness than might have been wished, let the kindest reason be given, and if that should be wanting, the best excuse. I would assign the cause of it to be his loving, at any rate, to be easy, and his deserving the more to be indulged in it by his desiring that everybody else should be so.

If he sometimes let a servant fall, let it be examined whether he did not weigh so much upon his master as to give him a fair excuse. That yieldingness, whatever foundations it might lay to the disadvantage of posterity, was a specific to preserve us in peace for his own time. If he loved too much to lie upon his own down-bed of ease, his subjects had the pleasure, during his reign, of lolling and stretching upon theirs. As a sword is sooner broken upon a feather-bed than upon a table, so his pliantness broke the blow of a present mischief much better than a more immediate resistance would perhaps have done.

Ruin saw this, and therefore removed him first to make way for further overturnings.

If he dissembled, let us remember, first, that he was a king, and that dissimulation is a jewel of the Crown; next, that it is very hard for a man not to do sometimes too much of that which he concludeth necessary for him to practice. Men should consider that, as there would be no false dice if there were no true ones, so if dissembling is grown universal, it ceaseth to be foul play, having an implied allowance by the general practice. He that was so often forced to dissemble in his own defense, might the better have the privilege sometimes to be the aggressor, and to deal with men at their own weapon.

Subjects are apt to be as arbitrary in their censure as the most assuming kings can be in their power. If there might be matter for objections, there is not less reason for excuses; the defects laid to his charge are such as may claim indulgence from mankind.

Should nobody throw a stone at his faults but those who are free from them, there would be but a slender shower.

What private man will throw stones at him because he loved? Or what prince because he dissembled?

If he either trusted or forgave his enemies, or in some cases neglected his friends, more than could in strictness be allowed, let not those errors be so arraigned as to take away the privilege that seemeth to be due to princely frailties. If princes are under the misfortune of being accused to govern ill, their subjects have the less right to fall hard upon them, since they generally so little deserve to be governed well.

The truth is, the calling of a king, with all its glittering, hath such an unreasonable weight upon it that they may rather expect to be lamented than to be envied for being set upon a pinnacle, where they are exposed to censure if they do not do more to answer men's expectations than corrupt nature will allow.

It is but justice therefore to this prince, to give all due soft-enings to the less shining parts of his life; to offer flowers and leaves to hide, instead of using aggravations to expose them.

Let his royal ashes then lie soft upon him, and cover him from harsh and unkind censures; which though they should not be unjust, can never clear themselves from being indecent.

PROVIDENCE AND HUMAN FORTUNES.

By ROBERT SOUTH.

[ROBERT SOUTH, whose sermons are still valued for their sound English style and piquant energy, was born near London in 1633; and going to Christ Church, Oxford, was made public orator of the university in 1660, and canon of the college in 1670. He became chaplain to Lord Clarendon, and 1676 to the embassy to Poland, of which he wrote an account. In 1693 he held a debate with Dr. Sherlock on the Trinity, with the odd result that both were charged with heresy. He died 1716, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His sermons, in whole or part, have been often reprinted.]

PREACHED AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FEBRUARY 22, 1685.

Prov. xiv. 33.—The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing of it is of the Lord.

I CANNOT think myself engaged from these words to discourse of lots, as to their nature, use, and allowableness: and that not only in matters of moment and business, but also of recreation; which latter is indeed impugned by some, though better defended by others: but I shall fix only upon the design of the words, which seems to be a declaration of a divine perfection by a signal instance; a proof of the exactness and universality of God's providence from its influence upon a thing of all others, the most casual and fortuitous, such as is the casting of lots.

A lot is properly a casual event, purposely applied to the determination of some doubtful thing.

Some there are who utterly proscribe the name of *chance*, as a word of impious and profane signification; and indeed, if it be taken by us in that sense in which it was used by the heathen, so as to make anything casual in respect of God himself, their exception ought justly to be admitted. But to say a thing is a chance, or casualty, as it relates to second causes, is not profaneness, but a great truth; as signifying no more than that there are some events beside the knowledge, purpose, expectation, and power of second agents. And for this very reason, because they are so, it is the royal prerogative of God himself to have all these loose, uneven, fickle uncertainties under his disposal.

The subject, therefore, that from hence we are naturally carried to the consideration of, is the admirable extent of the

divine Providence, in managing the most contingent passages of human affairs ; which that we may the better treat of, we will consider the result of a lot : —

I. In reference to men.

II. In reference to God.

I. For the first of these, if we consider it as relating to men, who suspend the decision of some dubious case upon it, so we shall find that it naturally implies in it these two things : —

1. Something future. 2. Something contingent.

From which two qualifications these two things also follow :

1. That it is absolutely out of the reach of man's knowledge.

2. That it is equally out of his power.

This is most clear ; for otherwise, why are men in such cases doubtful, and concerned, what the issue and result should be ? for no man doubts of what he sees and knows ; nor is solicitous about the event of that which he has in his power to dispose of to what event he pleases.

The light of man's understanding is but a short, diminutive, contracted light, and looks not beyond the present : he knows nothing future, but as it has some kind of presence in the stable, constant manner of operation belonging to its cause ; by virtue of which we know, that if the fire continues for twenty years, it will certainly burn so long ; and that there will be summer, winter, and harvest, in their respective seasons : but whether God will continue the world till to-morrow or no, we cannot know by any certain argument, either from the nature of God or of the world.

But when we look upon such things as relate to their immediate causes with a perfect indifference, so that in respect of them they equally may or may not be, human reason can then, at the best, but conjecture what will be. And in some things, as here in the casting of lots, a man cannot, upon any ground of reason, bring the event of them so much as under conjecture.

The choice of man's will is indeed uncertain, because in many things free : but yet there are certain habits and principles in the soul that have some kind of sway upon it, apt to bias it more one way than another ; so that, upon the proposal of an agreeable object, it may rationally be conjectured that a man's choice will rather incline him to accept than to refuse it. But when lots are shuffled together in a lap, urn, or pitcher, or a man blindfold casts a die, what reason in the world can he have to presume that he shall draw a white stone rather than a

black, or throw an ace rather than a six? Now, if these things are thus out of the compass of a man's knowledge, it will unavoidably follow that they are also out of his power. For no man can govern or command that which he cannot possibly know; since to dispose of a thing implies both a knowledge of the thing to be disposed of, and the end that it is to be disposed of to.

And thus we have seen how a contingent even baffles man's knowledge, and evades his power. Let us now consider the same in respect of God; and so we shall find that it falls under—

1. A certain knowledge. And
2. A determining providence.

1. First of all then, the most casual event of things, as it stands related to God, is comprehended by a certain knowledge. God, by reason of his eternal, infinite, and indivisible nature, is, by one single act of duration, present to all the successive portions of time; and, consequently, to all things successively existing in them: which eternal, indivisible act of his existence makes all futures actually present to him; and it is the presentiality of the object which founds the unerring certainty of his knowledge. For whatsoever is known, is some way or other present; and that which is present cannot but be known by him who is omniscient.

But I shall not insist upon these speculations; which when they are most refined serve only to show how impossible it is for us to have a clear and explicit notion of that which is infinite. Let it suffice us in general to acknowledge and adore the vast compass of God's omniscience. That it is a light shining into every dark corner, ripping up all secrets, and steadfastly grasping the greatest and most slippery uncertainties. As when we see the sun shine upon a river, though the waves of it move and roll this way and that way by the wind; yet for all their unsettledness, the sun strikes them with a direct and a certain beam. Look upon things of the most accidental and mutable nature, accidental in their production, and mutable in their continuance; yet God's prescience of them is as certain in him as the memory of them is or can be in us. He knows which way the lot and the die shall fall, as perfectly as if they were already cast. All futurities are naked before that all-seeing eye, the sight of which is no more hindered by distance of time than the sight of an angel can be determined by distance of place.

2. As all contingencies are comprehended by a certain divine knowledge, so they are governed by as certain and steady a providence.

There is no wandering out of the reach of this, no slipping through the hands of omnipotence. God's hand is as steady as his eye; and certainly thus to reduce contingency to method, instability and chance itself to an unfailing rule and order, argues such a mind as is fit to govern the world; and I am sure nothing less than such an one can.

Now God may be said to bring the greatest casualties under his providence upon a twofold account:

(1.) That he directs them to a certain end.

(2.) Oftentimes to very weighty and great ends.

(1.) And first of all, he directs them to a certain end.

Providence never shoots at rovers. There is an arrow that flies by night as well as by day, and God is the person that shoots it, who can aim then as well as in the day. Things are not left to an *equilibrium*, to hover under an indifference whether they shall come to pass or not come to pass; but the whole train of events is laid beforehand, and all proceed by the rule and limit of an antecedent decree: for otherwise, who could manage the affairs of the world, and govern the dependence of one event upon another, if that event happened at random, and was not cast into a certain method and relation to some foregoing purpose to direct it?

The reason why men are so short and weak in governing is, because most things fall out to them accidentally, and come not into any compliance with their preconceived ends, but they are forced to comply subsequently, and to strike in with things as they fall out, by postliminious after-applications of them to their purposes, or by framing their purposes to them.

But now there is not the least thing that falls within the cognizance of man, but is directed by the counsel of God. *Not an hair can fall from our head, nor a sparrow to the ground, without the will of our heavenly Father.* Such an universal superintendency has the eye and hand of Providence over all, even the most minute and inconsiderable things.

Nay, and sinful actions too are overruled to a certain issue; even that horrid villainy of the crucifixion of our Saviour was not a thing left to the disposal of chance and uncertainty; but in Acts ii. 23 it is said of him, that *he was delivered to the wicked hands of his murderers, by the determinate counsel and*

foreknowledge of God; for surely the Son of God could not die by chance, nor the greatest thing that ever came to pass in nature be left to an undeterminate event. Is it imaginable that the great means of the world's redemption should rest only in the number of possibilities, and hang so loose in respect of its futuration as to leave the event in an equal poise, whether ever there should be such a thing or no? Certainly the actions and proceedings of wise men run in a much greater closeness and coherence with one another than thus to derive at a casual issue, brought under no forecast or design. The pilot must intend some port before he steers his course, or he had as good leave his vessel to the direction of the winds and the government of the waves.

Those that suspend the purposes of God and the resolves of an eternal mind upon the actions of the creature, and make God first wait and expect what the creature will do (and then frame his decrees and counsels accordingly), forget that he is the first cause of all things, and discourse most unphilosophically, absurdly, and unsuitably to the nature of an infinite being; whose influence in every motion must set the first wheel agoing. He must still be the first agent, and what he does he must will and intend to do before he does it, and what he wills and intends once, he willed and intended from all eternity; it being grossly contrary to the very first notions we have of the infinite perfection of the divine nature, to state or suppose any new immanent act in God. . . .

In a word, if we allow God to be the governor of the world, we cannot but grant that he orders and disposes of all inferior events; and if we allow him to be a wise and a rational governor, he cannot but direct them to a certain end.

(2.) In the next place, he directs all these appearing casualties, not only to certain, but also to very great ends.

He that created something out of nothing, surely can raise great things out of small, and bring all the scattered and disordered passages of affairs into a great, beautiful, and exact frame. Now this overruling, directing power of God may be considered, —

First, In reference to societies, or united bodies of men.

Secondly, In reference to particular persons.

First. And first for societies. God and nature do not principally concern themselves in the preservation of particulars, but of kinds and companies. Accordingly, we must allow

Providence to be more intent and solicitous about nations and governments than about any private interest whatsoever. Upon which account it must needs have a peculiar influence upon the erection, continuance, and dissolution of every society. Which great effects it is strange to consider, by what small, inconsiderable means they are oftentimes brought about, and those so wholly undesigned by such as are the immediate visible actors in them. Examples of this we have both in Holy Writ, and also in other stories.

And first for those of the former sort.

Let us reflect upon that strange and unparalleled story of Joseph and his brethren; a story that seems to be made up of nothing else but chances and little contingencies, all directed to mighty ends. For was it not a mere chance that his father Jacob should send him to visit his brethren, just at that time the Ishmaelites were to pass by that way, and so his unnatural brethren take occasion to sell him to them, and they to carry him into Egypt? and then that he should be cast into prison, and thereby brought at length to the knowledge of Pharaoh in that unlikely manner that he was? Yet by a joint connection of every one of these casual events, Providence served itself in the preservation of a kingdom from famine, and of the church, then circumscribed within the family of Jacob. Likewise, by their sojourning in Egypt, he made way for their bondage there, and their bondage for a glorious deliverance through those prodigious manifestations of the divine power, in the several plagues inflicted upon the Egyptians. It was hugely accidental that Joash king of Israel, being commanded by the prophet to *strike upon the ground*, 2 Kings xiii., should strike no oftener than just three times; and yet we find there that the fate of a kingdom depended upon it, and that his victories over Syria were concluded by that number. It was very casual that the Levite and his concubine should linger so long as to be forced to take up their lodging at Gibeah, as we read in Judges xix.; what a civil war that drew after it, almost to the destruction of a whole tribe.

And then, for examples out of other histories, to hint a few of them.

Perhaps there is none more remarkable than that passage about Alexander the Great, in his famed expedition against Darius. When in his march towards him, chancing to bathe himself in the river Cydnus, through the excessive coldness of

those waters he fell sick near unto death for three days; during which short space the Persian army had advanced itself into the strait passages of Cilicia; by which means Alexander with his small army was able to equal them under those disadvantages, and to fight and conquer them. Whereas had not this stop been given him by that accidental sickness, his great courage and promptness of mind would, beyond all doubt, have carried him directly forward to the enemy, till he had met him in the vast open plains of Persia, where his paucity and small numbers would have been contemptible, and the Persian multitudes formidable; and, in all likelihood of reason, victorious. So that this one little accident of that prince's taking a fancy to bathe himself at that time, caused the interruption of his march, and that interruption gave occasion to that great victory that founded the third monarchy of the world.

In like manner, how much of casualty was there in the preservation of Romulus, as soon as born exposed by his uncle, and took up and nourished by a shepherd! (For the story of the she-wolf is a fable.) And yet in that one accident was laid the foundation of the fourth universal monarchy.

How doubtful a case was it, whether Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ, should march directly to Rome, or divert into Campania! Certain it is, that there was more reason for the former; and he was a person that had sometimes the command of reason, as well as regiments: yet his reason deserted his conduct at that time; and by not going to Rome he gave occasion to those recruits of the Roman strength that prevailed to the conquest of his country, and at length to the destruction of Carthage itself, one of the most puissant cities in the world.

And to descend to occurrences within our own nation. How many strange accidents occurred in the whole business of King Henry the Eighth's divorce! yet we see Providence directed it and them to an entire change of the affairs and state of the whole kingdom. And surely, there could not be a greater chance than that which brought to light the powder treason, when Providence, as it were, snatched a king and kingdom out of the very jaws of death, only by the mistake of a word in the direction of a letter.

But of all cases in which little casualties produce great and strange effects, the chief is in war; upon the issues of which hangs the fortune of states and kingdoms.

Cæsar, I am sure, whose great sagacity and conduct put his success as much out of the power of chance as human reason could well do, yet upon occasion of a notable experiment that had like to have lost him his whole army at Dyrrachium, tells us the power of it in the third book of his Commentaries *De Bello Civili*: “Fortuna quæ plurimum potest, cum in aliis rebus, tum præcipue in bello, in parvis momentis magnas rerum mutationes efficit.” Nay, and a greater than Cæsar, even the Spirit of God himself, in *Eccles. vi. 11*, expressly declares, *that the battle is not always to the strong*. So that upon this account every warrior may in some sense be said to be a soldier of fortune; and the best commanders to have a kind of lottery for their work, as, amongst us, they have for their reward. For how often have whole armies been routed by a little mistake, or a sudden fear raised in the soldiers’ minds, upon some trivial ground or occasion!

Sometimes the misunderstanding of a word has scattered and destroyed those who have been even in possession of victory, and wholly turned the fortune of the day. A spark of fire or an unexpected gust of wind may ruin a navy. And sometimes a false, senseless report has spread so far, and sunk so deep into the people’s minds, as to cause a tumult, and that tumult a rebellion, and that rebellion has ended in the subversion of a government.

And in the late war between the king and some of his rebel subjects, has it not sometimes been at an even cast, whether his army should march this way or that way? Whereas had it took that way, which actually it did not, things afterwards so fell out, that in very high probability of reason, it must have met with such success as would have put an happy issue to that wretched war, and thereby have continued the crown upon that blessed prince’s head, and his head upon his shoulders. Upon supposal of which event, most of those sad and strange alterations that have since happened would have been prevented; the ruin of many honest men hindered, the punishment of many great villains hastened, and the preferment of greater spoiled.

Many passages happen in the world, much like that little cloud in *1 Kings xviii.*, that appeared at first to Elijah’s servant, *no bigger than a man’s hand*, but presently after grew and spread, and blackened the face of the whole heaven, and then discharged itself in thunder and rain, and a mighty tempest. So these accidents, when they first happen, seem but small and

contemptible ; but by degrees they branch out, and widen themselves into such a numerous train of mischievous consequences, one drawing after it another, by a continued dependence and multiplication, that the plague becomes victorious and universal, and personal miscarriage determines in a national calamity.

For who that should view the small, despicable beginnings of some things and persons at first, could imagine or prognosticate those vast and stupendous increases of fortune that have afterwards followed them ?

Who, that had looked upon Agathocles first handling the clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, could have thought that from such a condition he should come to be king of Sicily ?

Who, that had seen Masaniello, a poor fisherman, with his red cap and his angle, could have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiable thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or a nod absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples ?

And who, that had beheld such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the parliament house with a threadbare torn cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown ?

It is, as it were, the sport of the Almighty thus to baffle and confound the sons of men by such events as both cross the methods of their actings, and surpass the measure of their expectations. For according to both these, men still suppose a gradual natural progress of things ; as that from great, things and persons should grow greater, till at length, by many steps and ascents, they come to be at greatcst ; not considering that when Providence designs strange and mighty changes, it gives men wings instead of legs ; and instead of climbing leisurely, makes them at once fly to the top and height of greatness and power. So that the world about them (looking up to those illustrious upstarts) scarce knows who or whence they were, nor they themselves where they are.

It were infinite to insist upon particular instances ; histories are full of them, and experience seals to the truth of history.

MONMOUTH'S REBELLION AND THE BLOODY
ASSIZES.

(From "Micah Clarke.")

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

[ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, Scotch novelist, was born in Edinburgh, May 22, 1859. He is the son of Charles Doyle, an artist, and nephew of Richard Doyle of *Punch*. He received his early education at Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, and in Germany; studied medicine at Edinburgh four years; and practiced at Southsea from 1882 to 1890, when he gave his whole attention to literature. He first became popular with the detective stories, "A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," and "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." His other works include: the historical novels "Micah Clarke," "The White Company," "The Refugees," "Rodney Stone," and "Uncle Bernac"; "The Captain of the Polestar"; "Stark Munro Letters"; "Round the Red Lamp"; "Tragedy of the Korosko." He is also the author of the one-act play, "A Story of Waterloo," produced by Sir Henry Irving in 1894.]

MONMOUTH'S VOLUNTEERS FIGHT WITH THE REGULARS.

JUST at the brow of the rising ground there stood a thick bristle of trees, amid the trunks of which there came and went a bright shimmer of sparkling steel which proclaimed the presence of armed men. Farther back, where the road took a sudden turn and ran along the ridge of the hill, several horsemen could be plainly seen outlined against the evening sky.

The fugitives from the west gave a yell of consternation, and ran wildly down the road or whipped up their beasts of burden in the endeavor to place as safe a distance as possible between themselves and the threatened attack. The chorus of shrill cries and shouts, and the cracking of whips, creaking of wheels, and the occasional crash when some cart-load of goods came to grief, made up a most deafening uproar, above which our leader's voice resounded in sharp, eager exhortation and command. When, however, the loud brazen shriek from a bugle broke from the wood, and the head of a troop of horse began to descend the slope, the panic became greater still, and it was difficult for us to preserve any order at all amid the wild rush of the terrified fugitives.

"Stop that cart, Clarke," cried Saxon, vehemently, pointing with his sword to an old wagon, piled high with furniture and bedding, which was lumbering along drawn by two raw-boned colts. At the same moment I saw him drive his horse

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into the crowd and catch at the reins of another similar one. Giving Covenant's bridle a shake, I was soon abreast of the cart which he had indicated, and managed to bring the furious young horses to a standstill.

"Bring it up!" cried our leader, working with the coolness which only a long apprenticeship to war can give. "Now, friends, cut the traces!" A dozen knives were at work in a moment, and the kicking, struggling animals scampered off, leaving their burdens behind them. Saxon sprang off his horse and set the example in dragging the wagon across the roadway, while some of the peasants, under the direction of Reuben Lockarby and of Master Joshua Pettigrue, arranged a couple of other carts to block the way fifty yards farther down. The latter precaution was to guard against the chance of the royal horse riding through the fields and attacking us from behind. So speedily was the scheme conceived and carried out, that within a very few minutes of the first alarm we found ourselves protected front and rear by a lofty barricade, while within this improvised fortress was a garrison of a hundred and fifty men.

"What firearms have we among us?" asked Saxon, hurriedly.

"A dozen pistols at the most," replied the elderly Puritan, who was addressed by his companions as Hope-above Williams. "John Rodway, the coachman, hath his blunderbuss. There are also two godly men from Hungerford, who are keepers of game, and who have brought their pieces with them."

"They are here, sir," cried another, pointing to two stout, bearded fellows, who were ramming charges into their long-barreled muskets. "Their names are Wat and Nat Millman."

"Two who can hit their mark are worth a battalion who shoot wide," our leader remarked. "Get under the wagon, my friends, and rest your pieces upon the spokes. Never draw trigger until the sons of Belial are within three pikes' length of ye."

"My brother and I," quoth one of them, "can hit a running doe at two hundred paces. Our lives are in the hands of the Lord, but two, at least, of these hired butchers we shall send before us."

"As gladly as ever we slew stoat or wild cat," cried the other, slipping under the wagon. "We are keeping the Lord's

preserves now, brother Wat, and truly these are some of the vermin that infest them."

"Let all who have pistols line the wagon," said Saxon, tying his mare to the hedge—an example which we all followed. "Clarke, do you take charge upon the right with Sir Gervas, while Lockarby assists Master Pettigrue upon the left. Ye others shall stand behind with stones. Should they break through our barricade, slash at the horses with your scythes. Once down, the riders are no match for ye."

A low, sullen murmur of determined resolution rose from the peasants, mingled with pious ejaculations and little scraps of hymn or of prayer. They had all produced from under their smocks rustic weapons of some sort. Ten or twelve had petronels, which, from their antique look and rusty condition, threatened to be more dangerous to their possessors than to the enemy. Others had sickles, scythe blades, flails, half-pikes, or hammers, while the remainder carried long knives and oaken clubs. Simple as were these weapons, history has proved that in the hands of men who are deeply stirred by religious fanaticism they are by no means to be despised. One had but to look at the stern, set faces of our followers, and the gleam of exultation and expectancy which shone from their eyes, to see that they were not the men to quail, either from superior numbers or equipment.

"By the mass!" whispered Sir Gervas, "it is magnificent! An hour of this is worth a year in the Mall. The old Puritan bull is fairly at bay. Let us see what sort of sport the bull pups make in the baiting of him! I'll lay five pieces to four on the chaw bacons!"

"Nay, it's no matter for idle betting," said I, shortly, for his light-hearted chatter annoyed me at so solemn a moment.

"Five to four on the soldiers, then!" he persisted. "It is too good a match not to have a stake on it one way or the other."

"Our lives are the stake," said I.

"Faith, I had forgot it!" he replied, still mumbling his toothpick. "'To be or not to be?' as Will of Stratford says. Kynaston was great on the passage. But here is the bell that rings the curtain up."

While we had been making our dispositions, the troop of horse—for there appeared to be but one—had trotted down the crossroad, and had drawn up across the main highway.

They numbered, as far as I could judge, about ninety troopers, and it was evident from their three-cornered hats, steel plates, red sleeves, and bandoliers that they were dragoons of the regular army. The main body halted a quarter of a mile from us, while their officers rode to the front and held a short consultation, which ended in one of them setting spurs to his horse and cantering down in our direction. A bugler followed a few paces behind him, waving a white kerchief and blowing an occasional blast upon his trumpet.

"Here comes an envoy," cried Saxon, who was standing up in the wagon. "Now, my brethren, we have neither kettledrum nor tinkling brass, but we have the instrument wherewith Providence hath endowed us. Let us show the redcoats that we know how to use it.

"Who, then, dreads the violent,
Or fears the man of pride?
Or shall I flee from two or three
If He be by my side?"

Sevenscore voices broke in, in a hoarse roar, upon the chorus.

"Who, then, fears to draw the sword,
And fight the battle of the Lord?"

I could well believe at that moment that the Spartans had found the lame singer Tyrtaeus the most successful of their generals, for the sound of their own voices increased the confidence of the country folk, while the martial words of the old hymn roused the dogged spirit in their breasts. So high did their courage run that they broke off their song with a loud warlike shout, waving their weapons above their heads, and ready, I verily believe, to march out from their barricades and make straight for the horsemen. In the midst of this clamor and turmoil the young dragoon officer, a handsome olive-faced lad, rode fearlessly up to the barrier, and pulling up his beautiful roan steed, held up his hand with an imperious gesture which demanded silence.

"Who is the leader of this conventicle?" he asked.

"Address your message to me, sir," said our leader, from the top of the wagon, "but understand that your white flag will only protect you while you use such language as may come from one courteous adversary to another. Say your say or retire."

“Courtesy and honor,” said the officer, with a sneer, “are not extended to rebels who are in arms against their lawful sovereign. If you are the leader of this rabble, I warn you if they are not dispersed within five minutes by this watch” — he pulled out an elegant gold timepiece — “we shall ride down upon them and cut them to pieces.”

“The Lord can protect His own,” Saxon answered, amid a fierce hum of approval from the crowd. “Is this all thy message?”

“It is all, and you will find it enough, you Presbyterian traitor,” cried the dragoon cornet. “Listen to me, misguided fools,” he continued, standing up upon his stirrups and speaking to the peasants at the other side of the wagon. “What chance have ye with your whittles and cheese scrapers? Ye may yet save your skins if ye will but deliver up your leaders, throw down what ye are pleased to call your arms, and trust to the King’s mercy.”

“This exceedeth the limitations of your privileges,” said Saxon, drawing a pistol from his belt and cocking it. “If you say another word to seduce these people from their allegiance, I fire.”

“Hope not to benefit Monmouth,” cried the young officer, disregarding the threat and still addressing his words to the peasants. “The whole royal army is drawing round him, and —”

“Have a care!” shouted our leader, in a deep, harsh voice.

“His head within a month shall roll upon the scaffold.”

“But you shall never live to see it,” said Saxon, and stooping over he fired straight at the cornet’s head. At the flash of the pistol the trumpeter wheeled round and galloped for his life, while the roan horse turned and followed, with its master still seated firmly in the saddle.

“Verily you have missed the Midianite!” cried Hope-above Williams.

“He is dead,” said our leader, pouring a fresh charge into his pistol. “It is the law of war, Clarke,” he added, looking round at me. “He hath chosen to break it and he must pay forfeit.”

As he spoke I saw the young officer lean gradually over in his saddle, until, when about halfway back to his friends, he lost his balance, and fell heavily in the roadway, turning over two or three times with the force of his fall, and lying at last

still and motionless, a dust-colored heap. A loud yell of rage broke from the troopers at the sight, which was answered by a shout of defiance from the Puritan peasantry.

"Down on your faces!" cried Saxon. "They are about to fire."

The crackle of musketry and a storm of bullets, pinging on the hard ground, or cutting twigs from the hedges on either side of us, lent emphasis to our leader's order. Many of the peasants crouched behind the feather beds and tables which had been pulled out of the cart. Some lay in the wagon itself, and some sheltered themselves behind or underneath it. Others again lined the ditches on either side or lay flat upon the roadway, while a few showed their belief in the workings of Providence by standing upright without flinching from the bullets. Among these latter were Saxon and Sir Gervas, the former to set an example to his raw troops, and the latter out of pure laziness and indifference. Reuben and I sat together in the ditch, and I can assure you, my dear grandchildren, that we felt very much inclined to bob our heads when we heard the bullets piping all around them. If any soldier ever told you that he did not the first time that he was under fire, then that soldier is not a man to trust. After sitting rigid and silent, however, as if we both had stiff necks, for a very few minutes, the feeling passed completely away, and from that day to this it has never returned to me. You see familiarity breeds contempt with bullets as with other things, and though it is no easy matter to come to like them, like the King of Sweden or my Lord Cutts, it is not so very hard to become indifferent to them.

The cornet's death did not remain long unavenged. A little old man with a sickle, who had been standing near Sir Gervas, gave a sudden sharp cry, and springing up into the air with a loud "Glory to God!" fell flat upon his face dead. A bullet had struck him just over the right eye. Almost at the same moment one of the peasants in the wagon was shot through the chest, and set up coughing blood all over the wheel. I saw Master Joshua Pettigrue catch him in his long arms and settle some bedding under his head, so that he lay breathing heavily and pattering forth prayers. The minister showed himself a man that day, for amid the fierce carbine fire he walked boldly up and down, with a drawn rapier in his left hand — for he was a left-handed man — and his Bible in the

other. "This is what you are dying for, dear brothers," he cried continually, holding the brown volume up in the air; "are ye not ready to die for this?" And every time he asked the question a low eager murmur of assent rose from the ditches, the wagon, and the road.

"They aim like yokels at a wappin-schaw," said Saxon, seating himself on the side of the wagon. "Like all young soldiers, they fire too high. When I was an adjutant, it was my custom to press down the barrels of the muskets until my eye told me they were level. These rogues think that they have done their part if they do but let the gun off, though they are as like to hit the plovers above us as ourselves."

"Five of the faithful have fallen," said Hope-above Williams. "Shall we not sally forth and do battle with the children of Antichrist? Are we to lie here like so many popinjays at a fair for the troopers to practice upon?"

"There is a stone barn over yonder on the hillside," I remarked. "If we who have horses, and a few others, were to keep the dragoons in play, the people might be able to reach it, and so be sheltered from the fire."

"At least let my brother and me have a shot or two back at them," cried one of the marksmen beside the wheel.

To all our entreaties and suggestions, however, our leader only replied by a shake of the head, and continued to swing his long legs over the side of the wagon, with his eyes fixed intently upon the horsemen, many of whom had dismounted and were leaning their carbines over the cruppers of their chargers.

"This cannot go on, sir," said the pastor, in a low, earnest voice; "two more men have just been hit."

"If fifty more men are hit we must wait until they charge," Saxon answered. "What would you do, man? If you leave this shelter, you will be cut off and utterly destroyed. When you have seen as much of war as I have done, you will learn to put up quietly with what is not to be avoided. I remember on such another occasion when the rear guard or nachhut of the Imperial troops was followed by Croats, who were in the pay of the Grand Turk, I lost half my company before the mercenary renegades came to close fighting. Ha, my brave boys, they are mounting! We shall not have to wait long now."

The dragoons were indeed climbing into their saddles again, and forming across the road, with the evident intention of charging down upon us. At the same time, about thirty

men detached themselves from the main body, and trotted away into the fields upon our right. Saxon growled a hearty oath under his breath as he observed them.

"They have some knowledge of warfare after all," said he. "They mean to charge us flank and front. Master Joshua, see that your scythesmen line the quickset hedge upon the right. Stand well up, my brothers, and flinch not from the horses. You men with the sickles, lie in the ditch there, and cut at the legs of the brutes. A line of stone-throwers behind that. A heavy stone is as sure as a bullet at close quarters. If ye would see your wives and children, make that hedge good against the horsemen. Now for the front attack. Let the men who carry petronels come into the wagon. Two of yours, Clarke, and two of yours, Lockarby. I can spare one also. That makes five. Now here are ten others of a sort and three muskets. Twenty shots in all. Have you no pistols, Sir Gervas?"

"No, but I can get a pair," said our companion, and springing upon his horse he forced his way through the ditch, past the barrier, and so down the road in the direction of the dragoons.

The movement was so sudden and so unexpected that there was a dead silence for a few seconds, which was broken by a general howl of hatred and execration from the peasants. "Shoot upon him! Shoot down the false Amalekite!" they shrieked. "He hath gone to join his kind! He hath delivered us up into the hands of the enemy! Judas! Judas!" As to the horsemen, who were still forming up for a charge and waiting for the flanking party to get into position, they sat still and silent, not knowing what to make of the gayly dressed cavalier who was speeding towards them.

We were not left long in doubt, however. He had no sooner reached the spot where the cornet had fallen, than he sprang from his horse and helped himself to the dead man's pistols, and to the belt which contained his powder and ball. Mounting at his leisure, amid a shower of bullets which puffed up the white dust all around him, he rode onward towards the dragoons and discharged one of his pistols at them. Wheeling round, he politely raised his cap, and galloped back to us, none the worse for his adventure, though a ball had grazed his horse's fetlock and another had left a hole in the skirt of his riding coat. The peasants raised a shout of jubilation as he rode in, and from

that day forward our friend was permitted to wear his gay trappings and to bear himself as he would, without being suspected of having mounted the livery of Satan or of being wanting in zeal for the cause of the saints.

"They are coming," cried Saxon. "Let no man draw trigger until he sees me shoot. If any does, I shall send a bullet through him, though it were my last shot and the troopers were among us."

As our leader uttered this threat, and looked grimly round upon us with an evident intention of executing it, a shrill blare of a bugle burst from the horsemen in front of us, and was answered by those upon our flank. At the signal both bodies set spurs to their horses and dashed down upon us at the top of their speed. Those in the field were delayed for a few moments, and thrown into some disorder, by finding that the ground immediately in front of them was soft and boggy; but having made their way through it, they reformed upon the other side and rode gallantly at the hedge. Our own opponents, having a clear course before them, never slackened for an instant, but came thundering down with a jingling of harness and a tempest of oaths upon our rude barricade.

Ah, my children! when a man in his age tries to describe such things as these, and to make others see what he has seen, it is only then that he understands what a small stock of language a plain man keeps by him for his ordinary use in the world, and how unfit it is to meet any call upon it. For though at this very moment I can myself see that white Somersetshire road, with the wild whirling charge of the horsemen, the red angry faces of the men, and the gaping nostrils of the horses all wreathed and framed in clouds of dust, I cannot hope to make it clear to your young eyes, which never have looked, and, I trust, never shall look, upon such a scene. When, too, I think of the sound, a mere rattle and jingle at first, but growing in strength and volume with every step, until it came upon us with a thunderous rush and roar which gave the impression of irresistible power, I feel that that too is beyond the power of my feeble words to express. To inexperienced soldiers like ourselves, it seemed impossible that our frail defense and our feeble weapons could check for an instant the impetus and weight of the dragoons. To right and left I saw white set faces, open-eyed and rigid, unflinching, with a stubbornness which rose less

from hope than from despair. All round rose exclamations and prayers. "Lord, save Thy people!" "Mercy, Lord, mercy!" "Be with us this day!" "Receive our souls, O merciful Father!" Saxon lay across the wagon with his eyes glinting like diamonds and his petronel presented at the full length of his rigid arm. Following his example, we all took aim as steadily as possible at the first rank of the enemy. Our only hope of safety lay in making that one discharge so deadly that our opponents should be too much shaken to continue their attack.

Would the man never fire? They could not be more than ten paces from us. I could see the buckles of the men's plates and the powder charges in their bandoliers. One more stride yet, and at last our leader's pistol flashed and we poured in a close volley, supported by a shower of heavy stones from the sturdy peasants behind. I could hear them splintering against casque and cuirass like hail upon a casement. The cloud of smoke veiling for an instant the line of galloping steeds and gallant riders drifted slowly aside to show a very different scene. A dozen men and horses were rolling in one wild blood-spurting heap, the unwounded falling over those whom our balls and stones had just brought down. Struggling, snorting chargers, iron-shod feet, staggering figures rising and falling, wild, hatless, bewildered men half stunned by a fall and not knowing which way to turn. That was the foreground of the picture, while behind them the remainder of the troop were riding furiously back, wounded and hale, all driven by the one desire of getting to a place of safety where they might rally their shattered formation. A great shout of praise and thanksgiving rose from the delighted peasants, and surging over the barricade, they struck down or secured the few uninjured troopers who had been unable or unwilling to join their companions in their flight. The carbines, swords, and bandoliers were eagerly pounced upon by the victors, some of whom had served in the militia and knew well how to handle the different weapons which they had won.

The victory, however, was by no means completed. The flanking squadron had ridden boldly at the hedge, and a dozen or more had forced their way through, in spite of the showers of stones and the desperate thrusts of the pikemen and scythesmen. Once among the peasants, the long swords and the

armor of the dragoons gave them a great advantage, and though the sickles brought several of the horses to the ground, the soldiers continued to lay about them freely, and to beat back the fierce but ill-armed resistance of their opponents. A dragoon sergeant, a man of great resolution and of prodigious strength, appeared to be the leader of the party, and encouraged his followers both by word and example. A stab from a half-pike brought his horse to the ground, but he sprang from the saddle as it fell, and avenged its death by a sweeping back-handed cut from his broadsword. Waving his hat in his left hand, he continued to rally his men, and to strike down every Puritan who came against him, until a blow from a hatchet brought him on his knees, and a flail stroke broke his sword close by the hilt. At the fall of their leader his comrades turned and fled through the hedge, but the gallant fellow, wounded and bleeding, still showed fight, and would assuredly have been knocked upon the head for his pains had I not picked him up and thrown him into a wagon, where he had the good sense to lie quiet until the skirmish was at an end. Of the dozen who broke through, not more than four escaped, and several others lay dead or wounded upon the other side of the hedge, impaled by scythe blades or knocked off their horses by stones. Altogether, nine of the dragoons were slain and fourteen wounded, while we retained seven unscathed prisoners, ten horses fit for service, and a score or so of carbines, with good store of match, powder, and ball. The remainder of the troop fired a single, straggling, irregular volley, and then galloped away down the crossroad, disappearing among the trees from which they had emerged.

All this, however, had not been accomplished without severe loss upon our side. Three men had been killed and six wounded, one of them very seriously, by the musketry fire. Five had been cut down when the flanking party broke their way in, and only one of these could be expected to recover. In addition to this, one man had lost his life through the bursting of an ancient petronel, and another had his arm broken by the kick of a horse. Our total losses, therefore, were eight killed and the same wounded, which could not but be regarded as a very moderate number, when we consider the fierceness of the skirmish, and the superiority of our enemy both in discipline and in equipment.

So elated were the peasants by their victory that those who had secured horses were clamorous to be allowed to follow the dragoons, the more so as Sir Gervas Jerome and Reuben were both eager to lead them. Decimus Saxon refused, however, to listen to any such scheme, nor did he show more favor to the Rev. Joshua Pettigrue's proposal that he should, in his capacity as pastor, mount immediately upon the wagon, and improve the occasion by a few words of healing and unction.

"It is true, good Master Pettigrue, that we owe much praise and much outpouring, and much sweet and holy contending, for this blessing which hath come upon Israel," said he, "but the time hath not yet arrived. There is an hour for prayer and an hour for labor. Hark ye, friend," — to one of the prisoners, — "to what regiment do you belong?"

"It is not for me to reply to your questions," the man answered sulkily.

"Nay, then, we'll try if a string round your scalp and a few twists of a drumstick will make you find your tongue," said Saxon, pushing his face up to that of the prisoner, and staring into his eyes with so savage an expression that the man shrank away affrighted.

"It is a troop of the second dragoon regiment," he said.

"Where is the regiment itself?"

"We left it on the Ilchester and Langport road."

"You hear," said our leader. "We have not a moment to spare, or we may have the whole crew about our ears. Put our dead and wounded in the carts, and we can harness two of these chargers to them. We shall not be in safety until we are in Taunton town."

Even Master Joshua saw that the matter was too pressing to permit of any spiritual exercises. The wounded men were lifted into the wagon and laid upon the bedding, while our dead were placed in the cart which had defended our rear. The peasants who owned these, far from making any objection to this disposal of their property, assisted us in every way, tightening girths and buckling traces. Within an hour of the ending of the skirmish we found ourselves pursuing our way once more, and looking back through the twilight at the scattered black dots upon the white road, where the bodies of the dragoons marked the scene of our victory.

CHIEF JUSTICE JEFFREYS.

Late in August the judges started from London upon that wicked journey which blighted the lives and the homes of so many, and hath left a memory in the counties through which they passed which shall never fade while a father can speak to a son. We heard reports of them from day to day, for the guards took pleasure in detailing them with many coarse and foul jests, that we might know what was in store for us, and lose none of what they called the pleasures of anticipation. At Winchester the sainted and honored Lady Alice Lisle was sentenced by Chief Justice Jeffreys to be burned alive, and the exertions and prayers of her friends could scarce prevail upon him to allow her the small boon of the ax instead of the fagot. Her graceful head was hewn from her body amid the groans and the cries of a weeping multitude in the market place of the town. At Dorchester the slaughter was wholesale. Three hundred were condemned to death, and seventy-four were actually executed, until the most loyal and Tory of the country squires had to complain of the universal presence of the dangling bodies. Thence the judges proceeded to Exeter, and thence to Taunton, which they reached in the first week of September, more like furious and ravenous beasts which have tasted blood, and cannot quench their cravings for slaughter, than just-minded men, trained to distinguish the various degrees of guilt, or to pick out the innocent and screen him from injustice. A rare field was open for their cruelty, for in Taunton alone there lay a thousand hapless prisoners, many of whom were so little trained to express their thoughts, and so hampered by the strange dialect in which they spoke, that they might have been born dumb for all the chance they had of making either judge or counsel understand the pleadings which they wished to lay before them.

It was on Monday evening that the Lord Chief Justice made his entry. From one of the windows of the room in which we were confined I saw him pass. First rode the dragoons with their standards and kettledrums, then the javelin men with their halberds, and behind them the line of coaches full of the high dignitaries of the law. Last of all, drawn by six long-tailed Flemish mares, came a great open coach, thickly crusted with gold, in which, reclining amid velvet cushions, sat the infamous judge, wrapped in a cloak of crimson plush,

with a heavy white periwig upon his head, which was so long that it dropped down over his shoulders. They say that he wore scarlet in order to strike terror into the hearts of the people, and that his courts were, for the same reason, draped in the color of blood. As for himself, it hath ever been the custom, since his wickedness hath come to be known to all men, to picture him as a man whose expression and features were as monstrous and as hideous as was the mind behind them. This is by no means the case. On the contrary, he was a man who, in his younger days, must have been remarkable for his extreme beauty. He was not, it is true, very old, as years go, when I saw him, but debauchery and low living had left their traces upon his countenance, without, however, entirely destroying the regularity and the beauty of his features. He was dark, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman, with black eyes and olive complexion. His expression was lofty and noble, but his temper was so easily aflame that the slightest cross or annoyance would set him raving like a madman, with blazing eyes and foaming mouth. I have seen him myself with the froth upon his lips and his whole face twitching with passion, like one who hath the falling sickness. Yet his other emotions were under as little control, for I have heard say that a very little would cause him to sob and to weep, more especially when he had himself been slighted by those who were above him. He was, I believe, a man who had great powers either for good or for evil, but by pandering to the darker side of his nature, and neglecting the other, he brought himself to be as near a fiend as it is possible for a man to be. It must indeed have been an evil government where so vile and foul-mouthed a wretch was chosen out to hold the scales of justice. As he drove past, a Tory gentleman riding by the side of his coach drew his attention to the faces of the prisoners looking out at him. He glanced up at them with a quick malicious gleam of his white teeth, then settled down again among the cushions. I observed that as he passed not a hat was raised among the crowd, and that even the rude soldiers appeared to look upon him half in terror, half in disgust, as a lion might look upon some foul blood-sucking bat, which battened upon the prey which he had himself struck down.

MICAH'S TRIAL AND SENTENCE.

There was no delay in the work of slaughter. That very night the great gallows was erected outside the White Hart Inn. Hour after hour we could hear the blows of mallets and the sawing of beams, mingled with the shoutings and the ribald choruses of the Chief Justice's suite, who were carousing with the officers of the Tangiers regiment in the front room, which overlooked the gibbet. Among the prisoners the night was passed in prayer and meditation, the stout-hearted holding forth to their weaker brethren, and exhorting them to play the man, and to go to their death in a fashion which should be an example to true Protestants throughout the world. The Puritan divines had been mostly strung up offhand immediately after the battle, but a few were left to sustain the courage of their flocks, and to show them the way upon the scaffold. Never have I seen anything so admirable as the cool and cheerful bravery wherewith these poor clowns faced their fate. Their courage on the battlefield paled before that which they showed in the shambles of the law. So, amid the low murmur of prayer, and appeals for mercy to God from tongues which never yet asked mercy from man, the morning broke, the last morning which many of us were to spend upon earth.

The court should have opened at nine, but my Lord Chief Justice was indisposed, having sat up somewhat late with Colonel Kirke. It was nearly eleven before the trumpeters and criers announced that he had taken his seat. One by one my fellow-prisoners were called out by name, the more prominent being chosen first. They went out from among us amid hand shakings and blessings, but we saw and heard no more of them, save that a sudden fierce rattle of kettledrums would rise up now and again, which was, as our guards told us, to drown any dying words which might fall from the sufferers and bear fruit in the breasts of those who heard them. With firm steps and smiling faces, the roll of martyrs went forth to their fate, during the whole of that long autumn day, until the rough soldiers of the guard stood silent and awed in the presence of a courage which they could not but recognize as higher and nobler than their own. Folk may call it a trial that they received, and a trial it really was, but not in the sense that we Englishmen use it. It was but being haled before a judge, and insulted before being dragged to the gibbet. The courthouse

was the thorny path which led to the scaffold. What use to put a witness up, when he was shouted down, cursed at, and threatened by the Chief Justice, who bellowed and swore until the frightened burghers in Fore Street could hear him? I have heard from those who were there that day that he raved like a demoniac, and that his black eyes shone with a vivid vindictive brightness which was scarce human. The jury shrank from him as from a venomous thing, when he turned his baleful glance upon him. At times, as I have been told, his sternness gave place to a still more terrible merriment, and he would lean back in his seat of justice and laugh until the tears hopped down upon his ermine. Nearly a hundred were either executed or condemned to death upon that opening day.

I had expected to be among the first of those called, and no doubt I should have been so but for the exertions of Major Ogilvy. As it was, the second day passed, but I still found myself overlooked. On the third and fourth days the slaughter was slackened, not on account of any awakening grace on the part of the judge, but because the great Tory landowners, and the chief supporters of the Government, had still some bowels of compassion, which revolted at this butchery of defenseless men. Had it not been for the influence which these gentlemen brought to bear upon the judge, I have no doubt at all that Jeffreys would have hung the whole eleven hundred prisoners then confined in Taunton. As it was, two hundred and fifty fell victims to this accursed monster's thirst for human blood.

On the eighth day of the assizes there were but fifty of us left in the wool warehouse. For the last few days, prisoners had been tried in batches of ten and twenty, but now the whole of us were taken in a drove, under escort, to the courthouse, where as many as could be squeezed in were ranged in the dock, while the rest were penned, like calves in the market, in the body of the hall. The judge reclined in a high chair, with a scarlet dais above him, while two other judges, in less elevated seats, were stationed on either side of him. On the righthand was the jury box, containing twelve carefully picked men—Tories of the old school—firm upholders of the doctrines of non-resistance and the divine right of kings. Much care had been taken by the Crown in the choice of these men, and there was not one of them but would have sentenced his own father had there been so much as a suspicion that he leaned to Presbyterianism or to Whiggery. Just under the judge was a

broad table, covered with green cloth and strewn with papers. On the right hand of this were a long array of Crown lawyers, grim, ferret-faced men, each with a sheaf of papers in his hands, which they sniffed through again and again as though they were so many bloodhounds picking up the trail along which they were to hunt us down. On the other side of the table sat a single fresh-faced young man, in silk gown and wig, with a nervous, shuffling manner. This was the barrister, Master Helstrop, whom the Crown in its clemency had allowed us for our defense, lest any should be bold enough to say that we had not had every fairness in our trial. The remainder of the court was filled with the servants of the justices' retinue and the soldiers of the garrison, who used the place as their common lounge, looking on the whole thing as a mighty cheap form of sport, and roaring with laughter at the rude banter and coarse pleasantries of his Lordship.

The clerk having gabbled through the usual form that we, the prisoners at the bar, having shaken off the fear of God, had unlawfully and traitorously assembled, and so onward, the Lord Justice proceeded to take matters into his own hands, as was his wont.

"I trust that we shall come well out of this!" he broke out. "I trust that no judgment will fall upon this building! Was ever so much wickedness fitted into one courthouse before? Who ever saw such an array of villainous faces? Ah, rogues, I see a rope ready for every one of ye! Art not afraid of judgment? Art not afraid of hell fire? You gray-bearded rascal in the corner, how comes it that you have not had more of the grace of God in you than to take up arms against your most gracious and loving sovereign?"

"I have followed the guidance of my conscience, my Lord," said the venerable cloth worker of Wellington, to whom he spoke.

"Ha, your conscience!" howled Jeffreys. "A ranter with a conscience! Where has your conscience been these two months back, you villain and rogue? Your conscience will stand you in little stead, sirrah, when you are dancing on nothing with a rope round your neck. Was there ever such wickedness? Who ever heard such effrontery? And you, you great hulking rebel, have you not grace enough to cast your eyes down, but must needs look justice in the face as though you were an honest man? Are you not afeard, sirrah? Do you not see death close upon you?"

"I have seen that before now, my Lord, and I was not afeard," I answered.

"Generation of vipers!" he cried, throwing up his hands. "The best of fathers! The kindest of kings! See that my words are placed upon the record, clerk! The most indulgent of parents! But wayward children must, with all kindness, be flogged into obedience." Here he broke into a savage grin. "The king will save your own natural parents all further care on your account. If they had wished to keep ye they should have brought ye up in better principles. Rogues, we shall be merciful to ye — oh, merciful, merciful! How many are here, recorder?"

"Fifty and one, my Lord."

"Oh, sink of villainy! Fifty and one as arrant knaves as ever lay on a hurdle! Oh, what a mass of corruption have we here! Who defends the villains?"

"I defend the prisoners, your Lordship," replied the young lawyer.

"Master Helstrop, Master Helstrop!" cried Jeffreys, shaking his great wig until the powder flew out of it, "you are in all these dirty cases, Master Helstrop. You might find yourself in a parlous condition, Master Helstrop. I think sometimes that I see you yourself in the dock, Master Helstrop. You may yourself soon need the help of gentlemen of the long robe, Master Helstrop. Oh, have a care! Have a care!"

"The brief is from the Crown, your Lordship," the lawyer answered, in a quavering voice.

"Must I be answered back, then?" roared Jeffreys, his black eyes blazing with the rage of a demon. "Am I to be insulted in my own court? Is every five-groat piece of a pleader, because he chance to have a wig and a gown, to brow-beat the Lord Justice, and to fly in the face of the ruling of the Court? Oh, Master Helstrop, I fear that I shall live to see some evil come upon you!"

"I crave your Lordship's pardon!" cried the faint-hearted barrister, with his face the color of his brief.

"Keep a guard upon your words and upon your actions!" Jeffreys answered, in a menacing voice. "See that you are not too zealous in the cause of the scum of the earth. How now, then? What do these one and fifty villains desire to say for themselves? What is their lie? Gentlemen of the jury, I beg that ye will take particular notice of the cutthroat faces of

these men. 'Tis well that Colonel Kirke hath afforded the Court a sufficient guard, for neither justice nor the Church is safe at their hands."

"Forty of them desire to plead guilty to the charge of taking up arms against the king," replied our barrister.

"Ah!" roared the judge. "Was ever such unparalleled impudence? Was there ever such brazen effrontery? Guilty, quotha! Have they expressed their repentance for this sin against a most kind and long-suffering monarch? Put down those words on the record, clerk!"

"They have refused to express repentance, your Lordship!" replied the counsel for the defense.

"Oh, the parricides! Oh, the shameless rogues!" cried the judge. "Put the forty together on this side of the inclosure. Oh, gentlemen, have ye ever seen such a concentration of vice? See how baseness and wickedness can stand with head erect! Oh, hardened monsters! But the other eleven, how can they expect us to believe this transparent falsehood — this palpable device? How can they foist it upon the Court?"

"My Lord, their defense hath not yet been advanced!" stammered Master Helstrop.

"I can sniff a lie before it is uttered," roared the judge, by no means abashed. "I can read it as quick as ye can think it. Come, come, the Court's time is precious. Put forward a defense, or seat yourself, and let judgment be passed."

"These men, my Lord," said the counsel, who was trembling until the parchment rattled in his hand, "these eleven men, my Lord —"

"Eleven devils, my Lord," interrupted Jeffreys.

"They are innocent peasants, my Lord, who love God and the king, and have in no wise mingled themselves in this recent business. They have been dragged from their homes, my Lord, not because there was suspicion against them, but because they could not satisfy the greed of certain common soldiers who were balked of plunder in —"

"Oh, shame, shame!" cried Jeffreys, in a voice of thunder. "Oh, threefold shame, Master Helstrop! Are you not content with bolstering up rebels, but you must go out of your way to slander the king's troops? What is the world coming to? What, in a word, is the defense of these rogues?"

"An alibi, your Lordship."

"Ha! The common plea of every scoundrel. Have they witnesses?"

"We have here a list of forty witnesses, your Lordship. They are waiting below, many of them having come great distances and with much toil and trouble."

"Who are they? What are they?" cried Jeffreys.

"They are country folk, your Lordship. Cottagers and farmers, the neighbors of these poor men, who knew them well, and can speak as to their doings."

"Cottagers and farmers!" the judge shouted. "Why, then, they are drawn from the very class from which these men come. Would you have us believe the oath of those who are themselves Whigs, Presbyterians, Somersetshire ranters, the pothouse companions of the men whom we are trying? I warrant they have arranged it all snugly over their beer—snugly, snugly, the rogues!"

"Will you not hear the witnesses, your Lordship?" cried our counsel, shamed into some little sense of manhood by this outrage.

"Not a word from them, sirrah," said Jeffreys. "It is a question whether my duty towards my kind master the king—write down 'kind master,' clerk—doth not warrant me in placing all your witnesses in the dock as the aiders and abettors of treason."

"If it please your Lordship," cried one of the prisoners, "I have for witnesses Mr. Johnson, of Nether Stowey, who is a good Tory, and also Mr. Shepperton, the clergyman."

"The more shame to them to appear in such a cause," replied Jeffreys. "What are we to say, gentlemen of the jury, when we see county gentry and the clergy of the Established Church supporting treason and rebellion in this fashion? Surely the last days are at hand! You are a most malignant and dangerous Whig to have so far drawn them from their duty."

"But hear me, my Lord!" cried one of the prisoners.

"Hear you, you bellowing calf!" shouted the judge. "We can hear naught else. Do you think that you are back in your conventicle, that you should dare to raise your voice in such a fashion? Hear you, quotha! We shall hear you at the end of a rope ere many days."

"We scarce think, your Lordship," said one of the Crown lawyers, springing to his feet amid a great rustling of papers, "we scarce think that it is necessary for the Crown to state

any case. We have already heard the whole tale of this most damnable and execrable attempt many times over. The men in the dock before your Lordship have for the most part confessed to their guilt, and of those who hold out, there is not one who has given us any reason to believe that he is innocent of the foul crime laid to his charge. The gentlemen of the long robe are therefore unanimously of opinion that the jury may at once be required to pronounce a single verdict upon the whole of the prisoners."

"Which is ——?" asked Jeffreys, glancing round at the foreman.

"Guilty, your Lordship," said he, with a grin, while his brother jurymen nodded their heads and laughed to one another.

"Of course, of course! guilty as Judas Iscariot!" cried the judge, looking down with exultant eyes at the throng of peasants and burghers before him. "Move them a little forward, ushers, that I may see them to more advantage. Oh, ye cunning ones! Are ye not taken? Are ye not compassed around? Where now can ye fly? Do ye not see hell opening at your feet? Eh? Are ye not afraid? Oh, short, short shall be your shrift!" The very devil seemed to be in the man, for as he spoke he writhed with unholy laughter, and drummed his hand upon the red cushion in front of him. I glanced round at my companions, but their faces were all as though they had been chiseled out of marble. If he had hoped to see a moist eye or a quivering lip, the satisfaction was denied him.

"Had I my way," said he, "there is not one of ye but should swing for it. Ay, and if I had my way, some of those whose stomachs are too nice for this work, and who profess to serve the king with their lips while they intercede for his worst enemies, should themselves have cause to remember Taunton assizes. Oh, most ungrateful rebels! Have ye not heard how your most soft-hearted and compassionate monarch, the best of men — put it down in the record, clerk — on the intercession of that great and charitable statesman, Lord Sunderland — mark it down, clerk — hath had pity on ye? Hath it not melted ye? Hath it not made ye loathe yourselves? I declare, when I think of it" — here, with a sudden catching of the breath, he burst out a sobbing, the tears running down his cheeks — "when I think of it, the Christian forbearance, the ineffable mercy, it doth bring forcibly to my mind that great

Judge before whom all of us — even I — shall one day have to render an account. Shall I repeat it, clerk, or have you it down?"

"I have it down, your Lordship."

"Then write 'sobs' in the margin. 'Tis well that the king should know our opinion on such matters. Know, then, you most traitorous and unnatural rebels, that this good father whom ye have spurned has stepped in between yourselves and the laws which ye have offended. At his command we withhold from ye the chastisement which ye have merited. If ye can indeed pray, and if your soul-cursing conventicles have not driven all grace out of ye, drop on your knees and offer up thanks when I tell ye that he hath ordained that ye shall all have a free pardon." Here the judge rose from his seat, as though about to descend from the tribunal, and we gazed upon each other in the utmost astonishment at this most unlooked-for end to the trial. The soldiers and lawyers were equally amazed, while a hum of joy and applause rose up from the few country folk who had dared to venture within the accursed precincts.

"This pardon, however," continued Jeffreys, turning round with a malicious smile upon his face, "is coupled with certain conditions and limitations. Ye shall all be removed from here to Poole, in chains, where ye shall find a vessel awaiting ye. With others, ye shall be stowed away in the hold of the said vessel, and conveyed at the king's expense to the Plantations, there to be sold as slaves. God send ye masters who will know by the free use of wood and leather to soften your stubborn thoughts and incline your mind to better things!" He was again about to withdraw, when one of the Crown lawyers whispered something across to him.

"Well thought of, coz," cried the judge. "I had forgot. Bring back the prisoners, ushers! Perhaps ye think that by the Plantations I mean his Majesty's American dominions. Unhappily, there are too many of your breed in that part already. Ye would fall among friends who might strengthen ye in your evil courses, and so risk your salvation. To send ye there would be to add one brand to another, and yet hope to put out the fire. By the Plantations, therefore, I mean Barbadoes and the Indies, where ye shall live with the other slaves, whose skins may be blacker than yours, but I dare warrant that their souls are more white." With this conclud-

ing speech the trial ended, and we were led back through the crowded streets to the prison from which we had been brought. On either side of the streets, as we passed, we could see the limbs of former companions dangling in the wind, and their heads grinning at us from the tops of poles and pikes. No savage country in the heart of heathen Africa could have presented a more dreadful sight than did the old English town of Taunton when Jeffreys and Kirke had the ordering of it. There was death in the air, and the townfolk crept silently about, scarcely daring to wear black for those whom they had loved and lost, lest it should be twisted into an act of treason.



THE CATHOLIC HIND.

(From "The Hind and the Panther.")

By DRYDEN.

[For biographical sketch see page 156.]

A MILK-WHITE Hind, immortal and unchanged,
 Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
 Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds
 And Scythian shafts; and many winged wounds
 Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
 And doomed to death, though fated not to die.

Not so her young; for their unequal line
 Was hero's make, half human, half divine.
 Their earthly mold obnoxious was to fate,
 The immortal part assumed immortal state.
 Of these a slaughtered army lay in blood,
 Extended o'er the Caledonian wood,
 Their native walk; whose vocal blood arose
 And cried for pardon on their perjured foes.
 Their fate was fruitful, and the sanguine seed,
 Endued with souls, increased the sacred breed. . . .

Panting and pensive now she ranged alone,
 And wandered in the kingdoms once her own.
 The common hunt, though from their rage restrained
 By sovereign power, her company disdained,
 Grinned as they passed, and with a glaring eye
 Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.

'Tis true she bounded by and tripped so light,
 They had not time to take a steady sight;
 For truth has such a face and such a mien
 As to be loved needs only to be seen. . . .

What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
 If private reason hold the public scale?
 But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
 For erring judgments an unerring guide!
 Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
 A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
 O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
 And search no farther than Thyself revealed;
 But her alone for my director take,
 Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
 My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
 My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
 Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
 My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
 Such was I, such by nature still I am;
 Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame!
 Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
 What more could fright my faith than Three in One?
 Can I believe eternal God could lie
 Disguised in mortal mold and infancy,
 That the great Maker of the world could die?
 And, after that, trust my imperfect sense
 Which calls in question His omnipotence?
 Can I my reason to my faith compel,
 And shall my sight and touch and taste rebel?
 Superior faculties are set aside;
 Shall their subservient organs be my guide?
 Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
 And winking tapers show the sun his way;
 For what my senses can themselves perceive
 I need no revelation to believe.
 Can they, who say the Host should be descried
 By sense, define a body glorified,
 Impassible, and penetrating parts?
 Let them declare by what mysterious arts
 He shot that body through the opposing might
 Of bolts and bars impervious to the light,
 And stood before His train confessed in open sight.
 For since thus wondrously He passed, 'tis plain
 One single place two bodies did contain,
 And sure the same omnipotence as well
Can make one body in more places dwell.

Let Reason then at her own quarry fly,
But how can finite grasp infinity ?

'Tis urged again, that faith did first commence
By miracles, which are appeals to sense,
And thence concluded, that our sense must be
The motive still of credibility.
For latter ages must on former wait,
And what began belief must propagate.

But winnow well this thought, and you shall find
'Tis light as chaff that flies before the wind.
Were all those wonders wrought by power divine
As means or ends of some more deep design ?
Most sure as means, whose end was this alone,
To prove the Godhead of the Eternal Son.
God thus asserted : man is to believe
Beyond what Sense and Reason can conceive,
And for mysterious things of faith rely
On the proponent Heaven's authority.
If then our faith we for our guide admit,
Vain is the farther search of human wit ;
As when the building gains a surer stay,
We take the unuseful scaffolding away.
Reason by sense no more can understand ;
The game is played into another hand.
Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep ?
In the same vessel which our Saviour bore,
Himself the pilot, let us leave the shore,
And with a better guide a better world explore.
Could He His Godhead veil with flesh and blood
And not veil these again to be our food ?
His grace in both is equal in extent ;
The first affords us life, the second nourishment.
And if He can, why all this frantic pain
To construe what His clearest words contain,
And make a riddle what He made so plain ?
To take up half on trust and half to try,
Name it not faith, but bungling bigotry.
Both knave and fool the merchant we may call
To pay great sums and to compound the small,
For who would break with Heaven, and would not break for all ?
Rest then, my soul, from endless anguish freed :
Nor sciences thy guide, nor sense thy creed.
Faith is the best insurer of thy bliss ;
The bank above must fail before the venture miss.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.

(Translated for this work by Ellen Watson.)

[FRANÇOISE D'AUBIGNE DE MAINTENON was born in 1635, in the prison where her father was confined ; he died later in Martinique, and this daughter was sent to a Protestant aunt in France, forcibly removed by a Catholic relative, and so ill-used to convert her that she married the crippled rake (and crippled by raking) and buffoon Scarron, their salon being the resort of the Paris wits. On his death in 1660 Mme. de Montespan made her governess of her own children by Louis XIV., who made her his mistress and secretly married her in 1650. She was a religious bigot, with a great dislike for indecorum, and desired to efface her personal peccadillos by extra zeal ; she deeply influenced the King in both ways, made the court atmosphere one of Puritan sanctimoniousness instead of licentiousness, and is believed to have inspired Louis to institute the Dragonnades. She founded the religious society of St. Cyr at Versailles. She died in 1719.]

TO THE MARCHIONESS OF CAYLUS, AT ESTERNAY.

FONTAINEBLEAU, this 19th of October, 1687.

I HARDLY venture to say, Madam, that I have not yet found leisure for answering the letter you did me the honor of writing from Esternay, for that would give the impression of a person of great industry. But I earnestly hope you will believe that I would have done so had I been able, and that you will not suspect me of neglecting you. It is true, Madam, I have reminded the King of what he had promised to the Countess of Caylus, and that this sum will be paid this year. Your son shall have lodgings provided on our return. I would gladly do more for them, were it possible, and I shall never lose an opportunity of proving my friendship for them.

I have never considered my niece's journey with Madame de Beuvron as being necessary to her interests nor as a thing to be prevented. It seemed to me that by going with your sister we kept within the family circle, and that seeing Mademoiselle de Genlis would give her great pleasure. You have seen fit to judge otherwise, and have been so kind as to fear for her the maladies now prevalent in Normandy ; 'tis as well thus, and if you are only pleased with her, the rest matters little. I pray you, Madam, have no concern regarding me, and count on my sincerity. I have already told you that I had no desires concerning your daughter-in-law, and that if perchance I should change my mind, I should apply to you directly, thinking I need take no other means of obtaining from her what I might

desire. I believe not a word of what I have been told; I would beg of you to do the same for your own part, and to believe me with all possible affection your very humble and very obedient servant.

TO THE DAUPHIN.

FONTAINEBLEAU, October 23d, 1688.

I am delighted, Monseigneur, with the letters you have done me the honor of writing; they convey to me a pleasing evidence of your kindness for me, or a desire to convince me of it, and either thing is most welcome. You are accomplishing wonders, and there come to me no reports other than favorable. The King himself praises you, and your tutor admires you; but having reduced him to the part he plays since you are in the army, it will scarcely trouble you. You cannot show too great a deference to his opinions; he will advise you in secret, and you will profit by it in public. Continue, Monseigneur, as you have begun: you will find all things propitious on your return, and you will see the truth of what I have often had the honor of telling you; namely, that your birth will command respect, but that merit alone wins esteem, and true esteem is what you should seek; other advantages you will never lack. Pardon my zeal for the too great liberty I am taking. There is no greater service one can render you, and I remain none the less respectfully and humbly

Your Highness's most obedient servant,

MAINTENON.

M. de Chamlay has done you good service; by no means neglect anything that may lead to his continuing so to do.

TO M. JASSAULT, MISSIONARY AT VERSAILLES.

FONTAINEBLEAU, 27th October, 1688.

Had you told me in the confessional what you write me to-day, I should consider it my duty to listen in silence, and endure in penitential mood whatever I might consider unjust; but as you have put it in the form of a letter, I think you desire an answer, and one expressed with all the freedom we habitually use towards one another.

I saw clearly that Madame de Brinon had persuaded you, on the Thursday before Easter, and I listened with considerable astonishment when you told me that she would not yield to my favor and my power, and that her conscience would always overrule any deference she might owe me. I thought you knew well enough that I am not the one to cause any disturbance at St. Cyr; that on the contrary I am always first to favor a greater regularity; that I can only reproach myself with being a little too impatient with the faults already prevailing there, and with having taken too much to heart Madame de Brinon's laxness. She has spoiled the ladies to such a degree that they themselves have told me they had extreme difficulty now in obeying their subprioress, who directs them during the superior's absence, because they are now so unused to obey. It would take a volume to explain all the petty differences of the last three years. I have used every possible means to make her alter her course, and have only applied for aid when at my wits' end. When I consulted you, you condemned her; I consulted M. Joly through you, and he took my part; I consulted the reverend père de la Chaise, he does not consider her truly religious; I have taken counsel of M. l'abbé des Marais, who believes her to be in the wrong. Confirmed in my views by all this good advice, I was firmer in having carried out whatever plans these gentlemen found good, and this Madame de Brinon could not endure. During her travels and while I was ill, all went well; but on her return from Bourbon all the troubles began again. Thereupon I came to a decision, of which I notified Madame de Brinon: this was to send her a final dismissal or to let her go on in her own way. I have submitted this decision to worthy people, whose answer I await with confidence, resolved to submit to their decree, in spite of all the strong reasons I believe to be in my favor. If they advise me to remove Madame de Brinon I shall do so immediately on my arrival at Versailles, and I shall bear the brunt of all the storms I raise.

TO M. L'ABBÉ GOBELIN.

February 20th, 1689.

Madame de Montchevreuil told me yesterday that you had business in Paris, and that you were to go there at the end of

this month. If this is something that cannot be postponed, there is nothing to be said; but if not, it would be much better for our dear household that you should not leave it at the same time with me. My work there cannot be compared with yours, yet I find I am not quite useless there. Our ladies are charmed with your lectures and enjoy your addresses greatly. There is one subject on which I should be glad to have you preach to them, and that is arrogance, haughtiness, pride. I am sure that my example has greatly contributed towards introducing this spirit into the household. Still, with the same frankness with which I confess myself most guilty, I will tell you that I myself have never carried it so far. I might, if prudence would allow, enter into some details which would greatly astonish all the pride within the palace of Versailles. I have refused to appoint a canoness, so greatly do I deplore the pride inherent to that position, and I have done worse than that: not even in Germany must one observe more restrictions than with certain ladies of Saint Louis. May God forgive those who have spread abroad this spirit, and may He graciously allow me to put an end to it by my example! Your teachings will be of great aid in this matter.

I am sure you will not have forgotten that you are to hold a consultation for me in Paris.

TO MADAME DE BRINON.

July 11th, 1689.

Pray do not discontinue your benevolence towards Mademoiselle de Chanteloup, Madam, and endeavor to make her listen to reason. I write thus not out of kindness to her, but because if she continues she will be the most wretched creature in the world. M. de Cantiers will marry her, I have his word of honor for it, and whatever he may hear of the girl's disposition, he would not dare fail me; after that she will just have to live with them and depend on them. If she continues to show them the spirit of opposition and scorn which she makes evident here on every occasion, I have grave doubts of her acquitting herself worthily. The other day we were at Marly together, standing at the window in my room from which there is a view of the beautiful gardens, and I said, "Soon a garden path at Rosay will interest you more than all this view." She answered very

curtly, "I hardly think so!" I remained silent, as is my habit, whatever she may do or say; but she behaves as if she had 20,000 francs income, and we were trying to make her marry a wretch, whereas, between you and me, he is her superior from every point of view. In a word, I am not able to keep her, nor desirous of so doing. If she wants to withdraw, well and good; but I consider it a good match for her, and nothing but my desire to see her happy makes me wish she might behave with propriety and good sense. If she goes on as she has begun, I can hardly believe that a husband's good humor could be proof against boxing her ears when she assumes those contemptuous airs she is sure to indulge in, unless you can influence her. She has a great friendship for you, and no one but yourself can exercise control over her mind.

TO MADAME DE VEILHANT.

DINANT, May 28th, 1692.

Imagine our surprise, Madame, when yesterday, after driving for six hours on a fairly good road, we saw a castle built upon a rock which did not seem to us a habitable place, even if we could have been hoisted up there. We came very near to it without passing any houses on the way. Then we finally spied out, at the foot of the castle, down in the depths, almost as if in a deep well, the roofs of quite a number of tiny buildings which looked to us like dolls' houses, surrounded on all sides by rocks frightful in height and color, apparently of iron, and terribly steep. The road down to this horrible place is rougher than I can describe; all the carriage springs threatened to break, and the ladies held in as best they could. After a quarter-hour of this torture we got down, and found ourselves in a town consisting of one street, called the Broad, where two carriages cannot go abreast, and there are lesser ones where two sedan chairs could not pass. It is as dark as pitch, the houses are something frightful, and Madame de la Villeneuve would surely have the vapors there. The water is bad, and the bakers have orders to bake only for the army, so that the servants can buy no bread. Undressed fowl sell for thirty cents, meat is eight cents a pound, and bad at that; everything goes to the camp. It has poured ever since we have been here, and they assure us that when the heat comes the reflection from the

rocks makes it unendurable. I have as yet seen only two churches, both on the ground floor, and such that one could only enter them from a sense of duty. The benediction is given with very bad music, and the incense is so strong, so abundant, and so continuous, that one cannot see through the smoke, and few heads could stand the fumes. Besides all this, the town is so dirty that one literally sticks in the mud, the paving-stones are so sharp that they cut one's feet, and the narrow streets where carriages cannot pass serve, I verily believe, as all things to all men! Suzon says the King makes a great mistake in taking such towns, and that we should not grudge them to our enemies.

The siege of Namur goes on well; they are steadily moving forward, and up to this time there are very few deaths. They hope to take the city about the fourth or fifth of this month, but the castle will apparently hold out longer. The Prince of Orange promises to come to relieve the town, but there is reason to believe he will come too late. The King has the gout in both feet, and I assure you I am not sorry for it. A red hot ball from the enemy fell in M. de Boufflers' quarter and blew up seven thousand; this fine town trembled with the explosion, for in addition to all the other delights we hear the firing of the siege. But do not worry about me after this beautiful account of our life here! I am very well — well lodged and well served — and glad to be where God has placed me. I embrace you, my dear daughters, together and individually.

Four hundred steps lead from the town up to the castle I spoke of.

MADAME DE MAINTENON'S PRAYER.

My Lord God, you have seen fit to invest me with my present rank. I will adore all my life your providential care of me, and give myself up to it without reserve. Grant me, my God, the sanctity of the estate unto which you have called me, that I may humbly endure its sadness, that I may sanctify its pleasures, that I may seek in all things your glory, that I may bear it before the princes in whose midst you have placed me, that I may be instrumental in the King's salvation. Preserve me from the agitations and excitements of an uneasy mind, which is wearied or grows faint in the performance of the duties of its position, and which envies the happi-

ness imagined to exist in other lives. May your will be done, O Lord, not mine ! The sole good in this life or the next is to be submissive unto it without reserve. Fill me with the wisdom and all the gifts of the spirit which I have need of in the lofty position to which you have called me ; make fruitful the talents with which you have graciously endowed me. You who hold within the hollow of your hand the hearts of kings, open the King's heart, that I may help enter there all the good which you desire. Grant me the power of making his heart glad, of consoling him, of encouraging him, and also of making him sad, when it is necessary for your glory. May I conceal naught of the things he should learn of through me, and which no one else would have the courage to tell him. And may I save my own soul through his, may I love him in you and for you, and may he love me in like manner. Grant us that we may walk together justified by you and without reproof until the day of your coming.



SENTIMENTS BY JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

[JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE, French moralist and satirist, was born at Paris in 1645, studied law, and for some years filled an administrative position in Normandy. Through Bossuet's influence he was appointed tutor to the young Duke of Bourbon, grandson of the great Condé, and remained attached to the house of Condé until his death at Versailles in May, 1696. In 1693 he was admitted to the French Academy. His "Caractères de Théophraste" (1688) was written in imitation of Theophrastus, and consisted of maxims, reflections, and character portraits of men and women of his own day. The ninth edition, containing over eleven hundred "caractères," was in press at the time of La Bruyère's death. In the "Dialogues on Quietism," a severe attack is made on Fénelon.]

MEN and women rarely agree as to the merits of a woman : their interests are too diverse. It does not please a woman to find in another the very perfections which captivate a man. The many charms which awake in us the tender passion cause in them mutual antipathy and dislike.

Friendship may exist between a man and a woman, quite apart from any influence of sex. Yet a woman always looks upon a man, and so a man regards a woman. This intimacy is neither pure friendship nor pure love. It is a sentiment which stands alone.

Love is born suddenly, without deliberation, either through temperament or weakness: some grace or beauty attracts, determines us. Friendship, on the contrary, grows by degrees through time and long familiar acquaintance. How many years of affection, kindness, and good service it takes to do what a lovely face or a beautiful hand will often do in a moment!

Time, which strengthens friendship, weakens love.

Perfect friendship is more rare than excessive love.

Love and friendship exclude each other.

He who loves so passionately that he wishes he could love a thousand times more than he loves already, yields only to him who loves more than he would love.

Granted that in the intensity of a great passion it is possible to love another more than one's self, who has the truest pleasure — he who loves, or he who is beloved?

He who loves deeply finds a sweet revenge in acting so that his beloved one shall appear ungrateful.

Hatred is not so remote from friendship as antipathy.

In friendship we confide our secrets: in love they escape us.

In friendship we perceive only those faults which may be prejudicial to our friends; in those we love we see no faults, except those from which we suffer ourselves.

Friendship does not cool without cause; love diminishes for no other reason than that we have been too well beloved.

The beginning, as the end, of love is manifested by our anxiety to be alone.

Our desire is that all the good fortune of those we love, or, if that is impossible, all their evil fortune, should come to them from our hands.

It is happier by comparison to mourn one we love than to live with one we hate.

However disinterested we may be with regard to those we love, we must sometimes force ourselves to give them pleasure by accepting their gifts. He who is capable of receiving a gift delicately displays as much generosity as he who gives.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving appropriately.

If it is true that pity and compassion are drawn from us by a kind of selfish fear lest we should ever be in the same circumstances, how does it happen that the unfortunate extract so little help from us in their misery?

However unpleasant it may be to feel ourselves responsible for the maintenance of an indigent person, we seldom relish the better fortune which at last withdraws him from our patronage. In the same way, the pleasure which we feel in the exaltation of a friend is counterbalanced by the slight annoyance of seeing him become our equal or superior. He does not suit us so well thus, for we like to have dependents who do not cost us anything. We wish good fortune for our friends; but when it comes, our first feeling is not one of pure delight.

To live with our enemies as if they might one day be our friends, and with our friends as if they might be our enemies, is neither in accordance with the nature of hatred or the rules of friendship. It may be a good political maxim, but it is a bad moral one.

We ought not to make enemies of those who, if better known, might rank among our friends. We ought to choose as friends persons of such honor and probity that, should they ever cease to be our friends, they would never abuse our confidence, nor give us cause to fear them as enemies.

He who knows how to wait for what he desires will not despair if he happens to have to do without it. On the other hand, he who impatiently longs for a thing has been too much engrossed with the thought of it to feel that success rewards him for all his anxiety.

The things most wished for never happen; or if they do, they come at such a time or in such circumstances as spoil the enjoyment of them.

We must laugh before we are happy, for fear we should die before we have ever laughed at all.

It is hard for a proud man to forgive one who has found him out in some fault and who has good reason to complain of him: his resentment is never healed till he has regained his advantage by putting the other in the wrong.

It is as difficult to stifle the resentment of an injury at first, as it is to preserve the feeling after a certain length of time.

It is weakness which makes us hate an enemy and wish to be revenged, and it is laziness which pacifies us and makes us not pursue revenge.

A man will allow himself to be governed as much through indolence as from weakness.

There is no use attempting suddenly to control a man, and especially in matters of importance to him and his. It requires some address to prevent him feeling that you are trying to gain a moral power over him; shame or caprice would move him to resist the restraint. Let him first be guided in little things, and from thence the progress to greater things is certain. Even if at first your influence is only such as will persuade him to go to the country, or to return to town, it will end in your dictating the terms of the will by which his son is disinherited.

The best and most agreeable conversation is that in which the heart has more influence than the head.

There are certain sublime sentiments, certain grand and noble acts, which are called forth more by our moral strength than by innate goodness.

He must be a dull person indeed whom neither love, hate, nor necessity can inspire with wit.

An honorable man is repaid for his strict application to duty by the pleasure it gives him to perform it.

Short-sighted people—that is to say, people with so little imagination that it cannot reach beyond their own sphere—cannot understand that universality of genius which is sometimes observable in the same individual. Where they see amiability, they exclude solidity; and where they find personal grace, activity, and dexterity, they will not grant mental endowments, judgment, wisdom. They ignore that history relates of Socrates that he danced.

The wise man is cured of ambition by ambition itself.

It is a very sad thing to have neither wisdom enough to speak well, nor sense enough to be silent. This is the origin of all impertinence.

If anything can justify a foolish man's ambition, it is the trouble he takes, after he has made his fortune, to discover some imaginary merit great enough to give him the importance he considers himself worthy of.

How many men are like well-grown trees transplanted into a beautiful garden. It surprises us to see them there, as we never saw them growing; so we have no knowledge of their beginning or their progress.

Nothing will more readily make us comprehend how valueless in God's eyes are wealth and grandeur, and the other advantages he bestows on mankind, than the dispensation he makes of them, and the kind of men who are best provided.

Men display their goods every morning to cheat the public; and pack them up at night after having cheated all day.

What one wastes he steals from his heir; what one sordidly saves he steals from himself.



ATHALIAH.

By RACINE.

[JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE, French dramatist, was born in Dept. Aisne, December 21, 1639; studied the classics with the Jansenists at Port Royal; and finished his education at the Collège d'Harcourt. After composing an ode entitled "Nymphes de la Seine," in honor of Louis XIV.'s marriage, he made the acquaintance of Boileau, Molière, and La Fontaine, and began to write for the stage. His first play, "La Thébaïde," was produced by Molière's troupe; "Andromaque" (1667) established his reputation; then followed his one comedy, "Les Plaideurs," and a brilliant series of tragedies: "Britannicus," "Bérénice," "Bajazet," "Mithridate," "Iphigénie," and "Phèdre." He withdrew from the theater after the production of "Phèdre," partly on account of envious intrigues and malicious criticisms, and settled down to a peaceful married life. After a silence of twelve years he wrote, at the solicitation of Madame de Maintenon, "Esther" and "Athalie," biblical tragedies. His death (in 1699) is said to have been hastened by grief at losing the king's favor.]

ATHALIAH, with her Attendants ABNER and MATTAN.

Mattan — Great Queen, is this a place for thee?
 What trouble stirs, what terror chills thine heart?
 What dost thou in the midst of enemies?
 Darest thou this unhallowed fane approach?
 Hast thou that bitter hatred cast away —

Athaliah —

Both of you lend me an attentive ear.
 I do not wish now to recall the past,
 Nor give account to you for blood I shed :
 A sense of duty prompted all my acts.
 Nor will I take for judge a hasty crowd ;
 Whate'er they may presume to spread abroad,
 My vindication Heaven has made its care.
 My power, established on renowned success,
 Has magnified my name from sea to sea ;
 Jerusalem enjoys profoundest peace ;
 The wandering Arab Jordan sees no more
 Ravage his borders with continual raids ;
 Nor boasts Philistia over Judah now,
 And Syria owns me for a sister Queen.

Lastly the traitor who destroyed my House,
 And e'en to me thought to extend his rage,
 Jehu, fierce Jehu, in Samaria quails
 Before a mighty rival's rapid strokes,
 Whom I incited to attack my foe ;
 And thus th' assassin leaves me mistress here,
 To reap the fruits of policy in peace.

But for some days a gnawing care has come,
 To check the flood of my prosperity.
 A dream (why should a dream disquiet me ?)
 Preys on my heart, and keeps it ill at ease ;
 I try to banish it ; it haunts me still.

'Twas deepest night, when horror falls on man,
 My mother Jezèbel before me stood,
 Richly attired as on the day she died,
 Her pride undaunted by misfortune's touch.
 That borrowed brightness still her features wore,
 Which she would paint upon her withered face,
 To hide the ravages of ruthless age :

"Tremble," she said, "child worthy of myself ;
 O'er thee too triumphs Judah's cruel god,
 And thou must fall into his dreadful hands,
 Whereat I grieve." With these alarming words,
 Her specter o'er my bed appeared to bend ;
 I stretched my hands to clasp her ; but I found
 Only a hideous mass of flesh and bones,
 Horribly bruised and mangled, dragged thro' mire,
 Bleeding and torn, whose limbs the dogs of prey
 Were growling over with devouring greed.

Abner —

Great God !

Athaliah— While thus disturbed, before me rose
 The vision of a boy in shining robe,
 Such as the Hebrew priests are wont to wear.
 My drooping spirits at his sight revived:
 But while my troubled eyes, to peace restored,
 Admired his noble air and modest grace,
 I felt the sudden stroke of murderous steel
 Plunged deeply by the traitor in my breast.
 Perhaps to you this dream, so strangely mixed,
 May seem a work of chance, and I myself,
 For long ashamed to let my fears prevail,
 Referred it to a melancholy mood;
 But while its memory lingered in my soul,
 Twice in my sleep I saw that form again,
 Twice the same child before my eyes appeared,
 Always about to stab me to the heart.

Worn out at last by horror's close pursuit,
 I went to claim Baal's protecting care,
 And, kneeling at his altars, find repose.
 How strangely fear may sway our mortal minds!
 And instinct seemed to drive me to these courts,
 To pacify the god whom Jews adore;
 I thought that offerings might appease his wrath,
 That this their god might grow more merciful.
 Baal's High Priest, my feebleness forgive!
 I entered; and the sacrifice was stayed,
 The people fled, Jehoiada in wrath
 Advanced to meet me. As he spake, I saw
 With terror and surprise that selfsame boy
 Who haunts me in my dreams. I saw him there;
 His mien the same, the same his linen stole,
 His gait, his eyes, each feature of his face;
 It was himself; beside th' High Priest he walked,
 Till quickly they removed him from my sight.

That is the trouble which detains me here,
 And thereon would I fain consult you both.
 Mattan, what means this omen marvelous?

Mattan—

Coincidence so strange fills me with dread.

Athaliah—

But, Abner, hast thou seen this fatal child?
 Who is he? What his family, his tribe?

Abner—

Two children at the altar lend their aid,
 One is the High Priest's son, the other is
 To me unknown.

Mattan — Why hesitate to act?
Your Majesty must needs secure them both.
'Tis known how I regard Jehoiada,
Seeking no vengeance for my private wrongs,
In all my warnings studying to be fair;
But, after all, were this indeed his son,
Would he one moment let the guilty live?

Abner —
Of what crime can a child be capable?

Mattan —
Heaven showed him with a dagger in his hand;
And Heaven is just and wise, nor works in vain.
What more dost want?

Abner — But, trusting to a dream,
Say, wouldst thou have us bathe in infant blood?
Ye know not yet his father nor his name.

Mattan —
Enough for fear! I have considered all.
If from illustrious parentage he springs,
His ruin should be hastened by his rank;
If fate has placed him in a lot obscure,
What matters it if worthless blood be spilt?
Must kings keep pace when justice lags behind?
On promptitude their safety oft depends;
No irksome scruples need their freedom check;
To be suspected is all one with guilt.

Abner —
Mattan! Is this the language of a priest?
Nursed in the lap of war, in carnage reared,
Stern agent of the vengeful wrath of Kings,
'Tis I who now must urge misfortune's plea!
And thou, who owest him a father's love,
A minister of peace in times of wrath,
Cloaking resentment with pretended zeal
Dost chafe that blood should flow so tardily!
Thou badest me, Madam, speak my honest thought:
What, then, is this that moves thy fear so much?
A dream, a feeble child, whom, it may be
Too readily thy fancy recognized.

Athaliah —
Abner, I will admit I may be wrong,
Heeding too much, perchance, an idle dream.
More closely then must I behold that child,
And at my leisure scan his features well.
Let both the boys be brought before me now.

Abner —

I fear —

Athaliah — What! Can they fail to grant me this?

What reason could they have to say me no?

'Twould rouse suspicion. Bid Jehosheba,
Or else her husband, bring the children here;

I can at pleasure use a monarch's tone.

Abner, I tell thee candidly, your priests

Have cause to bless my kindness hitherto;

I know how far they freely have discussed

My conduct, and abused my sovereign power;

And yet they live, and yet their temple stands.

But soon, I feel, the limit may be passed;

Jehoiada must curb his savage zeal,

And not provoke my wrath a second time.

Go.

[*Exit* ABNER.]

Mattan — I may now at last in freedom speak,

And clearly set the truth before thine eyes.

A growing monster in this temple lurks;

A tempest threatens, wait not till it breaks.

Ere daylight Abner with th' High Priest conferred;

Thou knowest well his love for David's line.

What if Jehoiada should in their ranks

Foist this young child with whom Heaven threatens thee,

His son or not —

Athaliah — Thou hast unsealed mine eyes,

And Heaven's warning vision grows distinct.

But I would fain be free from every doubt:

Children will readily betray their thoughts;

One word will oft disclose some deep design.

Let me, dear Mattan, see him, question him.

Go thou, meanwhile, and secret orders give

That all my Tyrians quickly arm themselves.

JOASH, ATHALIAH, JEHOSEBA, ZACHARIAH, ABNER, SALOME, TWO
LEVITES, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH.

Jehosheba [*to the two LEVITES*] —

Keep constant watch, ye servants of the Lord,

Over these children, precious and beloved.

Abner [*to JEHOSEBA*] —

Take courage, Princess; they shall be my charge.

Athaliah —

Heavens! the more closely I examine him, —

'Tis he! And horror seizes me again.

[*Pointing to* JOASH.]

Wife of Jehoiada, is this thy son?

- Jehosheba* —
 He, Madam ?
- Athaliah* — He.
- Jehosheba* — His mother? No, not I.
 [Pointing to ZACHARIAH.]
- There is my son.
- Athaliah* [to JOASH] — Who is thy father, child ?
 Answer, thyself.
- Jehosheba* — Heaven till this very day —
- Athaliah* —
 Why in such haste to answer for the boy ?
 It is for him to speak.
- Jehosheba* — From one so young
 What revelation canst thou hope to gain ?
- Athaliah* —
 The young are innocent; and simple truth
 Their honest frankness knows not to disguise:
 Let him explain all that concerns himself.
- Jehosheba* [aside] —
 Great God, put now Thy wisdom in his mouth!
- Athaliah* —
 What is thy name ?
- Joash* — My name's Eliakim.
- Athaliah* —
 Thy father ?
- Joash* — Fatherless, they say, I am,
 Cast since my birth upon the arms of God;
 I never knew my parents, who they were.
- Athaliah* —
 Hast thou no parents ?
- Joash* — They abandoned me.
- Athaliah* —
 How? and how long ago ?
- Joash* — When I was born.
- Athaliah* —
 Where is thy home? This can at least be told.
- Joash* —
 This Temple is my home; none else I know.
- Athaliah* —
 Where wast thou found? Hast thou been told of that ?
- Joash* —
 'Midst cruel wolves, ready to eat me up.
- Athaliah* —
 Who placed thee in this temple ?
- Joash* — One unknown,
 She gave no name, nor was she seen again.

Athaliah —

Whose guardian hands preserved thine infant years?

Joash —

When did God e'er neglect His children's needs?
The feathered nestlings He provides with food,
And o'er all nature spreads His bounty wide.
Daily I pray; and with a Father's care
He feeds me from the sacred offerings.

Athaliah —

New wonder comes to trouble and perplex!
The sweetness of his voice, his infant grace
Unconsciously make enmity give way
To—can it be compassion that I feel!

Abner —

Madam, is this thy dreaded enemy?
'Tis evident thy dreams have played thee false;
Unless thy pity, which now seems to vex,
Should be the fatal blow that terrified.

Athaliah [*to JOASH and JEHOSHEBA*] —

Why are ye leaving?

Jehosheba —

Thou hast heard his tale:

His presence longer might be troublesome.

Athaliah [*to JOASH*] —

Nay, child, come back. What dost thou all the day?

Joash —

I worship God, and hear His Law explained;
His holy volume I am taught to read,
And now to write it has my hand begun.

Athaliah —

What says that Law?

Joash —

That God requires our love,

Avenges, soon or late, His Name blasphemed,
Is the protector of the fatherless,
Resists the proud, the murderer punishes.

Athaliah —

I understand. But all within these walls,
How are they occupied?

Joash —

In praising God.

Athaliah —

Does God claim constant service here and prayer?

Joash —

All else is banished from His holy courts.

Athaliah —

What pleasures hast thou?

Joash —

Where God's altar stands,

I sometimes help th' High Priest to offer salt

Or incense, hear His lofty praises sung,
And see His stately ritual performed.

Athaliah —

What! Hast thou pastime none more sweet than that?
Sad lot for one so young; but come with me,
And see my palace and my splendor there.

Joash —

God's goodness then would from my memory fade.

Athaliah —

I would not force thee to forget Him, child.

Joash —

Thou dost not pray to Him.

Athaliah —

But thou shalt pray.

Joash —

There I should hear another's name invoked.

Athaliah —

I serve my god: and thou shalt worship thine.
There are two powerful gods.

Joash —

Thou must fear mine;
He only is the Lord, and thine is naught.

Athaliah —

Pleasures untold will I provide for thee.

Joash —

The happiness of sinners melts away.

Athaliah —

Of sinners, who are they?

Jehosheba —

Madam, excuse

A child ——

Athaliah —

I like to see how ye have taught him;
And thou hast pleased me well, Eliakim,
Being, and that past doubt, no common child.
See thou, I am a queen, and have no heir;
Forsake this humble service, doff this garb,
And I will let thee share in all my wealth;
Make trial of my promise from this day;
Beside me at my table, everywhere,
Thou shalt receive the treatment of a son.

Joash —

A son!

Athaliah —

Yes, speak.

Joash —

And such a Father leave

For ——

Athaliah —

Well, what?

Joash —

Such a mother as thyself!

Athaliah [to JEHOSEBA] —

His memory is good; in all he says

I recognize the lessons ye have given.
 Yes, this is how, corrupting guileless youth,
 Ye both improve the freedom ye enjoy,
 Inciting them to hatred and wild rage,
 Until they shudder but to hear my name.

Jehosheba —

Can our misfortunes be concealed from them?
 All the world knows them; are they not thy boast?

Athaliah —

Yea; with just wrath, that I am proud to own,
 My parents on my offspring I avenged.
 Could I see sire and brother massacred,
 My mother from the palace roof cast down,
 And the same day beheaded all at once
 (Oh, horror!) fourscore princes of the blood;
 And all to avenge a pack of prophets slain,
 Whose dangerous frenzies Jezebel had curbed?
 Have queens no heart, daughters no filial love,
 That I should act the coward and the slave,
 Too pitiful to cope with savages,
 By rendering death for death, and blow for blow?
 David's posterity from me received
 Treatment no worse than had my father's sons!
 Where should I be to-day, had I not quelled
 All weakness and a mother's tenderness,
 Had not this hand of mine like water shed
 My own heart's blood, and boldly checked your plots?
 Your god has vowed implacable revenge;
 Snapt is the link between thine house and mine,
 David and all his offspring I abhor,
 Tho' born of mine own blood I own them not.

Jehosheba —

Thy plans have prospered. Let God see, and judge!

Athaliah —

Your god, forsooth, your only refuge left,
 What will become of his predictions now?
 Let him present you with that promised King,
 That Son of David, waited for so long, —
 We meet again. Farewell. I go content:
 I wished to see, and I have seen.

[*Exit.*

Abner [to *JEHOSHEBA*] —

The trust

I undertook to keep, I thus resign.

Jehosheba [to *JEHOIADA*] —

My lord, didst hear the Queen's presumptuous words?

Jehoiada —

I heard them all, and felt for thee the while.

These Levites were with me ready to aid
Or perish with you, such was our resolve.

[To JOASH, embracing him.

May God watch o'er thee, child, whose courage bore,
Just now, such noble witness to His Name.
Thy service, Abner, has been well discharged:
I shall expect thee at th' appointed hour.
I must return, this impious murderess
Has stained my vision, and disturbed my prayers;
The very pavement that her feet have trod
My hands shall sprinkle o'er with cleansing blood.



THE TRIAL OF DELIVERANCE WENTWORTH.¹

BY PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE.

(From "Ye Lyttle Salem Maide.")

[PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE was born in Fairfield, Connecticut, 1873; resides in Toledo, Ohio. She has written "Mademoiselle de Berny" and "Ye Little Salem Maide."]

AT LAST one fair June day brought her trial.

Her irons were removed, and she was conducted by the constable with a guard of four soldiers to the meeting-house. In the crowd that parted at the great door to make way for them were many familiar faces, but all were stern and sad. In all eyes she read her accusation. The grim silence of this general condemnation made it terrible; the whispered comments and the looks cast upon her expressed stern pity mingled with abhorrence.

On the outskirts of the throng she observed a young man of ascetic face and austere bearing, clothed in black velvet with neckbands and tabs of fine linen. He wore a flowing white periwig, and was mounted on a magnificent white horse. In one hand he held the reins, in the other, a Bible.

Upon entering the meeting-house, Deliverance was conducted by the Beadle to a platform and seated upon a stool, above the level of the audience and in plain sight.

In front of the pulpit, the seven judges seated in a row

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faced the people. Clothed in all the dignity of their office of crimson velvet gowns and curled white horsehair wigs, they were an imposing array. One judge, however, wore a black skullcap, from beneath which his brown locks, streaked with gray, fell to his shoulders, around a countenance at once benevolent and firm, but which now wore an expression revealing much anguish of mind. This was the great Judge Samuel Sewall, who, in later years, was crushed by sorrow and mortification that at these trials he had been made guilty of shedding innocent blood, so that he rose in his pew in the Old South Church in Boston Town, acknowledging and bewailing his great offense, and asking the prayers of the congregation "that God would not visit the sin of him or of any other upon himself, or any of his, nor upon the land."

In the center of the group sat Lieutenant Governor Stoughton, chosen to be chief justice, in that he was a renowned scholar, rather than a great soldier. Hard and narrow as he was said to be, he yet possessed that stubbornness in carrying out his convictions of what was right, which exercised in a better cause might have won him reputation for wisdom rather than obstinacy.

To the end of his days he insisted that the witch trials had been meet and proper, and that the only mistakes made had been in checking the prosecutions. It was currently reported that when the panic subsided, and the reprieve for several convicted prisoners came from Governor Phipps to Salem, he left the bench in anger and went no more into that court.

"For," said he, "we were in a fair way to clear the land of witches. Who it is that obstructs the cause of justice, I know not. The Lord be merciful unto the country!"

On the left of the prisoner was the jury.

After Deliverance had been duly sworn to tell the truth, she sat quietly, her hands folded in her lap. Now and then she raised her eyes and glanced over the faces upturned to hers. She observed her father not far distant from her. But he held one hand over his eyes and she could not meet his gaze. Beside him sat Goodwife Higgins, weeping.

There was one other who should have been present, her brother Ronald, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The authorities had not deemed it wise to send for him, as it was known he had to a certain extent fallen in with dissenters and freethinkers in Boston Town, and it was

feared that, in the hot-blooded impetuosity of youth, he might by some disturbance hinder the trial.

The first witness called to the stand was Goodwife Higgins.

Deliverance, too dazed with trouble to feel any active grief, watched her with dull eyes.

Weeping, the good dame related the episode of finding the prisoner's bed empty one morning, and the yellow bird on the window ledge. Groans and hisses greeted her testimony. There was no reason to doubt her word. It was plainly observed that she was suffering, and that she walked over her own heart in telling the truth. It was not simply terror and superstition that actuated Goodwife Higgins, but rather the stern determination bred in the very bone and blood of all Puritans to meet Satan face to face and drive him from the land, even though those dearest and best beloved were sacrificed.

The next witness was the prisoner's father. The heart-broken man had nothing to say which would lead to her conviction. Save the childish naughtiness with which all parents were obliged to contend, the prisoner had been his dear and dutiful daughter, and God would force them to judge her righteously.

"She has bewitched him. She has not even spared her father. See how blind he is to her sinfulness," the whisper passed from mouth to mouth. And hearts hardened still more toward the prisoner.

Master Wentworth was then dismissed. While on the stand he had not glanced at his daughter. Doubtless the sight of her wan little face would have been more than he could have endured.

Sir Jonathan Jamieson was then called upon to give his testimony. As his name was cried by the constable, Deliverance showed the first signs of animation since she had been taken from the jail. Surely, she thought, he who understood better than she the meaning of her words to him, would explain them and save her from hanging. Her eyes brightened, and she watched him intently as he advanced up the aisle. A general stir and greater attention on the part of the people was apparent at his appearance. A chair was placed for him in the witness box, for he was allowed to sit, being of the gentry. As usual he was clothed in somber velvet. He seated himself, took off his hat and laid it on

the floor beside his chair. Deliverance then saw that the hair on his head was quite as red as his beard, and that he wore it cropped short, uncovered by a wig. Deliberately, while the judges and people waited, he drew off his leathern gauntlets that he might lay his bare hand upon the Bible when he took the oath.

Deliverance for once forgot her fear of him. She leant forward eagerly. So near was he that she could almost have touched him with her hand.

"Oh, sir," she cried, using strong old Puritan language. "tell the truth and mortify Satan and his members, for he has gotten me in sore straits."

"Hush," said one of the judges, sternly, "let the prisoner keep silent."

"Methinks that I be the only one not allowed to speak," said Deliverance to herself, "which be not right, seeing I be most concerned." And she shook her head, very greatly perplexed and troubled.

Sir Jonathan was then asked to relate what he knew about the prisoner. With much confidence he addressed the court. Deliverance was astonished at the mild accents of his voice which had formerly rung so harshly in her ears.

"I have had but short acquaintance with her," he said, "though I may have passed her often on the street, not observing her in preference to any other maid; but some several weeks ago as I did chance to stop at the town pump for a draught o' cold water, the day being warm and my throat dry, I paused as is meet and right before drinking to give thanks, when suddenly something moved me to glance up, and I saw the prisoner standing on a block near by, laughing irreverently, which was exceeding ill mannered."

At this Deliverance's cheeks flushed scarlet, for she knew his complaint was quite just. "I did not mean to laugh," she exclaimed humbly, "but some naughty boys had pinned a placard o' the edge o' your cape, and 'twas a fair comical sight."

At this interruption, the seven judges all frowned upon her so severely that she did not dare say another word.

"Now, while I did not suspicion her at the time," continued Sir Jonathan, "I was moved to think there was a spell cast upon the water, for after drinking I had great pain and needs must strengthen myself with a little rum. Later I met our

godly magistrate and chanced to mention the incident. He told me the prisoner's name, and how her vanities and backslidings were a sore torment to her father, and that he knew neither peace nor happiness on her account."

At these words Master Wentworth started to his feet. "I protest against the scandalous words uttered by our magistrate," he cried; "ne'er has my daughter brought me aught save peace and comfort. She has been my sole consolation, since her mother went to God."

He sat down again with his hand over his eyes, while many pitying glances were cast upon him.

"Mind him not," said one of the judges to Sir Jonathan; "he is sorely afflicted and weighs not his utterances. Oh, 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child,'" and he glanced sternly at Deliverance.

At these words, she could no longer contain herself, and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud, remembering all her willfulness in the past.

"What I have to say," continued Sir Jonathan, "is not much. But straws show the drift of the current, and little acts the soul's bent. The night of the same day on which I saw the prisoner standing on the block near the town pump, I went with a recipe to Master Wentworth's home to have him brew me a concoction of herbs. The recipe I brought from England. Knowing he was very learned in the art of simpling, I took it to him. I found him in his stillroom, working. Having transacted my business, I seated myself and we lapsed into pleasant converse. While thus talking, he opened the door, called his daughter from the kitchen, and gave her a small task. At last, as it drew near the ninth hour, when the night watchman would make his rounds, I rose and said farewell to Master Wentworth, he scarce hearing me, absorbed in his simples. As I was about to pass the prisoner, my heart not being hardened toward her for all her vanities, I paused, and put my hand in my doublet pocket, thinking to please her by giving her a piece of silver, and also to admonish her with a few well-chosen words. But as my fingers clasped the silver piece, my attention was arrested by the expression of the prisoner's face. So full of malice was it that I recoiled. And at this she uttered a terrible imprecation, the words of which I did not fully understand, but at the instant of her uttering them a most excruciating pain

seized upon me. It racked my bones so that I tossed sleepless all that night."

He paused and looked around solemnly over the people. "And since then," he added, "I have not had one hour free from pain and dread."

As Sir Jonathan finished his testimony, he glanced at Deliverance, whose head had sunk on her breast and from whose heart all hope had departed. If he would say naught in explanation, what proof could she give that she was no witch? Her good and loyal word had been given not to betray her meeting with the mysterious stranger.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said Chief Justice Stoughton, "have you aught to say to the charge brought against you by this godly gentleman?"

As she glanced up to reply, she encountered the malevolent glance of Sir Jonathan defying her to speak, and she shook with fear. With an effort she looked away from him to the judges.

"I be innocent o' any witchery," she said in her tremulous, sweet voice. The words of the woman who had been in jail with her returned to her memory: "There is another judgment, dear child." So now the little maid's spirits revived. "I be innocent o' any witchery, your Lordships," she repeated bravely, "and there be another judgment than that which ye shall put upon me."

Strange to say, the sound of her own voice calmed and assured her, much as if the comforting words had been again spoken to her by some one else. Surely, she believed, being innocent, that God would not let her be hanged.

The fourth witness, Bartholomew Stiles, a yeoman, bald and bent nearly double by age, was then cried by the Beadle.

Leaning on his stick he pattered up the aisle, and stumblingly ascended the steps of the platform.

"Ye do me great honor, worships," he cackled, "to call on my poor wit."

"Give him a stool, for he is feeble," said the chief justice: "a stool for the old man, good Beadle."

So a stool was brought and old Bartholomew seated upon it. He looked over the audience and at the row of judges. Then he spied Deliverance. "Ay, there her be, worships, there be the witch." He pointed his trembling finger at her. "Ay, witch, the old man kens ye."

"When did you last see the prisoner?" asked the chief justice.

"There her be, worships," repeated the witness, "there be the witch, wi' a white neck for stretching. Best be an old throat wi' free breath, than a lassie's neck wi' a rope around it."

Deliverance shuddered.

"Methinks no hag o' the Evil One," said she to herself, "be more given o'er to malice than this old fule, Lord forgive me for the calling o' him by that name."

Now the judge in the black silk cap was moved to pity by the prisoner's shudder, and spoke out sharply. "Let the witness keep to his story and answer the questions put to him in due order, or else he shall be put in the stocks."

"Up with your pate, goody," admonished the Beadle, "and speak out that their worships may hear, or into the stocks ye go to sweat in the sun while the boys tickle the soles o' your feet."

The witness wriggled uneasily as having had experience.

"A week ago, or it be twa or three or four past, your worships, the day afore this time, 'twixt noon an' set o' sun, there had been thunder an' crook'd lightning, an' hags rode by i' the wind on branches. All the milk clabbered, if that will holpen ye to 'membrance o' the day, worships."

"Ay, reverend judges," called out a woman's voice from the audience, "sour milk the old silly brought me, four weeks come next Thursday. Good pence took he for his clabbered milk, and I was like to cuff——"

"The ducking stool awaits scolding wives," interrupted the chief justice, with a menacing look, and the woman subsided.

"That day at set o' sun I was going into toone wi' my buckets o' milk when I spied a bramble rose. 'Blushets,' says I to them, 'ye must be picked;' for I thought to carry them to the toone an' let them gae for summat gude to eat. So I set doone my pails to pull a handful o' the pretty blushets. O' raising my old een, my heart was like to jump out my throat, for there adoon the forest path, 'twixt the green, I saw the naughty maid i' amiable converse wi' Satan."

"Dear Lord," interrupted the little maid, sharply, "he was a very pleasant gentleman."

"Silence!" cried the Beadle, tapping her head with his staff, on the end of which was a pewter ball.

“As ye ken,” continued the old yeoman, “the Devil be most often a black man, but this time he was o’ fair color, attired in most ungodly fashion in a gay velvet dooblet wi’ high boots. So ta’en up wi’ watching o’ the wickedness o’ Deliverance Wentworth was I, that I clean forgot myself ——”

The speaker, shuddering, paused.

“Lose not precious time,” admonished the chief justice, sternly.

“O’ a sudden I near died o’ fright,” moaned the old yeoman.

A tremor as at something supernatural passed over the people.

“Ay,” continued the witness, “wi’ mine very een, I beheld the prisoner turn an’ run towards her hame, whilst the Devil rose an’ come doone the path towards me, Bartholomew Stiles!”

“And then?” queried the chief justice, impatiently.

“It was too late to hide, an’ I be no spry a’ running. Plump o’ my marrow boones I dropped, an’ closed my een an’ prayed wi’ a loud voice. I heard Satan draw near. He stopped aside me. ‘Ye old silly,’ says he, ‘be ye gane daffy?’ Ne’er word answered I, but prayed the louder. I heard the vision take a lang draught o’ milk from the bucket wi’ a smackin’ o’ his lips. Then did Satan deal me an ungentle kick an’ went on doon the path.”

“Said he naught further?” asked one of the judges.

“Nae word more, worships,” replied the yeoman. “I ha’ the caution not to open my een for a lang bit o’ time. Then I saw that what milk remained i’ the bucket out o’ which Satan drank had turned black, an’ I ha’ some o’ it here to testify to the sinfu’ company kept by Deliverance Wentworth.”

From his pocket the old yeoman carefully drew a small bottle filled with a black liquid, and, in his shaking hand, extended it to the judge nearest him.

Solemnly the judge took it and drew out the cork.

“It has the smell of milk,” he said, “but milk which has clabbered;” and he passed it to his neighbor.

“It has the look of clabbered milk,” assented the second judge.

“Beshrew me, but it is clabbered milk,” asserted the third judge; “methinks ’twould be wisdom to keep the bottle corked, lest the once good milk, now a malignant fluid, be spilled on one of us and a tiny drop do great evil.”

Thus the bottle was passed from one judicial nose to the other, and then given to the Beadle, who set it carefully on the table.

There may be seen to this day in Salem a bottle containing the pins which were drawn from the bodies of those who were victims of witches. But the bottle which stood beside it for over a century was at last thrown away, as it was empty save for a few grains of some powder or dust. Little did they who flung it away realize that that pinch of grayish dust was the remains of the milk which Satan, according to Bartholomew Stiles, had bewitched, and which was a large factor in securing the condemnation of Deliverance Wentworth.

The next witness was the minister who had conducted the services on the afternoon of that late memorable Sabbath, when the Devil had sought to destroy the meetinghouse during a thunderstorm.

He testified to having seen the prisoner raise her eyes, as she entered the church in disgrace ahead of the tithing man, and instantly an invisible demon, obeying her summons, tore down that part of the roof whereon her glance rested.

This evidence, further testified to by other witnesses, was in itself sufficient to condemn her.

The little maid heard the minister sadly. In the past he had been kind to her, and was her father's friend, and his young daughter had attended the Dame School with her.

Later, this very minister was driven from the town by his indignant parishioners, who blamed him not that he had shared in the general delusion, but that many of his persecutions had been actuated by personal malice.

And by a formal and public act, the repentant people canceled their excommunication of one blameless woman who had been his especial victim.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "the supreme test of witchery will now be put to you. Pray God discover you if you be guilty. Let Ebenezer Gibbs appear."

"Ebenezer Gibbs," cried the Beadle, loudly.

At this there was a great stir and confusion in the rear of the meetinghouse.

Deliverance saw the stern faces turn from her, and necks craned to see the next witness. There entered the young man whom she had noticed, mounted on a white horse, at the out-

skirts of the crowd. A buzz of admiration greeted him, as he advanced slowly up the aisle, with a pomposity unusual in so young a man. His expression was austere. His right hand was spread upon a Bible, which he held against his breast. His hand, large, of a dimpled plumpness, with tapering fingers, was oddly at variance with his handsome face, which was thin, and marked by lines of hard study; a fiery zeal smoldered beneath the self-contained expression, ready to flame forth at a word. He ascended the platform reserved for the judges, and seated himself. Then he laid the Bible on his knees, and folded his arms across his breast.

A pitiful wailing arose in the back of the house, and the sound of a woman's voice hushing some one.

A man's voice in the audience cried out, "Let the witch be hanged. She be tormenting her victim."

"I be no witch," cried Deliverance, shrilly. "Dear Lord, give them a sign I be no witch."

The Beadle pounded his staff for silence.

"Let Ebenezer Gibbs come into court."

In answer to these summons, a child came slowly up the aisle, clinging to his mother's skirts. His thin little legs tottered under him; his face was peaked and wan, and he hid it in his mother's dress. When the Beadle sought to lift him, he wept bitterly, and had to be taken by force, and placed upon the platform where the accused was seated. The poor baby gasped for breath. His face grew rigid, his lips purple. His tiny hands, which were like bird's claws, so thin and emaciated were they, clinched, and he fell in convulsions.

An angry murmur from the people was instantly succeeded by the deepest silence.

The magistrates and people breathlessly awaited the result of the coming experiment.

The supreme test in all cases of witchery was to bring the victim into court, when he would generally fall into convulsions, or scream with agony on beholding the accused.

The Beadle and his assistants would then conduct or carry the sufferer to the prisoner, who was bidden by the judge to put forth his hand and touch the flesh of the afflicted one. Instantly the convulsions and supposed diabolical effects would cease, the malignant fluid passing back, like a magnetic current, into the body of the witch.

Tenderly the Beadle lifted the small convulsed form of Ebenezer Gibbs and laid it at the prisoner's feet.

"Deliverance Wentworth," said the chief justice, "you are bidden by the court to touch the body of your victim, that the malignant fluid, with which you have so diabolically afflicted him, may return into your own body. Again I pray God in His justice discover you if you be guilty."

Despite the severity of her rule, the little assistant teacher of the Dame School had a most tender heart for her tiny scholars. She bent now and lifted this youngest of her pupils into her lap.

"Oh, Ebenezer," she cried, stricken with remorse, "I no meant to rap your pate so hard as to make ye go daffy."

Doubtless the familiar voice pierced to the child's benumbed faculties, for he was seen to stir in her arms.

"Ebenezer," murmured the little maid, "do ye no love me, that ye will no open your eyes and look at me? Why, I be no witch, Ebenezer. Open your eyes and see. I will give ye a big sugarplum and ye will."

The beloved voice touched the estranged child heart. Perhaps the poor, stricken baby believed himself again at his knitting and primer lesson at the Dame School. In the awed silence he was seen to raise himself in the prisoner's arms and smile. With an inarticulate, cooing sound, he stroked her cheek with his little hand. The little maid spoke in playful chiding. Suddenly a weak gurgle of laughter smote the strained hearing of the people.

"Ye see, ye see I be no witch," cried Deliverance, raising her head, "ye see he be no afeared o' me."

But as soon as the words left her lips, she shrank and cowered, for she realized that the test of witchery had succeeded, that she was condemned. From her suddenly limp and helpless arms the Beadle took the child and returned it to its mother. And from that hour it was observed that little Ebenezer Gibbs regained strength.

The prisoner's arms were then bound behind her that she might not touch any one else.

After quiet had been restored, and the excitement at this direct proof of the prisoner's guilt had been quelled, the young minister, who had entered at a late hour of the trial, rose and addressed the jury. He was none other than the famous Cotton Mather, of Boston Town, being then about thirty years old and

in the height of his power. He had journeyed thither, he said, especially to be present at this trial, inasmuch as he had heard that some doubters had protested that the prisoner being young and a maiden, it was a cruel deed to bring her to trial, as if it had not been proven unto the people, yea, unto these very doubters, that the Devil, in his serpent cunning, often takes possession of seemingly innocent persons.

"Atheism," he said, tapping his Bible, "is begun in Sadduceism, and those that dare not openly say, 'There is no God,' content themselves for a fair step and introduction thereto by denying there are witches. You have seen how this poor child had his grievous torment relieved as soon as the prisoner touched him. Yet you are wrought upon in your weak hearts by her round cheek and tender years, whereas if the prisoner had been an hag, you would have cried out upon her. Have you not been told this present assault of evil spirits is a particular defiance unto you and your ministers? Especially against New England is Satan waging war, because of its greater godliness. For the same reason it has been observed that demons, having much spite against God's house, do seek to demolish churches during thunderstorms. Of this you have had terrible experience in the incident of this prisoner. You know how hundreds of poor people have been seized with supernatural torture, many scalded with invisible brimstone, some with pins stuck in them, which have been withdrawn and placed in a bottle, that you all may have witness thereof. Yea, with mine own eyes have I seen poor children made to fly like geese, but just their toes touching now and then upon the ground, sometimes not once in twenty feet, their arms flapping like wings!"

The courthouse was very warm this June morning. Cotton Mather paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow. As he returned his kerchief to his pocket his glance rested momentarily on the prisoner.

For the first time he realized her youth. He noted her hair had a golden and innocent shining like the hair of a little child.

"Surely," he spoke aloud, yet more to himself than to the people, "the Devil does indeed take on at times the appearance of a very angel of light!"

He felt a sudden stirring of sympathy for those weak natures wrought upon by "a round cheek and tender years." The consciousness of this leaning in himself inspired him to greater vehemence.

“The conviction is most earnestly forced upon me that God has made of this especial case a very trial of faith, lest we embrace Satan when he appears to us in goodly disguise, and persecute him only when he puts on the semblance of an old hag or a middle-aged person. Yet, while God has thus far accorded the most exquisite success to our endeavor to defeat these horrid witchcrafts, there is need of much caution lest the Devil outwit us, so that we most miserably convict the innocent and set the guilty free. Now, the prisoner being young, meseemeth she was, perchance, more foolish than wicked. And when I reflect that men of much strength and hearty women have confessed that the Black man did tender a book unto them, soliciting them to enter into a league with his Master, and when they refused this abominable specter did summon his demons to torture these poor people, until by reason of their weak flesh, but against their real desires, they signed themselves to be the servants of the Devil forever,—and, I repeat, that when I reflect on this, that they who were hearty and of mature age could not withstand the torture of being twisted and pricked and pulled, and scalded with burning brimstone, how much less could a weak, tender maid resist their evil assaults? And I trust that my poor prayers for her salvation will not be refused, but that she will confess and save her soul.”

He turned his earnest gaze upon Deliverance, and, perceiving she was in great fear, he spoke to her gently, bidding her cast off all dread of the Devil, abiding rather in the love of God, and thus strong in the armor of light, make her confession.

But the little maid was too stupefied by terror to gather much intelligent meaning from his words, and she stared helplessly at him as if stricken dumb.

At her continued, and to him, stubborn, silence, his patience vanished.

“Then you are indeed obstinate and of hard heart, and the Lord has cast you off,” he cried. He turned to the judges with an impassioned gesture. “What better proof could you have that the Devil would indeed beguile the court itself by a fair outward show? Behold a very Sadducee! See in what dire need we stand to permit no false compassion to move us, lest by not proceeding with unwavering justice in this witchery business we work against the very cause of Christ. Still, while I would thus caution you not to let one witch go free, meseemeth it is yet worth while to consider other punishment than by halter

or burning. I have lately been impressed by a Vision from the Invisible World, that it would be pleasing to the Lord to have the lesser criminals punished in a mortifying public fashion until they renounce the Devil. I am apt to think there is some substantial merit in this peculiar recommendation."

A ray of hope was in these last words for the prisoner.

Deliverance raised her head eagerly. A lesser punishment! Then she would not be hanged. Oh, what a blessed salvation that she would be placed only in the stocks, or made to stand in a public place until she should confess! And it flashed through her mind that she could delay her confession from day to day until the Cavalier should return.

Cotton Mather caught her sudden changed expression.

The wan little face with its wide, uplifted eyes and half-parted lips acquired a fearful significance. That transfiguring illumination of hope upon her face was to him the phosphorescent playing of diabolical lights.

His compassion vanished. He now saw her only as a subtle instrument of the Devil's to defeat the ministers and the Church. He shuddered at the train of miserable consequences to which his pity might have opened the door, had not the mercy of God showed him his error in time.

"But when you have caught a witch of more than ordinary devilment," he cried, striking the palm of one hand with his clinched fist, "and who, by a fair and most subtle showing, would betray the cause of Christ to her Master, let no weak pity unnerve you, but have at her and hang her, lest but one such witch left in the land acquire power to wreak untold evil and undo all we have done."

Still once again did his deeply concerned gaze seek the prisoner's face, hoping to behold therein some sign of softening.

Beholding it not, he sighed heavily. He would willingly have given his life to save her soul to the good of God and to the glory of his own self-immolation.

"I become more and more convinced that my failure to bring this miserable maid to confession, and indeed the whole assault of the Evil Angels upon the country," he continued, using those words which have been generally accepted as a revelation of his marvelous credulity and self-righteousness, "were intended by Hell as a particular defiance unto my poor endeavors to bring the souls of men unto heaven. Yet will I wage personal war with Satan to drive him from the land."

He raised his eyes, a light of exaltation sweeping over his face.

“And in God’s own appointed time,” he cried in a voice that quivered with emotion, “His Peace will again descend upon this fair and gracious land, and we shall be at rest from persecution.”

Whatever of overweening vanity his words expressed, none present seeing his enraptured face might have judged him harshly.

No infatuated self-complacency alone prompted his words, but rather his earnest conviction that he was indeed the instrument of God, and believed himself by reason of his long fastings and prayer, more than any person he knew, in direct communion with the invisible world.

And if his vanity and self-sufficiency held many from loving him, there were few who did not involuntarily do him honor.

Having finished, he sat down, laid his Bible on his knee, and folded his arms across his breast as heretofore. None, looking at him then as he sat facing the people, his chest puffed out with incomparable pride, young, with every sign of piety, withal a famous scholar, and possessed of exceptional personal comeliness, saw how the shadow of the future already touched him, when for his honest zeal in persecuting witches he should be an object of insult and ridicule in Boston Town, people naming their negroes Cotton Mather after him.

During his speech, Deliverance had at first listened eagerly, but, as he continued, her head sank on her breast and hope vanished. Dimly, as in a dream, she heard the judges’ voices, the whispering of the people. At last, as a voice speaking a great distance off, she heard her name spoken.

“Deliverance Wentworth,” said Chief Justice Stoughton, “you are acquaint with the law. If any man or woman be a witch and hath a familiar spirit, or hath consulted with one, he or she shall be put to death. You have by full and fair trial been proven a witch and found guilty in the extreme. Yet the court will show mercy unto you, if you will heartily, and with a contrite heart, confess that you sinned through weakness, and repent that you did transfer allegiance from God to the Devil.”

“I be no witch,” cried Deliverance, huskily, “I be no witch. There be another judgment.”

The tears dropped from her eyes into her lap and the sweat

rolled down her face. But she could not wipe them away, her arms being bound behind her.

The judge nearest her, he who wore his natural hair and the black cap, was moved to compassion. He leant forward, and with his kerchief wiped the tears and sweat from her face.

"You poor and pitiful child," he said, "estranged from God by reason of your great sin, confess, confess, while there is yet time, lest you be hanged in sin and your soul condemned to eternal burning."

Deliverance comprehended but the merciful act and not the exhortation. She looked at him with the terror and entreaty of a last appeal in her eyes, but was powerless to speak.

Thus because she would not confess to the crime of which she had been proven guilty in the eyes of the law, she was sentenced to be hanged within five days, on Saturday, not later than the tenth nor earlier than the eighth hour. Also, owing to the fact of the confusion and almost ungovernable excitement among the people, it was forbidden any one to visit her, excepting of course the officers of the law, or the ministers to exhort her to confession.

At noon the court adjourned.

First, the judges in their velvet gowns went out of the meeting-house. With the chief justice walked Cotton Mather, conversing learnedly.

Following their departure, two soldiers entered and bade Deliverance rise and go out with them. So, amidst a great silence, she passed down the aisle.



THE WISE WOMAN.

BY MME. DARMESTETER (MARY ROBINSON).

[MARY ROBINSON: Born at Leamington, Feb. 27, 1857. An English poet. In 1888 she married M. Darmesteter, the French Orientalist. She has written: "A Handful of Honeysuckles" (1878), "The Crowned Hippolytus" (1880), a translation of Euripides (1881), "The End of the Middle Ages" (1889: a historical work), etc.]

IN the last low cottage in Blackthorn Lane
 The Wise Woman lives alone;
 The broken thatch lets in the rain,
 And the glass is shattered in every pane
 With stones the boys have thrown.

For who would not throw stones at a witch,
 Take any safe revenge
 For the father's lameness, the mother's stitch,
 The sheep that died on its back in a ditch,
 And the mildewed corn in the grange ?

Only be sure to be out of sight
 Of the witch's baleful eye !
 So the stones, for the most, are thrown at night,
 Then a scuffle of feet, a hurry of fright —
 How fast those urchins fly !

And a shattered glass is gaping sore
 In the ragged window frame,
 Or a horseshoe nailed against the door,
 Whereunder the witch should pass no more.
 Were sayings and doings the same.

The witch's garden is run to weeds,
 Never a phlox or a rose,
 But infamous growths her brewing needs,
 Or slimy mosses the rank soil breeds,
 Or tares such as no man sows.

This is the house. Lift up the latch —
 Faugh, the smoke and the smell !
 A broken bench, some rags that catch
 The drip of the rain from the broken thatch —
 Are these the wages of Hell ?

Is it for this she earns the fear
 And the shuddering hate of her kind ?
 To molder and ache in the hovel here,
 With the horror of death ever brooding near,
 And the terror of what is behind ?

The witch — who wonders ? — is bent with cramp,
 Satan himself cannot cure her,
 For the beaten floor is oozing damp,
 And the moon, through the roof, might serve for a lamp,
 Only a rushlight's surer.

And here some night she will die alone,
 When the cramp clutches tight at her heart.
 Let her cry in her anguish, and sob, and moan,
 The tenderest woman the village has known
 Would shudder — but keep apart.

Should she die in her bed! A likelier chance
 Were the dog's death, drowned in the pond.
 The witch when she passes it looks askance:
 They ducked her once, when the horse bit Nance;
 She remembers, and looks beyond.

For then she had perished in very truth,
 But the Squire's son, home from college,
 Rushed to the rescue, himself forsooth
 Plunged after the witch. — Yes, I like the youth
 For all his new-fangled knowledge.

How he stormed at the cowards! What a rage
 Heroic flashed in his eyes!
 But many a struggle and many an age
 Must pass ere the same broad heritage
 Be given the fools and the wise.

“Cowards!” he cried. He was lord of the land,
 He was mighty to them, and rich.
 They let him rant; but on either hand
 They shrank from the devil's unseen brand
 On the sallow face of the witch.

They let him rant; but deep in each heart
 Each thought of something of his own
 Wounded or hurt by the Wise Woman's art;
 Some friend estranged, or some lover apart.
 Each heart grew cold as stone.

And the Heir spoke on, in his eager youth,
 His blue eyes full of flame;
 And he held the witch, as he spoke of the Truth;
 And the dead, cold Past; and of Love and of Ruth —
 But their hearts were still the same.

Till at last — “For the sake of Christ who died,
 Mother, forgive them,” he said.
 “Come, let us kneel, let us pray!” he cried.
 But horror-stricken, aghast, from his side
 The witch broke loose and fled!

Fled right fast from the brave amends
 He would make her then and there,
 From the chance that Heaven so seldom sends
 To turn our bitterest foes to friends, —
 Fled at the name of a prayer.

Poor lad, he stared so; amazed and grieved.
 He had argued nearly an hour;
 And yet the beldam herself believed,
 No less than the villagers she deceived,
 In her own unholy power!

Though surely a witch should know very well
 'Tis the lie for which she will burn.
 She surely has learned that the deepest spell
 Her art includes could never compel
 A quart of cream to turn.

And why, knowing this, should one sell one's soul
 To gain such a life as hers, —
 The life of the bat and the burrowing mole, —
 To gain no vision and no control,
 Not even the power to curse?

'Tis strange, and a riddle still in my mind
 To-day as well as then.
 There's never an answer I could find
 Unless — O folly of humankind!
 O vanity born with men!

Rather it may be than merely remain
 A woman poor and old,
 No longer like to be courted again
 For the sallow face deep lined with pain,
 Or the heart grown sad and cold.

Such bitter souls may there be, I think,
 So craving the power that slips,
 Rather than lose it, they would drink
 The waters of Hell, and lie at the brink
 Of the grave, with eager lips.

Who sooner would, than slip from sight,
 Meet every eye askance;
 Whom threatened murder can scarce affright;
 Who sooner would live as a plague and a blight
 Than just be forgotten: perchance.

INNATE PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES NON-EXISTENT.

By JOHN LOCKE.

(From the "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding.")

[JOHN LOCKE, one of the most celebrated of English philosophers, was a native of Wrington, Somerset, where he was born August 29, 1632. After several years of study at Oxford, he engaged in medical practice, and in this capacity made the acquaintance of Lord Ashley (later Earl of Shaftesbury), who appointed him confidential agent and secretary to the council of trade. In 1669 he drew up a constitution for the colonists of Carolina, of which Shaftesbury was one of the lords proprietors. After the fall of his patron Locke found it necessary to escape to Holland, and here he remained for several years, an object of suspicion to the government and a supposed accomplice in Monmouth's rebellion. After the Restoration he held various civil offices, and died at the residence of Sir Francis Masham in Essex, October 28, 1704. His "Essay concerning Human Understanding" (1690), met with rapid and extensive celebrity both in England and on the Continent. Also noteworthy are his letters "Concerning Toleration," "Thoughts on Education," and "The Reasonableness of Christianity."]

NO MORAL principles so clear and so generally received as [some speculative maxims which yet are not assented to by all]. — It will be hard to instance any moral rule which can pretend to so general and ready an assent as "What is, is"; or to be so manifest a truth as this, "that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be." Whereby it is evident that they are farther removed from the title to be innate; and the doubt of their being native impressions on the mind is stronger against those moral principles than the other. Not that it brings their truth at all in question: they are equally true, though not equally evident. Those speculative maxims carry their own evidence with them: but moral principles require reasoning and discourse, and some exercise of the mind, to discover the certainty of their truth. They lie not open as natural characters engraven on the mind; which, if any such were, they must needs be visible by themselves, and by their own light be certain and known to everybody.

But this is no derogation to truth and certainty; no more than it is to the truth or certainty of the three angles of a triangle being equal to two right ones, because it is not so evident as "the whole is bigger than a part," nor so apt to be assented to at first hearing. It may suffice, that these moral rules are capable of demonstration; and therefore it is

our own fault if we come not to a certain knowledge of them. But the ignorance wherein many men are of them, and the slowness of assent wherewith others receive them, are manifest proofs that they are not innate, and such as offer themselves to their view without searching.

Faith and justice not owned as principles by all men. — Whether there be any such moral principles, wherein all men do agree, I appeal to any who have been but moderately conversant in the history of mankind, and looked abroad beyond the smoke of their own chimneys. Where is that practical truth, that is universally received without doubt or question, as it must be if innate? Justice, and keeping of contracts, is that which most men seem to agree in. This is a principle which is thought to extend itself to the dens of thieves, and the confederacies of the greatest villains; and they who have gone farthest towards the putting off of humanity itself, keep faith and rules of justice one with another. I grant that outlaws themselves do this one amongst another; but it is without receiving these as the innate laws of nature. They practice them as rules of convenience within their own communities; but it is impossible to conceive, that he embraces justice as a practical principle, who acts fairly with his fellow-highwayman, and the same time plunders or kills the next honest man he meets with. Justice and truth are the common ties of society; and, therefore, even outlaws and robbers, who break with all the world besides, must keep faith and rules of equity among themselves, or else they cannot hold together. But will any one say, that those that live by fraud or rapine have innate principles of truth and justice which they allow and assent to?

Objection, [that] though men deny them in their practice, yet they admit them in their thoughts, answered. — Perhaps it will be urged, that the tacit assent of their minds agrees to what their practice contradicts. I answer, first, I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts. But since it is certain that most men's practices, and some men's open professions, have either questioned or denied these principles, it is impossible to establish an universal consent (though we should look for it only amongst grown men), without which it is impossible to conclude them innate. Secondly, it is very strange and unreasonable to suppose innate practical principles that terminate only in contemplation. Practical principles derived from nature are there for operation,

and must produce conformity of action, not barely speculative assent to their truth, or else they are in vain distinguished from speculative maxims. Nature, I confess, has put into man a desire of happiness, and an aversion to misery: these indeed are innate practical principles, which (as practical principles ought) do continue constantly to operate and influence all our actions without ceasing; these may be observed, in all persons and all ages, steady and universal: but these are inclinations of the appetite to good, not impressions of truth on the understanding. I deny not that there are natural tendencies imprinted on the minds of men; and that, from the very first instances of sense and perception, there are some things that are grateful, and others unwelcome to them; some things that they incline to, and others that they fly: but this makes nothing for innate characters on the mind, which are to be the principles of knowledge, regulating our practice. Such natural impressions on the understanding are so far from being confirmed hereby, that this is an argument against them; since, if there were certain characters imprinted by nature on the understanding, as the principles of knowledge, we could not but perceive them constantly operate in us, and influence our knowledge, as we do those others on the will and appetite; which never cease to be the constant springs and motives of all our actions, to which we perpetually feel them strongly impelling us.

Moral rules need a proof, ergo not innate. — Another reason that makes me doubt of any innate practical principles, is, that I think there cannot any one moral rule be proposed, whereof a man may not justly demand a reason: which would be perfectly ridiculous and absurd, if they were innate, or so much as self-evident; which every innate principle must needs be, and not need any proof to ascertain its truth, nor want any reason to gain it approbation. He would be thought void of common sense, who asked on the one side, or on the other side went to give a reason, why “it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be.” It carries its own light and evidence with it, and needs no other proof: he that understands the terms, assents to it for its own sake, or else nothing will ever be able to prevail with him to do it. But should that most unshaken rule of morality, and foundation of all social virtue, “that one should do as he would be done unto,” be proposed to one who never heard it before, but yet is of capacity to under-

stand its meaning, might he not, without any absurdity, ask a reason why? And were not he that proposed it bound to make out the truth and reasonableness of it to him? which plainly shows it not to be innate: for if it were, it could neither want nor receive any proof; but must needs (at least as soon as heard and understood) be received and assented to, as an unquestionable truth, which a man can by no means doubt of. So that the truth of all these moral rules plainly depends upon some other antecedent to them, and from which they must be deduced; which could not be, if either they were innate, or so much as self-evident.

Instance in keeping compacts. — That men should keep their compacts is certainly a great and undeniable rule in morality. But yet, if a Christian, who has the view of happiness and misery in another life, be asked why a man must keep his word? he will give this as a reason: Because God, who has the power of eternal life and death, requires it of us. But if a Hobbist be asked why, he will answer, Because the public requires it, and the leviathan will punish you if you do not. And if one of the old philosophers had been asked, he would have answered, Because it was dishonest, below the dignity of a man, and opposite to virtue, the highest perfection of human nature, to do otherwise.

Virtue generally approved, not because innate, but because profitable. — Hence naturally flows the great variety of opinions concerning moral rules which are to be found among men, according to the different sorts of happiness they have a prospect of, or propose to themselves: which could not be, if practical principles were innate, and imprinted in our minds immediately by the hand of God. I grant the existence of God is so many ways manifest, and the obedience we owe Him so congruous to the light of reason, that a great part of mankind give testimony to the law of nature: but yet I think it must be allowed, that several moral rules may receive from mankind a very general approbation, without either knowing or admitting the true ground of morality; which can only be the will and law of a God, who sees men in the dark, has in His hand rewards and punishments, and power enough to call to account the proudest offender: for God having, by an inseparable connection, joined virtue and public happiness together, and made the practice thereof necessary to the preservation of society, and visibly beneficial to all with whom the virtuous

man has to do, it is no wonder that every one should not only allow, but recommend and magnify, those rules to others, from whose observance of them he is sure to reap advantage to himself. He may, out of interest as well as conviction, cry up that for sacred, which if once trampled on and profaned, he himself cannot be safe nor secure. This, though it takes nothing from the moral and eternal obligation which these rules evidently have, yet it shows that the outward acknowledgment men pay to them in their words, proves not that they are innate principles; nay, it proves not so much as that men assent to them inwardly in their own minds, as the inviolable rules of their practice: since we find that self-interest, and the conveniences of this life, make many men own an outward profession and approbation of them, whose actions sufficiently prove that they very little consider the lawgiver that prescribed these rules, nor the hell that he has ordained for the punishment of those that transgress them.

Men's actions convince us that the rule of virtue is not their internal principle. — For if we will not in civility allow too much sincerity to professions of most men, but think their actions to be the interpreters of their thoughts, we shall find that they have no such internal veneration for these rules, nor so full a persuasion of their certainty and obligation. The great principle of morality, “to do as one would be done to,” is more commended than practiced. But the breach of this rule cannot be a greater vice than to teach others that it is no moral rule, nor obligatory, [which] would be thought madness, and contrary to that interest men sacrifice to when they break it themselves.

Conscience no proof of any innate moral rule. — Perhaps conscience will be urged as checking us for such breaches, and so the internal obligation and establishment of the rule be preserved. To which I answer, that I doubt not but, without being written on their hearts, many men may, by the same way that they come to the knowledge of other things, come to assent to several moral rules, and be convinced of their obligation. Others also may come to be of the same mind, from their education, company, and customs of their country; which persuasion, however got, will serve to set conscience on work, which is nothing else but our own opinion or judgment of the moral rectitude or pravity of our own actions. And if conscience be a proof of innate principles, contraries may be innate principles; since

some men, with the same bent of conscience, prosecute what others avoid.

Instances of enormities practiced without remorse. — But I cannot see how any men should ever transgress those moral rules, with confidence and serenity, were they innate, and stamped upon their minds. View but an army at the sacking of a town, and see what observation or sense of moral principles, or what touch of conscience for all the outrages they do. Robberies, murders, rapes, are the sports of men set at liberty from punishment and censure. Have there not been whole nations, and those of the most civilized people, amongst whom the exposing their children, and leaving them in the fields to perish by want or wild beasts, has been the practice, as little condemned or scrupled as the begetting them? Do they not still, in some countries, put them into the same graves with their mothers, if they die in childbirth; or dispatch them, if a pretended astrologer declares them to have unhappy stars? And are there not places where, at a certain age, they kill or expose their parents without any remorse at all? In a part of Asia, the sick, when their case comes to be thought desperate, are carried out and laid on the earth before they are dead; and left there, exposed to wind and weather, to perish without assistance or pity. It is familiar among the Mingrelians, a people professing Christianity, to bury their children alive without scruple. There are places where they geld their children. The Caribbees were wont to geld their children on purpose to fat and eat them. And Garcilasso de la Vega tells us of a people in Peru which were wont to fat and eat the children they got on their female captives, whom they kept as concubines for that purpose; and when they were past breeding, the mothers themselves were killed, too, and eaten. The virtues whereby the Tououpinambos believed they merited paradise were revenge, and eating abundance of their enemies. They have not so much as the name of God, and have no religion, no worship. The saints who are canonized amongst the Turks led lives which one cannot with modesty relate. . . . Where then are those innate principles of justice, piety, gratitude, equity, chastity? Or where is that universal consent, that assures us there are such inbred rules? Murders in duels, when fashion has made them honorable, are committed without remorse of conscience; nay, in many places, innocence in this case is the greatest ignominy. And if we look abroad, to

take a view of men as they are, we shall find that they have remorse in one place for doing or omitting that which others, in another place, think they merit by.

Men have contrary practical principles. — He that will carefully peruse the history of mankind, and look abroad into the several tribes of men, and with indifference survey their actions, will be able to satisfy himself that there is scarce that principle of morality to be named, or rule of virtue to be thought on, (those only excepted that are absolutely necessary to hold society together, which commonly, too, are neglected betwixt distinct societies,) which is not, somewhere or other, slighted and condemned by the general fashion of whole societies of men, governed by practical opinions and rules of living quite opposite to others.

Whole nations reject several moral rules. — Here, perhaps, it will be objected, that it is no argument that the rule is not known, because it is broken. I grant the objection good where men, though they transgress, yet disown not the law; where fear of shame, censure, or punishment, carries the mark of some awe it has upon them. But it is impossible to conceive that a whole nation of men should all publicly reject and renounce what every one of them, certainly and infallibly, knew to be a law; for so they must, who have it naturally imprinted on their minds. It is possible men may sometimes own rules of morality, which, in their private thoughts, they do not believe to be true, only to keep themselves in reputation and esteem among those who are persuaded of their obligation. But it is not to be imagined that a whole society of men should publicly and professedly disown and cast off a rule, which they could not, in their own minds, but be infallibly certain was a law: nor be ignorant that all men they should have to do with knew it to be such: and therefore must every one of them apprehend from others all the contempt and abhorrence due to one who professes himself void of humanity: and one who, confounding the known and natural measures of right and wrong, cannot but be looked on as the professed enemy of their peace and happiness. Whatever practical principle is innate, cannot but be known to every one to be just and good. It is therefore little less than a contradiction to suppose that whole nations of men should, both in their professions and practice, unanimously and universally give the lie to what, by the most invincible evidence, every one of them knew to be true, right, and

good. This is enough to satisfy us that no practical rule, which is anywhere universally, and with approbation or allowance, transgressed, can be supposed innate. But I have something further to add, in answer to this objection.

The breaking of a rule, say you, is no argument that it is unknown. I grant it: but the generally allowed breach of it anywhere, I say, is a proof that it is not innate. For example, let us take any of these rules which, being the most obvious deductions of human reason, and conformable to the natural inclination of the greatest part of men, fewest people have had the impudence to deny or inconsideration to doubt of. If any can be thought to be naturally imprinted, none, I think, can have a fairer pretense to be innate than this: "Parents, preserve and cherish your children." When, therefore, you say that this is an innate rule, what do you mean? Either that it is an innate principle, which upon all occasions excites and directs the actions of all men; or else, that it is a truth which all men have imprinted on their minds, and which therefore they know and assent to. But in neither of these senses is it innate. First, that it is not a principle which influences all men's actions, is what I have proved by the examples before cited: nor need we seek so far as Mingrelia or Peru to find instances of such as neglect, abuse, nay, and destroy their children; or look on it only as the more than brutality of some savage and barbarous nations, when we remember that it was a familiar and uncondemned practice among the Greeks and Romans to expose, without pity or remorse, their innocent infants. Secondly, that it is an innate truth, known to all men, is also false. For "Parents, preserve your children," is so far from an innate truth, that it is no truth at all: it being a command, and not a proposition, and so not capable of truth or falsehood. To make it capable of being assented to as true, it must be reduced to some such proposition as this: "It is the duty of parents to preserve their children." But what duty is, cannot be understood without a law; nor a law be known, or supposed, without a lawmaker, or without reward and punishment: so that it is impossible that this, or any other practical principle, should be innate, *i.e.* be imprinted on the mind as a duty, without supposing the ideas of God, of law, of obligation, of punishment, of a life after this, innate. For that punishment follows not, in this life, the breach of this rule, and consequently, that it has not the force of a law in countries where the generally allowed practice runs counter to it, is in itself evident.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE AND THE PHALARIS
LETTERS.

By LORD MACAULAY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 149.]

THE chief amusement of Temple's declining years was literature. After his final retreat from business he wrote his very agreeable Memoirs, corrected and transcribed many of his letters, and published several miscellaneous treatises, the best of which, we think, is that on Gardening. The style of his essays is, on the whole, excellent, almost always pleasing, and now and then stately and splendid. The matter is generally of much less value; as our readers will readily believe when we inform them that Mr. Courtenay, a biographer, — that is to say, a literary vassal, bound by the immemorial law of his tenure to render homage, aids, reliefs, and all other customary services to his lord, avows that he cannot give an opinion about the essay on Heroic Virtue, because he cannot read it without skipping; a circumstance which strikes us as peculiarly strange, when we consider how long Mr. Courtenay was at the India Board, and how many thousand paragraphs of the copious official eloquence of the East he must have perused.

One of Sir William's pieces, however, deserves notice; not, indeed, on account of its intrinsic merit, but on account of the light which it throws on some curious weaknesses of his character, and on account of the extraordinary effects which it produced in the republic of letters. A most idle and contemptible controversy had arisen in France touching the comparative merit of the ancient and modern writers. It was certainly not to be expected that, in that age, the question would be tried according to those large and philosophical principles of criticism which guided the judgments of Lessing and of Herder. But it might have been expected that those who undertook to decide the point would at least take the trouble to read and understand the authors on whose merits they were to pronounce. Now it is no exaggeration to say that, among the disputants who clamored, some for the ancients and some for the moderns, very few were decently acquainted with either ancient or modern literature, and hardly one was well acquainted with both. In Racine's amusing preface to the *Iphigénie* the reader

may find noticed a most ridiculous mistake into which one of the champions of the moderns fell about a passage in the *Alcestis* of Euripides. Another writer is so inconceivably ignorant as to blame Homer for mixing the four Greek dialects, Doric, Ionic, Æolic, and Attic; just, says he, as if a French poet were to put Gascon phrases and Picard phrases into the midst of his pure Parisian writing. On the other hand, it is no exaggeration to say that the defenders of the ancients were entirely unacquainted with the greatest productions of later times; nor, indeed, were the defenders of the moderns better informed. The parallels which were instituted in the course of this dispute are inexpressibly ridiculous. Balzac was selected as the rival of Cicero. Corneille was said to unite the merits of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. We should like to see a Prometheus after Corneille's fashion. The Provincial Letters, masterpieces undoubtedly of reasoning, wit, and eloquence, were pronounced to be superior to all the writings of Plato, Cicero, and Lucian together; particularly in the art of dialogue — an art in which, as it happens, Plato far excelled all men, and in which Pascal, great and admirable in other respects, is notoriously very deficient.

This childish controversy spread to England; and some mischievous dæmon suggested to Temple the thought of undertaking the defense of the ancients. As to his qualifications for the task, it is sufficient to say, that he knew not a word of Greek. But his vanity, which, when he was engaged in the conflicts of active life and surrounded by rivals, had been kept in tolerable order by his discretion, now, when he had long lived in seclusion, and had become accustomed to regard himself as by far the first man of his circle, rendered him blind to his own deficiencies. In an evil hour he published an *Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning*. The style of this treatise is very good, the matter ludicrous and contemptible to the last degree. There we read how Lycurgus traveled into India, and brought the Spartan laws from that country; how Orpheus made voyages in search of knowledge, and attained to a depth of learning which has made him renowned in all succeeding ages; how Pythagoras passed twenty-two years in Egypt, and, after graduating there, spent twelve years more at Babylon, where the Magi admitted him *ad eundem*; how the ancient Brahmins lived two hundred years; how the earliest Greek philosophers foretold earthquakes and plagues, and put down riots by magic; and how much Ninus surpassed in abilities any

of his successors on the throne of Assyria. The moderns, Sir William owns, have found out the circulation of the blood : but, on the other hand, they have quite lost the art of conjuring ; nor can any modern fiddler enchant fishes, fowls, and serpents, by his performance. He tells us that “Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Epicurus made greater progresses in the several empires of science than any of their successors have since been able to reach ;” which is just as absurd as if he had said that the greatest names in British science are Merlin, Michael Scott, Dr. Sydenham, and Lord Bacon. Indeed, the manner in which Temple mixes the historical and the fabulous reminds us of those classical dictionaries, intended for the use of schools, in which Narcissus the lover of himself and Narcissus the freedman of Claudius, Pollux the son of Jupiter and Leda and Pollux the author of the Onomasticon, are ranged under the same headings, and treated as personages equally real. The effect of this arrangement resembles that which would be produced by a dictionary of modern names, consisting of such articles as the following : “Jones, William, an eminent Orientalist, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal — Davy, a fiend, who destroys ships — Thomas, a foundling, brought up by Mr. Allworthy.” It is from such sources as these that Temple seems to have learned all that he knew about the ancients. He puts the story of Orpheus between the Olympic games and the battle of Arbela ; as if we had exactly the same reasons for believing that Orpheus led beasts with his lyre, which we have for believing that there were races at Pisa, or that Alexander conquered Darius.

He manages little better when he comes to the moderns. He gives us a catalogue of those whom he regards as the greatest writers of later times. It is sufficient to say that, in his list of Italians, he has omitted Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso ; in his list of Spaniards, Lope and Calderon ; in his list of French, Pascal, Bossuet, Molière, Corneille, Racine, and Boileau ; and in his list of English, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton.

In the midst of all this vast mass of absurdity one paragraph stands out preëminent. The doctrine of Temple, not a very comfortable doctrine, is that the human race is constantly degenerating, and that the oldest books in every kind are the best. In confirmation of this notion, he remarks that the

Fables of Æsop are the best Fables, and the letters of Phalaris the best Letters, in the world. On the merit of the Letters of Phalaris he dwells with great warmth and with extraordinary felicity of language. Indeed we could hardly select a more favorable specimen of the graceful and easy majesty to which his style sometimes rises than this unlucky passage. He knows, he says, that some learned men, or men who pass for learned, such as Politian, have doubted the genuineness of these letters: but of such doubts he speaks with the greatest contempt. Now it is perfectly certain, first, that the letters are very bad; secondly, that they are spurious; and thirdly, that, whether they be bad or good, spurious or genuine, Temple could know nothing of the matter; inasmuch as he was no more able to construe a line of them than to decipher an Egyptian obelisk.

This Essay, silly as it is, was exceedingly well received, both in England and on the Continent. And the reason is evident. The classical scholars who saw its absurdity were generally on the side of the ancients, and were inclined rather to veil than to expose the blunders of an ally; the champions of the moderns were generally as ignorant as Temple himself; and the multitude was charmed by his flowing and melodious diction. He was doomed, however, to smart, as he well deserved, for his vanity and folly.

Christchurch at Oxford was then widely and justly celebrated as a place where the lighter parts of classical learning were cultivated with success. With the deeper mysteries of philology neither the instructors nor the pupils had the smallest acquaintance. They fancied themselves Scaligers, as Bentley scornfully said, if they could write a copy of Latin verses with only two or three small faults. From this College proceeded a new edition of the Letters of Phalaris, which were rare, and had been in request since the appearance of Temple's Essay. The nominal editor was Charles Boyle, a young man of noble family and promising parts; but some older members of the society lent their assistance. While this work was in preparation, an idle quarrel, occasioned, it should seem, by the negligence and misrepresentations of a bookseller, arose between Boyle and the King's Librarian, Richard Bentley. Boyle, in the preface to his edition, inserted a bitter reflection on Bentley. Bentley revenged himself by proving that the Epistles of Phalaris were forgeries; and in his remarks on this

subject treated Temple, not indecently, but with no great reverence.

Temple, who was quite unaccustomed to any but the most respectful usage, who, even while engaged in politics, had always shrunk from all rude collision and had generally succeeded in avoiding it, and whose sensitiveness had been increased by many years of seclusion and flattery, was moved to most violent resentment, complained, very unjustly, of Bentley's foul-mouthed raillery, and declared that he had commenced an answer, but had laid it aside, "having no mind to enter the lists with such a mean, dull, unmannerly pedant." Whatever may be thought of the temper which Sir William showed on this occasion, we cannot too highly applaud his discretion in not finishing and publishing his answer, which would certainly have been a most extraordinary performance.

He was not, however, without defenders. Like Hector, when struck down prostrate by Ajax, he was in an instant covered by a thick crowd of shields.

Οὐ τις ἐδνήσατο ποιμένα λαῶν
 Οὐτάσαι οὐδὲ βαλεῖν· πρὶν γὰρ περίβησαν ἄριστοι,
 Πουλδάμας τε καὶ Αἰνείας καὶ δῖος Ἄγχιωρ
 Σαρπηδῶν τ', ἀρχὸς Λυκίων, καὶ Γλαῦκος ἀμύμων.

Christchurch was up in arms; and though that College seems then to have been almost destitute of severe and accurate learning, no academical society could show a greater array of orators, wits, politicians, bustling adventurers who united the superficial accomplishments of the scholar with the manners and arts of the man of the world; and this formidable body resolved to try how far smart repartees, well-turned sentences, confidence, puffing, and intrigue could, on the question whether a Greek book were or were not genuine, supply the place of a little knowledge of Greek.

Out came the Reply to Bentley, bearing the name of Boyle, but in truth written by Atterbury with the assistance of Smallridge and others. A most remarkable book it is, and often reminds us of Goldsmith's observation, that the French would be the best cooks in the world if they had any butcher's meat; for that they can make ten dishes out of a nettle-top. It really deserves the praise, whatever that praise may be worth, of being the best book ever written by any man on the wrong side of a question of which he was profoundly

ignorant. The learning of the confederacy is that of a school-boy, and not of an extraordinary schoolboy : but it is used with the skill and address of most able, artful, and experienced men ; it is beaten out to the very thinnest leaf, and is disposed in such a way as to seem ten times larger than it is. The dexterity with which the confederates avoid grappling with those parts of the subject with which they know themselves to be incompetent to deal is quite wonderful. Now and then, indeed, they commit disgraceful blunders, for which old Busby, under whom they had studied, would have whipped them all round. But this circumstance only raises our opinion of the talents which made such a fight with such scanty means. Let readers who are not acquainted with the controversy imagine a Frenchman, who has acquired just English enough to read the Spectator with a dictionary, coming forward to defend the genuineness of Ireland's Vortigern against Malone ; and they will have some notion of the feat which Atterbury had the audacity to undertake, and which, for a time, it was really thought that he had performed.

The illusion was soon dispelled. Bentley's answer forever settled the question, and established his claim to the first place amongst classical scholars. Nor do those do him justice who represent the controversy as a battle between wit and learning. For though there is a lamentable deficiency of learning on the side of Boyle, there is no want of wit on the side of Bentley. Other qualities, too, as valuable as either wit or learning, appear conspicuously in Bentley's book : a rare sagacity, an unrivaled power of combination, a perfect mastery of all the weapons of logic. He was greatly indebted to the furious outcry which the misrepresentations, sarcasms, and intrigues of his opponents had raised against him ; an outcry in which fashionable and political circles joined, and which was echoed by thousands who did not know whether Phalaris ruled in Sicily or in Siam. His spirit, daring even to rashness, self-confident even to negligence, and proud even to insolent ferocity, was awed for the first and for the last time ; awed, not into meanness or cowardice, but into wariness and sobriety. For once he ran no risks ; he left no crevice unguarded ; he wantoned in no paradoxes ; above all, he returned no railing for the railing of his enemies. In almost everything that he has written we can discover proofs of genius and learning. But it is only here that his genius and learning appear to have been constantly under the

guidance of good sense and good temper. Here, we find none of that besotted reliance on his own powers and on his own luck, which he showed when he undertook to edit Milton; none of that perverted ingenuity which deforms so many of his notes on Horace; none of that disdainful carelessness by which he laid himself open to the keen and dexterous thrust of Middleton; none of that extravagant vaunting and savage scurrility by which he afterwards dishonored his studies and his profession, and degraded himself almost to the level of De Pauw.

Temple did not live to witness the utter and irreparable defeat of his champions. He died, indeed, at a fortunate moment, just after the appearance of Boyle's book, and while all England was laughing at the way in which the Christchurch men had handled the pedant. In Boyle's book, Temple was praised in the highest terms, and compared to Memmius: not a very happy comparison; for almost the only particular information which we have about Memmius is that, in agitated times, he thought it his duty to attend exclusively to politics, and that his friends could not venture, except when the Republic was quiet and prosperous, to intrude on him with their philosophical and poetical productions. It is on this account that Lucretius puts up the exquisitely beautiful prayer for peace with which his poem opens:—

“*Nam neque nos agere hoc patriæ tempore iniquo
Possumus æquo animo, nec Memmi clara propago
Talibus in rebus communi deesse saluti.*”

This description is surely by no means applicable to a statesman who had, through the whole course of his life, carefully avoided exposing himself in seasons of trouble; who had repeatedly refused, in most critical conjunctures, to be Secretary of State; and who now, in the midst of revolutions, plots, foreign and domestic wars, was quietly writing nonsense about the visits of Lycurgus to the Brahmins and the tunes which Arion played to the Dolphin.

We must not omit to mention that, while the controversy about Phalaris was raging, Swift, in order to show his zeal and attachment, wrote the *Battle of the Books*, the earliest piece in which his peculiar talents are discernible. We may observe that the bitter dislike of Bentley, bequeathed by Temple to Swift, seems to have been communicated by Swift to Pope, to

Arbuthnot, and to others, who continued to tease the great critic long after he had shaken hands very cordially both with Boyle and with Atterbury.



ESSAY UPON THE ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING.

BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

[SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, English statesman and author, was born at London in 1628; graduated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge; from 1653 to 1659 took the "grand tour" of Europe. At the Restoration in 1660, he was elected to the Irish Convention. Sent on diplomatic missions, his most noted feat was the "Triple Alliance" of 1668 between England, Holland, and Sweden, which forced Louis XIV. to keep his hands off the Spanish Netherlands for the time, but caused his invasion of Holland and the murder of De Witt four years later, and had no permanent results. He then became resident minister at the Hague, and arranged the marriage between William of Orange and Mary. Later, he was one of Charles's overgrown cabinet, and in 1679 Secretary of State; but the next year resigned, and retired to his country seat, where he died in 1698. His essays and other writings were long held as models of pure and graceful English.]

THE Force of all that I have met with upon this Subject, either in Talk or Writing is, first, as to Knowledge; that we must have more than the Ancients, because we have the Advantage both of theirs and our own, which is commonly illustrated by the Similitude of a Dwarf's standing upon a Gyant's Shoulders, and seeing more or farther than he. Next as to Wit or Genius, that Nature being still the same, these must be much at a Rate in all Ages, at least in the same Climates, as the Growth and Size of Plants and Animals commonly are; and if both these are allowed, they think the Cause is gained. But I cannot tell why we should conclude, that the Ancient Writers had not as much Advantage from the Knowledge of others, that were Ancient to them, as we have from those that are Ancient to us. The Invention of Printing has not perhaps multiplied Books, but only the Copies of them; and if we believe there were Six hundred thousand in the Library of *Ptolemy*, we shall hardly pretend to equal it by any of ours, not, perhaps, by all put together; I mean so many Originals, that have lived any Time, and thereby given Testimony of their having been thought worth preserving. For the Scribblers are infinite, that, like Mushrooms or Flies, are born and die in small Circles of Time;

whereas Books, like Proverbs, receive their chief Value from the Stamp and Esteem of Ages through which they have passed. Besides the Account of this Library at *Alexandria*, and others very Voluminous in the lesser *Asia* and *Rome*, we have frequent mention of Ancient Writers in many of those books which we now call Ancient, both Philosophers and Historians. . . .

But if any should so very rashly and presumptuously conclude, that there were few Books before those we have either Extant or upon Record; yet that cannot argue there was no Knowledge or Learning before those Periods of Time, whereof they give us the short Account. Books may be Helps to Learning and Knowledge, and make it more common and diffused; but I doubt whether they are necessary ones or no, or much advance any other Science beyond the particular Records of Actions or Registers of Time; and these perhaps might be as long preserved without them, by the Care and Exactness of Tradition in the long Successions of certain Races of Men, with whom they were intrusted. . . .

'Tis true, in the *Eastern* Regions, there seems to have been a general Custom of the Priests in each Country, having been either by their own choice, or by Design of the Governments, the perpetual Conservers of Knowledge and Story. Only in *China*, this last was committed particularly to certain Officers of State, who were appointed or continued upon every Accession to that Crown, to Register distinctly the Times and Memorable Events of each Reign. In *Æthiopia*, *Ægypt*, *Chaldea*, *Persia*, *Syria*, *Judea*, these cares were committed wholly to the Priests, who were not less diligent in the Registers of Times and Actions, than in the Study and Successive Propagation thereby of all natural *Science* and *Philosophy*. Whether this was managed by Letters or Tradition or by both; 'tis certain the ancient Colleges, or Societies of Priests were mighty Reservoirs or Lakes of Knowledge, into which some Streams entered perhaps every Age, from the Observations or Inventions of any great Spirits or transcendent Genius's, that happened to rise among them; and nothing was lost out of these Stores, since the Part of conserving what others have gained, either in Knowledge or Empire, is as common and easy, as the other is hard and rare among men.

In these Soils were planted and cultivated those mighty Growths of *Astronomy*, *Astrology*, *Magick*, *Geometry*, Natural *Philosophy*, and Ancient *Story*. From these Sources, *Orpheus*,

Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the Ancients, are acknowledged to have drawn all those Depths of Knowledge or Learning, which have made them so renowned in all succeeding Ages. . . .

There is nothing more agreed than, That all the Learning of the *Greeks* was deduced originally from *Ægypt* or *Phœnicia*; but, Whether theirs might not have flourished to that degree it did, by the Commerce of the *Æthiopians, Chaldeans, Arabians*, and *Indians*, is not so evident (though I am very apt to believe it) and to most of these Regions some of the *Grecians* travelled in search of those Golden Mines of Learning and Knowledge: Not to mention the Voyages of *Orpheus, Musæus, Lycurgus, Thales, Solon, Democritus, Herodotus, Plato*, and that vain Sophist, *Apollonius* (who was but an Ape of the Ancient Philosophers), I shall only trace those of *Pythagoras*, who seems, of all others, to have gone the farthest upon this Design, and to have brought home the greatest Treasures. He went first to *Ægypt*, where he spent two and twenty Years in Study and Conversation, among the several Colleges of Priests, in *Memphis, Thebes*, and *Heliopolis*; was initiated in all their several Mysteries, in order to gain Admittance and Instruction in the Learning and Sciences that were there in their highest Ascendent. Twelve Years he spent in *Babylon*, and in the Studies and Learning of the Priests or *Magi* of the *Chaldeans*. Besides these long Abodes in those Two Regions, celebrated for Ancient Learning, and where one Author, according to their Calculations, says, He gained the Observations of innumerable Ages, he travelled upon the same Scent into *Æthiopia, Arabia, India* to *Crete*, to *Delphos*, and to all the Oracles that were Renowned in any of these Regions. . . .

For my own part, I am much inclined to believe, that in these remote Regions not only *Pythagoras* learn'd the first Principles, both of his Natural and Moral Philosophy; but that those of *Democritus* (who travelled into *Ægypt, Chaldea*, and *India*, and whose Doctrines were after improved by *Epicurus*) might have been derived from the same Fountains; and that long before them both, *Lycurgus*, who likewise travelled into *India*, brought from thence also the chief Principles of his Laws and Politicks, so much Renowned in the World.

For whoever observes the Account already given of the Ancient *Indian* and *Chinese* Learning and Opinions, will easily find among them the Seeds of all these *Grecian* Productions

and institutions: As, the Transmigration of Souls, and the four Cardinal Virtues: The long Silence enjoined his Scholars, and Propagation of their Doctrines by Tradition rather than Letters, and Abstinence from all Meats that had Animal Life, introduced by *Pythagoras*: The Eternity of Matter with perpetual Changes of Form, the Indolence of body, the Tranquillity of Mind, by *Epicurus*: And among those of *Lycurgus*; the Care of Education from the Birth of Children, the austere Temperance of Diet, the patient Endurance of Toil and Pain, the Neglect or Contempt of Life, the Use of Gold and Silver only in their Temples, the Defence of Commerce with Strangers, and several others, by him established among the *Spartans*, seem all to be wholly *Indian*, and different from any Race or Vein of Thought or Imagination, that have ever appeared in *Greece*, either in that Age or any since. . . .

Besides, I know no Circumstances like to contribute more to the Advancement of Knowledge and Learning among Men, than exact Temperance in their Races, great Purenness of Air, and Equality of Climate, long Tranquillity of Empire or Government: And all these we may justly allow to those *Eastern* Regions, more than any others we are acquainted with, at least till the Conquests made by the *Tartars*, upon both *India* and *China*, in the latter Centuries. However, it may be as pardonable to derive some Parts of Learning from thence, as to go so far for the Game of *Chess*, which some Curious and Learned Men have deduced from *India* into *Europe*, by two several Roads, that is, by *Persia* into *Greece*, and by *Arabia* into *Africk* and *Spain*.

Thus much I thought might be allowed me to say, for the giving some idea of what those Sages or Learned Men were, or may have been, who were Ancients to those that are Ancients to us. Now to observe what these have been, is more easie and obvious. The most Ancient *Grecians* that we are at all acquainted with, after *Lycurgus*, who was certainly a great Philosopher as well as Lawgiver, were the seven Sages: Though the Court of *Cræsus* is said to have been much resorted to, by the Sophists of *Greece*, in the happy Beginnings of his Reign. And some of these seven seem to have brought most of those Sciences out of *Egypt* and *Phenicia*, into *Greece*; particularly those of *Astronomy*, *Astrology*, *Geometry*, and *Arithmetick*. These were soon followed by *Pythagoras* (who seems to have introduced Natural and Moral Philosophy) and by

several of his Followers, both in *Greece* and *Italy*. But of all these there remains nothing in Writing now among us ; so that *Hippocrates*, *Plato*, and *Xenophon* are the first *Philosophers* whose Works have escaped the Injuries of Time. But that we may not conclude the first Writers we have of the *Grecians* were the first Learned or Wise among them ; we shall find upon inquiry, that the more Ancient Sages of *Greece* appear, by the Characters remaining of them, to have been much the greater Men. They were generally Princes or Lawgivers of their Countries, or at least offered and invited to be so, either of their own or of others, that desired them to frame or reform their several Institutions of Civil Government. They were commonly excellent Poets, and great Physicians : They were so learned in Natural Philosophy, that they foretold, not only Eclipses in the Heavens, but Earthquakes at Land, and Storms at Sea, great Drowths and great Plagues, much Plenty, or much Scarcity of certain Sorts of Fruits or Grain ; not to mention the Magical Powers attributed to several of them, to allay Storms, to raise Gales, to appease Commotions of People, to make Plagues cease ; which Qualities, whether upon any Ground of Truth or no, yet, if well believed, must have raised them to that strange Height they were at, of common Esteem and Honour, in their own and succeeding Ages.

By all this may be determined, whether our Moderns or our Ancients may have had the greater and the better Guides, and which of them have taken the greater Pains, and with the more Application in the Pursuit of Knowledge. And, I think, it is enough to shew, that the Advantages we have, from those we call the Ancients, may not be greater than what they had from those that were so to them.

But after all, I do not know whether the high Flights of Wit and Knowledge, like those of Power and of Empire in the World, may not have been made by the pure Native Force of Spirit or Genius in some single Men, rather than by any derived Strength among them, however increased by Succession ; and whether they may not have been the Atchievements of Nature, rather than the Improvements of Art. Thus the Conquests of *Ninus* and *Semiramis*, of *Alexander* and *Tamerlane*, which I take to have been the Greatest recorded in Story, were at their Height in those Persons that began them ; and so far from being increased by their Successors, that they were not preserved in their Extent and Vigour by any of them, grew

weaker in every Hand they passed through, or were divided into many, that set up for great Princes, out of several small Ruins of the first Empires, till they withered away in Time, or were lost by the Change of Names and Forms of Families or of Governments.

Just the same Fate seems to have attended the highest Flights of Learning and of Knowledge, that are upon our Registers. *Thales, Pythagoras, Democritus, Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus*, were the first mighty Conquerors of Ignorance in our World, and made greater Progresses in the several Empires of Science than any of their Successors have been since able to reach. These have hardly ever pretended more than to learn what the others taught, to remember what they invented, and not able to compass that itself, they have set up for Authors, upon some Parcels of those great Stocks, or else have contented themselves only to comment upon those Texts, and make the best Copies they could, after those Originals. . . .

But what are the Sciences wherein we pretend to excel? I know of no New Philosophers, that have made entries upon that Noble Stage for fifteen hundred Years past, unless *Des Cartes* and *Hobbs* should pretend to it; of whom I shall make no Critick here, but only say, That by what appears of Learned Mens Opinions in this Age, they have by no means eclipsed the Lustre of *Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus*, or others of the Ancients. For Grammar or Rhetorick, no Man ever disputed it with them; nor for poetry, that ever I heard of, besides the New *French* Author I have mentioned; and against whose Opinion there could, I think, never have been given stronger Evidence, than by his own Poems, printed together with that Treatise.

There is nothing new in *Astronomy*, to vie with the Ancients, unless it be the *Copernican* System; nor in *Physick*, unless *Harvey's* Circulation of the Blood. But whether either of these be modern Discoveries, or derived from old Fountains, is disputed: Nay, it is so too, whether they are true or no; for though Reason may seem to favour them more than the contrary Opinions, yet Sense can very hardly allow them; and to satisfy Mankind, both these must concur. But if they are true, yet these two great Discoveries have made no Change in the Conclusions of *Astronomy*, nor in the Practice of *Physick*, and so have been of little Use to the World, though perhaps of much Honour to the Authors.

What are become of the Charms of Musick, by which Men and Beasts, Fishes, Fowls, and Serpents, were frequently enchanted, and their very Natures changed; by which the Passions of Men were raised to the greatest Height and Violence, and then as suddenly appeased, so as they might be justly said to be turned into Lyons or Lambs, into Wolves or into Harts, by the Powers and Charms of this admirable Art? 'Tis agreed by the Learned, that the Science of Musick, so admired by the Ancients, is wholly lost in the World, and that what we have now is made up out of certain Notes that fell into the Fancy or Observation of a poor *Friar*, in chanting his *Mattins*. So as those two Divine Excellencies of Musick and Poetry are grown, in a Manner to be little more, but the one Fiddling, and the other Rhyming; and are indeed very worthy the Ignorance of the *Friar*, and the Barbarousness of the *Goths* that introduced them among us.

What have we remaining of *Magick*, by which the *Indians*, the *Chaldeans*, the *Ægyptians* were so renowned, and by which Effects so wonderful, and to common Men so astonishing, were produced, as made them have Recourse to Spirits or Supernatural Powers, for some Account of their strange Operations? By *Magick*, I mean some excelling Knowledge of Nature, and the various Powers and Qualities in its several Productions, and the Application of certain Agents to certain Patients, which by Force of some peculiar Qualities produce Effects very different from what fall under vulgar Observation or Comprehension. These are by ignorant People called *Magick* and *Conjuring*, and such like Terms and an Account of them, much about as wise, is given by the Common Learned from *Sympathies*, *Antipathies*, *Idiosyncrasies*, *Talismans*, and some Scraps or Terms left us by the *Egyptians* or *Grecians* of the Ancient *Magick*; but the Science seems with several others to be wholly lost. . . .

It may perhaps be further affirmed, in Favour of the Ancients, that the oldest Books we have are still in their Kind the best. The two most ancient, that I know of in Prose, among those we call Profane Authors, are *Æsops Fables* and *Phalaris's Epistles*, both living near the same time, which was that of *Cyrus* and *Pythagoras*. As the first has been agreed by all ages since, for the greatest Master in his Kind, and all others of that Sort have been but imitations of his Original; So I think the *Epistles* of *Phalaris* to have more Race, more Spirit, more Force of Wit

and Genius than any others I have ever seen, either Ancient or Modern. I know several Learned Men (or that usually pass for such, under the Name of Criticks) have not esteemed them Genuine, and *Politian* with some others have attributed them to Lucian: But I think he must have little skill in Painting, that cannot find out this to be an original; such Diversity of Passions, upon such Variety of Actions and Passages of Life and Government, such Freedom of Thought, such Boldness of Expression, such Bounty to his Friends, such Scorn of his Enemies, such Honour of Learned Men, such Esteem of Good, such Knowledge of Life, such Contempt of Death, with such Fierceness of Nature and Cruelty of Revenge, could never be represented but by him that possessed them; and I esteem *Lucian* to have been no more capable of Writing, than of Acting what *Phalaris* did. In all one writ, you find the Scholar or the Sophist; and in all the other, the Tyrant and the Commander.



THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE.

[JEAN DE LA FONTAINE, the noted French fabulist, was the son of a superintendent of woods and forests, and was born at Château-Thierry in Champagne, July 8, 1621. He left the College of Rheims at the age of nineteen to study for the ministry, but gave up that pursuit after two years. Invited to Paris by the Duchesse de Bouillon, he enjoyed the patronage of the Duchesse d'Orleans, Madame de Sablière, and Madame d'Hervart; and was on intimate terms with Molière, Boileau, Racine, and other contemporary celebrities. He became a member of the French Academy in 1683, but not without some opposition from Louis XIV., with whom he was never a favorite; and died at Paris, April 13, 1695. The "Fables," with which his name is chiefly associated, appeared between 1688 and 1694, the first six being inscribed to the Dauphin of France. His other writings consist of two volumes of "Contes" (tales), "The Love of Psyche and Cupid," and some unimportant comedies.]

THE WOLF AND THE DOG.

A PROWLING wolf, whose shaggy skin
 (So strict the watch of dogs had been)
 Hid little but his bones,
 Once met a mastiff dog astray.
 A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray
 No human mortal owns.
 Sir Wolf, in famished plight,

Would fain have made a ration
Upon his fat relation :

But then he first must fight;
And, well, the dog seemed able
To save from wolfish table
His carcass snug and tight.

So then in civil conversation
The wolf expressed his admiration
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
"Yourself, good sir, may be as sightly;
Quit but the woods, advised by me:
For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want.
With such a pack, of course it follows,
One fights for every bit he swallows.
Come then with me, and share
On equal terms our princely fare."

"But what with you
Has one to do?"

Inquires the wolf. "Light work indeed,"
Replied the dog: "You only need
To bark a little now and then,
To chase off duns and beggarmen,
To fawn on friends that come or go forth,
Your master please, and so forth;
For which you have to eat
All sorts of well-cooked meat, —
Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes, —
Besides unnumbered fond caresses."

The wolf, by force of appetite,
Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes;
But faring on, he spies

A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.

"What's that?" he cries. — "Oh, nothing but a speck."
"A speck?" — "Aye, aye; 'tis not enough to pain me:
Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."

"Chain! chain you! What! run you not, then,

Just where you please, and when?"

"Not always, sir; but what of that?"

"Enough for me, to spare your fat!

It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I'll shun them while I've wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

THE PEACOCK COMPLAINING TO JUNO.

The peacock to the queen of heaven
Complained in some such words:
"Great goddess, you have given
To me, the laughing-stock of birds,
A voice which fills, by taste quite just,
All nature with disgust;
Whereas that little paltry thing,
The nightingale, pours from her throat
So sweet and ravishing a note,
She bears alone the honors of the spring."

In anger Juno heard,
And cried, "Shame on you, jealous bird!
Grudge you the nightingale her voice,
Who in the rainbow neck rejoice,
Than costliest silks more richly tinted,
In charms of grace and form unstinted, —
Who strut in kingly pride,
Your glorious tail spread wide
With brilliants which in sheen do
Outshine the jeweler's bow window ?

"Is there a bird beneath the blue
That has more charms than you ?
No animal in everything can shine.
By just partition of our gifts divine,
Each has its full and proper share :
Among the birds that cleave the air,
The hawk's a swift, the eagle is a brave one,
For omens serves the hoarse old raven,
The rook's of coming ills the prophet;
And if there's any discontent,
I've heard not of it.
Cease, then, your envious complaint;
Or I, instead of making up your lack,
Will take your boasted plumage from your back."

THE LION GOING TO WAR.

The lion had an enterprise in hand;
 Held a war council, sent his provost marshal,
 And gave the animals a call impartial,—
 Each, in his way, to serve his high command.
 The elephant should carry on his back
 The tools of war, the mighty public pack,
 And fight in elephantine way and form;
 The bear should hold himself prepared to storm;
 The fox all secret stratagems should fix;
 The monkey should amuse the foe by tricks.
 “Dismiss,” said one, “the blockhead asses,
 And hares, too cowardly and fleet.”
 “No,” said the king: “I use all classes;
 Without their aid my force were incomplete.
 The ass shall be our trumpeter, to scare
 Our enemy. And then the nimble hare
 Our royal bulletins shall homeward bear.”

A monarch provident and wise
 Will hold his subjects all of consequence,
 And know in each what talent lies.
 There's nothing useless to a man of sense.

THE STAG SEEING HIMSELF IN THE WATER.

Beside a placid, crystal flood,
 A stag admired the branching wood
 That high upon his forehead stood,
 But gave his Maker little thanks
 For what he called his spindle shanks.
 “What limbs are these for such a head!
 So mean and slim!” with grief he said.
 “My glorious head o’ertops
 The branches of the copse;
 My legs are my disgrace.”
 As thus he talked, a bloodhound gave him chase.
 To save his life he flew
 Where forests thickest grew.
 His horns, — pernicious ornament! —
 Arresting him where'er he went,
 Did unavailing render
 What else, in such a strife,
 Had saved his precious life, —
 His legs, as fleet as slender.

Obliged to yield, he cursed the gear
Which nature gave him every year.

Too much the beautiful we prize;
The useful, often, we despise:
Yet oft, as happened to the stag,
The former doth to ruin drag.

THE DOG THAT DROPPED THE SUBSTANCE FOR THE SHADOW.

This world is full of shadow chasers,
Most easily deceived;
Should I enumerate these racers,
I should not be believed.
I send them all to Æsop's dog,
Which, crossing water on a log,
Espied the meat he bore, below;
To seize its image, let it go;
Plunged in; to reach the shore was glad,
With neither what he hoped, nor what he'd had.

THE CARTER IN THE MIRE.

The Phaëton who drove a load of hay
Once found his cart bemired.
Poor man! the spot was far away
From human help — retired,
In some rude country place,
In Brittany, as near as I can trace,
Near Quimper Corentan, —
A town that poet never sang, —
Which Fate, they say, puts in the traveler's path,
When she would rouse the man to special wrath.
May Heaven preserve us from that rout!

But to our carter, hale and stout:
Fast stuck his cart; he swore his worst,
And, filled with rage extreme,
The mudholes now he cursed,
And now he cursed his team,
And now his cart and load, —
Anon, the like upon himself bestowed.
Upon the god he called at length,
Most famous through the world for strength.

THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE.

"Oh, help me, Hercules!" cried he;
 "For if thy back of yore
 This burly planet bore,
 Thy arm can set me free."

This prayer gone up, from out a cloud there broke
 A voice which thus in godlike accents spoke:

"The suppliant must himself bestir,
 Ere Hercules will aid confer.
 Look wisely in the proper quarter,
 To see what hindrance can be found;
 Remove the execrable mud and mortar
 Which, axle-deep, beset thy wheels around.
 Thy sledge and crowbar take,
 And pry me up that stone, or break;
 Now fill that rut upon the other side.
 Hast done it?" "Yes," the man replied.
 "Well," said the voice, "I'll aid thee now;
 Take up thy whip." "I have . . . but, how?
 My cart glides on with ease!
 I thank thee, Hercules."

"Thy team," rejoined the voice, "has light ado;
 So help thyself, and Heaven will help thee too."

THE WEASEL, THE RABBIT, AND THE CAT.

John Rabbit's palace underground
 Was once by Goody Weasel found.
 She, sly of heart, resolved to seize
 The place, and did so at her ease.
 She took possession while its lord
 Was absent on the dewy sward,
 Intent upon his usual sport, —
 A courtier of Aurora's court.
 When he had browsed his full of clover,
 And cut his pranks all nicely over,
 Home Johnny came to take his drowse,
 All snug within his cellar house.
 The weasel's nose he chanced to see,
 Outsticking through the open door.
 "Ye gods of hospitality!"
 Exclaimed the creature, vexèd sore,
 "Must I give up my father's lodge?
 Ho! Madam Weasel, please to budge,
 Or, quicker than a weasel's dodge,
 I'll call the rats to pay their grudge!"

The sharp-nosed lady made reply
That she was first to occupy.

“The cause of war was surely small —
A house where one could only crawl!
And though it were a vast domain,”

Said she, “I’d like to know what will
Could grant to John perpetual reign, —

The son of Peter or of Bill, —
More than to Paul, or even me.”

John Rabbit spoke — great lawyer he —
Of custom, usage, as the law

Whereby the house, from sire to son,
As well as all its store of straw,

From Peter came at length to John.

Who could present a claim so good

As he, the first possessor, could?

“Now,” said the dame, “let’s drop dispute,

And go before Raminagrobis,
Who’ll judge not only in this suit,

But tell us truly whose the globe is.”

This person was a hermit cat,

A cat that played the hypocrite;

A saintly mouser, sleek and fat,

An arbiter of keenest wit.

John Rabbit in the judge concurred,

And off went both their case to broach

Before his Majesty, the furred.

Said Clapperclaw, “My kits, approach,
And put your noses to my ears;

I’m deaf, almost, by weight of years.”

And so they did, not fearing aught.

The good apostle Clapperclaw

Then laid on each a well-armed paw,

And both to an agreement brought,

By virtue of his tuskèd jaw.

This fable brings to mind the fate
Of little kings before the great.

HERVÉ RIEL

By ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING, English poet, was born in London, May 7, 1812; married Elizabeth Barrett in 1846, and lived in Italy the greater part of his life afterward. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1833, anonymous). There followed, among others, "Paracelsus" (1835); "Strafford" (1837); "Sordello" (1840); "Bells and Pomegranates" (a collection including "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy") (1841-46); "Men and Women" and "Dramatis Personæ," collections of minor poems, in 1855 and 1864; "The Ring and the Book" (1868); "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau" (1871); "Fifine at the Fair" (1872); "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country" (1873); "The Inn-Album" (1876); "Dramatic Idylls" (1879); "Asolando" (1889). He died in Venice, December 12, 1889.]

I.

ON THE sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all;
 And they signaled to the place,
 "Help the winners of a race!
 Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick — or, quicker still,
 Here's the English can and will!"

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
 "Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
 laughed they:
 "Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
 Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
 Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?
 Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
 Brief and bitter the debate:
 "Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ships aground!"
 (Ended Damfreville his speech).
 Not a minute more to wait!
 "Let the Captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate.

V.

"Give the word!" But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these —
 A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate — first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
 A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty
 Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!"

Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this 'Formidable' clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,—
 Keel so much as grate the ground,—
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
 Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief.
 Still the north wind, by God's grace!
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
 See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock,
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harbored to the last,
 And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate
 Up the English come, too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glance askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard.
 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?
 Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
 Since the others go ashore —
 Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got, — nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
 Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pellmell
 On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save th. squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!



BARCLAY OF URY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the distinguished American poet, was born of Quaker parentage at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. He worked on a farm in his boyhood, and earned enough by shoemaking to warrant his entering a local academy. At twenty-two he began his journalistic career as editor of the *American Manufacturer*; and was later connected with the *New England Weekly Review* and *Haverhill Gazette*. Becoming noted for his opposition to slavery, he was appointed secretary of the American Antislavery Society, and for a year in Philadelphia edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which was suppressed by a mob that sacked and burned the printing office. In 1840 he settled in Amesbury, and continued to reside there until his death in 1892. Among his numerous publications were: "Legends of New England," "Moll Pitcher," "Mogg Megone," "The Voices of Freedom," "Songs of Labor," "Home Ballads," "In War Time," "National Lyrics," "Snow-Bound," "Tent on the Beach," "Ballads of New England," "Hazel Blossoms," "Bay of Seven Islands."]

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
 By the kirk and college green,
 Rode the Laird of Ury;
 Close behind him, close beside,
 Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
 Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
 Jeered at him the serving girl,
 Prompt to please her master;
 And the begging carlin, late
 Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
 Up the streets of Aberdeen
 Came he slowly riding;
 And to all he saw and heard
 Answering not with bitter word,
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
 Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
 Loose and free and froward;
 Quoth the foremost "Ride him down!
 Push him! prick him! through the town
 Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
 Cried a sudden voice and loud:
 "Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
 And the old man at his side,
 Saw a comrade, battle tried,
 Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
 Fronting to the troopers there,
 Cried aloud: "God save us!
 Call ye coward him who stood
 Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
 With the brave Gustavus?"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
 Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
 "Put it up, I pray thee:
 Passive to His holy will,
 Trust I in my Master still,
 Even though He slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
 Proved on many a field of death,
 Not by me are needed."
 Marveled much that henchman bold,
 That his laird, so stout of old,
 Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
 With a slowly shaking head,
 And a look of pity;

"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city !

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers !"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end :"
Quoth the Laird of Ury,
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

"Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer ;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads, to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door ;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving :
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

“Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full daybreaking!”

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him, who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its sevenfold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O’er the rabble’s laughter;
And, while Hatred’s fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world’s wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight’s sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

WILLIAM PENN ON GEORGE FOX.

(From his Preface to Fox's "Journal.")

[GEORGE FOX, founder of the Society of Friends or "Quakers," was born 1624 in Leicestershire of a poor family, but of precocious moral sense; he passed through a spiritual crisis at nineteen, and forsook the world for a while; then wandered about for three or four years seeking direction, in vain; satisfying himself, in 1647 he began itinerant preaching near Manchester, and thenceforward made a chief vocation that which caused much of the persecution of the early Quakers, — entering churches during service and preaching against the ministers, which of course caused immediate uproar and subsequent jailing, once for almost a year. From 1669 to 1673 he was on a proselytizing tour in the Western Hemisphere; and on his return was again imprisoned fourteen months for illegal meetings. His later years were spent with fair quiet in London, where he died in 1690.]

[WILLIAM PENN was born in London, 1644; son of Admiral William Penn, a professional seaman under Cromwell and Charles II. Of early spirituality like Fox, he was reared a Puritan, and set toward Quakerism while at Christ Church, Oxford. After more than one quarrel with his father over the new doctrines and their prejudice to his career, and being sent to the Continent and Ireland to see service and gain worldly sense, he became a Quaker minister in 1667; and his history for many years is largely one of the writing of polemic books and tracts, — at first of great violence and aggressiveness, then of arguments for universal toleration, — and some imprisonments. In 1670 he was arrested for street preaching, and after a long struggle was acquitted; the court fined and imprisoned the jury, who carried up the case and won a verdict of illegal imprisonment, — a great legal landmark. In 1676 he became a proprietor of West Jersey, and drew up a very liberal constitution for it, and many Quakers settled there. Discouraged by futile efforts to secure toleration for Dissenters, and the rancors of the Popish Plot, in 1681 he obtained a grant of American territory for settlement on his own principles (Pennsylvania); remained there two years and founded Philadelphia. Returning in 1684, he was after Charles's death in high favor with James; supported the Declaration of Indulgence, secured the release of twelve hundred Quakers from prison, and in Monmouth's rebellion did the little he could to mollify James's vengeance. After the Revolution he was much suspected and in some danger for a time. The rest of his long life was spent in work for and troubles over Pennsylvania, in religious effort, writing, and public speaking. He died in 1718. He was one of the most influential religious writers as well as religious leaders of his age.]

I. HE WAS a man that God endued with a clear and wonderful depth, a discerner of others' spirits, and very much a master of his own. And though the side of his understanding which lay next to the world, and especially the expression of it, might sound uncouth and unfashionable to nice ears, his matter was nevertheless very profound; and would not only bear to be often considered, but the more it was so, the more weighty and instructing it appeared. And as abruptly and brokenly as

sometimes his sentences would fall from him, about divine things, it is well known they were often as texts to many fairer declarations. And indeed it showed, beyond all contradiction, that God sent him ; that no arts or parts had any share in the matter or manner of his ministry ; and that so many great, excellent, and necessary truths as he came forth to preach to mankind, had therefore nothing of man's wit or wisdom to recommend them ; so that as to man he was an original, being no man's copy. And his ministry and writings show they are from one that was not taught of man, nor had learned what he said by study. Nor were they notional or speculative, but sensible and practical truths, tending to conversion and regeneration, and the setting up of the kingdom of God in the hearts of men ; and the way of it was his work. So that I have many times been overcome in myself, and been made to say, with my Lord and Master upon the like occasion : "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent of this world, and revealed them to babes." For many times hath my soul bowed in an humble thankfulness to the Lord, that He did not choose any of the wise and learned of this world to be the first messenger, in our age, of His blessed truth to men ; but that He took one that was not of high degree, or elegant speech, or learned after the way of this world, that His message and work he sent him to do, might come with less suspicion or jealousy of human wisdom and interest, and with more force and clearness upon the consciences of those that sincerely sought the way of truth in the love of it. I say, beholding with the eye of my mind, which the God of heaven had opened in me, the marks of God's finger and hand visibly, in this testimony, from the clearness of the principle, the power and efficacy of it, in the exemplary sobriety, plainness, zeal, steadiness, humility, gravity, punctuality, charity, and circumspect care in the government of church affairs, which shined in his and their life and testimony that God employed in this work, it greatly confirmed me that it was of God, and engaged my soul in a deep love, fear, reverence, and thankfulness for His love and mercy therein to mankind ; in which mind I remain, and shall, I hope, to the end of my days.

II. In his testimony or ministry, he much labored to open truth to the people's understandings, and to bottom them upon the principle and principal, Christ Jesus, the Light of the

world, that by bringing them to something that was of God in themselves, they might the better know and judge of Him and themselves.

III. He had an extraordinary gift in opening the Scriptures. He would go to the marrow of things, and show the mind, harmony, and fulfilling of them with much plainness, and to great comfort and edification.

IV. The mystery of the first and second Adam, of the fall and restoration, of the law and gospel, of shadows and substance, of the servant's and Son's state, and the fulfilling of the Scriptures in Christ, and by Christ, the true Light, in all that are His through the obedience of faith, were much of the substance and drift of his testimonies. In all which he was witnessed to be of God, being sensibly felt to speak that which he had received of Christ, and which was his own experience, in that which never errs nor fails.

V. But above all he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behavior, and the fewness and fullness of his words, have often struck even strangers with admiration, as they used to reach others with consolation. The most awful, living, reverent frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say, was his in prayer. And truly it was a testimony he knew and lived nearer to the Lord than other men; for they that know Him most, will see most reason to approach Him with reverence and fear.

VI. He was of an innocent life, no busybody nor self-seeker, neither touchy nor critical; what fell from him was very inoffensive, if not very edifying. So meek, contented, modest, easy, steady, tender, it was a pleasure to be in his company. He exercised no authority but over evil, and that everywhere and in all; but with love, compassion, and long-suffering. A most merciful man, as ready to forgive as unapt to take or give an offense. Thousands can truly say, he was of an excellent spirit and savor among them, and because thereof, the most excellent spirits loved him with an unfeigned and unfading love.

VII. He was an incessant laborer; for in his younger time, before his many great and deep sufferings and travels had enfeebled his body for itinerant services, he labored much in the word, and doctrine, and discipline in England, Scotland, and Ireland, turning many to God, and confirming those that

were convinced of the truth, and settling good order as to church affairs among them. And towards the conclusion of his travelling services, between the years seventy-one and seventy-seven, he visited the churches of Christ in the plantations in America, and in the United Provinces, and Germany, as his following Journal relates, to the convincement and consolation of many. After that time he chiefly resided in and about the city of London; and besides the services of his ministry, which were frequent and serviceable, he wrote much, both to them that are within, and those that are without, the communion. But the care he took of the affairs of the church in general was very great.

VIII. He was often where the records of the affairs of the church are kept, and the letters from the many meetings of God's people over all the world, where settled, come upon occasions; which letters he had read to him, and communicated them to the meeting that is weekly held there for such services; and he would be sure to stir them up to discharge them especially in suffering cases, showing great sympathy and compassion upon all such occasions, carefully looking into the respective cases, and endeavoring speedy relief, according to the nature of them. So that the churches, or any of the suffering members thereof, were sure not to be forgotten or delayed in their desires, if he were there.

IX. As he was unwearied, so he was undaunted in his services for God and his people; he was no more to be moved to fear than to wrath. His behavior at Derby, Lichfield, Appleby, before Oliver Cromwell, at Launceston, Scarborough, Worcester, and Westminster-Hall, with many other places and exercises, did abundantly evidence it to his enemies as well as his friends.

But as in the primitive times, some rose up against the blessed apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ, even from among those that they had turned to the hope of the gospel, who became their greatest trouble; so this man of God had his share of suffering from some that were convinced by him, who through prejudice or mistake ran against him, as one that sought dominion over conscience; because he pressed, by his presence or epistles, a ready and zealous compliance with such good and wholesome things as tended to an orderly conversation about the affairs of the church, and in their walking before men. That which contributed much to this ill work, was, in

some, a begrudging of this meek man the love and esteem he had and deserved in the hearts of the people ; and weakness in others, that were taken with their groundless suggestions of imposition and blind obedience.

They would have had every man independent ; that as he had the principle in himself, he should only stand and fall to that, and nobody else ; not considering that the principle is one in all ; and though the measure of light or grace might differ, yet the nature of it was the same ; and being so, they struck at the spiritual unity, which a people, guided by the same principle, are naturally led into ; so that what is an evil to one, is so to all, and what is virtuous, honest, and of good report to one, is so to all, from the sense and savor of the one universal principle which is common to all, and, which the disaffected also profess to be, the root of all true Christian fellowship, and that Spirit into which the people of God drink, and come to be spiritually minded, and of one heart and one soul.

In all these occasions, though there was no person the discontented struck so sharply at as this good man, he bore all their weakness and prejudice, and returned not reflection for reflection ; but forgave them their weak and bitter speeches, praying for them that they might have a sense of their hurt, see the subtilty of the enemy to rend and divide, and return into their first love that thought no ill.

And truly, I must say, that though God had visibly clothed him with a divine preference and authority, and indeed his very presence expressed a religious majesty, yet he never abused it ; but held his place in the church of God with great meekness, and a most engaging humility and moderation. For upon all occasions, like his blessed Master, he was a servant to all ; holding and exercising his eldership, and the invisible power that had gathered them, with reverence to the Head and care over the body ; and was received only in that spirit and power of Christ, as the first and chief elder in his age ; who, as he was therefore worthy of double honor, so for the same reason it was given by the faithful of this day ; because his authority was inward and not outward, and that he got it and kept it by the love of God, and power of an endless life. I write my knowledge and not report, and my witness is true, having been with him for weeks and months together on divers occasions, and those of the nearest and most exercising nature, and that by **night and by day, by sea and by land, in this and in foreign**

countries : and I can say I never saw him out of his place, or not a match for every service or occasion. For in all things he acquitted himself like a man, yea, a strong man, a new and heavenly-minded man ; a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making. I have been surprised at his questions and answers in natural things ; that whilst he was ignorant of useless and sophistical science, he had in him the foundation of useful and commendable knowledge, and cherished it everywhere. Civil, beyond all forms of breeding, in his behavior ; very temperate, eating little, and sleeping less, though a bulky person.

Thus he lived and sojourned among us : and as he lived, so he died ; feeling the same eternal power, that had raised and preserved him, in his last moments. So full of assurance was he, that he triumphed over death ; and so even in his spirit to the last, as if death were hardly worth notice or a mention ; recommending to some with him, the dispatch and dispersion of an epistle, just before written to the churches of Christ throughout the world, and his own books ; but, above all, Friends, and, of all Friends, those in Ireland and America, twice over saying, "Mind poor Friends in Ireland and America."

And to some that came in and inquired how he found himself, he answered, "Never heed, the Lord's power is over all weakness and death ; the Seed reigns, blessed be the Lord : " which was about four or five hours before his departure out of this world. He was at the great meeting near Lombard Street on the first day of the week, and it was the third following, about ten at night, when he left us, being at the house of Henry Goldney in the same court. In a good old age he went, after having lived to see his children's children, to many generations, in the truth. He had the comfort of a short illness, and the blessing of a clear sense to the last ; and we may truly say, with a man of God of old, that "being dead, he yet speaketh" ; and though absent in body, he is present in spirit ; neither time nor place being able to interrupt the communion of saints, or dissolve the fellowship of the spirits of the just. His works praise him, because they are to the praise of Him that wrought by him ; for which his memorial is, and shall be blessed. I have done, as to this part of my Preface, when I have left this short epitaph to his name, "Many sons have done virtuously in his day ; but, dear George, thou excellest them all."

MEMOIRS ON THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV. AND
THE REGENCY.

BY THE DUKE OF SAINT-SIMON.

[LOUIS DE ROUVROY, DUC DE SAINT-SIMON, a French writer of memoirs, was born at Paris, January 16, 1675, the son of a favorite nobleman of Louis XIII.'s court. He entered the army and fought at the siege of Namur, the battle of Neerwinden, etc., but in 1702 handed in his commission and turned his attention to court statesmanship. He was a member of the council of the regency under the Duke of Orleans, and in 1721 was sent to Spain as ambassador extraordinary to negotiate a marriage between the Infanta and the young king, Louis XV. His last years were clouded by domestic misfortunes and financial reverses, and he died a bankrupt on his estate at Laferté, March 2, 1755. His entertaining "Memoirs" throw a flood of light on court life under Louis XIV. and Louis XV.]

CHAPTER IV. (1693).

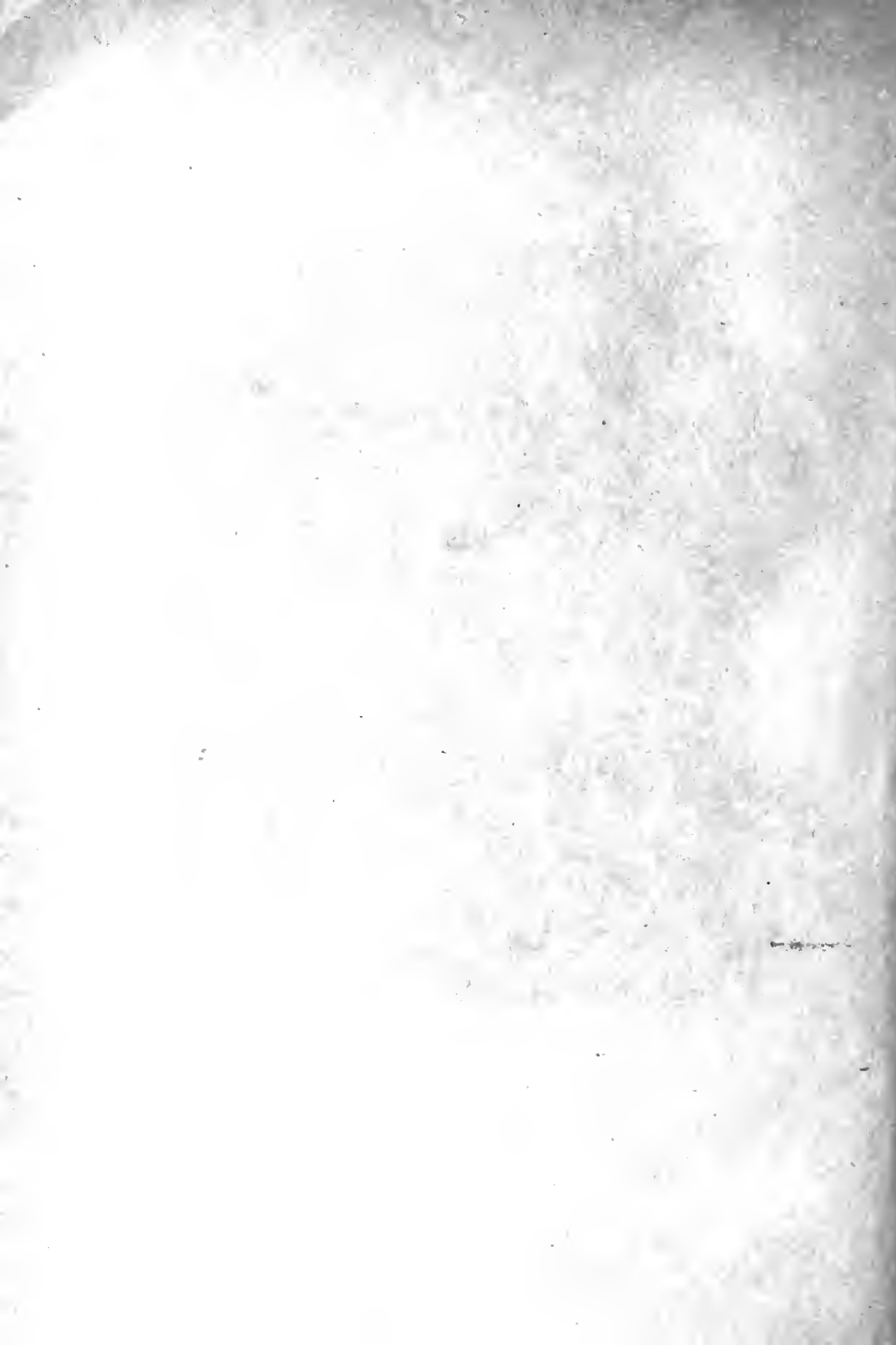
AFTER having paid the last duties to my father, I betook myself to Mons to join the Royal Roussillon cavalry regiment, in which I was captain. The King, after stopping eight or ten days with the ladies at Quesnoy, sent them to Namur, and put himself at the head of the army of M. de Boufflers, and camped at Gembloux, so that his left was only half a league distant from the right of M. de Luxembourg. The Prince of Orange was encamped at the Abbey of Pure, was unable to receive supplies, and could not leave his position without having the two armies of the King to grapple with: he entrenched himself in haste, bitterly repenting having allowed himself to be thus driven into a corner. We knew afterwards that he wrote several times to his intimate friend the Prince de Vaudemont, — saying that he was lost, and that nothing short of a miracle could save him.

We were in this position, with an army in every way infinitely superior to that of the Prince of Orange, and with four whole months before us to profit by our strength, when the King declared on the 8th of June that he should return to Versailles, and sent off a large detachment of the army into Germany. The surprise of the Maréchal de Luxembourg was without bounds. He represented the facility with which the Prince of Orange might now be beaten with one army and pursued by another, and how important it was to draw off detachments of the Imperial forces from Germany into Flanders, and how, by sending an army into Flanders instead of Germany, the



Louis XIV





whole of the Low Countries would be in our power. But the King would not change his plans, although M. de Luxembourg went down on his knees and begged him not to allow such a glorious opportunity to escape. Madame de Maintenon, by her tears when she parted from his Majesty, and by her letters since, had brought about this resolution.

The news had not spread on the morrow, June 9th. I chanced to go alone to the quarters of M. de Luxembourg, and was surprised to find not a soul there, every one having gone to the King's army. Pensively bringing my horse to a stand, I was ruminating on a fact so strange, and debating whether I should return to my tent or push on to the royal camp, when up came M. le Prince de Conti with a single page and a groom leading a horse. "What are you doing there?" cried he, laughing at my surprise. Thereupon he told me he was going to say adieu to the King, and advised me to do likewise. "What do you mean by 'saying adieu'?" answered I. He sent his servants to a little distance, and begged me to do the same, and with shouts of laughter told me about the King's retreat, making tremendous fun of him, despite my youth, for he had confidence in me. I was astonished. We soon after met the whole company coming back; and the great people went aside to talk and sneer. I then proceeded to pay my respects to the King, by whom I was honorably received. Surprise, however, was expressed by all faces, and indignation by some.

The effect of the King's retreat, indeed, was incredible, even amongst the soldiers and the people. The general officers could not keep silent upon it, and the inferior officers spoke loudly, with a license that could not be restrained. All through the army, in the towns, and even at Court, it was talked about openly. The courtiers, generally so glad to find themselves again at Versailles, now declared that they were ashamed to be there; as for the enemy, they could not contain their surprise and joy. The Prince of Orange said that the retreat was a miracle he could not have hoped for; that he could scarcely believe in it, but that it had saved his army, and the whole of the Low Countries. In the midst of all this excitement the King arrived with the ladies, on the 25th of June, at Versailles.

We gained some successes, however, this year. Maréchal de Villeroy took Huy in three days, losing only a sub-engineer and some soldiers. On the 29th of July we attacked at dawn the Prince of Orange at Neerwinden, and after twelve hours of

hard fighting, under a blazing sun, entirely routed him. I was of the third squadron of the Royal Roussillon, and made five charges. One of the gold ornaments of my coat was torn away, but I received no wound. During the battle our brigadier, Quoadt, was killed before my eyes. The Duc de Feuillade became thus commander of the brigade. We missed him immediately, and for more than half an hour saw nothing of him; he had gone to make his toilette. When he returned he was powdered and decked out in a fine red surtout, embroidered with silver, and all his trappings and those of his horses were magnificent; he acquitted himself with distinction.

Our cavalry stood so well against the fire from the enemy's guns, that the Prince of Orange lost all patience, and turning away, exclaimed, "Oh, the insolent nation!" He fought until the last, and retired with the Elector of Hanover only when he saw there was no longer any hope. After the battle my people brought us a leg of mutton and a bottle of wine, which they had wisely saved from the previous evening, and we attacked them in good earnest, as may be believed. The enemy lost about twenty thousand men, including a large number of officers; our loss was not more than half that number. We took all their cannon, eight mortars, many artillery wagons, a quantity of standards, and some pairs of kettledrums. The victory was complete.

Meanwhile, the army which had been sent to Germany under the command of Monseigneur and of the Maréchal de Lorges, did little or nothing. The Maréchal wished to attack Heilbronn, but Monseigneur was opposed to it; and, to the great regret of the principal generals and of the troops, the attack was not made. Monseigneur returned early to Versailles.

At sea we were more active. The rich merchant fleet of Smyrna was attacked by Tourville; fifty vessels were burnt or sunk, and twenty-seven taken, all richly freighted. This campaign cost the English and Dutch dear. It is believed their loss was more than thirty millions of écus.

The season finished with the taking of Charleroy. On the 16th of September the Maréchal de Villeroy, supported by M. de Luxembourg, laid siege to it, and on the 11th of October, after a good defense, the place capitulated. Our loss was very slight. Charleroy taken, our troops went into winter quarters, and I returned to Court, like the rest. The roads and the posting service were in great disorder. Amongst

other adventures I met with, I was driven by a deaf and dumb postilion, who stuck me fast in the mud when near Quesnoy. At Pont Saint-Maxence all the horses were retained by M. de Luxembourg. Fearing I might be left behind, I told the postmaster that I was a governor (which was true), and that I would put him in jail if he did not give me horses. I should have been sadly puzzled how to do it; but he was simple enough to believe me, and gave the horses. I arrived, however, at last in Paris, and found a change at the Court, which surprised me.

Daquin — first doctor of the King and creature of Madame de Montespan — had lost nothing of his credit by her removal, but had never been able to get on well with Madame de Maintenon, who looked coldly upon all the friends of her predecessor. Daquin had a son, an abbé, and wearied the King with solicitations on his behalf. Madame de Maintenon seized the opportunity, when the King was more than usually angry with Daquin, to obtain his dismissal; it came upon him like a thunderbolt. On the previous evening the King had spoken to him for a long time as usual, and had never treated him better. All the Court was astonished also. Fagon, a very skillful and learned man, was appointed in his place at the instance of Madame de Maintenon.

Another event excited less surprise than interest. On Sunday, the 29th of November, the King learned that La Vauguyon had killed himself in his bed, that morning, by firing twice into his throat. I must say a few words about this Vauguyon. He was one of the pettiest and poorest gentlemen of France; he was well made, but very swarthy, with Spanish features, had a charming voice, played the guitar and lute very well, and was skilled in the arts of gallantry. By these talents he had succeeded in finding favor with Madame de Beauvais, much regarded at the Court as having been the King's first mistress. I have seen her — old, blear-eyed, and half blind — at the toilette of the Dauphiness of Bavaria, where everybody courted her, because she was still much considered by the King. Under this protection La Vauguyon succeeded well; was several times sent as ambassador to foreign countries; was made councilor of state, and to the scandal of everybody, was raised to the Order in 1688. Of late years, having no appointments, he had scarcely the means of living, and endeavored, but without success, to improve his condition.

Poverty by degrees turned his brain; but a long time passed before it was perceived. The first proof that he gave of it was at the house of Madame Pelot, widow of the Chief President of the Rouen parliament. Playing at *brelan* one evening, she offered him a stake, and because he would not accept it bantered him, and playfully called him a poltroon. He said nothing, but waited until all the rest of the company had left the room; and when he found himself alone with Madame Pelot, he bolted the door, clapped his hat on his head, drove her up against the chimney, and holding her head between his two fists, said he knew no reason why he should not pound it into a jelly, in order to teach her to call him poltroon again. The poor woman was horribly frightened, and made perpendicular courtesies between his two fists, and all sorts of excuses. At last he let her go, more dead than alive. She had the generosity to say no syllable of this occurrence until after his death; she even allowed him to come to the house as usual, but took care never to be alone with him.

One day, a long time after this, meeting, in a gallery, at Fontainebleau, M. de Courtenay, La Vauguyon drew his sword, and compelled the other to draw also, although there had never been the slightest quarrel between them. They were soon separated and La Vauguyon immediately fled to the King, who was just then in his private closet, where nobody ever entered unless expressly summoned. But La Vauguyon turned the key, and, in spite of the usher on guard, forced his way in. The King in great emotion asked him what was the matter. La Vauguyon on his knees said he had been insulted by M. de Courtenay and demanded pardon for having drawn his sword in the palace. His Majesty, promising to examine the matter, with great trouble got rid of La Vauguyon. As nothing could be made of it, M. de Courtenay declaring he had been insulted by La Vauguyon and forced to draw his sword, and the other telling the same tale, both were sent to the Bastille. After a short imprisonment they were released, and appeared at the Court as usual.

Another adventure, which succeeded this, threw some light upon the state of affairs. Going to Versailles, one day, La Vauguyon met a groom of the Prince de Condé leading a saddled horse: he stopped the man, descended from his coach, asked whom the horse belonged to, said that the Prince would not object to his riding it, and leaping upon the animal's back, galloped off. The groom, all amazed, followed him. La

Vauguyon rode on until he reached the Bastille, descended there, gave a gratuity to the man, and dismissed him: he then went straight to the governor of the prison, said he had had the misfortune to displease the King, and begged to be confined there. The governor, having no orders to do so, refused, and sent off an express for instructions how to act. In reply he was told not to receive La Vauguyon, whom at last, after great difficulty, he prevailed upon to go away. This occurrence made great noise. Yet even afterwards the King continued to receive La Vauguyon at the Court, and to affect to treat him well, although everybody else avoided him and was afraid of him. His poor wife became so affected by these public derangements, that she retired from Paris, and shortly afterwards died. This completed her husband's madness; he survived her only a month, dying by his own hand, as I have mentioned. Without the assistance of M. de Beauvais he would often have been brought to the last extremities. Beauvais frequently spoke of him to the King; and it is unintelligible that having raised this man to such a point, and always shown him special kindness, his Majesty should perseveringly have left him to die of hunger and become mad from misery.

CHAPTER XV. (1699).

Boucherat, chancellor and keeper of the seals, died on the 2d of September. Harlay, as I have previously said, had been promised this appointment when it became vacant. But the part he had taken in our case with M. de Luxembourg had made him so lose ground, that the appointment was not given to him. M. de La Rochefoucauld, above all, had undermined him in the favor of the King; and none of us had lost an opportunity of assisting in this work. Our joy, therefore, was extreme when we saw all Harlay's hopes frustrated, and we did not fail to let it burst forth. The vexation that Harlay conceived was so great, that he became absolutely intractable, and often cried out with a bitterness he could not contain, that he should be left to die in the dust of the palace. His weakness was such, that he could not prevent himself six weeks after from complaining to the King at Fontainebleau, where he was playing the valet with his accustomed suppleness and deceit. The King put him off with fine speeches, and by appointing him to take part in a commission then sitting for the purpose of bringing about a reduction in the price of corn in Paris and

the suburbs, where it had become very dear. Harlay made a semblance of being contented, but remained not the less annoyed. His health and his head were at last so much attacked that he was forced to quit his post: he then fell into contempt after having excited so much hatred. The chancellorship was given to Pontchartrain, and the office of comptroller general, which became vacant at the same time, was given to Chamillart, a very honest man, who owed his first advancement to his skill at billiards, of which game the King was formerly very fond. It was while Chamillart was accustomed to play billiards with the King, at least three times a week, that an incident happened which ought not to be forgotten. Chamillart was Counselor of the Parliament at that time. He had just reported on a case that had been submitted to him. The losing party came to him, and complained that he had omitted to bring forward a document that had been given into his hands, and that would assuredly have turned the verdict. Chamillart searched for the document, found it, and saw that the complainer was right. He said so, and added, "I do not know how the document escaped me, but it decides in your favor. You claimed twenty thousand francs, and it is my fault you did not get them. Come to-morrow, and I will pay you." Chamillart, although then by no means rich, scraped together all the money he had, borrowing the rest, and paid the man as he had promised, only demanding that the matter should be kept a secret. But after this, feeling that billiards three times a week interfered with his legal duties, he surrendered part of them, and thus left himself more free for other charges he was obliged to attend to.

The Comtesse de Fiesque died very aged, while the Court was at Fontainebleau this year. She had passed her life with the most frivolous of the great world. Two incidents amongst a thousand will characterize her. She was very straitened in means, because she had frittered away all her substance, or allowed herself to be pillaged by her business people. When those beautiful mirrors were first introduced, she obtained one, although they were then very dear and very rare. "Ah, Countess!" said her friends, "where did you find that?"

"Oh!" replied she, "I had a miserable piece of land, which only yielded me corn; I have sold it, and I have this mirror instead. Is not this excellent? Who would hesitate between corn and this beautiful mirror?"

On another occasion she harangued with her son, who was as poor as a rat, for the purpose of persuading him to make a good match and thus enrich himself. Her son, who had no desire to marry, allowed her to talk on, and pretended to listen to her reasons. She was delighted—entered into a description of the wife she destined for him, painting her as young, rich, an only child, beautiful, well educated, and with parents who would be delighted to agree to the marriage. When she had finished, he pressed her for the name of this charming and desirable person. The Countess said she was the daughter of Jacquier, a man well known to everybody, and who had been a contractor of provisions to the armies of M. de Turenne. Upon this, her son burst into a hearty laugh, and she in anger demanded why he did so, and what he found so ridiculous in the match.

The truth was, Jacquier had no children, as the Comtesse soon remembered. At which she said it was a great pity, since no marriage would have better suited all parties. She was full of such oddities, which she persisted in for some time with anger, but at which she was the first to laugh. People said of her that she had never been more than eighteen years old. The memoirs of Mademoiselle paint her well. She lived with Mademoiselle, and passed all her life in quarrels about trifles.

It was immediately after leaving Fontainebleau that the marriage between the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne was consummated. It was upon this occasion that the King named four gentlemen to wait upon the Duc,—four who in truth could not have been more badly chosen. One of them, Gamaches, was a gossip, who never knew what he was doing or saying—who knew nothing of the world, or the court, or of war, although he had always been in the army. D'O was another; but of him I have spoken. Cheverny was the third, and Saumery the fourth. Saumery had been raised out of obscurity by M. de Beauvilliers. Never was man so intriguing, so truckling, so mean, so boastful, so ambitious, so intent upon fortune; and all this without disguise, without veil, without shame! Saumery had been wounded, and no man ever made so much of such a mishap. I used to say of him that he limped audaciously, and it was true. He would speak of personages the most distinguished, whose antechambers even he had scarcely seen, as though he spoke of his equals or of his particular friends. He related what he had heard, and

was not ashamed to say before people who at least had common sense, "Poor *Mons.* Turenne said to me," M. de Turenne never having probably heard of his existence. With *Monsieur* in full he honored nobody. It was *Mons.* de Beauvilliers, *Mons.* de Chevreuse, and so on; except with those whose names he clipped off short, as he frequently would even with princes of the blood. I have heard him say many times, "the Princess de Conti," in speaking of the daughter of the king; and "the Prince de Conti," in speaking of Monsieur her brother-in-law! As for the chief nobles of the Court, it was rare for him to give them the *Monsieur* or the *Mons.* It was Maréchal d'Humières, and so on with the others. Fatuity and insolence were united in him, and by dint of mounting a hundred staircases a day, and bowing and scraping everywhere, he had gained the ear of I know not how many people. His wife was a tall creature, as impertinent as he, who wore the breeches, and before whom he dared not breathe. Her effrontery blushed at nothing, and after many gallantries she had linked herself on to M. de Duras, whom she governed, and of whom she was publicly and absolutely the mistress, living at his expense. Children, friends, servants, all were at her mercy, — even Madame de Duras herself when she came, which was but seldom, from the country.

Such were the people whom the King placed near M. le Duc de Bourgogne.

The Duc de Gesvres, a malicious old man, a cruel husband, and an unnatural father, sadly annoyed Maréchal de Villeroy towards the end of this year, having previously treated me very scurvily for some advice that I gave him respecting the ceremonies to be observed at the reception by the King of M. de Lorraine as Duc de Bar. M. de Gesvres and M. de Villeroy had both had fathers who made large fortunes and who became secretaries of state. One morning M. de Gesvres was waiting for the King, with a number of other courtiers, when M. de Villeroy arrived, with all that noise and those airs he had long assumed, and which his favor and his appointments rendered more superb. I know not whether this annoyed De Gesvres more than usual, but as soon as the other had placed himself, he said, "Monsieur le Maréchal, it must be admitted that you and I are very lucky." The Maréchal, surprised at a remark which seemed to be suggested by nothing, assented with a modest air, and, shaking his head and his wig, began to talk to some one

else. But M. de Gesvres had not commenced without a purpose. He went on, addressed M. de Villeroy point blank, admiring their mutual good fortune, but when he came to speak of the father of each, "Let us go no further," said he, "for what did our fathers spring from? From tradesmen; even tradesmen they were themselves. Yours was the son of a dealer in fresh fish at the markets, and mine of a peddler, or, perhaps, worse. Gentlemen," said he, addressing the company, "have we not reason to think our fortune prodigious — the Maréchal and I?" The Maréchal would have liked to strangle M. de Gesvres, or to see him dead — but what can be done with a man who, in order to say something cutting to you, says it to himself first? Everybody was silent, and all eyes were lowered. Many, however, were not sorry to see M. de Villeroy so pleasantly humiliated. The King came and put an end to the scene, which was the talk of the Court for several days.

Omissions must be repaired as soon as they are perceived. Other matters have carried me away. At the commencement of April, Ticquet, councilor at the parliament, was assassinated in his own house; and if he did not die, it was not the fault of his porter, or of the soldier who had attempted to kill him, and who left him for dead, disturbed by a noise they heard. This councilor, who was a very poor man, had complained to the King, the preceding year, of the conduct of his wife with Montgeorges, captain in the Guards, and much esteemed. The King prohibited Montgeorges from seeing the wife of the councilor again.

Such having been the case, when the crime was attempted, suspicion fell upon Montgeorges and the wife of Ticquet, a beautiful, gallant, and bold woman, who took a very high tone in the matter. She was advised to fly, maintaining that in all such cases it is safer to be far off than close at hand. The woman would listen to no such advice, and in a few days she was no longer able. The porter and the soldier were arrested and tortured, and Madame Ticquet, who was foolish enough to allow herself to be arrested, also underwent the same examination, and avowed all. She was condemned to lose her head, and her accomplice to be broken on the wheel. Montgeorges managed so well, that he was not legally criminated. When Ticquet heard the sentence, he came with all his family to the King, and sued for mercy. But the King would not listen to him, and the execution took place on Wednesday, the 17th of

June, after midday, at the Grève. All the windows of the Hôtel de Ville, and of the houses in the Place de Grève, in the streets that lead to it from the Conciergerie of the palace where Madame Ticquet was confined, were filled with spectators, men and women, many of title and distinction. There were even friends of both sexes of this unhappy woman, who felt no shame or horror in going there. In the streets the crowd was so great that it could not be passed through. In general, pity was felt for the culprit ; people hoped that she would be pardoned, and it was because they hoped so, that they went to see her die. But such is the world ; so unreasoning, and so little in accord with itself.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Prince d'Harcourt at last obtained permission to wait on the King, after having never appeared at Court for seventeen years. He had followed the King in all his conquests in the Low Countries and Franche-Comté ; but he had remained little at the Court since his voyage to Spain, whither he had accompanied the daughter of Monsieur to the King, Charles II., her husband. The Prince d'Harcourt took service with Venice, and fought in the Morea until the Republic made peace with the Turks. He was tall, well made ; and, although he looked like a nobleman and had wit, reminded one at the same time of a country actor. He was a great liar, and a libertine in body and mind ; a great spendthrift, a great and impudent swindler, with a tendency to low debauchery, that cursed him all his life. Having fluttered about a long time after his return, and found it impossible either to live with his wife — which is not surprising — or accommodate himself to the Court or to Paris, he set up his rest at Lyons, with wine, street walkers, a society to match, a pack of hounds, and a gaming table to support his extravagance and enable him to live at the expense of the dupes, the imbeciles, and the sons of fat tradesmen, whom he could lure into his nets. Thus he spent many years, and seemed to forget that there existed in the world another country besides Lyons. At last he got tired, and returned to Paris. The King, who despised him, let him alone, but would not see him ; and it was only after two months of begging for him by the Lorraines, that he received permission to present himself. His wife, the

Princesse d'Harcourt, was a favorite of Madame de Maintenon. The origin of their friendship is traced to the fact that Brancas, the father of the Princesse, had been one of the lovers of Madame de Maintenon. No claim less powerful could have induced the latter to take into her favor a person who was so little worthy. Like all women who know nothing but what chance has taught them, and who have long languished in obscurity before arriving at splendor, Madame de Maintenon was dazzled by the very name of Princess, even if assumed ; as to a real Princess, nothing equaled her in her opinion. The Princesse then tried hard to get the Prince invited to Marly, but without success. Upon this she pretended to sulk, in hopes that Madame de Maintenon would exert all her influence ; but in this she was mistaken. The Prince accordingly by degrees got disgusted with the Court, and retired into the provinces for a time.

The Princesse d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, in order better to lay bare a Court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once been beautiful and gay ; but though not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk porridge ; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarreling — always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal : she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a harpy ; she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence ; all the avarice and the audacity ; moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof ; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined ; was often a victim of her confidence ; and was many a time sent to the devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She, however, was never in the least embarrassed, tucked up her petticoats and went her way ; then returned, saying she had been unwell. People were accustomed to it.

Whenever money was to be made by scheming and bribery, she was there to make it. At play she always cheated, and if found out stormed and raged ; but pocketed what she had won. People looked upon her as they would have looked upon a fish fag, and did not like to commit themselves by quarreling with

her. At the end of every game she used to say that she gave whatever might have been unfairly gained to those who had gained it, and hoped that others would do likewise. For she was very devout by profession, and thought by so doing to put her conscience in safety; because, she used to add, in play there is always some mistake. She went to church always, and constantly took the Sacrament, very often after having played until four o'clock in the morning.

One day, when there was a grand fête at Fontainebleau, Madame la Maréchale de Villeroy persuaded her, out of malice, to sit down and play, instead of going to evening prayers. She resisted some time, saying that Madame de Maintenon was going; but the Maréchale laughed at her for believing that her patron could see who was and who was not at the chapel; so down they sat to play. When the prayers were over, Madame de Maintenon, by the merest accident — for she scarcely ever visited any one — went to the apartments of the Maréchale de Villeroy. The door was flung back, and she was announced. This was a thunderbolt for the Princesse d'Harcourt. "I am ruined," cried she, unable to restrain herself; "she will see me playing, and I ought to have been at chapel;" down fell the cards from her hands, and down fell she all abroad in her chair. The Maréchale laughed most heartily at so complete an adventure. Madame de Maintenon entered slowly, and found the Princesse in this state, with five or six persons. The Maréchale de Villeroy, who was full of wit, began to say that, whilst doing her a great honor, Madame was the cause of great disorder, and showed her the Princesse d'Harcourt in her state of discomfort. Madame de Maintenon smiled with majestic kindness, and addressing the Princesse d'Harcourt, "Is this the way," said she, "that you go to prayers?" Thereupon the Princesse flew out of her half faint into a sort of fury; said that this was the kind of trick that was played off upon her; that no doubt the Maréchale knew that Madame de Maintenon was coming, and for that reason had persecuted her to play. "Persecuted!" exclaimed the Maréchale, "I thought I could not receive you better than by proposing a game; it is true you were for a moment troubled at missing the chapel, but your tastes carried the day. This, Madame, is my whole crime," continued she, addressing Madame de Maintenon. Upon this everybody laughed louder than before. Madame de Maintenon, in order to stop the quarrel, commanded them both

to continue their game ; and they continued accordingly, the Princesse d'Harcourt, still grumbling, quite beside herself, blinded with fury, so as to commit fresh mistakes every minute. So ridiculous an adventure diverted the Court for several days ; for this beautiful Princesse was equally feared, hated, and despised.

Monseigneur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne continually played off pranks upon her. They put, one day, crackers all along the avenue of the Château at Marly, that led to the Perspective where she lodged. She was horribly afraid of everything. The Duc and Duchesse bribed two porters to be ready to take her into the mischief. When she was right in the middle of the avenue, the crackers began to go off, and she to cry aloud for mercy ; the chairmen set her down and ran for it. There she was, then, struggling in her chair, furiously enough to upset it, and yelling like a demon. At this the company, which had gathered at the door of the château to see the fun, ran to her assistance, in order to have the pleasure of enjoying the scene more fully. Thereupon she set to abusing everybody right and left, commencing with Monseigneur and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At another time, M. de Bourgogne put a cracker under her chair in the salon, where she was playing at piquet. As he was about to set fire to this cracker, some charitable soul warned him that it would maim her, and he desisted.

Sometimes they used to send about twenty Swiss guards, with drums, into her chamber, who roused her from her first sleep by their horrid din. Another time—and these scenes were always at Marly — they waited until very late for her to go to bed and sleep. She lodged not far from the post of the captain of the Guards, who was at that time the Maréchal de Lorges. It snowed very hard, and had frozen. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and her suite gathered snow from the terrace which is on a level with their lodgings ; and in order to be better supplied, waked up, to assist them, the Maréchal's people, who did not let them want for ammunition. Then with a false key, and lights, they gently slipped into the chamber of the Princesse d'Harcourt ; and suddenly drawing the curtains of her bed, pelted her amain with snowballs. The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled, with disheveled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without

knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour: so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at for her pains.

Her fits of sulkiness came over her either when the tricks played were too violent, or when M. le Grand abused her. He thought, very properly, that a person who bore the name of Lorraine should not put herself so much on the footing of a buffoon; and, as he was a rough speaker, he sometimes said the most abominable things to her at table; upon which the Princesse would burst out crying, and then, being enraged, would sulk. The Duchesse de Bourgogne used then to pretend to sulk, too; but the other did not hold out long, and came crawling back to her, crying, begging pardon for having sulked, and praying that she might not cease to be a source of amusement! After some time the Duchesse would allow herself to be melted, and the Princesse was more villainously treated than ever, for the Duchesse de Bourgogne had her own way in everything. Neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon found fault with what she did, so that the Princesse d'Harcourt had no resource; she did not even dare to complain of those who aided in tormenting her; yet it would not have been prudent in any one to make her an enemy.

The Princesse d'Harcourt paid her servants so badly, that they concocted a plan, and one fine day drew up on the Pont Neuf. The coachman and footmen got down, and came and spoke to her at the door, in language she was not used to hear. Her ladies and chambermaid got down, and went away, leaving her to shift as she might. Upon this she set herself to harangue the blackguards who collected, and was only too happy to find a man, who mounted upon the seat and drove her home. Another time, Madame de Saint-Simon, returning from Versailles, overtook her, walking in full dress in the street, and with her train under her arms. Madame de Saint-Simon stopped, offered her assistance, and found that she had been left by her servants, as on the Pont Neuf. It was volume the second of that story; and even when she came back she found her house deserted, every one having gone away at once by agreement. She was very violent with her servants, beat them, and changed them every day.

Upon one occasion, she took into her service a strong and robust chambermaid, to whom, from the first day of her arrival, she gave many slaps and boxes on the ear. The chambermaid said nothing, but after submitting to this treatment for five or six days, conferred with the other servants; and one morning, while in her mistress' room, locked the door without being perceived, said something to bring down punishment upon her, and, at the first box on the ear she received, flew upon the Princesse d'Harcourt, gave her no end of thumps and slaps, knocked her down, kicked her, mauled her from her head to her feet, and when she was tired of this exercise, left her on the ground, all torn and disheveled, howling like a devil. The chambermaid then quitted the room, double-locked the door on the outside, gained the staircase, and fled the house.

Every day the Princesse was fighting, or mixed up in some adventures. Her neighbors at Marly said they could not sleep for the riot she made at night; and I remember that, after one of these scenes, everybody went to see the room of the Duchesse de Villeroi and that of Madame d'Espinoy, who had put their bed in the middle of their room, and who related their night vigils to every one.

Such was this favorite of Madame de Maintenon; so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who brought her over, and who had raised so many young men, amassed their wealth, and made herself feared even by the Prince and minister.

CHAPTER XXXIII. (1706).

Two very different persons died towards the latter part of this year. The first was Lamoignon, Chief President, the second Ninon, known by the name of Mademoiselle de l'Enclos. Of Lamoignon I will relate a single anecdote, curious and instructive, which will show the corruption of which he was capable.

One day — I am speaking of a time many years previous to the date of the occurrences just related — one day there was a great hunting party at Saint Germain. The chase was pursued so long, that the King gave up, and returned to Saint Germain. A number of courtiers, among whom was M. de Lauzun, who related this story to me, continued their sport, and just as darkness was coming on, discovered that they had

lost their way. After a time they espied a light, by which they guided their steps, and at length reached the door of a kind of castle. They knocked, they called aloud, they named themselves, and asked for hospitality. It was then between ten and eleven at night, and towards the end of autumn. The door was opened to them. The master of the house came forth. He made them take their boots off, and warm themselves; he put their horses into his stables; and at the same time had a supper prepared for his guests, who stood much in need of it. They did not wait long for the meal; yet when served it proved excellent; the wines served with it, too, were of several kinds, and excellent likewise; as for the master of the house, he was so polite and respectful, yet without being ceremonious or eager, that it was evident he had frequented the best company. The courtiers soon learnt that his name was Fargues, that the place was called Courson, and that he had lived there in retirement several years. After having supped, Fargues showed each of them into separate bedrooms, where they were waited upon by his valets with every proper attention. In the morning, as soon as the courtiers had dressed themselves, they found an excellent breakfast awaiting them; and upon leaving the table they saw their horses ready for them, and as thoroughly attended to as they had been themselves. Charmed with the politeness and with the manners of Fargues, and touched by his hospitable reception of them, they made him many offers of service, and made their way back to Saint Germain. Their non-appearance on the previous night had been the common talk, their return and the adventure they had met with was no less so.

These gentlemen were then the very flower of the Court, and all of them very intimate with the King. They related to him, therefore, their story, the manner of their reception, and highly praised the master of the house and his good cheer. The King asked his name, and, as soon as he heard it, exclaimed: "What, Fargues! is he so near here, then?" The courtiers redoubled their praises, and the King said no more; but soon after he went to the Queen mother, and told her what had happened.

Fargues, indeed, was no stranger, either to her or to the King. He had taken a prominent part in the movements of Paris against the Court and Cardinal Mazarin. If he had not been hanged, it was because he was well supported by his

party, who had him included in the amnesty granted to those who had been engaged in these troubles. Fearing, however, that the hatred of his enemies might place his life in danger if he remained in Paris, he retired from the capital to this country house which has just been mentioned, where he continued to live in strict privacy, even when the death of Cardinal Mazarin seemed to render such seclusion no longer necessary.

The King and the Queen mother, who had pardoned Fargues in spite of themselves, were much annoyed at finding that he was living in opulence and tranquillity so near the Court; thought him extremely bold to do so; and determined to punish him for this and for his former insolence. They directed Lamoignon, therefore, to find out something in the past life of Fargues for which punishment might be awarded; and Lamoignon, eager to please, and make a profit out of his eagerness, was not long in satisfying them. He made researches, and found means to complicate Fargues in a murder that had been committed in Paris at the height of the troubles. Officers were accordingly sent to Courson, and its owner was arrested.

Fargues was much astonished when he learnt of what he was accused. He exculpated himself, nevertheless, completely; alleging, moreover, that as the murder of which he was accused had been committed during the troubles, the amnesty in which he was included effaced all memory of the deed, according to law and usage, which had never been contested until this occasion. The courtiers who had been so well treated by the unhappy man did everything they could with the judges and the King to obtain the release of the accused. It was all in vain. Fargues was decapitated at once, and all his wealth was given by way of recompense to the Chief President Lamoignon, who had no scruple thus to enrich himself with the blood of the innocent.

The other person who died at the same time was, as I have said, Ninon, the famous courtesan, known, since age had compelled her to quit that trade, as *Mademoiselle de l'Enclos*. She was a new example of the triumph of vice carried on cleverly and repaired by some virtue. The stir that she made, and still more the disorder that she caused among the highest and most brilliant youth, overcame the extreme indulgence that, without cause, the Queen mother entertained for persons whose conduct was gallant, and more than gallant, and made her send her an order to retire into a convent. But Ninon, observing that

no special convent was named, said, with a great courtesy, to the officer who brought the order, that, as the option was left to her, she would choose "the convent of the Cordeliers at Paris"; which impudent joke so diverted the Queen that she left her alone for the future. Ninon never had but one lover at a time — but her admirers were numberless — so that when wearied of one incumbent, she told him so frankly, and took another. The abandoned one might groan and complain: her decree was without appeal; and this creature had acquired such an influence that the deserted lovers never dared to revenge on the favored one, and were too happy to remain on the footing of friend of the house. She sometimes kept faithful to one, when he pleased her very much, during an entire campaign.

Ninon had illustrious friends of all sorts, and had so much wit that she preserved them all and kept them on good terms with each other; or, at least, no quarrels ever came to light. There was an external respect and decency about everything that passed in her house, such as princesses of the highest rank have rarely been able to preserve in their intrigues.

In this way she had among her friends a selection of the best members of the Court; so that it became the fashion to be received by her, and it was useful to be so, on account of the connections that were thus formed. There was never any gambling there, nor loud laughing, nor disputes, nor talk about religion or politics; but much and elegant wit, ancient and modern stories, news of gallantries, yet without scandal. All was delicate, light, measured; and she herself maintained the conversation by her wit and her great knowledge of facts. The respect which, strange to say, she had acquired, and the number and distinction of her friends and acquaintances, continued when her charms ceased to attract, and when propriety and fashion compelled her to use only intellectual baits. She knew all the intrigues of the old and the new court, serious and otherwise; her conversation was charming; she was disinterested, faithful, secret, safe to the last degree; and, setting aside her frailty, virtuous and full of probity. She frequently succored her friends with money and influence, constantly did them the most important services, and very faithfully kept the secrets or the money deposits that were confided to her.

She had been intimate with Madame de Maintenon during the whole of her residence at Paris; but Madame de Maintenon, although not daring to disavow this friendship, did not

like to hear her spoken about. She wrote to Ninon with amity from time to time, even until her death; and Ninon in like manner, when she wanted to serve any friend in whom she took great interest, wrote to Madame de Maintenon, who did her what service she required efficaciously and with promptness. But since Madame de Maintenon came to power, they had seen each other only two or three times, and then in secret.

Ninon was remarkable for her repartees. One that she made to the last Maréchal de Choiseul is worth repeating. The Maréchal was virtue itself, but not fond of company or blessed with much wit. One day, after a long visit he had paid her, Ninon gaped, looked at the Maréchal, and cried:—

“Oh, my lord! how many virtues you make me detest!”—

a line from I know not what play. The laughter at this may be imagined. L'Enclos lived long beyond her eightieth year, always healthy, visited, respected. She gave her last years to God, and her death was the news of the day.



LOMBARD STREET AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

By WALTER BAGEHOT.

[WALTER BAGEHOT, English scientific, financial, and institutional writer, was born in Somersetshire, February 3, 1826. He was graduated at London University; was in France at the time of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, and wrote letters to the London *Inquirer* on it which are classic; took part in his father's banking and shipping business; in 1860 succeeded his father-in-law as editor of the *Economist*, which he raised from a purely business organ to a great political review. He wrote "Physics and Politics" (1863), an application of the theory of "Natural Selection" to societies instead of organisms; edited the *National Review* 1864-1868, and wrote many literary and biographical essays for it; published "The English Constitution" (1867), which revolutionized the method of treating national institutions, and is a text-book widely used; "Lombard Street" (1873), on the English money market; and articles collected after his death as "Economic Studies," "Postulates of Political Economy," "International Coinage," and "The Depreciation of Silver." He died March 24, 1877.]

HOW LOMBARD STREET CAME TO EXIST, AND WHY IT ASSUMED ITS PRESENT FORM.

IN THE last century, a favorite subject of literary ingenuity was "conjectural history," as it was then called. Upon grounds

of probability a fictitious sketch was made of the possible origin of things existing. If this kind of speculation were now applied to banking, the natural and first idea would be that large systems of deposit banking grew up in the early world, just as they grow up now in any large English colony. As soon as any such community becomes rich enough to have much money, and compact enough to be able to lodge its money in single banks, it at once begins so to do. English colonists do not like the risk of keeping their money, and they wish to make an interest on it. They carry from home the idea and the habit of banking, and they take to it as soon as they can in their new world. Conjectural history would be inclined to say that all banking began thus: but such history is rarely of any value. The basis of it is false. It assumes that what works most easily when established is that which it would be the most easy to establish, and that what seems simplest when familiar would be most easily appreciated by the mind though unfamiliar. But exactly the contrary is true. Many things which seem simple and which work well when firmly established, are very hard to establish among new people, and not very easy to explain to them.

Deposit banking is of this sort. Its essence is that a very large number of persons agree to trust a very few persons, or some one person. Banking would not be a profitable trade if bankers were not a small number and depositors in comparison an immense number. But to get a great number of persons to do exactly the same thing is always very difficult, and nothing but a very palpable necessity will make them on a sudden begin to do it. And there is no such palpable necessity in banking. If you take a country town in France, even now, you will not find any such system of banking as ours. Check books are unknown, and money kept on running account by bankers is rare. People store their money in a *caisse* at their houses. Steady savings, which are waiting for investment, and which are sure not to be soon wanted, may be lodged with bankers, but the common floating cash of the community is kept by the community themselves at home. They prefer to keep it so, and it would not answer a banker's purpose to make expensive arrangements for keeping it otherwise. If a "branch," such as the National Provincial Bank opens in an English country town, were opened in a corresponding French one, it would not pay its expenses. You could not get any

sufficient number of Frenchmen to agree to put their money there. And so it is in all countries not of British descent, though in various degrees. Deposit banking is a very difficult thing to begin, because people do not like to let their money out of their sight, especially do not like to let it out of sight without security—still more, cannot all at once agree on any single person to whom they are content to trust it unseen and unsecured. Hypothetical history, which explains the past by what is simplest and commonest in the present, is in banking, as in most things, quite untrue.

The real history is very different. New wants are mostly supplied by adaptation, not by creation or foundation. Something having been created to satisfy an extreme want, it is used to satisfy less pressing wants, or to supply additional conveniences. On this account, political government—the oldest institution in the world—has been the hardest worked. At the beginning of history, we find it doing everything which society wants done, and forbidding everything which society does *not* wish done. In trade, at present, the first commerce in a new place is a general shop, which, beginning with articles of real necessity, comes shortly to supply the oddest accumulation of petty comforts. And the history of banking has been the same. The first banks were not founded for our system of deposit banking, or for anything like it. They were founded for much more pressing reasons, and having been founded, they, or copies from them, were applied to our modern uses.

The earliest banks of Italy, where the name began, were finance companies. The Bank of St. George, at Genoa, and other banks founded in imitation of it, were at first only companies to make loans to, and float loans for, the government of the cities in which they were formed. The want of money is an urgent want of governments at most periods, and seldom more urgent than it was in the tumultuous Italian republics of the Middle Ages. After these banks had been long established, they began to do what we call banking business; but at first they never thought of it. The great banks of the north of Europe had their origin in a want still more curious. The notion of its being a prime business of a bank to give good coin has passed out of men's memories; but wherever it is felt, there is no want of business more keen and urgent. Adam Smith describes it so admirably that it would be stupid not to quote his words:—

“The currency of a great state, such as France or England, generally consists almost entirely of its own coin. Should this currency, therefore, be at any time worn, clipt, or otherwise degraded below its standard value, the state by a reformation of its coin can effectually reestablish its currency. But the currency of a small state, such as Genoa or Hamburg, can seldom consist altogether in its own coin, but must be made up, in a great measure, of the coins of all the neighboring states with which its inhabitants have a continual intercourse. Such a state, therefore, by reforming its coin, will not always be able to reform its currency. If foreign bills of exchange are paid in this currency, the uncertain value of any sum, of what is in its own nature so uncertain, must render the exchange always very much against such a state, its currency being, in all foreign states, necessarily valued even below what it is worth.

“In order to remedy the inconvenience to which this disadvantageous exchange must have subjected their merchants, such small states, when they began to attend to the interest of trade, have frequently enacted, that foreign bills of exchange of a certain value should be paid, not in common currency, but by an order upon, or by a transfer in, the books of a certain bank, established upon the credit and under the protection of the state; this bank being always obliged to pay, in good and true money, exactly according to the standard of the state. The banks of Venice, Genoa, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Nuremberg, seem to have been all originally established with this view, though some of them may have afterwards been made subservient to other purposes. The money of such banks, being better than the common currency of the country, necessarily bore an agio, which was greater or smaller, according as the currency was supposed to be more or less degraded below the standard of the state. The agio of the bank of Hamburg, for example, which is said to be commonly about fourteen per cent, is the supposed difference between the good standard money of the state, and the clipt, worn, and diminished currency poured into it from all the neighboring states.

“Before 1609 the great quantity of clipt and worn foreign coin, which the extensive trade of Amsterdam brought from all parts of Europe, reduced the value of its currency about nine per cent below that of good money fresh from the mint. Such money no sooner appeared than it was melted down or carried away, as it always is in such circumstances. The merchants, with plenty of currency, could not always find a sufficient quantity of good money to pay their bills of exchange; and the value of those bills, in spite of several regulations which were made to prevent it, became in a great measure uncertain.

“In order to remedy these inconveniences, a bank was established in 1609, under the guarantee of the city. This bank received

both foreign coin and the light and worn coin of the country at its real intrinsic value in the good standard money of the country, deducting only so much as was necessary for defraying the expense of coinage, and the other necessary expense of management. For the value which remained, after this small deduction was made, it gave a credit in its books. This credit was called bank money, which, as it represented money exactly according to the standard of the mint, was always of the same real value, and intrinsically worth more than current money. It was at the same time enacted, that all bills drawn upon or negotiated at Amsterdam of the value of six hundred guilders and upwards should be paid in bank money, which at once took away all uncertainty in the value of those bills. Every merchant, in consequence of this regulation, was obliged to keep an account with the bank in order to pay his foreign bills of exchange, which necessarily occasioned a certain demand for bank money."

Again, a most important function of early banks is one which the present banks retain, though it is subsidiary to their main use; viz., the function of remitting money. A man brings money to the bank to meet a payment which he desires to make at a great distance, and the bank, having a connection with other banks, sends it where it is wanted. As soon as the bills of exchange are given upon a large scale, this remittance is a very pressing requirement. Such bills must be made payable at a place convenient to the seller of the goods in payment of which they are given, perhaps at the great town where his warehouse is. But this may be very far from the retail shop of the buyer who bought those goods to sell them again in the country. For these, and a multitude of purposes, the instant and regular remittance of money is an early necessity of growing trade; and that remittance it was a first object of early banks to accomplish.

These are all uses other than those of deposit banking which banks supplied that afterwards became in our English sense deposit banks. By supplying these uses, they gained the credit that afterwards enabled them to gain a living as deposit banks. Being trusted for one purpose, they came to be trusted for a purpose quite different, ultimately far more important, though at first less keenly pressing. But these wants only affect a few persons, and therefore bring the bank under the notice of a few only. The real introductory function which deposit banks at first perform is much more popular, and it is only when they can perform this more popular kind of business that deposit

banking ever spreads quickly and extensively. This function is the supply of the paper circulation to the country ; and it will be observed that I am not about to overstep my limits and discuss this as a question of currency. In what form the best paper currency can be supplied to a country is a question of economical theory with which I do not meddle here. I am only narrating unquestionable history, not dealing with an argument where every step is disputed. And part of this certain history is that the best way to diffuse banking in a community is to allow the banker to issue bank-notes of small amount that can supersede the metal currency. This amounts to a subsidy to each banker to enable him to keep open a bank till depositors choose to come to it. The country where deposit banking is most diffused is Scotland, and there the original profits were entirely derived from the circulation. The note issue is now a most trifling part of the liabilities of the Scotch banks, but it was once their mainstay and source of profit. A curious book, lately published, has enabled us to follow the course of this in detail. The Bank of Dundee, now amalgamated with the Royal Bank of Scotland, was founded in 1763, and had become before its amalgamation, eight or nine years since, a bank of considerable deposits. But for twenty-five years from its foundation it had no deposits at all. It subsisted mostly on its note issue, and a little on its remittance business. Only in 1792, after nearly thirty years, it began to gain deposits ; but from that time they augmented very rapidly.

The banking history of England has been the same, though we have no country bank accounts in detail which go back so far. But probably up to 1830 in England, or thereabouts, the main profit of banks was derived from the circulation ; and for many years after that the deposits were treated as very minor matters, and the whole of so-called banking discussion turned on questions of circulation. We are still living in the débris of that controversy ; for, as I have so often said, people can hardly think of the structure of Lombard Street, except with reference to the paper currency and to the Act of 1844, which regulates it now. The French are still in the same epoch of the subject. Their great *enquête* of 1865 is almost wholly taken up with currency matters, and mere banking is treated as subordinate. And the accounts of the Bank of France show why. The last weekly statement before the German war showed that

the circulation of the Bank of France was as much as 59,244,000*l.*, and that the private deposits were only 17,127,000*l.* Now the private deposits are about the same, and the circulation is 112,000,000*l.* So difficult is it in even a great country like France for the deposit system of banking to take root, and establish itself with the strength and vigor that it has in England.

The experience of Germany is the same. The accounts preceding the war in North Germany showed the circulation of the issuing banks to be 39,875,000*l.*, and the deposits to be 6,472,000*l.*; while the corresponding figures at the present moment are — circulation 60,000,000*l.*, and deposits 8,000,000*l.* It would be idle to multiply instances.

The reason why the use of bank paper commonly precedes the habit of making deposits in banks is very plain. It is a far easier habit to establish. In the issue of notes the banker, the person to be most benefited, can do something. He can pay away his own "promises" in loans, in wages, or in payment of debts. But in the getting of deposits he is passive. His issues depend on himself; his deposits, on the favor of others. And to the public the change is far easier too. To collect a great mass of deposits with the same banker, a great number of persons must agree to do something. But to establish a note circulation, a large number of persons need only *do nothing*. They receive the banker's notes in the common course of their business, and they have only *not* to take those notes to the banker for payment. If the public refrain from taking trouble, a paper circulation is immediately in existence. A paper circulation is begun by the banker, and requires no effort on the part of the public; on the contrary, it needs an effort of the public to be rid of notes once issued: but deposit banking cannot be begun by the banker, and requires a spontaneous and consistent effort in the community. And therefore paper issue is the natural prelude to deposit banking.

The way in which the issue of notes by a banker prepares the way for the deposit of money with him is very plain. When a private person begins to possess a great heap of bank-notes, it will soon strike him that he is trusting the banker very much, and that in return he is getting nothing. He runs the risk of loss and robbery just as if he were hoarding coin. He would run no more risk by the failure of the bank if he made a deposit there, and he would be free from the risk of

keeping the cash. No doubt it takes time before even this simple reasoning is understood by uneducated minds. So strong is the wish of most people to *see* their money that they for some time continue to hoard bank-notes ; for a long period a few do so. But in the end common-sense conquers. The circulation of bank-notes decreases, and the deposit of money with the banker increases. The credit of the banker having been efficiently advertised by the note, and accepted by the public, he lives on the credit so gained years after the note issue itself has ceased to be very important to him.

The efficiency of this introduction is proportional to the diffusion of the right of note issue. A single monopolist issuer, like the Bank of France, works its way with difficulty through a country, and advertises banking very slowly. Even now the Bank of France, which, I believe, by law ought to have a branch in each Department, has only branches in sixty out of eighty-six. On the other hand, the Swiss banks, where there is always one or more to every Canton, diffuse banking rapidly. We have seen that the liabilities of the Bank of France stand thus :

Notes	£112,000,000
Deposits	15,000,000

But the aggregate Swiss banks, on the contrary, stand : —

Notes	£761,000
Deposits	4,709,000

The reason is that a central bank, which is governed in the capital and descends on a country district, has much fewer modes of lending money safely than a bank of which the partners belong to that district, and know the men and things in it. A note issue is mainly begun by loans ; there are then no deposits to be paid. But the mass of loans in a rural district are of small amount ; the bills to be discounted are trifling ; the persons borrowing are of small means and only local repute ; the value of any property they wish to pledge depends on local changes and local circumstances. A banker who lives in the district, who has always lived there, whose whole mind is a history of the district and its changes, is easily able to lend money safely there. But a manager deputed by a single central establishment does so with difficulty. The worst people will come

to him and ask for loans. His ignorance is a mark for all the shrewd and crafty people thereabouts. He will have endless difficulties in establishing the circulation of the distant bank, because he has not the local knowledge which alone can teach him how to issue that circulation with safety.

A system of note issues is therefore the best introduction to a large system of deposit banking. As yet, historically, it is the only introduction : no nation as yet has arrived at a great system of deposit banking without going first through the preliminary stage of note issue, and of such note issues the quickest and most efficient in this way is one made by individuals resident in the district, and conversant with it.

And this explains why deposit banking is so rare. Such a note issue as has been described is possible only in a country exempt from invasion, and free from revolution. During an invasion note-issuing banks must stop payment ; a run is nearly inevitable at such a time, and in a revolution too. In such great and close civil dangers a nation is always demoralized ; every one looks to himself, and every one likes to possess himself of the precious metals. These are sure to be valuable, invasion or no invasion, revolution or no revolution. But the goodness of bank-notes depends on the solvency of the banker, and that solvency may be impaired if the invasion is not repelled or the revolution resisted.

Hardly any continental country has been till now exempt for long periods *both* from invasion and revolution. In Holland and Germany—two countries where note issue and deposit banking would seem as natural as in England and Scotland—there was never any security from foreign war. A profound apprehension of external invasion penetrated their whole habits, and men of business would have thought it insane not to contemplate a contingency so frequent in their history, and perhaps witnessed by themselves.

France indeed, before 1789, was an exception. For many years under the old régime she was exempt from serious invasion or attempted revolution. Her government was fixed, as was then thought, and powerful ; it could resist any external enemy, and the prestige on which it rested seemed too firm to fear any enemy from within. But then it was not an honest government, and it had shown its dishonesty in this particular matter of note issue. The regent in Law's time had given a monopoly of note issue to a bad bank, and had paid off the

debts of the nation in worthless paper. The government had created a machinery of ruin, and had thriven on it. Among so apprehensive a race as the French the result was fatal. For many years no attempt at note issue or deposit banking was possible in France. So late as the foundation of the *Caisse d'Escompte*, in Turgot's time, the remembrance of Law's failure was distinctly felt, and impeded the commencement of better attempts.

This therefore is the reason why Lombard Street exists; that is, why England is a very great money market, and other European countries but small ones in comparison. In England and Scotland a diffused system of note issues started banks all over the country; in these banks the savings of the country have been lodged, and by these they have been sent to London. No similar system arose elsewhere, and in consequence London is full of money, and all continental cities are empty as compared with it.

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Of all institutions in the world, the Bank of England is now probably the most remote from party politics and from "financing"; but in its origin it was not only a finance company, but a Whig finance company, — it was founded by a Whig government because it was in desperate want of money, and supported by the "City" because the "City" was Whig. Very briefly, the story was this: —

The government of Charles II. (under the Cabal ministry) had brought the credit of the English state to the lowest possible point: it had perpetrated one of those monstrous frauds which are likewise gross blunders. The goldsmiths, who then carried on upon a trifling scale what we should now call "banking," used to deposit their reserve of treasure in the Exchequer, with the sanction and under the care of the government. In many European countries, the credit of the state had been so much better than any other credit that it had been used to strengthen the beginnings of banking. The credit of the state had been so used in England: though there had lately been a civil war and several revolutions, the honesty of the English government was trusted implicitly. But Charles II. showed that it was trusted undeservedly: he shut up the Exchequer, would pay no one, and so the goldsmiths were ruined.

The credit of the Stuart government never recovered from this monstrous robbery, and the government created by the revolution of 1688 could hardly expect to be more trusted with money than its predecessor. A government created by a revolution hardly ever is: there is a taint of violence which capitalists dread instinctively, and there is always a rational apprehension that the government which one revolution thought fit to set up, another revolution may think fit to pull down. In 1694 the credit of William III.'s government was so low in London that it was impossible for it to borrow any large sum; and the evil was the greater, because in consequence of the French war the financial straits of the government were extreme. At last a scheme was hit upon which would relieve their necessities. "The plan," says Macaulay, "was that twelve hundred thousand pounds should be borrowed by the government, on what was then considered as the moderate interest of 8 per cent. In order to induce capitalists to advance the money promptly on terms so favorable to the public, the subscribers were to be incorporated by the name of 'The Governor and Company of the Bank of England';" they were so incorporated, and the £1,200,000 was obtained.

On many succeeding occasions, their credit was of essential use to the government. Without their aid, our National Debt could not have been borrowed; and if we had not been able to raise that money we should have been conquered by France and compelled to take back James II. And for many years afterwards, the existence of that debt was a main reason why the industrial classes never would think of recalling the Pretender or of upsetting the Revolution settlement: the "fundholder" is always considered in the books of that time as opposed to his "legitimate" sovereign, because it was to be feared that this sovereign would repudiate the debt which was raised by those who dethroned him, and which was spent in resisting him and his allies. For a long time the Bank of England was the focus of London Liberalism, and in that capacity rendered to the state inestimable services; in return for these substantial benefits, the Bank of England received from the government, either at first or afterwards, three most important privileges:—

First. The Bank of England had the exclusive possession of the government balances. In its first period, as I have shown, the Bank gave credit to the government; but after-

wards it derived credit from the government. There is a natural tendency in men to follow the example of the government under which they live: the government is the largest, most important, and most conspicuous entity with which the mass of any people are acquainted; its range of knowledge must always be infinitely greater than the average of their knowledge, and therefore, unless there is a conspicuous warning to the contrary, most men are inclined to think their government right, and when they can, to do what it does. Especially in money matters, a man might fairly reason, "If the government is right in trusting the Bank of England with the great balance of the nation, I cannot be wrong in trusting it with my little balance."

Second. The Bank of England had till lately the monopoly of limited liability in England. It was an exception of the greatest value to the Bank of England, because it induced many quiet merchants to be directors of the Bank, who certainly would not have joined any bank where *all* their fortunes were liable, and where the liability was not limited.

Third. The Bank of England had the privilege of being the sole *joint-stock company* permitted to issue bank notes in England. Private London bankers did indeed issue notes down to the middle of the last century, but no joint-stock company could do so. Its effect was very important: it in time gave the Bank of England the monopoly of the note issue of the metropolis. No company but the Bank of England could issue notes, and unincorporated individuals gradually gave way and ceased to do so.

With so many advantages over all competitors, it is quite natural that the Bank of England should have far outstripped them all. Inevitably it became *the* bank in London; all the other bankers grouped themselves round it and lodged their reserve with it. Thus our *one-reserve* system of banking was not deliberately founded upon definite reasons: it was the gradual consequence of many singular events, and of an accumulation of legal privileges on a single bank which has now been altered, and which no one would now defend.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

A BURLESQUE BY SWIFT.

[JONATHAN SWIFT: the greatest English prose satirist; born in Dublin, November 30, 1667; died October 19, 1745. He was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin; was for many years secretary to Sir William Temple in England, and in 1695 became a priest, being made dean of St. Patrick's in 1713. From the beginning of his literary career his brilliant and iconoclastic satires attracted attention in the literary world, his writings, though often coarse and usually brutal, being always powerful and artistic. His more famous works include: "Battle of the Books" (1697), "Tale of a Tub" (1704), "Argument to prove the Inconvenience of abolishing Christianity" (1708), "Project for the Advancement of Religion" (1708), "Sentiments of a Church of England Man" (1708), "Conduct of the Allies" (1711), "Advice to the October Club" (1712), "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty" (1712), "Cadenus and Vanessa" (1713), "Public Spirit of the Whigs" (1714), "Drapier's Letters" (1724), "Gulliver's Travels" (1726), and "A Modest Proposal" (1729).]

THIS single stick, which you behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; 'tis now, at best, but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; 'tis now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself: at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself, *Surely man is a Broomstick!* Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the ax of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder), that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity.

Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies and other men's defaults !

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head ; and pray what is man, but a topsyturvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, groveling on the earth ! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of Nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before ; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away ; his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving, till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

[In the yearly visits which Swift made to London, during his stay there he passed much of his time at Lord Berkeley's, officiating as chaplain to the family, and attending Lady Berkeley in her private devotions ; after which the doctor, by her desire, used to read to her some moral or religious discourse. The Countess had at this time taken a great liking to Mr. Boyle's Meditations, and was determined to go through them in that manner : but as Swift had by no means the same relish for that kind of writing which her ladyship had, he soon grew weary of the task : and a whim coming into his head, resolved to get rid of it in a way which might occasion some sport in the family ; for which they had as high a relish as himself. The next time he was employed in reading one of these Meditations, he took an opportunity of conveying away the book, and dexterously inserted a leaf, on which he had written his own "Meditation on a Broomstick" ; after which he took care to have the book restored to its proper place, and in his next attendance on my lady, when he was desired to proceed to the next Meditation, Swift opened upon the place where the leaf had been inserted, and with great composure read the title, "A Meditation on a Broomstick." Lady Berkeley, a little surprised at the oddity of the title, stopped him, repeating the words, "A Meditation on a Broomstick ! What a strange subject ! But there is no knowing what useful lessons of instruction this wonderful man may draw from things apparently the most trivial. Pray let us hear what he says upon it." Swift then, with an inflexible gravity of countenance, proceeded to read the Meditation, in the same solemn tone which he had used in delivering the former. Lady Berkeley, not at all suspecting a

trick, in the fullness of her prepossession, was every now and then, during the reading of it, expressing her admiration of this extraordinary man, who could draw such fine moral reflections from so contemptible a subject; with which, though Swift must have been inwardly not a little tickled, yet he preserved a most perfect composure of features, so that she had not the least room to suspect any deceit. Soon after, some company coming in, Swift pretended business, and withdrew, foreseeing what was to follow. Lady Berkeley, full of the subject, soon entered upon the praises of those heavenly Meditations of Mr. Boyle. "But," said she, "the doctor has been just reading one to me, which has surprised me more than all the rest." One of the company asked which of the Meditations she meant? She answered directly, in the simplicity of her heart, "I mean, that excellent Meditation upon a Broomstick." The company looked at each other with some surprise, and could scarce refrain from laughing. But they all agreed that they had never heard of such a Meditation before, "Upon my word," said my lady, "there it is, look into that book, and convince yourselves." One of them opened the book, and found it there indeed, but in Swift's handwriting; upon which a general burst of laughter ensued; and my lady, when the first surprise was over, enjoyed the joke as much as any of them. — THOMAS SHERIDAN.]



THE TWO BROTHERS.

BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

(From "The Relapse.")

[SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, English dramatist of the Restoration period, was born about 1666; died in London, March 26, 1726. His best-known comedies are "The Relapse" and "The Provoked Wife," both of date 1697. He wrote also, among others, "The False Friend" (1702), "The Confederacy" (1705), and the unfinished "Journey to London," completed by Colley Cibber.]

Scene: Whitehall. YOUNG FASHION, LORY, and Waterman.

Young Fashion — Come, pay the waterman, and take the portmanteau.

Lory — Faith, sir, I think the waterman had as good take the portmanteau, and pay himself.

Young Fashion — Why, sure there's something left in't.

Lory — But a solitary old waistcoat, upon my honor, sir.

Young Fashion — Why, what's become of the blue coat, sirrah?

Lory — Sir, 'twas eaten at Gravesend; the reckoning came to thirty shillings, and your privy purse was worth but two half-crowns.

Young Fashion — 'Tis very well.

Waterman — Pray, master, will you please to dispatch me?

Young Fashion — Ay, here a — Canst thou change me a guinea?

Lory [*aside*] — Good.

Waterman — Change a guinea, master! Ha, ha, your honor's pleas'd to compliment.

Young Fashion — I'gad I don't know how I shall pay thee then, for I have nothing but gold about me.

Lory [*aside*] — Hum, hum.

Young Fashion — What dost thou expect, friend?

Waterman — Why, master, so far against wind and tide, is richly worth half a piece.

Young Fashion — Why, faith, I think thou art a good conscionable fellow. I'gad, I begin to have so good an opinion of thy honesty, I care not if I leave my portmanteau with thee, till I send thee thy money.

Waterman — Ha! God bless your honor; I should be as willing to trust you, master, but that you are, as a man may say, a stranger to me, and these are nimble times; there are a great many sharpers stirring. [*Taking up the portmanteau.*] Well, master, when your worship sends the money, your portmanteau shall be forthcoming. My name's Tugg, my wife keeps a brandy shop in Drab Alley at Wapping.

Young Fashion — Very well; I'll send for't to-morrow.

[*Exit Waterman.*]

Lory — So — Now, sir, I hope you'll own yourself a happy man, you have outliv'd all your cares.

Young Fashion — How so, sir?

Lory — Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Young Fashion — Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still.

Lory — Sir, if you cou'd but prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't.

Young Fashion — Why, if thou canst tell me where to apply myself, I have at present so little money, and so much humility about me, I don't know but I may follow a fool's advice.

Lory — Why then, sir, your fool advises you to lay aside all animosity, and apply to Sir Novelty, your elder brother.

Young Fashion — D—— my elder brother.

Lory — With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity, however.

Young Fashion — My annuity! 'Sdeath, he's such a dog, he would not give his powder puff to redeem my soul.

Lory — Look you, sir, you must wheedle him, or you must starve.

Young Fashion — Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him, nor starve.

Lory — Why? what will you do then?

Young Fashion — I'll go into the army.

Lory — You can't take the oaths; you are a Jacobite.

Young Fashion — Thou mayst as well say I can't take orders because I'm an atheist.

Lory — Sir, I ask your pardon; I find I did not know the strength of your conscience so well as I did the weakness of your purse.

Young Fashion — Methinks, sir, a person of your experience should have known that the strength of the conscience proceeds from the weakness of the purse.

Lory — Sir, I am very glad to find you have a conscience able to take care of us, let it proceed from what it will; but I desire you'll please to consider that the army alone will be but a scanty maintenance for a person of your generosity (at least as rents now are paid); I shall see you stand in damnable need of some auxiliary guineas for your *menus plaisirs*; I will therefore turn fool once more for your service, and advise you to go directly to your brother.

Young Fashion — Art thou then so impregnable a blockhead, to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

Lory — Not if you treat him *de haut en bas*, as you used to do.

Young Fashion — Why, how wouldst have me treat him?

Lory — Like a trout, tickle him.

Young Fashion — I can't flatter ——

Lory — Can you starve?

Young Fashion — Yes ——

Lory — I can't; Good-by t'ye, sir —— [Going.

Young Fashion — Stay, thou wilt distract me. What wouldst thou have me to say to him?

Lory — Say nothing to him, apply yourself to his favorites; speak to his periwig, his cravat, his feather, his snuffbox, and when you are well with them — desire him to lend you a thousand pounds. I'll engage you prosper.

Young Fashion — 'Sdeath and Furies! Why was that cockcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune — Fortune — thou art a ——, by Gad —— [Exit.]

Scene: A Dressing Room.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON in his nightgown.

Lord Foppington — Page ——

Enter Page.

Page — Sir.

Lord Foppington — Sir! Pray, sir, do me the favor to teach your tongue the title the king has thought fit to honor me with.

Page — I ask your lordship's pardon, my lord.

Lord Foppington — O, you can pronounce the word then — I thought it would have chok'd you — D'ye hear?

Page — My lord.

Lord Foppington — Call La Varole, I wou'd dress ——

[Exit Page.]

Solus.

Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality — Strike me dumb — My lord — Your lordship — My Lord Foppington — *Ah! c'est quelque chose de beau, que la Diable m'emporte* — Why, the ladies were ready to puke at me, whilst I had nothing but Sir Navelty to recommend me to 'em — Sure whilst I was but a knight, I was a very nauseous fellow — Well, 'tis ten thousand pawnd well given — Stap my vitals ——

Enter LA VAROLE.

La Varole — Me Lord, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

Lord Foppington — 'Tis well; admit 'em.

La Varole — Hey, messieurs, entrez.

Enter Tailor, etc.

Lord Foppington—So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions.

Tailor—I think I may presume to say, sir ——

La Varole—My lord—you clown you.

Tailor—Why, is he made a lord?— My lord, I ask your lordship's pardon; my lord, I hope, my lord, your lordship will please to own, I have brought your lordship as accomplish'd a suit of clothes, as ever peer of England trode the stage in, my lord. Will your lordship please to try 'em now?

Lord Foppington—Ay, but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all raund ——

[*Whilst he puts on his clothes, enter YOUNG FASHION and LORY.*

Young Fashion—Heydey, what the devil have we here? Sure my gentleman's grown a favorite at Court, he has got so many people at his levee.

Lory—Sir, these people come in order to make him a favorite at Court; they are to establish him with the ladies.

Young Fashion—Good God! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it shou'd be in the power of a lac'd coat to recommend a gallant to 'em ——

Lory—Sir, tailors and periwig makers are now become the bawds of the nation; 'tis they debauch all the women.

Young Fashion—Thou sayest true; for there's that fop now, has not by nature wherewithal to move a cookmaid, and by that time these fellows have done with him, I'gad he shall melt down a countess— But now for my reception, I engage it shall be as cold a one as a courtier's to his friend who comes to put him in mind of his promise.

Lord Foppington [*to his tailor*]—Death and eternal tortures! Sir, I say the packet's too high by a foot.

Tailor—My lord, if it had been an inch lower, it would not have held your lordship's pocket handkerchief.

Lord Foppington—Rat my packet handkerchief! Have not I a page to carry it? You may make him a packet up to his chin a purpose for it; but I will not have mine come so near my face.

Tailor — 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy.

Young Fashion [to LORY] — His lordship! Lory, did you observe that?

Lory — Yes, sir; I always thought 'twould end there. Now, I hope, you'll have a little more respect for him.

Young Fashion — Respect! D—— him for a coxcomb; now has he ruined his estate to buy a title, that he may be a fool of the first rate. But let's accost him. — [To LORD FOPPINGTON] Brother, I'm your humble servant.

Lord Foppington — O Lard, Tam; I did not expect you in England: Brother, I am glad to see you. — [Turning to his tailor] Look you, sir, I shall never be reconcil'd to this nauseous packet; therefore pray get me another suit with all manner of expedition, for this is my eternal aversion. Mrs. Callicoe, are not you of my mind?

Sempstress — O, directly, my lord, it can never be too low ——

Lord Foppington — You are passively in the right on't, for the packet becomes no part of the body but the knee.

Sempstress — I hope your lordship is pleas'd with your steenkirk [neckcloth].

Lord Foppington — In love with it, stap my vitals. Bring your bill, you shall be paid to-morrow ——

Sempstress — I humbly thank your honor ——

[Exit Sempstress.]

Lord Foppington — Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes a'n't ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoemaker — My lord, my thinks they fit you very well.

Lord Foppington — They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoemaker [feeling his foot] — My lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord Foppington — I tell thee, they pinch me execrably.

Shoemaker — My lord, if they pinch you, I'll be bound to be hanged, that's all.

Lord Foppington — Why, wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel?

Shoemaker — Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit; but that shoe does not hurt you — I think I understand my trade ——

Lord Foppington — Now by all that's great and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb; but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoemaker — My lord, I have work'd for half the people of

quality in town these twenty years ; and 'tis very hard I should not know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord Foppington — Well, prithee, begone about thy business. [*Exit* Shoemaker.]

[*To the Hosier*] Mr. Mend Legs, a word with you ; the calves of the stockings are thicken'd a little too much. They make my legs look like a chairman's —

Mend Legs — My lord, my thinks they look mighty well.

Lord Foppington — Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am, I have study'd them all my life ; therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crawnpiece less. [*Aside*] If the town takes notice my legs are fallen away, 'twill be attributed to the violence of some new intrigue. [*To the Periwig Maker*] Come, Mr. Foretop, let me see what you have done, and then the fatigue of the morning will be over.

Foretop — My lord, I have done what I defy any prince in Europe to outdo ; I have made you a periwig so long, and so full of hair, it will serve you for a hat and cloak in all weathers.

Lord Foppington — Then thou hast made me thy friend to eternity. Come, comb it out.

Young Fashion — Well, Lory, what do'st think on't ? A very friendly reception from a brother after three years' absence !

Lory — Why, sir, 'tis your own fault ; we seldom care for those that don't love what we love : if you wou'd creep into his heart, you must enter into his pleasures. Here you have stood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

Young Fashion — Nor never shall, while they belong to a coxcomb.

Lory — Then, sir, you must be content to pick a hungry bone.

Young Fashion — No, sir, I'll crack it, and get to the marrow before I have done.

Lord Foppington — Gad's curse ! Mr. Foretop, you don't intend to put this upon me for a full periwig ?

Foretop — Not a full one, my lord ! I don't know what your lordship may please to call a full one, but I have cramm'd twenty ounces of hair into it.

Lord Foppington — What it may be by weight, sir, I shall not dispute ; but by tale, there are not nine hairs on a side.

Foretop — O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! Why, as God shall judge me, your honor's side face is reduc'd to the tip of your nose.

Lord Foppington — My side face may be in an eclipse for aught I know; but I'm sure my full face is like the full moon.

Foretop — Heaven bless my eyesight. [*Rubbing his eyes.*] Sure I look thro' the wrong end of the perspective; for by my faith, an't please your honor, the broadest place I see in your face does not seem to me to be two inches' diameter.

Lord Foppington — If it did, it would just be two inches too broad; for a periwig to a man should be like a mask to a woman, nothing should be seen but his eyes —

Foretop — My lord, I have done; if you please to have more hair in your wig, I'll put it in.

Lord Foppington — Passitively, yes.

Foretop — Shall I take it back now, my lord?

Lord Foppington — No: I'll wear it to-day, tho' it show such a manstrous pair of cheeks, stap my vitals, I shall be taken for a trumpeter. [*Exit FORETOP.*]

Young Fashion — Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you.

Lord Foppington — Faith, Tam, I must beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I must away to the House of Lards immediately; my Lady Teaser's case is to come on to-day, and I would not be absent for the salvation of mankind. Hey, page! is the coach at the door?

Page — Yes, my lord.

Lord Foppington — You'll excuse me, brother. [*Going.*]

Young Fashion — Shall you be back at dinner?

Lord Foppington — As Gad shall jedge me, I can't tell; far 'tis passible I may dine with some of aur hause at Lacket's.

Young Fashion — Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

Lord Foppington — That, I'm afraid, mayn't be so praper; far the lards I commonly eat with are a people of a nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large: but if you'll stay here, you'll find a family dinner. Hey, fellow! What is there for dinner? There's beef: I suppose my brother will eat beef. Dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, stap my vitals.

[*Exit, with his equipage.*]

Young Fashion — Hell and Furies, is this to be borne?

Lory — Faith, sir, I cou'd almost have given him a knock o' th' pate myself.



A SHORT VIEW OF THE
IMMORALITY AND PROFANENESS OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

BY JEREMY COLLIER.

[JEREMY COLLIER, reformer, was born in Cambridgeshire, England, in 1650. He was educated at Cambridge, became a clergyman, and was a "nonjuror" after the Revolution; not only refusing the oath, but twice imprisoned, once for a pamphlet denying that James had abdicated, and once for treasonable correspondence. In 1696 he was outlawed for absolving on the scaffold two conspirators hanged for attempting William's life; and though he returned later and lived unmolested in London, the sentence was never rescinded. Besides polemics and moral essays, he wrote a cyclopedia and an "Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain," and translated Moreri's Dictionary. His one still famous and readable set of works are the two here excerpted, with the further replies and rejoinders, lasting for ten years, from 1698 on. They were aimed at the drama in general about as much as at the Restoration drama in particular, Shakespeare receiving harder measure than some of the worst contemporaries; but the living jades were the ones which winced, and the current drama grew cleaner.]

PREFACE.

BEING convinc'd that nothing has gone farther in debauching the age than the stage-poets, and playhouse, I thought I could not employ my time better than in writing against them. These men sure take virtue and regularity for great enemies, why else is the disaffection so very remarkable? It must be said, they have made their attack with great courage, and gained no inconsiderable advantage. But, it seems, lewdness without atheism is but half their business. Conscience might possibly recover, and revenge be thought on; and therefore, like foot-pads, they must not only rob, but murder. To do them right, their measures are politicly taken: to make sure work on't, there's nothing like destroying of principles; practice must follow, of course. For to have no good principles, is to have no reason to be good. Now 'tis not to be expected

that people should check their appetites and balk their satisfactions, they don't know why. If virtue has no prospect, 'tis not worth the owning. Who would be troubled with conscience, if 'tis only a bugbear, and has nothing in't but vision and the spleen?

My collection from the English stage is much short of what they are able to furnish. An inventory of their warehouse would have been a large work; but being afraid of overcharging the reader, I thought a pattern might do.

There's one thing more to acquaint the reader with; 'tis that I have ventured to change the terms of mistress and lover for others somewhat more plain, but much more proper. I don't look upon this as any failure in civility. As good and evil are different in themselves, so they ought to be differently marked. To confound them in speech is the way to confound them in practice. Ill qualities ought to have ill names, to prevent their being catching. Indeed, things are in a great measure governed by words: to gild over a foul character serves only to perplex the idea, to encourage the bad, and mislead the unwary. To treat honor and infamy alike is an injury to virtue and a sort of leveling in morality. I confess I have no ceremony for debauchery, for to compliment vice is but one remove from worshipping the devil.

THE IMMODESTY OF THE STAGE.

In treating this head, I hope the reader does not expect that I should set down chapter and page, and give him the citations at length. To do this would be a very unacceptable and foreign employment. Indeed the passages, many of them, are in no condition to be handled; he that is desirous to see these flowers, let him do it in their own soil: 'tis my business rather to kill the root than transplant it. But that the poets may not complain of injustice, I shall point to the infection at a distance, and refer in general to play and person.

Now among the curiosities of this kind we may reckon Mrs. Pinchwife, Horner, and Lady Fidget in the Country Wife; Widow Blackacre and Olivia in the Plain Dealer. These, though not all the exceptionable characters, are the most remarkable. I'm sorry the author should stoop his wit thus low, and use his understanding so unkindly. Some people appear coarse and slovenly out of poverty: they can't well go to the

charge of sense. They are offensive, like beggars, for want of necessaries. But this is none of the Plain-Dealer's case; he can afford his muse a better dress when he pleases. But then, the rule is, where the motive is the less, the fault is the greater. To proceed, Jacinta, Elvira, Dalinda, and Lady Plyant, in the *Mock Astrologer*, *Spanish Fryar*, *Love Triumphant*, and *Double Dealer*, forget themselves extremely: and almost all the characters in the *Old Bachelor* are foul and nauseous. *Love for Love*, and the *Relapse*, strike sometimes upon this sand, and so likewise does *Don Sebastian*.

I don't pretend to have read the stage through, neither am I particular to my utmost. Here is quoting enough unless 'twere better. Besides, I may have occasion to mention somewhat of this kind afterwards. But from what has been hinted already, the reader may be over-furnished. Here is a large collection of debauchery; such pieces are rarely to be met with. 'Tis sometimes painted at length, too, and appears in great variety of progress and practice. It wears almost all sorts of dresses to engage the fancy, and fasten upon the memory, and keep up the charm from languishing. Sometimes you have it in image and description; sometimes by way of allusion; sometimes in disguise; and sometimes without it. And what can be the meaning of such a representation, unless it be to tincture the audience, to extinguish shame, and make lewdness a diversion? This is the natural consequence, and therefore one would think 'twas the intention too. Such licentious discourse tends to no point but to stain the imagination, to awaken folly, and to weaken the defenses of virtue. It was upon the account of these disorders that Plato banished poets his commonwealth, and one of the Fathers calls poetry *vinum dæmonum* — an intoxicating draught made up of the devil's dispensatory.

I grant the abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it. However, young people particularly should not entertain themselves with a lewd picture, especially when it is drawn by a masterly hand; for such a liberty may probably raise those passions which can neither be discharged without trouble nor satisfied without a crime. 'Tis not safe for a man to trust his virtue too far, for fear it should give him the slip. But the danger of such an entertainment is but part of the objection; 'tis all scandal and meanness into the bargain. It does in effect degrade human nature, sinks reason into appetite, and breaks down the distinction between man and beast. Goats

and monkeys, if they could speak, would express their brutality in such language as this.

To argue the matter more at large.

Smuttiness is a fault in behavior as well as in religion. 'Tis a very coarse diversion ; the entertainment of those who are generally least both in sense and station. The looser part of the mob have no true relish of decency and honor, and want education and thought to furnish out a genteel conversation. Barrenness of fancy makes them often take up those scandalous liberties. A vicious imagination may blot a great deal of paper at this rate with ease enough, and 'tis possible convenience may sometimes invite to the expedient. The modern poets seem to use smut as the old ones did machines—to relieve a fainting invention. When Pegasus is jaded and would stand still, he is apt, like other tits, to run into every puddle.

Obscenity in any company is a rustic uncreditable talent ; but among women 'tis particularly rude. Such talk would be very affrontive in conversation, and not endured by any lady of reputation. Whence, then, comes it to pass that those liberties which disoblige so much in conversation should entertain upon the stage? Do the women leave all the regards to decency and conscience behind them when they come to the playhouse? Or does the place transform their inclinations and turn their former aversions into pleasure? Or were their pretenses to sobriety elsewhere nothing but hypocrisy and grimace? Such suppositions as these are all satire and invective. They are rude imputations upon the whole sex. To treat the ladies with such stuff is no better than taking their money to abuse them. It supposes their imagination vicious and their memories ill furnished ; that they are practiced in the language of the stews, and pleased with the scenes of brutishness, when at the same time the customs of education and the laws of decency are so very cautious and reserved in regard to women. I say so very reserved that 'tis almost a fault for them to understand they are ill used. They can't discover their disgust without disadvantage, nor blush without disservice to their modesty. To appear with any skill in such cant, looks as if they had fallen upon ill conversation, or managed their curiosity amiss. In a word, he that treats the ladies with such discourse must conclude either that they like it or they do not. To suppose the first is a gross reflection upon their virtue ; and as for the later case, it entertains them with their own aversion, which is ill nature and ill man-

ners enough in conscience. And in this particular, custom and conscience, the forms of breeding and the maxims of religion, are on the same side. In other instances vice is often too fashionable; but here a man can't be a sinner without being a clown.

In this respect the stage is faulty to a scandalous degree of nauseousness and aggravation. For,—

1st. The poets make women speak smuttily. Of this the places before mentioned are sufficient evidence; and if there was occasion they might be multiplied to a much greater number: indeed, the comedies are seldom clear of these blemishes. And sometimes you have them in tragedy. For instance, The Orphan's Monimia makes a very improper description; and the royal Lenora, in the Spanish Fryar, runs a strange length in the history of love. And do princesses use to make their reports with such fulsome freedoms? Certainly this Lenora was the first queen of her family. Such raptures are too luscious for Joan of Naples. Are these the tender things Mr. Dryden says the ladies call on him for? I suppose he means the ladies that are too modest to show their faces in the pit. This entertainment can be fairly designed for none but such. Indeed, it hits their palate exactly. It regales their lewdness, graces their character, and keeps up their spirits for their vocation. Now to bring women under such misbehavior is violence to their native modesty and a misrepresentation of their sex. For modesty, as Mr. Rapin observes, is the character of women. To represent them without this quality, is to make monsters of them, and throw them out of their kind. Euripides, who was no negligent observer of human nature, is always careful of this decorum. Thus Phædra, when possessed with an infamous passion, takes all imaginable pains to conceal it. She is as regular and reserved in her language as the most virtuous matron. 'Tis true, the force of shame and desire, the scandal of satisfying and the difficulty of parting with her inclinations, disorder her to distraction. However, her frenzy is not lewd; she keeps her modesty even after she has lost her wits. Had Shakespeare secured this point for his young virgin Ophelia, the play had been better contrived. Since he was resolved to drown the lady like a kitten, he should have set her a swimming a little sooner. To keep her alive only to sully her reputation and discover the rankness of her breath was very cruel. But it

may be said the freedoms of distraction go for nothing ; a fever has no faults, and a man *non compos* may kill without murder. It may be so : but then such people ought to be kept in dark rooms, and without company. To show them, or to let them loose, is somewhat unreasonable. But after all, the modern stage seems to depend upon this expedient. Women are sometimes represented silly and sometimes mad, to enlarge their liberty and screen their imprudence from censure. This politic contrivance we have in Marcella, Hoyden, and Miss Prue. However, it amounts to this confession : that women, when they have their understandings about them, ought to converse otherwise.

In fine, modesty is the distinguishing virtue of that sex, and serves both for ornament and defense : modesty was designed by Providence as a guard to virtue ; and that it might be always at hand, 'tis wrought into the mechanism of the body. 'Tis likewise proportioned to the occasions of life, and strongest in youth when passion is so too. 'Tis a quality as true to innocence as the senses are to health ; whatever is ungrateful to the first is prejudicial to the latter. The enemy no sooner approaches but the blood rises in opposition, and looks defiance to an indecency. It supplies the room of reasoning and reflection ; intuitive knowledge can scarcely make a quicker impression ; and what, then, can be a surer guide to the unexperienced ? It teaches by sudden instinct and aversion ; this is both a ready and a powerful method of instruction. The tumult of the blood and spirits and the uneasiness of the sensation are of singular use. They serve to awaken reason, and prevent surprise. Thus the distinctions of good and evil are refreshed, and the temptation kept at a proper distance.

2ly. They represent their single ladies and persons of condition, under these disorders of liberty. This makes the irregularity still more monstrous, and a greater contradiction to nature and probability ; but rather than not be vicious, they will venture to spoil a character. This mismanagement we have partly seen already. Jacinta and Belinda are further proof ; and the Double Dealer is particularly remarkable. There are but four ladies in this play, and three of the biggest of them are whores. A great compliment to quality, to tell them there is not above a quarter of them honest ! This was not the Roman breeding. Terence and Plautus his strumpets were little people ; but of this more hereafter.

3ly. They have oftentimes not so much as the poor refuge of a double meaning to fly to. So that you are under a necessity either of taking ribaldry or nonsense. And when the sentence has two handles, the worst is generally turned to the audience. The matter is so contrived that the smut and scum of the thought rises uppermost; and, like a picture drawn to sight, looks always upon the company.

4ly. And, which is still more extraordinary, the prologues and epilogues are sometimes scandalous to the last degree. I shall discover them for once, and let them stand like rocks in the margin. Now here, properly speaking, the actors quit the stage and remove from fiction into life. Here they converse with the boxes and pit, and address directly to the audience. These preliminary and concluding parts are designed to justify the conduct of the play, and bespeak the favor of the company. Upon such occasions one would imagine, if ever, the ladies should be used with respect, and the measures of decency observed. But here we have lewdness without shame or example: here the poet exceeds himself. Here are such stains as would turn the stomach of an ordinary debauchee, and be almost nauseous in the stews. And to make it the more agreeable, women are commonly picked out for this service. Thus the poet courts the good opinion of the audience. This is the dessert he regales the ladies with at the close of the entertainment: it seems, he thinks, they have admirable palates! Nothing can be a greater breach of manners than such liberties as these. If a man would study to outrage quality and virtue, he could not do it more effectually. But —

5ly. Smut is still more insufferable with respect to religion. The heathen religion was in a great measure a mystery of iniquity. Lewdness was consecrated in the temples, as well as practiced in the stews. Their deities were great examples of vice, and worshiped with their own inclination. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, their poetry should be tinctured with their belief, and that the stage should borrow some of the liberties of their theology. This made Mercury's procuring and Jupiter's adultery the more passable in *Amphitryon*: upon this score *Gymnasium* is less monstrous in praying the gods to send her store of gallants. And thus *Chærea* defends his adventure by the precedent of Jupiter and *Danaë*. But the Christian religion is quite of another complexion. Both its precepts and authorities are the highest discouragement to licentiousness.

It forbids the remotest tendencies to evil, banishes the follies of conversation, and obliges the sobriety of thought. That which might pass for raillery and entertainment in heathenism is detestable in Christianity. The restraint of the precept, and the quality of the deity, and the expectations of futurity quite alter the case.

But notwithstanding the latitudes of paganism, the Roman and Greek theaters were much more inoffensive than ours. . . .

Some things are dangerous in report as well as in practice, and many times a disease in the description. This Euripides was aware of, and managed accordingly, and was remarkably regular both in style and manners. How wretchedly do we fall short of the decencies of heathenism! There's nothing more ridiculous than modesty on the stage: 'tis counted an ill-bred quality, and almost shamed out of use. One would think mankind were not the same, that reason was to be read backward, and virtue and vice had changed place.

What then? Must life be huddled over, nature left imperfect, and the humor of the town not shown? And pray where lies the grievance of all this? Must we relate whatever is done, and is everything fit for representation? Is a man that has the plague proper to make a sight of? and must he needs come abroad when he breathes infection, and leaves the tokens upon the company? What then, must we know nothing? Look you! All experiments are not worth the making. 'Tis much better to be ignorant of a disease than to catch it. Who would wound himself for information about pain, or smell a stench for the sake of the discovery?

(From Collier's "Defense" of the foregoing.)

Pleasure, especially the pleasure of libertines, is not the supreme law of comedy. Vice must be under discipline and discountenance, and folly shown with great caution and reserve. Luscious descriptions and common-places of lewdness are unpardonable. They affront the virtuous and debauch the unwary, and are a scandal to the country where they are suffered. The pretense of nature and imitation is a lamentable plea. Without doubt there's a great deal of nature in the most brutal practices. The infamous stews 'tis likely talk in their own way, and keep up to their character. But what person of probity would visit them for their propriety or take

poison because 'tis true in its kind? All characters of immodesty (if there must be any such) should only be hinted in remote language, and thrown off in general.

If there must be strumpets, let Bridewell be the scene. Let them come, not to prate, but to be punished. To give success and reputation to a stage libertine, is a sign either of ignorance, of lewdness, or atheism, or all together. Even those instances which will bear the relating ought to be punished.

But as for smut and profaneness, 'tis every way criminal and infectious, and no discipline can atone for the representation. When a poet will venture on these liberties, his persuasion must suffer, and his private sentiments fall under censure. For as Mr. Dryden rightly observes, *vita proba est*, is no excuse. For 'twill scarcely be admitted that either a poet or a painter can be chaste, who give us the contrary examples in their writings and their pictures. I agree with Mr. Congreve it would be very hard a painter should be believed to resemble all the ugly faces he draws. But if he suffers his pencil to grow licentious, if he gives us obscenities, the merits of Raphael won't excuse him. No, to do an ill thing well, doubles the fault. The mischief rises with the art, and the man ought to smart in proportion to his excellency. 'Tis one of the rules in painting according to Mr. Dryden and Fresnoy: to avoid everything that's immoral and filthy, unseemly, impudent, and obscene. And Mr. Dryden continues, that a poet is bound up to the same restraint, and ought neither to design or color an offensive piece. Mr. Congreve proceeds to acquaint us how careful the stage is for the instruction of the audience. That the moral of the whole is generally summed in the concluding lines of the poem, and put into rhyme that it may be easy and engaging to the memory. To this I answer, —

1st. That this expedient is not always made use of. And not to trouble the reader with many instances, we have nothing of it in *Love in a Nunnery* and the *Relapse*, both of which plays are in my opinion not a little dangerous.

2ly. Sometimes these comprehensive lines do more harm than good. They do so in the *Souldier's Fortune*. They do so likewise in the *Old Bachelor*, which instructs us to admirable purpose in these words: —

But, oh —
What rugged ways attend the noon of life?

Our sun declines, and with what anxious strife,
What pain we tug that galling load, a wife?

This moral is uncourtly, and vicious; it encourages lewdness and agrees extremely well with the fable. Love for Love may have somewhat a better farewell, but would do a man little service should he remember it to his dying day. Here Angelica, after a fit of profane vanity in prose, takes her leave as follows:—

The miracle to-day is that we find
A lover true: not that a woman's kind.

This last word is somewhat ambiguous, and with a little help may strike off into a light sense. But take it at the best, 'tis not overladen with weight and apothegme. A ballad is every jot as sententious.

3ly. Supposing the moral grave and unexceptionable, it amounts to little in the present case. Alas! the doctor comes too late for the disease, and the antidote is much too weak for the poison. When a poet has flourished on an ill subject for some hours, when he has larded his scenes with smut, and played his jests on religion, and exhausted himself upon vice: what can a dry line or two of good counsel signify? The tincture is taken, the fancy is preëngaged, and the man is gone off into another interest. Profane wit, luscious expressions, and the handsome appearance of a libertine solicit strongly for debauchery. These things are mighty recruits to folly and make the will too hard for the understanding. A taste of philosophy has a very flat relish after so full an entertainment. An agreeable impression is not easily defaced by a single stroke, especially when 'tis worn deep by force and repetition. And as the audience are not secured, so neither are the poets this way. A moral sentence at the close of a lewd play is much like a pious expression in the mouth of a dying man who has been wicked all his lifetime. This, some ignorant people call making a good end, as if one wise word would atone for an age of folly. To return to the stage. I suppose other parts of a discourse, besides the conclusion, ought to be free from infection. If a man was sound only at his fingers' ends, he would have little comfort in his constitution. *Bonum fit ex integra causa*; a good action must have nothing bad. The quality must be uniform, and reach to every circumstance. In short, this expedient of Mr. Congreve's, as 'tis insignificant to the purpose 'tis

brought, so it looks very like a piece of formal hypocrisy, and seems to be made use of to conceal the immorality of the play and cover the poet from censure.

Mr. Congreve, in the *Double Dealer*, makes three of his ladies strumpets. This I thought an odd compliment to quality. But my reflection it seems is over-severe. However, by his favor, the characters in a play ought to be drawn by Nature: to write otherwise is to make a farce. The stage, therefore, must be supposed an image of the world, and quality in fiction resemble quality in life. This resemblance should likewise hold in number, as well as in other respects, though not to a mathematical strictness. Thus in *Plautus* and *Terence*, the slaves are generally represented false, and the old men easy and over-credulous. Now, if the majority in these divisions should not answer to the world; if the drama should cross upon conversation, the poets would be to blame, as I believe they are in the later instance. Thus when the greatest part of quality are debauched on the stage, 'tis a broad innuendo they are no better in the boxes.

This argument he pretends proves too much, and would make us believe that by this way of reasoning, if four women were shown upon the stage, and three of them were vicious, it is as much as to say that three parts in four of the whole sex are stark naught. I answer, the case is not parallel. The representation of the play turns more upon condition than sex. 'Tis the quality which makes the appearance, marks the character, and points out to the comparison abroad. . . .

Mr. Congreve drops the defense of *Fondlewife*, and makes merry with the entertainment. His excuse is, he was very much a boy when this comedy was written. Not unlikely. He and his muse might probably be minors; but the libertines there are full grown. But why should the man laugh at the mischief of the boy, why should he publish the disorders of his nonage, and make them his own by an after approbation? He wrote it, it seems, to amuse himself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness. What his disease was, I am not to inquire; but it must be a very ill one to be worse than the remedy. The writing of that play is a very dangerous amusement either for sickness or health, or I'm much mistaken.

ALDERMAN SMUGGLER TRAPPED.

By GEORGE FARQUHAR.

(From "The Constant Couple.")

[GEORGE FARQUHAR, one of the four great comic dramatists of the Restoration, was a clergyman's son, born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1678; attended Trinity College, Dublin, as a "poor scholar," but left in disgust at the humiliations, and became an actor in Dublin; nearly killing a fellow-actor by accident, left the stage, and became by favor a lieutenant in the army; at twenty wrote "Love and a Bottle," whose remarkable success turned him into a playwright for good. He next produced "The Constant Couple" (1700); its sequel, "Sir Harry Wildair" (1701); a volume of poems, letters, and an essay on Comedy (1702); "The Inconstant" (1703); "The Stage Coach" (with Motteux; an adaptation: 1704); "The Twin Rivals" (1705); "The Recruiting Officer" (1706); "The Beaux' Stratagem" (the last two his masterpieces), written when dying in 1707, at twenty-nine. He was a shy man, free only with his pen; and was entrapped, to his disaster, into a penniless marriage in 1703.]

SCENE. — *A Room in LADY LUREWELL'S House. Present: LADY LUREWELL and PARLY, her maid.*

Lady Lurewell — Has my servant brought me the money from my merchant?

Parly — No, madam, he met Alderman Smuggler at Charing-cross, who has promised to wait on you himself immediately.

Lady Lurewell — 'Tis odd that this old rogue should pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my money.

Parly — 'Tis well, madam, if he don't cheat you of your estate; for you say the writings are in his hands.

Lady Lurewell — But what satisfaction can I get of him? —

Enter ALDERMAN SMUGGLER.

Mr. Alderman, your servant: have you brought me my money, sir?

Smuggler — Faith, madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the taxes, raising the customs, losses at sea abroad, and maintaining our wives at home, the bank is reduced very low.

Lady Lurewell — Come, come, sir, these evasions won't serve your turn; I must have money, sir; — I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smuggler — Cheat you, madam! have a care what you say: I'm an alderman, madam. Cheat you, madam! I have been an honest citizen these five-and-thirty years!

Lady Lurewell — An honest citizen! bear witness, Parly! I shall trap him in more lies presently. — Come, sir, though I am a woman I can take a course.

Smuggler — What course, madam? You'll go to law, will ye? I can maintain a suit of law, be it right or wrong, these forty years, I'm sure that, thanks to the honest practice of the courts.

Lady Lurewell — Sir, I'll blast your reputation, and so ruin your credit.

Smuggler — Blast my reputation! he! he! he! — Why, I'm a religious man, madam! I have been very instrumental in the reformation of manners. Ruin my credit! ah, poor woman. There is but one way, madam. You have a sweet, leering eye!

Lady Lurewell — Here's a religious rogue for you now! As I hope to be saved, I have a good mind to beat the old monster. *[Aside to PARLY.]*

Smuggler — Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty guineas (a great deal of money as times go), and —

Lady Lurewell — Come, give it me.

Smuggler — Ah, that hand! that hand! that pretty, soft, white — I have brought it, you see; but the condition of the obligation is such, that whereas that leering eye, that pouting lip, that pretty, soft hand, that — you understand me; you understand, I'm sure you do, you little rogue —

Lady Lurewell *[aside to PARLY]* — Here's a villain now, so covetous that he won't wench upon his own cost, but would bribe me with my own money! I will be revenged. — *[Aloud]* Upon my word, Mr. Alderman, you make me blush: what d'ye mean, pray?

Smuggler — See here, madam. — *[Puts a piece of money in his mouth.]* Buss and guinea, buss and guinea, buss and guinea.

Lady Lurewell — Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty yellow teeth, and green gums, that I will, ha! ha! ha!

Smuggler — Will you, indeed? he! he! he! my little cocket; and when? and where? and how?

Lady Lurewell — 'Twill be a difficult point, sir, to secure both our honors; you must therefore be disguised, Mr. Alderman.

Enter Footman, whispers LADY LUREWELL.

Lady Lurewell — Oh! Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into the next room? here are some strangers coming up.

Smuggler — Buss and guinea first; ah, my little cocket!
[*Exit with Footman.*]

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR, *Footman attending.*

Sir Harry — *My life, my soul, my all that heaven can give!*

Lady Lurewell — *Death's life with thee, without thee death to live.* Welcome, my dear Sir Harry, I see you got my directions.

Sir Harry — Directions! in the most charming manner, thou dear Machiavel of intrigue!

Lady Lurewell — Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry — The sight of you, madam, exalts my air, and makes joy lighten in my face.

Lady Lurewell — I have a thousand questions to ask you, Sir Harry. — How d'ye like France?

Sir Harry — *Ah! est le plus beau pays du monde.*

Lady Lurewell — Then what made you leave it so soon?

Sir Harry — *Madame, vous voyez que je vous suis partout.*

Lady Lurewell — *O, monsieur, je vous suis fort obligée.* — But where's the court now?

Sir Harry — At Marli, madam.

Lady Lurewell — And where my count Le Valier?

Sir Harry — His body's in the church of Notre Dame; I don't know where his soul is.

Lady Lurewell — What disease did he die of?

Sir Harry — A duel, madam; I was his doctor.

Lady Lurewell — How d'ye mean?

Sir Harry — As most doctors do, I killed him.

Lady Lurewell — *En chevalier*, my dear knight-errant? well, and how? And now, what intrigues, what gallantries are carrying on in the *beau monde*?

Sir Harry — I should ask you that question, madam, since your ladyship makes the *beau monde* wherever you come.

Lady Lurewell — Ah, Sir Harry! I've been almost ruined, pestered to death here, by the incessant attacks of a mighty colonel; he has besieged me as close as our army did Namur.

Sir Harry — I hope your ladyship did not surrender, though?

Lady Lurewell — No, no, but was forced to capitulate; but since you are come to raise the siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh.

Sir Harry — And love and kiss. — *Montrez-moi votre chambre.*

Lady Lurewell — *Attende, attende, un peu.* — I remember, Sir Harry, you promised me in Paris never to ask that impertinent question again.

Sir Harry — Psha, madam, that was above two months ago; besides, madam, treaties made in France are never kept.

Lady Lurewell — Would you marry me, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry — Oh! — *Le mariage est un grand mal* — but I will marry you.

Lady Lurewell — Your word, sir, is not to be relied on: if a gentleman will forfeit his honor in dealings of business, we may reasonably suspect his fidelity in an amour.

Sir Harry — My honor in dealings of business! why, madam, I never had any business in all my life.

Lady Lurewell — Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd story, and am sorry that a gentleman of your figure should undergo the scandal.

Sir Harry — Out with it, madam.

Lady Lurewell — Why, the merchant, sir, that transmitted your bills of exchange to you in France, complains of some indirect and dishonorable dealings.

Sir Harry — Who, old Smuggler?

Lady Lurewell — Aye, aye, you know him, I find.

Sir Harry — I have no less than reason, I think: why, the rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pound within these three years.

Lady Lurewell — 'Tis your business then to acquit yourself publicly; for he spreads the scandal everywhere.

Sir Harry — Acquit myself publicly! — [*To Footman.*] Here, sirrah, my coach; I'll drive instantly into the city, and cane the old villain round the Royal Exchange; he shall run the gantlet through a thousand brush-beavers and formal cravats.

Lady Lurewell — Why, he is in the house now, sir.

Sir Harry — What, in this house?

Lady Lurewell — Aye, in the next room.

Sir Harry — Then, sirrah, lend me your cudgel.

Lady Lurewell — Sir Harry, you won't raise a disturbance in my house?

Sir Harry — Disturbance, madam! no, no, I'll beat him with the temper of a philosopher. — Here Mrs. Parly, show me the gentleman. [*Exit with PARLY and Footman.*]

Lady Lurewell — Now shall I get the old monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pestered next term with bloodsheds, batteries, costs and damages, solicitors and attorneys; and if they don't tease him out of his good humor, I'll never plot again. [*Exit.*]

Scene: Another Room in the same. ALDERMAN SMUGGLER alone.

Smuggler — Oh, this damned tidewaiter! A ship and cargo worth five thousand pound! Why, 'tis richly worth five hundred perjuries.

Enter SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

Sir Harry — Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

Smuggler — My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Sir Harry — I'll assure you, sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smuggler — O Lord, sir, you travelers have the most obliging ways with you!

Sir Harry — There is a business, Mr. Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by — I am very sorry that I am forced to be troublesome; but necessity, Mr. Alderman.

Smuggler — Aye, sir, as you say, necessity — but upon my word, sir, I am very short of money, at present, but —

Sir Harry — That's not the matter, sir. I'm above an obligation that way; but the business is, I am reduced to an indispensable necessity of being obliged to you for a beating. Here, take this cudgel.

Smuggler — A beating, Sir Harry! ha! ha! ha! I beat a knight baronet! an alderman turned cudgel-player! ha! ha! ha!

Sir Harry — Upon my word, sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smuggler — Psha, psha, you jest!

Sir Harry — Nay, 'tis as sure as fate: so, alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. [*Strikes him.*]

Smuggler — Curiosity! deuce take your curiosity, sir! what d'ye mean?

Sir Harry — Nothing at all: I'm but in jest, sir.

Smuggler — Oh, I can take anything in jest; but a man might imagine by the smartness of the stroke that you were in downright earnest.

Sir Harry — Not in the least, sir. [*Strikes him.*] Not in the least, indeed, sir!

Smuggler — Pray, good sir, no more of your jests; for they are the bluntest jests that I ever knew.

Sir Harry [*strikes*] — I heartily beg your pardon, with all my heart, sir.

Smuggler — Pardon, sir! well, sir, that is satisfaction enough from a gentleman; but seriously now, if you pass any more of your jests upon me I shall grow angry.

Sir Harry — I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. [*Striking him.*]

Smuggler — O Lord, sir, you'll break my bones! Are you mad, sir? Murder! felony! manslaughter!

[*SIR HARRY knocks him down.*]

Sir Harry — Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons; but I am absolutely compelled to't. Upon my honor, sir, nothing can be more averse to my inclinations than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend, the alderman.

[*Striking him all this while, SMUGGLER tumbles over and over, and shakes out his pocket-book on the floor.*]

Enter LADY LUREWELL.

Lady Lurewell [*Aside*] — The old rogue's pocket-book; this may be of use. [*Takes it up.*] — O Lord, Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man!

Smuggler — Oh, dear madam, I was beaten in jest till I am murdered in good earnest.

Lady Lurewell—Well, well, I'll bring you off. [*To SIR HARRY.*] *Seigneur, frappez, frappez!*

Smuggler—Oh, for charity's sake, madam, rescue a poor citizen!

Lady Lurewell—Oh, you barbarous man! hold, hold! *Frappez plus rudement, frappez!* I wonder you are not ashamed!— [*Holding SIR HARRY.*] A poor, reverend, honest elder!— [*Helps SMUGGLER up.*] It makes me weep to see him in this condition, poor man! Now the devil take you, Sir Harry, for not beating him harder!— [*To SMUGGLER.*] Well, my dear, you shall come at night, and I'll make you amends!

[*Here SIR HARRY takes snuff.*

Smuggler—Madam, I will have amends before I leave the place. Sir, how durst you use me thus?

Sir Harry—Sir!

Smuggler—Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction!

Sir Harry—With all my heart! [*Throws snuff into his eyes.*

Smuggler—Oh, murder! blindness! fire! Oh, madam, madam! get me some water! water! fire! fire! water!

[*Exit with LADY LUREWELL.*

Sir Harry—How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion! 'Tis the beauty of revenge!

Let statesmen plot, and under business groan,
 And settling public quiet lose their own:
 Let soldiers drudge and fight for pay or fame,
 For when they're shot I think 'tis much the same.
 Let scholars vex their brains with mood and tense,
 And mad with strength of reason, fools commence,
 Losing their wits in searching after sense;
 Their *summum bonum* they must toil to gain,
 And seeking pleasure, spend their life in pain.
 I make the most of life, no hour misspend,
 Pleasure's the means, and pleasure is my end.
 No spleen, no trouble, shall my time destroy;
 Life's but a span, I'll every inch enjoy.

[*Exit.*

THE CAPTURE OF MILLAMANT.

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE.

(From "The Way of the World.")

[WILLIAM CONGREVE, one of the foremost English comedy writers, was born near Leeds in 1670. His father becoming an officer in Ireland, he was educated with Swift at Kilkenny, and at Trinity College, Dublin. After studying law a little, he turned to literature; wrote a boyish novel, "Incognita"; and then within seven years produced four comedies and a tragedy which have immortalized him, — "The Old Bachelor" and "The Double Dealer" (1693), "Love for Love" (1695), "The Mourning Bride" (1697), and "The Way of the World" (1700). The failure of the latter, now reckoned his best, and one of the masterpieces of modern English comedy, so disgusted him that he wrote no more except a few verses, his sinecures enabling him to live without work. He wrote in 1698 a weak reply to Collier's "Short View"; his real reply — and confession — was "The Way of the World." He died in 1729.]

SCENE: *A Chocolate House.* MIRABELL and FAINALL rising
from cards, BETTY waiting.

Mirabell — You are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall!

Fainall — Have we done?

Mirabell — What you please: I'll play on to entertain you.

Fainall — No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent; you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.

Mirabell — You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

Fainall — Prithee, why so reserved? Something has put you out of humor.

Mirabell — Not at all: I happen to be grave to-day, and you are gay; that's all.

Fainall — Confess, Millamant and you quarreled last night after I left you; my fair cousin has some humors that would tempt the patience of a Stoic. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well received by her, while you were by?

Mirabell — Witwoud and Petulant; and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius: or to sum up all in her own name, my old Lady Wishfort came in.

Fainall — Oh, there it is, then! She has a lasting passion for you, and with reason. — What, then my wife was there?

Mirabell — Yes, and Mrs. Marwood, and three or four more, whom I never saw before. Seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whispered one another; then complained aloud of the vapors, and after fell into a profound silence.

Fainall — They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mirabell — For which reason I resolved not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but Millamant joining in the argument, I rose, and, with a constrained smile, told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome. She reddened, and I withdrew, without expecting [waiting] her reply.

Fainall — You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

Mirabell — She is more mistress of herself than to be under the necessity of such a resignation.

Fainall — What! though half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

Mirabell — I was then in such a humor, that I should have been better pleased if she had been less discreet.

Fainall — Now, I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal nights; they have 'em three times a-week, and meet by turns at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murdered reputations of the week. You and I are excluded; and it was once proposed that all the male sex should be excepted; but somebody moved that, to avoid scandal, there might be one man of the community; upon which motion Witwoud and Petulant were enrolled members.

Mirabell — And who may have been the foundress of this sect? My Lady Wishfort, I warrant, who publishes her detestation of mankind; and full of the vigor of fifty-five, declares for a friend and ratafia; and let posterity shift for itself, she'll breed no more.

Fainall — The discovery of your sham addresses to her, to conceal your love to her niece, has provoked this separation; had you dissembled better, things might have continued in the state of nature.

Mirabell — I did as much as man could, with any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a song in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with

the imputation of an affair with a young fellow, which I carried so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden ; and when she lay in of a dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in labor. The devil's in't, if an old woman is to be flattered further, unless a man should endeavor downright personally to debauch her ; and that my virtue forbade me. But for the discovery of this amour I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, Mrs. Marwood.

Fainall — What should provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances which you have slighted ? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

Mirabell — She was always civil to me till of late. — I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice, and think that she who does not refuse 'em everything, can refuse 'em nothing.

Fainall — You are a gallant man, *Mirabell* ; and though you may have cruelty enough not to satisfy a lady's longing, you have too much generosity not to be tender of her honor. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected, and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

Mirabell — You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you than is your wife.

Fainall — Fy, fy, friend ! if you grow censorious I must leave you.

* * * * *

Mrs. Fainall — Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle ?

Mirabell — Waitwell, my servant.

Mrs. Fainall — He is an humble servant to Foible, my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

Mirabell — Care is taken for that — she is won and worn by this time. They were married this morning.

Mrs. Fainall — Who ?

Mirabell — Waitwell and Foible. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like Mosca in the Fox [Ben Jonson's *Volpone*], stand upon terms ; so I made him sure beforehand.

Mrs. Fainall — So if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes ; and release her by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage ?

Mirabell — Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

Mrs. Fainall — She talked last night of endeavoring at a match between Millamant and your uncle.

Mirabell — That was by Foible's direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. Fainall — Well, I have an opinion of your success ; for I believe my lady will do anything to get a husband ; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to anything to get rid of him.

Mirabell — Yes, I think the good lady would marry anything that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

Mrs. Fainall — Female frailty ! we must all come to it, if we live to be old and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decayed.

Mirabell — An old woman's appetite is depraved like that of a girl — 'tis the green sickness of a second childhood ; and, like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall, and withers in an affected bloom.

Mrs. Fainall — Here's your mistress.

Enter Mrs. MILLAMANT, WITWOOD, and MINCING.

Mirabell — Here she comes, i'faith, full sail, with her fan spread and her streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders ; ha, no, I cry her mercy !

* * * * *

Mrs. Millamant — Mirabell, did you take exceptions last night ? O aye, and went away. — Now I think on't I'm angry — no, now I think on't I'm pleased — for I believe I gave you some pain.

Mirabell — Does that please you ?

Mrs. Millamant — Infinitely ; I love to give pain.

Mirabell — You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature ; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mrs. Millamant — Oh, I ask your pardon for that — one's cruelty is one's power ; and when one parts with one's cruelty, one parts with one's power ; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mirabell — Aye, aye, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover — and then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true: you are no longer handsome when you've lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant; for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms — your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flattered by it, and discover beauties in it, for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

Mrs. Millamant — O the vanity of these men! — Fainall, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift! — Lord, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more.

Witwoud — Very pretty. Why, you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

Mrs. Millamant — One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mirabell — Yet to those two vain empty things you owe the two greatest pleasures of your life.

Mrs. Millamant — How so?

Mirabell — To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourself praised; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Witwoud — But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

Mrs. Millamant — O fiction! — Fainall, let us leave these men.

Mirabell — Draw off Witwoud. [*Aside to Mrs. FAINALL.*

Mrs. Fainall — Immediately. — I have a word or two for Mr. Witwoud. [*Exeunt Mrs. FAINALL and WITWOUND.*

Mirabell — I would beg a little private audience too. You had the tyranny to deny me last night; though you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concerned my love.

Mrs. Millamant — You saw I was engaged.

Mirabell — Unkind! You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools; things who visit you from their excessive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they should admire you, they are not capable: or if they were, it should be to you as a mortification; for sure to please a fool is some degree of folly.

Mrs. Millamant — I please myself: besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

Mirabell — Your health! is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

Mrs. Millamant — Yes, the vapors; fools are physic for it, next to asafetida.

Mirabell — You are not in a course of fools?

Mrs. Millamant — Mirabell, if you persist in this offensive freedom, you'll displease me. — I think I must resolve, after all, not to have you: we shan't agree.

Mirabell — Not in our physic, it may be.

Mrs. Millamant — And yet our distemper, in all likelihood, will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded nor instructed: 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults — I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, Mirabell — I'm resolved — I think — you may go. — Ha! ha! ha! what would you give, that you could help loving me?

Mirabell — I would give something that you did not know I could not help it.

Mrs. Millamant — Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

Mirabell — I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman by plain dealing and sincerity.

Mrs. Millamant — Sententious Mirabell! — Prithee, don't look with that violent and inflexible wise face, like Solomon at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

Mirabell — You are merry, madam, but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

Mrs. Millamant — What, with that face? no, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha! ha! ha! — well, I won't laugh, don't be peevish — Heigho! now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well,

Mirabell, if ever you will win me, woo me now. — Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well; I see they are walking away.

Mirabell — Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment —

Mrs. Millamant — To hear you tell me Foible's married, and your plot like to speed; — no.

Mirabell — But how came you to know it?

Mrs. Millamant — Without the help of the devil, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me. [*Exit.*]

Mirabell — I have something more. — Gone! — Think of you? to think of a whirlwind, though't were in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill, has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodged in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turned: and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct.

* * * * *

MILLAMANT *has taken refuge in a parlor with but one door.*
MIRABELL *enters there.*

Mirabell — “Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.”

Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? or is this pretty artifice contrived to signify that here the chase must end, and my pursuits be crowned? For you can fly no further.

Mrs. Millamant — Vanity! no — I'll fly, and be followed to the last moment. Though I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

Mirabell — What, after the last?

Mrs. Millamant — Oh, I should think I was poor and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious ease and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

Mirabell — But do not you know that when favors are conferred upon instant [pressing] and tedious solicitation, they diminish in their value, and that both the giver loses the grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

Mrs. Millamant — It may be in things of common application; but never sure in love. Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air independent of the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mirabell — Would you have 'em both before marriage? or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace?

Mrs. Millamant — Ah! don't be impertinent. — My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? my faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you, then, adieu? Ay-h adieu — my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye *douceurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu? — I can't do't, 'tis more than impossible — positively, *Mirabell*, I'll lie abed in a morning as long as I please.

Mirabell — Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

Mrs. Millamant — Ah! idle creature, get up when you will — and d'ye hear, I won't be called names after I'm married; positively I won't be called names.

Mirabell — Names!

Mrs. Millamant — Aye, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar — I shall never bear that — good *Mirabell*, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis: nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never to be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to a play together; but let us be very strange and well bred: let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

Mirabell — Have you any more conditions to offer? Hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

Mrs. Millamant — Trifles! — As liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please ; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part ; to wear what I please ; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste ; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance : or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please ; dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humor, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate ; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife.

Mirabell — Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. — Well, have I liberty to offer conditions — that when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband ?

Mrs. Millamant — You have free leave ; propose your utmost, speak and spare not.

Mirabell — I thank you. — *Imprimis* then, I covenant, that your acquaintance be general ; that you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex ; no she friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy duck to wheedle you a fop-scrambling to the play in a mask — then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out — and rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolic which you had to pick me up, and prove my constancy.

Mrs. Millamant — Detestable *imprimis* ! I go to the play in a mask !

Mirabell — *Item*, I article, that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall ; and while it passes current with me, that you endeavor not to new-coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night, made of oiled skins, and I know not what — hogs' bones, hares' gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat. In short, I forbid all commerce with the gentlewomen in what-d'ye-call-it court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all bawds with baskets and penny-worths of muslin, china, fans, atlases, etc. — *Item*, when you shall be breeding —

Mrs. Millamant — Ah! name it not.

Mirabell — Which may be presumed with a blessing on our endeavors.

Mrs. Millamant — Odious endeavors!

Mirabell — I denounce against all strait-lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mold my boy's head like a sugar-loaf, and instead of a man child, make me father to a crooked billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the tea-table I submit — but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate, and coffee: as likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk — such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth — but that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all foreign forces, all auxiliaries to the tea-table, as orange-brandy, all aniseed, cinnamon, citron, and Barbadoes waters, together with ratafia, and the most noble spirit of clary — but for cowslip wine, poppy water, and all dormitives, those I allow. — These provisos admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Mrs. Millamant — O horrid provisos! filthy strong-waters! I toast fellows! odious men! I hate your odious provisos.

Mirabell — Then we are agreed! shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? And here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

Enter Mrs. FAINALL.

Mrs. Millamant — Fainall, what shall I do? shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. Fainall — Aye, aye, take him, take him, what should you do?

Mrs. Millamant — Well then — I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright — Fainall, I shall never say it — well — I think — I'll endure you.

Mrs. Fainall — Fy! fy! have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms: for I am sure you have a mind to him.

Mrs. Millamant — Are you? I think I have — and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too — well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you — I won't be kissed, nor I won't be thanked — here, kiss my hand though. — So, hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

LIBERTY AND NATURE.

By ALGERNON SIDNEY.

(From "Discourses concerning Government.")

[ALGERNON SIDNEY, English patriot, born 1622, was son of Robert earl of Leicester and grandson of Henry earl of Northumberland; grandnephew of Sir Philip Sidney. Early trained in diplomacy and war by his father, and of republican principles, he became a cavalry colonel under Manchester and Cromwell in the Civil War, and held important military governorships, being at one time lieutenant-governor of the cavalry in Ireland and governor of Dublin. An Independent, he was a commissioner to try Charles I., but took no part in the trial; and of committee to regulate the succession. He was on the Council of State, and was of the Parliament ejected in 1653 by Cromwell, whose protectorate he refused to recognize. After Cromwell's death he again became a councilor and foreign ambassador. For seventeen years after the Restoration he remained abroad for safety, finally returning to the south of France and pensioned by Louis XIV. In 1677 his father died, and he obtained leave to return to England, where he engaged in politics, much suspected by the Court. He was active against the Popish Plot, and supported the interest of Monmouth against William of Orange, who was regarded then by many as a danger to English liberty. His "Discourses concerning Government" was written about 1680, maintaining the supreme authority of parliaments and the right of resistance. The Court was watching its chance to make an end of him, further incensed by his dealings with Monmouth; and on occasion of the Rye House Plot he was arrested, tried by Jeffreys and a packed jury, convicted in defiance of every principle of law, and executed December 7, 1683.]

HAVING lately seen a book entitled "Patriarcha," written by Sir Robert Filmer, concerning the universal and undistinguished right of all kings, I thought a time of leisure might be well employed in examining his doctrine, and the questions arising from it; which seem so far to concern all mankind, that, besides their influence upon our future life, they may be said to comprehend all that in this world deserves to be cared for. If he say true, there is but one government in the world that can have anything of justice in it; and those who have hitherto been constituted commonwealths, and taken much pains so to proportion the powers of several magistracies, or so to divide the powers between the magistrates and people, that a well-regulated harmony might be preserved in the whole, were the most unjust and stupid of all men. They were not builders, but overthrowers of governments. Their business was to set up aristocratical, democratical, or mixed governments, in opposition to that monarchy which by the immutable laws of God and nature it imposed upon mankind; or presumptuously to put shackles upon the monarch, who by the

same laws is to be absolute and uncontrolled. They were rebellious and disobedient sons, who rose up against their father; and not only refused to hearken to his voice, but made him bend to their will. In their opinion, such only deserved to be called good men, who endeavored to be good to mankind; or to that country to which they were more particularly related: and inasmuch as that good consists in a felicity of estate, and of person, they highly valued such as had endeavored to make men better, wiser, and happier. This they understood to be the end for which men entered into societies. And though Cicero says, that commonwealths were instituted "to obtain justice," he contradicts them not, but comprehends all in that word; because it is just that whosoever received a power, should employ it for the accomplishment of the ends for which it was given. This work could be performed only by such as excelled in virtue; but lest they should depart from it, no government was thought to be well constituted, unless "the laws prevailed above the commands of men"; and they were accounted no better than brutes who did not prefer such a condition before a subjection to the fluctuating and irregular will of a man.

If we believe Sir Robert, all this is a silly mistake. Nothing of this kind was ever left to the choice of men. They are not to inquire what conduces to their own good. God and nature have put us into a way from which we are not to swerve. We are not to live to "Him," nor to ourselves, but to the master that He has set over us! One government is established over all, and no limits can be set to the power of the person that manages it. This is the "famous PREROGATIVE!" or, as another of the same stamp calls it, the "Royal Charter granted to kings by God"! They all have an equal right to it. Women and children are patriarchs! and the next in blood, without regard to age, sex, or other qualities of the mind or body, are fathers of as many nations as fall under their power! We are not to examine whether he or she be young or old, virtuous or vicious, sober-minded or stark mad; the right and power is the same in all. Whether virtue be exalted or suppressed; whether he that bears the sword be a praise to those that do well, and a terror to those that do evil; or a praise to those that do evil, and a terror to such as do well, it concerns us not! for the king must not lose his right, nor have his power diminished, on any account. I have been sometimes

inclined to wonder, how things of this nature could enter into the head of a human being ; or, if no wickedness or folly be so great but some may fall into it, I could not well conceive what devil could set them on publishing it to the world. But these thoughts ceased, when I considered that a people, from all ages lovers of liberty, and desirous to maintain their rights, could never be brought to resign them, unless they were made to believe that in conscience they ought to do it ; which could not be, unless they were also persuaded that there was a law set to mankind which none might transgress, and which put the examination of those matters out of their power. This is our author's work. By this it will appear whose throne he seeks to advance, and "whose servant he is," whilst he pretends to serve the king. And that it may be evident he has employed means suitable to the ends proposed for the service of his great master, I hope to show that he has not used one argument that is not false, nor cited one author whom he hath not perverted and abused. Whilst my work is so to lay open these snares that the most simple may not be taken in them, I shall not examine how Sir Robert came to think himself a man fit to undertake so great a work, as to destroy the principles, which from the beginning seem to have been common to all mankind ; but, only weighing his positions and arguments will, if there be either truth or strength in them, confess the discovery comes from him that gave us least reason to expect it, and that in spite of the ancients, there is not on earth a block out of which a Mercury may not be made.

The common notions of liberty are not from school-divines, but from nature.

In the first lines of his book Sir Robert seems bravely to denounce war against mankind ; endeavoring to overthrow the principle of liberty in which God created us, and which includes the chief felicities of this life, as well as the greatest helps to those that are the end of our hopes in the other. To this end he absurdly imputes to the school-divines that which was very innocently taken up by them as a common notion, (written in the heart of every man, and denied by none but beasts,) from whence they might prove such points as of themselves were less evident. Thus did Euclid lay down certain axioms, which none could deny that did not renounce common

sense, from whence he drew the proofs of such propositions as were less obvious to the understanding. And they may with as much reason be accused of paganism, who say, that "the whole is greater than a part" . . . that "two halves make the whole," . . . or, that "a straight line is the shortest way from point to point," as to say, that they who in politics lay such foundations, as have been taken up by schoolmen as undeniable truths, do therefore follow them, or have any regard to their authority. Though the schoolmen were corrupt, they were neither stupid nor unlearned. They could not but see that which all men saw, nor lay more approved foundations, than, that "man is naturally free; that he cannot justly be deprived of that liberty without cause; and, that he doth not resign it, or any part of it, unless it be in consideration of a greater good, which he proposes to himself." But if he unjustly imputes the invention of this to school-divines, he in some measure repairs his fault in saying: "This hath been fostered by all succeeding papists for good divinity. The divines of the reformed churches have entertained it, and the common people everywhere tenderly embrace it." That is to say, all Christian divines, whether reformed or unreformed, approve it, and the people everywhere magnify it, as the height of human felicity. But Filmer, and such as are like him, being neither reformed nor unreformed Christians, can have no title to Christianity; and, inasmuch as they set themselves against that which is the height of human felicity, they declare themselves enemies to all that are concerned in it,—that is, to all mankind.

But, says he, "They do not remember that the desire of liberty was the first cause of the fall of man." And I desire it may also be remembered that the liberty here asserted is not a licentiousness of doing what is pleasing to every one against the command of God; but an exemption from all human laws, to which they have not given their assent. If he would make us believe there was anything of this in Adam's sin, he ought to have proved, that the law which he transgressed was imposed upon him by man, and consequently that there was a man to impose it; for it will easily appear that neither the reformed or unreformed divines, ever placed the felicity of man in an exemption from the laws of God, but in a most perfect conformity to them. Our Saviour taught us "not to fear such as could kill the body, but him that could kill and cast into hell." And

the apostle tells us that we should obey God rather than man. It has ever been observed, that they who most precisely adhere to the laws of God, are least solicitous concerning the commands of men, unless they are well grounded. And those who most delight in the "glorious liberty of the sons of God," do not only subject themselves to Him, but are most regular observers of the just ordinances of man, made by the consent of such as are concerned, according to the will of God.

The error of not observing this may perhaps deserve to be pardoned in a man that has read no books, as proceeding from ignorance; if such as are grossly ignorant can be excused, when they take upon them to write of such matters as require the highest knowledge. But in Sir Robert it is a rank prevarication and fraud to impute to schoolmen and Puritans that which in his first page he acknowledges to be the doctrine of all reformed and unreformed Christian churches, and that he knows to have been the principle in which the Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Gauls, Germans, Britons, and all other generous nations ever lived, before the name of Christ was known in the world; insomuch that the base effeminate Asiatics and Africans, for being careless of their liberty, or unable to govern themselves, were by Aristotle and other wise men called "slaves by nature," and looked upon as little different from beasts.

This which has its root in common sense, not being to be overthrown by reason, he spares his pains of seeking any; but thinks it enough to render his doctrine plausible to his own party, by joining the Jesuits to Geneva, and coupling Buchanan to Doleman, as both maintaining the same doctrine; though he might as well have joined the Puritans with the Turks, because they all think that one and one makes two. But whoever marks the proceedings of Filmer and his masters, as well as his disciples, will rather believe that they have learned from Rome and the Jesuits to hate Geneva, than that Geneva and Rome can agree in anything further than as they are obliged to submit to the evidence of truth; or that Geneva and Rome can concur in any design or interest that is not common to mankind.

"These men allowed to the people a liberty of deposing their princes! This is a desperate opinion! Bellarmin and Calvin look askint at it." But why is this a desperate opinion? If disagreements happen between king and people, why

is it a more desperate opinion to think the king should be subject to the censures of the people, than the people subject to the will of the king? Did the people make the king, or the king make the people? Is the king for the people, or the people for the king? Did God create the Hebrews that Saul might reign over them? Or did they, from an opinion of procuring their own good, ask a king, that might "judge them, and fight their battles"? If God's interposition, which shall be hereafter explained, do alter the case, did the Romans make Romulus, Numa, Tullus Hostilius, and Tarquinius Priscus kings? or did they make or beget the Romans? If they were made kings by the Romans, it is certain they that made them sought their own good in so doing; and if they were made by and for the city and people, I desire to know if it was not better, that when their successors departed from the end of their institution, by endeavoring to destroy it, or all that was good in it, they should be censured and ejected, than be permitted to ruin that people for whose good they were created? Was it more just that Caligula or Nero should be suffered to destroy the poor remains of the Roman nobility and people, with the nations subject to that empire, than that the race of such monsters should be extinguished, and a great part of mankind, especially the best, against whom they were most fierce, preserved by their deaths?

I presume our author thought these questions might be easily decided; and that no more was required, to show the forementioned assertions were not at all desperate, than to examine the grounds of them; but he seeks to divert us from this inquiry by proposing the dreadful consequences of subjecting kings to the censures of their people! whereas no consequence can destroy truth; and the worst of this is, that if it were received, some princes might be restrained from doing evil, or punished if they will not be restrained. We are therefore only to consider whether the people, senate, or any magistracy made by and for the people, have, or can have such a right. For if they have, whatsoever the consequences may be, it must stand. And as the one tends to the good of mankind, in restraining the lusts of wicked kings; the other exposes them without remedy to the fury of the most savage of all beasts. I am not ashamed in this to concur with Buchanan, Calvin, or Bellarmin, and without envy leave to Filmer and his associates the glory of maintaining the contrary.

But notwithstanding our author's aversion to truth, he confesses, "That Hayward, Blackwood, Barclay, and others, who have bravely vindicated the right of kings in this point, do with one consent admit, as an unquestionable truth, and assent unto the natural liberty and equality of mankind, not so much as once questioning or opposing it." And indeed I believe, that though since the sin of our first parents the earth has brought forth briars and brambles, and the nature of man has been fruitful only in vice and wickedness; neither the authors he mentions nor any others have had impudence enough to deny such evident truth as seems to be planted in the hearts of all men; or to publish doctrines so contrary to common-sense, virtue, and humanity, until these times. The production of Laud, Manwaring, Sibthorp, Hobbs, Filmer, and Heylin seems to have been reserved as an additional curse to complete the shame and misery of our age and country. Those who had wit and learning, with something of ingenuity and modesty, though they believed that nations might possibly make an ill use of their power, and were very desirous to maintain the cause of kings, as far as they could put any good color upon it; yet never denied that some had suffered justly (which could not be, if there were no power of judging them), nor ever asserted anything that might arm them with an irresistible power of doing mischief, animate them to persist in the most flagitious courses, with assurance of perpetual impunity, or engage nations in an inevitable necessity of suffering all manner of outrages. They knew that the actions of those princes who were not altogether detestable, might be defended by particular reasons drawn from them, or the laws of their country; and would neither undertake the defense of such as were abominable, nor bring princes, to whom they wished well, into the odious extremity of justifying themselves, by arguments that favored Caligula and Nero, as well as themselves, and that must be taken for a confession, that they were as bad as could be imagined; since nothing could be said for them that might not as well be applied to the worst that had been, or could be.

But Filmer, Heylin, and their associates, scorning to be restrained by such considerations, boldly lay the ax to the root of the tree, and rightly enough affirm, "That the whole fabric of that which they call popular sedition would fall to the ground, if the principle of natural liberty were removed." And on the other hand it must be acknowledged, that the whole

fabric of tyranny will be much weakened, if we prove that nations have a right to make their own laws, constitute their own magistrates, and that such as are so constituted owe an account of their actions to those by whom, and for whom they are appointed.



THE DECADENCE OF SPAIN.

By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

(From the essay on "The War of the Succession in Spain.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 149.]

WHOEVER wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments, whoever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche-Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the Two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small states of Italy were as completely dependent on him as the Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the Spice Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In America his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to a sum near ten times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign, he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say that, during several years, his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every metropolis from Moscow to Lisbon, the English fleets blockaded every port from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war which endangered every throne on the Continent. The victorious and imperial nation which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries which use had made necessities. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to manufacture coffee out of succory and sugar out of beet root. The influence of Philip on the continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes a dependent ally. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain, ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war, her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty, by gaining the East Indies: so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great: . . . He keepeth a navy armed to impeach all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so as he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by means of his interest in St. Maloes, a port full of shipping for the war, he is a dangerous neighbor to the Queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient possessions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France."

The ascendancy which Spain then had in Europe was, in

one sense, well deserved. It was an ascendancy which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war. In the sixteenth century, Italy was not more decidedly the land of the fine arts, Germany was not more decidedly the land of bold theological speculation, than Spain was the land of statesmen and of soldiers. The character which Virgil has ascribed to his countrymen might have been claimed by the grave and haughty chiefs who surrounded the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic and of his immediate successors. That majestic art, "regere imperio populos," was not better understood by the Romans in the proudest days of their republic, than by Gonsalvo and Ximenes, Cortes and Alva. The skill of the Spanish diplomatists was renowned throughout Europe. In England the name of Gondomar is still remembered. The sovereign nation was unrivaled both in regular and irregular warfare. The impetuous chivalry of France, the serried phalanx of Switzerland, were alike found wanting when brought face to face with the Spanish infantry. In the wars of the New World, where something different from ordinary strategy was required in the general and something different from ordinary discipline in the soldier, where it was every day necessary to meet by some new expedient the varying tactics of a barbarous enemy, the Spanish adventurers, sprung from the common people, displayed a fertility of resource, and a talent for negotiation and command, to which history scarcely affords a parallel.

The Castilian of those times was to the Italian what the Roman, in the days of the greatness of Rome, was to the Greek. The conqueror had less ingenuity, less taste, less delicacy of perception, than the conquered; but far more pride, firmness, and courage, a more solemn demeanor, a stronger sense of honor. The subject had more subtlety in speculation, the ruler more energy in action. The vices of the former were those of a coward; the vices of the latter were those of a tyrant. It may be added that the Spaniard, like the Roman, did not disdain to study the arts and the language of those whom he oppressed. A revolution took place in the literature of Spain, not unlike that revolution which, as Horace tells us, took place in the poetry of Latium: "Capta ferum victorem cepit." The slave took prisoner the enslaver. The old Castilian ballads gave place to sonnets in the style of Petrarch, and to heroic poems in the stanza of Ariosto, as the national songs of Rome

were driven out by imitations of Theocritus, and translations from Menander.

In no modern society, not even in England during the reign of Elizabeth, has there been so great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier or a politician. Boscan bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco, which he afterwards celebrated in one of the best heroic poems that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of "Gil Blas," has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto.

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was, in their apprehension, a kind of demon, horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. "They be verye wyse and politicke," says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, "and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the maners of those men with whom they meddell gladlye by friendshippe; whose mischievous maners a man shall never knowe untyll he come under ther subjection: but then shall he perfectlye perceyve and fele them: which thynge I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untyll they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye, when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." This is just such language as Arminius would have used about the Romans, or as an Indian statesman of our times might use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

But how art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, that didst

weaken the nations! If we overleap a hundred years, and look at Spain towards the close of the seventeenth century, what a change do we find! The contrast is as great as that which the Rome of Gallienus and Honorius presents to the Rome of Marius and Cæsar. Foreign conquest had begun to eat into every part of that gigantic monarchy on which the sun never set. Holland was gone, and Portugal, and Artois, and Roussillon, and Franche-Comté. In the East, the empire founded by the Dutch far surpassed in wealth and splendor that which their old tyrants still retained. In the West, England had seized, and still held, settlements in the midst of the Mexican sea.

The mere loss of territory was, however, of little moment. The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it is worth. Empires which branch out widely are often more flourishing for a little timely pruning. Adrian acted judiciously when he abandoned the conquests of Trajan; and England was never so rich, so great, so formidable to foreign princes, so absolutely mistress of the sea, as since the loss of her American colonies. The Spanish empire was still, in outward appearance, great and magnificent. The European dominions subject to the last feeble Prince of the House of Austria were far more extensive than those of Lewis the Fourteenth. The American dependencies of the Castilian crown still extended far to the North of Cancer and far to the South of Capricorn. But within this immense body there was an incurable decay, an utter want of tone, an utter prostration of strength. An ingenious and diligent population, eminently skilled in arts and manufactures, had been driven into exile by stupid and remorseless bigots. The glory of the Spanish pencil had departed with Velasquez and Murillo. The splendid age of Spanish literature had closed with Solis and Calderon. During the seventeenth century many states had formed great military establishments. But the Spanish army, so formidable under the command of Alva and Farnese, had dwindled away to a few thousand men, ill paid and ill disciplined. England, Holland, and France had great navies. But the Spanish navy was scarcely equal to the tenth part of that mighty force which, in the time of Philip the Second, had been the terror of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The arsenals were deserted. The magazines were unprovided. The frontier fortresses were ungarrisoned. The police was utterly inefficient

for the protection of the people. Murders were committed in the face of day with perfect impunity. Bravoos and discarded serving men, with swords at their sides, swaggered every day through the most public streets and squares of the capital, disturbing the public peace, and setting at defiance the ministers of justice. The finances were in frightful disorder. The people paid much. The government received little. The American viceroys and the farmers of the revenue became rich, while the merchants broke, while the peasantry starved, while the body servants of the sovereign remained unpaid, while the soldiers of the royal guard repaired daily to the doors of convents and battled there with the crowd of beggars for a porringer of broth and a morsel of bread. Every remedy which was tried aggravated the disease. The currency was altered; and this frantic measure produced its never-failing effects. It destroyed all credit, and increased the misery which it was intended to relieve. The American gold, to use the words of Ortiz, was to the necessities of the state but as a drop of water to the lips of a man raging with thirst. Heaps of unopened dispatches accumulated in the offices, while the Ministers were concerting with bedchamber women and Jesuits the means of tripping up each other. Every foreign power could plunder and insult with impunity the heir of Charles the Fifth. Into such a state had the mighty kingdom of Spain fallen, while one of its smallest dependencies, a country not so large as the province of Estremadura or Andalusia, situated under an inclement sky, and preserved only by artificial means from the inroads of the ocean, had become a power of the first class, and treated on terms of equality with the courts of London and Versailles.

TELEMACHUS AND MENTOR.

BY FÉNELON.

[FRANÇOIS DE SALIGNAC DE LA MOTHE-FÉNELON, French divine and author, was born at the Château de Fénelon in Périgord, August 6, 1651. He received holy orders at the seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, and on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) was sent on a mission for the conversion of Protestants in Saintonge and Poitou. He was later intrusted with the education of Louis XIV.'s grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, and received as a reward for his services the abbey of St. Valery and the archbishopric of Cambrai. For many years Fénelon was engaged in a theological dispute with Bossuet concerning the devotional mysticism of the celebrated Madame Guyon, whose opinions he defended in the "Maxims of the Saints." Fénelon's masterpiece, "The Adventures of Telemachus," was published in 1699. Intended by the author only for the amusement and instruction of the young Duke of Burgundy, it was regarded by the king as a satire on the court. In consequence the book was suppressed and Fénelon was restrained within his own diocese. Other works are, "Dialogues of the Dead," "Dialogues on Eloquence," "Letters on Religion," etc. Fénelon died at Cambrai in 1715.]

"I BELIEVE," said Telemachus to Mentor, "that I now perfectly understand the maxims of government which you have given me. They appear at first like the confused images of a dream; but by degrees they become clear and distinct,—as all objects appear obscure and cloudy at the first dawn of the morning, but at length rise gradually, like a new creation out of chaos, as the light, increasing by insensible degrees, gives them their true forms and natural colors. I am persuaded that the great secret of government is to distinguish the different characters of men, to select them for different purposes, and allot to each the employment which is most suited to his talents; but I am still to learn how characters are thus to be distinguished."

"Men," replied Mentor, "to be known, must be studied, and to be studied, they must frequently be seen and talked to. Kings ought to converse with their subjects, hear their sentiments, and consult them; they should also trust them with some small employment, and see how they discharge it, in order to judge whether they are capable of more important service. By what means, my dear Telemachus, did you acquire, in Ithaca, your knowledge of horses? Was it not by seeing them frequently, and by conversing with persons of experience concerning their excellences and defects? In the same manner, converse with the wise and good, who have grown old in the study of human nature, concerning the defects and excellences

of men ; you will thus, insensibly, acquire a nice discernment of character, and know what may be expected from every man that falls under your observation. How have you been taught to distinguish the poet from the mere writer of verses, but by frequent reading, and conversation with persons who have a good taste for poetry? And how have you acquired judgment in music, but by the same application to the subject? How is it possible that men should be well governed, if they are not known? and how can the knowledge of men be acquired, but by living among them? But seeing them in public, where they talk of indifferent subjects, and say nothing that has not been premeditated, is by no means living among them. They must be seen in private, their latent sentiments must be traced to the secret recesses of the heart, they must be viewed in every light, they must be sounded, and their principles of action ascertained. But to form a right judgment of men, it is principally necessary to know what they ought to be ; a clear and definite idea of real merit is absolutely necessary to distinguish those who have it from those who have it not.

“Men are continually talking of virtue and merit, but there are few who know precisely what is meant by either. They are splendid terms, indeed, but, to the greater part of those who take a pride in perpetually repeating them, of uncertain signification. Justice, reason, and virtue must be resolved into some certain principles before it can be determined who are just, reasonable, and virtuous. The maxims of a wise and good administration must be known before those who adopt them can be distinguished from those who substitute false refinement and political cunning in their stead. To take the dimensions of different bodies, we must have a standard measure ; to judge of qualities and characters, we must have some fixed and invariable principles to which they may be referred. We must know precisely what is the great purpose of human life, and to what end the government of mankind should be directed. The sole end of all government is to render mankind virtuous and happy ; and with this great end, the notion that a prince is invested with the regal power and authority for his own sake, is wholly incompatible. This notion can only gratify the pride of a tyrant ; a good king lives but for his people, and sacrifices his own ease and pleasure to their advantage. He whose eye is not invariably fixed upon this great end, — the public good, — if in any instance he attains it, will attain it by

chance; he will float in the stream of time like a ship in the ocean without a pilot, the stars unobserved and the shores unknown. In such a situation, is it possible to escape shipwreck?

“It frequently happens that princes, not knowing in what virtue consists, know not what they ought to seek in men. They mistake virtue for austerity; it offends them by appearing to want complacency, and to affect independence; and touched at once with fear and disgust, they turn from it to flattery. From this moment sincerity and virtue are to be found no more; the prince is seduced by a phantom of false glory, which renders him unworthy of the true. He persuades himself that there is no such thing as virtue upon the earth; for, though the good can distinguish the wicked, the wicked cannot distinguish the good, and what they cannot distinguish they suppose not to exist. They know enough to render them suspicious; but not knowing more, they suspect all alike: they retire from the public eye, and immure themselves in the palace; they impute the most casual trifles to craft and design; they are a terror to men, and men a terror to them. They love darkness, and disguise their character, which, however, is perfectly known; for the malignant curiosity of their subjects penetrates every veil and investigates every secret. But he that is thus known by all knows nobody. The self-interested who surround him rejoice to perceive that he is inaccessible. A prince that is inaccessible to men is inaccessible to truth; those who avail themselves of his blindness are busy to calumniate or to banish from his presence all who would open his eyes. He lives in a kind of savage and unsocial magnificence, always the dupe of that imposition which he at once dreads and deserves. He that converses only with a small number, almost necessarily adopts their passions and their prejudices, and from passions and prejudices the best are not free. He must also receive his knowledge by report, and therefore lie at the mercy of tale-bearers, a despicable and detestable race, who are nourished by the poison that destroys others; who make what is little great and what is blameless criminal; who, rather than not impute evil, invent it; and who, to answer their own purposes, play upon the causeless suspicion and unworthy curiosity of a weak and jealous prince.

“Let the great object of your knowledge, therefore, O my dear Telemachus, be men. Examine them; hear one man’s opin-

ion of another; try them by degrees; trust yourself implicitly to none. Profit by your experience when you shall have been deceived in your judgment, which sometimes will certainly happen; for wicked men disguise themselves with too much art to be always detected. Form your opinion of others, therefore, with caution; do not hastily determine either that they are bad or good; for, in either case, a mistake may be dangerous; thus even from error you will derive wisdom. When you find a man of virtue and abilities, do not use him only, but trust him; for such men like to have others appear sensible of their merit, and set a much higher value upon confidence and esteem than upon pecuniary rewards. But do not endanger their virtue by trusting them with absolute power; for many men who have stood firm against common temptations, have fallen when unlimited authority and boundless wealth have brought their virtue to a severe test. The prince who shall be so far favored of the gods as to find two or three whose wisdom and virtue render them worthy of his friendship, will, by their means, find others of the same character to fill the inferior departments of state. Thus, by the few that he can trust, he will acquire the knowledge of others whom his own eye could never reach."

"But I have often heard," said Telemachus, "that men of ability should be employed, even though virtue be wanting."

"The service of such men," replied Mentor, "is sometimes necessary. When a nation is in a state of tumult and disorder, authority is often found in the hands of wicked and designing men, who are possessed of important employments from which they cannot immediately be removed, and have acquired the confidence of persons in power who must not abruptly be opposed; nor must they be abruptly opposed themselves, lest they should throw all things into irremediable confusion. They must be employed for a time, but care must constantly be taken to lessen their importance by degrees; and even while they are employed, they must not be trusted. He that trusts them with a secret, invests them with power which they will certainly abuse, and of which from that moment he will be the slave. By his secret, as with a chain, he will be led about at pleasure; and, however he may regret his bondage, he will find it impossible to be free. Let them negotiate superficial affairs, and be treated with attention and kindness; let them be attached to their duty even by their passions, for by their passions only they can be held; but let them never be admitted to secret and important

deliberations. Some spring should be always ready to put them in motion when it is fit they should act; but a king should never trust them with the key either of his bosom or his state. When the public commotion subsides, and government is regularly administered by men of approved integrity and wisdom, the wicked, whose services were forced upon their prince for a time, will insensibly become unnecessary and insignificant. But even they should be well treated, for to be ungrateful even to the wicked is to be like them; for all kindness shown to such characters should be with a view to their amendment. Some of their faults should be overlooked as incident to human infirmity; but the king's authority should be gradually resumed, and those mischiefs prevented which they would openly perpetrate if not restrained. It must, however, be confessed that, after all, the necessity of using wicked men as instruments of doing good is a misfortune; and though it is sometimes inevitable, it should be remedied as soon as possible. A wise prince who has no wish but to establish order and administer justice, will soon find honest men of sufficient ability to effect his purposes, and be able to shake off the fraudulent and crafty, whose characters disgrace the best service they can perform."



THE STORY OF ALI-BEY, THE PERSIAN.

By FÉNELON.

SHAH ABBAS, king of Persia, once when making a journey, withdrew from all his court, in order to travel through the country without being recognized, and to see the people in all their natural liberty; he therefore took with him only one of his courtiers. "I do not know at all," said the king to him, "the true manners of men; everything that we come in contact with is disguised. It is art, and not simple nature, that we see. I wish to study rustic life, and to see the class of men that is so scorned, although it is the true support of human society. I am tired of seeing courtiers who observe me in order to surprise me with flatteries, and I desire to visit laborers and shepherds who do not know me." He passed with his follower through several villages where the country people were dancing, and he was charmed to find far from courts these tranquil and inexpensive pleasures. He had a meal in

a hut, and as he was very hungry, having walked an unusual distance, the coarse food of the peasants seemed to him more agreeable than all the delicate dishes of his own table.

While passing through a meadow sown with flowers and bordering on a clear stream, he saw a young shepherd playing the flute under a great elm, among his sheep. He accosted him, and on questioning him found his expression pleasant and his manner simple and ingenuous, but noble and gracious. The rags in which he was clad did not lessen the effect of his beauty, and the king supposed at first that it was some person of illustrious birth tending sheep in disguise; but he learned from the shepherd that his father and mother were in a neighboring village, and that his name was Ali-bey. As the king questioned him, he admired his sensible answers. The lad's eyes were bright, but neither burning nor fierce, and his voice was gentle and sympathetic. His face was not in the least coarse, neither was it weak and effeminate. The shepherd boy, about seventeen years old, had no idea how he appeared to others, and supposed that he thought and spoke like all the other shepherds of his village; whereas he had learned, without education, all that reason can teach those who listen to her. The king, having conversed with him familiarly, was charmed by him. He found out from the boy about the state of the people, which kings never learn from the crowd of flatterers who surround them. From time to time he laughed at the innocence of this child, who made no effort to please by his answers. It was a great novelty for the king to hear any one speak so naturally. He made a sign to the courtier who accompanied him not to reveal that he was the king, for he feared that Ali-bey would lose in a moment all his naturalness if he should learn to whom he was speaking. "I see clearly," said the king to the courtier, "that nature is not less beautiful in the lowest ranks than in the highest. Never did a king's son appear better than this lad who keeps sheep. I should consider myself most happy to have a son as stalwart, as sensible, and as gentle. He seems to me fit for any career, and if any one would take the pains to educate him, he would surely be one day a great man."

So the king carried off Ali-bey, who was greatly surprised to know to whom he had made himself agreeable. He was taught to read, to write, to sing, and finally had masters for the ornamental arts and sciences. At first he was somewhat

dazzled by the court, and his great change of fortune changed his heart a little. His youth and popularity together altered a little his wisdom and moderation. Instead of his crook, his flute, and shepherd's dress, he had a robe of purple embroidered with gold, and a turban covered with precious stones. His beauty surpassed all that was in the court before him; he made himself capable of dealing with serious affairs, and won the confidence of his master; who, knowing Ali-bey's exquisite taste in all the magnificent splendors of a palace, gave him finally an office, in Persia very important, involving the charge of all the king's jewels and most precious possessions.

During the life of the Shah Abbas, the favor of Ali-bey continued to increase. As he gradually grew to a mature age, he often thought of his former condition and often regretted it. "O beautiful days!" he used to say to himself, "innocent days when I enjoyed a pure and untroubled happiness; days since when I have seen nothing so sweet, shall I never see you again? He who has deprived me of you, though giving me so great riches, has deprived me of everything." He went back to see his village, and visited with sadness all the places where he had once danced, sung, and played the flute with his companions. He made presents to all his relatives and friends; but he wished them, as the greatest happiness, never to leave their country life, never to experience the sorrows of the court.

He himself experienced these sorrows after the death of his good master Shah Abbas. His son, Shah Sephi, succeeded him, and envious and treacherous courtiers found means of warning him against Ali-bey. "He has abused the confidence of the late king," they said; "he has amassed enormous treasures, and has appropriated several costly articles of which he was guardian." Shah Sephi was at the same time young and a prince, which was enough to render him credulous, neglectful, and reckless. He had the vanity to wish to seem to reform what his father had done, and to judge better than he. In order to have a pretext for removing Ali-bey from his office, he followed the advice of the envious courtiers, and ordered him to produce a scimiter ornamented with diamonds of enormous price, which the king's grandfather had been accustomed to carry in battle. Shah Abbas had long ago caused all the diamonds to be removed from the scimiter, and Ali-bey proved by trustworthy witnesses that the removal had taken place by the order of the late king, and before he had received his office.

When Ali-bey's enemies saw that they could not employ this pretext to destroy him, they advised Shah Sephi to command him to make within two weeks an exact inventory of all the precious objects in his charge. At the end of the two weeks the king desired to see all the things himself. Ali-bey opened all the doors, and showed the king all that he had in his care. Nothing was lacking, all was well cared for and in good order. The king, greatly astonished at finding everything so carefully kept, had almost decided to restore Ali-bey to favor, when he noticed, at the end of a long gallery full of sumptuous furnishings, an iron door with three large locks. "There is the place," whispered the jealous courtiers, "in which Ali-bey has hidden all the precious jewels that he has stolen from you." Immediately the king cried out angrily, "I wish to see what is the other side of that door. What have you put there? Show me." At these words Ali-bey threw himself on his knees, and begged the king not to deprive him of his most precious possessions on earth. "It is not just," said he, "that I should lose in one moment all that remains to me, and gives me repose, after having labored so many years for your royal father. Take from me, if you will, all the rest, but leave me this." The king did not doubt that it was some wrongfully acquired treasure that Ali-bey had hoarded, so he took a more imperative tone, and ordered absolutely that the door should be opened. Finally Ali-bey, who had the keys, opened it himself. But nothing was to be found there except the crook, flute, and shepherd's dress that Ali-bey had worn of old, which he often came to see, from fear of forgetting his early life. "Behold, great king," said he, "the precious relics of my former happiness; neither fortune nor your power have been able to deprive me of them. Here is my treasure, that I am keeping to enrich me when you have made me poor. Take back all the rest, but leave me these dear pledges of my early happiness. O, dear symbol of a quiet and happy life, it is with you that I would live and die!" The king, hearing these words, understood Ali-bey's innocence, and being indignant at the courtiers who had tried to ruin him, exiled them from the court. Ali-bey became his chief minister, and had charge of the most private affairs of state; but every day he went to see his crook, flute, and shepherd's dress, which he kept always ready in case a change of fortune should deprive him of the royal favor. He died in a ripe old age, without having wished either to punish his enemies, or to accumulate

a treasure, and left to his heirs only enough to maintain them as shepherds, a condition of life which he thought the most secure and the most happy.



LOTHARIO.

By NICHOLAS ROWE.

(From the "Fair Penitent.")

[NICHOLAS ROWE, poet and playwright, one of the Queen Anne group, friend of Addison and Steele, was born in 1673; wrote plays, of which "The Fair Penitent" is a permanent classic from the character of Lothario, which has made that name the common term for a successful libertine, and was the model of Lovelace in "Clarissa Harlowe." His best work, however, is the translation of Lucan's "Pharsalia," which in force and fire is equal to the original. Rowe was also the first editor of Shakespeare, and poet laureate succeeding Nahum Tate. He died in 1718, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Lothario —

The father, and the husband!

Rossano —

Let them pass.

They saw us not.

Lothario —

I care not if they did;
Ere long I mean to meet 'em face to face,
And gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

Rossano —

You loved her once.

Lothario —

I liked her, would have married her,
But that it pleased her father to refuse me,
To make this honorable fool her husband:
For which, if I forget him, may the shame
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

Rossano —

She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

Lothario —

She was, and oft in private gave me hearing;

Till, by long listening to the soothing tale,
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

Rossano —

I've heard you oft describe her, haughty, insolent,
And fierce with high disdain ; it moves my wonder,
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Lothario —

Hear then, I'll tell thee :

Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When every eye was closed, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Haply I stole unheeded to her chamber.

Rossano —

That minute sure was lucky.

Lothario —

Oh, 'twas great!

I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattired, warm, tender, full of wishes ;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honor,
Were charmed to rest, and love alone was waking.
Within her rising bosom all was calm
As peaceful seas, that know no storm, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatched the glorious golden opportunity
And with prevailing, youthful ardor pressed her,
Till with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.
Ev'n all the livelong night we passed in bliss,
In ecstasies too fierce to last forever ;
At length the morn and cold indifference came ;
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Rossano —

You saw her soon again ?

Lothario —

Too soon I saw her :

For, oh ! that meeting was not like the former :
I found my heart no more beat high with transport,
No more I sighed, and languished for enjoyment ;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While every weakness fell before her throne.

Rossano —

What of the lady ?

Lothario —

With uneasy fondness

She hung upon me, wept, and sighed, and swore
 She was undone ; talked of a priest, and marriage ;
 Of flying with me from her father's pow'r ;
 Called every saint and blessed angel down,
 To witness for her that she was my wife.
 I started at that name.

Rossano —

What answer made you

Lothario —

None ; but pretending sudden pain and illness,
 Escaped the persecution. Two nights since,
 By message urged, and frequent importunity,
 Again I saw her. Straight with tears and sighs,
 With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction,
 With all the subtleties and powerful arts
 Of willful woman lab'ring for her purpose,
 Again she told me the same dull nauseous tale.
 Unmoved, I begged her spare the ungrateful subject,
 Since I resolved, that love and peace of mind
 Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
 Never to load it with the marriage chain ;
 That I would still retain her in my heart,
 My ever gentle mistress and my friend !
 But for those other names of wife and husband,
 They only meant ill nature, cares, and quarrels.

Rossano —

How bore she this reply ?

Lothario —

Ev'n as the earth,

When, winds pent up, or eating fires beneath,
 Shaking the mass, she labors with destruction.
 At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words ;
 But when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud.
 Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
 Enthusiastic passion swelled her breast,
 Enlarged her voice, and ruffled all her form.
 Proud and disdainful of the love I proffered,
 She called me Villain ! Monster ! Base Betrayer !
 At last, in very bitterness of soul,
 With deadly imprecations on herself,
 She vowed severely ne'er to see me more ;

Then bid me fly that minute: I obeyed,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.

Rossano —

She has relented since, else why this message,
To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning?

Lothario —

See the person who you named!

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war, and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in juncture with her new ally
And make her husband party to the agreement.

Lucilla —

Is this well done, my lord? Have you put off
All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, though cruel, should disclaim you,
And judge you to be numbered with the brutes.

Lothario —

I see thou'st learnt to rail.

Lucilla —

I've learnt to weep;

That lesson my sad mistress often gives me;
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long, long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, false, false Lothario.

Lothario —

Oh, no more!

I swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty face with crying,
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune:
Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

Lucilla —

What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!

The base, professed betrayer of our sex !
 Let me grow old in misfortunes else,
 Rather than know the sorrows of Calista !

Lothario —

Does she send thee to chide in her behalf ?
 I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
 That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

Lucilla —

Read there, my lord, there, in her own sad lines,
[Giving a letter.]

Which best can tell the story of her woes,
 That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.

Lothario [*reads*] —

Your cruelty — Obedience to my father — give my hand
 to Altamont.

By Heaven, 'tis well ! such ever be the gifts
 With which I greet the man whom my soul hates.

[*Aside.*]

But to go on !

— Wish — Heart — Honor — too faithless —
 Weakness — to-morrow — last trouble — lost Calista.
 Woman, I see, can change as well as man.
 She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
 That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
 For she has given her hand to Altamont :
 Yet, tell the fair inconstant —

Lucilla —

How, my lord !

Lothario —

Nay, no more angry words : say to Calista,
 The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure ;
 If she can leave her happy husband's arms,
 To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Lucilla —

Alas ! for pity, come with gentler looks :
 Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph ;
 And, though you love her not, yet swear you do,
 So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Lothario —

Ha ! who comes here ?

Lucilla —

The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.

He must not see us here. To-morrow early
 Be at the garden gate.

Lothario—

Bear to my love
My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

[*LOTHARIO, putting up the letter hastily, drops it as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt* *LOTHARIO* and *ROSSANO* one way, *LUCILLA* another.

Enter *HORATIO*.

Horatio—

Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seemed conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started, and retired.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profest and deadly hate—what paper's this?

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Ha! To Lothario!—'sdeath! Calista's name!

[*Opening it.*]

Confusion and misfortunes!

[*Reads.*]

“Your cruelty has at length determined me, and I have resolved this morning to yield a perfect obedience to my father, and to give my hand to Altamont, in spite of my weakness for the false Lothario. I could almost wish I had that heart, and that honor to bestow with it, which you have robbed me of:”

Damnation to the rest—

[*Reads again.*]

“But, oh, I fear, could I retrieve 'em, I should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lothario. This is the last weakness of my pen, and to-morrow shall be the last in which I will indulge my eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall meet with from

“THE LOST CALISTA.”

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes,
Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age;
At the sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont
(For, oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his discontented head,

Like merit scorned by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues. —

* * * * *

LOTHARIO and CALISTA discovered.

Lothario —

Weep not, my fair; but let the God of Love
Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,
Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought
Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;
But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Calista —

Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,
To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain:
Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruined.
The hours of folly, and of fond delight,
Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain
Are doomed to weeping, anguish, and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account,
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou hast undone me.

Lothario —

Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height?
To die with joy, and straight to live again;
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport —

Calista —

Oh, let me hear no more; I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;
Let not the voice of mirth or music know it;
Let it be dark and desolate; no stars
To glitter o'er it; let it wish for light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn.
For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

Lothario —

Hear this, ye Powers! mark how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth;
She calls me false, even she, the faithless she,

Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth have
heard

Sighing to vow and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.

Calista —

Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause?
If indignation raging in my soul,
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urged me to a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be revenged on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario;
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and prayers of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevailed, or won me to forsake thee.

Lothario —

How have I failed in justice, or in love?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou ne'er hadst blest me with thy beauty.

Calista —

How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,
To toy, and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.

Lothario —

The driving storm of passion will have way,
And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal, whom thou hast doomed,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them ALTAMONT.

Altamont —

I have lost my peace — Ha! do I live and wake?

Calista —

Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!
Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.
But wherefore named I happiness with thee?

It is for thee, for thee that I am curst;
 For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,
 Calls me to answer for my virtue stained,
 My honor lost to thee: for thee it haunts me;
 With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me:
 With Altamont complaining for his wrongs —

Altamont —

Behold him here—

[*Coming forward.*

Calista —

Ah!

[*Starting.*

Altamont —

The wretch! whom thou hast made.
 Curses and sorrows hast thou heaped upon him,
 And vengeance is the only food that's left.

[*Drawing.*

Lothario —

Thou hast taken me somewhat unawares, 'tis true:
 But love and war take turns, like day and night,
 And little preparation serves my turn,
 Equal to both, and armed for either field.
 We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
 Earth, Heaven, and fair Calista judge the combat!

Calista —

Distraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and Death!

Altamont —

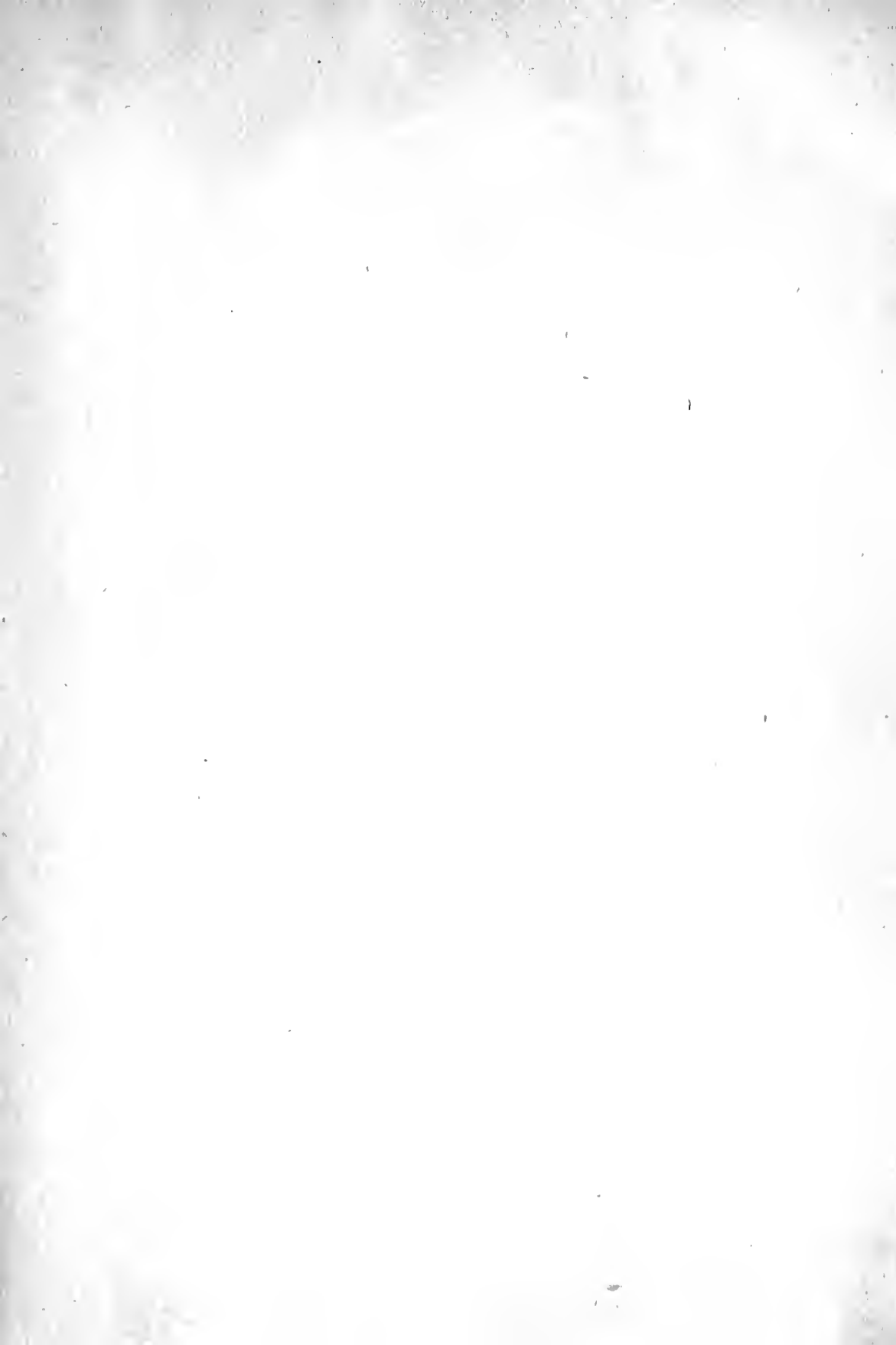
Thou hast talked too much, thy breath is poison to me;
 It taints the ambient air; this for my father,
 This for Sciolto, and this last for Altamont.

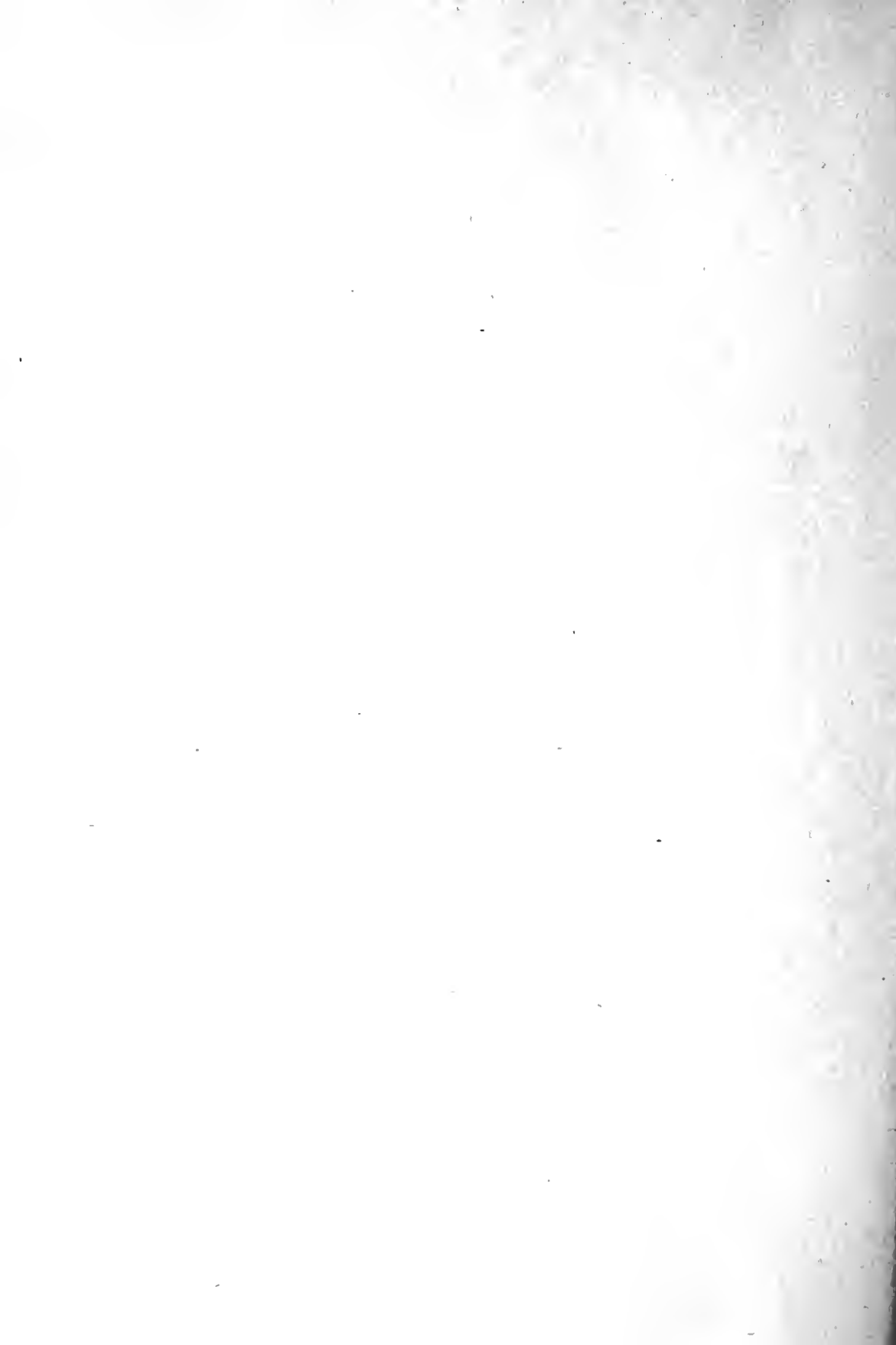
[*They fight ; LOTHARIO is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*

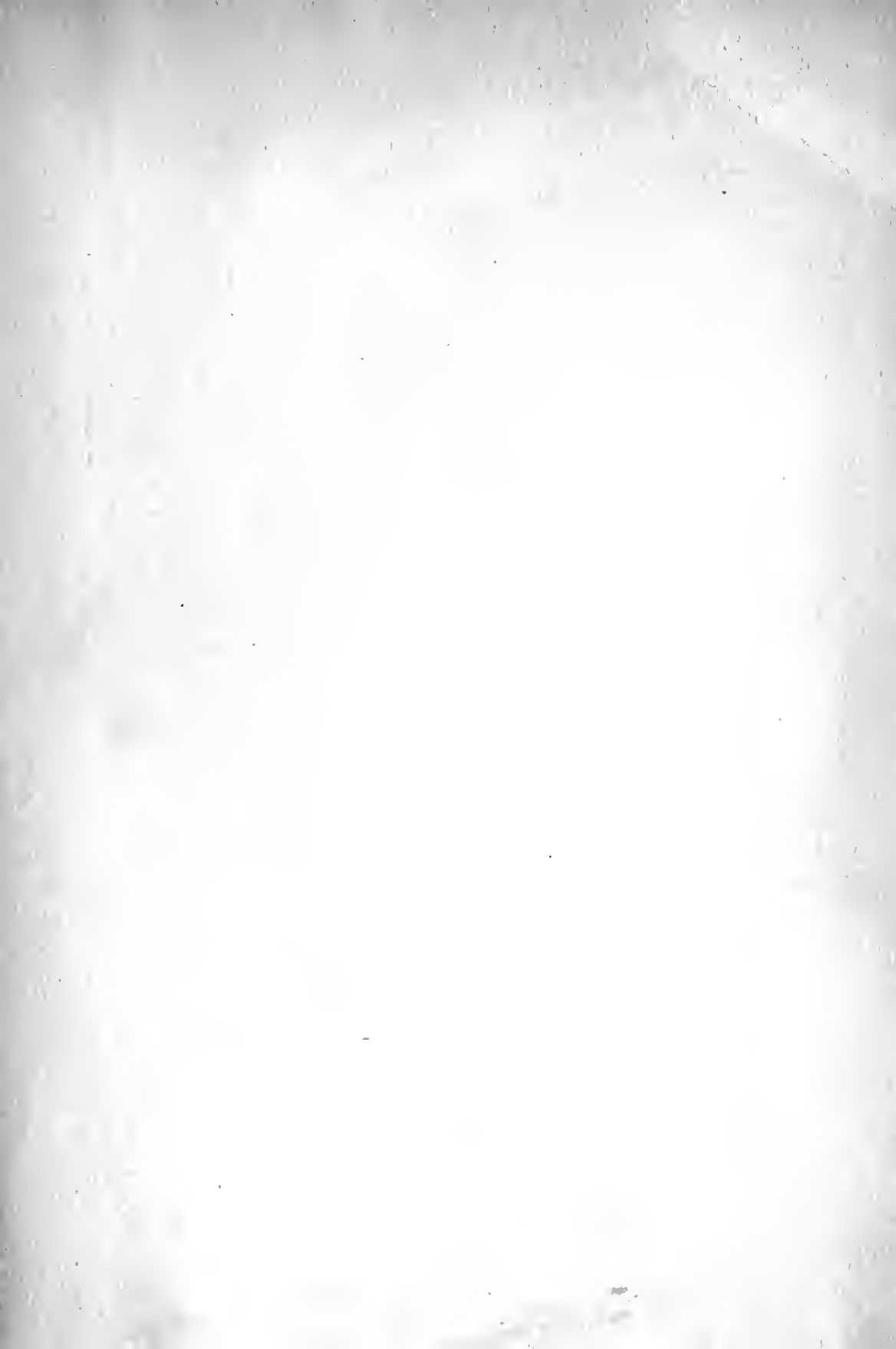
Lothario —

Oh, Altamont! thy genius is stronger!
 Thou hast prevailed!— My fierce ambitious soul
 Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
 Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
 I conquered in my turn, in love I triumphed.
 Those joys are lodged beyond the reach of fate;
 That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
 Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.

[*Dies*









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